

# AN ARTIST AND HER AUNTY.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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"Marion," gasped Miss Adams, leaning against the balustrade at the head of the third flight, "do you mean to tell me that you came here alone at night? Why, I'd be scared out of my wits!"

"I don't come very often, aunt," replied the girl, "but tonight I had to finish some drawings, as I told you. There's nothing to be afraid of. The building seems quiet, but there are people in many of the studios. If anything should happen and you should scream—"

"I'm likely to do it any minute," interrupted Miss Adams.

"—you'd have assistance in no time," Marion continued. "There! Do you hear those voices?"

A door was opened in the far end of the hall above them, and a burst of uproarious song rang out:

"John Brown tried to steal her away,  
Goddie went to his home yesterday,  
Now he's in it!"

The door closed again, and the details of Mr. Brown's obscurities were lost to the two ladies.

"Well, I suppose even such people as those are better than nobody," said Miss Adams, "but not much."

The girl flickered and strange, alarming shadows ran along the dingy walls of the old studio building, but Sarah Adams marched with head erect and face to the front. Marion unlocked a door near the end of the hall and entered her workroom. The gas flamed up as the elder lady crossed the threshold, revealing a small apartment full of artistic odds and ends, furniture of weird designs, tapestries aesthetically ugly, and in the midst of all a dummy model with draperies that were still fluttering in the draft from the door.

Marion had found a letter on the floor and was holding the envelope under the gaslight. It was decorated with a pen and ink sketch of a table bearing a punch bowl and numerous bottles, and Miss Adams viewed it with the strongest disapproval.

"An invitation to the ladies' night at the Paint Pot," said Marion. "It's a very swell artists' club."

"These artists are a disreputable lot," rejoined Miss Adams, "and the more I think of you in such surroundings the madder my conscience gets. I wish you'd come right back with me to Hatfield. Of course you're not going to that orgy."

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Aunt Sarah contemplated this assortment, and a red spot appeared in each of her cheeks. Any one who knew Aunt Sarah might have seen that she was angry. Presently she strode across the room and gave the messenger call a twitch that nearly dislocated its machinery.

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"Let's see if I've got it straight," he said and repeated the message with great care.

"You're a bright boy," said Aunt Sarah, and she gave him half a dollar.

Marion sat down by the table and began to struggle with a note to Mr. Hobart. She tore up half a dozen sheets of paper, but finally folded one and put it in an envelope.

"I've merely begged him to come and see me tomorrow," said she. "It was all I could do."

She rang the messenger call and then sank into a chair. Aunt and niece surveyed each other in silence. Neither could find words to express her feelings.

A loud knock startled them. Marion opened the door, and in strode a tall and dark young man whose appearance suggested slightly the handsome villain of society drama. His manner was appropriate to the scene where the villain begins to be foiled, but does not yet despair. He was pulling and tugging his moustache in quite the conventional manner. Behind him came a messenger boy carrying a big white bundle.

"Mr. Hobart?" cried Marion, amazed, and Aunt Sarah sat up very straight in her chair and looked severe.

"Miss Adams," said the young man, "I have entirely failed to understand your message, and as for that of your aunt—"

He finished with a gesture of despair as he glanced at Aunt Sarah.

"Do you think it was quite proper, sir," said the maiden lady from Hatfield, "that you should consign your superfluous wardrobe to the care of a young lady?"

"And may I ask, madam," said Hobart, "what led you to believe that it was mine?"

Then Aunt Sarah was what she would have called "flustered." The suspicion of his awful mistake began to dawn upon her.

"I left my card for Miss Adams late this afternoon," said Mr. Hobart, with dignity, "but as for these garments I know nothing about them. They are not mine, and I shall ask Miss Marion Adams to explain how they came to be here. I should tell you, madam—and he turned to Aunt Sarah—"that there is an engagement of marriage between your niece and myself, or at least there was."

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"—I really beg your pardon," stammered a voice from a corner of the room.

