

MODEL FOR "EARTHLY LOVE"

Was Too Much for Exemplary Young Artist

Who, for the Time, Forgot His Promises and Pledges to His Fair Angela Dove.

Middleton was doing very well, even as he admitted that some patrons were not so enthusiastic as he was. And yet Middleton aimed high. He eschewed pot-boilers, and devoted himself to important subject pictures of an allegorical description. Nevertheless, his works sold, and that so well that Middleton thought himself justified in taking a wife. Here, again, good fortune attended him. Miss Angela Dove was fair to see, possessed of a nice little income, and, finally, a lady of taste, for she accepted Middleton's addresses. Evidently, lucky fellow all round was Middleton. But, in spite of all his luck his face clouded with care as he sat in his studio one summer evening. Three months before he had been the recipient of a most flattering commission from that wealthy and esteemed connoisseur, the Earl of Moneyton. The Earl desired two panels for his hall. "I want," he wrote, "two full-length female figures—the one representing Heavenly Love, the other Earthly Love. Not a very new subject, you will say; but I have a fancy for it, and I can rely on your talent to impart freshness even to a well-worn theme."

Of course there was no difficulty about Heavenly Love. Angela filled the bill (the expression was Middleton's own) to a nicety. Her pretty golden hair, her sweet smile, her candid blue eyes, were exactly what was wanted. Middleton clapped on a pair of wings, and felt that he had done his duty. But when he came to Earthly Love the path was not so smooth. The Earl demanded the same of physical beauty, and that was rather hard to find. Middleton tried all the models in vain; he frequented the theatres and music halls to no purpose; he tried to combine all the beauties of his acquaintance in one harmonious whole, but they did not make what tea-dealers call a "nice blend." Then he tried to evoke Earthly Love out of his own countenance, but he could get nothing there but Angela again; and although he did violence to his feelings by giving her black hair and an evil cast in her eyes, he knew that, even thus transformed, she would not satisfy the Earl. Middleton was in despair; his reputation was at stake. The thought of Angela could not console him.

"I'd give my soul for a model!" cried he, flinging aside his pencil in despair. At this moment he heard a knock at the door. He existed on the charming system, and after six o'clock in the evening had to open his own door. A lady stood outside, and a neat brown dress was visible round the corner. Even in the darkness Middleton was struck by the grace and dignity of his visitor's figure.

"Mr. Middleton's, is it not?" she asked in a very sweet voice. Middleton bowed. It was late for a call, but if the lady ignored that fact he could not remind her of it. Fortunately there was no chance of Angela coming at such an hour. He led the way to his studio.

"May I ask," he began, "to what I am indebted for this honor?" "I see you like coming to business directly," she answered, her neatly gloved hands busy unfolding her veil. She seemed to find the task a little difficult.

"You see, it's rather late," said Middleton. "Not at all. I am only just up. Well, then, to business. I hear you want a model for an Earthly Love." "Exactly. May I ask if you—"

"I can fulfill them," and she raised her veil. She certainly could. She realized his wildest dreams, the wildest dreams of poets and painters since the world began. Middleton stood half stupefied before her.

tured on a slight pressure. The lady did not seem to notice it, and her hand lay quiet motionless in his. "Tomorrow, then?" he said. "Yes. I won't trouble you to call a cab. I shall walk."

"Have you far to go?" "Oh, some little way; but it's an easy road."

"Can't I escort you?" "Not tonight. Some day, I hope!"—and she stepped into the street and disappeared round the corner.

Punctually the next day she reappeared. Apart from her incomparable beauty—and every time she came Middleton was more convinced that it was incomparable—she was a charming companion. She was very well read, and her knowledge of the world was wonderful.

"I wish it wasn't rude to ask your age!" he exclaimed one day. "Ah, I am older than I look. My work keeps me young."

