

1881-CHRISTMAS-1881

Knapp Bros.

WISH to announce to their friends and the public generally, that they are prepared to supply all who may come with anything they may need in the shape of

Christmas Groceries

THE STOCK IS LARGE AND COMPREHENSIVE

SUGARS, MOLASSES, TEAS, AMBER SYRUP, SPICES (all kinds), BISCUITS, RICE, STARCH, COFFEES, PICKLES, BEANS, CORN, SOY, MACARONI, CITRUS, GELATINE, &c.

IN CANNED GOODS WE HAVE:

Lozenges, Tomatoes, Marmalade, Oysters, Peaches, Corn, Canned Beef, Pine Apples, Apples, Cherries, Quinces, &c.

We have also added a line of Staple DRY GOODS to our Stock, which we have marked at bottom prices.

IN BOOTS AND SHOES we can supply you at prices which defy competition.

IN THIS DEPARTMENT WE HAVE:

Mens' Long, Congress, and Lace Boots. Youth's do. do. do. Children's do. do. do. Womens' Lace and Button Boots, in Leather and Serge. Misses' Lace and Button Boots, in Leather only. Children's Lace and Button Boots, in Leather only. Mens' and Womens' OVERSHOES and RUBBERS.

This line is worthy of your inspection, and we cordially invite you to give us an early call.

A Full Stock of Confectionery on hand

CROCKERYWARE AND GLASSWARE, OF ALL KINDS.

As it will be an impossibility for us to call on all our customers personally, before Christmas, we take the present opportunity of wishing you, one and all,

A Merry Christmas, & A Happy New Year.

KNAPP BROS.

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GREAT DISPLAY OF CHRISTMAS CARDS AT C. A. BOWSER'S.

GREAT OFFERS!

I HAVE the best stock of Christmas Cards in America, and I want a good live agent in every city, town and village to sell them for me. The demand for Christmas Cards, this year, promises to be larger than ever before. Whoever begins in season is sure to do a profitable business. I want you to try. It is not necessary to buy a large stock to start with. In order to give all a chance to see what they can do, and without risking much money, I have put up Trial Packages, as follows:

No. 1. For 50 cents I will send to any address, by return mail, free of postage, 25 extra fine Christmas Cards, including some of Prang's, and also rich imported Cards. These will sell like hot cakes at from 5 to 10 cents each. An hour's work selling these Cards will give you a profit of at least 75 cents.

No. 2. For \$1.00 I will send to any address, by return mail, free of postage, a particularly choice variety, which will easily retail for \$3.50, giving you as the result of a few hours' pleasant work a profit of \$2.50.

EMBOSSING PICTURES. To accommodate families, small dealers, and those who wish to act as my agents, I have decided to put up the following packages of these attractive goods: Package No. 2 contains 18 full sheets, well assorted. Price, 50 cents. Package No. 3 contains 25 full sheets, including large flowers and other special attractions. Price, \$1.00.

HANDSOME CHROMOS, ONLY \$1.00 PER 100. They are a bonanza for any one who is willing to work. Easy selling and big profits.

VELVET FRAMES. Best variety possible. Lowest prices ever quoted. 25 cent Silk Velvet Frame, Cabinet size, is the best bargain ever offered. Sent by mail, postage free.

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THE MYSTERIOUS SKETCH.

(From the French of M. M. Erkman-Chatrian.)

I.

Opposite the chapel of Saint-Sebastien, in Nuremberg, at the corner of Trabant-street, there stands a little inn, high and narrow, with notched gables, dusty windows, and the roof surmounted by a plaster Virgin. It was there that I passed the saddest days of my life. I had gone to Nuremberg to study the old German masters; but, for want of ready money, I was obliged to paint portraits—and such portraits! Fat old

gossips, with cats on their knees; aldermen in wigs; burgomasters in cocked hats; the whole lavishly illuminated with ochre and vermilion. From portraits I descended to silhouettes.

There is nothing so pitiful as to have your landlord constantly at your back, with pinched lips, cracked voice, and impudent air, coming every day to say to you:—

"Look here, now; will you pay me again, monsieur? Do you know how much your bill amounts to? No, that does not disturb you; monsieur cuts, drinks, and sleeps quietly. The Lord will provide. Monsieur's bill amounts to two hundred florins and ten kreutzers—it is really not worth mentioning!"

Those who have not heard this tale can form an idea of it; the love of art, the imagination, the sacred enthusiasm of the beautiful withers at the breath of such a fellow. You become awkward, timid; all your energy is lost, as well as the feeling of your own personal dignity, and you bow at a respectful distance, to Mr. Schneegans, the burgomaster!

One night, without a copper, as usual, and threatened with prison by my worthy Master Kap, I resolved to make him bankrupt by cutting my throat. With this agreeable thought sitting on my truckle bed in front of the window, I gave myself up to various philosophic reflections, more or less pleasing:

"What is man? I asked myself; an omnivorous animal; his jaws, provided with eye-teeth, incisors,

and molars, prove it sufficiently. The eye-teeth are made to tear meat; the incisors to cut fruit, and the molars to masticate, grind, and triturate animal and vegetable substances agreeable to the taste and smell. But when there is nothing to masticate, this being a real nonsense in nature—the fifth wheel of a coach.