Every one started, and the two ladies screamed. A bearded face appeared above a screen. Evidently its owner was standing on a chair in order to make himself visible.

"Why, it's Mr. Walling!" exclaimed Marion. "Well, I should like to know what he's doing there!"

"So should I!" cried Aunt Sarah and Mr. Hobart in one voice.

"I can explain in one moment," said Walling. "You will pardon my remaining here. I am somewhat imperfectly attired."

Aunt Sarah threw up both hands with the gesture of one who abandons a wicked world to its fate, and Hobart looked like the villain just before he commits the murder in the last part of the first act.

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"Of course I saw at once that I had been visited by burglars and that they had been frightened away by some sudden alarm. How they had got in or out I could not understand, and I spent some time in wrestling with that problem and in discovering the extent of my loss.

"At last, in knocking about the studio I became aware that the door between it and this one was not fastened as usual."

"I walked it up myself!" cried Marion.

"Evidently the burglars drew the nails and picked the lock," said Walling. "They doubtless knew the habits of the tenants and counted upon your being out, while I was a doubtful problem. So they planned to get my things together and carry them into this room, from which they would have more leisure to escape in case I interrupted them. But the interruption came unexpectedly from you, and they had no time even to collect their booty. They probably got away by means of the fire escape at your window.

"When I found that the door between the rooms was open, I came in here, because I saw through the thieves' game and supposed, from the fact of the light being here, that they had fled hastily. I hoped to find some of my property."

"While I was looking about you two ladies came in like a whirlwind. I had not time to reach the door, so I dodged in here, where I have been trying to concoct an apology that should fit the crime."

"Your apology is accepted, Mr. Walling," said Marion. "It comes in good time. Phil, will you accept mine and Aunt Sarah's?"

Then handsome Phil Hobart ceased to look like the villain at all. Instead he resembled the hero when he says in the last act that together they will face the world. It was a pretty scene, and Aunt Sarah, in memory of her absurd mistake, could do no less than give her blessing.

"And now, good people," said Mr. Walling, "if you will be kind enough to step out into the hall I will go to my own place. You see, I discovered the loss of my dress suit last of all, and I had got ready to put it on when the discovery of the open door tempted me here."

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### HIGH LIGHTS.

Some Bits of Wisdom Compressed into Flashes of Wit.

Man is known by the company he keeps out of.

Only inferior people make the mistake of assuming superior airs.

When two women are said to resemble each other, both are secretly vexed.

Even when man makes his own opportunities they are not made to suit him.

We never hear the same story twice alike, even when we tell it ourselves.

Grandparents back up a self-willed grandchild because they feel partly to blame.

One of the valuable privileges we often overlook is the privilege of not saying anything.

After a woman has lived to be 70 she still believes that she never has had her own way.

Work is our only safeguard against people who would like to have us do something for them.

One of the queer things in life is that the frocks in old photographs were once considered pretty.

A man forgives his sweetheart for trouncing his nose, but he always reminds her of it after they are married.

When a man brings his wife an unexpected present, it makes her fear he has bought himself something extravagant.—Chicago Record.



The Probable Reason.

"I wonder why a marriage engagement is called a match?"

"Because it's often a light headed affair, I suppose."—Judy.

They Needed Him.

"So you want a job?" inquired the manager of the great mercantile establishment. "Ever had any experience in this business?"

"Well, no, not exactly," the young man replied. "You see, I have just got through college."

"Oh! Do you play football?"

"Yes; I was center, rush in our varsity team last year."

"Good! And did you take any other part in athletics?"

"I hold a medal as a shot putter."

"I suppose you were in all the cane rushes and hat smashings too?"

"Yes, sir. I was the best hat smasher in my class."

"All right. John, give this young man work out in the warehouse. He'll be good at handling heavy boxes and barrels and such things—a college graduate, you know."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Right Word at Last.

"Ze cowboys were cackled. They made ze remark if they had ze insurgent leader they would puzzle him."

"Are you sure, count, that they said 'puzzle'?"

"Ah, I fear I have made ze stupede mistake again. Could it have been ze rebuz?"