"Are you very busy, then?" "I am always busy. But I don't grudge the time I give to you. No, don't thank me. I am to be paid, you know." And she laughed merrily. If there were a flaw in her, it was her laugh. Middleton thought it rather a cruel laugh.

"Do you know," he resumed, "you have never told me your name yet?" "I am here incognito."

"You will tell me some day?" "Yes, you shall know some day."

"Before we part forever?" "Perhaps we shall not part—forever."

Middleton said he hoped not; but what would Angela say? "My name is not so pretty a one as your fiancée's," the lady continued.

"How do you know I am engaged?" "I always know that sort of thing. It's so useful. Angela Dove, isn't it?"

And there is a curious black mark inside it. "And the Earl? The Earl was delighted with the panel."

"Was she a professional model?" he asked. "She made it a matter of business with me," said Middleton uneasily. It was one of his bad days.

"I must know that girl," continued Middleton's model.

"I expect you will some day."

"What's her name?" "I don't know. She didn't tell me."

"Didn't she sign anything when you paid her?" "I haven't paid her yet."

"But you're going to?" "I suppose so," answered Middleton.

"Well, you'll find out who she is then." And, I say, Middleton, just let me know."

"I will if I can—unless you've found it out before."

The Earl took up his hat with a sigh. "A glorious creature!" he said. "I hope I shall see her some time."

"I think it's very likely, my lord," said Middleton. "Have you any notion where she comes from?" Middleton compromised. He said he understood that the lady was from Monte Carlo.

PROTECT THE COLONIES

Important to America as They Are to Britain.

Washington, Dec. 29.—The improvement of the material, mental and moral condition of the people of a colony, and the methods applied by successful colonizing governments in that work, is the subject of a chapter in the work on "Colonial Administration," just issued by the treasury bureau of statistics. To answer this in a single sentence would be: The introduction and extension of modern civilization and enlightenment. To answer it in detail would be to show what the great colonizing countries of the world have done for the advancement of their colonies during the nineteenth century—the introduction of roads, railways, irrigation works, river and harbor improvements, and through them the development of production and thus of material prosperity; the encouragement of commerce and the adoption of improved conditions of life; the establishment of reliable and permanent forms of currency, with proper banking facilities for the encouragement of thrift among the natives; the establishment of postal and telegraph service for the encouragement of inter-communication among the people of the colony and between them and the outside world; the establishment of steamship lines to connect the colony with the home country and the civilized world; the encouragement of education through schools, colleges, newspapers, libraries and churches; the establishment and proper administration of laws and regulations by which public safety and order are assured.

When it is considered that in India alone, where roads were unknown when the British government assumed control, there are now 150,000 miles of road, of which over 30,000 are "metalled," that the railways in the British colonies now aggregate 63,549 miles, against 33,000 in 1885, a growth in fifteen years exceeding the entire distance around the earth; that the irrigation canals and other works of India are 36,000 miles in extent, and the area irrigated by all methods exceeds thirty million acres, and that although they have cost about 400 million rupees, the value of a single year's crop in the irrigated district above that which it could produce in years of drought is more than the entire cost of the canals, the importance of these public works for the development of agriculture and commerce will be apparent.

BRITISH COLONIES. When it is further considered that the commerce of the British colonies alone has grown from over \$300,000,000 in 1850 to \$2,400,000,000 in 1900, their development under the fostering care of an intelligent method of government and the consequent benefit to the natives as well as the consuming world will be appreciated. The fact that the British colonies were able to import \$1,150,000,000 worth of food, clothing and the comforts of civilized life from other parts of the world in 1899, against \$140,000,000 worth in 1850, the French colonies \$160,000,000 worth in 1897, against \$91,000,000 worth in 1857—an increase of 72.5 per cent. in twelve years—still further emphasizes the increased earning capacity of those colonies and affords some measure of their improved material condition.

