## TO THE FEARLESS.

Think not this fearless one must walk alone
Down the broad thoroughfare we know as life;
He hath for comrades in the daily strife
Those noble ones whom other days have known,
Who, like himself, strode on and made no moan
O'er earth's injustices. 'Tis his lot to feel
The martyr's anguish, yet his master will
Before no altared ignorance can kneel.
All patiently he takes his bitter fill
Of mockery, and with untiring zeal
Works out his mission with full meed of skill.
His is the form that here and there we meet
Standing erect while curs snarl at his feet.

—Lurana W. Sheldon.

# The Lady in Green ......and Gold......

By SEAMAN BRIGHT.

All Paris was talking about her.

Before Evelyn Stair had been in the gay capital twelve hours her friend, Nancy Forbes, insisted on taking her to see the new excitement.

"But, my dear Nancy, I am not in a violent hurry to see her," protested Evelyn. "I have a whole fortnight in Paris before me yet. And besides, we haven't seen each other since the days when we wore pigtails, and there is far more to interest me in your own doings than in—what do you call her?"

"'The Lady in Green and Gold.' Her real title is 'Memory,' but since Paris has gone wild over the matter every one calls her 'the Lady in Green and Gold.' And you must see her," insisted Nancy, "if only for the extraordinary resemblance to yourself. It is really uncanny. When you stepped out of the train last night I thought you were 'The Lady in Green and Gold' herself."

"It is flattering at any rate, if the lady is as wonderful as you say," laughed Evelyn. "And now, as you have roused my curiosity to excitement pitch, when am I to see her?"

"At once. It is a heavenly morning, and besides I have arranged a—a little appointment," hesitated Nancy, coloring a little. "I didn't tell you last night, as it was late, and you were tired; but, you see—well—you see," and Nancy held out her left hand, on which a diamond ring glistened in the sunlight.

"Engaged? Oh! my dear, I am so glad," and Evelyn bent down and kissed her friend tenderly.

"He is a dear, and his name is Dick—Dick Wingrave," explained Nancy. "He is an American, and an artist, like myself; only, unlike me, he has had many decorations and honors in both France and Germany. You will see him in half an hour at The Salon; we are to meet there, and—good gracious! it is nearly 11 now. We must really hurry, for I want to introduce you first to 'The Lady in Green and Gold.' To think," she continued a few moments later, as they stepped out into the whirl of the Paris traffic, "it is nearly ten years since the day we said 'good-bye' to each other on the steps of Miss Jay's academy. Ten years! It frightens me when I think what a little I have to show for it. Just an odd little canvas here and there at The Salon, and—and yes, there is Dick," she broke off, with a note of triumph in her voice. "Dick! He was worth all the years of waiting."

"All the years, Nancy, I am sure—every one of them," said Evelyn, with an inflexion in her voice that somehow brought the tears and a question to her friend's eyes.

"And you, Evelyn. What have you been doing all these years—I mean really doing? Of course I read of your father's death, and how you were one of the richest and most beautiful girls in England, and all that sort of thing. But of your real self—the self that said good-bye to me on those old steps ten years ago—the one that used to sleep with a bunch of forget-me-nots under its pillow, once upon a time?"

"Oh, don't Nancy! It was only the usual silly boy and girl affair, and one day, when the boy grew up, he—he changed his mind."

"And the girl?" queried Nancy, impetuously.

"The girl? Oh, the girl never quite changed. It's a silly way girls sometimes have," said Evelyn, a little piteously.

Nancy's brown eyes filled with tears and she felt for her friend's hand and squeezed it lovingly as they entered a quiet street.

"You see, no one was to blame," explained Evelyn. "There was never any real engagement. My father wouldn't hear of it till the boy had made a name. He was an artist, you see, with nothing but promise. So he came away to Paris, and for a time everything seemed to prophesy splendid things. Then a letter came—it was a very brief letter," continued Evelyn, after a pause, "and—and was not even written by himself. A friend wrote it, I suppose he was too busy to do it himself."

