THE SUNDAY TIMES

An Interesting Tramp at the Door.

HE came to the back door, which he opened without the ceremony of a knock, and entered the summer kitchen of the house to find it cold and unoccupied. As no sign, "Beware of the dog," greeted his one good eye, he kept on and climbed a short flight of terrestial stairs, where dilapidated saucepans and other culinary utensils had been ignominiously abandoned by the cook. Then he knocked at the second closed door which confronted him, and was almost immediately after faced by the entire household.

For his coming had not been observed. Everybody was there to meet him, but nobody was there to greet him—at least with a kindly welcome. The several pairs of feminine eyes focussed upon him expressed various degrees of wrath, fear, contempt and repulsion. The mistress of the house was young and pretty, but her face was set like a flint. Yet she had the kindest heart in the world.

But when the tramp asked her for a bite to eat she ordered the cook to hand out a cup of coffee, a boiled egg, left over from the family table, and some bread and butter. Then she gave the cook—by a glance of warning—a tip regarding the silver. The forks and spoons in that family were genuine and heirlooms, so the tramp ate his breakfast in the primitive fashion which obtained before knives and forks were invented. He seemed to have refined instincts in table etiquette, and the egg, which was soft boiled, rather bothered him, until he made a bit of the bread serve as a spoon. It was embarrassing, too, to eat with the mistress of the house watching him. It was more embarrassing to have her suddenly ask:

"Why are you a tramp?"

"I cannot get work, ma'am."

"Have you tried?"

"Yes'm. Look at my hands."

She started back; for being versed in the social fad of palmistry she read in the palms he showed her the story of failure and defeat, and saw a life-line broken rudely ere it had reached half its natural limit.

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"In the station in the town beyond."

Again she thought of the silver, and half closed the door which she held as a barrier between her and this alien of his kind, who was making a paper napkin from a torn sheet lying near. It struck the young hostess forcibly that her guest was consistent with his surroundings. He was eating from a bread board laid over a flour barrel, his implements being the ten servants that wait on man—his fingers.

"It was my first night in the station house," he continued apologetically. "I had money of my own until last week—enough to buy lodgings. It being the holidays, it's hard to get work. Have you any work I can do to pay for my breakfast?"

She wanted to test him and prove that he was lazy and worthless, so that her conscience might never reproach her judgment, and she bade him carry a large packing trunk, on one end of which he was seated, to the attic, a distance of three flights of stairs.

"I couldn't do it, ma'am."

She noticed that he didn't say "lady," as professional tramps do.

"I am too weak from want of regular food to lift or carry anything heavy, but I could do light chores. I can carry coal in, or empty ashes, or clean—the silver."

There was a spark of caustic mirth—it could hardly be called impudence—in his black luster eyes, and the hostess actually shrank in alarm at his suggestion.

"You are welcome to your breakfast," she said, coldly, and moved as if to close the door.

"Thank you, ma'am; I'm going on, so you won't see me again, but I want to say something. The church bells sound grand, don't they? And you are going to church to put money in the plate for the heathen and to pay for charity. And you have fed me this morning in His name. If He came to ask one single meal of your charity would you have given him a cold bite outside in the freezing blast, or asked Him in and seated Him by a warm fire?"

"Christ would not have robbed, and perhaps, murdered me, for doing good."

"Nor would I. There are desperadoes in the highest circles of society as well as in the ranks of the outcast. But do you not think it kinder to keep a dog and not put your charity to such a severe strain? 'The greatest of these is charity,' reads in the revised edition 'the greatest of these is love.' Have I been enjoying Christian charity or Christian love this morning?"

As she did not answer he resumed his side of the discussion.

"It would have taken a few moments of your servant's time to warm the cup of cold coffee you gave me; and is a silver spoon of more account than the comfort of a being who has a soul? I would not have stolen the spoon, but you could not know that. Perhaps, ma'am, you have read 'Les Miserables,' and recall the old bishop, the silver candlestick, and Jean Valjean?"

At this moment the housemaid thrust something into the hand of her mistress—not the one holding the door, but the other which, held back, seemed asking for assistance. It was a toy pistol in silver and ivory which now reposed in the pink, upturned palm, which resented the intrusion.

"Take it away and bring me my pocket-book," she said in a half whisper. When that came she opened it and took a dollar from its folds.

"That is the amount I would have given to the collection this morning. Take it, and at the first opportunity buy a warm meal. And if you come this way again I will trust you to eat under my roof and give you a spoon."

"Give me half the money, and save the rest for my brother."

"You have a brother, then, who is a tramp?"

