

HER UNLUCKY CAREER

A MODEL WHO THINKS SHE HAS A MISSION.

She Preaches to the Artists of Gotham—Something About Her Life and What She Strives to Accomplish—Has Studied Medicine.

HERE is a model known to many of the artists of New York, whose eccentricities have made her the subject of amused comment at the numerous semi-bohemian gatherings where artists meet to discuss their own talents and the lack of taste exhibited by an unappreciative public.

The model is merely known as Mrs. Cook, although it is believed that she hides her identity behind a fictitious name. She belongs to a great and ever increasing army of women who graduate in some profession with a failure of trumpets and a shout of encouragement from friends and are never afterward heard of outside their own homes.

Castling about for a means of filling the little mouths, Mrs. Cook found that her features, which still remained girlish and pretty, would do for her what her thin figure and arms would not—procure her work as an artist's model. So far her case does not differ materially from that of many other models, as any artist knows. The eccentricity, so called, that speedily made her conspicuous in the ranks of models was her determined attempt to turn the model throne into the pulpit at the expense of the artist.

Her texts were: "Higher Spiritual Life" and "Lower Animal Fare." Ascetic herself to a degree, Mrs. Cook is no very attractive advertisement for the cause she preaches, but she steadily pounds away on the evils of meat eating during the progress of a sitting and pursues her missionary work with a zeal worthy of a better field.

The artist who hires the model knows that the sitting would be enlivened by a sermon that would do



MRS. COOK.

Justice to a Presbyterian pulpit. Some artists like it, others are habitually so much absorbed in their work that the preacher sitting on the model throne, wearing a costume very much unsuited to the subject in hand, can drone to any extent without disturbing them.

There are still others to whom the model's preaching has become burdensome, and these have cut her off their list of availables. They have been unkind enough to assert that the failure of the woman as a physician was due to her patients becoming weary of the everlasting discourse on the help of the mind and the body of doing without one meal a day, confining the remaining two to potatoes and cabbage and thereby growing in grace.

Many of the artists tolerate the preacher model for the sake of her face, which makes a very interesting study for a certain class of pictures. After a particularly long sermon from the model during the progress of a recent sitting, the artist who was the victim on that occasion was asked what he thought of the arguments.

"Argument?" he answered. "Was there any? Oh, yes, she talked and talked against meat eating and questioned me concerning my spiritual welfare, and all the time I was bothered about the bones in her arms. Did you ever see, out of a coffin, a thinner arm? I have the bones all right, in their right places, that is all. Now I must look for some young girl with a pretty arm to finish the painting."

When the picture was exhibited the artist, as is usual with the members of the craft, both young and old, mixed with the visitors to the gallery to hear the criticisms.

"Oh, what an innocent, youthful face!" was the exclamation he heard most frequently. "And how spiritual!" The latter criticism the artist readily indorsed.

It is not recorded that the preacher-model has made any converts, but she carries on her crusade as actively as ever, and moves among the artists with her Madonna-like face and her thin figure like a reincarnation of a fifteenth century nun.

A Moving Scene. It was, indeed, a moving sight to see the frantic man attempt to rescue bric-a-brac from underneath the van. —Detroit News.

AN ARCTIC HIGHLANDER.

How Mr. Albert Opetri Took a Cast of His Bust Under Difficulties.

