

### A BEGGAR'S ARTIST.

LIVES IN A CELLAR AND PAINTS SIGNS FOR MEDICANTS.

He Makes Good Living and Would Rather Be a Painter For Beggars Than a Beggar Painter—How the Pictures Are Tied and What He Charges For Them.

A new school of art has been discovered. So far as known, this city has its only professor, and he is as odd as its art. But this is the source whence come the thrilling pictures which the beggar, maimed, blind, or blind, displays when he mounts to relate just how he was injured and strives to impress upon the charitable how deserving he is of aid.

In one of the shabbiest streets of the city, away down in a basement, a flickering gas flame lights the studio of this queer genius. It is a place of business such as would appal the well dressed banker, but it is no exaggeration to say that its occupant has an income which many more pretensions painters would rejoice to receive.

Technique and perspective meet with small consideration at the hands of this king of the beggars, for such he seems to be. To watch ingress and egress of his patrons would give a stranger the impression that some philanthropist had established a charity hospital in the basement.

When the writer paid a visit to this unique studio the other day, the room was found attired in a pair of overalls and a greasy woollen shirt, as gullible of ornamentation at the neck as the neck itself of acquaintance with soap and water. A bushy beard that had evidently been brown in other days covered the lower portion of the artist's face, and his shaggy hair stood up in indignation protest against the possibility of invasion by brush or comb. From under rather bushy brows a keen pair of eyes looked out. Mind was decidedly in evidence; conventionalities were below par. Both cleanliness and godliness were quite ignored.

The furniture of the studio consisted of an old couch covered with a material which in days gone by had probably been very pretty china. Now it was thoroughly discolored by the accumulation of dirt. A real rag carpet covered the floor, but not a single picture was hung upon the walls, although standing about the room were several pictures in various stages of progress. Permission was asked to examine them, and they were well worth seeing.

One was a lurid representation of a powder explosion. So realistic was the picture that if you cared to place your finger on what were alleged to be burning grains of powder you could see the grains were there, though the artist denied that that was the intention. He said the painting was intended for the patron of his with two wooden legs, substitutes for the pair that a powder explosion robbed him of. The object of the painting was to show the charitable of every day what happened, and the artist said that in his mind there was no doubt that his legless patron would greatly benefit by the scene thus placed on canvas.

There was another picture, which represented the blowing up of a man-of-war. The flames that spouted from the decks of the unfortunate vessel were so realistic that the light that shines from the chimneys of an iron mill at night. Nature has never succeeded in producing anything quite so glowing as the unregulated red paint, and there was no lack of it in this picture. The persons who were sailing about in the air seemed to have suffered frightful injuries, and the artist said that this was purely to invoke sympathy for his customer, who was supposed to be one of the actors in the scene so graphically portrayed.

The price of such paintings varies from \$1 to \$12. The artist can complete one in about 1 1/2 hours, if he does not hurry. If it is a rush order, the work can be concluded within an hour, though in that case the price is increased somewhat. When asked if he made much money by this sort of work, the artist replied that he did; that he gained more than many painters who were striving to do great things were able to secure. His patrons were generally prompt pay—indeed the usual terms are cash on delivery.

As for embarking in higher art, the artist would have none of it. He merely remarked that he would rather be a painter for beggars than a beggar painter, and as he waved a goodly beard and contented look on his face, which showed that he meant exactly what he said.—Philadelphia Press.

A Greek-English Fun. The Watchman records a witticism of the late Professor Kendrick of Rochester university.

Having one day in the classroom remarked that the Greek preposition "eis" invariably means "into," he was reproached by one of his pupils that he asserted "eis" that he had slipped.

In this country the manufacture of dynamite in 1812, instruction of a town and the church is still in a good way, and the king articles to all kinds of.

After remembered "Orlean," could be in 13 different military engineer, present, and sold at the time of the sale of all the.

### UNCLE SAM'S AUCTION SALE.

Annual Disposal of the Accumulations of the National Capital.

One of the queerest "institutions" of the national capital is the annual clearance sale of the dead letter office, in which a vast accumulation of articles goes astray in the mails is sold to the highest bidder. The auction house where it is held is continually crowded with excited men, women and children, and beside it the bargain counters during the holidays are as havens of rest, for when Uncle Sam goes into the junk-shop business great things are expected. As in the church fair raffle, you pay a small amount of money and trust to luck to get back more than its value. The articles, previously listed in a wholesale sort of way, are tied up in bundles of from three to a half dozen and "auctioned" for what they will bring the average bids ranging between 10 cents and a dollar.

Nobody is permitted to examine the goods before purchasing, and no money is refunded if dissatisfied. Every body hopes to pull a genuine plum from the pile in the shape of a diamond ring, a silk dress pattern or a silver teapot, but although the goods are generally of the rule, there is always the possibility of a prize. For example, the auctioneer holds up one of these odd shaped bundles, listed "pictures, underwear, music, cigars." Going—going—gone—for 90 cents to a dapper young gentleman who was caught by the word "cigar." He opens it on the spot—an unwise thing to do if one objects to good natured ridicule—and this is what he finds: Six cigars, broken into bits with so strong an odor that one wonders how a sledge hammer could have done it; underwear—a female 10 cent "jersey" picture—a collection of newspaper cuts designed for amusement of some small child. The lot would be dear at a quarter and is of no use to the buyer.

