

## The Sculptor's Romance.

She had often noticed him before. He always sat in the same spot, with bowed head and a crayon in his hand. Beside him were the pictures he had drawn, no mere daubs, crude in color, and sketchy in treatment, but real artistic gems. Strange that a man of genius should be reduced to this.

She was young, beautiful and wealthy. What could she have in common with a street artist, however great his talent? She did not like poverty, sorrow or affliction, in any shape or form. If it came prominently before her she stepped aside with a shudder; it undoubtedly had the power to ruffle momentarily the surface of her lotus-eating existence.

To-day she had a better opportunity of examining his work than she had ever had before. She had been passing an idle hour in the park at a time not consecrated to fashion, and as she sauntered through the gate on her homeward way her eyes rested upon some of the artist's recently completed sketches, and lingered there.

Five minutes—ten minutes passed—and still she remained chained to the spot, her gaze fascinated by the scene before her. It represented an old-fashioned churchyard, with a little ivy-clad church nestling among the trees. But it was not upon the sacred edifice that her eyes were riveted, but on a grave which, from its beauty of design and comparatively recent structure, stood apart from the others, which were all more or less in different stages of decay.

The artist, following his own poetic fancy, had made three studies of the grave as it appeared in summer, autumn and winter. The first showed it almost smothered in flowers. Climbing roses clambered over the base and wound about the exquisitely carved figure of the angel, who stood erect with outstretched wings and hands pointing to the skies. In the next sketch no trace of the roses remained, but in their place the tomb was strewn with withered leaves, emblematic of the decay of life's hopes. The third showed the leafless branches of the trees, waving in ghostly fashion over the windswept monument, which now stood alone in stately grandeur, unhidden by any earthly shroud. The gleaming figure of the angel, denuded of all earth's favors, still pointed triumphantly upward in reminder of the life everlasting, which was still further exemplified by the inscription, "Till the Day Break," which was carved in raised letters on the pedestal.

The heart of the beautiful woman was stirred with a strange emotion. She had not seen the original for ten long years.

"You seem to know this part of the country well," she said, addressing the artist, who looked up startled as her musical tones fell on his ear. "This is certainly a faithful portraiture."

"It ought to be," he remarked, "the design was executed by me."

"By you?" she exclaimed, amazed. "Surely not! That was the work of a rising artist already famed in his profession, not—"

"Not by a street picture maker who craves your charity," he replied, with a touch of bitterness. "You are right. But strange as it may appear, I, too, was once honored and respected, but I had the misfortune to be unfortunate. It is a crime that the world never forgives."

He drew his sombrero still further over his eyes, but not before she had time to notice that his handsome, haggard features, bore traces of refinement, and that his voice had a cultured ring. After all, it was none of her business, she argued; yet, as she dropped a coin in the box, her eyes still rested lingeringly on the pictures.

"I—I like these," she said slowly, unwillingly almost it seemed. "I know this part of Cornwall well. What would you charge for three duplicate copies of the sketches?"

"My days of fixed prices are a thing of the past," the artist replied with cold courtesy. "The remuneration I would leave entirely to you."

"Very well. Bring them next week to this address. Wait, I will put an hour, so that you may find me home." She handed him the card, and with a slight inclination passed on.

Gilbert Gerard's heart was filled with bitterness, and—curious anomaly—the more so when on examining the box he found a bright gold piece among the pence and halfpence. A previous glance at the bit of pasteboard had shown him that it bore the name of Mrs. Vivian, and that the address was Eaton Square.

He faintly remembered the name as that of a brilliant beauty who had first dazzled the fashionable world some ten years ago, and he saw that she was now in the zenith of her charms.

For the next few days he worked hard at the sketches, though, of course, not entirely deserting his old haunt, and on the day appointed he took them to Mrs. Vivian.

She received him graciously enough, but Gerard, who was sensitive to a fault, winced at the shade of patronage, which he fancied he detected in her manner. He thought she would at least bestow a word of praise upon his work, which left nothing to be desired

from point of finish or fineness of execution. But in this he was doomed to disappointment, for she glanced at them carelessly and laid them aside.

