

A MINIATURE



This is the face of my lady
Her face with its smile divine
Her eyes with their grave
intensity
And their shy proud look again

"No—I can't sit down. Just ran in to see you a minute. What are you doing?" Ned Hazard bent to look at the medallion over which his sister's tiny camel's hair brush was suspended. "Jove! what a beauty! A portrait—really? Who is she?"

"Miss Silverton of Evanston. This is to be a gift to her fiancé from one of his friends—a wedding gift. She is in the secret. I worked from a photograph until last week, when she gave me a sitting. She is to be here for another today."

Annie Hazard, a little, slender, elf-locked sprite, enveloped in a big painting apron, with a palette on her thumb, looked up to read approval in the eyes of the gigantic young brother who towered over her. He had taken the medallion up in his palm, and was looking down upon it with something brooding in his gaze—a glance of tender prophecy.

"You think it good?"

"Stunningly good. I didn't think it was in you, Nan!"

A flash of pleasure irradiated her small, dark face. "I did," she said.

He laughed, putting his left hand caressingly on the wavy, blue-black hair.

"I know dear. We gazed you dreadfully about your determination to become a miniature painter—I more than the others. But you're proving your detractors in the wrong. It's quite a triumph to do that— isn't it?"

"A glorious triumph! In fancy, I already see you bespeaking a smile from the foremost miniature artist of the coming century, and bragging of your friendship! Give that back, sir. I must complete that gown before the original comes in."

"Is she really as lovely as this, Nan?"

He made no attempt to return the picture in his palm. "What a nobility of brow! And those eyes are serene and pellucid as a mountain lake. Black eyebrows—but the hair is reddish gold. Is—a sudden doubt striking him—the shade—natural?"

"Natural!" His sister picked up a mahi stick and assumed a belligerent attitude. "Trust a woman," she said, "to recognize bleached hair."

Still he held the miniature, his eyes bent full upon it. The mistress of the studio heaved a ponderous sigh.

"If you don't mind," she suggested, meekly, "I should like that back before the night cometh wherein no man may work, or woman, either."

Young Hazard lifted his head with an awakening gesture, laughed, handed her the oval piece of ivory.

"If you hadn't dashed my hopes at birth, Nan," he said, "I'd have staid to make the acquaintance of the original of the miniature. But as she is to be a bride—" he struck a tragic pose. "Farewell, sweet dreams!" he cried.

"Farewell, dear brother!" returned the artist. "I love to have you come in when Coke and Blackstone—or do lawyers still read those eminently respected authorities?—when they will let you." She picked up a new brush and moistened its tip between her sensitive lips. "Your new spring suit's becoming."

"Thanks, awfully. But I didn't come in to be told that. The Percy boys have a box at the Auditorium to-night. They want us to join them. They're to have a chaffing-dish supper at their quarters later. You'll come, won't you?"

"Can't!" The small head swayed in decided negation. "Haven't a decent pair of gloves to my name, nor time to buy them."

"O, if that is all, I'll get them for you. What shade do you wish—what is your number?"

"Shade, light heliotrope. Size, five and a half. Six buttons."

"Explicit, at least." He took up his hat. "Jolly little den you've got here, Nan. Do you mean to say you've done all these things?" The comprehensive sweep of his hand included many pictures, from the rapt countenance of Tennyson's St. Agnes to a sketch of one drooping hand holding a perfect rose.

"Not all—though I am responsible for all. My pupils have done some."

"Pupils! Phew—we are in earnest. Honestly, Nan, I'm glad I induced dad to let you have your way. We thought it was all a fad, you know."

"Yes, I know." She smiled—a conscious little smile. "We didn't call it a fad when you wished to study for the bar. And see how you've vindicated yourself! I was so proud this morning when I read what the paper said of your speech in the trust case yesterday."

"Nan—you flatter!" But he colored with pleasure. "I'll have to make the pair of gloves half a dozen pairs in payment, I suppose!"

The flickering smile deepened around her lips. "You may prove your gratitude in that way if you choose!" she declared demurely. "I've never

seen the day when I had too many pairs of gloves."

