FACTS ABOUT MODELS

How Young Women Who Pose in the Studios Are Treated.

Modestly Submitting to the Artist's Critical Eye and Waiting

Patiently for Their Graceful Forms to Be Reproduced on Canvas.

A Glimpse of Some of the Best Studios in New York City.

NEXT to a picture buyer, I think that a new model is the most welcome visitor who knocks at the studio door. There are such possibilities in a new model. Deep in the heart of every artist lurks a never-satisfied ideal, and this model may be nearer that ideal than the last, so that if she looks at all promising she is most cordially welcomed and each good point critically examined.

Does he want to paint a slender, graceful arm, the arm he must see. Is it a plump neck and delicately curved bust that he would paint, of course he looks at these. With modest air and downcast eyes, oftentimes, the good model calls attention to the points of her figure that she knows will be of value to the artist. In meek docility she stands in the light, while he watches the sunlight glint on her golden hair, or holds to her downy cheek some rich Eastern fabric to study the effect of light and shade. Without a shudder she stretches her form on a tawny lion's skin that seems almost to caress the rounded limbs resting solidly upon it, and in cold, apparent impassiveness she hears remarks of approval, however enthusiastic, for all these things are heard so often that they are only a part of the business.

VERY FEW ROMANCES.

The romances which the minds of the public weave continually about the relations of the artist and his model exist so seldom in real life that they practically do not exist at all. It is a profession, that is all, and the mere possession of physical charms does not always insure success as a model. There must be a tact and adaptability as well—tact enough to correctly gauge the temper of the artist, and adaptability to carry out readily his idea of a pose or a picture, and even sometimes to make a picture for him from the slight hint he will give you of what he wants to do. It is all business and no nonsense. In most cases frequently cited of artists who have married their models, it will be found that it was some lady friend posing for a portrait or ideal head who became the artist's wife, and not the professional model per se.

The professional model must be as regular and business-like in her habits as a seamstress or bookkeeper. She carries her book of engagements filled out often weeks and even months ahead, and it must be consulted before a new engagement is made, and if she does not religiously fulfill all these engagements she is seen in the black books of the artist. She must be wide-awake and strong, and have nerve enough to stand immovable in the most trying positions, though the limbs ache and the head seems splitting with pain. There can be no theater and midnight supper for the model, or long deep sleep in the early morning.

She must jump out of bed at 6 a. m. to plunge into her bath and prepare for the first engagement, which often begins at 8, and the last sometimes ends at 11 p. m., while lunches and dinner are snatched hastily at some Bohemian restaurant or consist of a bit of fruit bought at a street corner and munched while in the car riding up to the opposite end of the town.

INTERESTING AND PAYS WELL.

But though the life of the model be stripped of romance, it has its compensations. We are well paid and well treated, and if one has a strain of Bohemian in her disposition life in the studios is not only exhilarating and stimulating, but a liberal education in itself. There are books, magazines, catalogues, tapestries, bric-a-brac, curios in delightful confusion. Skeletons and mummies, casts of celebrated statues, books on anatomy or architecture, court the attention in the dim corners of the studios, and many a fact of anatomy, ethnology or history is caught up and stored in the memory without apparent effort, and many an embryo genius gets the first impetus towards art, literature or drama while wearing the classic robes of Parthenia or the queenlier ones of Cleopatra.

The studio! What a fascinating subject to the uninitiated! A picture is seen and admired at the exhibition or in some popular magazine, but it is the model only who sees studio and artist en negligee; but seldom does this familiarity bring contempt, for the artist is broad-minded, liberal and unaffected, and the studio is carelessly unconscious of the curious regard of a visitor and the careless indifference of the model.

IN THE STUDIOS.

At first we note little individuality in the different studios; it is all a jumble of odds and ends, gathered from the four quarters of the globe. The same screens hung with parti-colored drapery, the rugs, carved chairs, mandolins, bits of china, etc. But as we know an artist and frequent his studio we see that the draperies are Japanese figured silk if he affects dark, voluptuous beauties, and gauze and mull if his tastes are more ethereal. The Mexican pottery and copper kettles found in the studios where Indians are painted become delicate vases and dainty cups and jugs where the artist paints Watteau figures and French interiors. A settee across the corner and some wooden shoes tell us that the canvas on the easel will represent some phase of peasant life, and the number of the artist's own works in the studio tells the shrewd model something of his success.

An Earnest Little Life.

Christian at Work.

Arthur loved a pencil, and paper, and a bit of paint, and a brush better than almost anything. He spent so many hours every day bending over his little table, and the scraps of paper upon which he was always scribbling the forms of things—especially the forms of flowers—that his friends were sometimes troubled and wished he would run and play. People said: "He is a true little artist," but his mother would say: "It is only a little boy's fancy and will pass away."