Mr. Albert Opetri, who was a member of the sixth Peary expedition, has had an exhibition during the last week the bust of a Cape York native, or Arctic highlander, the term used by Sir John Ross in referring to this people, says the New York Herald. It is the result of a cast taken farther north than any other heretofore. It has an ethnological as well as an artistic interest. Mr. Opetri states that he selected his model for his almost perfect anatomy and great strength. He also took cast of his limbs and torso. "He was the best hunter in a tribe of a race that is possibly the oldest on the face of the globe but which may be extinct in 100 years more," said Mr. Opetri yesterday. "We brought him on board our vessel, took him down into the hold where it was warmest and, after a good deal of persuasion, with the assistance of Lieut. Peary, I laid him flat on his back, placed the quills in his nose and paper over his eyes and then proceeded to pour the plaster of paris over his face. Several attempts were unsuccessful, owing to the plaster freezing, the temperature being 23 degrees Fahrenheit, and the material eight or ten degrees colder. The thumping of the vessel against the ice floes also rendered the work more difficult for me and very uncomfortable for my model, who, nevertheless, underwent his novel experience with remarkable patience. The cast was made in Ingfield gulf, which is 78 degrees 24 minutes north. I am going to give the bust to Lieut. Peary. My model's race numbers more than 250 persons. Many die every year from want of food. They are gentle in manner and as a rule small in stature." The bust shows a head of rather large proportions. The eyes are deepset and the features generally strong. Mr. Opetri has colored it to conform with the natural hue of his model's skin, which is a light chocolate brown.

ENTOMBED IN ICE.

Bodies Are Preserved for Years and Then Come to Light.

A skeleton has been found in one of the fissures of the Ademello glacier, in the Southern Tyrol, which is thought to be that of an American tourist of the name of Ruth, who disappeared in 1890. These fissures cleave glaciers at all angles, and it is easy to slip into one of them. When once in, it is hardly possible to escape without help from above, and the warmth of the body melts the ice around, so that the victim slowly descends by the weight of his own body into the depths of the glacier, and generally starves to death. On looking into these fissures the most beautiful play of light in blue and green and rainbow colors is seen. But these are best enjoyed from the safe vantage ground of the upper, outside world, rather than down in the depths and close at hand. In some instances, it is said, bodies have been preserved down in these fissures in the ice for years.

A New Flooring Material.

The name of papyrolith is given to a novelty in flooring material which has lately been invented by Otto Kraner of Chemnitz, Germany, the article being a special preparation of paper pulp which is in the form of a dry powder. When mixed with water it may be spread like mortar, over stone, cement, or wood, where it dries quickly and may be smoothed planed, besides which it may be tinted almost any color, in this way adapting it for parquetry with variegated borders, or for panels and mosaics. Among the various advantages claimed by the inventor for the use of this product are freedom from crevices, deadening of noises, and poor conduction of heat; also considerable elasticity, safety from fire, and remarkable durability. It may be employed, too, for wainscoting and other architectural purposes as well as for flooring.

Our Coins.

From Harper's Weekly: Pursuant to a resolution of the last congress, the Philadelphia mint is to begin this month to make experiments with new metals and combinations of metals to determine whether any improvement can be made in our present copper and nickel coinage. It may give us aluminum cents in place of the copper pieces now in use, and possibly a new species of five-cent pieces, made entirely of nickel, or perhaps half of nickel and half of copper. There is also a suggestion of copper in the present five-cent piece that it is a surprise to read that 75 per cent of it is copper and only 25 per cent nickel. The present cent contains 95 per cent of copper, 2 per cent of tin, and 3 per cent of zinc. The objection is made to it that it is hard to distinguish by feeling between a cent and a silver ten-cent piece.

When You Sneeze.

The old custom of saying "God bless you!" when one sneezes is still quite common in some oriental lands, and is heard not infrequently in this country. In the time of Gregory the Great the air at a certain season of the year was filled with a rank vapor or malaria and those who sneezed were stricken with sudden death. Gregory devised a prayer to be uttered when the paroxysm of sneezing was felt approaching in hope it would avert death, and this ejaculation is a survival of it. Great results have grown from a sneeze. The fate of the Greek army was decided by a sneeze. When Xenophon was delivering his famous address to the army urging it to be firm and bold, a sounding sneeze came from the ranks, and this, being accepted as an omen, all tents were burned and the famous retreat begun.

HONEYMOON UP NORTH

THE BRIDE PROVES PROWESS SHOOTING POLAR BEARS.

Shooting the Chief Diversion During the Tedious Months When the Bonds of Ice Hold All Rigid—Trophies Won by Valor.



