THE STORY OF A PICTURE.

It is about 10 o'clock p. m., the hour - Broadway.

Madison Square is brilliant with a caronged with idle groups, while up it was too deeply imprinted there. and down the side-walks continues the ready stream of foot passengers which will not diminish much before mid night. The crowd upon the pavements and in the hotels is frequently ang- thing lovely created that it might be mented for a few moments by persons leaving theatres in the vicinity during the entracte for an airing, refreshments or cigars.

well dressed men and women, and morrow. from the animated tones and gestures, the gay jests and light laughter, distinguishable above the steady tramp of fest, the r tiling of cab wheels and the fingling of car bells, one might think that care rested lightl on the shoulders of the most who are here.

Among the crowd of busy talkers, thoughtless idlers and devotees of pleasure walking at a leisu ely pace and with a thoughtful air, comes a man whose genius has already made his name a household word in many lands. It is Geoffrey Vail the artist. The handsome, scholarly face, with its delicate white complexion, its large, soft, black eyes and sweeping black moustache which fringes his sensitive mouth, his graceful carriage and the plain but faultiess style of his attire, stamp him easily as a man of superior type even to those who do not recognize in the lone individual the well-known figure of metropolitan life.

Above the jorgon of sounds in the streets rise occasionally from a side street the tones of a piano-organ accompanied by the voice of a person singing some Italian songs. The artist pauses for a moment to listen to the pathetic ring of this voice, and as he approaches is struck by the appearance of the singer. It is a young girl, about sixteen years of age, with a Madonnalike face touched with a look of most exquisite sorrow. Is it possible that the coarse-looking Italian yonder can have any connection with this lovely child? It is not of this the artist thinks as he lingers, throwing coininto the old man's hat. It is of how that lovely fa e would look on canvas.

Suddenly the girl sees his ardent gazeand her eyes droop to the ground, while a color like the first blush of sunrise mantles her cheek. The artist is yet more charmed, although he diverts his gase, still following the couple from street to street.

Finally the organ is closed up, and the two performers prepare to go home. Geoffrey Vail approaches the Italian as he is about to go home and touches him on the shoulder.

"Is it your daughter?" he asks pointing to the girl.

The man nods his head

paint ber picture," said Geoffrey.

The man shook his head in disap-Proval.

"Li rou will allow her to come to my studio everyday for a month I will pay you liberally."

How much?" asked the man, gruffly "One hundred dollars," answered the artist, after a moment's hesitation.

She will earn more than that with the organ."

"Then we will say two hundred" The man's greed was satisfied, and be consented to the terms.

"When shall we commence?" "To-morrow, if it suits you," said the artist.

"Very well," answered the man, a Geoffrey handed him his card. Geoffrey turned homeward, pleased

with his discovery. For a long time he had meditated painting a series of pictures representing the emotions. "Here is my 'Angel of Sorrow' ideal-

tred already," he said to himself, as he pursued his way through the still crowded thorough-fare home.

The pretty Italian found Geoffrey Vall in his studio awaiting her visit on the following day.

The strong light in the studio, where the curtains were purposely drawn k revealed to the artist that he had not been deceived with regard to her nce. The face was delicate, rened and indescribably sad.

She had evidently put on her best a dress of some soft black toff and a shawl of the same sable hue speed round her head and shoulders. You have posed as a model before?"

d Geoffrey, noteing the artistic ef-

No," said the girl, "never before." What is your name?" asked the

elo," repeated the artist, "and

upon him wonderly. nelo, we must m

ange you as I wish you to sit,"

timid in his presence.

The grave gentle face of the artist never care to go." when life in its lightest and most fri had won her confidence completely. volous form is on parade in the upper Accustomed to rough looks and some to sell it," replied the visitor. part of the city's great artery of traffic times blows, the chill seemed in the atmosphere of this elegant studio to "And did you ever see a face stick breathe the air of paradise. But the suggested such beauty?" asked the visthousand lights; the great hotels are look of sorrow did not leave her face; itor, adding: "Pardon at a but I have .

> Geoffrey was soon busy with his pencil. An artist, his soul was in his art, "with which this creation of mine To him the animate beauty was only a could but feebly compare." stepping-stone to the inanimate, everycopied on the canvas and immortalized. veil. Consuelo's sitting was not a long one,

He thought it best not to tire her too much the first day, and at the end of The crowd on promenade is a motely the third hour rose from his easel and antly. one, composed for the most part of thanking her, dismissed her till the

"You will come again, won't you?" said Geoffrey.