One day he heard her speak such words. When the stranger was gone he came and looked up in her face. "Mamma," he said, "is it only a fancy to pass away? No, I will keep on and on to the very end." And he struck his little fist down hard, and over and over, with the closing words, and his eyes beamed with passionate earnestness.

This little worker became suddenly ill. Alarm spread over the house, but the little artist was propped up with pillows, panting violets. He was coaxed to rest, being so ill and so tired.

"No, mamma," he replied; "when I have a thing to do I want to do it."

The doctor came in and pronounced the pulse of the little worker at 105. Then night came on, and the brush and the palette were carried away, and the violets? Some are outlined, some are finished; but the palette hangs from that day untouched upon the wall.

That was the last work little Arthur had to do, and he did keep "on and on to the very end."

LAUGH AND BE HAPPY.

"My face is my fortune, sir" she said.

"Yes, you could easily get a long engagement in a dime museum.—Boston Herald.

No Harm.—Guest—You have got your finger in my soup.

Waiter—Oh; that's all right; it isn't hot.—New York Sun.

She Will Be His.—She—What do you think about the world's fair?

He—I think they are adorable, and you are one of the fairest of them, and I wish you to be mine.—Boston Courier.

Jaggs (funny streak on)—Do you keep good cigars?

Cigar Man—Certainly, we do.

Jaggs—You're foolish. You ought to sell them.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Forgot to Cash His Chips.—"Say, pa, you must have strong teeth."

"Why, Jimmy?"

"Nothin', only I found a lot of red, white and blue lozengers in your overcoat pocket the other day, and there ain't a fellow in the neighborhood that can bite 'em."—New York Sun.

Truthful. — Customer — I bought a piece of calico from you ther other day, and you said the colors were fast.

Clerk—I remember it, madam.

"Well, when I wet the calico the colors came out at once."

"Certainly. I knew they wouldn't be slow about it. Did you come for more?"—New York Sun.

John—Clara, I've got an important question to ask you.

Clara—I know what it is. You want me to be your wife. I dreamed it. Well, take me.

John (rather nonplussed) — You dreamed it?

C.—Yes, I dreamed last night that you asked me what I am asking you, and that you took me in your arms and kissed me after I said you, —

What could John do?—Boston Courier.

HE KNEW THE OLD MAN.

"Won't you take off your coat," she said,
"And tarry here with me?
My father has just gone to bed,
He sleeps quite heavilee."

The young man shook his head, "Nay, nay,
I know that dodge," said he,
"His jags is far too much of a
Somnambulist for me!"
—Clothier and Furrier.

Astronomy.

Youth's Companion.

"Oh, what's the use of having one word sound so much like another!" exclaimed a little girl, who had innocently stated that a man stood on a parallel, instead of a parapet. "It mixes you up so!" It does, indeed, and the results of such mixing are every day apparent, in forms more or less amusing.

"You will always be pretier than I," said the same little girl to her sister, "because your hair grows so even and mine turns up in a cow-catcher."

One day the conversation turned on astronomy, and one and another member of the family pleaded ignorance of all but the elementary of the science.

"I know the Pleiades when I see them," said one, "but I've forgotten how many stars there ought to be."

"I recognize the "Dipper," said some one else, and at this point the youngest member of the family broke in.

"And O'Brien!" crid she; "don't you know O'Brien, with his sword and belt?"

Some of them thought they did, though under a slightly modified name.

The Length of the Day.

St. Louis Republic.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has 16½ hours. At Stockholm, Sweden, it is 18½ hours in length. At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has 17 hours. At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest is 19 hours, and the shortest 5 hours. At Tornea, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly 22 hours long, and Christmas one less than 3 hours in length. At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without interruption, and in Spitzbergen the longest day is 3½ months. At St. Louis the longest day is somewhat less than 15 hours, and at Montreal, Can., it is 16.

A Limited Supply.

Translated for Texas Siftings.

G.—So you are going to marry another one of those Jones girls?

H.—Yes.

G.—You have been married to two of them, haven't you?

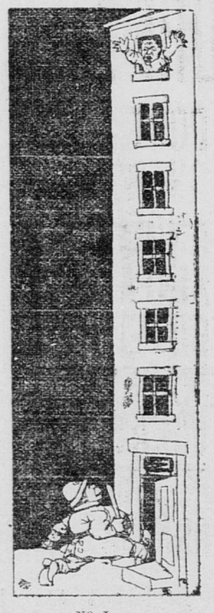
H.—Yes.

G.—And there are only two unmarried sisters left?

H.—Yes, that's all.

G.—Well, then, you ought to be careful with those Jones girls, and not waste any more of them, or they will not hold out.

