

AT THE PAWNSHOP DOOR.

In the winter morning, early when only a few stars were left in the sky...

As the shutters were up at the windows, and the snow lay on the street...

As the wheels of travel and traffic were beginning to move...

As the sun shone through the shadows like gleams from their dark retreats...

From the tenement house, from cellars so cold and damp...

And, shivering with cold and hunger, appeared at the pawnsshop door.

There was one in her widow's weeds who had striven from day to day...

To keep her children in comfort, with plenty of food to eat.

But the rent would be due to-morrow, she'd not a cent to pay.

And oh, the disgrace and horror of being sent into the street!

She looked about in her anguish for something that she could pawn...

From a jewelry box she took a pair of earrings, and bearing away the jewels that proudly she had bought...

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There were others who gathered round her, whose faces too were pale...

The shame at which they shuddered, the view that had been in...

Through the filthy streets, till un-ably they displayed...

The tokens of their poverty, the stains and traces of sin.

They are regular courses, by the demon of drink secured.

The lazy and sated "bummers," albeit of wealth and of power...

Who are driven early morning by the scourge of avarice...

And, shivering with cold and hunger, appeared at the pawnsshop door.

But there outside of the group, with fingers crossed and a bundle slung upon a vacant...

There are no shoes on his feet, not much of a cap on his head...

And the great fear runs over the shrunken and careworn face...

He is hungry and he is cold, he is weary and he is old...

Not a word does he say, but he looks at the crowd with a look of despair...

And, shivering with cold and hunger, appeared at the pawnsshop door.

When they are pinched by the cold of winter and have not enough to eat.

And, shivering with cold and hunger, appeared at the pawnsshop door.

Of many of them meet in our journeying to and fro...

Whom we never have thought to pity, and who have earned their bread...

And drive before the wind of a merciless, cruel fate.

Like a flock of sheep, they are driven and urged to a rocky shore...

Here, in the face of the wind, they are driven and urged to a rocky shore...

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"Do I know them," said the other, stoutly, "and they are very sorry. You, yourself, are witness and advocate and judge, all in one, and your pride is retained as a hired attorney for you. No, no, I will enter the lists. I will paint a portrait of your daughter that will make you confess me your rival."

"Do it," said Flamensbeck, "and she shall be yours."

"When shall I begin?"

"Immediately."

"I must have several sittings."

"You can have them."

And so it was arranged that Katrina should work for Flamensbeck.

Herr Mahler was a skillful artist, but the prize which was at stake embarrassed him as well as stimulated him. His fear of failure made him dissatisfied and anxious, and he was continually overlooking his work and began again. He insisted that Katrina should not know the object of the sitting; otherwise she might flatter him. So his father trumped up some excuse to his anxiety that the famous painter should first paint her portrait—and she consented.

The artist's handsome face attracted her at first, and she was struck by his knowledge of the world, his wit and anecdotes amused her. On his part, he found himself more and more interested in her, and was pleased that his domestic affairs would not prolong the agreeable sittings. The thought that they would come to an end greatly distressed him, and he eagerly sought excuses for multiplying them.

"What is the matter?" he said, "I lack the symmetry it should have. I must have one more sitting."

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sitting down, wrote her lover a full account of it. But the course of true love was by no means smooth as yet.

CHAPTER IV.

To Klopstog suddenly came a popular painter, whose art was said to be the result of a series of tricks and illusions more becoming a professional conjurer and magician than a professional artist. In his picture of "Bridal Veil Falls" a rainbow was introduced, and the delicate gauze of mist and spray enveloped the dark brown rock over which the water did not so much tumble as sparkle. It was charged but never proved that the iridescence in his picture which seemed to hover in front of the cascade was produced by a skillfully hidden arrangement of prisms; and that the effect of smoke and steam in his "Boiling Springs" was the effect of a magic lantern behind a screen. But many admirers took-pooled these stories and they never gained great credence, while Monsieur Poissonier went placidly on painting his wonderful pictures.

He opened a studio in Klopstog, and scores of people flocked to see his works. He was not old, but looked so. His shoulders were crooked, his feet deformed. He wore a long, flowing robe, and that he looked like a bill hawk ready to crop his bushes of mustache. On each side sharp falcon eyes peered out like mics in his holes.

One day he invited Katrina's father to do him the honor of calling. He did so. The crooked painter sat patting a landscape. The golden light of the setting sun gilded houses and trees and mountains; and Katrina's father to a group of golden-haired children at play, touching their heads most radiantly. But the great painter did not think much of it. Looking around the room he saw a more beautiful picture than he had ever seen. It was a landscape, and it was a landscape of the most beautiful kind. It was a landscape of the most beautiful kind. It was a landscape of the most beautiful kind.

"Bah!" he said contemptuously to Mons. Poissonier, "what are you smugging away at that for, when Nature does so much for you? You are a painter, and you are a painter of the most beautiful kind. It is a landscape of the most beautiful kind. It is a landscape of the most beautiful kind. It is a landscape of the most beautiful kind."

"Copy that as it is and you'll be the greatest living painter."

The crooked painter's black eyes snapped with anger, perhaps with triumph.

"Will Monsieur Flamensbeck be so kind as to go nearer to the window and tell me if he thinks it better, or not as good?"

Flamensbeck did so. To his astonishment the landscape did not widen and the perspective change according to nature. He went nearer and nearer. He could almost touch the window, and there was canvas. There was no window; there was no outdoors. It was a picture.

Flamensbeck was silent a moment. "The devil's in it, I believe. With all my art I could not do that. It is a picture of the most beautiful kind. It is a picture of the most beautiful kind. It is a picture of the most beautiful kind."

"Then I ask your daughter in marriage," cried Mons. Poissonier. Flamensbeck again was silent. He even sh