

A MODEL'S EXPERIENCE.

**A WOMAN IN BOSTON WHO HAS
POSED FOR FAMOUS ARTISTS.**

She Was Madonna, Venus, Helen, Magdalen and Other Celebrities—Many Women's Heads Painted on Her Lovely Shoulders—Americans Are Swindled.

A homely visaged, well formed Italian woman, about 35 years of age, occupies a small room on Greene street, and gets a living by doing fancy needle work and taking lodgers. Her name is Margharita Campelli. Her husband, formerly a tenor singer, but latterly an organ grinder, died two years ago, leaving her a black veil. As for her husband, that was not to be cast down. She had seen better days. She would see them again. The result is that she is now comfortably situated, and is growing more prosperous every year.

Years ago, before time cross plowed her face with wrinkles, Margharita was the pride of Paris, and earned a luxuriant living by posing as a model for sculptors and painters. She was able to earn anywhere from 100 to 500 francs a week "on her shape" alone, and on her rounded shoulders and above her well molded limbs rest the faces of some of the most celebrated belles and heiresses, and, for that matter, queens and princesses of Europe. In short, her body was the form in which the celebrated Parisian artists breathed the breath of life and beauty, and having done this, they surmounted the trunk with the heads of their patrons, all of whom were pleased to be associated with her symmetry, which none of them possessed.

When a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but although attired in a simple "Mother Hubbard" satine wrapper, the "human form divine" which she possessed was so very apparent that it was quite evident the artist had made no mistake in his selection.

"I don't look much like a Madonna, do I?" was her smiling greeting as she sat down. The reporter to the reporter to grasp. "I think I am more nearly akin to Venus rising from the sea just now, and I have sat for both many a day."

"Which do you like the better, Venus or the Madonna?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, Venus, to be sure, though Madonna posings paid me better; but they don't cum. I don't like standing all the forenoon on my legs and nearly naked. Last year I saw myself in three different attitudes in as many paintings at a 'loan exhibit' in New York. I was told the cost of those three pictures was \$20,000. I wish I had the money, but I am no artist. I am only a model. Still, I like to know that the name of my art, even if they do not know who I am."

"Now tell me about the Venus," said the reporter.

"My! but that was gay. I liked to be Venus. I acted natural, you see. I just sat down and threw out my arms and gave myself up to love. One artist paid me 600 francs for six days' sitting for Venus. One hundred dollars! Just think of it! I was the easiest money I ever earned. But he got 40,000 francs for the job, so he need not complain."

"Have you been a model for anything but Madonnas and Venuses?" was asked.

"Yes, for some days, for England and America. Last year I sat as a model for at least twenty artists, and had my figure painted in all kinds of postures and attitudes. I was Proserpine in two pictures, Helen of Troy in five, Epona in two, Hebe in three, Rachel in one, Minerva in four, Andromeda in one, and so on through all the list of celebrated historical, biblical and mythological characters. I worked as a model and got good pay until 1884, when I was married, and my husband objected to my getting a living that way."

THE CHAMPION EATER.

He Devours Potato Custards and Sugar Cane by the Cartload.

On the plantation of Capt. W. H. Stokes, in Twiggs county, there resides a white tenant who promises to become the champion eater of Georgia without any opposition. The man's name is Ebb Floyd, and he is said to be a short, stout man of 30 years of age and of a jolly disposition.

Floyd first attracted the attention of his neighbors at a log rolling which took place about a month ago. On that occasion, after finishing the work the workers sat down to a supper, and before them, among other things, were placed fifteen large potato custards. This dish was a favorite of Floyd's, and the fact was known to several of his friends, who were present at the supper. One of them, in a banter, offered to bet with Floyd that he could not eat half the custards at the same meal, and was very much surprised when his farmer friend took him up, and agreed to eat ten of them without stopping.

Piling up the dishes in a circle, he commenced upon the spread. Five were soon eaten, and then the fun began with a rush. One after another disappeared slowly but surely, until the magic number ten came to hand, and all present were in an uproar.

Straightening himself out for the fray, the farmer commenced on the home stretch. Ten large sweet potato custards inside of him and five awaiting the attack presented a ludicrous scene. It was agony, but three soon sped away on their journey to meet their fellows, and gradually the last of the fifteen found itself on the way down to the doeths. He had accomplished the feat, and the prize offered in the bet was his, and his only.