TIMELY ASSISTANCE.



NO. I.

Excited Party in Seventh Story—Help! Help!

NO. II.

Policeman (after having climbed seven flights of stairs)—Did you call for help?

Seventh-Floor Resident — Yes; will you please hold this stove-pipe while I shove the stove under?

IOWA'S NEW CHIEF.

The Career of Horace Boies, the Coming Ruler of the Hawkeyes.

As a Boy He Hardened His Muscles Among the Farm Laborers.

He Is Admitted to the Bar and Serves in the New York Legislature.

One of the Best Criminal Lawyers in Iowa Becomes the State's Head.

Special to the Globe.

WATERLOO, Io., Jan. 4.—One of the sturdiest families in Western New York, in an early day, was that from which sprung Hon. Horace Boies, governor-elect of Iowa. Mr. Boies was born in the town of Aurora, county of Erie, on the 7th day of December, 1827. He is now, therefore, sixty-two years of age, though he does not look a day over fifty. His mother was a Miss Henshaw, of English descent, though for several generations her ancestors were born Americans. His father came of French stock, at a very remote date, and his progenitors also were native Americans.

HON. HORACE BOIES.

The Boies family were farmers, almost to a man. Horace, the subject of this sketch, belonged to a branch that lived deep in the heavy woods that covered Western New York a half-century ago. The first sixteen years of his life were passed at home, where he united with his father and brothers in subduing the stubborn woodland. Every yard, almost, of ground had to be cleared before it was fit for farming.

"IT WAS A HARD LIFE,"

said Mr. Boies, "and a very hard way to make a living. I suppose," he added, reflectively, "that my early trialding was hard enough to suit any one. There was nothing in my boyhood that was not like the boyhoyd of my companions. It was hard, wearing to[illegible] where the weaklings if there were any had to fall out of the way, and where the rest built up strong constitutions and hard muscles." A single glance at the speaker's brawny chest and broad shoulders sufficed to show to which class he belonged. A part of each year he passed in the common school. Habits of application, gained in the field and forest, served the student in good stead. In such a school, also, one matures early. When his sixteenth birthday had come and gone, young Boies began to entertain thoughts of leaving home; he would go out and see the world at any rate. Somewhere, he believed, there was place and honor for every honest, industrious, fairly capable young man. Why not for him among the rest? One morning, early in the second summer month of Boies seventeenth year, a lake boat touched at Racine, Wis., and Boies stepped off. His entire earthly possessions, except only 75 cents in silver, were done up in a red bandanna handkerchief which he carried by his side. On the second day after his arrival he found work with a farmer at $12 per month. The country was new, and not entirely unlike Western New York. There was plenty of timber scattered thinly over rich prairie land—burr-oak openings such places were called. "My father," said Mr. Boies, and smiling grimly at the recollection, "especially cautioned me to make no contract for wages that did not include my

WASHING AND MENDING.

So I got these in that contract. I drove a team and worked in the field on fair days; when rain fell, in a big ditch the farmer was making. This ditch was just wide enough to work in easily, and from four to five feet deep. The soil was heavy, black loam. Before I had worked an hour in the ditch I was daubed from end to end with that black, sticky mud. That was hard work with a vengeance. At length the month ended and my time was up. When I asked for my pay, my employer said he could pay me only $10, because his wife had decided to charge me $2 for my washing. 'But,' I said, 'you agreed to pay me $12 and do my washing and mending besides.' 'I know,' he replied, 'but my wife says there was too much ditch mud on your clothes.'" Here narrator and listener joined in a hearty haugh at the misadventure of the young traveler. "Did you finally get the other $??" was asked.

"No, I did not. They kept them; I couldn't do anything in the matter, and I didn't want to stay there any longer. They half starved me. I was never allowed to come to the table with the family, and my meals—they were all alike—how well I remember them!" A half-quizzical, dreamy look crept into the speaker's eyes as he continued: "I can see it now—a bowl of milk, a slice of bread half as big as my hand, and a doughnut." The quizzical look deepened into a smile, and then Mr. Boies laughed softly. His laugh is always soft, and not unmusical, and he employs a very pleasing, gentle tone in friendly conversation. "Be sure, I told my friends nothing about my troubles. I just endured them

IN GRIM SILENCE.

