

STEPHENS CITY STAR.

HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN.

By BEN. S. GILMORE.

STEPHENS CITY, FREDERICK CO., VA., SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1883.

VOL. II--NO. 50.

Yesterday and To-Day.

It is so wide, this great world vaulted o'er
By the blue sky clasping white shore to shore,
And yet it is not wide enough for me!
I love you so—I cannot hold my love,
There is not space in earth or heaven above.
There is not room for my great love and me.

TO-DAY.

It is so wide, this great world vaulted o'er
By the sad sky clasping dark shore to shore,
It is too wide—it is too wide for me!
Would God that it were narrowed to a grave,
And I slept quiet, naught hid with me save
The love that was too great—too great for me.

—Frances Hodgson in the Century.

A Painter's Vengeance.

Thirty years ago the Belgian painter, Antoine Wiertz, was astonishing the artistic world by the powerful but extravagant productions which are now exhibited at Brussels in the Museum which bears his name.

Though his brush was generally occupied with classical subjects, or weird allegorical designs such as the "Contest between Good and Evil," he occasionally consented to paint portraits. This was a favor, however, which he only accorded to those whose physiognomy happened to interest him. It may be added that his taste inclined rather to the grotesque and eccentric than the beautiful.

One day he received a visit from a certain M. van Spach, a notary, who had been seized with a desire to have his features perpetuated by the celebrated artist. Maitre van Spach—a dry, wrinkled, keen-eyed old gentleman, with an expression of mingled shrewdness and self-importance—was one of the wealthiest men in Brussels, and as avaricious as he was rich; a characteristic which had procured him the nickname of "Maitre Harpagon."

Wiertz was aware of his visitor's failing; nevertheless he acceded to his request without demur. The fact was, he had been conquered at first sight by the old scrivener's picturesque head. That head was a perfect treasure to an artist, with its bald cranium, wrinkled forehead, shaggy brows overhanging the small piercing eyes, hooked nose, and thin-lipped mouth, which shut like a trap. Wiertz was fascinated, and while his visitor was pompously explaining his wishes, the artist was taking mental note of every line and feature.

"How much will the portrait cost?" was the notary's cautious inquiry.

"My terms are ten thousand francs, monsieur," was the reply.

The lawyer started, stared incredulously, shrugged his shoulders, and took up his hat.

"In that case," he answered dryly, "I have only to wish you good morning."

Alarmed at the prospect of losing this promising "subject," whom he had already in imagination transferred to canvas, Wiertz hastened to add:

"Those are my usual terms; but as your face interests me, I am willing to make a reduction in your favor. Suppose we say five thousand?"

But M. van Spach still objected, urging that such a sum was exorbitant for "a strip of painted canvas."

At length, after much bargaining and hesitation he agreed to pay three thousand francs for the portrait—"frame included," and this being settled, he rose to take leave.

"When am I to give you the first sitting?" he inquired.

"There is no hurry," replied the artist, who had his own intentions regarding this portrait. "I am somewhat occupied just now, but will let you know when I have a morning at liberty. Au revoir!"

The moment his visitor had left the studio Wiertz seized palette and brushes, placed a fresh canvas on his easel, and dashed in the outline of the portrait from memory. He painted as if for a wager, while the summer daylight lasted; and, thanks to his marvelous rapidity of execution, when evening came the picture was all but finished.

He had represented the old notary seated at a table, strewn with papers and parchments, his full face turned toward the spectator. The head was brought out in masterly relief against a shadowed background, and painted in the artist's best style; bold, free and unconventional, showing no signs of its hurried execution. The likeness was striking in its fidelity, giving not only the features, but the character and expression of the original, so that the canvas seemed instinct with life.

The following morning Wiertz gave the finishing touches to his work, put it in a frame, and dispatched it to Van Spach; instructing the messenger to wait for an answer.

He rubbed his hands with pleasure as he pictured the old gentleman's delight and astonishment, and anticipated the sensation on which this tour de force would create in artistic circles.

In due time the messenger returned with the picture in one hand and a note in the other. Wiertz hastily dis-

missed him, opened the letter, and read as follows:

"Sir—I beg to return your extraordinary production, which I cannot suppose is intended for my portrait, as it bears no resemblance to me. In art, as in everything else, I like to have my money's worth for my money, and I do not choose to pay you the sum of three thousand francs for one afternoon's work. As you do not consider me worth the trouble of painting seriously, I must decline any further transactions with you, and remain, sir,

Yours obediently,
PETER VAN SPACH."