"What a horrid thing to do!" burst out Nancy, angrily.

"It wasn't nice. But I suppose there was a reason, and it didn't matter much, anyhow. There was nothing in it but a few lines, to say that something unforeseen had happened which must end our—our friendship. He asked to be forgiven and forgotten, and that was all. There was no address."

"But his friends—his relatives?"

"He had no near relatives, and his friends, he dropped them all, as he did me. None of us ever heard of him again."

"Yet, somehow, I can't believe your artist was a cad," said Nancy, after a pause. "It isn't in human nature to love a girl like you and then forget her so lightly. What was his name? Perhaps I have met him. We foreigners in the studios generally know something of each other, and I have been in Paris nearly eight years."

"His name was Vayne—Christopher Vayne," answered Evelyn.

They had reached the entrance doors of The Salon as she spoke, and the latter, as they swung to behind them seemed to take up and prolong the rhythm of the name.

"You know him?" questioned Evelyn, breathlessly, as she saw a startled change of expression cross her companion's face.

"I have heard of him," answered Nancy, recovering herself; "but I will tell you later, when—when we have seen 'The Lady in Green and Gold.'"

She led the way straight to the end of the gallery as she spoke, and though inwardly surging with emotions that Evelyn had fondly imagined were laid aside long ago with an old green gown, she was forced to follow her friend through the crowded room in silence.

Nancy's look of startled surprise, however, had done its work, and in the few paces that it took to measure the length of the gallery memory rolled back the dead years from the sepulchre of the past, and Evelyn saw herself a schoolgirl again at Miss Jay's academy, and Christopher Vayne, a boy with a paint box, who taught the local rustics to see their fields and barns through magic glasses.

Even the stray bunches of forget-me-nots that Nancy had remembered—foolish language of the schoolgirl heart as they seemed in these later days—were very precious in this hour, with their resurrected visions of things and imaginings that, alas! the mills of time and happening had bruised so badly.

Foolish, foolish days! They yet came back to Evelyn now in the crowded rooms of The Salon like the scent of clover on a summer wind.

Even Miss Jay's academy and all the schoolgirl sentiment for which it stood crossed her vision again, and then passed away, and in its place Evelyn saw the schoolgirl, now a woman, with all the sentiment transmuted into the fine gold of love, and the boy a man of passion and burning ideals, while the forget-me-nots took other forms which neither poet nor painter nor forget-me-not have ever yet made their own.

But, even as they reached the end of the gallery, these, too, passed away in their turn, and of all that had gone before nothing remained but a girl in a green gown, looking through an English hedge, down the road a man had once gone, on his way to Paris.

"This is it," said Nancy, suddenly, as they stopped in front of a large painting before which a little crowd had silently gathered.

Evelyn looked up as her friend spoke, and for the moment was conscious of nothing but a shimmering mass of green and gold; then slowly from out the tangle of foliage a girl's eyes met her own, eyes almost lost in the strong shadow in which the face was painted, but whose spirit seemed to reach out to the other girl's troubled consciousness with a suggestion of infinite calm.

All the subdued noise and chatter seemed to have left this end of the room, and something of the strange spirit of serenity and tenderness which the painter ha. embodied in his ideal seemed to have communicated itself to the frivolous Parisians who stood there rapt and silent in front of his masterpiece.

And yet, like all the great things of art and life, the picture was simple.

Just a girl in a green gown, parting a tangle of green boughs as if to send yet one more lingering glance to some one who was going away, and for symbolism might have served as a flash of his youth to a man when he is tired and gray.

The luminous landscape in the background rendered the figure at a first glance little more than a silhouette, and the cool foreground was barely relieved here and there by a flash of sunlight that played through the green leaves like the gleam of a fairy's wing.

One gleaming touch of light caught the gold of the hair, and a few high lights defined the outline; otherwise the figure as it stood there, with its back to the dazzling sunlight and its face looking straight out of the picture, was wrapped in shadow.

