



## ART IS LONG.

## CHAP. I.

Yes, Rudolf Mapleson's great work was nigh completion at last, and the fame for which he had striven for the past three years was almost within his grasp. For three long, weary years he had toiled without ceasing on his great statue of the "Dying Prussian Soldier," representing a noble warrior whose life-blood is slowly ebbing, vainly endeavoring to raise to his parched lips the bottle of water hurriedly pressed into his hand by some kindly comrade; in the other hand a pistol is still grasped, as though the dying soldier would sell what little life remains to him as dearly as possible. Rudolf has striven to reproduce every detail with consummate accuracy, and his soul has gone out into his art. More than fame, aye, far more to Rudolf, depends upon the reception of this statue by the public; and the young sculptor trembles as he thinks how much lies in the power of the critics of the press: Success means the hand of Maude Guinivere Bumbash; her heart he knows is already his; failure would be, would be, well, failure, and no Miss M. G. B. for him, for her father is a haughty old aristocrat descended from a long, unbroken line of hack-drivers, and will tolerate no alliance for his family with one who could have, in the bright dictionary of his adolescence, any such word as "fail."

With trembling heart, though with a hand as steady as a billiard marker's, Rudolf puts the finishing sculps to his warrior, and dispatches him to the International Art Exhibition.

## CHAP. II.

Three days afterwards Rudolf Mapleson sits in his studio, holding in his hand a copy of the morning *Kettledrum*. Rapidly his eye scans each column till it is arrested by the account of the Great Exhibition, in which is a list of all the works of art, pictures, statuary, big pumpkins and beets, etc., and swiftly his eye runs down the page till it strikes the following paragraph:—"No. 203 in the catalogue is a statue by Rudolf Mapleson, of Blimborough. Subject—'Policeman Drunk on his Beat.' The young artist has made a bold attempt, but scarcely does his subject justice, probably from his inability to thoroughly study it in the original, as the incident sculpted must necessarily be an uncommon one. The inebriated constable is depicted in, to our mind, an impossible dilemma. So overcome is he by his potations that, madly as he thirsts for yet another horn, he is unable to raise his bottle to his mouth. The revolver which he holds in his right hand is ready to let daylight into any one who may be rash enough to try and capture his flask. Mr. Mapleson should endeavor to copy nature with more fidelity than is shown in his present attempt." With a deep groan Rudolf drops the *Kettledrum*, and picks up the *Screecher*. "Mr. R. Mapleson exhibits an elegant bit of statuary, his subject being, apparently, some person returning from a masquerade at which his girl has given him the go-by. The figure is attired as a Roman emperor, and lies in a semi-recumbent attitude, the moment chosen by the artist being that in which, overcome with grief, the

masquerader hesitates between poison and the pistol as a means of ending his awful agony." Rudolf covers his face with his hand and weeps like a singed monkey. Presently he recovers himself and turns to his third and last paper, the Metropolitan *Bed-Bug*, a sheet devoted to art, science, and literature. Yes, there on the third page are the Exhibition Notes; amongst them Rudolf reads: "Statuary, No. 203—Volunteer with the delirium tremens, by R. Mapleson. The unfortunate defender of his country is about to despatch a snake which he sees in a black bottle with a shot from his revolver. The young artist has faithfully reproduced the jim-jammy expression in the features of his hero, which seem convulsed by terror of the imaginary reptile, and inward reminders that he has taken a dose of salts."

This is all, and Rudolf Mapleson goes forth into the night and is heard of no more.

Maude Guinivere Kiddlefub, nee Bumbash, purchased the statue, and her numerous offspring have high old times painting it in the spring. It has now had fifteen coats—receiving from three to five each season (Maude has been wedded eight years)—and is about to receive another of a very-lender and precious greenery-yallery tint.

## SNOWSHOVELIKINS.

Hear the peeler in the street,

Silent street,

As he wanders philosophically pondering on his beat,  
As he ponders ruminatingly upon his snow-clad beat,  
And we hear the ponderous pounding of his Number 16

feet,  
Of his feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet,  
The grinding and the pounding of his feet.

And the people, ah! the people who don't live up in the steeple,

But inhabit city houses before which lies the snow,  
How they start up in affright

In the watches of the night,

And make resolves, next morning, to shovel off the snow,  
To shovel and to wrestle with and overcome the snow,  
Which has snowed, snoded, snoad, snode full many a foot

of snow.

