Daily Eagle.

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THE LITTLE MODEL.

It happened, in the winter of 1879, that I was unavoidably compelled to leave college, and spend a few months in retirement, hoping in the meantime that my uncle might be able to effect a compromise with the faculty. The nature of my offense has no bearing on this story. It was simply judged best for me to seek out a secluded place where there would be no temptation to the detriment of cramming. I chose Burlin, as being a so Cousin Douglas' place of refuge. Here was his oddity planted house, all studio, where he went when the fever of work was upon him.

Half settled in my quiet little hotel, I stayed only to unpack a brush and comb before hastening over to Oakwood. A bright light shone from the irregular, one-story edifice. The inhabitants of Burlin pronounced Douglas' house heathenish, but it was only characteristic. There were three rooms, a vestibule connected by a heavily curtained archway with the studio (proper name ormous hall), beyond which was a tiny sleeping room with folding conveniences. Floor and walls were of solid oak; there were great windows, through which sun shafts fell, giving the lion skin on the floor a tawny, eastern glow. In a corner, quite a day's journey from the studio half of the room where the easel stood, was a writing-desk; in another, the piano.

To-night a great fire was roaring up the chimney's wide throat. Douglas sat close beside it, stretching his thin, white hands to the blaze. I opened the door, after a clang of the knocker, and pushed aside the portiere to find him within, bending forward, his face, which had grown strangely thin since I saw it last, ablaze with some eager anticipation. It was not flattering to see the light die suddenly out, leaving a friendly glow enough, but one quite different from that sunshine of welcome.

"You, Jack!" had boy!" he said, taking both my hands and looking with quizzical indulgence into my crimsoning face. "They wrote me about it. Before I'd be suspended!"

"So it seems you were, before my day," I retorted, plucking up courage. "I didn't draw caricatures, cousin Douglas."

"No, lad, because you couldn't. Talents differ. But let by-gones go where they deserve and come to the fire." He piled on great birchen logs, and I settled myself in a crimson chair, in high glee. With Douglas I always became younger than my years warranted and far happier. Say, if I had kept with him my young manish sire, should I not have been shamefaced at loving him as I did?

"Well, so you've come down here to work," going back to his own seat, and watching absently the moulding of the mission bark.

"Partly; to see you, mostly. Douglas, don't talk about 'grind.' Everybody has been at me till I'm sick. Talk of your new picture." He started, flashing his eyes on me inquiringly.

"Who said I had one here?"

"Nobody. I know it. You haven't been down here three months, working yourself to skin and bones for nothing, Douglas; you look like a disembodied spirit."

"There are such things, I believe," he said, slowly. "Yes, I have worked hard." He clasped his hands tightly, and bent forward again over the fire. It was evident that he neither heard nor saw me in my own proper person. I was merely a voice, calling out voices from his soul, some that had been long busy there among themselves. I stood in boundless awe of him, but I was never afraid. His gentleness of spirit seemed to go through to his heart's core.

"Show me the picture, Douglas," I ventured.

"No, no: it isn't finished." Still there was some intent yielding in his tone.

"Oh, Douglas, show me the picture!" He still sat, reasoning with himself, as I could see. Then he rose, and put aside the inner drapery. "I believe I will. I couldn't show it to anybody else, but you are strangely to be trusted." Presently he returned, but without the picture.

"I think I'd tell you about it, first. You must know my full idea, and then judge my work. It is 'Starvation'—no, I'll bring the thing out and let you interpret." At which I could but tremble, for fear my stupidity and slowness of understanding should vex him. With that he pulled the canvas forth and adjusted the light, falling back into the shadow to watch me. But in a few minutes I could not but note how his eyes turned to feed upon the picture, loving it and forgetting me. On the canvas lay a level stretch of land shut in by a mountain wall, and covered by a low dun sky. A lichened rock, here and there gave some little variety of form, to be counteracted by the added monotony of color. A slight figure occupied the foreground, every streamer of its garments borne back by what you saw to be a keen north wind. I could not forbear a shudder. I seemed to feel the chill of those bare blue limbs.

The boy's arms were folded, and he confronted the distance erect and patient. The beauty of the child's face was beyond description. The skin was colorless, but of the translucent purity of moonstone, the black locks fell in heavy splashes, and the eyes held all the mournfulness and vastness of a midnight without a star. Despite the mobility of the face, ghastly regnant, as it seemed, over physical pain, there was the pinched look given by extreme hunger; blue circles under the eyes, and cruel dents of the destroyer on the nostrils. Douglas was watching me again.

