

An Artist's Infatuation

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

Walter Phelps from the time he was six years old gave evidence of possessing artistic abilities and when he was fourteen began to study the profession of painting. One faculty he possessed was that of endowing any thing which became attractive to him through association with beauty. Near his home lived a little girl, who became his playmate. She was of a lower social grade than Walter, but his parents had no fear of his falling in love with her, for she was very homely, and they not knowing of his disposition to endow what he liked with beauty, supposed that an artist would only fall in love with a beautiful woman.

When Walter was twenty years old he became engaged to this girl, Martha Gibbs, to the astonishment of everyone who knew him. Her hair was a fiery red, her teeth were prominent, and she had a cast in her eye. But his parents, knowing how useless it is to interfere between lovers, refrained from any attempt in the case of their son. Besides, they knew nothing against Martha except her homeliness and her indifferent social position. No one supposed that Walter considered his betrothed beautiful till he painted her portrait and they observed that he looked at it with admiring eyes. Then everybody realized that his love for her caused him to endow her with a beauty that existed only in his imagination.

Great as was their surprise at this discovery, it was nothing compared with their astonishment when they learned that he was using Martha for a model. He painted her as a shepherdess, as a spinning-spinning, and as a fashionable girl, as a lady. Then when his pictures found no purchasers, instead of attributing his ill success to his choice of a model, he became impressed with the idea that he had mistaken his calling. About the time he was making up his mind to this effect Martha died him for a greenkeeper, whom she married secretly without letting her friends know what she was about to do.

Walter's misery was only equalled by the joy of his parents and his friends. Now that it was all over between him and Martha one of his intimate associates made bold to express wonder that he, an artist, with an eye for the beautiful, should have attributed beauty to Martha.

"Ah," exclaimed the unfortunate man, "there is a loss to me as great in my profession as is the wounding of my feelings. Surely all hope of my succeeding in my profession has gone, since I shall never find another model suitable to my needs."

Walter left the brush and the palette for awhile for other avocations. On the walls of his room he hung the portraits of the girl who had filled him, and it seemed to his mother that the case of her son's love had been made worse instead of better. At last she ventured to ask him for her sake to put away his past and take hold of the future. Walter loved his mother next to the girl who had filled him, and she finally persuaded him to enter her name in the pictures, he worshipped in an upper room, receiving a promise from him that he would visit it but once a month.

During the first half year after the removal of his idols Walter waited impatiently for the day of his visit to them to come round. During the second half year he was less impatient and at the end of twelve months told his mother that she was right—it would be better that he should cease to dwell on that which was dead to him. He would visit his pictures no more.

Walter at this time made another discovery—that if he could not make an artist of himself he could succeed at nothing. He resumed his painting and instead of confining himself to one model chose different ones. In the case of all of them he was unattended by love. From the moment of this second start he met with instant success. Every picture he painted was sold as soon as offered to the public, and it was not long before he achieved a reputation which brought him high prices.

Walter's mother made a match for him with a young lady of his own class. She was not a beauty, but a very estimable woman. Notwithstanding that her husband, in marrying her, had yielded to his mother's wishes, considering his heart broken forever, he soon came to love his wife devotedly. After his parents' death he removed with his family to the home they had occupied and where he had been born. One day his wife unlocked the gallery of his former idols and saw the walls covered with pictures of red-headed girls all looking alike and all frights.

"Walter," she cried, "come up here!" Walter obeyed the summons and found his wife in the gallery of pictures of his former love.

"What are these?" asked his wife. "They all seem to be portraits of the same person."

Walter for the first time, looking at the pictures, had made using Martha Gibbs for his model, saw a row of hideous faces. His wife saw an expression on his face of a sort of shame he was unable to conceal.

Ill-Get Gold Buying.

Most people have heard of J. D. (illicit diamond buying), a crime which in South Africa is punished with penal servitude on the breakwater at Cap Town. The Rand, however, has the less known offense of I. G. B. (illicit gold buying). Considering that in the Rand mines only a few pennyweights of gold go to a ton of quartz, it is obvious that the miner does not get much chance of stealing the precious metal. Who does the gold thief get his opportunity? The pieces of quartz are ground into dust by powerful hammers known as "stamps." Water then washes the dust over inclined plates coated with amalgam. The gold instantly combines with the mercury in the amalgam, afterward being easily separated by chemical process.

It is of this gold laden amalgam that the dishonest employee will scrape portions which, though small, will amount up to a good bit of gold in time. —Pearson's Weekly.

Well Qualified.

The drapery magnate was bombarding the applicant with the usual questions.

"Speak French?"
"Yes."
"Good salesman?"
"Yes."
"Can you tell a good lie?"
"Oh, yes!"