"No woman ever did," he rejoined, laughing. And he went out of the studio, out of the building, and strode down State street, a straight, handsome, manly young fellow to whom went sparkling glances of spontaneous admiration.

He did not notice the glances—nor those from whom they came. He saw a face as he swung along. It was unlike all other faces thronging that populous thoroughfare. It was not only the physical perfection that appealed to him. It was the look of reserve—of distinction. This look told him that back of the courtly kindness with which the world was greeted a sanctuary stood apart—a sanctuary where

Only the high priest entered in! "Pshaw!" he muttered, and shrugged his great shoulders. "To be disturbed by the memory of a miniature!" He found himself pushing against the swinging doors of a vast dry goods establishment—three of them.

"Gloves?" The deferential floor-walker lent an attentive ear. "Yes, sir. In the annex—yes, straight down this aisle!"

Curious in the midst of surroundings foreign to him, Ned Hazard strode on in the direction indicated. Light poured from the great dome of ground glass overhead. Fair women, alert or languid, passed and repassed him in a steady stream. Gowned in cloth, in fur, in velvet, purchasers passed up and down between the laden shelves, the polished counters. A group ahead there—a congestion of trade! Hazard swerved a little to pass the augmenting crowd. What was the trouble? A lost child—a fainting woman? "She took my purse!" The wall came from a richly dressed woman of conspicuous physical development. "She was nearest me. I laid it down a minute—it's gone!"

Involuntarily Hazard paused—glanced at the accused. And—as he looked—his heart stood still. For there, facing that curious mob, haughty, indignant, white as she would be in her coffin, stood the original of the miniature he had lately held. That fearless poise in the head, those dark eyes under curved black brows, that scornful young mouth, the rippling red-gold hair under the plumed hat—how familiar were these!

"You are mistaken, madam!" The voice thrilled him. It was the voice he knew this one lady must possess. "I saw a woman take up a purse from the counter. She went toward that elevator. I am no thief. You are

mistaken. My name is Eunice Silverton. I shall give you my address."

"I don't want no address!" One fat, ringed hand gesticulating frantically. "I want my purse. I want you searched. You got my purse!"

A man pushed through the throng—a man with a quiet countenance and untranslatable gray eyes.

"If you ladies will come with me," began the house detective. The accused lifted higher her shapely young head.

"I will not go with you. I object to the indignity of being searched."

She paused. Another was speaking. The crowd, grown suddenly silent, were listening.

"This young lady is Miss Silverton of Evanston," Ned Hazard said. "If you," turning to the attendant floor-walker, "will take my card to—he mentioned the name of the head of the firm—there will be no further trouble. He is a personal friend of mine. It is better," he concluded, and the penetrating voice reached those of the outskirts of the press of the people, "not to make a mistake in the matter. Such errors cost a firm dearly sometimes. It is my word against—the glanced at the virago who stood with poised umbrella in their midst—against this person's!" he declared. The latter burst into a torrent of vituperation. But the floor-walker had read the card—passed it with lifted brows to the house detective.

"If you will come this way," the detective said, bowing, "the affair will be arranged."

Young Hazard elbowed a passage for the trembling girl. She looked up at him gratefully as she walked by his side to the manager's office. A little man with a Helvaic cast of countenance came hurrying in.

"My dear Hazard! There has been an unfortunate mistake somewhere. I am informed. My men have been telling me that this young lady—a friend of yours—was accused of shoplifting. Obviously, the charge is absurd!"

"She did take it!" yelped the woman of the ungloved hand. "She stood next me at the silk counter. I just set it down when—eh?"

She stopped, her fishlike mouth still open.

The detective was presenting her with her purse.

"We corralled the thief on the third floor. She is an old hand at this game. Burke has taken her to the

station. This is your pocketbook, madam?"

The big woman grabbed it from him. "Tis mine—and small thanks to you!" she snapped out. She flounced off. The floor-walker wiped his forehead and the head of the house smiled.

"Our system of detection," he said, "is thorough. I, however, humbly, apologize to Miss—"

"Silverton," suggested Hazard.

To Miss Silverton for the unpleasant experience to which she has been subjected. It was fortunate, Hazard, that you happened along when you did."

Miss Silverton flashed Ned a glance that set him tingling to his finger tips.