"There is more there than you see—I meant more than the death of the body. Look into the distance." Far beyond the scene of the picture—you felt it to be beyond the boy's range of vision—the sky had rolled up, exposing a rosy vista into a region beyond. There were faintly to be distinguished the outlines of faces—cherubic faces in joyful song.

"I have known many souls to be hungry," said Douglas. "There are more souls so than bodies. Some are starved. Take this child; what is in its face?"

I struggled to express myself, and ended by blundering out, "Everything."

Douglas smiled.

"Yes, you see it; poetry, music, love of art and the ideal. But the mountains hem him in from hint even of the beautiful. He will never reach it. He sees that and submits to his slow death like a god.

He stood with folded arms worshiping his work. I marveled at the power of love lying in artists for canvass and clay.

Is it all out of your own head, Douglas? Zounds! what a head!"

"I had a model," he answered, hastily, carrying the picture back into the next room. "Now go, Jack. Come to-mo row night. And mind," he called after me, "mind you don't tell a living soul about this."

I promised and went not in that last offend d at my summary dismissal.

I took it for granted that a genius might have moods that another man could not share. But what had come over Douglas? Bright as a star, sometimes an uncanny demon in mood, he had never before betrayed diseased melancholy. Some hard blow must have shaken him out of himself. My thoughts were interrupted when I reached home by finding a stranger in the hotel parlor. I was

ive Smirke. I had not lived in a college town for nothing. I knew a few of the local celebrities, and prided myself accordingly. He was dressed in a suit of clerical cut and hue, and his face was smooth, both as to fact and metaphor. Perhaps the resemblance might not have suggested itself had I not seen Smirke in a dress almost identical. I made an excuse for looking at the visitors' book, and found he had registered himself as Rev. Augustus Miller. Being young and on the lookout for adventure and mystery, I applauded myself for my intuition, declared I was right and that Smirke had come down here to ferret out something. But as he soon asked for his lamp and withdrew, I followed suit, and gave myself up to very confused dreams in which Smirke in a headsman's cap was executing my cousin Douglas for murder, while the boy of the picture flew away into a rosy heaven.

The next morning I was not at my books, as an uncomfortable conscience would have suggested. By no means. Occupied merely in holding a large volume, I was sitting on one side of the fireplace, while Rev. Augustus Miller, also with a book, had stationed himself in the other. Mine was heavier and more imposing, being a Greek lexicon; his seemed to be a volume of sermons. At length, when we had sat thus for an hour, and I was beginning to tire of my self-imposed espionage, he lifted his spectacled eyes, saying mildly:

"Young man, as the wood-box is with you, and there are no servants at hand, will you replenish the fire?"

"By all means, Mr. ——hem! —— Smirke," I said, gladly throwing down my lexicon, and having the grace to choke a little over my young presumption. I stole a look at him, as I threw on the log.

The eyes were regarding me very searchingly, but the face had not changed.

"This is a calm retreat for a young man," he began, as I stood by the fire, watching the renewed sparkle. "I came down here to revise my commentary, in quiet, but"— He stopped suggestively. The tone invited confidence, but I did not respond. And being very coolly impudent upon occasion, I returned, "I have the proof sheets of my treatise on Sophocles to correct. I fancy I hear old Sophocles calling me now. Good-bye."

When I returned after a tough ride on a cart-horse, the only animal to be procured, I was told that Mr. Miller had gone for a walk. He appeared at the supper-table, conversing with men and maid-servants with unctuous affability. However, I had no time to watch him. I was off to see Douglas, having known too well by old experience that no once might interrupt him by daylight, when he had a picture in process of birth. Douglas was expecting me, and, not taken by surprise, in a more companionable mood. I noticed at once a change in the room's furnishing. Piano, easel, writing-desk, were in corners, turned with the back toward the center of the room. But I asked no questions. With men of my temperament, the eccentricity of genius accounts for anything. Let a man paint a picture or write a poem, and he may stand on his head in the market-place thereafter, without comment of surprise from us.

"I am going to entertain you, to-night, Jack," said my cousin, stretching himself out on a settle, his face flushed and eyes bright with a very apparent nervousness. "I mean to tell you a story, all true, too, my lad. I want to put it on your stalwart conscience to get it partly off mine. Are you ready?" I was, and open-mouthed with anticipation.

