

them in the struggle. Some give them out in poetry—in music, carve them in marble, or make them live upon a canvas, such as this!" he motioned towards the little chamber they had left. "The dream we most cherish has never come true—the longed for incident we picture has never happened—indeed may never happen—except as dreams go—yet in his loneliness, it has become very real to the dreamer—very real, Alice—and—infinitely dear."

He rose—his tall figure swayed above her and unconsciously as though in answer to his summons the woman rose also. "So unspeakably dear, Alice," he went on with repressed fervor, "that the dreamer would not—even to realize it, if that were indeed possible—break the sacred charm of his dream which he holds inviolate—a thing apart. And yet—"

"And yet, Anthony?" The small head upon its flower-like stem was lifted regally.

The man shot a quick glance around the hall. They were alone. At the other end of the adjoining gallery the attendant was packing his catalogs. There was but a moment left of this late afternoon.

"Suppose those two"—he went on in low, strained tones—"the man and the woman in that picture—suddenly stepped from the canvas and stood together as we two are standing now—the woman so near that if he reached out he could touch her—so—" he laid his hand upon her shoulder—"tell me, Alice—if this miracle should come to pass, ought the man to say to her, 'You are the woman in the picture?' Would she understand he did not ask her to stoop from her high place in

the niche he has built for her? Would she understand that he offers her all his devotion—but upon the shrine where she must ever remain enthroned—as the saints—above the altar?"

THE man waited—expectant—silent beneath a mighty uncertainty—for the flower-like face hung droopingly as though beneath a destiny too heavy for it.

"Alice," he implored, "speak to me—ought he to tell her, Alice—if circumstance forbade?"

"Anthony"—the tired little voice murmured as from a great distance—"it would be very unsatisfactory, Anthony. A real human woman wants not only to be enthroned in a man's mind, but also to nestle in his heart. She cannot be a goddess—always, Anthony. She wants to be held near—and—cherished, Anthony—cherished. And yet, if that cannot be and she does want the man to do what is right, she would still be very glad to know—because at least she then would have had something. And so—" the small face lifted to his, the look he dreaded to meet in the wide grey eyes was lost in their shining—"and so, she wants him to tell her, Anthony."

"Well then—he will! Alice," the bent brows held her gaze as again the man struggled for calm, "do you remember the winter I was alone in Italy when you and Jack were home?"

"Of course I remember, Anthony; and when I asked him what you were doing over here so long away from us, Jack said that was a state secret. Oh, I teased him, but he would never tell. What were you doing there—the only winter you ever spent away from us since you came back from India? I suppose I was a bit jealous, Anthony—for

I have always wondered how that long winter was spent. What were you doing alone in Italy?"

"You knew I had a studio, not far from here in the Via Faenza."

"A studio? Oh, yes—I know you paint for amusement—a landscape now and then."

"Alice," the hand on her shoulder slid down and clasped both of hers—the eyes fastened luminously upon her, withheld nothing, "You said just now that if those two—the man and the woman stood here together, not painted figures, but real flesh and blood—"

"With human souls, Anthony," she interrupted breathlessly.

"Yes—flesh and soul—you said the woman would want to know—then at least she would have something."

"Yes, yes," the other responded again, and unconsciously her face wore the look of the picture woman, "yes, yes, Anthony, she wants to know."

"Then, Alice—she shall know. She shall have—not something, but all that the man is or has to give. She shall have more than that, all he wants and hopes to be. His dreams—his illusions—his achievement—all hers! It is for her to command and him to accomplish. Alice—I had to leave you that winter to fight my battle far away and alone. Come back with me to the picture and I will show you the artist's name hidden in a fold of the woman's gown. Let us look at it again—together. You do know the artist—you have talked with him as you wished a moment since. Alice—Alice—I am the artist—and you, just you, are the woman in the picture."

Inside Stories of Statesmen

INTERESTING to all readers, but of particular interest to newspaper men, is an experience which is narrated by Colonel Wm. P. Hepburn, of Iowa, for many years one of the foremost debaters and party leaders in the house of representatives, at Washington. Col. Hepburn commanded the Second Iowa Cavalry during the four years of civil war of which we have read so much. The colonel says:

"Sometime in 1864 the Confederate General Forrest captured a part of my command. We all knew that Forrest had scarcely enough food and clothing for his soldiers, and so I set off at night, with an escort, to take several wagon loads of supplies to our comrades who were Forrest's prisoners. We traveled all night under a flag of truce, came up with Forrest the following morning. That gallant fellow received us cordially and permitted us to distribute clothes and underclothes to our captured comrades. We also had shoes and socks for them, and lots of canned food, too, as well as flour and meal. Well, we gave Forrest some things for his men, and when we were through, he gave us a confederate escort five miles back on our journey. All of Forrest's men were young; many of them mere overgrown school boys. But they could fight, and they did fight, too. Well, when we reached our parting place, I gave some cigars to the confederate squad, and handed a box of good cigars to the lieutenant. He was a fat boy, about seventeen years old, I should judge. He had a large, fat face, and looked like a good-natured boy, rather than a soldier. But he was a soldier, and a good one, as all of Forrest's men were.

"Well, I had forgotten about that incident until about ten years ago, when one of my friends induced me to go to a lecture which was to be delivered in my home town of Clarinda, Iowa, by some fellow from Chicago, whose name I had never heard. I went. The lecturer kept his audience amused and entertained for more than an hour; and he kept me guessing during all of that time. He looked at me quizzically from time to time, as though he knew me, and I felt sure that I had seen him somewhere; but for the life of me I couldn't place him. Before concluding his lecture, he looked full at me, and beckoned to me. So, I remained as the folks were going out; and I was curious to know who he was and where I had seen him. Finally, he came from the platform and held out his hand, saying:

"Isn't this Colonel Hepburn, of the Second Iowa cavalry?"