When I left that place I was almost sick. By chance I found only a short way off, a family that had once lived in our neighborhood in New York, though they had moved away out West before I was old enough to know much about them. When I got there I fell sick abed, and was very low for three or four weeks. No boy ever had better or kinder care than those folks gave me. I tell you, I'll always have a mighty tender spot in my heart for that good, motherly old lady." With recovered health young Boies returned home and entered an academy, situated twenty miles from his father's farm. It was a school of very good standing in that day; and after graduating there, Boies began the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1852. From that day to the present, except only two terms service in the legislature of New York, he has continued steadily in the practice of the law, to-day being considered one of the ablest criminal lawyers in the West. In 1867 he came to Waterloo and associated himself with Hon. H. B. Allen. This partnership continued several years, when Carl F. Couch was admitted to the firm, Mr. Allen retiring. Six years ago Mr. Couch gave up his practice to accept a district judgeship. Two years later, James Husted, the second member of the firm of Boies, Husted & Boies, was taken into the partnership. The junior member of the firm is Lewyllen Boies, eldest son of the governor-elect, and a young man who has already demonstrated the possession of very considerable ability. Gov. Boies'

FIRST MARITAL VENTURE

was made in New York, shortly after he attained his majority. His wife was Miss Adella King. One child, a daughter, now Mrs. John W. Carson, of Mount Vernon, Io., graced the union. After only five or six years of happy wedded life, Mrs. Boies died. A short time after Mr. Boies' removal to Iowa, he was married to Miss Versalia Barber, of Waterloo, whose family had once resided near the Boies homestead in New York. To this union three children were born. These were Lewyllen, Jessie and Herbert. The last named is a law student in the Iowa state university. Mrs. Boies, the mother of these three, died several years ago. Miss Jessie will be at her father's side in all the social gayeties at the capital this winter. They will not "keep house" but will take up quarters at the Savery hotel. Miss Boies possesses, in a high degree, the marked intellectual power that characterizes all the members of this family, adding thereto such gracious qualities of mind and heart as fit her well for the position of first lady of the commonwealth. Mr. Boies left the Republican party in 1884, partly because it was the party of war tariff, and more on account of the position of the Republican party of Iowa with reference to statutory prohibition.

THE OLD-FASHIONED COFFEE.

When you're jest 'bout half-awake,
An' the roller poundin' steak
Makes a noise 'at almost drounds
All them other kitchen sounds,
One of 'em, 'at's my fav'rite,
Beats psalm tunes a plaguey sight.
'Taint no old melodeon
"Days of absence," "Bonny Doon,"
Nor them other tunes we sung
Long ago when we wuz young;
But it's that more sweeter sound,
When the coffee's parched and browned,
Mother's grinding it to kill
From the old-time coffee mill.

When you're jest 'bout half-asleep,
While the early robins peep,
An' your soul a-sailin' goes
In a sort o' dreamy doze,
Floatin' round, an' round, an' round
On that palpitatin' sound,
Dreams of butterflies in flocks,
Sippin' pinks an' hollyhocks,
Takes you back to that sweet time
When your life was like a rhyme,
An' you didn't have to do
Only what you wanted to;
Then your thoughts 'ill flutter still
Round that old-time coffee-mill.

Seems like that low rumblin' noise,
'Way down-stairs, 'at waked us boys,
Set us all to thinkin' things,
Like old songs 'at rings an' rings
Thro' your head, an' won't be still;
"A boy's will is the wind's will,"
"An' his thoughts is long, long thoughts,"
An' we talked of lots an' lots
Of grand things we s'posed we'd do,
An' kept wishin' they'd come true,
Oh, them joys we used to feel:
How Time's mashed 'em with his heel,
Like the broken grains 'at fill
That old-fashioned coffee-mill.

Them wuz jolly times we had,
An' it makes me feel right bad
When I look around an' see
None o' them old boys but me;
An' I'm gettin' on, I's'pose,
Jest like all the others does,
Fer ther's none o' us, you see,
Measured up to our idee,
Fer Time's hopper holds us all,
An' he grinds things mighty small,
So's 'at he who gits thro' it
Has to hev a sight o' grit,
Like the things we used to spill
In that old-time coffee-mill.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE LITTLE HERO.

A New Year's Story of the War.

I am not much of a story teller. Nor is it much of a story I have to tell. It is only about a little Virginia boy who died before he was eleven years old, and yet he had suffered more affliction and displayed more heroism than nine-tenths of the men who die at mature age. I call it a New Year's story because this little boy's birthday was on New Year's, and because it was New Year's morning, 1863, the day he was ten years old, that he appeared in the camp of a Virginia regiment camped near Spottsylvania, and astounded the colonel by asking to be enrolled as a soldier in his command.

But I must not anticipate, so we will go back and commence at the beginning. Capt. Peeler could tell this story better than I can, but as he is not here to tell it we will dispense with the graphic and ornate and give the substance in homely language that all little folks who are fond of New Year's stories can comprehend.