Gerard felt a cold chill steal over him. Yet what could he expect? This was a woman of the world, and her emotions must necessarily be of a transient nature—here to-day and gone to-morrow. He thrust the closed envelope she gave him savagely into his breast pocket, and did not open it until the following morning. He certainly had no reason to complain of want of generosity as he fingered the notes, which amounted to £20. He gazed at them long, buried in profound thought, then a wild longing came over him to escape from his shackles and buy back self-respect and all that made life worth living.

He pondered long into the night, and it was not until the first rosy streaks of dawn illumined the heavens that he laid aside his briarwood, and stretching himself upon his camp-bedstead, fell asleep. He was a man of impulse. Once having made up his mind to a certain course he never wavered in its fulfillment, and from henceforth his "pitch" knew him no more. That week he modeled an exquisite portrait of his fair patroness from memory, and begged her acceptance of it.

Even the spoiled beauty felt a thrill of pleasurable emotion as she noticed the subtle flattery expressed in every curve of the medallion. She compared it favorably with portraits of herself by two of the most eminent academicians, and felt that it would be ungrateful not to give Mr. Gerard sitting.

"Who could have imagined you were such a genius?" she said laughingly, some weeks later near the picture when nearing completion. Gerard, in his silk blouse, and irreproachable get-up, with all the paraphernalia of art surrounding him, and the aristocratic air of "Royal Kensington" permeating the tasteful studio, seemed altogether a different order of being from Gerard the street artist.

He painted on assiduously. Mrs. Vivian glanced at him curiously, her interest in him growing deeper. She wished to lift the veil of mystery which surrounded this man, who was so different from the satellites which revolved around her, and of whom she grew so weary. There was something grand in his air of stern self-repression, she thought, although she would have wished him to be more communicative.

"Will you think me very impertinent, Mr. Gerard, if I mention something that has been exercising my mind for some time past? It is this. On the first day I made your acquaintance through seeing the sketches you had drawn of my father's grave, and expressed my surprise, you replied that the design had been your own. Now, on looking over some papers recently, I found the original estimate, and the artist's name was not Gerard. Were you then working under a pseudonym?"

"Yes," the reply came stern and cold from Gilbert Gerard's set lips, as he laid down his brush and crossed the room. "I was working under an alias, but not a voluntary one. If you will deign to listen I will give you, in as few words as possible, an outline of the history of my life. I would not, at all events, like you to regard me as an impostor."

"That I could never do; your work speaks for itself."

"It has never been allowed to till now," he replied gloomily. "When I completed my art education I was a young fellow without means, and therefore gladly joined lots with a sculptor who had already made a name in the profession. We shared the same studio, and in a very short time I learned the reason of my so-called friend's kindness and generosity. I, like several others before me, was a monkey employed to pull the chestnuts out of the fire. He was a man of great push and succeeded by dint of push in getting a good many orders. Beyond this, and inscribing his name on the finished work, his responsibility ceased. In the case of your father's tomb I revolted and said that it should be known as my work. Then ensued our first quarrel, and I suggested that we should part. The monument was then all but finished. On the same day I was driving a very fidgety mare, when suddenly she bolted on the brow of a hill, and I was pitched out on my head. They carried me to a hospital, for about a year my mind was a perfect blank. When I recovered I went there stood the monument bearing the usual signature. What could I do? My long illness had cost thousands, for it took the best men in London to pull me together, and their charges are not modest. This coupled with an unlucky investment, completed my misfortunes. The few friends I had made deserted me, as friends are wont to do, and genius, if it pleases you to dignify my efforts by that name, is worse than useless without money and without influence. If I had pointed out statues in public places as my work I should have been openly ridiculed, and people would have said that my mind had not recovered its balance. And so I drifted on to what you found me, a man to whom existence was a living death. You rescued me from the slough of despond, and my future is yours to mold as you will. I desire no better fate."

He raised her hand to his lips, and she made no resistance.

"Don't idealize me, pray," she said, with a little nervous laugh. "I don't deserve it. I never aspire to be more than a social butterfly, and as such only seek the sweetness of life and none of its gall—that is to say, voluntarily."

