

TWO ROMANCES AND A TRAGEDY.

LOVE AND I. A Story of an Artist and an Artist's Picture.

By JEAN MIDDLEMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

A picture was her most valued possession. Like a ray of sunshine in a gloomy spot, it seemed to shine forth from its case in her little sitting-room; and how- ever weary Rhoda might be when she looked at it, she invariably experienced a sense of joy.

A little, old man, with a rugged, deeply furrowed face, on which, however, kindness and good nature beamed, hobbled into the room. "What can I do for you, my child?" he asked. "No trouble, I hope."

"Are you very fond of this picture?" he asked after a short pause. "I love it better than anything I possess in the whole world."

He had been told of, who would give a sum in four figures for this picture. "I will never sell you of your picture, Miss Rhoda. If ever I have any claim to that picture it will be by your own free gift."

Successful he would lay his fortune at the feet of the young girl who had held him captive at first sight. "To carry out this programme he went at once to London, nor said a word to the lady of the picture—how could he in honor, since all in the future seemed so uncertain?"

Francis W. Jolley has written an interesting story, in his "The Old New York Frontier," published by Scribner's, of Joseph Brant, whom John Fiske and Henry R. Schoolcraft have designated as "the greatest of all American Indians of whom we have record."

New Book Discusses the Greatest of American Indians.

Joseph Brant, Brilliant Ally of the Tories, and Stories of His Preeminence at the British Court.

Brant was a full-blooded Mohawk; had been bred by white men; had been attached to the household of Sir William Johnson whose Indian wife, Mollie Brant, was Joseph's sister, and was intimately associated with the work of missionaries among the Mohawk Indians before he began his interesting career as the leader of the Indians who combined with the Tories in the Revolution in the work of spreading terrible devastation along the frontier of New York State.

He had interviews with the Cabinet officers in London and dined in houses where at the same table were seated Burke, Fox and Sheridan. He paid a formal visit to George III and declined to kiss the sovereign's hand, on the good American ground that he, too, was a sovereign. But he had the grace to kiss the hand of the Queen. A great ball was given in Brant's honor, where he presented himself in full Indian costume, with war paint, feathers and tomahawk.

The story is told that the Turkish Ambassador, mistook his painted face for a visor, and ventured to touch it, thus giving Brant an opportunity for sport. He sprang back from the company near him, brand the war whoop in true native fashion, stared at the Minister, and flashed his tomahawk in the air, to the consternation of every one present, who did not understand the capacity of a Mohawk Indian for practical jokes.

In America Brant made the acquaintance of Washington, Aaron Burr and John Hancock. He also met Talleyrand, afterwards the War Minister of Napoleon. Until the last year of his life he kept up a correspondence with the Duke of Northumberland, at that time the head of the British peerage, who, in signing one of his letters to Brant, used these words: "Believe me, ever to be, with the greatest truth, your affectionate friend and brother."

Brant spent his last years on a farm in England, and was in receipt of a salary from England as a retired Captain of the army. He cultivated his lands, raised horses and bred a fine stock of negro slaves reduced to a state of complete subservience. His portrait was painted in London in 1776 by the celebrated Romney and is reproduced as a frontispiece to "The Old New York Frontier." A direct descendant of his, Mr. J. O. Brant-Sero, now living in Canada, went to South Africa during the war in the Transvaal and served in a civilian capacity, but was unable to take part in the fighting, because only men of European ancestry were permitted by England to do so.

GIRLS' CLEVER RUSE TO HELP HER FATHER.

"When we first instituted our tests for color-blindness," said a Northern railroad surgeon who was recently in New Orleans on a visit, according to the Times-Democrat, "some curious things occurred at the examinations, and in that connection I can tell you rather an interesting little story. I had orders for the men to report at my office as they came in from their runs, and one afternoon a big, jovial Irishman, who was one of our freight engineers, put in an appearance, accompanied by his 10-year-old daughter. The child seemed very shy and timid, and while I was making the tests, clung tightly to her father's hand."

"We were nothing like as strict then as we are now, and the examination was confined principally to the primary colors; but I noticed a curious hesitation on the part of the engineer in answering some of the questions."

"What's the matter?" I asked; "aren't you sure?" "I'm sure enough," he replied, laughing, "but I didn't know whether to say scarlet or plain red."

"He named all the colors correctly and I gave him a certificate; but after he went away I couldn't get rid of a lurking suspicion that somehow or other I had been fooled. Still, it seemed impossible, and I finally dismissed the idea as mere fancy. He appeared again, however, the next week, and I happened to meet this same engineer in the hall, and my old suspicions returned with a rush. I called him to me, pulled out a pocket-book of tests, and in less than five minutes discovered that he had color-blindness in the most pronounced form."

"Of course that meant his job, but I promised to befriend him, and, under a little pressure, he confessed he had destroyed me originally."

"I seemed he had a son who was a deaf mute, and all the family had become deaf at the sign language. They could converse as readily through the touch of the fingers as they could by sight. The engineer had discovered his visual infirmity some days before the test and was completely crushed. "It was then that his bright wife, the daughter came to the rescue and volunteered to go along and give him the proper cues by sign talk. The ruse worked, as you know, and but for my vague suspicion he might have passed undetected almost indefinitely."