(San Francisco Letter.) HONEYMOON trip to the Arctic. Of all the desolate, dreary places one could imagine to take a bride on a wedding trip the polar seas take the lead, but Mrs. Joseph Whiteside, who returned to San Francisco a few days ago from just such a trip, says a pleasanter journey could not be planned. It is not every one that can take such a trip. The husband is the captain of the steam whaler Belvedere, and early in the spring of last year when the vessel was fitting out for a whaling cruise to the Arctic Capt. Whiteside quietly turned his command over to his chief officer and boarded the overland train with a ticket in his pocket for New Bedford, that home of whalers. It was from that port that the Belvedere's master started on his first hunt for whales, and it was there that his heart had long been in the keeping of a sweet-faced woman who had been his schoolmate before he ever dreamed of becoming a blubber hunter. The young whaler had developed into a careful, daring and efficient Arctic mariner and he was given command



THE WHITESIDES.

a vessel. Then when the Belvedere was sent to the Pacific to hunt in the more prolific seas north of the Alaskan coast Whiteside was chosen as the most capable man to command her of all the New Bedford skippers. When he arrived from one successful cruise beyond the Bering straits and when the vessel came into port a letter was sent east to the schoolmate of former years telling of the loneliness of the polar seas and asking the receiver if she would not change from schoolmate to chief mate of the Belvedere. There was a quiet wedding in the quaint little church of the Atlantic whaling settlement and when Capt. Whiteside and his life mate came west the rice that was showered on them in the east was shaken out of the folds of the bride's dress on the Belvedere's deck as the vessel steamed through the Golden Gate and pointed her bows toward the north. The whaler reached the Arctic just as the winter ice was breaking up, and for three months of the summer she cruised, but with very little success. Then came a winter of nearly nine months, when the vessel was frozen in the ice with a dozen others of the whaling fleet at Herschel Island. As soon as the ice broke she was moving again, and before she turned her bow for home enough whales had been taken to pay a neat "lay" to her officers and crew. "It was a delightful trip," said Mrs. Whiteside, recounting her adventures in the cozy cabin of the whaler. "There was plenty of excitement and there were no moments of idleness. My husband and some of the officers of the vessel had their rifles with them and nothing would do but I must learn to shoot. We had shooting matches frequently while in winter quarters, and before the ice broke up I knew as much about a rifle as any of them and could shoot almost as well. "I have the trophies of my skill as a markswoman and a hunter that seldom fall to the lot of a woman. There are two large polar bear skins and my husband is now having them prepared as rugs. We had only been out on the cruise after whales last summer a few days and the vessel was slowly steaming along a great ice floe, when the lookout sang out that there were three large bears on the ice. They had risen from behind a hummock only a few yards from the ship and were looking in wonder at the vessel, when Mr. Whiteside came running down into the cabin for me to get my rifle, as there was big game for me. "I followed him to the deck as quickly as I could, and, taking aim at the largest one of the three, sent a bullet that rolled him over dead. A second shot from a position on the ice killed another of the three, and so elated was I over my success as a rifle shot that I could not hold the gun steady for the third shot and the last of the three bears was only wounded. He fell behind the lump of ice out of sight of the vessel, and protected from any further bullets from my rifle from where I stood. I wanted to go on the ice after him, but my husband would not let me, saying that the bear would eat me up, and that he was the only bear who would claim that privilege. Some of the mates went after that third bear and finally brought it to the vessel with the bodies of the two I had killed. My luck in killing these two bears

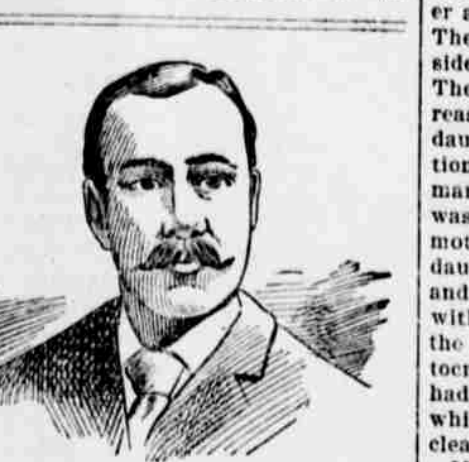
seemed to bring great luck to the vessel. A few days after that we began to get sight of the whales we were after and by the time the ice began to drift into the Arctic and it was time for us to start for home we had taken twelve of them. The men began to call me their mascot. But for the death of our first mate, who was killed during a battle with a whale, that cast a sadness over us all, we were a jolly party all the time we were in the Arctic, and I, for one, am a little sorry that it is all over."