When the artist recovered from his astonishment at this remarkable epistle, he burst into a fit of laughter which made the studio ring.

"His money's worth—ha! ha! Maitre Harpagon has overreached himself for once. He could have sold it for five times what it cost him—the benighted old Philistine."

He placed the rejected picture once more on the easel, and regarded it long and critically, only to become more convinced of its merit. He knew that art judges would pronounce it a chef d'œuvre. His amusement began to give place to irritation at the indignity to which his work had been subjected, and vague projects of vengeance rose before him as he paced the floor, with bent head and knitted brows.

Suddenly he stopped short, his eyes sparkling with mischievous satisfaction at an idea which had suddenly occurred to him. He took up his palette, and set to work upon the picture again, adroitly altering and retouching.

In an incredibly short space of time it underwent a startling metamorphosis. While carefully preserving the likeness, he had altered the face by exaggerating its characteristics; giving a cunning leer to the deeply-set eyes, a grimace to the thin lips, and a scowl to the heavy brows. A stubby beard appeared on the chin, and the attitude became drooping and decrepit.

Then the notary's accessories vanished, the background becoming the wall of a cell, with a barred window; while the table, with its litter of parchments, was transformed into a rough bench, beneath which might be discerned a pitcher and a loaf.

When this was achieved to his satisfaction, the artist signed his work, and gummed on the frame a conspicuous label, with the inscription, "Imprisoned for Debt."

Then he sent for a fiacre and drove to Melchior's, the well-known picture-dealer in the Rue de la Madeleine, whose window offers such constant attraction to lovers of art.

"I have something to show you," began Wiertz. "I have just finished this study; which I think is fairly successful. Can you find room for it in your window?"

"Find room for it? I should think so!" exclaimed the dealer, enthusiastically. "My dear fellow, it is first rate! I have seen nothing of yours more striking and original—and that is saying much. What price do you put upon it?"

"I have not yet decided," replied the painter. "Give it a good place in the window, and if a purchaser presents himself let me know."

The picture was immediately installed in the place of honor, and soon attracted a curious group. All day Melchior's window was surrounded; and next morning the papers noticed the wonderful picture, and sent fresh crowds to gaze at it.

Among the rest was a friend of Maitre van Spach, who could hardly believe his eyes on recognizing the worthy notary in this "questionable shape." He hastened at once to inform him of the liberty which had been taken with his person; and not long afterward the old lawyer burst into the shop, startling its proprietor, who at once recognized the original of the famous picture.

"M. Melchior," began the intruder. "I have been made the victim of a shameful practical joke, by one of your clients. It is my portrait sir, that hangs in your window; it is I, sir—I, Maitre van Spach—who am held up to ridicule in that infamous daub—pilloried for all the world to see as an imprisoned bankrupt! If the thing is not removed, I shall apply to the police."

At this threat the picture dealer merely smiled.

"I must refer you to the artist, monsieur," he returned, coolly. "The picture belongs to him, and I cannot remove it without his permission."

To Wiertz's house went Maitre van Spach, in a white heat of rage and indignation. On entering the studio, he found the painter lounging in an arm-chair, smoking his afternoon cigar.

"Ah, is it you, Maitre?" was his bland greeting. "To what fortunate circumstance am I indebted for this visit? Pray take a seat. Do you smoke? You will find those cigars excellent."

"Monsieur," interrupted the notary, cutting short these courtesies with

scant ceremony, "let us come to the point. There is at this moment in Melchior's window a picture—a caricature—which makes me the laughing stock of the town. I insist on its being taken out at once—on once, do you understand?"

"Not quite," replied the other, unperturbably. "It is true there is a picture of mine at Melchior's but I really don't see how it makes you ridiculous."

"You don't see? But that picture is my portrait, sir—my portrait!" cried his visitor, rapping his cane upon the floor.

"Your portrait?" echoed the other, with a look of surprise.

"Of course it is, as any one else can see at a glance. You—"

"But—excuse me" the painter interrupted "you said yesterday that it did not resemble you in the least. See—here is your letter to that effect."