"Every tramp is my brother and yours, in Christ, or the religion taught is a farce. He had not where to lay His head; neither have we. I shall not come this way again to tax your hospitality, but you will remember me and hereafter make yourself a cheerful giver whom the Lord loves."

He put on his disreputable cap and hobbled away, leaving an astonished household gazing after him. The cook and the housemaid had plenty to say about his impudence, but the young mistress held her peace.

She was struggling for the first time with the great problem of the day, why men become tramps. When she relinquished her hold on the door, which had shut her in and that other member of the human family out, she went to her husband, who was ready for church.

"I am not going this morning," she said.

"I have had the whole service, even to the collection," and she related her experience with the tramp.

It did not reassure her to be told that she had aided criminality and that her offering would doubtless be exchanged for liquor, but she had begun the building of a bridge of trust, and somehow its architecture pleased her. She reasoned with the later day poet whose verse she had read with scarcely a thought of its application:

He can't be altogether bad,
This outcast among men."

After that she dropped the theory and took up the practice of that much lauded virtue—charity.—Detroit Free Press.

Lost His Heart.

Crimsonbeak—What's the matter with young Huggins?

Yeast—I understand he has lost his heart.

"Is that all. He makes as much fuss as if it was his collar button.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mischievous Matchmaker

"I AM sure, Cousin Molly, that Mr. Beaumont is in love with you."

"Nonsense, Nellie! He knows very little about me. I have only been staying with you three weeks."

"But don't you believe in love at first sight?"

"I am sure I don't know, but——"

"Now, be sensible, Molly. You know you are very fond of him."

"I don't know anything of the sort. I don't care a bit about him—that is, I think he is very agreeable, and handsome, and kind-hearted, and all that——"

"You might add 'clever, virtuous, and fascinating.'"

"Why?"

"Because then you would have given him all the qualities that a woman can expect in the man she would marry."

"Really, Nellie, I believe you are nothing but a scheming little matchmaker."

"In this instance, perhaps I am; but it is certainly a very desirable match, and you are both head over ears in love with each other."

"I protest, I don't love him a bit."

"You don't know your mind."

"Oh, yes, I do. I don't love him, and I wouldn't marry him."

"Do you mean that?"

"Well, of course, I do."

"Then, I'll marry him myself."

"You?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, of course, it is nothing to me."

"Quite so."

"But I think it very mean of you—very, very mean—not to have told me that you cared for him."

"Now, Molly, just listen. Mr. Beaumont, I am sure, thinks you do not like him, and that you would refuse him if he asked you to marry."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, so I believe from something he dropped, that he is going to propose to me this afternoon. Now, if you slip into the drawing-room and hide behind the screen——"

"I shouldn't think of doing any such thing. The idea!"

"Do as I tell you, dear, and you will hear me refuse him. I was only jesting when I said I would marry Mr. Beaumont myself."

"Then, you are sure you don't love him the least little bit, Nellie, dear?"

"Not in the least. You will hear me tell him so if you await."

* * * * * *

"Well, Mr. Beaumont, I have sounded my cousin Molly."

"And do you really think I may hope for success?"

"I am sure of it; She is very fond of you, but not yet fully aware of the fact. We women are curious creatures."

"It was very good of you to offer me your advice and help."

"Not at all; we are very old friends. Now, don't you be rash, or you will spoil everything. You must do exactly as I tell you. You must come into the drawing-room and propose to me."

"Propose to you?"

"Yes; and mind you act the part well."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, while you are proposing to me, Molly will be behind the screen. When she hears your protestations of love for me she will think she has lost you and will discover the true state of her heart."

"But, really, this seems rather"——

"Now, don't argue. Do just as I tell you. Come into the drawing-room at once, or she will suspect collusion."

"One moment. Don't you think?"——

"Not a word. I hear Molly coming down stairs. I will sit here on this sofa. When I raise my hand, begin. Can you tell me of a good novel, Mr. Beaumont?"

"Well—er—it is rather a responsibility recommending novels to ladies nowadays. There are as many different schools of readers as of writers."

"But you know by this time my taste in fiction."

"Not so well, I am afraid, as I could wish. Hem! If you would—er—only let me become your sole literary reader, taster and adviser for life!"

"I am afraid I don't understand you Mr. Beaumont."

"Cannot you guess what has brought me here this afternoon? Let me be frank with you. Oh, Nellie, we have been friends now a long time. Every year you become dearer to me and more necessary for my happiness. Will you not become my wife? Speak, darling! Say you consent. You cannot guess how I long to have you always by my side. Say 'yes,' and make me the happiest man in all the wide world!"