When it is further realized that the amount standing to the credit of depositors in savings banks in the British colonies alone, which amounted to \$133,000,000 in 1885, had increased to \$288,000,000 in 1899, an additional evidence of the growth of prosperity and thrift among the people of the colonies will be apparent. When it is seen from official reports that in India alone the number of postoffices has grown from 753 in 1856, to 29,122 in 1898, and that the number of pieces received by the postoffices increased from 75,000,000 in 1860, to 489,000,000 in 1898, the development of intercommunication and of mental as well as business activity among the people may be to some extent measured. Still another evidence of the same is seen in the fact that the telegraph lines in the British colonies have grown from 115,000 miles in 1889, to over 150,000 miles in 1899, thus increasing their length in a single decade by more than the distance around the earth; and that the telegraph lines in those colonies now aggregate more than 70,000 miles in length. When it is further considered that the total number of pupils in the schools of India alone is now nearly 4,500,000, against about 3,500,000 in 1888, and that the expenditure for public instruction was, in 1899, \$6,215,000 rupees, against \$94,000 rupees in 1858, the growth of educational and educational facilities will be to some extent realized, while additional evidence of the general intelligence will be found in the fact that the number of vernacular newspapers published in India in 1897 was 758, and the number of books and magazines published in 1898, 7,437, of which 6,336 were in the native language.

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"Sure them for damages, is it?" said he. "Sure Oi've damages enough already; but Oi'll sue them for pairs."

Nicely furnished rooms at the Copping House, 7th ave. and 8th st.

TRAVELED IN CARAVANS

Many Peers Have Loved the Rover's Life.

The Hon. Eric James Lascelles, son of the late Earl of Harewood and half-brother of the present Earl, who died the other day in the gipsy caravan in which he had elected to spend the last two years of his life, was by no means singular in his love for this particular form of locomotion.

The late Duke of Bedford, for instance, often spent months together travelling from place to place in what he termed his "land-yacht." This particular van was of ash, pine-lined, and having an interior space of about 2 in. This kept the interior warm in winter and cool in summer, and also served to deaden external noises. It contained accommodation for three persons, and was very elaborately finished externally.

The interior, however, was exceedingly plain; and in this respect it showed a striking contrast to the van built some years back for the late Duke of Portland. This was a very elaborate, but exceedingly cumbersome vehicle, being modelled somewhat after the lines of a French diligence. In front was a coupe, the living-room was situated amidships, and in the rear was a tiny but perfectly-appointed kitchen.

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As may well be supposed, pleasure caravans of this highly ornate type "run in" to a lot of money. Even a plain one, which is used by the letter class of gipsies, cannot be had for less than £80 or £90. The prime cost of that mentioned above as belonging to the Duke of Portland was something over £600. Dr. Gordon Stables' well-known "Wanderer," which is of mahogany, lined with maple, and which is generally admitted to be one of the most serviceable if not exactly the most ornate of this class of vehicles, is said to have cost to build only about £300, but then its talented owner superintended every detail of its construction. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro has one which cost about £12,000, but a considerable proportion of this is due to the steel armour in which it is sheathed. He utilizes it in summer for touring about the less-frequented districts of his small but turbulent principality. The most costly caravan ever put

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THE BOY IS SENSITIVE

His Father Ignored His "Merry Christmas" Greeting.

Seattle, Dec. 30.—Little Romeo Hagen, an 11-year-old chap who was sent in to police headquarters yesterday for running away from home, is a bit of a philosopher and gave so quaint an explanation for deserting his friends that the police were both interested and amused. Withal, the case of Romeo is rather puzzling, and it has not yet been decided exactly what shall be done with him.

The little fellow says, in the first place, that his father, who is a carpenter living at Twenty-fourth avenue and Irving street, does not like him; and has frequently punished him without cause. Cause there has been at times, he cheerfully admits. When the stern male parent forced him to stay away from school about two months ago, so he says, for the reason that his teacher sent him home for tearing his clothing and forgetting his books, he felt no sense of resentment, not that he thinks the act of either teacher or parent justified, but for the cogent reason that he does not like to go to school, anyhow, and welcomed a chance to avoid irksome study.