"Most fortunate for me!" she murmured.

Then they were out on State street together and Ned was telling her how he had recognized her, about the miniature, his sister—many things.

You are to give Nan a sitting 'this afternoon," he reminded her.

"Not I!"

"But," he stammered, "she said she expected you! That the miniature must be finished for—"

He choked there. How could he talk to her about her wedding?

"For my sister's wedding—yes. She went directly to the studio from the train."

For an instant State street whirled around like the bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope. Then things righted themselves, and the young lawyer knew that two eyes alive with laughter were smiling up at him.

"Your sister! But you must be alike. I could have sworn—"

"We are alike. We are twins. You are not the first who has been bewildered by the resemblance. Shall we go on to the studio? Eudora was to wait for me there."

They did go on to the studio. Nannie gave them tea out of old Beleck cups. They ate tinned wafers and talked a lot of delightful nonsense. And Ned Hazard made up his mind for good and all that the original of the miniature was not half as beautiful as the sister whom she so resembled.

"My gloves, Ned!" demanded his sister, as she locked the studio door.

Aghast, he wheeled around. "My dear girl, I forgot all about them. I'll get you a box—a dozen boxes—"

"When?" Their eyes met. "Before the wedding to which we are bidden?"

"Yes. I say, Nan, how does that song of Riley's go—you always remember poetry. It is something like this—and he quoted, his eyes alight:

"When my dreams come true, when my dreams come true, I shall—"

The light in the elevator thermometer fell lower.

"Down!" cried Nannie.—Chicago Tribune.

On the Railroad.

Another woman, one who spends half her time traveling on the railroads, says: "What a delightful world this will be when one person in 1,000 learns to respect the rights and feelings of others. Nowhere does one suffer more from the selfishness and disgusting habits of the average human being than in a railway car. First, the lack of ventilation has a depressing effect upon a sensitive temperament and fatigues one quicker than miles of walking in the open air. Next comes the human annoyances. There is the peanut eater sitting opposite. Now, any one who would eat peanuts except in a ten-acre lot or standing on a burning deck where a certain boy in history is said to have devoured them by the peck ought to be flayed alive. What, then, should be done with the creature who devours peanuts by the quart on a railway car where it is impossible to escape their horrible odor? To me there is nothing more offensive than the smell of peanuts, and when that everlasting boy comes through the car calling out 'salted peanuts,' I frequently bankrupt myself by buying up his whole stock. But one cannot keep this sort of thing up. It would cost less to have a bill passed by the legislature forbidding their sale."

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Municipal Ownership Is Ancient.

Municipal ownership long ago passed out of the stage of theory and experiment, if, in fact, it ever belonged there. Centuries before America was discovered public ownership of public utilities was highly developed. The city of Rome 2,000 years ago possessed its splendid public baths, its superb aqueducts and other utilities owned and managed by the government.

Wife Slept Too Late.

In a western court the other day a man asked for divorce on the ground that his wife would not get up early enough to get his breakfast. In her counter-petition the wife alleged that her husband snored so loud that in the early part of the night she could not go to sleep. The court granted the divorce on general principles, without prejudice against either side.

The Latest Fad in Eggs.

Dairymen have known for a long while the families that require that the milk served them for their children shall come all from one cow. A grocer heard recently for the first time from one of these families. The head thereof asked the grocer to see that the eggs of the house came daily from one hen.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Found His Way Home.

A hound was bought in Missouri and shipped in a closed express car to a ranch in Kansas. In a day or two it was missing. Investigation proved that it had gone back to its Missouri home, over a distance of 500 miles, on a road entirely unknown to the dog.

M'KINLEY'S FIRST LAW CASE.

Young Attorney Lost His Initial Suit, but Won a Bride.

President McKinley, as a young attorney, lost his first case in the common pleas court of Stark county, Ohio, in 1869. He also was elected prosecuting attorney during the trial. This case was first heard before Justice Philip Loew of Navarre, Stark county, in 1869. Loew is a rock-ribbed democrat, but has much love for McKinley. Loew, strange as it may seem, is still a justice of the peace in the village of Navarre, and has held the office in an unbroken line all these years.

