# VERONICA

## AN ARTIST'S IDEAL

Lister paused breathlessly on the pillared porch, as the girl emerged from the shadow of the church door and the sunlight fell upon her face and form.

It was the vision that had been hovering in the artist's fancy for months; the stately, graceful figure, the creamy magnolia bloom of the cheek, the dark sadness of the eye, the pitying tenderness of the lips. It was the Veronica of his unfinished picture; the picture he hoped to make his masterpiece. He had begun with light heart and careless touch, but slowly the divine tragedy of the scene had grown upon him, and his artist hand and spirit had become changed, chastened, reverent, as he worked on.

There was only Veronica to finish; Veronica, whom he had left to the last. The marble porch of her palace was outlined, the maids startled at their mistress' boldness, the form divine staggering under the cross, blinded with blood and sweat at her door.

But Veronica, as she had grown in his artist thoughts and dreams, eluded him. More than once she had started out faintly from his canvas, only to be brushed away impatiently as unworthy of his ideal, the woman sublime in her pity and tenderness, whose deed has come down the ages in Christian prayer and Christian prayer and Christian story, "Veronica Wiping the Face of Christ."

He had come to this old church hoping that in the dim, religious light the thought might grow upon him—and now he faced it at the door—Veronica herself, fair, stately, fearless, his dream, glowing with beautiful life. He must have her as a model at any cost. He watched her as she passed through the crowd, hoping she would recognize some mutual acquaintance, but she hurried on, unnoted and unnoticing, while he followed at a distance, eager and resolute.

The "conventions" stood between them, but he must dare them in the name of art. She led him far, into the shabby, narrow streets he seldom trod, and at last, as if weary, she paused in a bit of dusty park, where the wintry trees gathered around a choked fountain, and sat down to rest.

And then Lister dared.

"I beg pardon," he said, drawing near her, while she started up, flushed and indignant. "This is an unwarrantable liberty, I know—" and the grave courtesy of his voice and manner somewhat reassured her—"I am Hugh Lester, the artist of whom Father C——, whose church you have just left, will speak kindly, I know. I have been at work on an altar piece for the new church of St. Veronica, but so far have failed to complete it to my own satisfaction. You, if you will forgive an artist's boldness, have the ideal face and form for my titular figure. The picture I hope to make a notable one in religious art; my studio is well known, my dear mother is its guardian and its chaperon. A few sittings from you would be a favor which—"

"You mean you wish to paint me?" she interrupted, while the color came and went on her cheek.

"As Veronica—the strong, pitying, beautiful Veronica of the Gospel," he said, and then as she hesitated and he saw her surroundings, he added hurriedly, "it will be a favor which I can never repay, but if—if money is in any way an object with you—"

"It is," she answered eagerly; "it is. Oh, yes, I—I need money very much."

"My terms will be ten dollars an hour to you," he said.

"Ten dollars an hour! An hour!" she exclaimed. "But surely that is too much."

"Not for all the help you will give me. At double the price the obligation would still be mine. Here is my card: make inquiries as you think best, and then you can come at 10 o'clock to-morrow?"

"At 10 o'clock tomorrow?" she repeated. "Yes; I will come—if—if—" again she hesitated, and the soft flush dyed the creamy bloom of her cheek—"if I may be simply 'Veronica' to you—and nothing more—"

"Simply 'Veronica,'" he answered, gravely. "It is all I ask."

And he held to his word. She gave no other name and he did not ask for one. She was simply "Veronica" to him in the days that followed—days that brought her every morning to his studio to don the rich robe and veil of the Hebrew woman and pose at his will. He said little to her, but as she stood before him every line and curve of the pitying, tender face responding to his word, a spell grew upon him that he could not resist.

He worked slowly, that the beautiful time might linger; slowly, laboriously, with infinite care and wonderful success. Veronica stood out at last upon the canvas, his ideal of all that was beautiful and the vision of his dreams. Then one tender and gracious in womanhood, morning the mail brought him a brief note that chilled and darkened all things to him.

"I can come to you no more," it ran. "Thank you for your kindness, which I shall never forget, and sometimes give a friendly thought to 'Veronica.'"

He crushed the bit of paper in his hand, as if it left a sting, and started to his feet in the fierce rebellious indignation of one suddenly robbed—defrauded.

She would come no more! Ah, she should, she must! He could not spare her yet; the picture was unfinished, the soft curve of the cheek, the shadow of the eyes, the delicate sweep of the hair, were all incomplete—she must come back. He needed her—for hours, for days, for weeks perhaps.

