

SENTIMENTAL BEINGS

MALE ARTISTS ARE MIGHTY QUEER FELLOWS WHEN SINGLE.

The Painter of Figures is Naturally Romantic and Very Easily and Very Readily Falls in Love—His Income, However, Often serves to Keep Him Single.

Very few of our younger artists are married, but it may be accepted as a fact that they all want to be. Cupid finds no mark so tempting to his shaft as that presented by a painter at his easel. Studio life and sentiment are almost synonymous terms. Why this should be so is easily explained. An artist's life is almost invariably a lonely one. No matter how sociable his temperament may be, his working hours are generally spent in silence and seclusion. Being essentially of a sensitive nature he longs for such sympathy as women alone can give. The failure of a picture or its complete success are matters that require more condolence or congratulation than can be expressed by a brother painter. The kindest of neighbors cannot go further than to say: "Look here, old fellow, I am awful sorry that they sent your picture back from the academy. It's a beastly shame. That's what I call it." Or: "By Jove, old man, you're in luck. I know lots of fellows with a big name who have been working for a year back to catch the Shaw or Evans prize, and you got it away from 'em all. But you always were a lucky dog."

A woman does these things better. That is the reason he wants to marry her. The painter is naturally romantic. In his opinion girlhood is always angelic. He may have individual preference for blonds or brunettes, for little or tall or intellectual or womanly women, but the entire sex is still beautiful to him, not perhaps in its physical features, but in its mental possibilities. Hence he is always in love and restrained from matrimony only by the difficulty of supporting two people on an income that is barely sufficient for one. To be an artist you must be an idealist. Studio life has extraordinary vicissitudes at times, but it is always made up more or less of visionary elements. Occasionally the artist's dreams turn into nightmares, and he has a very bad quarter of an hour. But when events disillusionize him he mopes for a short period and proceeds to fall in love with a new charmer.

Last spring two young men, one a painter, his companion a sculptor, were joint occupants of a studio in New York. These departments of art do not always agree, inasmuch as the dust and dirt of a sculptor's modeling platform interfere considerably with the purity of a portrait maker's paints. But neither of the young fellows was rich, and by clubbing together they managed to pay the rent of a larger studio than they could have had separately. The sculptor made as little dust as possible and kept it well down by frequently using a water sprinkler. Not to be behindhand in courtesy, the painter was patient, and by keeping a sheet of drapery in constant readiness was enabled instantly to cover his canvas when his comrade unavoidably threw out a cloud of powdered plaster of paris. They were comrades in every sense of the word, and had a union of pocketbooks as well as of sympathies. On one occasion the sculptor was so hard up on the final receipt of a commission for a large statue that he was unable to buy the clay necessary for his model, whereupon the painter denied himself cigars, took to a pipe and by this economy got enough money to pay for the necessary materials.

Some time afterward the artist received an important order and had not the wherewithal to purchase the large canvas essential for its execution. The sculptor said nothing, but putting on his street coat went out for a walk. An hour later he came back accompanied by a boy, and between them they carried a canvas twelve feet long by six wide. It was a windy day, and the sculptor was quite exhausted by the effort of getting his ungainly burden past gusty corners. But after a few minutes' breathing spell the two friends embraced each other affectionately and went to work in their respective corners. So ideal a friendship as this ought to have lasted throughout a lifetime. But an event happened which changed the current of amiability in the studio and estranged the two young men so that at present they are not even nodding acquaintances.

One day the painter received an order for a sketch of a man in armor. The sculptor readily consented to pose for his friend, and after some effort finally got himself buckled into a suit of mail. By one of those accidents that sometimes occur at the most inopportune times the sculptor's fiancée happened to call at the studio chaperoned by a lively married relative. In order to get into the armor the sculptor, who is of large frame, had to strip to the skin. To get out of the suit of mail was not to be considered. So he had to stand awkwardly listening to the merry laughter of the ladies over his comical appearance. His fiancée, encouraged by the witty comments of her friend, made such fun of the unfortunate sculptor that he became furious and broke off the engagement. That evening he employed a truckman and removed all his things from the studio without vouchsafing as much as good-by to his chum. The experience effected an entire change in his opinion of the ladies. His first innamorata was a tall, distinguished looking brunette. He is now engaged to a little, round faced blond, who, despite her resemblance to a French doll, is declared by him to be the epitome of all the charms and graces of womanhood.—New York Sun.

