

A PAINTER'S MODEL.



MR. XAVIER kept a shop at the end of the street. Such a tiny shop, with only one window in it, and a bit of counter piled high with bunches of gay yarn and boxes of cheap tinsels! There was a bird in a cage in Madame's window. He always sung 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 sauff 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:

"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 live-long 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 Frenchwoman 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



"I LOVE YOU, ANNETTE."

to the finer 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 always been 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 forget-me-nots. 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 don't these 100 years! We might have sold her toilette 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 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 way among the dusty bags, searching 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 Frenchwoman clasped 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 chaperon. 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 had 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 toward 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 Frenchwoman 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 Frenchwoman.

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

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

"I could not get on without Annette," grumbled the old man; "there would be none to cry 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 old days, and a companion is needful. If M. Laubeau wishes it I will reconsider the proposal made to me years ago; he shall fetch the sausage and 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."

Women of Hungary.

Women in Hungary will henceforth be allowed to enter the Buda-Pesth university and become doctors and apothecaries, or study in the philosophical faculty. They must pass the same high school examinations as the men, however, and for that purpose the government will provide them with opportunities to study Latin and Greek.

Goldfish.

Goldfish are of Chinese origin. They were originally found in a large lake near Mount Taitsing and were first brought to Europe in the seventeenth century. The first in France came as a present to Mme. De Pompadour.

PARSON AND WHIP.

HE LAYS IT ON THE BACKS OF WAYWARD SINNERS.

Says He's the Agent of the Deity— Reads a List of the Wicked Ones Every Sunday and Chastises Them Publicly.



GEORGE WASHINGTON Cheek, a Hardshell colored Baptist preacher of Waycross, Ga., is a character. He literally believes in controlling the spiritual welfare of his flock, not with a rod of iron, but with a buggy whip.

That is, he thrashes the wandering sheep into submission to his teachings whenever the wicked spirit in them rebels. His authority for this comes from original sources. He believes himself the chosen agent of the Almighty in that locality, and has ordered that all disputes among the members shall be referred to him as a sole arbitrator. His judgment is the judgment of God.

This idea at first made him a butt for scoffers. The "white trash" round-about regarded it as a joke. But the loose stage has now passed, and the stern reality of his conviction is every way apparent. He is a religious despot as inexorable as any Sultan.

Personally the preacher is not the kind of a man that would be expected to wield so complete an influence over a band of able-bodied men. Not a male member of the congregation but could thrash the old preacher with one hand. Yet his authority is as unquestioned as if backed by a standing army. Cheek is small in stature and measures two inches and a fraction over five feet. His sixty odd years have whitened his beard and hair and sapped the vitality of a once powerful frame.

It is his custom on each Sunday to read a list of members who during the week past have strayed from the path of rectitude. He then adds that he will meet the backsliders in the lot back of the church after the conclusion of the services. The congregation is invited to remain and witness the chastisement, probably for the salutary lesson it will be for them. A strong wooden post has been sunk firmly into the ground and to this the sinner clamps his hands. He is never tied, but is merely told to bare his back and grasp the post. The pastor does the rest.

Before laying on the lash the Rev. Mr. Cheek explains the culprit's peculiar offence and makes plain the fact that the sin should not have been committed. Then he says that the Lord considers ten lashes of the whip sufficient punishment for the crime, and he proceeds to lay them on. Enfeebled as he is with age the blows lack the usual strength of whippings of this kind, but the venerable pastor has found this heroic method of correction an admirable one.

The victims could easily pick up the minister and toss him bodily over the neighboring fence, but so great is their veneration and their belief that he is in truth an intermediary specially appointed by the Lord, that no revolting spirit has yet cropped out.

In a similar way family disputes and petty differences are settled. Both sides are heard, the judgment is rendered, and the whip applied upon him who deserves it. For years the same blind, implicit faith has been reposed in the Rev. Mr. Cheek.