And he searched eagerly, lingering around the old church where he had first met her, inquiring of the pastor, to whom, in truth, he could give little clew, hunting the dusky park where he had spoken to her; even advertising cautiously in the daily papers. All in vain, Veronica had vanished utterly out of his life. And he turned the unfinished picture to the wall, and driven to the restlessness of disappointment went abroad—to steady, if possible, heart and hand.

"And you won't come, Lister?"

"No; emphatically no," was the reply, as the speaker stretched himself lazily on the grassy terrace of the old Italian garden.

"It is the third invitation I have brought you. What am I to tell Miss Carmichael?"

"Anything you please—that I am too sick, too surly, too savage, for social functions. I won't be, to paraphrase the immortal lines, 'butchered to make a Roman holiday' for a woman who has half the Eternal City at her feet. The American heiress abroad has always been my special aversion. She is so glowingly out of tone."

"Have you ever seen Vera Carmichael?" asked the other, with the air of one possessing his soul in patience.

"Never," replied Hugh Lister. "And I never wish to see her. I understand she has the auriferous halo of multi-millions that must make her one of the worst of her kind."

"'Pon my word, you ought to be burned at the stake for heresy against such grace and loveliness," burst forth his friend, impetuously.

"Forgive me, Milton, old fellow. You are struck hard, I see. I suppose it is a little tough on you to explain away my churlishness. So, for your sake, I'll go. I'll show up at Miss Carmichael's fiesta tonight and do proper homage to this Queen of Hearts."

And Miss Carmichael's fiesta was a scene to delight even an artist's eye, when, at 9 o'clock that night, Hugh Lister kept his reluctant word.

Colored lights gleamed like jewels in the rich foliage of grove and garden; strains of soft music filled the fragrant air, the old palazzo rose as if carved of ivory, against the deep blue of the Italian sky. There was no formal reception. Miss Carmichael's guests were free to wander as they pleased, until the midnight banquet drew them to meet their beautiful hostess in her regal hall.

One view from a marble terrace was so noble and far-reaching that it held Lister spell-bound, and he was lingering there delightedly when a voice beside him spoke his name in tones that made his heart leap. He turned mute, breathless. Surely it was a vision born of the magical beauty of the night that faced him—robed in white, lustrous garments arched by the starry glory of the Italian skies.

"Veronica!" he found voice at last to say. "Is it Veronica?"

"At last," she said, holding out both hands in joyous welcome, "at last you have come. Oh, you must have thought hard, strange, cruel things of me. I am sure—"

"Hard, strange, cruel," he echoed, as he held the white hands—warm, living, real in his own. "Oh, no, no, no! Am I waking? Is—is it a dream—to find you again here—?

"Then you don't know?" she murmured. "Ah, I thought you did, I thought you were avoiding me. I thought many bitter things, and wanted to see you and explain all—all the trouble that I was in when I met you. I had become a Catholic, and Uncle Duncan was furious with me. He had all an old Covenanter's prejudice. He said things that I could not bear. I left him—left my home. I went to N—— to my cousin, the cousin who was like a sister to me. I found she had just closed her apartments and sailed for Europe, and I was alone—a stranger among strangers, without money or friends. Eleanor's old Irish nurse took me to her little home, but Uncle Duncan was swearing he would starve me out of my Popery, and I had nothing. It was then I met you. I had been praying for help and guidance and you came. And you were so good, so kind, so considerate. Ah, those days in your studio I can never forget!"

"Nor I. I have been starving heart and soul since you left me, Veronica—"

"I had to go," she answered. "Uncle Duncan was stricken down suddenly and sent for me. He died in my arms, poor old man, and then I came abroad. Our picture—is it finished?"

"No. You left it as you did my life—incomplete. Is there hope for either?"

"For both," she said softly. "If you need Veronica again—"

"Need her! God knows I do! Not for hours or days or weeks—but for all time—all eternity," was the impassioned answer.

"For all time, all eternity," the echo came almost too low for his ear, but the radiant smile of the beautiful face was the revelation.

"Vera, Vera, Miss Carmichael!" called merry voices from the terrace stairs. "Where is she? Vera!"

"Vera! Vera Carmichael!" exclaimed Lister, a sudden light flashing upon his bewildered mind.