"Well, I'll give you a start."
The young man got on famously for a few weeks, until one fine morning a dainty Parisian dame approached him and sweetly stated her requirements in the native tongue. The poor young man was flabbergasted, not comprehending a single word. Five minutes later he was facing his indignant employer.

"This is scandalous, sir. When I employed you did you not tell me that you could speak French?"
"True," mildly replied the culprit, "but did you not also ask me if I could tell a good lie?" —London Tit-Bits.

Significance of Small Duties.

Don't object that your duties are so insignificant. They are to be reckoned of infinite significance and alone important to you. Were it but the more perfect regulation of your apartments, the sorting away of your clothes and trinkets, the arranging of your papers. —"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might" and all thy worth and constancy. Much more, if your duties are of evidently higher wider scope; if you have brothers, sisters, a father, a mother, weigh earnestly what claim does lie upon you on behalf of each and consider it as the one thing needful to pay them more and more honestly and nobly what you owe. What matter how miserable one is if one can do that? —"This is the sure and steady disconnection and extinction of whatsoever interests one has in this world." —Thomas Carlyle.

Rehearsal in Court.

Henri Rochefort went to court of honor, it is said, as plaintiff, defendant or witness than any other man in Paris. Partly this was because of his articles, partly because of his continual dealings with the pictures dealers, with whom he often disagreed. In his later years, moreover, he was often called as a "witness" by parties in political suits, not because he had any pertinent testimony to present, but because he had a happy faculty when on the witness stand of making the government, the police and all that set appear a set of fools or scoundrels. The French code of procedure allows a witness much more latitude in "telling his own story" than does ours. And Rochefort's stories, whether relevant or not, were sure to have a sting in them for the folk in authority. —New York Sun.

Musical Marvels.

It has been said of Dr. Hans von Bulow and Rubinstein that, if every note of music worth preserving had been destroyed, they could between them have reproduced every line of it. Von Bulow once gave a series of twenty piano recitals without a line of music and striking approximately 1,200,000 notes, each of which had to be retained in its exact position in his memory; and Verdi once, for a wager, played faultlessly an entire opera, drawn by lot, which he had composed fourteen years earlier and of which he was not allowed to see a note.

Nice For the Cows.

Retired Haberdscher (late of London)—Now, then, 'Enry, I'm goin' to have a large party 'ere next week, and I shall expect an unlimited quantity of milk, cream and butter. After that the cows can have a rest till me and Mrs. P. returns from the continent. —London Punch.

London Juries.

England has been investigating its jury system and finds that charges of unfairness against juries are no new thing. One old bishop remarked, "London juries are so prejudiced that they would find Abel guilty of murdering Cain."

Vindictive.

Ethel—Yes, I know Billy is very wild, but I'm going to marry him to reform him. Kate—I told that boy a dreadful punishment would overtake him. —New Haven Register.

He Got On.

Millie—When I married your mother I was earning \$10 a week. Two years later I bought out my employer. Daughter—And put in a cash register. —Town Topics.

Of all work producing results, nine tenths must be draggery. —Blaise Pascal.

THE ISLAND CAVE

By M. QUAD

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We were washing the decks on the 30th day of October, 1895, when a man who had been sent aloft to examine a sail which had been damaged in a squall during the previous night shouted down to the mate that he could see a man on a raft about a mile away and almost directly in our course.

We rescued the castaway, who was neither overgrateful nor greatly surprised at being picked up.

The name of the rescued sailor was William Scott. He was second mate of a Ceylon schooner called the Happy Day. Three months before we found him the schooner set out from some port on the India coast for Batavia, but encountered a typhoon and was blown a long distance to the west and finally wrecked on a coral reef surrounding an island. Of the crew of eight men Scott alone escaped. It was an island about a mile in circumference, rocky and barren, but having plenty of fresh water on it.

The castaway had explored this island several times, but as the ground was much cut up and difficult to get over he had not examined it closely. Entering the island from the south side was a narrow bay, being not over twenty feet wide, though very deep. This bay came near cutting the island in two, as it ran within a hundred feet of the north end. It was in the still waters of the bay that Scott constructed his raft and only when it was finished that he made a strange discovery. He poked it along one day to the head of the bay, and as he reached the end he saw the mouth of a cave fifteen feet above him on the right.

"He found the opening large enough to admit a hoghead, and there was every reason to believe that it once had been blocked up with stones squared for the purpose and cemented in. These stones had been shaken loose by some great jar and had rolled down into the bay. The cave was thirty feet long, twenty feet wide and ten feet high, dry and airy, and a far better house than Robinson Crusoe had. Now comes the astonishing part of the story. According to Scott, he found 210 elephant tusks stacked up in the cave, together with five jars of gold dust. Two jars were emptied of their contents that he might use them for food and water. He had samples of the gold and the ivory on the raft.