He does not possess any supernatural power. He has never performed any miracles or done anything that would awaken in his congregation the veneration born of superstition and fear, but he has simply gathered about him a flock of devout negroes, whose religion is almost fanatical, and he rules them as a king rules his kingdom.

Moon Dogs in Canada.

Persons who were abroad at an early hour in Toronto recently witnessed a beautiful lunar phenomenon. The moon herself was the center of a brilliant white cross, while on either side, at a distance of about sixteen degrees, were what might not inaccurately be called great prismatic parhelia, or moon dogs. Beyond the radius of these and at the opposite points of the lunar cross there were rainbow-colored crescents with their convex sides toward the moon, while all about the sky was "hazed" with ever-shifting swarms of ice particles shimmering in the moon rays.

Clock Needed Winding.

A jeweler of Tuscola, Mich., says that during the last year one clock has been brought to him seven times for repair and each time all that was wrong with it was that it needed winding. Each time he explained the cause to the owner but after a few weeks, or sometimes months, the clock, being neglected, would stop, the owner would shake it, blow in it and then take it to the jeweler, who would astonish him by winding it and handing it back.—Exchange.

ENGLISH TATTOOING FAD.

A Curious Practice Which Leads to Some Distressing Episodes.

Tattooing as a fashionable fad has not reached New York as yet, but if reports are to be believed, says an exchange, it is still prevalent at the world's metropolis. An eminent London physician, a specialist in skin diseases, is quoted as authority for the statement that the practice is much less general than has been supposed, yet he says that a number of peculiar and some very distressing cases have recently come under his notice. He adds: "As to whether such things can be effectually removed, I will only say here that much, of course, depends upon the extent and depth of the marks, but nearly all processes of removal leave a mark more or less unsightly. As to the utter folly in most cases of having these marks made, I can bear full witness. Only this summer I was consulted by the parents of a young lady who had been foolish enough years ago to have the name of a lover marked upon her arm. This fancy had wholly passed off and a new and brilliant matrimonial chance with a man she really loved had presented itself, but she dare not tell him of this marking, for he had never even heard of the other love, and was of a jealous disposition, and the young lady could not wear evening dress without a bandage around her arm. This is one of the common cases, and it seems trifling, but the bearer of the mark suffered great mental anguish and was made absolutely ill by it. But I can assure you that the disruption of a really happy marriage between two persons known to every one in society, whose separation was a puzzle at the time to a wide circle, was brought about by a wretched and simple tattoo mark, for I was consulted by the lady, who was in an agony of misery. The two have never been reunited, I am sorry to say. Many of the persons who have consulted me have been men who have, as the expression goes, risen in life, and who have seemed to regard the marks upon their arms and hands as outward symbols of their former calling of mere laborers, but in certain of these cases the marks have been of a somewhat coarse significance. If I tried to recollect all the cases brought before me I could tell you some queer ones, but I may mention one well-known peer—he got the title unexpectedly—who has the lobes of both ears tattooed."

GOT AN APPETITE FOR SOUP.

British Soldiers at First Looked With Contempt Upon the Mixture.

Once as a lieutenant colonel, indignant at the wholesale waste of excellent soup bones, I ordered the master cook to insure, under pain of my displeasure, that large cauldrons filled with the otherwise unutilized materials should be kept simmering for my inspection three times a week. To this he was to add peameal, seasoning, etc., at the cost of a few pence, not charged to the men; and as a guaranty of obedience he was to habitually send in to my orderly room, just before the men's dinners, a specimen of his brew. Respectful remonstrances from cooks and sergeants, to which I blandly replied: "Yes, I understand your objections; but—the soup shall be made." I found it—oh, so good—on a cold day nearly equivalent to a hot meal.