And out of the shadow, in turn, smiled the wonderful eyes—eyes suggesting vague questionings to Evelyn, and to which she began to feel she alone possessed the key.

"Don't you think it might be a portrait of yourself?" whispered Nancy, with a curious glance at her friend.

Evelyn did not answer. Strange answers to those vague questions began to float through her mind, and with it all there grew and grew a sense of familiarity with every detail of the picture.

The very boughs seemed like old familiar friends, and the girl who parted them? Ah! Now she saw the likeness Nancy spoke of. It was indeed herself—the old real self that Nancy had questioned her about less than an hour ago—the self Evelyn fancied had been laid aside long ago with an old green gown.

"Come," said Nancy, who was watching her friend closely, "and I will tell you the story of the man who painted 'The Lady in Green and Gold.'"

"He came to Paris six years ago, and he was English," she began abruptly, as they found a quiet corner and sat down. "He was young, he was brilliant, and before long became the shining light of Lemaire's. There was no future too great to prophesy for him, the master said, and if you add to this that he loved and was loved by a beautiful girl, and that every one was his friend, you will have a picture of this man as he was then. Now try to realize what it must have been to lose all this in less than a minute—just one little minute of time, and love and talent and even a future were swept away. It was at a railway station." Nancy went on quickly, for Evelyn's face was white with appeal, "and there was a great crowd. Many of the people were tipsy, for it had been a fete day, and in the rush that was made for the incoming train a mother and her two children—oh! Evelyn, wasn't it awful?—were thrown down on the rails. It was all over in a moment, and nobody ever quite knew how he did it; but Christopher Vayne was on the platform, and——"

"Saved them. Oh! he saved them?" whispered Evelyn, passionately.

"Yes, he saved them, but his arm—the engine caught it," explained Nancy, with a shudder. "It was his right arm, and the doctors, when they saw it, said he would never paint again. They amputated it and saved his life, but he was in the hospital for a long time." Nancy went on, after a pause, in which she dared not look at her companion's face, "and when he came out he was, as Dick puts it, 'absolutely broken and done for.' Dick, I forgot to tell you, was his friend and fellow student at Lemaire's, and the first thing Mr. Vayne did when he came out of the hospital was to ask Dick to write a letter. He had nothing left, he said, for any woman to waste her years over, so Dick wrote the letter. It was to a girl in England, whose name Dick has forgotten; but in essence it told her that the one who sent it 'had changed his mind.'"

"Oh! don't, Nancy, don't!" pleaded Evelyn, piteously. "Just tell me what happened afterward."

"He left Paris and disappeared. No one—not even Dick—knew what had become of him. It was supposed he had committed suicide in his despair, but for five years no trace of him was ever found. Then a week ago Paris was startled by 'The Lady in Green and Gold.'"

"You mean——" began Evelyn, a dawning comprehension in her eyes.

"He painted it with his left hand! That last day when he left Dick and went out into the dark alone he had nothing but a dim little hope for company. He took it away with him to a lonely village in the Ardennes, and there slowly but surely began to fan it into a flame. Little by little it grew as he worked on patiently through the lonely years—one—two—three—then four, then five, and he came back to Paris with 'The Lady in Green and Gold.'"

"Oh, splendid! Splendid!" repeated Evelyn, with shining eyes.

"Wasn't it? Just think of him away there in his lonely village, working on year after year till he mastered that unruly hand. Literally he had to become as a little child and begin life all over again. Ah, that was heroic, if you like," concluded Nancy; "far more heroic——"

But Evelyn had suddenly ceased to listen. She had risen to her feet and, with parted lips and all the color gone from her face, waited for two men who had entered the room and now came toward them.

One of these was keen of face and slight of build; he wore a foreign decoration in his button-hole, and had the modernity of America written on his every look and movement; the other was tall and strong, like a knight of old, and his badge of honor was an empty sleeve.—New York Tribune.