From where she sat Nellie saw the flutter of a light blue gown as it passed quickly from behind the screen to the open door. Molly had prematurely fled.

"Do not keep me in suspense," he went on. "Say will you be my wife?"

She bent her head to hide an irresistible smile.

"Yes!"

Mr. Beaumont leaped to his feet in amazement. Nellie did not speak a word. With a look of anger on his face, he stepped behind the screen. There was nobody there.

"What does this mean?"

"It simply means, Mr. Beaumont, that you have asked me to marry you and I have consented.

"I merely did so at your suggestion, because——"

"Exactly; and it was good of you to adopt my suggestion. I have expected your offer, and I hope I shall not have reason to regret it."

"Nonsense, Miss Nellie! You knew it was only in jest. I like a good practical joke, but surely this one is a little undignified. It was understood that you would refuse."

"I made no such promise, Mr. Beaumont."

* * * * * *

"Why, Mollie, dear, whatever is the matter?"

"Don't come near me! I'll never, never forgive you. You are a horrid, mean thing. I'm packing up and go going away."

"Now, don't be a silly girl. What have I done?"

"You pro-promised to refuse him, and then actually accepted him. You treacherous creature! I'll never speak to you again. To play such a vile trick on me! How could you be so heartless?"

"But I saw you leave the room before I gave him my answer."

"I came back and listened outside the door—I heard you accept him, and then rushed away."

"My dearest Molly, it was all a practical joke. I thought you were out of hearing, and I was just teasing him. I am so sorry I have hurt your feelings, and will confess all. I have been hoaxing both of you."

"How?"

"Mr. Beaumont never meant to propose to me—he loves you alone—but he went through the farce at my request. He is waiting downstairs to see you. So bathe your eyes, make yourself pretty, and come down. I gave the poor man quite a fright, but I was awfully penitent, and he has forgiven me. I will tell you all about it. There—We're good friends again, aren't we?"

* * * * * *

"My darling Molly, you have made me so happy."

"But don't you feel a terrible bigamist—accepted by two women in the same day?"

"It was a cruel jest of Nellie's."

"Yet she meant no harm."

"Nevertheless, I should like to pay her back in her own coin."

"Yes; how can we manage it?"

"Look, Molly! Here is Capt. Durston coming up the drive. We will pretend that Nellie and I are engaged."

"Delightful!"

The captain entered and exchanged greetings.

"Have you heard the news, Capt. Durston?" said Molly.

"What news?"

"Nellie has accepted an offer of marriage."

"Yes; I am delighted to say I am quite aware of it."

Molly and Mr. Beaumont exchanged glances.

"Why, who told you?"

"Ha! ha! Who in the world should tell me but your cousin herself?"

"Nellie? Impossible!"

"Not at all. I have just authorized the announcement in the county newspaper."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Mr Beaumont, excitedly.

"And why not, sir?"

"Because it is utterly false, sir."

"Sh—h! What is the matter?" cried Nellie, running into the room. "Surely you two gentlemen are not going to quarrel here."

"Capt. Durston states on your authority, Miss Nellie, that you are going to be married."

"It is perfectly true. I believe I am."

Molly threw herself into an easy chair and began to sob and to show signs of becoming hysterical. Nellie and Durston stood looking bewildered, while Beaumont regarded Nellie with a glance of mingled surprise and contempt.

"I thought," said Beaumont, "this farce was at end, Miss Nellie."

"Farce! What do you mean?"

Suddenly a smile broke over her face, and she burst into a peal of laughter. As soon as she was capable of speech she explained that she was privately engaged to Capt. Durston three days before, and that he had actually come that afternoon to announce the fact. She also enlightened her future husband as to the cause of all the confusion.

Then everybody laughed, everybody congratulated everybody else, and everybody was in the end supremely happy. But three of the company insisted that Nellie was a wicked, meddlesome, mischievous little thing, and that she would have to be kept well in hand when she became Mrs. Durston.—Tit-Bits.

TRANSVAAL INFORMALITY.

Illustrating the Social Life at a South African Mine.

New York Sun.

It was at Pilgrim's Rest Gold Fields in the Transvaal one sultry evening in the spring of 1880. The Zulu war was just concluded, and peace and plenty had come with Christmas just past after more than five years of continual border warfare and financial depression.

The party were awaiting the arrival of Col. Sir Owen Lanyon, the Governor of the Transvaal during the brief British regime, who had promised to ride in from Leydenburg, thirty-five miles distant, and attend a dinner to be given in his honor.

In talking over the preparations for the event, some ill-advised youngster wondered if the respect due to the Governor demanded the wearing of evening clothes.