Van Spach colored and bit his lip. He felt that he had been caught.

"Such being the case," continued Wiertz, "and the work being returned on my hands, I have a perfect right to dispose of it to the best advantage."

The notary took a turn or two across the room to recover his composure.

"Come," he said, at length, forcing a smile, "let us try to arrange this ridiculous affair amicably. I will give you the three thousand francs at once, and take the horrible thing out of the window—"

"Stay a moment," interrupted his companion, as he flicked the ashes from his cigar, and carelessly changed his position. "You must be aware that the picture in its present shape is ten times more valuable than a mere portrait. It is now a work of imagination and invention, and I may own that I consider it one of my most successful canvases. I could not think of parting with it for less than fifteen thousand francs."

The notary gasped.

"Fifteen thousand francs! You are joking."

"Not at all. That is my price; you may take it or leave it."

There was a moment's pause; then the visitor turned on his heel.

"Leave it, then! Go to the deuce with your picture!" he retorted, as he left the room, banging the door behind him.

He had not gone many yards from the house however, when he stopped short and reflected. So long as that ill-omened canvas remained on view in Melchior's window he would not know a moment's peace. The story would be sure to get wind, and even his friends would join in the laugh against him. He would hardly dare to show his face abroad. At any sacrifice this scandal must be stopped.

But—fifteen thousand francs! He fairly groaned as he reluctantly retraced his steps toward the house.

"Monsieur Wiertz," he began, in a conciliatory tone, "I have considered the matter, and I agree to your terms. I will take the picture for the sum you named."

Wiertz threw away his cigar and rose.

"Monsieur, you are very kind. But it happens that I, too, have been considering, and a brilliant idea has occurred to me."

The notary shuddered. He dreaded Wiertz's "ideas" and he had a presentiment that some fresh disaster was in store for him.

"What is it?" he asked nervously.

"As my picture seems to have made a sensation, I think I will advertise it to be raffled for at five francs a ticket, and that all the town may have a chance of seeing it, I shall hire a commissionaire to carry it through the streets for a day or two. Not a bad notion—eh?"

Maitre van Spach was speechless with consternation.

"You—you would not do that?" he stammered.

"Why not? I am confident the plan would succeed—so confident that I wouldn't give it up for less than thirty thousand francs—money down."

The unfortunate notary burst into a cold perspiration, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. To see himself trotted round Brussels on a porter's back, labelled "Imprisoned for Debt!" It was like a horrible nightmare.

INDIAN SCALPS.

Prices Paid for Them in Colonial Times
A Big Premium on Dead Indians.

The taking of scalps came to be a recognized part of colonial warfare. Hannah Dustin, who escaped from Indian captivity in 1698, took ten scalps with her own hand, and was paid for them. Captain Church, undertaking his expedition against the eastern Indians, in 1705, after the Deerfield massacre, announced that he had not hitherto permitted the scalping of "Canada men," but should thenceforth allow it. In 1722, when the Massachusetts colony sent an expedition against the village of "praying Indians," founded by Father Rale, they offered for each scalp a bounty of £15, afterward increased to £100, and this inhumanity was so far carried out that the French priest himself was one of the victims. Jeremiah Bumstead, of Boston, made this entry in his almanac in the same year: "Aug. 22, 28 Indian scalps brought to Boston, one of which was Bombazen's (an Indian chief) and one fryer Ralle's." Two years after, the celebrated but inappropriately named Captain Lovewell, the foremost Indian fighter of his region, came upon ten Indians asleep round a pond; he and his men killed and scalped them all, and entered Dover, New Hampshire, bearing the ten scalps stretched on hoops and elevated on poles. After receiving an ovation in Dover they went by water to Boston, and were paid a thousand pounds for their scalps. Yet Lovewell's party was always accompanied by a chaplain, and had prayers every morning and evening.