"My prosaic name to other mortals," she answered, laughing up in his astonished face, "but to you—to you always and ever—"

"Veronica," he said, as the merry crowd came pressing up the terrace in search of the queen of the fiesta. "Veronica always until I can give you the sweeter, holier one of wife."

—Mary T. Waggaman, in Benziger's.


# CURED HIS WIFE of LA GRIPPE

## Quebec Man tells how the Great Consumptive Preventative was an all-round Benefit

"My wife took La Grippe when she was in Ottawa," says R. N. Dafoe of Northfield Farm, Que., in an interview. "She got a bottle of Psychine and after using it for a few days she was quite well. I took a cold and am using it and am getting all right. I think Psychine is one of the best tonics on the market to-day."

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Mrs. A. Lethangue, of Ballyduff, Ont., writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move around the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and dizziness; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my housework. After using two bottles of B.B.B. I found my health fully restored. I can truly say that it is all that you claim it to be."


# Treasures of Ancient Egypt

In a fascinating article in a recent number of the Pall Mall Magazine, Mr. Rider Haggard, the novelist, revives for us, in a finely illustrated article, the glories of Thebes, the city of pomp and valor that Homer sang.

It is calculated that science, in its zeal, and greed, and hunger, have between them rifled here about a million tombs, while others are being discovered day by day. Beyond that hill in the foot of which is hollowed the beautiful temple of Queen Hatshepu, the wise and strong, whose deep grave at the back of it was excavated but last year and found empty of her body, lies the Valley of Dead Kings. It is a solemn and indeed an awful place, naked and sere to the eye, blasted as it were into everlasting barrenness by the very breath of Osiris, god of the dead. These few acres of ground were their Westminster Abbey; one of the greatest things that a man among them could hope was that his statue might be accorded the honor of a place in its side chapels.

The temple of Karnac, the reader may think it but a ruin, which in some few centuries must utterly disappear. Happily this is not so. Had it not been for the English occupation of Egypt, doubtless it would have disappeared, since the lapse of time, the bigotry, and the rage of man, the weakness of its foundations—for jerry building was not unknown to the Egyptians—and the shock of earthquake have all combined to bring it to its end.

Thus, in 1899, no less than 11 of the huge columns fell, while more were threatened. Since then, however, Monsieur Degrain, an official of the Egyptian Antiquities department has taken the thing in hand, and worked wonders, especially when the very modest funds at his disposal are considered. The great columns are composed of vast blocks of stone divided in the center. These blocks, which otherwise could not be dealt with without powerful machinery, the foundations having first been made good, he manipulated as the old Egyptians did—namely, by building a slope of sand to the required height, up which they are dragged upon little tramways and so relaid in their proper places. When the column is finished the sand is removed and made use of to fill in some hollow. He is of the opinion that by such means as these, given time and a moderate amount of money, he will be able to rebuild Karnac.

For my part I believe that he made no vain boast. I inquired of him how he would manage in case of the gigantic roof slabs that rest upon the tops of the pillars in the Hypostyle Hall, many of which are entirely broken up and have vanished. He answered that he would replace them with blocks of cement, which from below it would be impossible to distinguish from those of stone. Also he proposes to set in the various chapels casts of the statues that once stood there, taken from the originals, of which so many are now scattered among the museums of the world. Indeed, in some instances, this has been done already, and with excellent effect.

In short, I believe that travellers of the next generation will behold the unequalled fame of Karnac very much as it was when our Pharaoh of 3000 years ago marched up to its halls.

Monsieur Legrain has made a great discovery. When excavating a subterranean temple of crypt he found a large stele or funeral slab, and beneath it an enormous cache of statues, which at some period had been thrown into a well. At the time when I visited Karnac these were being dragged from the mud in which they had rested for millennia. Indeed 130 had already been recovered, relics of every age of Egyptian art, and many of them of extraordinary beauty, though some of them were much calcined by fire—perhaps at the time of the burning of the temple of Cambyses. Some of them are of the greatest artistic beauty and merit—portraits for the most part of royalties and archbishops who ruled and flourished during the 2000 years or so when Thebes of the Hundred Gates was in its glory.


# LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become bound and costive. The symptoms are a feeling of fulness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

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# SURPRISE SOAP

A PURE HARD


# Cardinal Gibbons and Ireland

The London Tribune contains a very interesting letter describing the rejoicings at Baltimore, which recently celebrated its centenary. In the course of the letter is given the following interview which the correspondent had with Cardinal Gibbons:

To the Cardinal I must needs pay my respects, and his Eminence was kind enough to accord me an interview. Cardinal Gibbons is easily amongst the half-dozen most notable men in the United States. He is an Irishman. True, he was born in Baltimore. His parents were Irish, and took their child at a very early age back to the old country to their former home, and there the lad began his education. The family returned to the United States, and resided at New Orleans in 1848. The future Cardinal was then a lad of fourteen. He was the boy of promise.

The Irish are a faithful people and give of their best to God. The youth received his education in Maryland, and has spent his entire clerical career in Baltimore, and there he is to-day revered and beloved, and loved most by those who know him best. He is in his seventy-second year, but you would not think it to look at him or to watch him walking the street—fifty-two or three at the most, you would say. Alert, vigorous, with a keen, intellectual face, and an open face withal, carrying at times a beautiful smile, and at other times marked by rigidity that signifies resolution and power.

You may write him down as one that loves his fellow-men. A man of great discernment and some distinction in the United States said to me of the Cardinal: "He is a man for whom all sorts and conditions of people, regardless of religion and politics, have a profound respect." His sympathies are with the toiling masses. Then on Home Rule the Cardinal has always been steadfast. He is a great lover of Ireland. When he speaks of that country, plain to be seen is "the lovelight in his eye" and charming is his brogue. For the Cardinal has a sweet and tender voice. But his Eminence is before everything a profoundly religious man and a devoted priest—a real prince of the Church. His published works are evidence enough of that. He is the author of several books that enjoy great popularity. Among them are "The Faith of Our Fathers," "Our Christian Heritage," and "The Ambassador of Christ."

To meet such a man was a very high privilege, and I was rejoiced to find him quite ready to talk about matters of supreme interest to the people of Great Britain. I intimated that there was some curiosity at home concerning what had been described as a "Gibbons Syndicate," for placing Irish farmers on suitable land in the United States. His Eminence smiled at the idea of a syndicate, observing that there was no such thing, and proceeded:

"The great curse to the Irish people in this country is the fact that they have been dumped upon our towns and cities and have remained there. A small proportion of the Irish people, especially those of the more comfortable sort, had the good fortune to escape from New York, and the other great cities of the coast, and to pursue their way to Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, and other Western States, where they engaged in agricultural pursuits; and now they are steady and comfortable, and an honor to the land of their fathers. There is a very large percentage of descendants of Irish emigrants settled in Iowa, especially, and also in Illinois.

"If some organization could be established in Ireland to effect the purchase of tracts of land in our Western country, and even in our Eastern—Maryland, for example—and bring thrifty Irish emigrants to settle there, it would be the greatest blessing that could accrue to the children of Ireland. But it should be done systematically. Purchase the land—make a good purchase of land—have discreet and honest agents for the purpose, and the settlers would become useful and honorable citizens of this country. They might not attain colossal wealth, but they would achieve a competency. Of course I would prefer to see them remain where they are, but if they are to come to this country let them come in this manner. The towns are to be avoided.

"With regard to this State—Maryland—it seems to me that a judicious agent should be engaged by a society at home to examine the land in St. Mary's and Charles counties. I mention these in particular because the people are largely Catholic and the newcomers would find congenial neighbors. Then the land is cheap, fish is abundant, oysters, too, and if land cultivation went on a large measure of prosperity would be certain. Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Spalding have established colonies in Nebraska and Minnesota, and these have been a great success, pretty much on these lines. But the great point is not to go blindly to work, but to see the land and ascertain its value first."

His Eminence then went on to speak of Home Rule. He expressed himself unable to understand why England refused self-government to Ireland. "Why," he asked, "should not Irishman do as well in Ireland as they do in America? Here in this city," the Cardinal went on to say, "we have Mr. O'Neill, one of the finest business men in Baltimore, head of the largest dry goods store in the city. The conditions of America tend to the production of such men. Let England make the conditions in Ireland similar—grant Home Rule, that is to say—and the type of character would be produced that can alone build up large and prosperous industrial concerns. It would surely be better for England to have Ireland contented and prosperous."

I was glad to be able to assure his Eminence that much had been done to advance the cause of Ireland and that the country was within measurable distance of Home Rule. His Eminence rejoiced to receive this assurance, and regretted that there should be any lack of solidarity among the Irish people at this juncture.

Mr. Redmond, he said, had done very well, and ought to be supported by the Irish people, and he added that very serious indeed would be the offence of those who assumed the responsibility of creating mischievous divisions.


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