"Yes, I'm Colonel Hepburn," I replied "but who the devil are you?"

"I knew I had the advantage of you," he said while he shook himself with laughing. "You never knew my name, but you gave me a mighty fine box of cigars down in Tennessee some time ago."

"Oh, now I know you," said I as heartily as I could, "and I'm mighty glad to see you again after all these years."

"I did my best to entertain him while he was in Clarinda," continued Col. Hepburn, "and I al-

ways go to hear him lecture when I can do so. That fat soldier's name was Opie Read."

ONCE upon a time, not more than half a score of years ago, "Billy" Mason was one of the most popular men in Illinois, and one of the best-equipped men in that state for the office of United States senator, to which he aspired. He was elected, too, but no sooner had he taken his seat, in March, 1897, than he began war upon the popular McKinley administration. Then the McKinley administration made war upon Senator "Billy" Mason, and he only served one term. Did you ever hear how it happened? Probably not.

In January, 1897, there was a long distance telephone talk, bearing upon that story, which has never been seen in print. As soon as the republican caucus at Springfield decided in favor of Mason, he called up the president-elect, at Canton, Ohio, with the following result:

"Hello there! Is this Major McKinley?"

"Yes, this is McKinley; who are you?"

"I'm 'Billy' Mason, at Springfield."

"Hello, 'Billy,' I'm glad to hear from you; what is afoot?"

"Well, Major, I've just been chosen for the senate, by the republican caucus, and I'll be elected tomorrow."

"I'm very glad to hear it, 'Billy,' and will be glad to have you with me at Washington. You have my hearty congratulations."

"Thanks, Major. I know you are my friend. Now, as senator-elect from Illinois, I want to repeat my objections to having Lyman Gage go into your cabinet, and I hope that you will give me the proper consideration in this matter, now."

"I'm very sorry, 'Billy,' but I told you that the matter is already settled, and that I cannot make a change. Mr. Gage has been tendered the position of secretary of the treasury, and has accepted. I do not see how I can now reject him."

"Well, Major, if you could realize how earnest I am about this matter, I think you would find a way to make a change. I shall hope that you will do so."

"I can't do it, 'Billy,' for I can see no way to do it."

"Very well, Major, good night."

"Good night, 'Billy.'"

Immediately after the legislature of Illinois had completed the work of formally electing him to the senate, "Billy" Mason again called up Major McKinley over long distance, and repeated his desire in the matter, saying:

"I am now senator-elect, and shall take my seat in the senate on the fourth of March, when you take your position as president; and I earnestly renew my protest, in my capacity of senator-elect."

"I cannot find words to express how sorry I am for this complication, senator; but it is too late to accede to your demand."

That is where the trouble began; over the selection of Mr. Gage for secretary of the treasury.

Senator Mason had his own reasons for making the imperative demand, whatever they were, and he renewed his objections when he got to Washington; but to no avail. Mr. Gage became secretary of the treasury, and in that powerful office he began to make war on Mason; a war which continued until Gage retired from office, and Mason retired from the senate.

HOW the late Senator Hopkins was defeated for the office of speaker of the house of representatives, ten years ago, is another pretty little story of inside political history. Mr. Hopkins was chairman of the committee on the census, in the house of representatives. On March 2, 1899, he promised Congressman Joe Babcock, of Wisconsin, that he would go to the White House and urge the appointment of Henry Casson for the position of director of the census. About half-past eleven o'clock, Mr. Hopkins told Babcock that he had seen the president in behalf of Casson. At half past twelve o'clock, the president sent to the senate the name of William R. Merriam, of Minnesota, to be director of the census. By one o'clock, Joe Babcock was at the White House, to see the President, and McKinley most positively informed him that Mr. Hopkins had not been there at all. By half past two o'clock that afternoon, there was a meeting of the Wisconsin representatives in the committee room of Mr. Babcock, and there Mr. Babcock told the story. He said, substantially:

"The speaker and everybody of prominence endorsed Merriam, except Senator Mark Hanna. We will get even with Mr. Hopkins, one of these days; but now, I want to ask all of you to join with me in defeating the Hanna shipping subsidy bill."

That was agreed to, unanimously. The republican majority in the house was only twelve. There were eleven of them from Wisconsin. This will tell how it happened that the famous Hanna shipping subsidy bill was defeated again and again.

Things happened very fast that year. By the middle of May, Speaker Reed resigned from the house of representatives, and there were five candidates for the speakership, among them, Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois. The first state delegation to hold a meeting was the Wisconsin delegation. Col. Henry Casson was a busy man, and so was Joe Babcock. If Wisconsin should declare for Hopkins, he would probably have the support of the united west; and be elected. But, Henry Casson was one of the most popular men in Wisconsin; had been long associated with "Uncle Jerry" Rusk, as his confidential political secretary; had been secretary of state; and he went after the scalp of Mr. Hopkins. He was instrumental in leading the Wisconsin congressional delegation to declare in favor of the candidacy of Col. Henderson, of Iowa; and that settled it. Henderson was chosen, and Hopkins was dropped. But, from the day of the misunderstanding concerning his earnest support of Casson for that office in Washington, the political knife was out for Mr. Hopkins; and it was used.