"Impossible, count."

"Ah, I have eet. They said they would riddle ze insurgent. We foreigners are so stupede. Make ze unpardonable blunder."—Chicago News.

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Orpheus C. Kerr—Well, my friend Jones has been elected governor.

Kaustic Kad—Indeed!

Orpheus C. Kerr—Yes. I want to send him some flowers. What kind would you suggest?

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Sort of Freed the Old Man.

"Anybody who knows enough," said Mr. Spiffins, "can learn something from anybody else, however ignorant the latter may be."

"That is true," assented Mrs. Spiffins cheerfully. "I can occasionally learn something from you."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

She Must Have Been of Boston.

A shopwalker with rather an awkward gait was leading the way and requesting a lady to "walk this way, madam."

"Thank you," said the lady, "but I consider my style of walking more graceful than yours."—Tit-Bits.

A Hint.

Rejected Suitor (dimplantly)—Oh, well, there are just as good fish in the sea as were ever caught.

She—Yes, George, there are, but unless you change your bait they are safe.—Ohio State Journal.

The Weaker Vessel.

"Figgs took his wife to New York last week for her health."

"Well?"

"She brought him home on a mattress."—Chicago Record.

The Responsible Party.

"And so you are to be married?"

"I think so, but you'd better ask me. I wasn't dead sure that we were engaged until it was all over."—Chicago Post.

### An Insect Tragedy.

There is something really pathetic in the way a mother butterfly builds a nest for her children. In the first place, the little home where the eggs are deposited represents a great deal of sacrifice, for it is lined with several layers of down plucked from the mother's own soft body. The eggs having been laid carefully upon this luxurious, puffy couch are protected by an equally pretty coverlet made of the same material.

These butterfly bedclothes are often arranged with an intricacy that is quite curious and perplexing. Sometimes a bed is made so that each separate delicate hair stands upright, thus giving the entire nest the appearance of a little bush of downy fur. Then again, the eggs are laid spirally round a tiny branch, and, as the covering follows their course, the effect resembles the busy tail of a fox, only the nest is more beautiful than the "brush" of the finest fox that ever roamed over country.

The building of this downy nest is the latest earthly labor of the mother butterfly, for by the time it is completed her own delicate body is denuded of its natural covering, and there is nothing left for her to do but die, a sacrifice which she promptly and heroically makes in the interest of the coming butterfly generation.

### Some Odd Names.

The most suggestive and inviting name I saw was that of a druggist in North Dakota. It was U. B. Welcome, his first name being Urias. Across the street was another man with a funny name. He bore the euphonious cognomen John Stone-pounder. In the next town I found a man who was so fat that the name of Abraham Crumppacker seemed especially fitting. But there was a woman in the town who went him one better. Her name was Emily Freshbread.

In the next town I got so interested in queer names that I soon heard of a speedy individual called Sarah Deer-hoof. In that same town there is a man named Henry Bookstruck. Ever after that I was on the lookout. On the train I met David Newsalt and Millie Newlove. The man with the most warlike name I ran against was Abraham Salt-peter. In one town I found a man who had a very poetic name. It was Scabright Sumbloom. But the last name I struck finished me. It seemed like a direct command to cease my sniggering monkeying with people's names. I took it as a warning and quit. A. Quikkinish. And what do you suppose his partner's name was? It was W. K. Goforth.—St. Paul Dispatch.

### An Intelligent Censor.

No play may be publicly performed in England until it has been passed upon and agreed to by the stage censor. A certificate must be secured from the lord chamberlain. The lord chamberlain himself does not, of course, read all the plays submitted to him, but the work is passed on to the examiner of plays, who is not always a man of education or discretion and who in many cases has been suspected of letting things pass because managers have made it profitable to him to close his eyes to supposed faults.

The story is told of one of these examiners who was moved to strike out "drunk as a lord" in one of the plays submitted to him. There used to be an old rule that the word "heaven" should be substituted in stage lines wherever the name of any of the persons of the Trinity came up. So this clever examiner changed the line to read "as drunk as a heaven."