Artificial Thunder. A miniature thunder factory has been constructed for the science and art department at South Kensington, England, with plates seven feet in diameter, which, it is believed, would give sparks thirty inches long, but no Leyden jars have been found to stand its charge, all being pierced by the enormous tension.—New York Telegram.

CAN STILL LOVE.

I thought I could not love if you were gone, But life has taught me sterner things. The bird whose mate is dead lives on—Aye, lives and sings. Perhaps his song has more of sadness—A note or two of pain; This sweeter music with the mournful cadence Than was the careless, joyful strain.

I stood beside your grave and wept alone And thought love was forever dead to me, My life had early lost love's glorious sunlight And near more my heart could happy be. But time has taught me many tender truths—That life can never wholly be unblest. I cannot live all lonely in this world of woe Because I loved you, dear, the best.

The tender love that bears so much for me I gladly take, nor feel My love for you, dear one, has weaker grown, My heart less staunch and leal. I love you first, and you were always dearest, Yet, like the bird whose mate is gone, I still can find a tender joy in loving, Nor wish to dwell forever here alone. —Agnes L. Pratt.

The Sense of Smell in Dogs.

Dogs are able to track their masters through crowded streets, where recognition by sight is quite impossible, and can find a hidden biscuit even when its faint smell is still further disguised by eau de cologne. In some experiments Mr. Romanes lately made with a dog he found that it could easily track him when he was far out of sight, though no fewer than eleven people had followed him, stepping exactly in his footsteps, in order to confuse the scent.

The dog seemed to track him chiefly by the smell of his boots, for when without them or with new toots on it failed, but followed, though slowly and hesitatingly, when his master was without either boots or stockings. Dogs and cats certainly get more information by means of this sense than a man can. They often get greatly excited over certain smells and remember them for very long periods.—Chambers' Journal.

The Woodpecker's Home.

The woodpecker's home is very like the kingfisher's, but it is dug in rotten wood instead of being bored in a bank of earth. From the great ivory billed species down to the little downy fellow of our orchards, the woodpeckers build their nest, or rather excavate them, on the same general plan. The hole at first goes straight into the wood, then turns downward, widening as it descends, until it gives room for the home. If you will go into any bit of unshorn woodland during early spring and will keep your eyes open, you will see a bright red head thrust out of a round window in some decaying trunk or bough, and the woodpecker will sing out, "Peer! peer!" which always seems to mean that his or her home is a most comfortable and enjoyable place.—Maurice Thompson in Golden Rule.

As Good as He Gave.

A reproach which was just and not discourteous was once addressed to a young rector who had been reared under the highest of church doctrines, and who held that clergymen of all other denominations are without authority and not entitled to be called ministers of the Gospel. One evening at a social gathering he was introduced to a Baptist clergyman. He greeted the elder man with much manner and ostentation. "Sir," he said, "I am glad to shake hands with you as a gentleman, though I cannot admit that you are a clergyman." There was a moment's pause, and then the other said, with a quiet significance that made the words he left unsaid emphatic, "Sir, I am glad to shake hands with you—as a clergyman." —San Francisco Argonaut.

Why the Child Cried.

A Brooklyn physician says that he was recently attending a family where the little man of the house was in a somewhat refractory humor, and thinking to quiet him he said, "How would you like it now if I punish you I should take your little sister away from you?" The boy sulked and did not reply, but as the doctor arose to take his leave the child burst into a woful blubbering. He was asked what was the matter. "Doctor's goin' away without takin' sister," he answered.—New York Recorder.

Two Honest Men.

A Paris furniture dealer recently bought from an architect an old writing table, and in overhauling it he found a packet containing 1,600 francs. He at once informed the former owner of his find, and he was rewarded by an honest declaration on the part of the architect that the latter knew nothing whatever about the money and would not accept it.—Paris Letter.

Always Willing to Loan.

Merchant (to persistent peddler)—Oh, don't bother me this morning. I wish you'd kindly leave me alone. Morris Abrams (producing wad)—Why, shertinly, my front, how much and vot interest will you gif?—Kate Field's Washington.

Sumatra Buffaloes in Water.

The buffaloes in Sumatra, according to an English traveler, in fear of the tiger take refuge at night in the rivers, where they rest in peace and comfort, with only their horns and noses sticking above the water.

Handling a book with apparent respect or disrespect is of course too fantastic a standard to be accepted literally, since physical awkwardness or nervousness may be responsible for harm rather than a lack of mental grace.