Each of the party owned a dress suit, put away somewhere, but none had a laundered white shirt. The shirts were there, but they had not been in use in months, and Parker, the only storekeeper, had never heard of starch.

In this dilemma a Dr. Ashton, who was in camp on a visit, volunteered to ride to Leydenburg and buy some, and did so. A laundry was an unheard of luxury, but the youth who had started the trouble declared he knew how starch was used, and offered to direct the washing and ironing of the shirts. With the aid of an ancient negro who did odds and ends around the store they were fixed up and duly delivered.

When the men in evening dress sat down they discovered that the zeal of the volunteer laundryman had far outstripped his knowledge. The shirts had been starched back and front from collar to hem.

There was no time to make any change and the martyrs to fashion resolved to sit it out. Most of them had increased in muscle and girth since their clothes were made and looked fully as unhappy as they felt.

Soup was served as soon as the governor arrived. He noticed that his hosts were moving uneasily in their seats, and the chairman of the occasion, a big Africander, serene in flannel and corduroy, explained in a whisper the cause. Then Col. Lanyon exhibited a specimen of the tact that had made him beloved, and is still remembered gratefully by many who experienced his courtesy. As soon as he recovered the use of his voice he rose in his chair and made, perhaps, the most welcome address he had ever uttered:

"Gentlemen," he said, "it's so infernally hot that I must ask your permission to take off my coat and this thick collar. I would have done so without asking, only you all look so thick and span. I wish you would keep me in countenance by following my example."

The Governor looked deliciously cool in a thin undress uniform coat and duck riding breeches, and the men recognized the goodness of his suggestion and gave him three cheers. Then they stripped to their undershirts and trousers and enjoyed the remainder of the evening, notwithstanding the jokes of those guests who had not been blessed with university educations and aristocratic tastes. The discarded shirts were stood around the back of the room like tombstones as monuments to their owners' discomfiture, serving as rests to hold up the cast-off coats and waistcoats.

A Woman's Wit.

"I WANT to speak to you a moment, Jim. Come to the other end of the van; better for these not to hear us," said my mate, indicating by the direction of his glance our two fellow-travelers.

His words were almost drowned in the noise of the train, but it was easy to see from his manner that something was amiss. We were together in charge of a train of twenty-four wagons, running from Elmfield Colliery down to the main line. I was the under-guard, and, consequently, subordinate to Frank Applegarth. His daughter, a lass of about eighteen, and a companion of her own age, were traveling with us. They had missed the usual passenger train, and, notwithstanding the regulations to the contrary, we had both thought there would be little harm in giving them a "lift" home, as Frank phrased it. And lucky for us it proved that we did so. Probably it saved both our lives, and certainly it was the means of procuring me the best wife in the world.

The wind whistled past the deep sides of the cutting through which we were rushing, and flakes of snow were finding their way into the van by ventilator and window and crevices, not a few in number. My companion wore a troubled, anxious look as I rose to follow him.

"Do you notice that?" he asked, when we were out of hearing distance of the others. It had struck me before that the van was swaying more than usual—and it was rickety enough, in all conscience, on ordinary occasions—but I only set it down to our driver making up a little lost time.

"We are traveling at a great pace," I answered.

"At a dangerous pace," was the reply, as the van gave a lurch that almost threw us off our feet. "That's the first curve on the level," he added. "Just try if you can make out the engine lights."

I tried my best, but it was useless. The night was intensely dark, and, to add to the difficulty, blinding blasts of snow and sleet drove full in my face as I leaned with half my body outside, seeking to catch a glimmer of light ahead.

"I can make nothing out," I said, as I unbuttoned my jacket and shook it clear of snow.

"Neither could I, and I fear we have broken away. I only wish I knew how many wagons are left with us in front."

Here my countenance must have betrayed the horror I felt, for he hastily added:

"Don't look like that, man; the girls are watching us, and I'm mistaken if Mary does not already suspect that something is wrong. It will be plain enough to alarm them when it comes to the worst, and we are past help."

"What is to be done?" I asked, not so much expecting an answer as because I felt I must say something.

"We can do very little. If Harry"—that was our driver—"knows what has happened, he may back upon us and stop us before we come to High Bank, though, at the rate we are going, that will be risky enough. Otherwise he can do nothing but go on to the next station to warn them there. Ten to one we don't keep on the rails as we run down the bank. We must try to make out if we have many wagons left. If he has but few, Harry is sure to notice that something has gone wrong."