In the dead letter office proper—that chamber house which swallows nearly half a million missives every month—is positively harrowing. More than 40 bundles of photographs have accumulated there, awaiting the annual auction. There are trees of hair enough to stuff a dozen mattresses, grandmothers' silver locks and babies' golden curls, many no doubt cut from dead knowes, and small sums of money which poor workmen send home to feed their wives and little ones, and servant girls save from their scanty wages for needy parents—gone to Uncle Sam's rich purse, not because the United States wants it, but because the senders' writing or orthography was so atrocious that it is hard to realize that in this land of schools, at the close of the nineteenth century, there are so many people so ignorant that they are unable to write millions of letters year without stamps or addresses or with addresses which no man can make out. People seem to be so intent on writing letters that they forget all about the superscription. It is estimated that \$1,500,000 in drafts and \$50,000,000 in cash is received every year through dead letters.—Indianapolis Journal.

### COST OF A TRAIN.

The Expense and Profits of Travel on English Railway Lines.

How many people who travel in trains ever think of the cost of running them? It will probably surprise most people who have traveled from London to Edinburgh to know that every mile of the journey costs the railway company over half a crown. The cost of the whole journey from the English to the Scotch capital is £20.

The average cost of running a train in England is 2s. 7d. per mile, so that the fare being reckoned at 1d. per mile, a train with less than 21 passengers for each mile is run at a loss. There are few trains, however, that do not carry more than this number of passengers, and many of them carry the number doubled many times over. It is necessary frequently to run trains that do not pay—usually in thinly inhabited country districts—but for every train run at a loss probably 100 are run at an enormous profit.

Take, for instance, the journey from London to Edinburgh, which costs the railway company more than £100. The average number of "through" passengers on these trains is probably 60, in which case the total fares would be nearly £100—a clear gain of nearly £50. When it is remembered that these trains run several times a day, and every day in the year, it will be understood what an enormous revenue a single line yields in the course of 12 months. Supposing the average number of passengers to be 60, the midnight train from London to Edinburgh yields over £20,000 for dividend in a year!

The longest railway journey in the United Kingdom would probably be from Penzance, in Cornwall, to Thurso, in the north of Scotland, a distance of over 1,000 miles. A train running between these two places would exhaust an ordinary clerk's salary for a whole year, the cost being no less than £158.—London Tit-Bits.

To Grow Teeth. A Moscow dentist has solved the problem of applying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. Dr. Gannensky has performed several successful operations on dogs as well as human beings. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal, as the case may be.

At the root of the false tooth holes are made. Holes are also made upward into the jaw. The tooth is then placed in the hole and performed several self-granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position.

It is stated that it does not matter whether the cavity in which the tooth is to be placed is one from which a natural tooth has been drawn or whether it has been healed for some years.—Moscow Letter.

### IF.

What to me are worlds of splendor If the splendor of these eyes Gaze not in the depths of mine, love, Thro' thy image lies?

What are days without thy presence, What the nights without thy care, What to me are joys of heaven If thou art not there?

Passion's kiss on red lips drench Till the red lips' kiss is cold, 'Tis the master's thought is a link Till the buds unfold.

There can be no strain of music Till the player touch the chord, And the master's thought is a link Till it finds the word.

Worlds would darken into ruin If the sun should cease to shine, What are life and love to me, then, If bereft of thine? —Emily Bellinger in Boston Transcript.

### SPOONS.

The Date of Their Origin Unknown, They Are So Very Ancient.

If you desire to know about the history of really reliable data on the history of spoons, take down your handbooks and encyclopedias and see if it doesn't take you a long while to learn anything concerning their origin, "nativity," etc. In fact, the antiquarians do not pretend to give us anything of value in that line. It is admitted that they are "very ancient," but just exactly how old they are and by whom and where they were first used are points upon which we are held completely in the dark. Creighton says, "Spoons must have been a very ancient invention, for a Saxon spoon of perforated silver gilt, ornamented with gems, was found in an oak that one wonders how a sledge hammer could have done it; underwear—a female 10 cent "jersey" picture—a collection of newspaper cuts designed for amusement of some small child. The lot would be dear at a quarter and is of no use to the buyer.

When forks were unknown, spoons played a very important part at the table. Spoons of the thirteenth century, and even later, had handles terminating in a knob, knot, acorn or other odd and cumbersome device. About the period of the restoration, of which so much is said in English history, a great change was made in the form of spoons. In some of the unique patterns which were put was divided into two, three and even four parts, and the handles always split or twisted and turned up instead of down and back. Spoons of that period were all blunt instead of being pointed, and the handles generally sea at present. They continued short and blunt down to the time of George I, when they were first made pointed and had the handles turned down instead of up.