At the table of Cambacores a sturgeon of 187 pounds was served, brought on by four footmen, preceded by two flutists, four violinists and a Swiss guardsman, halberd in hand.

Charlotte, N. C., boasts of a double faced potato. One side is claimed to be a perfect representation of a bear, and the other, it is said, is a fair mold of a calf.

St. Charles, Mo., during its existence has been under the dominion of three flags—namely, Spain, France and the United States.

The Habit of Thinking.

It is merely a want of habit that makes one dislike thinking. Let him make the plunge and select something definite to think about, and ten to one he will find following a train of thought a very agreeable exercise.

Letting the mind veer backward and forward, like a weathercock, at the suggestion of this or that external circumstance is of course dull and worrying, but the man who knows how to think does not do that. He thinks, as he reads, with a definite purpose.

One cannot of course propose lines of thought in the abstract for unknown persons, but one may indicate one or two of the ways in which a man may learn to get pleasure from thinking. To begin with, he may follow the example of the wise man who said, "When I have nothing else to do I sort my thoughts and label them." That was an excellent plan. There are few men whose thoughts would not be improved by being put through the process to which we subject a drawer full of papers—which have lacked for some time that rare combination of leisure and inclination which is necessary for tidying.

Most of us, again, have confused thoughts and intuitions, that this or that thing connected with ourselves or our families might be better done than it is done.

Let the man, then, who complains of his intolerable hour on the Southwestern, or the London and Brighton, or the Great Eastern, absorb himself in definite scheme of meditation upon something which has already clamored to be thought out, and he will find the time passes quickly enough. He must not wait till the thought comes to him. He must, by a conscious and deliberate exercise of will, set his mind to his subject. In plain words, he must say to himself, "Now I will regularly think out whether it is a good plan" to do this, that or the other.—London Spectator.

A Theory Regarding Meteors.

Mr. Eastman offers the following theory to account for the apparent excess of iron over stony meteorites: "When a stony meteorite falls to the earth it generally breaks into many fragments, and the ruptured surfaces plainly indicate the nature of the catastrophe. No case is on record where an aerolite showed any indication of having been twisted, broken or torn from another mass of the same material. The true type of meteorite which reaches the earth from outer space is probably similar to that which fell in Iowa county, Ia., on Feb. 12, 1875. The celestial visitor is composed almost wholly of lithic matter, but scattered through the mass are small grains of nickeliferous iron. This iron may exist in the stony matrix in all forms and sizes from the microscopic nodule to the mass weighing several tons.

"When the lithic mass comes in contact with the earth's atmosphere the impact breaks up the matrix and sets free the iron bodies, and they reach the earth in the same condition, so far as mass and figure are concerned, as they exist in the original formation. In such cases it is probable that the stony portion of the original body is rent into such small fragments by the explosion that these would not reach the earth in any appreciable size. The larger the masses of iron the more complete would be the destruction of the original body, and the larger lithic meteorites would be those containing the smaller granules of iron." —Iron.

Stephen Girard's Bequests.

When Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, died he left a fortune of \$9,000,000 which he had acquired in the usual way by strict attention to business. In his lifetime Girard was not noted for his hospitality; in his manners he was crabbed and unapproachable. In small affairs he was miserly to the last degree and penurious even to meanness. He spent little money on himself, was careless about his own appearance or the shabbiness of his surroundings, and found the keenest delight in hard and unremitting labor. Yet in a large public way he was generous to the extent of lavishness. During his lifetime he gave liberally to the improvement of Philadelphia and made magnificent contributions to charities.

One of his notable deeds was the organization of a yellow fever hospital in the epidemic of 1793, over which he exercised personal supervision. By the provisions of his will his fortune was bequeathed to charitable and educational institutions, \$2,000,000 going to the college for orphans. The peculiar nature of the man is best exemplified by a certain clause in the will, which provided that no minister should hold any connection with the college or even be admitted as a visitor.—New York World.

The Lake Voyage.

From the hour you leave Duluth in the edge of the evening—Duluth with her sparkling coronal of lights and her cincture of electric diamonds, with the crescent moon and the star dusted sky, and the northland's aurora over all—from that hour until nearly six days later you reach the docks of Buffalo, you shall find your long voyage on the inland seas of America one of the interesting events of a lifetime. If you are searching for health you shall find ozone influences to redder your blood; if you are satiated with Old World scenes you shall here find interesting change, enchanting variety; if you are a weary brain worker drooping under some city sun you shall here find health's reincarnation; if you have an eye to the material and seek the solution of problems economic you shall find material in what has been done, what is being done, and what is yet to be done in commerce on the shores of these seas sufficient to fill bulky tomes.—Harper's Weekly.