At the outbreak of the war Charles Murray was the foreman of a woolen mill at Fredericksburg, and had a very happy life with his wife and one child, a son, in their little vine-covered cottage in the suburbs of the historic old town. The home stood on a slight eminence overlooking the classic Rappahannock, and from the front porch one could see the spot where the mother of George Washington lies buried in a neglected grave. More the shame of the American people! When the first war drum beat, through a mistaken sense of duty, Mr. Murray left his home, his wife and child, and enlisted as a private in a Confederate volunteer company and went to the front. His regiment was in the hottest of the fight at the first Bull Run, and when the battle was over Charles Murray was gathered up with the rest of the slain and buried in an unknown grave. This was a crushing blow to the young widow, who was left without the means of support, and that, too, in the midst of a terrible civil war. Her only consolation was the brave little boy who inherited the manly qualities of the father and the loyal devotion of the mother. When Mrs. Murray fell in a swoon on a sofa in the little front parlor when she heard the tidings of her husband's death, it was Arthur's little hands that applied the restoratives, and Arthur's kindly, pleading voice that spoke words of encouragement, as he begged her to bear up under the blow and promised that when he grew to be a man he would take his father's place and provide for her. A year rolled on, and with its close the widow's store was exhausted. The summer came again, but there was no cheer in its sun rays for her. The flowers bloomed in the little garden only to mock her grief, and to remind her of her desolation. But Arthur's heart did not faint by the wayside. He kept up, and helped to keep his mother up. Their only source of subsistence was the product of the little garden that Arthur cultivated and the milk they got from old Cherry, the cow, which Arthur took to the town every morning and sold. Old Cherry had a calf, little Dun, which was Arthur's constant playfellow, and many a romp they had together on the greensward in front of the cottage. The summer passed away, the autumn came, and with it the gathering of hostile armies on either side of the river. From Stafford heights Burnside's artillery trowned down upon the town. On the south side of Fredericksburg, back on the Spottsylvania hills, a mile or two off, Lee's legions lay crouched, waiting for the enemy to cross. There was a season of preparation and waiting, and then, one frosty December morning, just as the stars began to pale and the first streak of dawn shot across the eastern sky, two signal guns from an eminence near by pealed forth, breaking the stillness of the early morning and sharply piercing the ear of the sleeping hosts. Before the sun rose the two armies were in motion and the first battle of Fredericksburg was raging in terrible earnest. All day long a concentrated fire of hot shot and shell from belching throats of iron was poured into the town. Angry flames leaped with lightning speed from housetop to steeple, licking out their red-forked tongues high in the dense clouds of smoke that hung like a funeral pall over the sad scene of destruction. Helpless women and children were crowding and cronching in dark cellars, expecting every moment to be consumed in the conflagration or buried under the ponderous masses of timber and masonry that were tumbling down over their heads at each thundering discharge of artillery. What a blessed relief to the survivors when night fell upon the scene and the bombardment ceased.

Mrs. Murray had been confined to her bed for several weeks. A wasting fever was slowly but surely doing its fatal work; but Arthur was unconscious of the new sorrow in store for him. During the day of the bombardment he stayed by his mother's side, although the house was several times pierced by cannon balls, and at one time a shell shivered the post of the bed on which she lay, throwing her violently to the floor. Arthur assisted her into an adjoining room and comforted her with the remark, "God will take care of us through the rest of the fight, as He has just been so kind in sparing our lives." When night came he went out and got a neighbor to put Mrs. Murray into his wagon and take her out to Salem Church, six miles up the Orange road, which became a shelter for the hundreds of refugees who took advantage of the darkness to desert the doomed city. Arthur stopped behind long enough to go to the barn and, unlocking the door, called to the cow and calf to come out. The cattle manifested their attachment for their little master by obeying his voice, and half the night long Arthur trudged through the snow, driving his cow and calf before him until Salem Church was reached, whither his mother had been borne ahead of him.