HOME OF SECRETARY FRANCIS

It Is an Historical and Handsome Mansion in Washington.

(Washington Letter.) Secretary of the Interior David R. Francis, Mrs. Francis and their family make their home in the fine old mansion built and formerly occupied by Philip Sawyer when that distinguished citizen of Wisconsin was a member of the United States senate. It is a massive, inspiring house, built entirely of brown stone, and is situated at the head of Connecticut avenue in the vicinity of Dupont Circle. On the right of the broad entrance is the drawing-room suite. The furnishings of these rooms are pretty, the prevailing tints being delicate rose pinks. The design on the ceiling is of a graceful rose pattern and loose rose leaves are embroidered on the furniture, as if they had fallen from the mass of flowers on the ceiling. The design was the notion of the late Mrs. Granson White, daughter of Senator Sawyer.

Beyond the drawing-room is a dining-room, finished chiefly in mahogany and suggestive of Dutch decorative art. Opposite the dining-room is an apartment finished and furnished in the



HOME OF FRANCIS.

style of the orient, and called "the Moorish room." It is one of the most gorgeously decorated rooms in Washington, and is used as a ballroom. A great orchestra commands the big staircase in the hall, at its head, and is used to play interludes between the dances. Upstairs the sleeping apartments are many and luxuriously furnished, and, indeed, the entire house is one of the finest within and without in the capital. Mr. and Mrs. Francis intend to participate freely in the social life of Washington this winter, and



HOME OF FRANCIS.

with ex-Senator Sawyer's house they are amply equipped to do it. They have rented the house furnished, and have found it necessary to make a few additions.

So Much the Thousand Words.

I have always figured to myself Trollope's novels as all written on a long, endless scroll of paper rolled on an iron axis nailed up in his study. The publishers approach to buy so many yards of fiction; the shopman, Anthony, scissors in hand, unrolls the scroll and snips off at the desired point. This counter-jumping conception of the muses prevails with the customers today, with the editors who buy fiction at so much a thousand words. Carlyle—heaven preserve me from finishing a book as he did his "French Revolution" to lose it and write it all over again—had the truer idea when he suggested that the authors should be paid by what they do not write. But it was reserved for the libraries to reach the latest conception of literature. Their clients enjoy the privilege of having so many books at a time, a book being a book, just as an orange is an orange.—Zangwell's Without Prejudice.

Facts About the Sun.

Here is the last published description of the sun from the pen of Sir Robert Ball: For every acre on the surface of our globe there are more than 10,000 acres on the surface of the great luminary. Every portion of this illimitable desert of flame is pouring forth torrents of heat. It has been estimated that if the heat which is incessantly flowing through any single square foot of the sun's exterior could be collected and applied to the boilers of an Atlantic liner, it would produce steam enough to sustain in continuous movement engines of 20,000 horse power, thus enabling a large ship to break the record between England and America.

In Maryville, Mo., they say that the grease from a yellow dog rubbed on the chest is a cure for consumption.

A LOVELESS LOT.

PRETTY, DASHING CLARA WARD AS A PRINCESS.

Her Recent Escapade in Paris Recalls How She Wedded With de Chimay de Caraman—Her Reckless Career in Europe.



