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Because the arts of foil she knows.
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Her broadsword ready for her foes,
With the new exercise she glows.
Far from the envious eyes of beaux,
A mask upon her pretty nose,
She blushes like a sweet June rose.
—Boston Transcript.

THAT PICTURE.

During five or six years Marcel had worked at that famous painting which he affirmed should represent the crossing of the Red sea, and for five or six years this masterpiece of color had been obstinately refused by the jury at the annual salon.

So, from force of habit in going and coming so often from the studio to the museum and from the museum to the studio, the picture knew the road so well that, if one had set it on wheels, it would have been able to go all alone to the Louvre.

Marcel, who had ten times repainted and rearranged this canvas from top to bottom, attributed to a personal hostility of the members of the jury against himself the ostracism which rejected it annually from the Square salon, and in his idle moments he had composed in honor of the Cerberus of the institute a little dictionary of curses with some illustrations of a savage ferocity. This collection, which had become celebrated, had obtained in the studios and at the School of the Fine Arts the popular success which is attached to the immortal complaint of Jean Belin, painter in ordinary to the grand sultan of Turkey. All the daughters of Paris had a copy of it in their memory.

For a long time Marcel was not discouraged by the determined rejections which he received at each annual exhibition. He was comfortably settled in the opinion that his picture was, in its least proportions, the long sought for pendant to the "Marriage Feast at Cana," that gigantic masterpiece whose brilliant splendor the dust of three centuries had not been able to tarnish. So, every year at the epoch of the salon, Marcel sent his picture to be examined by the jury. Only—in order to throw the examiners off the scent and to try to baffle them in their preconceived determination to exclude it, which prejudice they seemed to have against the "Crossing of the Red Sea"—without changing anything in the general composition of the painting, he modified certain details and changed the title of his picture. Thus, one year it came before the jury under the name of "The Crossing of the Rubicon." But Pharaoh, badly disguised under Caesar's mantle, was instantly recognized and rejected with all the honors due him.

The following year Marcel threw upon the foreground of his canvas a layer of white paint to represent snow, planted a tree in one corner, and dressing up an Egyptian in the uniform of the imperial guard of France he baptized his picture "The Crossing of the Beresina." The jury, which had rubbed up its spectacles that day upon the tails of its green palmated coats—on official occasions the members of the institute wear dress coats having green palms embroidered on the lapels and collars—was not duped by this new ruse. It recognized perfectly the obstinate canvas, especially by a big devil of a many colored horse that pranced about on top of a wave of the Red sea. The dressing of this horse served Marcel for all his experiments in coloring, and in his everyday speech he called it "a synoptical tableau of fine tones," because it reproduced all the most varied combinations of color with their plays of light and shade. But once more, unmoved by this fine detail, the jury had not black balls enough to fully express their feelings in rejecting "The Crossing of the Beresina."

"Very well," said Marcel, "I'll wait! Next year I shall send it again under the title of the 'Passage des Panoramas.'"

A few days later, and when Marcel had already forgotten terrible threats of vengeance he had uttered against his persecutors, he received a visit from Father Medicis. Thus the bohemians had nicknamed a Jew named Solomon, who at that epoch was well known to all members of artistic and literary Bohemia, with whom he was in perpetual relations. Pere Medicis did business in all sorts of brie-a-brac. He sold complete sets of furniture at from 12 francs up to 3,000. He bought everything and knew how to sell it again at a profit.

The exchange bank of M. Proudhon was a very little affair compared to the system applied by Medicis, who possessed the genius of traffic to a degree never before attained by even the most able of his fellow believers. His shop, which was situated in the Place du Carrousel, was a fairyland where one found everything to be desired. All the products of nature, all the creations of art, all that comes forth from the bowels of the earth and of genius, Medicis made of it an object of negotiation. His business touched everything, absolutely everything that exists; he dealt even in the ideal. Medicis bought ideas in order to exploit them himself or to sell them again. Known to all the litterateurs and all the artists, an intimate of the palette and a familiar friend of the writing desk, he was the Asmodeus of the art. He would sell you some cigars for the plot of a novel, some slippers for a sonnet, some fresh fish for paradoxes; he chatted "by the hour" with writers whose business it was to relate in the newspapers the scandal of society; he would procure you places in the galleries of the house of parliament and invitations to private soirees; he lodged by the night, the week or the month the wandering daughters who paid him in copies of the works of Flavius Josephus.