We returned to where the two girls were sitting. I had seen Mary Applegarth every day almost that I had worked with her father, now a matter of four or five years, and without noticing her much. She was only a slip of a girl when first I knew her, and I suppose with seeing her so frequently that she had grown to the verge of womanhood without my being aware of it. It might be, too, that the danger in which we were placed, and which she realized as if intuitively, added in a moment years to her life, as great dangers are sometimes said to do. Any way, it was with an added interest that I now regarded her, as she sat seeking to calm the fears of the girl beside her, who was giving way to terror she did not seek to conceal.

"You and your friend," said Applegarth to his daughter, who, amid other preoccupations, was watching our every movement, "will keep quite still here, while Jim and I put things straight in front of the train."

"Is there going to be an accident? I am sure something has gone amiss."

"No; I hope not, at least: nothing but what we can put to rights."

The road on which we were traveling was a fairly level one, with easy gradients, one part alone excepted. That part began some ten miles from the colliery whence we had started our journey, and could we but arrest our speed before reaching it, all might be well yet. It consisted of two declivities, known respectively as the High Bank and the Low Bank, both very steep, with a gradient of one in seventy-five, and separated by some two miles of level line. A little way from the bottom of the last was a meeting station, where trains coming in opposite directions used to pass each other by means of a siding. All being well it was into this siding our train had to run, and there remain until the last "up" passenger train had passed on its way to Elmfield.

With a few more hopeful words to his daughter, Applegarth took his lamp in his hand, and signing me to take mine and follow him, clambered with great difficulty on to the first truck. Our speed had continued to increase, and it seemed as if we were to be both thrown off on to the line. We managed to reach the brake handle and put it hard down—as hard as we both together were able to do. We did the same with the other ten trucks, when the oscillation was too much for us, and slowly and laboriously we made our way back to the comparative safety of the guard's van.

Our speed had slackened a little with the brakes put down; but again it began gradually to accelerate, and it was with a sickening feeling at the heart that I resigned myself to all the hopelessness and helplessness of our situation. Should we begin to descend the bank at our present rate of speed, nothing, humbly speaking, could avail to save us from a fearful death. Applegarth was sitting with his face buried in his hands. In a corner of the van crouched the two girls, one of them trying to encourage the other, who was crying bitterly.

Suddenly the last dreadful alternative presented itself to my mind, as it has often done to men in a like position, too frequently with the result of only hastening their fate, but now it seemed the only chance left to us.

"Shall we jump, Frank?" I asked.

"You forget the girls," was all he said.

I had not forgotten them, but now I reflected that even if they had the courage to attempt it the risks were too great; and besides, one of the two was no longer capable of deciding for herself. So we could only [illegible] wait, with what equanimity we could command, the fate upon which we were rushing.

Meanwhile Harry Armstrong, our driver, had reached the top of High Bank, and from the too quick action of his brake had learned that something unlooked-for had happened to his train. The next turning showed him that he had broken away, and that his engine had only a few trucks behind it. He took what was probably the only safe course, that of putting on steam and going ahead as fast as he could.

"There is a break-away," he shouted, as he steamed into the siding, "and twenty wagons of coal are tearing down the banks."

"Signal against the 'up' train," called out the station-master; "I hear her coming."

"But the 'goods' will run into her further down the line in any case."

"We must throw the 'goods' off the rails. Heaven help the poor guards. We can do nothing for them."

"There are others, too, besides the guards," urged one of the men in the engine.

"And a hundred in the 'up' train. Sharp with a hammer; we must spike the back road points. It may send them into the river, but it must be risked."

The spike was driven home.

"Bring the iron chains," was next called out.

A pile of these lying beside the line was seized, upon, and hurriedly a number of them thrown across the metals. Then the men ran back out of the way of danger, for the roar of the "down" train was upon them. Out of the black darkness, like a streak still blacker, rushed the long line of doomed wagons, and then came the dreaded crash, heard for miles round, drowning the noise of the gale, now at its height.

The wrecked train lay in one indistinguishable mass of iron and coal and splinters of wood. The first wagons had driven over the chairs and fallen into the ballast, where they lay overturned, serving by way of a buffer to those behind them. Anxiously and with many forebodings of evil was the scene of destruction searched for the wreck of the guard's van. No trace of it was to be seen.

I must now take up the story of the runaway at the point where I left it off. I was sitting as if in a dream, when a light hand was placed on my arm, and Mary Applegarth's voice sounded loud and shrill in my ear.

"Wake up!" she cried. "Think if there's no plan to let go the van from the first wagon. Can't you get at the couplings—the woodwork is very old?"

I found she had already roused up her father, who, like me, had abandoned hope.