Just two weeks from the bombardment, on Christmas day, Mrs. Murray died. The morning before her death she seemed so cheerful and appeared to be so much improved Arthur thought he could leave her for a few hours, and asked her permission to return to the city and revisit their old home. She granted his request, but her parting words troubled him all the way during the brisk walk of two hours which brought him to his home: "I will soon be with father in heaven, Arthur. Be a good boy, and some day you will come to us and we will all be happy together." The visit to the old home was a very unsatisfactory one for Arthur. The pretty little cottage was only a wreck. The porch had been torn away, the palings were gone from around the yard and the garden, the barn had furnished fuel for the camp fires, the walls of the house were full of holes, and the whole scene was one of ruin and desolation. He peeped into the little chamber where he had slept when he and father and mother contituted the happiest family in all the world. It had been used for an amputating room, the floor was stained with blood, and rags and bandages lay all around. His nostrils were greeted with a horrible stench from an amputated limb that still lay there. He closed the door quickly and rushed from the house. As old memories thronged up the grief-stricken child dropped upon the cold ground and wept bitterly. He remembered how father looked when he used to sit in his arm chair by the fireside and read his paper. He could see mother as she sat with cheerful face on the other side of the hearth and he knelt by her side to say his evening prayers. But there was no fire there now, father was dead, perhaps mother was dying, and as this thought occurred to him he sprang from the ground and started to return to her. As he passed out of the grounds his eye fell upon a drum lying by the roadside. Perhaps it belonged to the soldier whose leg had been amputated in his room. At all events, he would take it with him, as there was no one there to claim it. So he trudged back to Salem Church with the drum slung over his shoulder, brave little fellow that he was, wholly unconscious of the new sorrow that awaited him. When he got back his mother had passed into the realms of eternal peace, and Arthur was an orphan indeed, without a friend or relative in all the wide world—fatherless, motherless, homeless and penniless. Alone, alone. Man has his misery and sufferings in this world; woman has hers; but it is child grief that excites the deepest sympathy. Now, he even had to part with his cow and calf, and they were driven off by the commissary to be butchered. For a little while the child's heart was crushed by the sense of utter loneliness which haunted his mind. It was so hard to think of being left without a friend—no one to love or care for him. But God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, has blessed child nature with an active recuperative power.

It was New Year in the camp. The soldiers were gathered around the log fires talking of home, and thinking of the happy golden time when there was no war or rumors of wars. The colonel of the regiment had just taken his seat at the mess table for breakfast when he saw a wee figure of humanity coming down the road towards his headquarters. It was ever so small a boy in ragged clothes and bare feet; but he observed that the little fellow had a bundle on his back, and a small kettle drum was suspended by a cord across his shoulders. The drum will be recognized as the same which Arthur found on his last visit to Fredericksburg, and the little boy as Arthur himself. He marched boldly up and explained his mission. It was his tenth birthday, and he felt that he was man enough to make his wants known. He told the colonel that he had come to join his regiment, that his father had belonged to it before he was killed, and he wanted his father's place. The colonel looked down, with a half-suppressed smile, at the delicate being before him, from whom this bold speech had proceeded, but when he saw the flash of determination in the little speaker's deep blue eyes, he at once felt an interest in his history. He heard his story patiently, and then told him that it would be wrong to permit one so young to enter the military service, but he would give him money to supply his wants. "It is a soldier I want to be, and not a beggar," replied Arthur, as he straightened himself up. And yet the tears gathered in his eyes at the thought of being turned off. "And as for hardships," he said, "I never expect to see greater than I have already passed through. If I can't carry a musket, sir, I can beat a drum." Seizing the sticks, he sounded the "long roll" in dashing style. "Now, colonel, please let me join." The colonel was too kind-hearted to longer resist the pleading of the determined boy, so he called up the captain of Company G, the company that Arthur's father had belonged to, and instructed him to put Arthur's name on the roll. He kept Arthur at headquarters, however, and in addition to providing him with a new suit of clothes, bought him a little horse, and, on the march the boy hero was always alongside of the gallant commander. At the battle of Chancellorsville the colonel told Arthur he must stay back at the field hospital and assist the surgeon in taking care of the wounded, and not to come to the front and expose himself to danger. What was his surprise, therefore, when in the hottest of the battle he passed down the line and discovered Arthur with the regiment, beating his drum as if victory depended on every lick he gave it. The colonel turned to his adjutant and said: "See our little hero holding his post as if he were the stoutest veteran in the ranks. But it is a pity to have such a child unnecessarily sacrificed; take him back to the rear." The order was obeyed, although Arthur begged to be allowed to go on with the regiment. But he made himself useful at the hospital by holding instruments for the surgeons while engaged in the work of amputating arms and legs, and by bandaging up the wounds of many of a bleeding soldier. Although he was a pet with the soldiers Arthur was not spoilt, as most children are apt to be who are put forward and petted by those older than themselves. He had not forgotten to treasure in his heart the teachings of a pious mother, and every day he would go to his knapsack and take from it a little Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was written "May Murray;" and, braver than most grown men, he was not ashamed to be seen reading it, or to be found on his knees saying the prayers that his mother had taught him. He was beloved by all for his polite and unobstrusive manners, and the colonel became so much attached to his little protege that he announced his intention to take him home with him after the war and adopt him as his own son.