The girl's look answered him.

For the first that she could remember Conseuelo went to her miserable home happy. A new vista had been opened to her. She had caught the glimpse of another world, with which she seemed to feel a strange kinship.

How gladly those days glided by while the "Angel of Sorrw," half real and half the creation of the artist's superb fancy, grew upon the canvas, The last sitting came. Artist and

model were to part. Geoffrey, who had grown familiar with the child, took her hand in his own when he bade her adieu. Suddenly Consuelo burst into tears.

The artist himself felt unexpecte ily and strangely moved. Even to him the parting seemed painful. Why? Alind egotism! unknown to himself he crisis did the truth dimly dawn upon him. But why these tears of hers! strange infatuaton: Then the child swered, repeat it to him" must love him also.

She then turned away to weep. "Consuelo," he said gravely, "come Conseulo came at his bidding "Look me straight in the face."

"I cannot," she sobbed. "Conseulo, why do you weep?" The face could be doubted no longer

except by the blind. "Consuelo, would you like to stay here alwaws-to be m wife?" he said rather nervously, half frightened him-

The girl looked at him and seemed to make some sudden resolve.

Withdrawing her han . from his, she wiped her eyes, and then without another word or look fled from the studio. "She is frightened, but I must follow her" said the artist. How soon she had become infinately precious to him! He hastened to the door, but no trace of Conseulo could be seen. He paused to reflect. He did not know even her address. The Italian had already called for his money. How should he find her? What strange impulse had caused her to turn and fly so suddenly? not return to her old avocation, accompanying the organ? If he searched the streets for a few days he would soon find her again.

But days, weeks and months rolled by, and no trace of Conseulo or the Italian rewarded his anxious search.

So his passion died away into a vague and hopeless regret. Nothing remained of Conseulo but the blending of he oesuty with his own dreams in the picture. So he devoted himself with renewed ardor to his favorite pursuits. The "Angel of Sorrow" was completed; extravagant offers were made for it, but the picture was not for sale. Money could not buy it.

It hung in the artist's own studiohis greatest achievement—and many wondered as they gazed upon the sorrowful face whence came the inspiration for it.

Geoffrey Vail received many visitors at his studio. Wealthy patrons and personal friends brought others often to see the great artist's work's aften sadly interrupting him when he wished to be alone, but courteously received.

Five years had gone by since his brief love dream had its sudden birth and tragic finale. His gentle face had grown gentler, and perhaps a tinge of sadness crept in between the handsome lines; but he had little to com plain of so far as success was con

He is busy in his studio when some callers are announced. They are foreigners, evidently, from their names Geoffrey glanced carelessly at the card and, and not recognizing the names, is about to excuse himself, but suddenly changes his mind.
His visitors are shown into the

A gentleman refined and distinguished in appearance, and a lady some years his junior. A vell partly secludes

the lady's face. Goeffrey bows politely, and advance to meet them as they are announced The gentleman, spe ogizes for their intrusion, and asks on to look at some of the artst's work, and the lady, who had ob served the artist's favority picture leads her companion towards it. After their own tongus the gentleman, to ing to Geoffrey, asks him if the are can be pure

at him with wonder again. It was in- "On no consineration," replied the conceivable to her that she should feel artist. "It is reserved at a price which even the most extravagant would

"Which means that you do not care

The artist bowed in acquirence. purpose in inquiring."

"I have seen one," replied the artist, As he said this Lis eye caught the

face of the lady who had removed her "Consuelo! cried the artist, forget-

ting his visitors for a moment. But they were smiling at him pleas-

"Pardon me," said he. "Some fancied resemblance compelled me to ut-

The lady approached nearer to him "Do you remember me, then," she said softly.

The artist looked puzzled and per plexed. "Surely it is Consuelo; but pardon me, you have changed your name." And he glanced significantly at her companion. "Ah! and you are no more the 'Angel of Sorrow' you might now pose for the 'Angel of Joy." Consuelo seemed to enjoy his perplexity. "And have you not found laugh-

ingly. The artist shook his head sadly. "Pa, this is Mr. Vail," said Consuelo,

turning to her companion, who offered his hand to Geoffrey with a pleasant "You are wongering what it all

means," said Consuelo, also smiling, "but it is a long story: papa will tell you while I look at some pictures had learned to love. Only at this around the studio and if you wish to repeat the question which you asked me so long ago, which I never an-

The story was briefly told.