The most painful aspect of the whole practice lies in the fact that it was not confined to those actually engaged in fighting, but that the colonial authorities actually established a tariff of prices for scalps, including even non-combatants—so much for a man's, so much for a woman's, so much for a child's. Dr. Ellis has lately pointed out the striking circumstance that whereas William Penn declared the person of an Indian to be "sacred," his grandson in 1764 offered £134 for the scalp of an Indian man, £30 for that of a boy under ten, and \$50 for that of a woman or girl. The habit doubtless began in the fury of retaliation, and was continued in order to conciliate Indian allies; and when bounties were offered to them, the white volunteers naturally claimed a share. But there is no doubt that Puritan theology helped the adoption of the practice. It was partly because the Indian was held to be something worse than a beast that he was treated as being at least a beast. The truth was that he was viewed as a fiend, and there could not be much scruple about using inhumanities against a demon. Cotton Mather calls Satan "the old landlord" of the American wilderness, and says in his "Magnalia." "These Parts were covered with Nations of Barbarous Indians and Infidels, in whom the Prince of the Power of the Air did work as a Spirit; nor could it be expected that Nations of Wretches whose whole religion was the most Explicit sort of Devil-Worship should not be acted by the Devil to engage in some early and bloody Action for the Extinction of a Plantation so contrary to his Interests as that of New England now."

T. W. Higginson, in Harper's.

The Speed of Thought.

Helmholtz showed that a wave of thought would require a minute to traverse a mile of nerve, and Hirsch found that a touch on the face was recognized by the brain in a seventh of a second. He also found that the speed of sense differed for different organs, the sense of hearing being responded to in a sixth of a second; while that of sight required only one-fifth second to be felt and signaled. In all these cases the distance traversed was about the same, so that the inference is that images travel more slowly than sound or touch. It still remained, however, to show the portion of this interval taken up by the action of the brain. Professor Donders, by a very delicate apparatus, demonstrated this to be about seventy-five thousandths of a second. Of the whole interval, forty-thousandths are occupied in the simple act of recognition, and thirty-five-thousandths in the act of willing a response. When two irritants were caused to operate on the same sense, one twenty-fifth of a second was required for the person to recognize which was the first; but a slightly longer interval was required to determine the priority in the case of the other senses. These results were obtained from a middle-aged man, but in youths the mental operations are somewhat quicker than in the adult. The average of many experiments proved that a simple thought occupies one-fortieth of a second.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

Does Fair Luna Exercise a Mystic Influence on Man.

The statement that the moon affects the human body may at first sight seem nonsense, but the fact is, when we examine it a little, it does not appear so absurd after all. The moon certainly exercises an influence over fluids on the earth, and the human body is about three-fourths water. It is said that if we put a human body into an oven and make it perfectly dry it will go down from 150 to about 40 pounds.

People who are born when the moon is rising are more subject to her influence in after life than others. They frequently have the habit of walking in their sleep, and about the time of her fulling they are greatly subject to dreams. Another curious thing is that, if near-sighted, their eyes grow more dim at the opposition and the change. It is also well known that there are animals—horses, for instance—which are moon-eyed; that is, their sight is better or worse through the month, according to the condition of the moon. The same is said of some dogs.

A whole volume might be filled with the literature of the moon—not only the astrological notions attached to her, but the curious myths and legends. Nothing is better known than that the insane are affected by her beams at certain seasons, and yet there are some doctors who deny it. The famous English physician, Forbes Winslow, who made an exhaustive investigation of the subject, in summing up the various theories as to how the moon acts upon the demented, says it is impossible to ignore the evidence of such men as Pinel, Daquin, Guislain and others. The astrological idea is that the planet acts on the moist matter of the brain. Some of the French psychologists thought that the insane were observed to be more troublesome when the moon was full because the light would naturally make them so, preventing them from sleeping. But this is a very poor explanation, for, although the moon is at her full every month the nights are not always bright—there may be a week or more of cloudiness—but the restlessness and excitement among the lunatics is seen to be just the same, and to exist by day as well as after dark. Mr. Winslow's suggestion was as follows: "May not the alleged changes observed among the insane at certain phases of the moon arise not from the direct but the indirect influence of the planet? It is well known that the rarity of the air, the electric conditions of the atmosphere, the degree of heat, dryness, moisture, and amount of wind prevailing, are all more or less modified by the state of the moon. In the general-ity of bodily diseases what obnoxious changes are observed to accompany the meteorological condition referred to? Surely those suffering from diseases of the brain and nervous system affecting the mind, cannot with any degree of reason be considered as exempt from the operations of agencies that are universally admitted to affect patients afflicted with other diseases."