Such were my reflections. I did not dare to open my razor for fear that the inevitable force of my logic would not inspire me with courage to finish. After further meditations in this style I put out my light, putting off the continuation till the morrow.

That abominable Rap had completely besotted me. I thought then of nothing in art but silhouettes; and my one desire was to have money to rid me of his odious presence. But that very night a singular revolution took place in my mind. I woke up towards one o'clock. I relighted my lamp, and, enveloping myself in my grey rough-coat, I rushed upon a paper a rapid sketch of the Dutch style—something strange and bizarre, which had no affinity with my usual conceptions.

Imagine a dark courtyard, shut in between lofty but broken-down walls. These walls are studded with hooks seven or eight feet from the ground. You might guess, at first sight, a slaughter-house.

To the left extends a trellis of laths, through which you perceive a quartered ox suspended to the arch by enormous pulleys. Large pools of blood swim on the flagstones and unite in a gutter full of shapeless rubbish.

The light comes from above, between the chimneys, whose weather-cocks stand out against a corner of

the sky as large as your hand, and the roofs of the neighboring houses throw their strong shadows from storey to storey.

At the back of this den there is a shed, under the shed a pile of wood on the wood a stepladder, a few trusses of hay, some bands of rope, a chicken-coop, and an old, broken-down rabbit-lutch.

How did these irregular details present themselves to my imagination? I do not know; I had no recollection of anything like them and yet each stroke of the pencil was an act of observation, fantastic by the dint of its truth. Nothing was wanting.

But to the right a corner of the sketch remained blank. I did not know what to put. There was something agitated—something moved. All at once I saw a foot—an upturned foot—detached from the ground. Notwithstanding this improbable position, I followed the inspiration without accounting for my own thought. The foot met a leg; on the leg, stretched with effort, soon flapped the bottom of a dress. Briefly there appeared, slowly an old woman, gaitly, wasted, dishevelled, held over the edge of a wall, and struggling against a fist which was grasping her throat. It was a scene of murder which I drew. The pencil fell from my hand.

That woman in the extraordinary attitude, her back doubled up on the brink of the well, the face contracted with terror, the two hands clasped around the arm of the murderer frightened me. I dared not look at her. But the man—the owner of this arm—I did not see him. It was impossible for me to finish it.

"I am tired," I told myself, with my forehead bathed in perspiration; "there only remained the figure to finish. I will do it to-morrow. It will be easy."

And I went to bed again, quite frightened at my vision. Five minutes after I slept profoundly.

In the morning I was up at the break of day. I had just dressed myself, and I was preparing to take up my interrupted work, when two little taps fell upon the door.

"Come in,"

The door opened. A tall and thin man, already old, dressed in black,

appeared on the threshold. The physiognomy of this man—his eyes near together, his big nose, like an eagle's beak, surrounded by a large, bony forehead—was somewhat severe.

He saluted me gravely:—"Mr. Christian Venius, the painter," said he.

He bowed again, adding:—"The Baron Frederick von Spreckel."

The appearance of the rich amateur, von Spreckel, judge of the criminal tribunal, in my poor garret, made a lively impression on me. I could not help casting a furtive glance on my old, worn-out furniture, on my damp curtains and my dusty floor. I felt humiliated by such a state of dilapidation. But von Spreckel said not a word to notice these details; and, seating himself before my little table:—"Master Venius," he continued: "But, at the same instant, his eyes rested on the unfinished sketch. He did not end his sentence. I had traced myself on the edge of the pallet, and the sudden attention which this mighty personage accorded to one of my productions made my heart beat with an indefinable apprehension.

After a minute von Spreckel raised his head:—"Are you the author of this sketch?" said he, looking attentively at me.

"Yes, sir."

"What is the price?"

"I do not sell my sketches. It is a study for a picture."

"Ah," said he, lifting the paper with the tip of his long, yellow fingers.

He took a magnifying glass from his vest pocket, and began to study the drawing in silence.

The sun was then coming obliquely into the garret, von Spreckel did not utter a word; his big nose was curved like a claw, his heavy eyebrows contracted, and his chin, turning upwards in a peak, hollowed a thousand little wrinkles in his long, lean cheeks. The silence was so profound that I heard distinctly the plaintive buzz of a fly caught in a spider's web.

"And the dimensions of this painting," Master Venius? said he at last, without looking at me.

"Three feet by four."

"The price?"

"Fifty ducats,"

Von Spreckel placed the drawing on the table, and I drew from his pocket a long green silk purse, stretched out in the form of a pear. He slipped aside the rings.

"Fifty ducats," he said; "here they are."

I was dazzled.

The Baron had arisen; he bowed to me, and I heard his big cane with the ivory apple re-sound at every step to the end of the staircase. Then, recovered from my stupor, I remembered all at once that I had not thanked him, and I descended the five storeys like lightning; but, arrived at the threshold, I looked in vain to the right and left, the street was deserted.

"Well," said I, "that's queer!"

And I went up the staircase, panting.

TO BE CONTINUED.

One Experience from Many.

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