"But after standing a good many things that would make a fellow with any spirit feel sore," he explains, "something happened on Christmas day that I wouldn't stand for from nobody for nothin'. I came down from the bedroom on Christmas day and, walking up to my father, said: 'Merry Christmas!' He only scowled and didn't give me no answer."

"Well, I thought it over for a couple of days, and finally I said to myself: 'A father that ain't got enough love for his son to answer him when he says 'Merry Christmas'—which comes only once a year—ain't got enough love for him to treat him right at any time, and I'll get out of here.'"

So Romeo ran away. His elder brother saw him on the street yesterday, and told Sergeant Leighton that the lad would not come home, so that officer had him taken to police headquarters. Arrived at headquarters, he coolly informed Capt. Ward that he didn't care to tell his troubles to every policeman, but that if he was the "chief boss" he would give him his own version of the runaway.

The father will be sent for today and a conference held to determine what shall be done with this wayward offspring. The lad says his mother treats him kindly, and once took him into the house and placed him in a room until his father's anger had subsided after an incident as the result of which he had ordered the boy to leave home. He likes his mother and would prefer to be with her, but he declares in the most emphatic manner that he wants no more to do with a father who would not answer his "Merry Christmas."

Stole to Music. Chicago, Dec. 29.—The weird music of a phonograph was not accepted as a warning by Adolph Atzel, 179 Sangamon street, and his failure to take alarm and stop the machine resulted in his being robbed of a pair of opera glasses, a diamond ring valued at \$100, \$7, a table cover and other articles.

Atzel lives in a comfortable flat with his brother and sister-in-law. Before retiring Atzel wound the phonograph. At 2 o'clock in the morning he was aroused by the strains of a "rag-time" air. He was about to get up and investigate when it occurred to him that the phonograph was making the noise.

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FEMALE CRIMINAL

In Wicked Chicago Is Accused of Witchcraft.

Chicago, Dec. 29.—Practically accused of witchcraft, a woman hypnotist, pale and excited, conducting her own legal battle, was the central figure in a case before Justice James Dooley. The courtroom was crowded with neighbors of Mrs. Helen Roth, who gazed with fear and awe at her neighbor who had been accused of witchcraft.

The witnesses seemed to fear that the defendant might turn her sharp eyes upon them, and put them into a trance. Justice Dooley denies that the magnetic gaze of the defendant affected him in the least, but he permitted her to sign her own bonds. He also forgot the important item of collecting his fee for the bond.

Mrs. Mary Donovan, of 1129 Cortez street, appeared in the role of complainant. She charged the defendant with assault, making threats, and disorderly conduct. Mrs. Donovan said that Mrs. Roth called at her home fifteen times a day for a week and sought to induce her to become a Christian Scientist. She testified that Mrs. Roth succeeded in hypnotizing her husband, Daniel Donovan.

"She made some queer signs at my husband, made him look into her eyes, and then he went into a trance. She made him believe that he could see all sorts of beautiful things when all he was looking at was the kitchen stove," she said.

This experiment caused the breach between Mrs. Donovan and Mrs. Roth. A week ago the women met on the street. Mrs. Donovan said she was rendered absolutely helpless when Mrs. Roth simply looked at her. "I was powerless," declared the witness, "and while in that state I could not defend myself. Mrs. Roth, after getting me in her power, struck me several blows in the face and told me she would wither me from the face of the earth by human electricity."

George Bubbrey, driver of a milk wagon, was called as a witness. He said he feared Mrs. Roth and that all his neighbors had the same feeling toward her. He added: "My friend, Mr. Cendars, had trouble with Mrs. Roth, and one of his horses died. The other is sick. Neighbors told me that if I bought any milk from Mrs. Roth they would boycott me. They were afraid to drink milk from her cow."

Some of the witnesses for the prosecution having failed to appear, it

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