He gives an instance further on of a lady of much intelligence employed as a matron in his establishment for insane ladies during some five years, who informed him that the period of the full moon invariably created a great agitation among the patients.—Baltimore News.

Queer Shops.

There are very many more boot and shoe shops here than in any other town I have ever seen, writes a London correspondent. In the business streets one may count them by dozens, and they all look thriving. The continual rain and damp of London probably account for the innumerable shops for the sale of India-rubber goods; there must be at least twenty here for one to be met at home. But the climate cannot explain the remarkable prevalence of shops where nothing is sold but artificial teeth! These crop up on every side and excite our constant remark. We wonder whether people step in and buy a tooth or two or a set of teeth, as one selects a hat or an umbrella; whether regular dental operations are carried on within; also, whether such a branch of business can possibly be profitable when carried on by so many traders.

Begged Pardon.

An Arkansas man borrowed a newspaper and sat on the end of a cross-tie, reading. A train came along but he was so deaf that he could not hear the whistle. The engineer "slowed up" and gently shoved the man aside.

"I'll be blamed," he exclaimed, "if you ain't the imperlightest feller I ever seed," and just then discovering that he had been removed by a locomotive, continued, "Beg pardon. Didn't know you was in the neighborhood."—Arkansas Traveler.

Spirs and Whips.

The history of spurs is both curious and entertaining. The earliest form of spur was a single goad or sharp point.

The dashing young knights of the feudal times had a great love for decorating their spurs with jewels. In the tournaments they used spurs with mottoes on the shanks. One such had "A true knight and I" on one side, and "Anger me and try" on the other. By ancient custom, the chorister boys in the cathedrals can claim "spur money" if anybody enters the sacred edifice with spurs on.

If you bring in spurs or hat,
Sixpence you pay—be sure of that.

The whip was not so knightly as the spur; it however took part in several old customs.

In the ancient city of York was a day called whip-dog day, on which the boys were accustomed to go around and whip every dog they met. This originated in the following peculiar fact. A priest once celebrating mass dropped the pix, which an unreligious dog snapped up and swallowed.

The profane beast was hung, and for years his species was subjected to torment for his outrageous impiety. That was, of course, in the good old times.

Another humane game connected with the whip was this: A rooster was tied to the branch of a tree. The players were blindfolded and presented with long whips. They were then led to a little distance, and commenced lashing in all directions, the fun consisting in the smart cuts they gave one another. The one who struck the rooster first, and made him cry out, won the game.

The old game of whip-top is as old as history. In Dryden's translation of Virgil's *Aeneid* we read:

As young striplings whip the top for sport
On the smooth pavement of the empty court.

Two hundred years ago men played whip-top as eagerly as the boys, and in some villages a "town top" was provided for the amusement of the poor.

Pugnacious Ponies.

Ponies are common in India, but the quaintest of them all is a little fellow run to seed and called the tattoo. A correspondent of the London *Field* furnishes the following description: It is a pony with few redeeming qualities to set off against a whole stableful of vices; but among his very questionable virtues may be reckoned his pugnacity. So great is this, that it would be quite possible to keep Indian tattoos, like cocks, for fighting purposes. If decently fed, groomed, and but moderately worked, they will become as high couraged as game cocks, and as ready to rush at one another, and to do battle to the death, as birds in the pit. A chestnut pony of this sort—a child's pony, too—has been known to bite off the ear of another pony for his breakfast, and to assimilate a very considerable portion of the tail of another tattoo in the course of the afternoon.

When hard worked and ill fed—as he generally is in a native stable—the tattoo's pugnacity, for which one cannot but give him credit, is turned into a stubbornness that would astonish a donkey. Nothing will move him, not even a rope round his fore leg, backed up by profanity and blows. A stoic might admire the animal when in this mood if he did not belong to himself. But perhaps after the five fat natives within the box on wheels, to which the tattoo is attached, have given up all hopes of moving for that day and have betaken themselves to the chewing of betel nut as a solacing and philosophical employment of the hour, the cunning and malicious tattoo will make a sudden and unexpected dash forward with the reins about his heels, when may be witnessed the edifying spectacle of five fat baboos laid upon the road at equal distances, just like the eggs and the basket, as in athletic performances. The tattoo's mind, such as it is, is, in fact, against every man and every man's hand is against him. But although morally bad and physically unlovely there are good points about the brute after all. It may take time to discover them, still there are hopes for the tattoo of the future.