"A year ago," began Douglas, with the musing tone of one who talks to himself rather than his auditor, "I had the plan of my picture in my mind, all but the boy's face; that eluded me. I looked far and near for a model. I went among the poor and peered into street faces, all in vain. Last fall I came here in despair and gave myself up to waiting and musing. Often when I leave abandoned hope she seeks me out, as she did now. Perhaps I had been a month, when one night my door opened and a child came in breathless—this very boy in the picture. As soon as my eyes struck his face I knew he was my model. He was painfully but sweetly confused, and though apparently an Italian, broke into very perfect English—that is, perfect in construction, though an accent betrayed his nativity. (He had heard I wanted a model. He might well have heard it, by the way, for I had told old Father Du Bois, hoping he might have some available French face in his flock.) And he had come to offer himself. You can guess how gladly I accepted him.

"But there were conditions. I must promise to tell no one, ask him no questions even as to home or name, never follow or trace him out, and show no one the picture during his sittings. I was anxious enough to make sure of him to promise anything. The sittings began the next morning. He came long before light and was waiting in the shadow of the porch when I rose. He came after the face was technically finished, for there was a wealth of expression I was slow in catching, and which was too precious to lose. He invariably brought his dinner with him, a tiny piece of bread, and remained until after dark. Then he would melt into the dusk like one of its own shadows. Jack, I rather think I've grown a good deal in sentiment. I fell in love with that boy. I went so far as to think of adopting him to keep him with me always. But naturally I delayed mentioning it to him till the picture should be finished and I released from some of my promises. One night, when the picture was completed as you see it now, I broke the charm. He had an overpowering curiosity about that little sandal-wood picture shrine on the desk yonder. You see it is in fragments. I told him it held a picture, so precious that I kept it under lock and key, and after that he besieged me with questions. Who was it? Curiosity gave him the only spice of earthiness he could lend, and I tantalized him to keep it growing. On this night I told him it was the portrait of a beautiful and wonderful lady. It was—the Mona Lisa. His great black eyes flamed red, but just then a fellow came to the door to sell chromos. I had to fight him off. He nearly forced his way in in spite of me. When I came back, out of temper, I surprised my model breaking open the shrine. The marvelous carving was shivering in splinters on the floor. I was a brute. I took him by the collar and shook him. I forgot that he was nearer angel than boy. He dropped the shrine and picture, and slipped out of my grasp, stopping at the door to say, in a choked little voice: "You shall never see me again. I will kill myself." Then he ran out into the night, and I have not seen him since.

"But he probably hasn't killed himself," I suggested. "No doubt he thought better of that."

"He has done it," said Douglas, shaking his head with a sad smile, "I am sure of it! I should not feel in this way about him if he were not dead."

"Douglas, that was only temper. People don't carry out such threats one in a dozen times."

"Think of his hot southern blood. Its flame would consume more lives than one. Do you see the change in my room? I heard the creaking of the outside door, and then, I fancied, a stealthy step in the vestibule; but I waited, loth to interrupt Douglas.

"I have grown, since that night, into a spiritual fear. Memory draws the child into the room so constantly that you might say I haunts it. I see that face everywhere. I am afraid of finding the spirit at my elbow, turning reproachful eyes on me, crying out, 'You murdered me!'

"But what should that have to do with your furniture? I asked, fearing either that he had gone daft or that I was not equal to the finer fancies of genius. Douglas smiled, with shame in his face.

"So that I may work without turning my back on anything. I shudder to think of him behind me."

I heard a rustle. "Douglas, some one wants to come in," I said, rising.

Before I reached the portiere the outside door was closed as softly as it might be with haste. I ran out, without stopping for my hat. A figure was striking out rapidly for the grove at the left of the house. Now, I was not famous at the university for my brains, but for my muscle I was. I broke into a run and made a circuit to cut the man off from the group. If he could be kept to the high road I should run him down in no time. He noted how directly he was headed for my arms and took to the highway, I in pursuit. He worked bravely, but in four minutes I had overtaken him. When I was within three feet he turned suddenly and faced me. It was Rev. Augustus Miller.

"Young man, spare me!" came the unctuous voice in piteous appeal, the clerical hands raised. "I have no money. If you are a robber take my pocket Bible and let me go."

"Rob you—you—self?" I retorted. "What do you mean by sneaking into people's houses, and then sneaking out?"

"I was going to ask the young man about his soul, but when you rose so suddenly I remembered what ungodly tricks young men are guilty o', and was afraid."

"Now, is there anything more truly feminine than a minister?" I said, pausing to apostrophize him. He had expected to be frightened; he should not be disappointed. As I looked at him a heavy cloud slipped from the moon. His resemblance to Smirke was startling. "As sure as I'm—hom!—not in college," I cried, "you are Smirke, the detective."