### Real Greatness.

An exchange gives this story of a pompous member of parliament who attended an agricultural show in Dublin. He arrived late and found himself on the outskirts of a huge crowd.

Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and a lady friend who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal porter on the shoulder and peremptorily demanded, "Make way there."

"Garn, who are you pushin'?" was the unexpected response.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" cried the indignant M. P. "I am a representative of the people."

"Yah," growled the porter, as he stood unmoved, "but we're the bloomin' people themselves."

### Fooling the Youngsters.

Mrs. Grimes—How in the world do you get rid of all your stale bread? I have to throw lots of mine away.

Mrs. Smarte—There is no need for you to do that. Why not do as I do? I just hide it away from the children.

Mrs. Grimes—Hide it away from the children? What then?

Mrs. Smarte—Then the children find it and eat up every morsel of it.—Boston Transcript.

### His Repertory.

"What have you been playing during your present tour?"

"We played 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' on the stage," answered Mr. Storming Barnes.

"Were there no comedies in your repertory?"

"Only one. When we came to count up the box office receipts, it was usually 'Much Ado About Nothing.'—Washington Star.

When you unfold your pocketbook in a good cause, you also remove a load from your conscience. You feel better, and so does every one concerned.—Denver News.

"You'd have assistance in no time," Marion continued. "There! Do you hear those voices?"

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"Oh, you have!" said Aunt Sarah. "Well, I guess this will be the last one. You tell Mr. Hobart that Miss Marion Adams declines to be responsible for his old clothes and that her aunt, Sarah Adams, from Hatfield, Vt., says he ought to have known better."

The boy rubbed the side of his head thoughtfully.

"Let's see if I've got it straight," he said and repeated the message with great care.

"You're a bright boy," said Aunt Sarah, and she gave him half a dollar.

Marion sat down by the table and began to struggle with a note to Mr. Hobart. She tore up half a dozen sheets of paper, but finally folded one and put it in an envelope.

"I've merely begged him to come and see me tomorrow," said she. "It was all I could do."

She rang the messenger call and then sank into a chair. Aunt and niece surveyed each other in silence. Neither could find words to express her feelings.

A loud knock startled them. Marion opened the door, and in strode a tall and dark young man whose appearance suggested slightly the handsome villain of society drama. His manner was appropriate to the scene where the villain begins to be foiled, but does not yet despair. He was pulling and tugging his moustache in quite the conventional manner. Behind him came a messenger boy carrying a big white bundle.

"Mr. Hobart?" cried Marion, amazed, and Aunt Sarah sat up very straight in her chair and looked severe.

"Miss Adams," said the young man, "I have entirely failed to understand your message, and as for that of your aunt—"

He finished with a gesture of despair as he glanced at Aunt Sarah.

"Do you think it was quite proper, sir," said the maiden lady from Hatfield, "that you should consign your superfluous wardrobe to the care of a young lady?"

"And may I ask, madam," said Hobart, "what led you to believe that it was mine?"

Then Aunt Sarah was what she would have called "flustered." The suspicion of his awful mistake began to dawn upon her.

"I left my card for Miss Adams late this afternoon," said Mr. Hobart, with dignity, "but as for these garments I know nothing about them. They are not mine, and I shall ask Miss Marion Adams to explain how they came to be here. I should tell you, madam—and he turned to Aunt Sarah—"that there is an engagement of marriage between your niece and myself, or at least there was."

At this last clause Marion burst into tears.

"—I really beg your pardon," stammered a voice from a corner of the room.

Every one started, and the two ladies screamed. A bearded face appeared above a screen. Evidently its owner was standing on a chair in order to make himself visible.

"Why, it's Mr. Walling!" exclaimed Marion. "Well, I should like to know what he's doing there!"

"So should I!" cried Aunt Sarah and Mr. Hobart in one voice.

"I can explain in one moment," said Walling. "You will pardon my remaining here. I am somewhat imperfectly attired."