Consuelo had been kidnapped from her home in Italy and shipped to New-York. After many years she had been traced and returned to her parents. he had fled from Geoffrey presence becau e ashamed of her humble origin and parentage, believing the padrone to be her father, and had been rescued immediately after.

Such a story could have but one sequel-a happy marriage. It was assuredly a happy one, and soon after Geoffrey commenced the twin picture, having found in his beloved wife a suitable subject for his celebrated artistic creation .- "The Angel of Joy."

A Battle Between Doctors.

Although the matter has been to a great extent kept secret, a battle between homeopathy and allopathy has raged over the sick bed of Princers Henrietta of Flanders precisely similar to that which occurred at the commencement of Lord Reaconfield's fatal illness. Her mother, who is an ardent homeopathist called in Dr. Martiny, It was inexplicable, but he must find a the head of that school of medicine key to the mystry. How? Would she and all the eminent orthodox physicians declined to m at him in consulta tion. The attitude they assumed necessitated the summoning of a provincial practitioner by telegraph, and has given a wonderful opportunity to a young and able military doctor, who considers obedience the first duty of his calling.-London World.

Did Not Want Freckies.

A handsome young woman, who is well known for her philanthropy and who devotes a great deal of her home to making light the burden of poverty which other folks bear, recently found a family worthy of her assistance. It consisted of a mother and several children, the eldest a girl of 20 years, wretchedly dressed. The young woman cast about and finally secured a position in a wholesale candy store for the girl.

The salary was fair, the hours were not long, and all the girl had to do was to pack candy. She accepted the situation gladly, and the young woman left the family feeling that she had placed the girl in a position to earn enough money to support them.

About two weeks later she called at the tenement where the family lived and was surprised to find the girl at

"Why, what's the matter?" she asked "Are you not working today?"

"No, ma'am," was the reply. "I'm not working at all." "When did you leave your place?"

"Last week." "What was the matter? Didn't they pay you enough money?'

"Oh, yes, ma'am, the wages was al right. It wasn't that." "Was the work too heavy for you?"

"No, ma'am, the work was light measy. She dreaded what might fol-But she faced the situation

bravely and asked: "Were you not treated right, then?" "Oh, yes, ma'am, they put me to work n an alcove near a sunny window, and the sun came in nearly all day, and I was afraid I'd get freckled, so I left."

New York Herald: Ethel-Clara went to Europe to get married, did she? I'd e the man I'd go to Europe to

Venerable Vanity.

The vanity that survives the decay

saffron as faithful as rose, and when ing into ruts, and to give each depart- were noticeable for the wide, the saffron is overlaid with manufact- ment the benefit of fresh ideas (and umbrageous hats they wore. Dis ured bloom they tell the enameled elder fresh ignorance) from time to time he behind them sat a nervous looking to her face that it is unnatural. And changes his men all about transferring spairing man, who was making a what the mirror says silently society the sporting editor to the financial de- but fruitless efforts to see the see repeats with a sneer. It is impossible partment, setting the live stock reto mistake rouge for the tint of nature. porter to writing editorials, and so on. tropical bird foliage hid everything The imposture is as apparent to every

Pale young women as well as sal-

our day. It seems to be the fashion to be spurious.-New York Ledger.

His Wife Is Suspicious.

He was standing in a doorway on Jefferson avenue and presently he salted a pedestrian with a wave of his hand, and beckoned him to approach and said:

"How do I look?"

"Why, you present a pretty shabby appearance, if you want an hones anwer," replied the surprised citizen. "That's good. Shabby refers to my

dress. How's my facial appearance? "Pinched and hungry." "That's excellent, Do I look like a man who had money?"

"No." "Would you class me as hard up and friendless ?"

"I certainly would."

"Thank you. To sum up, you would set me down as a victim of unfortunate circumstances who couldn't get out of this town too fast?" "That's about it."

written to my wife, asking for money to get home. She's a suspicious woman and she won't take my word for it. Please write at the bottom:

The citizen complied and the letter was at once taken to the postoffice-

"Attest: It's a durned sight worse

Free Press. He Got a Hohday.

When I was about 11 years old I one day rebelled against going to school. I preferred the hook and line and the and finally said: babbling brook, and I said to father-a farmer at the dinger table. "Can't I stay out of school this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes," he answered promptly, to my no small surprise. I ate my dinner with keen anticipa

tion of a jolly afternoon; but as we ose from the table fa her said, "Come with me. I need a little help in picking up the fallow ground." When the trees of the forest were

felled they were out into logs, rolled together and burning, after which it was necessary to pick up the charred sticksand make smaller heaps for another fire. When father said "Come with me" I knew what he meant, and I went. At night I was black as a neg o and

sour as a lemon, and the next morning you feel just the sort of girl she is. I said, "Father, I think I would rather go to school today."