This was, however, only a starter for Mr. Floyd, and so, therefore, he chose a day for another effort, and again he came out victorious.

This time it was a chewing contest, and sugar cane was the object of his attention.

After a day of frolic and fun, and after indulging in a hearty dinner, with turkey and stuffing to his heart's content, he visited a house where he expected to eat supper and remain all night.

This time a crowd had gathered to see the Twigg's wonder, and an abundance of good juicy cane had been set in the room ready for the contest.

As a preliminary, fourteen full stalks were chewed before supper, and then all hands sat down to an old time Thanksgiving supper, with possum and yams and plenty of rich gravy.

Finishing supper, the host announced to his friends that the contest was ready to be opened, and asked if any one present wanted to make bets on the result.

A school teacher in the crowd suggested that a speedy trial be made, and offered to wager that Floyd could not chew three stalks in ten minutes. This was accepted, and the schoolmaster set before him three large, fine stalks and called time.

Two of them were disposed of in five minutes, and the third one saw its fate in two more minutes, making the farmer the winner by three minutes.

This settled the question of speed, and then some one offered to bet two to one that Floyd could not drink a quart of the juice down without stopping. He was a wiser man in just a minute later, for, catching up a jug, Floyd drained it of three pints of the sweet stuff.

Every one was satisfied and he was the hero of the hour, when a small hand cane mill was brought into the room and twenty stalks were crushed, giving out three gallons of juice.

This was a startling announcement, and it had the effect of making Floyd a lion among his friends, when they were taken aback by the statement that he could chew twenty stalks before he retired and not feel the result.

Every one laughed at him, and all thought him to be jesting when he laid out twenty of the largest stalks of cane near his chair and commenced on the work of grinding out the juice with his molars.

One by one the stalks were taken up and stripped, chewed and the pieces thrown aside, and in exactly one hour and five minutes the little pile was exhausted and the man was ready to quit and retire from the field.

The news of his feat spread far and near in his neighborhood, and now he is the wonder of the section.

His friends in Twiggs county pit him against any man in the world for the championship and a prize of \$100.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Superstitions of Negroes.

Burnt old shoes and the snakes will squirm away from that place.

Shoes must never be put on a shelf higher than the head of the wearer.

To keep shoes, even after they are past wearing, will keep good luck about a place.

If you stub the right toe you will be welcomed; if you unfortunately stub the left you may know that you aren't wanted.

Burnt shoe soles and feathers are good to cure a cold in the head, say old aunts, and parched shoe soles and hogs' hoofs is a good mixture also for coughs.

The older folks believe that when their shoes come unhooked and keep coming untied it is a true sign that their sweathearts are talking and thinking about them.

Good luck to the child who draws on her stocking wrong side out. If she takes it off and rights it before 12 o'clock she may feel assured of getting soon a nice present.

A more absurd fancy is to believe that when any one accidentally spits on the old shoe a child wears this gives assurance that the child will soon have brand new footgear.—Exchange.

Exchanged Wives for Better or Worse.

In Washington county two married couples were living only a short distance apart, and by neighborly intercourse each man became enamored of the other's wife, while the ladies soon learned to love the other's husband, and thus became estranged from their first love. When matters took this shape it came to be noticeable by all concerned, and many evenings passed while each husband was at the other's home pouring out his tale of love and fidelity into the willing ears of the listeners. Finally one of the husbands, a little bolder than the other, proposed an exchange. This was met with gladness by all the parties interested, and the proposing party consented to the trade on condition that the other would allow him \$3 in cash and seven bushels of Quaker peas. This was readily consented to, and the trade was made, each wife going to the other's home, carrying with her the children, and are now living in the sweetest domestic felicity. They will try to have the courts make the trade legal.—Atlanta Chronicle.

A Word to the People.

The motto, "What is Home without a Mother," exists in many happy homes in this city, but the effect of what is home without the Local Newspaper is sadly realized in many of these "happy homes" in Platts-mouth.

THE HERALD

Is steadily finding its way into these homes, and it always comes to stay. It makes the family circle more cheerful and keeps its readers "up to the times" in all matters of importance at home and abroad.