(Detroit Letter.) FRIENDS OF THE Princess de Chimay de Caraman in this city, where the princess was born Clara Ward, are much interested in the sensational story of her flight from Paris with a shiftless musician, and the consequent action for divorce brought by her fortune-hunting husband. The princess is 23 years old. Her life in that short time has been one of pleasure, with never a thought of self-restraint. Occupying a social position of the very first rank in a society where rank is everything, the pretty young woman kept the gossip busy and left trail of excitement behind her wherever she went. Her father, the late Captain Eber B. Ward of this city, was one of Detroit's wealthiest citizens. When Clara was a mere infant the captain died and left Clara's mother, who was his second wife, rich in the goods of the world. Mrs. Ward left Detroit and went to live in the east. When the future princess was 6 years old Mrs. Ward married Alexander Cameron, a lawyer living in the Canadian town of Windsor. He afterward became a banker and grew to be a very wealthy man. The family moved to Toronto and resided in that city until Clara was 14. Then her mother deemed it wise, for reasons known to herself, to take her daughter to England for her education. She was sent to a young woman's boarding school in London and was the despair of her teachers. Her mother's immense fortune enabled the daughter to indulge in every caprice, and while at school Clara spent money with a lavishness that pained even the daughters of the rich English aristocracy. Besides Miss Ward's father had left her an independent fortune, which at this time was paying her a clear income of \$40,000 a year. Miss Ward was restive under all restraint and longed to be at perfect liberty to spend her money in her own way. It was this desire that brought about the marriage with Prince de Chimay de Caraman. In 1890, when Clara was just 17, she paid a visit to Paris with her mother. She and Prince Joseph met at a dinner given by the mother. Prince Joseph proposed, and the girl objected at first. But, relenting afterward, she consented to become a wife as a means of escape from her mother's reign.

Prince Joseph at that time was a tall, dark, one looking fellow of 32, and the heir of one of the noblest families of Belgium. His father was the minister of foreign affairs at Brussels, and the wedding was one of the most distinguished that had been celebrated in Europe for many years. It took place at Paris in the papal nunciature on May 30, 1890. The nuptial blessing was spoken by Mgr. Rotelli, the papal nuncio to Paris. The witnesses for the bride were Lord Lytton and Whitelaw Reid. The witnesses for the groom were Baron Beyens, the Belgian minister to Paris, and the Duc de Fezensac. To make the occasion as gorgeous as possible money was spent like water. The prince himself was cleared of debt by the bride's money. About \$100,000 of American cash went to the liquidation of those debts. The bride's trousseau was perfection. Felix, Worth and Dufourmantel, the great dressmakers of the French capital, were given l'aisez faire to dress Miss Ward, and the gowns they produced were marvels of beauty and color. The bridal gown was of white satin and ancient lace. A white tulle was provided to be worn at the presentation soiree. A contract dress of the engagement was of light pink brocade, covered with pink pearls and marabout feathers. There were dinner dresses and robes de chambre, and outing dresses and fete dresses—a

bewildering collection of mantels, fittings, and what not the mysteries of which are known only to the originating man-milliner, the maid and the mistress.

Then the presents! Eccentric, volatile, original Paris outdid itself. One of the presents was a coach and horses, driver, tiger, liverly, dog and all. There was jewelry rich and rare by the box. Toilet sets, table sets and other useful and ornamental things were given by the lot.

In the list of guests there were representatives of the finest nobility of old France. The marriage, one of the most brilliant of the time, was the talk of Paris for many a day afterward. The gown the bride wore cost \$10,000. Before the ceremony the papal nuncio asked the bride if she had renounced the Protestant religion. She replied in the affirmative. Four years passed and the princess gave a great dinner to celebrate her twenty-first birthday.



THE CASTLE.

Recent discoveries in the coal mines of central France have furnished by far the greatest advance that has ever been made in our knowledge of the insects which inhabited the world millions of years, as geologists believe, before the time when man made his appearance upon the earth. In that wonderful age when the carboniferous plants, whose remains constitute the coal beds of to-day, were alive and flourishing, the air and the soil were animated by the presence of flies, grasshoppers, cockroaches, dragonflies, spiders, locusts and scores of other species which exist but slightly changed at the present day. But the insects of those remote times attained a gigantic size, some of the dragonflies measuring more than two feet from tip to tip of their expanded wings! The remains of these insects have been marvelously preserved in the strata of coal and rock.