The Nails.

The growth of the nails is more rapid in children than in adults and slowest in the aged; goes on faster in the summer than in the winter, so that the same nail which is renewed in one hundred and thirty-two days in winter, requires only one hundred and sixteen in summer. The increase of the nails of the right hand is more rapid than those of the left; moreover, it differs for the different fingers, and in order corresponds with the length of the finger, consequently it is fastest in the middle finger, nearly equal in the two on either side of this, slower in the little finger and slowest in the thumb. The growth of all the nails on the left hand requires eighty-two days more than those of the right.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

There was never a golden sunbeam
That fell on a desolate place,
But left some trace of its presence
That time could never efface.
Not a sound of ineffable sweetness
That ravished the listening ear,
Th' tumbled in silence forgotten
For many and many a year—

But a word or a tone might awaken
His magical power anew,
Long after the sweet-voiced singer
Had faded from earthly view.
Nor a heart that was ever so weary,
Or tainted with sin and despair,
But a word of tender compassion
Might find an abiding-place there.

Yet countless thousands are yearning
For sympathy, kindness and love,
And souls are groping in darkness
Without one gleam from above.
There was never a sunbeam wasted,
Nor a song that was sung in vain,
And souls that seem lost in the shadows
A Saviour's love may reclaim.

Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Though your deeds may never be known,
The harvest will ripen in glory
If the seed be faithfully sown;
And life will close with a blessing,
And fade into endless day;
Like the golden hues of the sunbeam
That fade in the twilight gray.

John C. Blair.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Breaches of promise—Those your tailor didn't bring home.

How and where the gallant grocer's clerk makes love—Across the way.

A Brooklyn boy can imitate with his mouth the sound of a lawn mower. His father is going to try and imitate a thrashing machine.

Genius having succeeded in making a stab out of paper, it won't be long before an inventive man will produce a railroad eating-house beefsteak made of pasteboard.

A "pocket guide" for instruction in the art of swimming has been published. When you fall overboard and don't know how to swim, all you have to do is to tread water and read your guide.

"Is that about the right length, sir?" asked the skillful barber as he finished cutting his customer's hair. "I like the sides and back," was the response; "but I wish you would make it a little longer on the top."

The Apache Indian, it is said, can march from thirty to forty miles a day without becoming tired. It is really a pity that the Apache cannot be civilized, for he would be just the fellow to accompany his wife on a shopping excursion.

And now doth the small boy knock a picket off the fence to use for a bat, and when he gets a swift ball on the end of it he lays it down and rubs his hands against his sides and looks sadder than the "before using" portrait of anti-lean advertisements.

Well, there is one thing sure," said Mr. Job Shuttles, as he closed a discussion in general; "there is no justice in this world, and it makes me blue to think of it." True, Job," said Patience, "but the reflection that there is justice in the next, ought to make you feel a great deal bluer."

Unmoved.

The man or woman who tries to get a reputation for eccentricity is naturally outraged at people who won't be astonished. Baudelaire, a French literary character, was one of these, and on his first coming to Paris he visited another literary person, M. Du Camp, who asked him whether he would have Bordeaux or Burgundy. "Both," was the reply, and he drained a bottle of each at a draught, looking at his host to see what impression it made upon him. Du Camp was unmoved. Baudelaire soon visited Du Camp again with his hair dyed green. Du Camp paid no attention to it. At last Baudelaire cried in fury: "Don't you notice anything peculiar in the color of my hair?" "Nothing whatever," was the reply. "I have seen at least fifty people with green hair to-day. If you had dyed yours a bright blue that would have struck me as uncommon." Baudelaire bounced from his chair, flung himself from the room, and declared to a friend that Du Camp was the most disagreeable man in Paris.

Soon after the Chinese legation was established in its present quarters at Washington a beggar called on Professional Business. To his amazement he was ushered with elaborate bows and gestures into a luxurious room where an attaché kindly asked how he might serve him. A collection was then taken up for his benefit among the members of the embassy, and he was invited to refresh himself with a lunch of delicate confections. As a matter of course his singular experience was known to every beggar in town within twenty-four hours, and the legation has been besieged ever since by unprepossessing visitors.