Hear the tinkling of the bells,

Front door bells!

As the bobby pulls the wire and pathetically dwells  
On the subject of the "beautiful," and leeringly he tells  
Of the summons he has got for you, and how you'll have to go

Before the "beak," the magistrate, and talk about the snow,  
The crystalline, the beautiful, the unsuspecting snow.

Hear the city clock strike nine—

Fatal nine!

As you fumble in your pockets for a dollar for the fine  
Which will be imposed upon you for that snow upon the street,

Which the lynx-eyed bobby saw as he was strolling on his beat,  
And which hindered him in planting his rhinocerosian

feet,  
Which impeded the free motion of his behemothian feet,  
Of his feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet,

The pounding and the crushing of his feet.

Hear the swearing of the swearers

Of the fined,

As he gives the icy atmosphere a little of his mind,  
As he leaves the court-room door

A dollar poorer than before,

And he swears the sweetest swearing any swearer ever swore,  
Because he did not shovel off the snow before his door;

And he longs to grasp the poet by his long unbarbered hair,  
Who said the snow was beautiful, he'd like to have him

there;  
He feels that he could mash him and hurl him on the street,

And crush his poet's soul out with the trampling of his feet,

Of his feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet,  
With the stamping and the kicking of his feet.

If you would escape his doom,

Take a broom

And sweep sufficient snow away to give pedestrians room  
To rhythmically promenade upon the boarded street,

And musically plant thereon their big or little feet,  
Their feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet,

To sling about their big or little feet.

In Boston a boy is amenable to the law for using a bean-shooter.—*Exchange*. We suppose it is considered sacrilege to put beans to any such use in Boston.



## GRIP'S FABLES.

## THE MASHER AND THE GIRL'S BROTHER.

In a certain City, which shall be Nameless, there dwelt a Masher. A Masher, my Dears, is a thing which may be described as a Moral Spittoon, and his mission on earth is to pester respectable Girls with his nauseous attentions and to receive the Scorn and Contempt of all real men. Now this Masher was an athletic Masher, and for hours he would swing ponderous Clubs, and raise gigantic Dumb-bells, till he had a Biceps that looked like a Ham, and this he would feel and say, "I can win any galoot that objects to me as a Masher, so let him Beware," and he made a Dummy figure of a man stuffed with Sawdust and hung it up, and pounded it, and he could knock it out in one Round every time. And he cried, "John L. Sullivan, I'm after you." Then he would hit the Dummy in the Eye and feel Good. And it came to pass that one Sabbath Evening at the close of the Service, he stood outside the Church Door to make a Mash, and the Yawps and Squabs, two kinds of Hobbade-hoys, looked on him with Awe, saying, "Look out and don't try to Mash the Slugger's Girl, for he measures 17 inches round the Biceps, and 45 round the chest, and can lick Sullivan and Mace and his Maori all at once," and they turned Pale at the thought. When the Ladies came out of Church, where they had been singing Hymns and sizing up one another's Hats and Clothes, the Masher spoke to a Beautiful Girl with whom he was not acquainted. And she gave him to understand that she would prefer his Room to his Company, but he persisted in his Annoyances, and would not leave her. But a little Fellow walked up out of the Crowd, and touched the Slugger and Masher on the shoulder and said, "A Word with you." He was only a little Chap, and perhaps weighed about 119 lbs., but he was full of Courage, and Wiry as a Leopard that cannot knock spots off himself. And the Masher said, "Begone, or I'll Flatten you out." But the little Chap would not bego, and he said, "That is my sister," and he hit the Masher between the Eyes, and he fell down and wept. Then the little fellow sat on him, and Whaled the Everlasting Interior out of him, till he cried for Mercy, and bellowed like a Bull of Bashan. And when the little Chap got through, the Masher's face looked like a Strawberry Ice, and he was carried home and did not leave his couch for three weeks.

## MORAL.

It is one thing to knock out a dummy figure and another to stand up before the Righteously Indignant; and no one who would persecute a defenceless female can ever have one Ounce of Pluck, even though he weigh a Ton.

Some men have tact. Said a bridegroom who didn't wish either to offend his bride or die of internal disturbances: "My dear, this broad looks delicious; but as it is the first you have ever made, I cannot think of eating it, but will preserve it to show to our children in after years as a sample of their mother's skill and deftness."