"You altogether belie yourself," returned Gerard, gravely. "You belong to the really few fine natures which are incapable of appreciating their own nobility. At present it is incrudden with an element of worldly cynicism and hardness, which, however, lies only on the surface and does not represent your true self at all. Although you expressed no word of sympathy at the recital of my wrongs, I noticed the pal-

lor which spread over your face; that was enough for me."

Mrs. Vivian blushed as she cast at him one of her speaking upward glances. "You are always making wonderful discoveries," she remarked. "I wonder what the next one will be?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Gerard, meaningly, gazing at her with all his soul in his eyes.

But the beauty shook her head and vouchsafed no reply. He must have enlightened her, however, on a subsequent occasion, for some months later society was electrified at the news that the lovely Mrs. Vivian, at whose feet princes had languished in vain, had married an obscure artist of whom they had never even heard.

But Mrs. Gerard was sublimely indifferent to praise or blame. When a more than usually venomous remark reached her ears, she glanced at her handsome husband and delivered herself of the following aphorism: "To the discoverer belongs the benefit of his discovery. If I discovered your genius you discovered my heart. I put it to the world which was the greater feat of the two?"

## A NEW QUADRUPED.

An Animal Resembling an Ant-Eater Found in Patagonia.

In these latter days, when people are constantly hearing of the threatening extinction of various tribes of animals, the news of the discovery of an entirely new species of quadruped is startling. The fact of the existence of a hitherto unknown animal has been brought to light by Dr. Florentino Ameghino, who for some time past has had reports of a mysterious creature of nocturnal habits brought to him by several Indians and a few years ago the late Ramon Lista, while hunting in the interior of Santa Cruz, was startled by the appearance of a strange animal, which he described to Dr. Ameghino "as a pangolin without scales and covered with reddish hair." Lista shot at the creature, but it was apparently bullet proof for it disappeared into the brushwood and although instant search was made no trace of the animal was to be found.

As no further evidence was forthcoming, Dr. Ameghino was inclined to think that naturalists had been deceived, but he has just received a skin from South Patagonia which proves that Lista was correct in his statement. On examination the ossicles which were embedded in the skin "like paving stones in a street," proved that the animal evidently belonged to the pangolin or scaled anteaters, familiar to naturalists; but instead of being scaly it is covered with coarse, reddish gray hair, while the skin itself, which is two centimetres thick, is so remarkably tough that it can only be cut with a hatchet. This explains why the bullet had no effect upon it.

It is hoped that a living specimen of this interesting quadruped will be obtained before very long. Such an addition to the zoo would be a matter for congratulation.

## WORK AND ROYALTY.

It is a great mistake to suppose that to be domestic is of necessity a bourgeois characteristic. A writer points out that all of Queen Victoria's daughters were taught to cook and sew and make themselves useful. The Princess of Wales knows all about scientific dress cutting, and another princess was not long ago initiated into all the mysteries of the professional hairdresser's art. "There is no better judge of needlework in the kingdom than Princess Christian," says the writer referred to. "Many of the designs used in the Royal School of Art Needlework are from the clever pencil of Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. Princess Alice, mother of the present Empress of Russia, used to cut her children's clothes and trim their hats in the far-back days when she was Grand Duchess of Hesse and was surrounded by the little ones. Princess Henry of Battenberg is a skillful embroiderer, besides being an artist and musician. Domesticity has not proved a bar to culture in the case of any of these highly placed women. The Empress Frederick of Germany is one of the most intellectual and cultured women in the world, but she is also an adept in the domestic arts. She is a sculptress and can cleverly wield the brush, as well as her sister, the Marchioness of Lorne. So here is a shining example in high places. And if we take a step down to duchesses, marchionesses, etc., we shall find that blue blood is usually associated with a taste for true British domesticity. The Duchess of Abercorn can sew beautifully. The Duchess of Sutherland can cook and make a gown. She often designs her own dresses. The Marchioness of Londonderry, one of England's most famous beauties, is a utilitarian of the first water."

## ONE-SHOVEL SYSTEM.

After two months of experimenting with the so-called one-shovel system the managers of the Rock Island Railroad Company have decided to use the system throughout the whole line. The primary value of the scheme is said to be its economical use of coal and consequent large saving of money to the company. Incidentally, too, the comfort of the passengers will probably be largely increased and the danger of absence of smoke and cinders. In the new system the fireman is required to put only one shovel of coal at a time—about every 30 seconds—on the fire, instead of piling in a lot of fuel at longer intervals.