"Young man, do not mock the servant of God."

"But you are?" I insisted, now merely to frighten him. "You are, and tonight I shall hand you over into custody for assuming a name and disguise." I waited for further prayers, but they did not come. The man looked at me steadily for two or three seconds; then he took off his glasses and lifted his wig with a flourish. It was my turn to be confounded. I had no more suspicion than an idiot that my flash of guesswork had truth at bottom.

"I see you know a thing or two," said the detective, in tones like chips. "Can you hold your tongue?"

"Like a cracked bell! Take me on the force?"

"I can't; I'm off myself. That's what you're to keep still about. One of the officers said I got information by foul means, and I knocked him down. They meant to arrest me, but I came down here in disguise. Now, can you keep that?"

"See if I can't," I returned, big with importance. "What could they do to you?"

"Oh, not much, only they shan't have the fun of an arrest, that's all! My disguise was rather rum; still, nobody but a man seen enough to be on the force himself would have seen through it." I was every minute growing in circumference, like the frog in the fable, and too much engrossed to mind the absence of my hat. We walked home together in the most chatty humor. He seemed vastly interested in Douglas, from the queer house, he said, and from my cousin's evidently being a remarkable young man. We laughed together over Mr. Miller's errand at Oakwood, and he confessed that he had slipped in solely because he saw us through the window and thought we seemed like good fellows. But forgetting his disguise until he was well into the vestibule and then remembering how I had penetrated it the night before, he dared not face me again. Would I take him to call on Douglas? I said my cousin was not easily dealt with by strangers, and I must first ask his permission. That was only putting him off; Douglas has not my affinity for nettles and their relatives. Much as he seemed interested in Douglas, I had heard enough to keep my cousin's secret to the letter; I wonder at that, however, for between the confidences I had received that night my thoughts stood promiscuously on their heads. I bade my detective good-night, in a fraternal manner, which seemed vastly to the amusement of the maid servant, who had grinned at my ridicule of him in the morning. For he had again assumed the wig and was Rev. Augustus Miller.

The next day I had cause to applaud my own wisdom in the selection of a retreat. Tongues buzzed louder and faster here than in the world of men. There was not an excitement worthy their agility. A pupil had been decoyed from the Convent of Our Lady, distant about three miles; she had, undoubtedly been murdered. There were ghastly details of her death to be had without the asking. One said that the villains—they were evidently medieval freebooters—had cut off her hair and her head after it. Another stated that the head was left at the convent gate, swinging by its hair. But I managed to ascertain, by dint of much questioning, that the girl had disappeared, and a reward would be offered for the apprehension of those concerned in the abduction. It seemed to me a good case for Smirke, but as he was not at table, neither was to be found in his room, I postponed suggesting it to him. That night, of course, I went to Douglas, meaning to give him a sip of the current horror. But he pushed me indifferently aside, and passed on to his own affairs.

"I mean to shut up this place and leave, Jack," looking at the fire and introspectively at himself. "The boy will never come back. I am tired of being haunted. Perhaps a change of scene will help lay his ghost." I heard the outside door open, and was about to confound the impudence of Smirke, when the hangings were thrust aside, a dark setting for the very face of the picture. Prepared for a ghost, how could I restrain a cry. Douglas turned marble, pointed a stiff forefinger. "See!" came his whisper. But the curtain was thrown back, the little figure crossed the room at a run and sank at his feet.

"Master, take me back!" came in sobs. I might look and listen as much as I pleased. Nobody heard or saw me. Douglas caught the child to his breast, and rocked back and forth with him, cooing some inarticulate endearment. Presently the two drew apart and looked at each other with eyes of shining content.

"Did I spoil the picture?" asked the child, dropping his head in shame. Douglas laughed.

"I don't know. Never mind, you are all the picture I want. Tell me, how could you grieve me so? Where did you go?"

"Shall I tell it all?" He had a quick, birdlike motion of the head, a quick staccato of liquid utterance. His English was mature, but charmingly accented by the persistent clinging of a foreign tongue.

"Yes, all," said Douglas.

"Then let me go." He resisted Douglas' detaining hand, got gravely down from his knee, and perched on a stool. Then folding his hands over his long gray cloak, the child, with another birdlike glance, indicated me.

"May he know, too?"

"Yes, if you are willing."