On the third day at Gettysburg Arthur's regiment was in the famous charge led by Pickett. In the excitement of the battle both the colonel and the men lost sight of their little hero. As the few survivors returned across the plain from that hill of death, they found Arthur lying on the field with his left arm shattered by an exploding shell. Stout arms bore him tenderly from the ensanguined field. The surgeons resolved on immediate amputation, but their skill could not save the tender life. All the afternoon he was in a delirium. He imagined that his mother was hovering over him, and would stretch out the fingers of his remaining hand to clutch her dress, but they clenched in emptiness. In a voice weak and plaintive, he would cry out: "Come back, mother; your boy wants you." When the lucid season before death returned, he asked to have his bundle brought from the staff wagon. When his mother's Bible and an old-fashioned daguerreotype of his father and mother were handed to him he kissed them, and said, with a smile on his face: "Mother said we would all be happy again. Father went first, mother next, and now I am going to join them in heaven." A moment more, and his words were verified. Although he passed away like Elijah of old in battle's fiery car, the spirit of the Little Hero went up to the land where there are no wars and no sorrows. That night the army fell back, but before the retreat began begrimed veterans dug a hole with bayonets under a tall elm, and while tears stole down their bronzed cheeks they wrapped Arthur's fragile form in a blanket and placed it to rest in its earthy bed; and the amputated arm and the drum and the little bundle with the Bible and daguerreotype were buried with him. A fragment of a board was placed at the head of the grave, upon which was carved in rude letters, by a camp fire, these words: "Arthur Murray, Our Little Hero."

I told you it would not be much of a story I would tell you. But I have told it as Captain Peeler related it, and he vouched for the truthfulness of it. He ought to know, because he commanded Company G. GEORGE H. MOFFETT.

NEVER REFUSED CHARITY.

The Scrape With a Bank President an Actor Gets Into.

Chicago Herald.

Frank Lane, the actor, tells a story of the late Harry Richmond, who was a remarkably bright comedian in his line. One day in an Eastern city Richmond went to the bank to cash a draft. It was for $94.04, money due, and Harry was paid $90 in bills, $4 in silver and four pennies. The pennies he jingled in his palm after he salted the bills and silver away in his pocket, and, as he left the bank, he met the president of the institution on the steps. It was a warm day and the banker had removed his high white hat and was mopping his brow with a white silk handkerchief. Richmond saw him, and in an absent-minded way he dropped the odd four pennies into the plug hat, saying: "I never refuse an appeal for alms, my man." The pennies dropped with an awful racket, and when he realized what had happened the banker was mad. He had Richmond arrested for insulting him, but the comedian gave such a plausible explanation and made such a witty speech that the justice let him off with a reprimand.

A RARE BOOK.

A Volume That Is Worth Exactly Thirty Thousand Dollars.

San Francisco Report.

We see items sometimes about the value of rare books in the hands of Bohemians or at auction sales, but there is now in San Francisco a volume than which there are few more valuable in the world. It is worth $30,000, not as a fancy price, either. Thirty thousand dollars is the actual cash value. It is the register of the whereabouts of 3,000 Chinese corpses in the city cemetery, all which will have to be dug up and returned to China in due time, while a disinterment permit costs $10. The ex-superintendent of the cemetery has the book, and says that he made it, and that, therefore, it is his own property. The health officer thinks it belongs to the city. We think so, too, for it is clearly the duty of the superintendent of the cemetery to keep a register or list of the graves and their contents. We hope that prompt action will be taken to prevent the destruction or disappearance of the book pending legal settlement of its ownership.

NO TIME FOR HOME DUTIES.

A Mother Who Neglected Her Children to Go to Church.

Minneapolis Tribune.

"Mary, your dress is torn again this morning. Now step up here and I will fix it for you.

A pin was placed in the offensive dress, and the child stepped back in a row of scholars who, books in hand, stood in a semi-circle around the kind teacher who had fixed the dress.

"Now, Mary," said the latter, as the pupil took her place in the class, "I told you yesterday to ask your mother to mend your dress. Why didn't you do as I told you?"

The child hesitated a moment, then meekly said: "Please, teacher, mother goes to church every evening, and says that she has got no time to fix things for me."

The teacher blushed; yes, blushed for the mother who parades her religion and neglects her home, but said not a word.

This story is an actual fact. The incident occurred in one of the public schools in this city during the present week. Are there many mothers like this in this city that boasts of her scholarly preachers, her churches and schools?

What the Fish Did.

Philadelphia Times.

The little girl of whom this anecdote is related had been for some time trying to capture the fishes in a small brook by means of a bent pin and a thread line, when she came flying into the house in a state of breathless excitement.

"Oh, mother, I got it!" she exclaimed.

"Got what, my child?"

"Why, I got the fish!"

"But where is it? Why didn't you bring it home?"

"Why, mother," said the innocent angler, her voice changing to a more subdued tone, "I got it, but it unbit and div."

Henry M. Stanley.