Cotton at Augusta, Ga.

It requires on an average of more than \$100,000 a day to pay for cotton brought into Augusta, Ga.

When one is lying down the heart makes about 10 strokes less a minute than when one is upright.

She was now to come into possession of the fortune left her by her father, Captain Ward, "the king of the lakes," who had amassed millions in marine trade. When the fortune was divided it was found that the princess' share was \$2,000,000, her mother's share a similar sum and a third similar sum was awarded young Ward, a step-brother of the princess.

Meanwhile two children had been born of the marriage. They are the Comtesse Marie-Eli zabeth-Catherine-Antole de Riquet and Prince Marie-Joseph-Antole-Pierre-Alphonse de Riquet. For the possession of the little ones the father now sues. Soon after the marriage ugly gossip began to be heard. The name of Prince Baldwin, heir to the Belgian throne, and a great profligate, was concerned with the gossip, and one day he suddenly died. The newspapers suppressed the details of his death, but common report had it that he had been shot by Prince Chimay. Scandals concerning the family have been very common. Young Ward eloped with his wife's maid and went to Paris to live. His wife sued him for divorce, and before the trial came to court he gave to his wife's lawyer securities that have paid the lady \$16,000 annually since. The prince is descended from an illustrious ancestry. The family residence is in the County of Chimay, in the Hainault, South Belgium. The line traces itself back to the ancient house of Arrighetti in Florence. The dukes of Caraman became princes of Chimay through the power of a woman celebrated under many titles. She was known as Mile. Theresa de Carrabus, Mme. de Fontenay, Mme. Tallien, Countess de Caraman, and finally Princess de Chimay. She was the friend of Josephine and Napoleon, of Mme. Recamier and Hoche, and she won the title of "Notre Dame de Bon Secours" because of her many good deeds. Two



CHIMAY-CARAMAN COAT OF ARMS.

stories are told concerning the disappearance of the American princess. One is that she was abducted by the Hungarian musician who disappeared with her. Another is that she deliberately left her husband to elope with a gypsy. If the latter story be the true one there is no explaining the mystery of how the princess managed to meet the musician and keep the fact so profound a secret.

Luminous Fishes.

Luminous fishes are found in ocean waters pretty much all over the world within certain limits. They are rarely found in very cold waters. There are many species of them, and they are mostly fishes of small size. They have imbedded in their sides and head numerous bodies or organs which have the appearance exteriorly of luminous spots and emit phosphorescent light. These spots are usually of a pale, whitish color and semi-transparent. Those on the sides of the fish are round, and those on the head are larger and less regular in outline. The spots on the head are usually near the eyes or on the lower jaw. Those on the sides of the body are arranged generally in regular order or in series, alike on both sides, or there may be a number of them close together, forming in effect an elongated plate on some portion of the body, usually the upper or the under surface of the tail, or the fish may have such plates on both these surfaces. Some of these fishes are so luminous that they make a glow in the water all about them, for the space of a foot or more. In this glow the larger luminous points on the fish are sometimes separately visible as the flame of a candle is visible in the midst of its surrounding light. The light from the fish attracts to it small creatures which serve it as food, and the luminous fish is enabled to see by the same light that attracts them. Most of the luminous fishes have large eyes and a large mouth.

Ancient Insects.

Recent discoveries in the coal mines of central France have furnished by far the greatest advance that has ever been made in our knowledge of the insects which inhabited the world millions of years, as geologists believe, before the time when man made his appearance upon the earth. In that wonderful age when the carboniferous plants, whose remains constitute the coal beds of to-day, were alive and flourishing, the air and the soil were animated by the presence of flies, grasshoppers, cockroaches, dragonflies, spiders, locusts and scores of other species which exist but slightly changed at the present day. But the insects of those remote times attained a gigantic size, some of the dragonflies measuring more than two feet from tip to tip of their expanded wings! The remains of these insects have been marvelously preserved in the strata of coal and rock.