About the year 1590 what were known as "spoon spoons" were introduced. They were so called because they had the figures of the 12 apostles carved upon their handles. They were generally given by sponsors to children at their christenings. The spoons presented the entire 12, those who could not afford to indulge in such extravagance giving one or more, according as they felt able.

The most curious and remarkable spoon in the world perhaps is a "coronating spoon" preserved among the royal relics in the tower of London. The bowl is of gold and the handle of silver. The handle is split down the middle and set with all kinds of precious stones. The relic is valued at £20,000, or upward of \$100,000.—St. Louis Republic.

China. The Matchless has always been aware that there were large deposits of coal "in his midst," but he used to imagine that they were under the control of evil spirits, and he therefore would not touch them himself nor allow any one else to. A good deal of that old nonsense has been blown out of him by recent events—the war and the great oil enterprise of the Russians in his territory—and the fields are now being opened. They are abundant and will have found all over the country and will have the most important influence in its development. The climate, soil and geographical situation of Manchuria are favorable to the maintenance of a large enlightened and progressive population, the root of which, in many races interblended through many ages, is already being a Russian railroad running through the country and Port Arthur as the outlet and inlet of its commerce.

Religions in New Zealand. The New Zealand Gazette gives the census tables dealing with "Religion of the People." Out of 739,350, the total population, 702,238 gave answer on the census forms. The Episcopalian numbered 281,105; the Presbyterians 159,932; Methodists of all kinds, over 73,000; Roman Catholics, over 97,000. The other sects come far below these figures. Unitarians number 375. "One Father's Church" numbers 89. There is one "esoteric Christian," one "Salvation Catholic," one "sinner saved by Grace" and one "Christian freeholder." One is a "Bible freeholder," another "believes in his Maker," there is one "peasant," one "natist," one "trinitarian" and one "heathen." Nearly 16,000 objected to state their position.

A Sudden Change of Mind. She—Does my refusal really pain you? He—Yes, it does. I was so sure you would tell me "Yes" I actually wept \$100,000 that you would marry me. A hundred thousand dollars? Well, I was only joking. When shall it be dear?—Boston Traveller.

The five principal fortresses in Bulgaria are at Rastok, Silistria and Widlen on the Danube, Varna on the Black sea, and Shumla in the interior.

Edinburgh is 9,975 miles northeast of Washington.

### A Widow and Daughter in Blue

An old man gazed on a document He shivered all over the paper Laid he said, I and will tell you had A story, that's strange but true My father and I at a picnic once met A widow and daughter in blue, I married that widow in blue, lad, Remember now what I've said, My father got mad, said he my lad To your daughter now I'll get right To my step daughter in blue, lad Who took my father's name, Became my mother, I married her mother Now who in thunder's to blame?

My father is now my step-son, My father is now my son in law, For he married my daughter, but he had a right, For that makes a daughter-in-law, My daughter is my father's wife, lad, My wife is my father's wife's mother, And if that's the case, what a disgrace, For I married my own grand-mother.

I am father in law to my father now, I'll leave it to you, ain't I right? For I married the mother of the daughter That married my father that night, My wife is my father's mother-in-law, My father is a son to his son, And I'm in a fix and am terribly mixed, If I ain't a son of a gun.

We both became parents one day, lad, I had a son, he had a daughter, Now I'm the brother of his daughter, For my step mother lewisy step daughter My son is my mother's brother, lad, He is also my father's step brother, And my own wife, you can gamble I'm right, Is my little sister's grand-mother.

Little Nina. Many appear to think that it is only important to keep one's self from grievous sin. If one does that he is white enough, they say, for this world. The little sins which are so common, what matters it whether we endeavor to guard against them or not? God is just. He will not treasure them up against us. He knows we are human, and do not the little sins, these almost colorless acts from which angels, and angels only, of all created beings, are free, simply show the weakness of our humanity? This is dangerous pleading. Sin can never be anything but an offense to the sight of God and the heavenly host. The greater and more continuous, the more offensive; the less grievous, the less offensive. There are no white sins. If an act or thought is white it is a sin, if it is a sin it is not white. If we are to give an account for every idle word, if we are to keep ourselves unpunished from the world, if we are to have pure religion and undefiled, we must not indulge loose notions about sins which are allowable and sins which are not allowable. If there is a divine law against an act, that act is sin, and if we hold to the contrary we reject the wisdom of the Almighty law-giver and accuse Him of an making laws arbitrary and without reason. It may be truly said without reason. It may be that, with all our watchfulness, we shall not always avoid these lesser offenses, but it is certain that we cannot expect to live in pure religion if we excuse ourselves from obedience to the jobs and titles of the law on the ground that obedience or disobedience makes little or no difference.

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These are plain cold facts—and many customers will profit by them. To-day is the first day and affords the first choice. Here are a few examples of the other hundreds.

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