

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 suit of rooms on Green 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 his name and just enough money to buy a black veil. As for his burial, 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 luxurious 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 headdresses, 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.

THREE DOZEN MADONNAS. 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 artists had made no mistake in their selection.

"I don't look much like a Madonna, do I?" was her smiling greeting as she stuck out a wet hand for 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 were too stiff. I don't like standing all the forenoon on a marble slab holding a 'dummy' baby to my breast. It makes my arms ache. I was never lucky enough to be a mother, and this fondling of infants comes hard. Still, I do pretty well. I have been the model for at least three dozen Madonnas in my day. Six of them are now in Rome, nearly twenty are still in France, and the rest have gone to England and America. 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 rich people admire me, 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 500 francs for six days' sitting for Venus. One hundred dollars! Just think of it! It 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. "Well loaded shoulders." "Yes, indeed. Let me tell you. I went to Paris in 1873 and danced in a theatre. Daytimes 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, Enone in two, Hecuba in three, Rachel in one, Minerva in four, Andromeda in one, and so on through all the list of celebrated historical, biblical and mythologic 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."

"What was your husband's occupation?" "He was a musician." "How long ago did he die?" "Last year. He heard there was a big field for musicians in America, and came over, hoping to make a fortune. His failure broke his heart. Since his death I have tried to get work as a model here, but your artists do not seem to care for me. I am afraid I am getting old and embourgeoised."

"How many faces are now on your shoulders, do you suppose?" was asked. "Over 300. It is somewhere near 400, if I remember rightly. There are three of the Rothschild women, Mrs. Mackay, Judie and the ex-Empress Victoria of Germany among them. Bernhardt wanted me to act as a model for her pictures, but the artist convinced her that she was too skinny. Sarah Bernhardt is a beautiful woman for all that, and just as liberal as sunlight."

"Did you ever act as a model for an American woman?" "Yes, five or six in all. Mr. Bennett brought a woman to Palermo's studio while I was a model. I think her name was Bell, and she was a sister or relative of Mr. Bennett. I also sat as a model for a relative of Minister Bancroft when he was in Germany."

"Anybody else?" "I remember a few more, but the names are gone. The Americans who go to Paris to get their portraits made do not patronize the best artists as a rule, though they pay big prices. It is shameful how you people are deceived by cheap artists. They have plenty of money, and should get the best. The fact is, they are imposed upon by cheap work." She chatted pleasantly about French art for a few minutes longer and then resumed her household duties.—Boston Cor. Globe-Democrat.

The Supreme Court Bible. The supreme court Bible is a small, black, velvet covered octave. It has been used in the administration of every oath since 1808. Every chief justice and every associate justice of the United States has held this little sacred tome in taking oath of office. Many thousands of lawyers have held it, and to write the names of the men who have touched its covers would be to name the men who have made the bench and bar of the United States illustrious. It was printed in London in 1799, and is today but little the worse for wear.—Fittsburg Dispatch.

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 workmen 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 supper 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 joyfully and surely, and the magic number of 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 its way down to the depths. 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 Twiggs 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 bet with Floyd to eat ten 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 victor by a large margin. 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.

The reporter 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 fifteen 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. Ladies soon against any man in the world for the championship and a prize of \$100.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Superstitions of Negroes.

Burn 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.

Burn 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 dusky maids believe that when their shoes come untied and keep coming untied it is a true sign that their sweethearts 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 house 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 \$5 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.

EXECUTIVE WORK.

How It is Divided into Departments in the United States.

The great mass of work imposed upon the executive power of the government—embracing so many distinct subjects and requiring so many thousands of agents to perform—must be arranged and treated in an orderly and systematic manner. To expect the president to give it his close personal attention and directly superintend the doings of each agent would be absurd. The magnitude and diversity of the work demand its separation into parts, and the general supervision or management of each part must be intrusted to a separate officer.

On this business basis and in accordance with the design of the constitution congress has divided the work among seven executive departments, each in charge of a general officer, or head of department, known respectively as the secretary of state, the secretary of the treasury, the secretary of war, the attorney general, the postmaster general, the secretary of the navy and the secretary of the interior; and the work of each department is still further subdivided and distributed among bureaus and divisions and minor offices, in charge of lesser heads or chiefs, designated as commissioners, superintendents, directors and by various other general or special titles. An executive department, then, properly means one of the grand divisions of government work boldly marked out or suggested by the express provisions of the constitution.

These grand divisions readily arrange themselves. The sovereign relations of the republic with foreign powers, and its official intercourse with the governments of the states at home may be regarded as one distinct grand division; accordingly we have the department of state. The coinage, currency, revenue and general fiscal affairs suggest another grand branch of work; hence we have the department of the treasury. The mention of armies suggests work that in time of trouble is likely to tax the energy of a separate division; thus we very appropriately have a department of war. The prosecution of offenses against the United States, and other judicial matters wherein the interests of the republic are concerned constitute a general division, represented by the department of justice. The postal service, as one of the most intricate and important branches of government work, certainly forms another grand division; therefore we have the post-office department. Maritime protection, like the military or land defense, forms a separate division; and thus we have the department of the navy. The various matters of domestic concern not covered in these other departments but contemplated by the constitution, such as the census, public lands, patents and odds and ends may be conveniently grouped into another general division; and thus we have the very miscellaneous, yet not misnamed, department of the interior.

To some of these executive departments are intrusted matters which, on their face at least, do not strictly belong to the grand division to which they have been assigned by law. For instance, the weather bureau is a bureau of the war department; the work being intimately connected with the peaceful interests of agriculture and commerce, it is very generally deemed that it should be taken from military control and placed elsewhere.—St. Nicholas.

Railroad Vandalism.

I read with some amusement recently a letter in The Pall Mall Gazette, headed "What We May Expect," which took for its text a paragraph which announced that a railway is to be run through the pass of Glencoe. The writer of the letter sarcastically declared that "Malross abbey, having being roofed over with slates and rendered somewhat presentable with a new coat of stucco, has recently been converted into a young men's reading room and mechanics institute. The abbey is lighted by an installation of six Swan and Edison burners, so that there is no longer any necessity to visit it by the pale moonlight." Still further, the writer announced that "Burns' cottage had been pulled down to make room for a beer house to be erected on the site." The old proverb says that many a true word is spoken in jest, and I am sorry to see in the Scotch papers a paragraph referring to Burns' cottage at Ayr which goes far to confirm the proverb. The whole of the contents of the house and of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk" are advertised for sale at an upset price of £1,200; so that in the event of none of the innumerable admirers of the poet coming to the rescue, the various relics accumulated at Ayr will be scattered. The trencher from which he ate his kail, the chair in which he sat, the bowl from which he "supped his parritch," the table at which he wrote—all are to be sold. We cold Southrons are sometimes accused of want of enthusiasm and poetic appreciation; but, on the whole, I venture to think we should not permit such a holocaust as this in the case of relics of our leading poets, simply and solely because their exhibition did not pay expenses. I suppose in these hard times it is as well to be canny and careful; but surely there are plenty of Scotchmen who are both, and yet might be able to spare or subscribe a few hundred pounds to preserve the relics of a poet whom most Scotchmen regard with a feeling akin to adoration, in the town where he was born. I should not be surprised if the upshot should be that the Burns souvenirs will go to the United States, where the people, to do them justice, are very far from mean when they wish to purchase anything that interests them.—Kathleen in Leeds Mercury.

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 Plattsmouth.

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