In another moment I had the hammer out of the locker. Frank, picking up a shackle-hook, drove it through the end of the van just above the coupling, and soon had a large opening made. Then, easing off the van brake, we knocked out with the hammer the bolt which attached the first truck to us. The loaded wagons seemed to race away from us as we gradually put on the brake again, and we felt that the danger was past.

We traveled slowly down the bank until we saw a red light ahead. It was one of the men sent from the station after the train had been wrecked. He had come on as ordered, but with no hope of finding any of us alive.

I made up my mind that very night to make a match of it with Mary Applegrath, if she would have me. We were married a few months after, and all my mates call it "a runaway match."

A Painter's Model.

MME. XAVIER kept a shop at the end of the street. Such a shop, with only one window in it, and a bit of counter, piled high with bunches of gay yarn and boxes of cheap tinsel. There was a bird in a cage in madame's window. He always sang furiously in the early morning, and a pot of mignonette in blossom adorned the sill.

Just across the road lived the sausage vender—a little old man, who wore a wig and dressed in snuff-color. He was early at his post every morning, frying sausages, but, being cruelly afflicted with asthma, he could only speak in a loud, hoarse voice; so his daughter Annette, a very dream of health and beauty, would stand beside him in her neat stuff gown and call in a voice as lusty as a chanticleer's:

"Hot sausages! Hot sausages!"

Now, diagonally across on the next street was a tall brick building used as a storehouse. Its lower rooms were piled with dusty white bags full of grain, over which the satin-colored mice frolicked and grew fat the livelong day, but up in the peak of the building was a large garret, rented to a poverty-stricken artist. Here were pictures strewn all about the room, while in the middle of the floor stood a stout easel, supporting a bare canvas.

Every morning the artist crept down from his lofty quarters to buy hot sausages of M. Laubeau, and to cast sly glances of intense regard at Annette, who, for her part, kept on at her calling as if there were no young men in the world. But when he turned to go back to his garret then would Annette smile and toss her head, with its white cap, in a coquettish nod to the little madame across the road, saying as much, "See, I have an admirer," and madame would smile back, for she dearly loved a romance. Sometimes she would beckon to Annette, and when the girl ran lightly across the street the old woman would say:

"When shall the wedding be?"

"Ugh!" Annette would answer. "Could I eat paint? I thrive now and am comfortable. Monsieur must make his fortune ere Annette weds him."

"And he shall do it," returned madame. "I will speak myself to monsieur."

That very day when the artist passed her shop with a canvas well wrapped in paper under his arm, the little French woman called to him.

"Come in," said she, "and show me the picture."

Reluctantly he undid it and disclosed a pensive-faced Madonna.

"Oh, monsieur," exclaimed madame, "she has a sickly look. I do not wonder you may not sell her. We have enough like her. Monsieur must paint different—something gay and cheerful, fresh, you know."

"I am too poor to hire a model," said the artist, gloomily.

"Ah, true," replied madame; "but suppose I could find a model, would monsieur paint?"

"Perhaps."

"Come, then."

She led the way through the tiny shop to a tiner living-room. There in one corner, looking very big and clumsy, stood an oaken chest with the lilies of France carved upon it. The old woman unfastened a key from her chatelaine and knelt before the chest. She paused.

"Monsieur must know," she said, gravely, "long way back in France my people were not poor, but rich. That was before the Revolution, monsieur; before their names were knitted into the cruel madame's stocking. They fell. We have been always poor enough since. This chest contains my great-grandmother's ball gown. Monsieur shall see."

She unlocked the chest, and lifting a covering of tissue paper shook out a rich white satin gown, heavily embroidered with pale blue forgetmenots. The stomacher was thickly sewn with seed pearls and wide ruffles of rare old lace edged the neck.

The artist gave a cry of admiration.

"A costume of the time of Louis XVI. How exquisite!"

"Here are her slippers," continued Madame, holding up a pair of white satin slippers, adorned with tarnished gold buckles, "and these are the gloves she wore. To think I have them yet, monsieur, and my great-grandmother dust these one hundred years! We might have sold her toilet over and over again, when we were hungry and cold, but we always preferred to suffer for my grandmother's sake. Now, listen, monsieur. Little Annette, across the street, you love her. I have seen so. She has a heart as sweet as a nut, and as bonny a face as ever the sunshine kissed. If I put these robes upon her she will look like a grand dame, fit for monsieur's brush. She will be fresh like the rose and as beautiful. She shall be monsieur's model, and I will make his fortune."

That night when the sausage vender took in his stand Annette, free at last, slipped across the road and the old madame robed the girl in the ball gown, and fastened her soft, fluffy curls in a knot high on her head with a quaint tortoise-shell comb. Wrapped in cloaks the two stole down the street and entered the tall building. They threaded their away among the dusty bags, scaring the silvery-coated mice, and climbed the stairs to the artist's studio.