"All right," he answered; "go ahead," and after that I was careful not to ask for a holiday without some very good reason.-Chichgo Herald. Ass to and Liabilities.

Creditor-"How long will it take you

to prepare a statement?" Mr. De Bust (head of bankrupt firm) "Our Mabilities are so scattered that

t will take us about three months to collec them." Creditor-"Three months? That's a

ong time to wait; and besides, you must then have additional time to prepare a statement of the assets." Mr. De Bust-"Oh, I can get up that

in five minutes."-New York Weekly Two Forms of Government. English Traveler-"Do you consider

your form of government superior to ours ?" American Statesman-"Infinitely You have to help support the whole

royal family, don't you?"

"Indirectly, yes; but-" "Well, I don't have a cent to pay toward the support of any royal family and, besides that, I've worked every one of my own family into nice, soft big-paying positions."—New York Weekly.

No Donbt of It. "Is this a sleeping-car?" asked ommercial traveler, as he struck his ead out of his berth.

"Yes, sah." "Well, wake up, won't you, and see whether it won't move?"-Washington Post

The Funny Man.

However, those who have seen much The vanity that survives the drag of the inside life of comic journals and tale had just risen. Jewes to bles, the most ridiculous. One can other journals with comic departments gas, plumes on wondrous beat hardly blame a beautiful woman for re-know that this kind of work, like pretty joieing in the admiration to which her much every other kind, may be made mirror tells ber she has a right, or for aimost completely mechanical. There setting off to the best advantage the is a regulation way to make a jokesetting off to the best advantage the last is to say, a regulation joke. Of the into the hush of expectation physical perfections with white did course, gentine humor and positive wit precedes the opening of the phy. grandma who was once a Hebe is not transcend all rules, and the great jester the experienced stage manage excused by her antecedents for attemp- is born, not made. But for all that, waited considerately for all that ting the role of Hebe in spite of faded there have been professional famny comers to be seated before the bell cheeks, lack laster dyes and hair that men who hadn't a grain of wit in their for the curtain to r se. has depreciated from gold to pewter composition. For instance, it is well In a conspicuous location a and is lacquered over to conceal the known that the proprietor of a certain way between the wavestra and great New York daily newspaper has front seats of the parquet circu Looking glasses tell the truth to a habit of mixing his editors all up three ladies who had come in una threescore as to sixteen. They reflect periodically, to prevent them from slided about five minutes before before Now it chanced that in one of the wanted to see from his view, land

observer as it "Beware of paint" were mixups the funny column fell to the he wriggled and squirmed and cra written on the forehead of the pink lot of a reporter who did not know a his neck from side to side. The will joke from a logarithm-who had no were too large, too close together more sense of humor than a haystack, too richly upholstered. low old ones are much given to color- He was accustomed to obey, however, Apparently unconscious that he ing their cheeks in this age of personal and he went to work making jokes. artifice. Hundreds of girls between His first attempts were something in his neighborhood and bringiage the ages of 16 and 20 paint their faces wonderful to read. People with pale ladies in front of him into unplem at least as often as they clean their faces stopped one another on the street, prominence, he persevered till some pointed out with trembling fingers of ill suppressed laughter were le Never were there more counterfeits these jokes and asked if they really on all sides of him. Then he sets of nature in circulation than in this read as they were answered that they himself back in his chair with a comdid, they drew deep breaths of relief sigh, but the ext moment took aim and passed on. Friends of the proj tage of a lull in the performance prietor of the paper begged him to the stage to lean forward and adde make a change, and declared to him one of the ladies-the one who set that there were some things the paper the middle. could not stand. But he adhered to his programme and kept the man at "I beg pardon, but it is utterly impor work, and in course of time the new hie for me to see through your hat, w funny mans jokes that were copied in the Lord made me too small to see on other papers for jokes, and became an it. If you will kindly semove it m admired member of the National Para- will make a wretched man happy to grapher's Association.

Business and Sentiment.

A tired-looking man, with a deep and of crape on his hat came into a newpaper office.

