

**DU MAURIER AND MOSCHELES.**

First Meeting of the Two Great Artists in Gay Bohemia.

We first met in Antwerp in the class rooms of the famous academy, says Moscheles in the Century. I was painting and blaguing as one paints and blagues in the storm and stress period of one's artistic development. It had been my good fortune to begin my studies in Paris, where in the Atelier Gleyre I had cultivated the essentially French art of chaffing known by the name of "la blague Parisienne," and I now was able to give my less lively Flemish friends and fellow-students the full benefit of my experience. Many pleasant recollections bound me to Paris, so when I heard one day that a "nouveau" had arrived straight from my old Atelier Gleyre I was not a little impatient to make his acquaintance.

The newcomer was Du Maurier. I sought him out, and, taking it for granted that he was a Frenchman, I addressed him in French. We were soon engaged in lively conversation, asking and answering questions about comrades in Paris, and sorting the threads that associated us with the same place. "Did you know un nomme Poynter?" he asked, exquisitely Frenchifying the name for my benefit. I mentally translated this into equally exquisite English, my version naturally being "a man called Poynter." Later an American came up, with whom I exchanged a few words in his and my native tongue. "What the deuce are you? English?" broke in Du Maurier. "And what the deuce are you," I rejoined. And we then and there made friends on a sound international basis.

It seemed to me that at this first meeting Du Maurier took me in at a glance—the eager, hungry glance of the caricaturist. He seemed struck by my appearance, as well he might be. I wore a workman's blouse that had gradually taken its color from its surroundings. To protect myself from the indiscretions of my comrades I had painted various warnings on my back, as, for instance, "Bill stickers, beware," "It is forbidden to shoot rubbish here," and the like. My very black hair, ever inclined to run riot, was encircled by a craftily concealed band of crochet work, such as only a fond mother's hand could devise, and I was doubtless coloring some meersch-schaum of eccentric design.

It has always been a source of legitimate pride to me to think that I should have been the tool selected by Providence to sharpen Du Maurier's pencil. There must have been something in my "verfluchte physiognomie," as a very handsome young German whom I used to chaff unmercifully called it, to reveal to Du Maurier those dormant capacities which had been betrayed in his eager glance.

**A MOTHER-OF-PEARL HOUSE.**

Built by a Chinese Fisherman Many Years Ago.

Old habitations are to be found all over California, says the San Francisco Call. Sometimes there is good reason for them being odd, but often it is the result of some crank idea. On the beach near Cypress Point, in Monterey county, there is one that cannot come under the first head and hardly under the last. The residence belongs to a Chinese fisherman and is part natural and part the work of his own hands. The natural portion of the house is a small cave in one of the many rocks that stick up all over the beach. The other part is a sort of wooden shed which has been built in front of this opening. The lumber used is of the roughest kind but the esthetic Chinaman overcame this objection by covering the whole outside with abalone shells, the hollow side being turned out. The Chinaman evidently did that many years ago, when the shells were plentiful and had scarcely any market value. Every shell used has been destroyed as one or more nails have been driven through them according to their size. Some of the shells are magnificent in color and enormous in size. There is one at least fifteen inches in diameter, and a duplicate in good condition could not be bought in San Francisco for any price. Most of

the larger shells, if they were not punctured with nailholes, would readily sell for from \$3 to \$5 apiece. But that size cannot be had in the market now, and would be difficult to find on the rocks of any part of the coast. The general effect of the house, when the sun strikes it at the proper angle, is dazzling. The polished, pearly surfaces sparkle with astounding brilliancy and flash with all the colors of the rainbow. It is a pleasing and surprising sight and the only pity is that so many beautiful shells were destroyed to produce it.

**No Wonder It's a Craze.**

The silver question, as it is understood in some parts of Kentucky, is graphically illustrated by a letter which one of the statesmen at the capitol received from a correspondent in that state. It appears from this epistolary evidence that a controversy was being waged between a sound-money man and a silver champion. The gold man thought he had the best of the argument. He asked his adversary why he thought that the free coinage of silver would make times better.

"Simply because it would put more money in circulation," said the white-metal crank.

"But how will it put more money in circulation?" demanded the gold man.

"How?" asked the silver man, with a smile of contempt at his opponent. "How? Why, you blamed fool, if you can take one gold dollar to the treasury and get sixteen dollars for it, won't that increase the circulation?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**It Was Too Bad.**

Walter Savage Landor, though he often handled his fellow-men somewhat roughly, hated to see an old tree felled and even shrank from plucking a rose. One morning he collared his man cook and flung him out of the window. Then, suddenly remembering on what "bed" in the garden the man would fall, the flower-loving Landor exclaimed: "Good heavens! I forgot the poor violets!"

**An English Slap at the Dutch.**

The Boers are no doubt puffed up with their constant good luck when resisting British attacks, but they must be well aware that they have nothing to gain by war and that their position just as it is is one of the most fortunate in history. At least, we can recall no other republic in which every man was for his wants well off, in which all taxes were paid by foreign immigrants and foreign toil and in which the whole community, without ever submitting to a conscription or entering a barrack, had acquired a high military reputation. We cannot believe that these advantages will be willfully thrown away and do not see wherein, if peace is maintained for the next ten years, Great Britain will suffer except from a few taunts, and what do taunts matter to a people with our history?

If it amuses Dirck Cloete to consider John Bull cowardly or soft, let him consider it; he will reconsider that opinion before the end arrives. England is not in a hurry if the capitalists are. She survived Napoleon and she will survive Krueger, not to mention the very memory that there ever was a Dutchman between the Zambesi and the Cape. What proportion of all these who can read now know that New York was once a possession and a settlement of the Dutch?—The Spectator.

**The Politician's Visit.**

"'Twas just a social call," quoth he  
That phrase is quite enough;  
There's no use going on to say  
He called my little bluff."  
—Washington Star.

**Identified by His Glass Eye.**

William Moran, of Wellston, Ohio, was so badly mangled by a railroad train that it was only by a glass eye that the body was identified.

**Strange.**

He—I can't get my wife to use the telephone. She—That's strange! I thought your wife liked to have a voice in everything.—Whim-Whams.

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