"I was in the convent le sa ol ates," he began quietly. "Every day I used to see you go past. Sometimes with flowers in your hand. Your hair was like Our Lady's glory." He looked at Douglas devoutly, and Douglas laughed. "One day I heard a Sister say you wanted to paint a boy dying, starving. That night I ran away. An old Scotchwoman lives across the river, and goes every day to the convent to do kitchen work. I went to her and begged her to keep me. She hardly dared, but she knew I was not happy in the convent and she pitied me. She left me alone in her little house every day, and I used to throw away my dinner. I would not eat, but it was long before I could starve myself into looking starved, and I was so impatient."

Douglas was bending toward him, a great horror gathering on his face.

"You starved yourself! why?"

"Because I wanted to help you paint your picture. I made the little clothes I wore, all myself. The Sisters always said I was good with my needle. Then a Sister was ill and Mrs. MacNeil had to be there early in the morning and late at night. That helped me, and I could come to you."

"But—who are you?"

"Teresa." A soft, rose flush crept into her cheeks, and the lashes fell. Douglas blushed, too.

"Reckless, hot-hearted child!" he muttered. Teresa had risen and drawn her little cloak about her.

"I suppose I am to go back to the convent," she said, defiantly. "I have been hiding at Mrs. MacNeil's ever since that night. But she overheard yesterday that the Sisters thought I had been lured. A man had come here to find out who did it. He was at the convent early and told the superior it was you. So I came to tell you.

"If" repeated Douglas in amaze. At the instant the curtain was put aside and Smirke stepped in. "Everybody makes mistakes," he said with gruffness. "I made mine. I listened at your door last night, when you said you were haunted. I've told this boy here a dozen times and I've watched in the woods all day to see that you didn't escape. I mean to have more evidence before I arrest you. It is will the Sisters let it leak out about the child, as it happens, though I could have strangled them at the time. They'd kept it pretty close, for fear it would hurt the convent's reputation, till she was wanted and had to be fortcoming. Then they confessed, and I was sent down here."

"Why is she wanted?" asked I, who alone retained some coolness.

"Long story. Years ago a rich American fell in love with Teresa's mother, Italian countess, widow, poor. She wouldn't marry him then, but he offered to educate the child, and she stipulated it should be among Catholics. He brought her here, waited as long as he could, went back, begged again, and she married him. They're in New York and Teresa's sent for."

"My mother!" breathed the child, the tips of her fingers together.

"Your mother, and lots of money!" answered Smirke, jocosely. Teresa turned to Douglas. "Then you will go to see me there, my master, in dread of my coming to you?"

And he did, until there was no longer need.

An Undertaker's Swindle.

[New York Commercial-Advertiser.]

It very often occurs during the summer season that young children die from the effects of the heat. The parents have no plat in any cemetery and are not able to buy one. They are even unable to leave their work to accompany their child's body to the grave. The law says that a burial must take place outside of the city limits, and so the parents go to an undertaker for assistance. He consents to buy a grave and bury the child in it for $15 or $20. By hard pinching the family manages to scrape together the sum. After the funeral service he takes the body to his shop in a neat coffin, and there transfers it to a deal box, and by something which he terms a pull with one of the minor officers of the department of charities and corrections, has it taken to the potter's field at a cost of perhaps $5. He pockets the remainder, and when the parents of the child desire to visit their dead the undertaker indicates a grave in some exclusive part of Cypress Hills, and they waste their tears over a strange child. This thing is done daily, and it is known by the authorities.

Gen. Sheridan and McCullough.

[Enquirer.]

Gen. Phil Sheridan has been for some years one of McCullough's intimates. He detected three years ago that the life the tragedian was leading had effected his brain. Finding it impossible for the actor to avoid temptation, the lean adjutant urged him to flee from his fair foes and take refuge in the wilds of the west, where the star routes made the mails so uncertain that the scented billets doux might not reach him, or if they did would have lost all their perfume by the time they came to hand. A party was made up to explore the Yellowstone region, with the general at its head and with McCullough as the guest. He roughed it with the soldiers for two months, and came back ruddy and robust, but civilization took him up again and made him the wreck he is today.

Provisions Pay.

[Boston Globe.]

"Well, Patrick, how much have you got laid up against a rainy day?"

"An owld umbrilly in the attic, begorra, and that's enough for a workin' man."

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DR. W. L. DOYLE, DENTIST. Office over Barnes & Son's drug store, Centennial block, Wichita. 41-

G. W. C. JONES. Attorney-at-law. Office in Eagle block, over Hovey & Co.'s dry goods store 72-20-tf

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