On entering the home of the bohemians, with that intelligent air which

distinguished him, the Jew divine that he had arrived at a propitious moment. In fact, the four friends found themselves at that moment met in council and under the presidency of a ferocious appetite they were discussing the grave question of bread and meat. It was on a Sunday, and the end of the month! Fatal day and sinister date! The entrance of Medicis was therefore greeted with a joyous chorus, for they knew that the Jew was too miserly of his time to spend it in visits of mere politeness. Therefore his presence always announced an affair of business.

"M. Marcel," said Medicis, "I have come here solely to make your fortune. That is to say, I've come to offer you a superb chance to enter the artistic world. Art, as you well know, M. Marcel, is an arid road of which glory is the oasis."

"Pere Medicis," said Marcel, on the hot coals of impatience, "in the name of 50 per cent, you venerated patron saint, be brief!"

"This is the affair," said Medicis. "A wealthy lover of paintings who is making a collection of pictures destined to make the tour of Europe has ordered me to procure for him a series of remarkable works. I have come to offer you an entrance into that gallery of art. In a word, I have come to buy your 'Crossing of the Red Sea.'"

"Cash?" said Marcel.

"Cash," responded the Jew, making the orchestra in his breeches pocket play a lively tune.

"Go on, Medicis," said Marcel, displaying his painting. "I wish to leave to yourself the honor of fixing the price of this work, which is beyond all price."

The Jew placed on the table 50 crowns in beautiful new silver pieces.

"Go on," said Marcel; "that is only the advance guard."

"M. Marcel," said Medicis, "you well know I shall add nothing. Reflect! Fifty crowns. That makes 150 francs. That's a sum, that is!"

"A feeble sum," replied the artist. "Why, know that my first word is always my last, merely in the robe of my Pharaoh there are 50 crowns' worth of cobalt. Pay me at least the material. Equalize those piles, round up the figures, and I will call you Leo X."

"Here's my last word," said the Jew. "I'll not add a sou more, but I offer a dinner to all of you, various wines at your own discretion, and at the dessert I'll pay in gold."

"Does any gentleman wish to make any further bid?" yelled Colline, rapping three times with his fist on the table. "Going, going, gone!"

"Agreed," said Marcel.

"I will send for the picture tomorrow," said the Jew. "Now let us start, gentlemen; the table is laid."

The four friends descended the stairs, singing the chorus from "Les Huguenots," "A table, a table!"

Eight days after that feast Marcel learned in what gallery his picture had taken its place. While walking through the Faubourg Saint Honore he stopped in the midst of a group that was gazing with curiosity at the hanging of a sign over a shop. That sign was none other than Marcel's famous picture, sold by Medicis to a dealer in provincial. Only, the "Crossing of the Red Sea" had once more suffered a modification and bore a new title. Some one had added to it a steamboat and had called it, "At the Port of Marseilles." A flattering ovation arose among the loungers when they discovered the painting. So Marcel turned away, delighted by this triumph, and murmured, "The voice of the people is the voice of God!"—Boston Transcript.

Politeness Pays.

"I have often heard my uncle," said the nephew of a noted lawyer who died lately, "dwell upon the fact that he owed much of his success in life to a habit of invariable politeness, without any element of todism, which had been instilled into his nature by the teachings of a wise mother. His first start in his profession came through an old scrubwoman who was employed about the house where he boarded when a young man. One morning he passed out as she was scrubbing the front steps, and he saluted her politely, as usual. She stopped him. 'They tell me you are a lawyer,' she said. 'Yes.' 'Well, I know a poor widdy woman that wants a lawyer, and if you will give me your address I'll tell her.' The 'poor widdy' proved to be the chief heir to a large estate in Delaware county. My uncle became her attorney and trustee of her children, recovered her interest in the estate and derived a good income from its management for many years."—Philadelphia Record.

Roaming Chinese Tribes.

In the plains on the western borders of the Chinese empire, in the very heart of Asia, there live roaming tribes who seldom visit towns, except it may be in the way of trade. They dwell in tents which they pitch wherever they may happen for the moment to be wandering or working. The tent used by some of the roving Mongolian folk is made of felt and is usually low, small and pointed toward the top. The wooden door frame is no higher than half a window frame in our houses, but the tent, although not equal to the wants of a large family, is snug and comfortable enough in summer, but cold in winter. —Western Mail.

Sells Worthless Securities.

There is an individual in New York who makes a good living by dealing in securities which have a purely speculative value, and which, in many cases, are known to be worthless. He buys these cheap for cash and sells them to men who go into fraudulent bankruptcies and want to make a showing of assets to their creditors. He has been making money in it for years and has had a share in filling out the schedules of a great many bankrupts who have taken advantage of his sagacity in supplying them with collateral. —New York Letter.