"Well," asked the editor. "My cousin Jim is dead," said the

my only cousin, whom I loved as a brother-or more." "That's too bad." "Isn't it, though? And I-I have

written a few verses of poetry on him. or rather about him; and I didn't know but what you might be inclined to cident are given in full for the pare "Thanks. Here is a letter I have print them." The editor found upon inspection that the poetry was not so bad as it job.

it was rather a superior article. So he than he says it is. And sign your said: "I think we can find room for his sisters.—Chicago Tribune. this." "Ah, if you only will! My poor, poor

might be-in fact, for obituary poetry

cousin! If this tribute to his mem Here he either got stuck in his sentence or broke down emotion and gave a continuous bitter cold all along. way to tears. Then he put on his hat. stood on one foot and then on the other

"Oh, er-do I get my check now, or

wait till publication?"

"What check ?" Do you expect a man to sit up till 3 but the firemen dip their mittee o'clock in the morning writing poetry for the fun of the thing?"

The tribute to Cousin Jim has not appeared yet.

Everybudy Likes Her.

There is a type of girl that everybody ikes. Nobody can tell exactly why. but after you have met her you turn away to some other woman and you if you see a man whose nose is fre say, "Don't you like Miss Grosvenor?" Now, the reason you like her is a subtle one; without knowing all about her

She is the girl who is not "too bright and good" to be able to find joy and pleasure all over the world. She is the girl who appreciates

fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world. She is the girl who is not aggressive and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.

She is the girl, who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather. She is the girl, who when you invite her to any place, compliments you by

She is the girl who is sweet and womanly to look at and listen to, and who doesn't strike you as a poor imitation of a demi-mondaine.

looking her best.

the is the girl who makes the world a pleasant place because she is so pleas ant herself. And, by the by, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes

you feel she likes you, and, therefore, you like her?-Boston Globe, Fashion of '91 De Dude-"Aw, mah good man, do you make trousahs wide or narrow

Fashionable Cutter-"All depends h'on th' legs, sir; the less leg th' more trousers, sir."

Mike: Why do them false eyes be made of glass now? Pat: Shure an' how else could they say throo 'em, yo know where you were from'

The Scheme World

The theatre was crowded. The fluttered in the heated air, coules waved slowly to and fro, and the ionable audience turned its spar opera glasses toward the stage

The wide hats with their weaks

attracting the attention of evertee

"Madam," he said in a loud whise whole evening."

The forty or fifty persons who m looking on saw the lady remove h hat at once, turn around, and smilled beg his pardon. They saw the other two ladies take off their hats also, t the example became instantly conte ous. Ten or a dozen other enorm hats came off in the next half mine tired man, with a deep rooted sigh; much to the relief of the sufferen that at rectly behind them. Then the start the evening stepped on the stage the attention of the audience was tracted to the performance again. The details of this pleasing little

> of explaining to those who witness it that the whole affair was a put : The lady whom that man address was his wife and the other two me

It Must Have Been Chilly. You think you have it cold her i Boston; you should live in Mosre one winter. There they have no ad sudden changes as we do here but i such snow as falls is dry as meal. Pe ple there wear moccasins, but never their feet wet, except in case of a pr longed thaw. But -cold? Why, m I could talk to you about it from se "The check for my poetry, of course, till midnight. You won't believe hands into a pail of water when the leave the engine house to run to a m so that their mittens will freeze. see, the coating of ice keeps the se air from their hands. Without it be hands would be frost bitten is minutes. You won't believe it M froze my nose once while crossing !

street. It's a matter of courtes; the

ing to tell him so.

I came out of the house and me friend at the corner, talked with had minute and then walked ac os s street: A girl whom I knew slips was passing as I stepped upon the se walk. Her right ear was as white si sheet. Says I, "Miss, excuse ms, " your ear is frozen. "Thank 9% says she, "what's the matter with own no e?" I thought she was ing me, you see, and I walked A rod further and I met & chun mine, and says he, "Heaven's say Louie, rub some snow on your say it's like an iceberg." Then I belies and I rubbed on the snow, and into the drug store and got some progresse to put on it. Cold? Wny. fore my eyes. You could see the met the ice from the further side was a wonderful sight. Cold? man, etc., etc.—Boston Letter.

Sure of One Thing.

C. W. Couldock, the veteran at talking one day to a couple of friend of some experience on the road, will this story: A number of persons standing in the bar-room of a bel when a typical frontier cowboy, is no shirt and sombrero, with dapper bed entered and insolently demanded giass of beer. The bartender, a qui giass and set it before him.

Taking it up with a swage how he dashed it in the barte face and remarked:

"I want you to understand that I a blankety-blank son-of a gus fre Terns." The bartender picked up a tord

while he was slowly wiping his "I know what you were, but last