## Young Folks.

### A QUESTION.

If you will kindly tell me, please, What animal I am, I shall be very thankful. I'm grandma's "blessed lamb."

My brother Archie says "that kid" Upsets our whole big house, And when I tease my grandpa I'm just his "little mouse."

I give my aunt Bess a letter, and She says, "thank you, my dear," And then I'm papa's "monkey," Which certainly is queer.

And Uncle Charlie says I'm stubborn As a "good sized mule," My mamma calls me her "sweetheart" When I've been good at school.

Now, this is all confusing To a man who is so wee, I call myself just "Teddy," Pray, what would you call me?

### BILLY'S CRUTCH.

"Will you please buy my geranium, sir?"

If a musical voice, a bright face and a beautiful plant, all belonging to a young girl with dimpled cheeks and laughing blue eyes, will not bring a man to a standstill, then it must be that he is hurrying through the world too fast and wants nothing to come into his life that will gladden his heart and renew his youth.

I came to a full stop and would not have missed that sight for a great deal. As the girl stood there on that bright October morning, it was difficult to tell where the sunshine left off and where the girl began. They seemed made for each other; it was a perfect match, with the dividing line hard to discern.

"Have you any objection to tell me your name?"

"O, no, sir! My name's Gertrude Wilson."

"What a beautiful geranium you have there!"

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Indeed it is, and the finest I ever saw. Where did you get it?"

"About three years ago a lady left a slip lying on the seat in a horse car. I took it home, got the richest dirt I could find, put it in this old paint can and then set the slip in it, and it began growing right away. I've given it plenty of water to drink and kept it in the sunshine as much as possible."

"Why, I should think you would love it dearly."

"Love it! I guess I do love it. It seems just like a part of myself."

"Well, my dear, if you love it so much, pray tell me why you want to sell it?"

"O, I wouldn't let it go if I did not want to help God answer Billy's prayer. Don't you think it splendid to help answer somebody's prayers?"

"How do you know I believe in prayer?"

"O, I am sure you do, you have such a prayerful look."

She broke out into a merry laugh, and I joined her in it as I said:

"Yes, I do believe in prayer. Now tell me who Billy is?"

As I made this request a joyous look came into her face, and her large blue eyes shone with delight; and as the dimples deepened in her cheeks I beheld a picture that was worth going a long way to see.

"What, Billy? Oh, he's the nicest and best little fellow in the city! Why, he is goodness, sunshine, and music all in one lump. Somebody let him drop when he was quite young and broke his hip, and ever since he has been a cripple."

But his leg is the only crooked thing about him. My mother says that Billy's mother was the best Christian she ever knew. Well, when she died last year everybody in our tenement-house wanted to adopt Billy; so you see, he belongs to all of us. He pays his way by selling newspapers, and no one with good legs can get around livelier than Billy can with a crutch. But yesterday his crutch caught in a hole in the sidewalk, broke in two and let him fall. He managed to get into the house and was not hurt. Well, last night, just as I was going to bed, I heard Billy praying. His room is next to mine and only a board partition between—so I could hear it all. Oh, I shall never forget his words as he said: "Dear Lord, I've never complained about my broken hip, and I am willing to go through life with it, but I can't get on without a crutch. I've no money to get another, and I don't know who to ask, so please, dear Lord, send me another one. Mother always told me to go to you when I was in trouble, and so I come now. Please dear Lord, answer my prayer for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"I laid awake a good while thinking of that prayer, and it was the first thing I thought of this morning, and I began wondering if I couldn't do something to help God answer Billy's prayer. Well, while I was wondering I saw my geranium, and then I said: 'Oh, maybe I can sell it and get enough to buy another crutch!'"

"Now you know who Billy is and why I want to sell my geranium. Won't you please buy it?"

I was greatly moved and interested and I'll own up to a great deal of moisture about my eyes, as I inquired: "How tall is Billy?"

"O," she quickly responded, "I've got the measure of his old crutch, if that is what you mean."