A Test of Hospitality.

There is no truer assertion than the one recently made by a leading society journal of the day that "there can be no more bitter rebuke to one who occupies the position of host or hostess than to have a guest, or even chance caller, go out from their portals with a feeling that he is sorry that he came." For all personal contact, whether permanent or transient, should leave behind it a lingering charm as of something sweet and gracious, a deeper sense of the possible exultation of life. When any meeting does not do this some one is to blame, either one or both is not giving of his best, and this is a wrong to society in general. The celebrated writer, Dr. Drummond, remarks, with justice, that there are "some men and women in whose company we are always at our best."—Washington Post.

A Good Word for His Wife.

The Rev. Mary T. Whitney, a minister, has accepted a call to the Second Unitarian church in Somerville. It is said that Mr. Whitney, also a minister, is very proud of his wife's ability, and one occasion, when preaching as a supply, he was complimented on his sermon. "Do you call that a good sermon?" he answered. "You should hear my wife." They decided that they would hear his wife, and the result was a unanimous call to the vacant pulpit.—New York Sun.

Advice to the Office Seekers.

We see no impropriety in making applications for office on the part of all who desire it, but we believe there is a possibility of the thing being overdone. None of these petitions will be considered until after March 4. Therefore there is plenty of time in which to make applications.

During Mr. Cleveland's last administration he dispensed the public patronage through the members of the senate and the house.

If he pursues his former policy he will, as a general thing, appoint to office from this state such men as are recommended by the delegation to congress, and we do not think that he will ever see or read a letter of application for public office.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Growsome Belle.

The scaffold upon which John Brown was hanged in Harper's Ferry has arrived at Washington for shipment to the World's fair. The timbers are in a good state of preservation, though they have served the purposes of a porch to the residence of a son of the man who built the scaffold. The gallows itself is a plain, substantial affair, which would attract little attention apart from its history. The timbers are evidently pine, although they have been painted over at some later period to preserve them. The two uprights are big beams six inches square, and the crossbar is in proportion. Even the screws with which it was put together have been preserved. John Brown was hanged on Dec. 2, 1859.—Boston Journal.

Wanted to See His Wife.

Alliterative Rufus Reed is in the Cumberland county jail, and how he happened to be there is funny enough. Rufus' wife, Lizzie Reed, was arrested and sent to jail on Tuesday for drunkenness. Rufus endured the cruel separation for a few days, then filled up and went down to the jail to see Lizzie. He created a great scene at the jail and after a mighty struggle was jammed into a cell. He was brought before the police court the next day in a battered condition, and will get out of jail at about the time that Lizzie comes forth.—Lowiston Journal.

They Desire No Presents.

The king of Italy has issued a proclamation, stating that it is the wish of the queen and himself that no money should be spent on presents for them in honor of their silver wedding day, but that any money collected should be devoted to charity. The king and queen will celebrate their silver wedding on April 22, 1893. The German emperor and empress have accepted an invitation to the festivities.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Eighty Elopes with Fifteen.

Ezekiel Morrow, eighty years old, passed through Evergreen, Ala., with a girl of fifteen he claims as his wife. They were eloping, they said, from his home near here to Texas because Mr. Morrow's children and grandchildren objected to the marriage.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Plunder Secured by the Police.

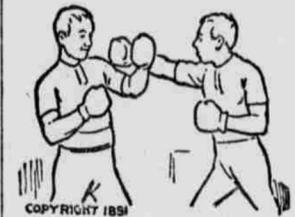
In this city the police in one year have seized over 12,000 chips, 116 packs of cards, four lots of Chinese coin, 223 dice, thirteen fanfan brass cups, three faro layouts, 11,000 pool tickets, two sweat boards, eight poker tables, three roulette tables, three whist boards and one bacarat layout.—New York Sun.

Missing Silver Dollars.

According to the records of the mint 19,570 silver dollars were coined in the year 1864. Of this number but eight are known, and they are valued at from \$500 to \$2,000 each. What became of the remaining 19,562 is one of the greatest numismatical mysteries.—St. Louis Republic.

It has been discovered that the weight required to crush a square inch of brick varies from 1,300 to 4,500 pounds.

"The physician," says Brown, "is the man who tells you that you need change and then takes all you have."



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