During the Year 1889

Every available means will be used to make the columns of THE HERALD a perfect storehouse from which you can obtain all information, and will keep up its record as being the best Advertising Medium for all purposes.

AT 15 CENTS PER WEEK

This paper is within the reach of all, and will be delivered to any address in the city or sent by mail.

The Weekly Herald

Is the Best County Newspaper in old Cass, and this has been well proven to us by the many new names added to our list during 1888. Special merits for the Weekly, are all the county news, six columns of good Republican Editorial, News Accounts of all important political or business events, one-half page each week containing a choice piece of Vocal or Instrumental Music, choice selections of Miscellaneous Reading Matter. Advertising in it brings profitable returns.

Our Job Department

Is equal to any, and does work to the satisfaction of patrons from all over the county, and receives orders by mail from a distance, which are promptly filled. We have facilities for doing all kinds of work, from the plain calling card to colored work, books and blanks. Work neatly and promptly executed. Large stock kept on hand. Legal blanks for sale.

Knotts Bros.,

Office Cor. Vine and 5th, Telephone 38.

Every body had been beside him to be pools of Here and there the sparkle of the iron ore would gleam forth, glistening like diamonds in the sun, and lying in brilliancy with the pebbles in the snow.

A way off yonder over the white hills, so rugged and grand, a number of wood choppers, going in different directions, were seen, gayly attired in their red flannel shirts, blue woolen caps, buckskin breeches and gray German socks and rubbers, with the bright ax over each shoulder and the invariable black pipe in each mouth, and near them the sledges, to which one or more dogs were hitched, to draw the fruits of their labors home at eventide.

BEEKUN BOB.

He was picking up coal near the M., H. and O. (Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon) railway when I first saw him a poor, forlorn little fellow, with "butter-milk eyes," a yellow skin and hair of a faded drab color.

I have only to look down on the carpet near my feet at a little pile of iron ore, specimens collected while sojourning at Ishpeming, Mich., at that time, to vividly recall the little hero (for such he was) to my imagination, although no thought like this I am sure ever occurred to his untrained mind, and I doubt if he would have known the meaning of the word, and even his parents, stolid Swedes, for which that section of the mining country is noted, never dreamed of thinking him one, even when the end came.

I do not remember to have heard the name of this weazen faced boy, but in height and size he appeared about 10 years old. His face had a worn, wasted, old look, and his small claw like hands shivered as though with age. He seemed less than ordinary in intelligence and spoke only in monosyllables, and so frequently to himself that my attention was drawn to him.

Rambling through the mining country in search of specimens, though in mid-winter, it was thus I came across him. There was something peculiar about him, he did not seem quite right in the "upper story," and I fell to watching him, with a strange interest, as he picked up, one by one, so carefully each piece of coal that had fallen from the coal cars and which the railroad authorities allowed the poor to gather, and placed every piece with a certain mathematical precision in his old, battered coal bucket.

"Who is that boy?" I asked of a tall, well grown lad standing near me, evidently an employe about the yards.

"That?" rather contemptuously pointing a grimy forefinger in the direction of the little coal gatherer:

"Yes."

"Oh, that's 'Beekun Bob,'" and he laughed heartily.

I stepped into the bus.

"You'll have to hurry up there or we won't catch the train," he said.

"What was he to me that I should grow ill and faint? The omnibus driver became impatient.

"You see, he wuz a holdin' of that ar' stick I told you 'bout, awaitin' for his dad and the missus, which they didn't cum home 'til this mornin', cause the mine they wuz in caved in on 'em, and they couldn't git out to onct."

"Where is he?"

"Over to the hospital."

"I paid the driver and told him to call for me again at the hotel to take the next train."

He looked at me wonderingly and drove on. We went to the hospital.

My foot was on the first step of the omnibus to take me to the train, when, chancing to look up, I saw the tall, well grown lad of the Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon yards, standing near and regarding me questioningly.

I paused and nodded. He came up to me at once.

"Say, missus," squirting the tobacco juice from his mouth.

"Well?"

"You know Beekun Bob?"

"Yes; what of him?"

"Well, he's dead."

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Philadelphus Record.

The Supreme Court Bible.

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