It was a queer story, but with proof at hand to back it what could we do but believe? Our captain was a Scotchman, and he took a whole day to think the matter over and assure himself that the stuff before him was actually gold and ivory. Then he made Scott a proposition. The matter was talked over, and it was finally agreed that Scott should pilot us to the island and take another jar of gold dust for his share.

At the close of the fourth day, sailing back and forth across a sea supposed to contain no land for hundreds of miles in every direction but the west, we sighted Scott's island. He identified it as soon as it could be seen from the deck, and we ran in and came to anchor for the night within a mile from the beach. Had the night not been so dark I believe the captain would have had a boat down, but as it was he dared not chance it. Such was the excitement aboard that no man slept for an hour, and as soon as daylight had come and the men had had a bite to eat we set off to secure the treasure.

We soon found the opening of the bay and rowed into it. Scott had been on the island for over a year, and the hut he occupied and the flagstaff he erected were in plain sight. At the end of the bay we came to the cave, and, leaving out of the boat, the captain was first to enter. A moment later he reappeared, and for the next quarter of an hour he cursed as I never heard a seaman before or since.


The cave had been plundered. One broken tusk had been left behind, and there was perhaps an ounce of gold dust lying on the spot where Scott had emptied the jars. That was proof enough that he had told a straight story when we landed and went up to the hut we soon solved the problem. Some water had touched there for food and water. The wood they had used all the wreck stuff lying about, and had also partially pulled the hut to pieces. They had fired their casks at the spring, and we could still see the marks where they had been rolled down hill to the beach.

Then the Scotchman did a mean thing by the rescued sailor. He made a great ado of how he had deviated from his course and lost a fortnight's time and insisted that Scott, beside with him, I believe he threatened to leave him on the island if he didn't. There was trouble for a few hours and then the sailor came in terms, but not so much as a penny's worth was ever handed over to the owners or distributed among the crew. Scott was transhipped to a craft bound for Java and that was the last I ever saw or heard of him. A year later, however, I met an American runaway sailor in Batavia, and he told me that his craft, the Besse Herick of Maribhead, put in at the island, remained for two days, and her captain had covered the cave and the treasure while fishing in the bay. He gave every man aboard \$100 in cash as a present, but kept the dust and the ivory and turned them into cash at Singapore. It was a rich haul of treasure, and the captain must have been made independent for life.



Scene from "The Divorce Question" at The Baker

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will be made on all goods depending on the season for their sale. Those familiar with the character of our business know we cater only to the very best class of trade. So when we quote low prices they mean a great deal more than the mere figures tell.

As an illustration of the unusual values offered in this clearance sale a few items are given below:

Suits at \$10
These suits ranged in price from \$25 to \$33.50.

Suits at \$15
In this lot are suits for men and women. There is not a suit in it that would not be good value for \$30.

Suits at \$25 to \$45
These suits sold from \$50 to \$90. They include the smartest models shown this season.

Coats at \$10
Both short and full-length coats are in this lot. Broadcloth, boucle and mixtures. Many of them were \$25.

Coats at \$15
Heavy zibelines, boucles and English coatings. Three-quarter or long models.

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These coats ranged in price from \$35 to \$55. They include all our high-grade materials and come in several handsome models, suitable for street, auto and evening wear. Several lots of dresses, waists and corsets to close out at about half price.

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ROUND THE WORLD

The republic of Panama enjoys a building boom. There are some 60,000 Asians employed on British ships. The cities of Europe are generally cleaner than those of this country. More than 800 Cleveland stores now take precautions which almost totally exclude fire.

According to German railway receipts, a business reaction has set in in that country.

An English insurance company issues a policy covering damage done by millant suffragettes.

The Swiss government has prohibited the importation of bulls, cows and heifers for slaughter.

A new type of vacuum bottle is so constructed that it can be taken entirely apart for cleaning.

Compulsory insurance against sick ness, accidents, disablement and old age has been introduced in Roumania.

It is said that 90,000,000 broom handles are used annually in the United States, more than one for each man, woman and child.

Eight thousand pounds of salted horse meat were imported last year by Sweden from Russia and the United States.

In Holland many milkmen deliver their wares in bottles wrapped in red paper, the keeping quality of the fluid being greatly increased thereby.

A few bayonet fixes along the barrel of a rifle normally, but is thrown into position for service by pressing a button on the stock of the weapon.

Mothers' Pensions.
The idea of granting pensions to mothers in recognition of the service they rendered the state originated in Australia, where women vote.

Brown's Son.
The ending "ing" to a surname simply means "son of." Thus Browning means "son of Brown," and Dunning "Dunn's son."

What wealth it is to have such friends that we cannot think of them without affection.—Thoreau.


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