### The First Rothschild.

Frankfort is easily ahead of all the towns of Germany in the abundance of texts for the eloquence of British journalists. Although the Jews are practically the creators of the modern city, their emancipation is a matter of yesterday. When Amschel Rothschild was born in 1772 in a wretched slum in the Judengasse the Jews were still shut up every night in their own quarter. He lived to be twenty before he saw his family, now lords of the earth, permitted to live freely in any street they liked. By 1812, when Amschel died, the Jews had by their banking houses transformed the town from a decaying mediaeval memory into a great banking centre.—London Chronicle.

## WORTH QUOTING

European hotel keepers are of the opinion, observes the Atlanta Journal, that the trusts are highly beneficial institutions.

That the beef trust should consent to give a reason for raising its prices is an unexpected courtesy, according to the Washington Star.

China has just invested in a plant for the manufacture of smokeless powder. But the "awakening" might come quicker, thinks the Kansas City Star, if the production of smokeless opium were larger.

Woman's influence is prominent in America, and very much that is highest and best in our national life is due to that fact, assets the New York American. Many of the greatest chapters in the Revolution and Civil War relate to women.

The beauties of the English language are again evident, to the Washington Post, in the case of that western man who had skipped with the town funds and was described as "six feet tall and $10,000 short."

It is surprising to the Baltimore American, that the allurements of the Chesapeake are not better known to owners of small pleasure craft in the big cities that can reach the bay without going outside. The Chesapeake abounds in attractions for those who journey leisurely in houseboats or motor boats.

Last month the Allahabad Pioneer remarked editorially: "Day after day under the present short-sighted Government we in India are drifting into a condition which cannot but be viewed with alarm by those who have witnessed the past and can only look to the future with anxiety."

There may be all kinds of scientific reasons why kissing should be suppressed, admits the Philadelphia Press, but in a duel between a microbe and the little blind god the microbe will have the same chance that a butterfly would in an attempt to snuff out the sun.

The ability of the people of Japan to keep silent at a time of national necessity is remarkable. This ability is a distinct asset in the great game of war, in which knowledge of the enemy's movements is still most important. It would be a particularly notable asset in war with a people like ourselves, remarks the Cincinnati Times-Star. If an American battleship had been sunk off Santiago, it is a safe guess that all the world would have known of the disaster, with details, within 15 minutes.

It seems to be necessary to the Philadelphia Record, not only that the racing of automobiles should be confined to tracks, instead of highways, but that these tracks should be enclosed with fortifications so substantial that runaway machines cannot break through and plunge into a crowd of spectators. When that shall be done the casualties will be confined to the operators.

Rev. Z. T. Sweeney of Indianapolis was for three years consul-general at Constantinople. "The Turks are victims of a false civilization and a false religion," he says, "but I found them a magnanimous people, open to reason and with absolutely no race prejudices. They don't object to a Christian being a Christian or an Armenian being an Armenian. But they do object to a Christian or an Armenian meddling with the Mohammedan religion. And I venture to say that the large majority of the Armenians massacred were agitators. They knew that their designs against the Sultan's religion formed treason to the Sultan's government, and they went to their fate with open eyes."

A delighful canard, now current in the press, recites the sorrows of a farmer whose barn is infested with rats that have of late been eating dynamite, writes the Boston Transcript. According to the legend, the imaginary husbandman is very uneasy in his imaginary mind. He doesn't want the rats to live, and he doesn't dare slay them. At any moment, thinks he, the barn may mount skyward—cows, hay-loft, brown Dobbin and all. He ought to know better. Time and time again the scientists have explained that dynamite can be hammered without exploding, and that it can be burned without exploding: it won't got off unless it meets with a spark and a blow simultaneously.

### Congregation Painted the Church.

Decoration Day was yesterday celebrated by about twenty members of the Eastern Avenue Congregational Church in a manner that was essentially practical. They painted the church.