DELIGHTFULLY ROMANTIC.

A Stage Held Up and a Maid Carried Off by a Good Looking Bad Man.

A romantic case of kidnapping occurred the other day in the country back of Mazatlan. The stage between Rosario and Mazatlan, which left the former place, stopped at 1 a. m. the next day at Agua Caliente, where another passenger, a young and pretty girl, was taken on. She was Carlotta Newman, daughter of a poor blind woman living at Mazatlan. There were two other passengers, a man and a woman.

The stage left Agua Caliente at 2 a. m. and had gone only a couple of leagues when the driver suddenly reined up at a call from the roadside, where four men on horseback sat coolly pointing revolvers at his head. There was no demand for coin, and from the quiet manner of the highwaymen the driver could draw no idea of the nature of their demands. While one man held a gun pointed at the driver and another attended the horses the others dismounted, stepped to the end of the coach and courteously requested the young lady to come out. The girl recognized the larger man, a magnificent looking fellow, as Jose Valdez, her rejected lover, and divining the plot she begged the passengers to save her. Valdez warned them to do nothing, and as they had no firearms they dared not protest against the actions of the bold robbers.

After urging Miss Newman to come out without avail, Valdez and his companion laid hold of her and carried her to the horses, placing her upon one and tying her to the saddle. The girl's shrieks and tears had no effect either in hurrying the men or arousing their anger. When they were again mounted and ready to leave, Valdez turned to the driver and said calmly, "Go, friend, and excuse me for molesting you."

The driver, lost no time in accepting the permission, and the agitated passengers inside did not breathe easily until they saw the party, with the girl in the center, gallop over a hill. The driver and passengers reported the matter on arriving at Mazatlan and gave the names of Librado and Bernardo Valdez and Rufino Zatarain as the accomplices of Jose Valdez, the first two being his cousins.

Valdez is a dare devil and spendthrift, and though of good family bears a very bad reputation. He was rejected by Miss Newman, who is a highly respected girl of American birth. The prefect of the district of Concordia, in which Agua Caliente is situated, has charge of a party of rurales searching for Valdez, and strong efforts are being made to capture the villain. His hiding place is unknown. News of her daughter's capture prostrated the mother in Mazatlan.—San Diego Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

A THURIFER GUILD.

English Clergymen Agitated Over the Question of Incense Burning.

Two subjects are at present greatly exercising the minds of many clergymen of the Church of England—one is the startling falling off in their incomes owing to the long continued and increasing agricultural depression, and the other is the use of incense in churches. The latter is always a prominent topic of clerical discussion about Christmas time, but this year it seems to create more interest than usual, owing to the growing prevalence of the practice.

There are now so many servers, acolytes and other altar assistants engaged in lighting and swinging thurifers in the churches of England that they seriously propose to form themselves into a guild or society for the promotion of incense burning. The name suggested for it is the "Thurifer Guild." One of its objects will be a study of the history of the practice and the best manner of manufacturing orthodox and sweet smelling incense in an expeditious and economic manner. —London Telegraph.

The Congo Railroad.

The opening of the first section of the Congo railroad passed almost unnoticed in this country, chiefly because it is due to Belgian enterprise. But for all that, British traders already realize the vast possibilities involved and are actively preparing to obtain a share of the new trade. The road at present extends from Matadi to Kenge, and thence will be pushed as rapidly as possible to Stanley pool. The list of freight charges has been published in the chief European ports, and two British and one German steamship line have made Matadi a port of call. It is confidently predicted that a Congo boom is about to commence, and that King Leopold will soon be within measurable distance of reward for his courage and patience.—London Letter.

The Singer Family Abroad.

It is extraordinary how the Singer family has managed to mix itself up with the aristocracy of France. With nothing but a huge fortune and a large stock of eccentricity the original old Singer married no less than 10 women, covering a wide range of position and character. He numbered his descendants by the score, and these it is who have managed to ally themselves with some of the proudest families in Europe. At the recent wedding of Mrs. Winnaretta Singer in Paris to Prince Melchior de Polignac there was a great gathering of the Singer clans, and they bore such names as Rochefoucauld, Decazes, Murat, Modena and Dudley.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

An Old Goose.

It is positively asserted that a prominent farmer living near Ellicott City, Md., has in his possession a goose which has attained the rather astonishing age of 36 years. The bird was purchased by its present owner in 1850, and was then 23 years old. It is as sprightly now, it is stated, as any of the flock, and there is nothing in its appearance to indicate such an advanced age. In a discussion by several old fowl fanciers here regarding the ages of different birds it was affirmed that geese often lived to such an age, and even a longer period.

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