"Yes, that is just what I mean; so if you please, Gertrude, we'll go and see about a crutch."

It did not take us long to find a store where such things were to be

procured, nor a great while to get the keeper of the store as much interested as I was in the girl's story—just the right kind of a crutch was found and a minimum price was put upon it.

"Well," I said, "I'll give you that much for the geranium, Gertrude, and it's very cheap at that."

"O, thank you," she said, and her eyes fairly danced with gladness. "I'll take the crutch, please, but Billy must not know a word about where it came from. Isn't it just splendid to help God answer Billy's prayer?"

The moisture in my eyes didn't subside one bit, as I said:

"I want you to do me a favor, Gertrude. I am hundreds of miles away from the place where I live, and I can't carry this plant around with me. Would it be too much trouble for you to keep it for me?"

"What do you want me to take care of it for you?"

"Yes, my dear, if it will not be too much trouble."

"O you splendid man, you'll be glad to do it, and I'll take just as good care of it as I did when it was mine."

I carried the plant, while she carried the crutch, and after reaching the house, Billy was called in to see me, while Gertrude smuggled the crutch into his room and came back with a face as happy as a face could be, but never betraying to Billy, by word or look, that she had been answering Billy's prayer.

To sum it all up, Billy got a new crutch and he is the happiest cripple in the big city. Gertrude helped answer his prayer, and a happier girl doesn't live. I ever saw the handsome geranium bush I ever saw and the one who takes care of it for me is as proud as I am of that plant.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR GIRLS.

The need of the day is for a higher physical development of girls and young women. The world has moved along, and the fair sex to a certain extent, have gone with it, so says an exchange. But it has been rather an intellectual development than a physical one. The women have stepped into the places formerly occupied by men, and taken all in all have held their own very well. But in this they have shown only their mental capabilities. There can be little doubt but that physically women have been comparatively at a standstill. There is, to be sure, a move in the right direction, but it will take a long time to effect a permanent or far-reaching result.

Girls do not sacrifice either maidenly modesty or refinement by indulging in athletics, and the tendency should be to encourage exercise that will develop a more rugged constitution. In this way girls will find themselves possessed not only of the increased strength necessary to support them during the days when they are called to business occupations, but they will have the strength to sustain the burdens and trials of wifehood and maternity, and of all the responsibilities of home making when that important time shall arrive.

Therefore, girls go in for all the training you can stand, and if there are enough, club together and have meetings at each other's homes and study and practice home athletics, and whenever an opportunity affords take it out doors, for that is the most valuable.

It is not a mooted question in Persia whether women dress for the eyes of men or those of women, as there only women see women, at parties. In her book, "Through Persia on a Side-Saddle," Miss Sykes, writing of the women of Teheran, the capital of Persia, confesses that even Mohammedan isolation does not prevent women from being envious of other women if they are dressed better than themselves. She writes:

I was told that many of the fine ladies would give large sums in the European shops of Teheran for any brocade of silk which struck their fancy, and would wear it at the next party to which they invited their friends, flaunting the new toilette ostentatiously before them to fire their jealousy.

Usually, however, one of the guests would pay her hostess off by buying some more of the same material, and having it made up for one of her slave-women. She then would invite a large company to tea, and the cups would be handed round by a negress adorned in the rich silk with which the former hostess is arrayed.

Later on the slave would dance before the guests. The great lady, who had been invited to be mortified, would be both disappointed and humiliated. The lady who had given the party would be pleased at vexing the rival.

According to one British firm, who are famed all over the world for their manufacture of fireworks, the amount spent on the display of fireworks in connection with Her Majesty's Jubilee was \$1,250,000. The display at the close of the Crimean War cost \$500,000. The largest individual exhibitions by the firm were given on the Tagus for the Portuguese Government (the second in 1888 costing \$50,000), while the first, which was made on the occasion of the marriage in 1886 of the King, then Crown Prince, of Portugal, cost half that amount. The display at Delhi, when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, cost \$17,500. Some of the most costly fireworks are those produced at the Crystal Palace. Thus, at a benefit recently, the exhibition lasted from 90 to 35 minutes, but it cost \$7,500, or about \$250 per minute.