For a long time the church had been in need of a good thick coat of paint, and the members decided to include the church in the decoration plans of the day. They were engaged the greater part of the morning and the afternoon, and the church is now one of the most attractive buildings in the neighborhood. In order that the work should not cease, dinner was provided for the workers by the women of the church.—Springfield Union.


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### THE WRONG WAY.

One day Charlie and Papa took a trip to Aunt Jennie's farm, which was 200 miles away from Charlie's home, and the boy was wild with delight at the anticipated long car ride and novel experiences. After they were comfortably seated and the train began to puff out of the station Charlie's papa said: "Now, son, I'm going to be away just a few minutes. I have to see the baggagemaster. You sit where you are and don't move a bit; if you do I'll spank you. Don't stick your head out of the window; you will have trouble if you do. Be a good boy or I'll——"

Charlie nodded his head and sat as still as a mouse.

The father went away; found his man; attended to his business, and returned within five minutes.

There was the boy with just his feet and the seat of his trousers left in the car, the rest of him hanging out of the window. Every time a telegraph pole whizzed by the boy would make a lunge for it, and he almost fell all the way out trying to catch it.

The father did not hesitate long. He made a grab for the child, pulled him in by the heels, laid him over his knee and began to fulfil his promise. The little fellow screamed and yelled until he almost drowned the noise of the train; but during the lull in the uproar the father heard a laugh behind him. He angrily turned to see the cause, when, seated quietly two benches in the rear, he saw his son Charlie laughing heartily over the plight of the other boy.

His father rubbed his eyes to dispel the illusion, but there was no mistaken Charlie. Then he looked at the boy on his lap. Behind the tears was a face that he had never seen before. He had spanked some other man's son!—Philadelphia Ledger.

### HE COULDN'T.

Dealer—"This will be three dollars and forty-seven cents."

Poet—"Exactly; three dollars and forty-seven cents. I shall have to get it charged—unless (hesitating)—unless you can change a ten-thousand-dollar bill."—Somerville Journal.

### HER OCCUPATION GONE.

She—"This paper says that glass mirrors were known in A. D. 23, but the art of making them was lost and not recovered until 1300, in Venice."

He—"My! This world must have been a dreary place for women between those dates."—Yonkers Statesman.

Edwin Anthony, in an article published in the Chess Players' Chronicle, computed approximately that the number of ways of playing only the first ten moves on each side is 169,518,829, 100, 544, 000, 000,000-000,000.


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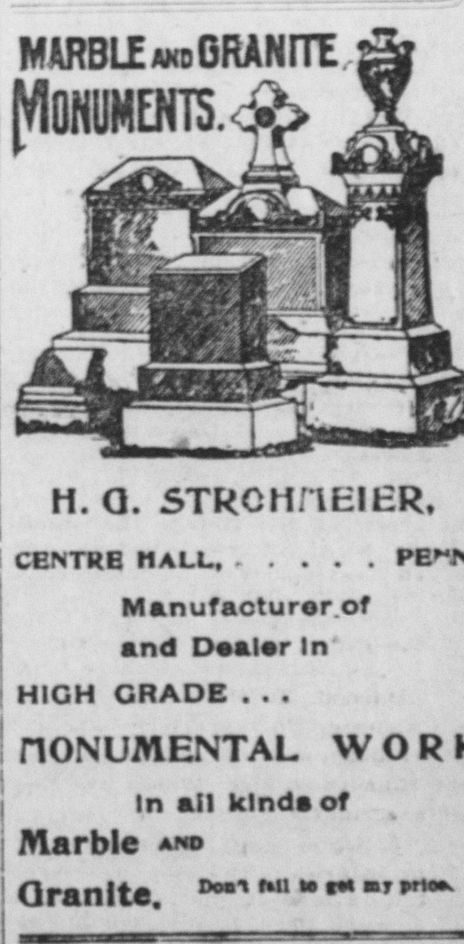

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