"I'm glad to say I secured him another job in a department where his color-blindness was not a bar. He is there yet."

A REASONABLE ILLUSTRATION. "Observation convinces me that the law of gravitation is not universal," said the Tuller's Critic. "For illustration, I refer you to the upward tendency of neckties."

Not so with the white water. Who stands by while you're eating. To him all tips come now or later. He has a man over his shoulder.

THE FORK OF THE ROAD. A Country Love Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"Father's a-fallin', Salome. I can see it." Salome started to her feet with a cry. "You don't mean it, Achah, he's a-dyin' now?" "No, no, child. But the end ain't far off. Feller's a-settin' with him now. I come out for a minute's air."

Ethelbert was running toward her. He was a slender fellow of his younger sister, without her hair. With a swift good-night to David, Salome hurried after her brother. "Achah, Fell, Salome, where are you?" "The three creep nearer."

The pictures were mostly those severe anatomical heads and figures which the un- taught regard with such outward exclama- tions of pleasure and such inward con- tempt. David admitted them all unreservedly, calling them "handsome," "elegant" and "real pretty"; the adjectives varied, but with the merit of the picture, but in accordance with his own ideas of diversity.

Salome listened to these facts of his daily life, once so absorbing to her, like one in a dream. "David," she said at last, while he was still talking—excitement had made him unusually communicative. "I've got some business to tend to. I want you to go to your supper now; an' come back 'bout an hour to spend the evening with me. I've got somethin' to tell you. Will you?"

Salome blushed with pleasure. "Thank you, Mr. Griffiths," she said, trying to be calm. "I'm only a minute, but I want to tell you our beautiful plan. Mr. Griffiths and I are going to Paris this summer for two years to study and we want you to come, too. You must! Paris—and Paris teachers—is just what you need. It won't be expensive, for we're going to do it all just as economically as possible. Don't say a word till you think it over. I'm coming again to-morrow, and the visitor glided away almost as quickly as she had entered. Salome was too astounded to move. Oh, the joyful possibilities of it! All the artistic nature in her throbbled responsive to the idea. What would Achah say? and Fell? and David? At the last name her heart contracted, painful thoughts rushed upon her. She looked straight before her with terrified eyes. Had the mere thought of him brought him bodily to her? For there he stood, and more, he was speaking. She shrieked and sank on the sofa.

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THE COLONEL'S STORY. A Tragedy of the Mountains. E. V. ARRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"I wish I could tell a story as I once heard told by an old friend, Colonel Chevenix, at his beautiful place in W.—shire. We were on the lawn—the whole house party—grouped under the shade of some great trees. The question was a little apart from us, and had been warmly discussing some wonderful shooting feat of earlier in the day. Presently some one spoke of a fair neighbor of our host's who had figured prominently in the hunting field during the past season. All chimed in enthusiastically in praise of her beauty and pluck, but I noticed the Colonel said nothing either in praise or blame. One of them rallied him, asking if he did not admire his beautiful neighbor."

"What does he say?" she asked curiously. "Oh, the usual thing," I answered, "long life and every blessing." "He went on talking, however—even the drivers turned to listen, and then glanced back at us. I spoke to one, and gathered the drift of the man's remarks. "He has a bit of reputation for second sight as far as I can make out," I said, laughingly, "and does not want us to go—cannot bear us out of his sight in fact." Then coming round to the door of her carriage, "Joking apart, are you really very anxious about it? Do not let us make it a duty—after all we are not bound to go."

When we were seated in our carriage, I noticed the Colonel's eyes were fixed upon me. "Well, the time came for us to move on; L— was to be the next stopping place, and when we heard that we could count on the honey-mooners, company not only to L—, but further to Toulouse, and from thence to Paris, I don't know who was the most delighted. "We thoroughly enjoyed our stay at L—, and did all the chief excursions in the neighborhood—all that is, but one, which, as it was most arduous, we had put off and so on, no longer. This excursion was to a 'port' or pass running from the French side of the range into Spain. It was rather a long journey, obliging us to start early. We finally found a day for it, though with more than one secret hope the weather would prove unpropitious. Our hope was not to be realized, however, and the morning—the very early morning by the way—turned out bright and clear. "Hardly as it was a crowd of beggars waiting to accompany us to the very steps of the carriage, we had a number of help and charity. One, with a particularly handsome appearance, was especially noticeable; we could not shake him off. Mrs. Reed stopped and placed a piece of silver in his hand. The lady then said to the young man, "I'm sure you will be a great help to us."

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NEW RAILWAY BUILDING FOR THE SOUTH AND WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. In forty-three States and Territories there will be built new railways and railway extensions this year. Contracts already made show about 2,800 miles will be constructed, or enough to more than reach through the earth. This means about 60 miles more than was built last year.

The least building, which will be almost none, is in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, while most of the construction will be in the South and Middle West. A remarkable feature of this new building is the great number of lines with little mileage, the average length being only about forty miles. In work now under way Texas leads, with 10 miles on thirteen lines; then comes Oklahoma and Indian Territory, with 82 miles on nine lines; Georgia, 50 miles on nine lines; Pennsylvania, 50 miles on seven lines; West Virginia, 40 miles on two lines; Illinois, 30 miles on four lines; Louisiana, 20 miles on four lines; Minnesota, 20 miles on five lines; and California, 20 miles on five lines.