After a week's trial spokesmen from the messes addressed to me further and urgent complaints, always with the utmost respect. "We don't like this here soup, sir; nasty, thick, greasy; poor stuff, with nothing to feed between the teeth; we don't like to see it on the table." "But you do not pay one farthing for it," I pointed out to the malcontents. "You need not consume this gratuitous food if you do not like it, and you are not deprived of one ounce of your ration meat. My instructions must be carried out, and kettles of soup must be placed in the rooms until further orders." They retired, silenced but unconvinced.

About three weeks later I ascertained the further developments of my innovation. For a few days the soup had continued to be eyed with anger; and, untrusting, to be relegated to the gutter. Then by degrees one or two of the men thought they might as well swallow a little of the savory food. Their example was soon followed, and finally it was generally hailed as a delicious addition to their meal.

Hebrew Bible Manuscripts.

Two remarkable illuminated Hebrew manuscripts of the Bible, written in the ninth or tenth century, were shown by Dr. Gaster recently to the Society of Biblical Archaeology in London. They came from central Asia and are probably the oldest Hebrew texts of the bible in existence. The margins of the leaves are covered with rosettes in gold and other ornaments, while the writing is surrounded by a border of five-colored lines.

The First Man.

The first man of whom science has any knowledge was a dull-witted, earthy-minded creature, intent upon something to eat or kill, blind to beauty in flowers or sublimity in landscape, with small power of sentiment or faith.—Rev. George A. Thayer.

For Country's Sake.

AN INDIAN FIGHTER SUFFERS AGONIES FROM DISEASE.

He Was in the Battle With the Apaches When Geronimo Was Captured.

From the Press, New York, City. Worn with the exposure of army life on the frontier, and poisoned by the continual drinking of alkali water, Joseph Fleauf returned to Philadelphia eight years ago, broken down in health and unable to do any work.

He had served five years with the Ninth United States Infantry in many a desperate fight with the Indians in Arizona and other frontier states and had won an enviable record. In the fierce conflict when Geronimo, the famous chief of the Apaches, was captured, Mr. Fleauf was among the brave soldiers who, forgetful of everything but duty, charged upon the hostile Indians.

Life on the plains sent to an untimely death many soldiers who were never touched by a redskin's bullet or arrow, and Mr. Fleauf came near such a fate as that. A long time before his time was out he was taken seriously ill, but he stuck to his post until an honorable discharge was finally given to him.

When he reached Philadelphia, the Indian fighter was scarcely more than skin and bones, and for three weeks lay desperately ill in a hospital. He felt dizzy, and his stomach felt as if it had dried up. These symptoms were accompanied by bloody dysentery, which no medicine seemed to relieve.

After two years of suffering, Mr. Fleauf came to New York and was treated by several physicians. These did not agree, some calling his disease catarrh of the stomach, and others chronic diarrhoea.

In speaking to a reporter about his illness Mr. Fleauf said the doctors helped him, but with all the money he spent for advice and medicine, he was able to work only a small part of the time. Since moving to his present home, No. 517 West Forty-second street, in New York, about a year ago, Mr. Fleauf has been so ill that his voice and hearing almost left him.

Then all medicines failed, and the sick man had little hope of recovery. At this critical time Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were recommended to Mr. Fleauf, and almost as a last hope, he began taking them.

"The beneficial effect of the medicine was felt at once," Mr. Fleauf told the reporter, "and before I had taken a box I began to eat with relish. Three boxes made me so much better that I began work and have been able to keep at it since, for five months."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold by all druggists, or may be sent by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

A heavy purse in a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

I shall recommend Pro's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mullen, Plumstead, England, Nov. 8, 1886.

Chicago sells \$16,000,000 worth of hides every year.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are unrivaled for relieving Coughs, Hoarseness and All Throat Troubles. Sold only in boxes.

Many of the best social positions are filled by underbred people.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINDLOW'S BOOTHBY'S REMEDY FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Weekly wages for skill-d labor in England vary from \$6 to \$11.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a congested condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



T. N. U.—HOUSTON—11—1896.