John Rostetter, a farmer of Bethlehem township, Stark county, brought action against Philip Sheets, his tenant, to recover damages of \$213.20. The farmers had a quarrel over some

with the issue of the case and took an appeal.

During the trial of the case McKinley had become engaged to marry Ida Saxton, the belle of the town of Canton, and while the case was pending between Rostetter and Sheets, McKinley was getting ready for the wedding tour. He was married January, 1871. His interest in this important event of his life is shown in a letter written a short time before his marriage to Judge Ambler of Salem, Ohio, then congressman from the Canton district. The young Canton attorney sent a letter of inquiry to Congressman Ambler of Washington, asking about the hotels of Washington, and informing Mr. Ambler of his approaching mar-

riage. This letter is now in the possession of Attorney Ralph Ambler of this city, son of the former congressman. Ralph Ambler, curiously enough, is now a republican candidate for common pleas judge in that county.

The visit of William McKinley and his bride to the national capital was an eventful occurrence in the young bridegroom's life. It is said that the bride was so pleased with the trip that she then declared her husband would some day be president of the United States. It is certain that such

a statement was made by Mrs. McKinley early in her married life, and that she always clung to this belief and repeatedly declared it to friends.

Another important event in the life of McKinley that caused him to delay the case of Rostetter and Sheets was his canvass for prosecuting attorney of Stark county. He was nominated, as well known, partly as a joke, for the county had been strongly democratic. The opposing candidate was William A. Lynch. McKinley, probably inspired with the idea of distinguishing himself in the eyes of his prospective bride, turned out and made such a vigorous campaign that he won, and when the ballots were counted in the fall of 1869 he was elected prosecuting attorney.

Here is another strange thing clustering about this period of McKinley's experience. The opposing counsel in the Rostetter-Sheets case was also this same William A. Lynch. McKinley won the election and his bride; Lynch won the law case. Two years later



JUSTICE PHILIP LOEW AND HIS COURT HOUSE.

horses breaking into a wheat field. The plaintiff caused an attachment to be issued to satisfy his claim, should he win the suit.

Summons was served on Sheets March 18, 1869. He demanded a jury trial. This was granted, and April 6 was fixed as the time to hear the case. The parties were not ready and the case did not come to trial until May 8. It took three days to hear the evidence and the arguments. The jury finally gave judgment for the defendant, Sheets, amounting to \$136.55. McKinley's client was not satisfied

with the issue of the case and took an appeal.

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Travels 8,000 Miles to Visit Wife's Grave.



Emanuel Cohen travels 8,000 miles a year to visit his wife's grave. His wife is buried in Woodmere cemetery in Detroit, according to her last ex-

pressed wish. Cohen's health compels him to live six months of the year in Germany drinking the waters of the Carlsbad springs. In December of

every year, however, he boards a trans-Atlantic steamer, and, coming to America, visits the grave in the quiet little Detroit cemetery.

Cohen is an American by birth and lived in Detroit when he was married. He was the founder of one of the largest business houses in the town, and was very successful from the start. He made a very large fortune and was preparing to retire when he met Miss Anna Freud, the daughter of a wealthy Hebrew family. He paid her assiduous attention and was married to her a year later.

Cohen gave up his business after his marriage and traveled for a year. While abroad his wife was taken ill with pneumonia. Her eagerness to return home led them to attempt the trip against the advice of physicians, and she died in London, unable to proceed further.

It was here that the promise that she should be buried in the cemetery in her native town was made. Cohen brought the body of his wife across the water and it was interred in the family lot in the Woodmere cemetery.

Cohen was broken-hearted at his loss. He began again to travel, but on the anniversary of her death he came again to Detroit to pay his respects to her memory. Shortly thereafter his health began to fail and he found it impossible to continue his travels. He went to Germany, and by the advice of his physicians spent six months each year at Carlsbad. When the anniversary of his wife's death came, however, he was insistent upon visiting her grave.

He made the trip and went back to Germany. Each year since he has regularly crossed the water and traveled the total distance of 8,000 miles for the purpose of seeing the grave and decorating it. Fifteen such trips he has made, making a total distance traveled of over 120,000 miles.