STANLEY, the world's greatest explorer, has just returned to civilization. No achievement of modern times can compare with this latest expedition. The whole world is throwing up its hat and shouting: "Hurrah for Henry M. Stanley!" What does that mean to you? It means an opportunity to quickly make thousands of dollars in carrying to the people the complete history of the wonderful achievement and remarkable discoveries as contained in our great work, "Heroes of the Dark Continent; or, How Stanley Found Emin Pasha." It is the grandest and best. Hundreds and hundreds of beautiful and original illustrations. The book may be truly called "Pictorial Africa." Complete outfit only $1.00, and we refund this when you have sold only ten copies. If you can give a part or all of your time to this enterprise, you will find a new El Dorado—a real, live bonanza—right at your door. Now is the time; do not wait a moment. Our terms are liberal; send on your $1.00 for outfit. If you don't like it send it back and get your money. Distance is no hindrance. Books are delivered to all parts of the country promptly, and at our expense. No capital needed except cost of outfit. We can and will satisfy you in every way. Apply to

B. F. JOHNSON & CO.,
No. 1009 Main St.,
Richmond, Va.

ANTHRACITE NUT COAL!

Delivered Anywhere in St. Paul at

$7 PER TON.

This is not so-called No. 2 Nut, but full, large-sized Nut. It is slightly discolored in appearance but will give good satisfaction in any sized stove or furnace in use.

Try It and Be Convinced!

And Save Money.

All other sizes and kinds of Coal and Wood of best quality, as low as can be bought anywhere.

ST. PAUL & PACIFIC COAL CO.,

Sixth and Sibley Streets.

TELEPHONE CALL, 395-2.

ASSIGNEE SALE.

29 EAST SEVENTH STREET.

Cox Bros.' Elegant Stock of

DRY GOODS

Must be closed out by the end of next week.

SO LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS.

The assignee intends to make this week memorable because of the remarkably low prices to be placed on all goods.

Shop in the forenoons and avoid the rush and crowds in the afternoons.

Remember the Store!

29 EAST SEVENTH STREET.

DR. T. J. PEARCE,

PRIVATE DISPENSARY.

O 371 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.; 230 Hennepin Av., Minneapolis, Minn. Chronic, Nervous and Private Diseases. Young Men, Middle-Aged Men and all who are suffering from the effects of INDISCRETION or EXPOSURE, causing Nervous Debility, URINARY TROUBLES, Sores in the Mouth or Throat, Weak Back, Ulcers, Pimples, Falling of the Hair, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Loss of Energy, Constipation, or Piles, are treated by New Methods with never-failing success. 5,000 cases treated annually. Remember!

WE GUARANTEE TO FORFEIT $500

For any case of NERVOUS WEAKNESS OR BLOOD POISONING which we undertake and fail to cure. Thousands have been cured by us where others have failed. 19 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. LADIES who suffer from any form of Female Weakness, Painful or Irregular Sickness, are speedily and permanently cured. Offices and Parlors private. No EXPOSURE. Consultation free. Call or write for List of Questions. Medicines sent by Mail and Express everywhere. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays, 10 to 12.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

DR. HORNE'S ELECTRIC BELT

DR. HORNE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT contains 25 to 100 degrees of Electricity, positively cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LIVER, KIDNEY and exhausting chronic diseases of both sexes, young or old, rich or poor. Stop dragging, cure yourself. GUARANTEED the latest improved, cheapest scientific, powerful, durable and effective MEDICAL ELECTRIC BELT in the WORLD. Electric Suspensories free with Male Belts. Electricity instantly felt. Call and examine, or send stamp for illustrated pamphlet and terms.

DR. W. J. HORNE, REMOVED to 180 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO.

Sunday's GLOBE alone always contains over two pages of "Want" ads.

DR. FELLER,

356 Jackson Street,

ST. PAUL, : MINN.

Speedily cures all private, nervous, chronic and blood and skin diseases of both sexes without the use of mercury or hindrance from business. NO CURE, NO PAY. Private diseases and all old, lingering cases, where the blood has become poisoned, causing ulcers, blotches, sore throat and mouth, pal in the head and bones, and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder, are cured for life. Men of all ages who are suffering from the result of youthful indiscretion or excesses of mature years, producing nervousness, indigestion, constipation, loss of memory, etc., are thoroughly and permanently cured.

Dr. Feller, who has had many years of experience in this specialty, is a graduate from one of the leading medical colleges of the country. He has never failed in curing and cases that he has undertaken. Cases and correspondence sacredly confidential. Call or write for list of questions. Medicines sent by mail and express everywhere free from risk and exposure.

COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly—Safe, Effectual. Price $1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask you druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute; or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward av., Detroit, Mich. Sold by L. & W. A. Mussetter, Druggists and Chemists, St. Paul, Minn.