Aunt Sarah threw up both hands with the gesture of one who abandons a wicked world to its fate, and Hobart looked like the villain just before he commits the murder in the last part of the first act.

"You see," said Walling, "my studio is next door. I live there. This evening after dinner I came home to dress and was astonished to find my dress suit and many other articles missing. The studio was upside down. In the middle of the floor was a sheetful of my bric-a-brac and other small belongings.

"Of course I saw at once that I had been visited by burglars and that they had been frightened away by some sudden alarm. How they had got in or out I could not understand, and I spent some time in wrestling with that problem and in discovering the extent of my loss.

"At last, in knocking about the studio I became aware that the door between it and this one was not fastened as usual."

"I walked it up myself!" cried Marion.

"Evidently the burglars drew the nails and picked the lock," said Walling. "They doubtless knew the habits of the tenants and counted upon your being out, while I was a doubtful problem. So they planned to get my things together and carry them into this room, from which they would have more leisure to escape in case I interrupted them. But the interruption came unexpectedly from you, and they had no time even to collect their booty. They probably got away by means of the fire escape at your window.

"When I found that the door between the rooms was open, I came in here, because I saw through the thieves' game and supposed, from the fact of the light being here, that they had fled hastily. I hoped to find some of my property."

"While I was looking about you two ladies came in like a whirlwind. I had not time to reach the door, so I dodged in here, where I have been trying to concoct an apology that should fit the crime."

"Your apology is accepted, Mr. Walling," said Marion. "It comes in good time. Phil, will you accept mine and Aunt Sarah's?"

Then handsome Phil Hobart ceased to look like the villain at all. Instead he resembled the hero when he says in the last act that together they will face the world. It was a pretty scene, and Aunt Sarah, in memory of her absurd mistake, could do no less than give her blessing.

"And now, good people," said Mr. Walling, "if you will be kind enough to step out into the hall I will go to my own place. You see, I discovered the loss of my dress suit last of all, and I had got ready to put it on when the discovery of the open door tempted me here."

When this maneuver had been successfully executed, Mr. Hobart stepped over to his house for the few little things that he had wished Marion to keep for him, and they proved to be a half dozen small landscapes very nicely done in water colors.



The Probable Reason.

"I wonder why a marriage engagement is called a match?"

"Because it's often a light headed affair, I suppose."—Judy.

They Needed Him.

"So you want a job?" inquired the manager of the great mercantile establishment. "Ever had any experience in this business?"

"Well, no, not exactly," the young man replied. "You see, I have just got through college."

"Oh! Do you play football?"

"Yes; I was center, rush in our varsity team last year."

"Good! And did you take any other part in athletics?"

"I hold a medal as a shot putter."

"I suppose you were in all the cane rushes and hat smashings too?"

"Yes, sir. I was the best hat smasher in my class."

"All right. John, give this young man work out in the warehouse. He'll be good at handling heavy boxes and barrels and such things—a college graduate, you know."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Right Word at Last.

"Ze cowboys were cackled. They made ze remark if they had ze insurgent leader they would puzzle him."

"Are you sure, count, that they said 'puzzle'?"

"Ah, I fear I have made ze stupede mistake again. Could it have been ze rebuz?"

"Impossible, count."

"Ah, I have eet. They said they would riddle ze insurgent. We foreigners are so stupede. Make ze unpardonable blunder."—Chicago News.

Reminders.

Orpheus C. Kerr—Well, my friend Jones has been elected governor.

Kaustic Kad—Indeed!

Orpheus C. Kerr—Yes. I want to send him some flowers. What kind would you suggest?

Kaustic Kad—Forgetmenots.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Sort of Freed the Old Man.

"Anybody who knows enough," said Mr. Spiffins, "can learn something from anybody else, however ignorant the latter may be."

"That is true," assented Mrs. Spiffins cheerfully. "I can occasionally learn something from you."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

She Must Have Been of Boston.

A shopwalker with rather an awkward gait was leading the way and requesting a