When his eyes fell upon the vision of loveliness madame presented to him they shone with a new light. Love? Well, part love and part artistic rapture; but in either case, Annette was the cause. The little French woman clapped her hands and laughed joyfully.

"Did I not tell monsieur he should see? Have I not fetched him a worthy model?"

Always during the sittings madame sat decorously by, knitting industriously, but keeping a sharp eye out, as became a chaperone. Not the slightest symptom of love-making escaped her. The portrait grew beneath the brush as if the very fairy of good luck had lent her spell to the artist. Never had his palette glowed with such colors nor such hitherto impossible tints blossomed forth. Every detail of the fresh young face became familiar to him, until at last from the canvas looked forth the sausage vender's daughter in the grand dame's robes, as beautiful as the proudest lady in the land.

"I can do no more," sighed the artist.

Then madame arose, and, taking the girl by the hand, led her towards the door.

"Monsieur has no longer need of us," she said. "Adieu."

But the artist would not have it so. He pushed past the old French woman and stood before the girl.

"I love you, Annette," he cried. "Will you not marry me?"

"Tut, tut," said madame. "You must speak first to M. Laubeau. We will have no bold American manners here. If he consents, then Annette may think of you. Come, Annette."

It was indeed true that madame had brought good luck to the poor artist. The portrait was sent to a picture dealer. In less than a week it was sold and orders had come through the dealer, enough to set the artist busy. He went to thank the old French woman.

"The good people like something fresh," said madame. "Monsieur might have sat in his garret and pined and been melancholy till he died. Good luck would have none of him. One must be brave and smile to win fortune."

"I owe everything to you," said the grateful young man.

"Ah, true," returned madame, nonchalantly; "but tell me, have you yet won M. Laubeau's consent?"

"Alas, he refuses me Annette's hand. He will give no reason."

"We must learn," said madame.

Leaning far out the window of her tiny shop, she beckoned frantically to the sausage vender across the road. He came, followed by Annette.

"Why is it M. Laubeau refuses his daughter to the young monsieur who loves her truly?" asked the French woman.

"I could not get on without Annette," grumbled the old man. "There would be none to cry out hot sausages."

"True, true," said madame, "but must the young people be unhappy for this?"

"I am old," continued the sausage vender, "and I have but Annette. If I yield her to the young monsieur who will care for me?"

"Let me think," said madame. "Ah, I have it! It is said only the young should wed; but I say it is well to be comfortable in one's own days, and a companion is needful. If M. Laubeau wishes it I will reconsider the proposal he made to me years ago. He shall fetch the sausage stand across the road and set it here—in front of my shop. The priest shall make us one, and I myself will cry hot sausages."—Chicago News.

Then Johnny Spoke.

A certain Celestial "out east" was brought before an English court of justice on a charge which led to his being fined £1. This result was communicated to him but all he did was to shake his head with an air of utter incomprehension and keep repeating:

"Me no savee! me no savee!"

One after another tried to impress on him the fact that he had to disburse the sum of £1 but all in vain.

At last, when every one in court had despaired of making him understand, a barrister was struck with a brilliant idea. Striding up to the Chinaman, he said emphatically:

"John, you are fined £2."

The effect was magical.

"Eh! what you say—two poun'? No fear: only one."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Concessions in Japan.

The Japanese government is very much opposed to granting concessions for public improvements or conveniences to foreigners, and will soon pass laws similar to those in the United States governing industries as telegraph, telephone, street car, electric light, and railroad companies. Stock may be held by foreigners, but the management must be retained in native hands.

Married Without Proposing.

"PERHAPS you wrote an offer?"

"No. I did not write an offer."

"Perhaps you got some one else to ask for you?"

"Wrong again."

"Perhaps your wife popped the question to you?"

"Not a bit of it. But if you like I will tell you the whole story.

"When I was young I was what may be called a mild youth (you may laugh), and greatly given to playing the flute, attending lectures on phrenology and such like dissipation. Stenography, too, had just come up, and for a long time I felt it my duty to fill up note books with rows of strange looking figures that would have puzzled Plurian himself to make out.

"Of course I had a companion in all this, a perfect counterpart, with only one drawback. He had a sister about seventeen years old. I was a little shy and afraid of the drawback (the sister, I mean).

"Well, I did take the flute and play duets with the pianoforte, until a good deal of the shyness wore off, and we got on with our stenography swimmingly. Being fond of knowledge myself, there was naturally a great deal of pleasure in imparting it to another. At first Brown took lessons with Emily, but he soon got tired, and we were left to pore over the lesson book together.

"As soon as Mrs. Brown learned that we had advanced as far as the corresponding style—'Ah,' said she, 'you and Emily must write to each other some poems in stenography. How would that do?' We could but try it, and found so many mistakes that it was generally necessary to read the poems over together afterward.

"Well, this went on for a year or so, until tired of doing nothing myself—though my father, as every one knew, was very well off—I suddenly made up my mind to go to Australia.

"I at once took a berth in the Black Ball clipper to sail in a week, and was, of course, much fussed in preparing the necessary outfit. The first excitement over, I remembered that I had neglected to return Miss Brown a stenographic exercise, and not having time to call, I enclosed it by post, with a few words, also in stenography, accompanying it.

"Two days before the Black Baller was to sail I found time to call at the Browns'. I met Brown just outside, who told me to go in and he would be back presently.

"I was shown into the drawing room; it was empty. I amused myself for a few minutes looking over some pictures. Presently there was a rustle at the door, and almost before I could turn to see who it might be I found myself embraced. I believe even kissed.

"Of course there was some mistake, but it suddenly occurred to me that it was a very pleasant one, and just at the moment who should be passing the door but Brown, Sr.

"He seemed to take the scene in at a glance, walked up to me, gave me a hearty slap on the shoulder, and, with a laugh, said: 'It is just what I expected.' Of course Mrs. B. entered immediately after, and young Brown came double knocking at the door to make another witness of the little drama.

"All this time Emily's head was on my shoulder, and she ejaculated something about 'my dear letter,' 'I was afraid to speak, then?' and so on.

"The next half hour is a blank. I know that a letter was brought to me from the agent of the Black Baller regretting that by some mistake a berth had not been secured for me, but that the ticket would be available for any vessel of the company. And, what is somewhat to the point, I remember that it was settled that we were to be married in three months.

"Well, time rolled on. We came to Australia and soon settled down into a comfortable home.

"One day Mrs. G., putting some boxes straight, made a grand start, and, pulling out a piece of paper covered with shorthand, exclaimed:

"'Why, Tom, here is that dear letter of yours that brought us so much happiness.'

"'Letter!' said I, 'what letter? Perhaps you will be good enough to read it.'

"'Certainly,' said Mrs. G., and then read in mock sentimental tone:

"'I return your exercise corrected. I send it by post, as under the circumstances I cannot see you personally. I admit that I ought to have told you before that I love you, but really I could not. Pray forgive me. Yours truly,

"'THOMAS GREEN.'

"I saw the thing at once. As I have already stated, the letter was in stenography and without vowels. I had merely intended to inform her of my departure, and to excuse myself for the neglect of not letting my friends know it earlier. But mademoiselle had read it 'I love you' instead of 'I leave you.' And that is how I got married without popping the question.

"I took possession of the precious epistle—the 'dear letter'—and whenever Mrs. G. is in a teasing mood I have only to draw it slowly out of my pocketbook and the tables are at once turned. We still find stenography useful, but are very particular about the vowels."—London News.

Condemned by the Czar.

A recent issue of the Columbia Call says: Prof. Lester F. Ward's (Scientific '69, law, '71) great philosophical work, "Dynamic Sociology," has been translated into Russian. The advanced views of the writer, however, were too much for the Russian dogmatism, and the enlightened government of the Bear has burned the edition and forbidden its circulation in the kingdom of the Tsar. The work has been adopted as a text book in the Leland Stanford University and is used as a book of reference in almost all other great universities of the United States. Nothing advertises a work like opposition, and perhaps the Russian declaration against it is the best thing that could have happened.

Taking a Cowardly Course.

The Republicans want to get rid of Roosevelt because his enforcement of the Sunday excise law turns away the German vote and weakens them in the cities. But they dare not repeal or amend the Sunday excise law, because that would offend the rural Republicans who were so effectually stirred up by Mr. Warner Miller last fall. No party or faction of a party ever adopted a more cowardly or more despicable policy.—New York Times.

EIGHT WORD POEMS

His Remedy.
Noble Earl,
Lost bets;
'Murrican girl
Title gets.

—

We've Spared It.
Little poem,
Lacks fire;
Sent back—
Kitchen fire.

—

A Good Suggestion
New woman;
Old man;
Made one;
Best plan.

—

Jilted.
Brain whirl;
Madly jealous;
My girl
Other fellow's.

—

Sad Fate.
Escape gas;
Candle—ass!—
Found escape!
Yards crape.
—London Answers.