

The Model Millionaire.

Unless one is wealthy there is no good in being a charming fellow. Romance is the privilege of the rich, not the profession of the unemployed. The poor should be practical and prosaic. It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating. These are the great truths of modern life which Hughie Erskine never realized. Poor Hughie! Intellectually, we must admit he was not of much importance. He never said either a brilliant or ill-natured thing in his life. But he was wonderfully good-looking, with his crisp brown hair, his clear-cut profile, and his gray eyes. He was as popular with men as he was with women, and he had every accomplishment except that of making money. His father had bequeathed him his cavalry sword and a History of the Peninsular War, in fifteen volumes. Hughie hung the first over his looking glass, put the second on a shelf between Ruff's Guide and Baily's magazine, and lived on two hundred a year that an old aunt allowed him. He had tried everything. He had gone on the Stock Exchange for six months; but was a butterfly to do among bulls and bears; He had been a tea merchant for a little longer, but had soon tired of Pekoe and Souchong. Then he tried selling dry sherry. That did not answer. Ultimately he became nothing, a delightful ineffectual young man with a perfect profile and no profession.

To make matters worse, he was in love. The girl he loved was Laura Merton, the daughter of a retired colonel who had lost his temper and his digestion in India, and had never found either of them again. Laura adored him, and he was ready to kiss her shoestrings. They were the handsomest couple in London, and had not a penny piece between them. The Colonel was very fond of Hughie, but would hear of no engagement.

Come to me my boy when you have got £10,000 of your own, and we will see about it, he used to say; and Hughie looked very glum on those days and had gone to Laura for consolation.

One morning as he was on his way to Holland Park where the Mertons lived, he dropped in to see a great friend of his, Alan Trevor. Trevor was a painter. Indeed, few people escape that nowadays. But he was also an artist, and artists are rare. Personally he was a strange rough fellow, with freckled face and red hair. However, when he took up the brush he was a real master, and his pictures were eagerly sought after. He had been very much attracted by Hughie, at first, it must be acknowledged, entirely on account of his good looks. The only people a painter should know, he used to say are people who are betes and beautiful, people who are an artistic pleasure to look at and an intellectual repose to talk to. Dandies and darlings rule the world! However after he got to know Hughie better, he liked him quite as much for his bright, buoyant spirit and his generous, reckless nature, and had given him the permanent entree to his studio. When Hughie came in he found Trevor putting the finishing touches to a wonderful life-size picture of a beggar man. The beggar himself was standing on a raised platform in the corner of the studio. He was a wizened old man, with a face like wrinkled parchment, and piteous expression. Over his shoulders was flung a coarse brown cloak, all tears and tattered; his thick boots were patched and cobbled, and with one hand he leaned on a rough stick, while with the other he held out his battered hat for alms.

"What amazing model!" whispered Hughie, as he shook hands with his friend.

"An amazing model!" shouted Trevor at the top of his voice: "I should think so! Such beggars as he are not to be met with every day. My stars! what an etching Rembrandt would have made of him!"

Poor old chap! said Hughie, how miserable he looks! But I suppose, to you painters, his face is his fortune? Certainly, replied Trevor; you don't want a beggar to look happy, do you?

How much does a model get for sitting? asked Hughie, as he found himself a comfortable seat on a divan. A shilling an hour.

And how much do you get for your picture, Alvin.

O, for this I get a thousand pounds.

Guineas. Painters, poets, and physicians always get guineas.

Well I think the model should have a percentage, said Hughie, laughing; they work quite as hard as you do.

Nonsense nonsense! Why, look at the trouble of lying on the paint alone, and standing all day long at one's ease! It's all very well, Hughie, for to talk, but, I assure you that there are moments when art approaches the dignity of labor. But you mustn't chatter: I'm very busy. Smoke a cigarette, and keep quiet.

After some time the servant came in, and told Trevor that the frame maker wanted to speak to him.

Don't run away, Hughie, he said, as he went out. I will be back in a moment.

The old beggar man took advantage of Trevor's absence to rest for a moment on a wooden bench that was behind him. He looked so forlorn and wretched that Hughie could not help pitying him, and he felt in his pockets to see what money he had. All he could find was a sovereign and some coppers. "Poor old fellow," he thought to himself, "he wants it more than I do, but it means no hansoms for a fortnight," and he walked across the studio and slipped the sovereign into the beggar's hand.

The old man started, and a faint smile flitted across his withered lips. "Thank you, sir," he said, in a foreign accent.

Then Trevor arrived, and Hughie took his leave, blushing a little at what he had done. He spent the day with Laura, got a charming scolding for his extravagance, and had to walk home.

That night he strolled into the Palette Club about 11 o'clock, and found Trevor sitting by himself in the smoking room.

Well, Alan, did you get the picture finished all right? he said, as he lit his cigarette.

Finished and framed my boy! answered Trevor; and by the by, you have made a conquest. That old model you saw is quite devoted to you. I had to tell him all about you—who you are, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have—

My dear Alan cried Hughie, I shall probably find him waiting for me when I go home. But of course you are only joking. Poor old beggar! I wish I could do something for him. I think it is dreadful that any one should be so miserable. I have got heaps of old clothes at home—do you think he would care for any of them? Why, his rags are falling to bits.

But he looks splendid in them, said Trevor. I wouldn't paint him in a frock coat for anything. What you call rags I call romance. What seems poverty to you is picturesque to me. However, I'll tell him of your offer.

Alan, said Hughie seriously, you painters are a heartless lot.

An artist's heart is his head, replied Trevor; and besides, our business is to realize the world as we see it, not to reform it as we know it. And now tell me how Laura is. The old model was quite interested in her.

You don't mean to say you talked to him about her? said Hughie.

Certainly I did. He knows all about the relentless Colonel, the lovely damsel, and the £10,000.

You told that old beggar all my private affairs? cried Hughie, looking very red and angry.

My dear boy, said Trevor, smiling, that old beggar, as you call him is one of the richest men in Europe. He could buy all London to-morrow without overdrawing his account. He has a house in every capital, dines off gold plates, and can prevent Russia going to war when he chooses.

What on earth do you mean? exclaimed Hughie.

What I say, said Trevor. The old man you saw to-day was Baron Hausberg. He is a great friend of mine, buys all my pictures and that sort of thing, and gave me a commission a month ago to paint him as a beggar.

And I must say he made a magnificent figure in his rags, or perhaps I should say in my rags; they are an old suit I got in Spain.

Baron Hausberg! cried Hughie.

Good heavens! I gave him a sovereign! and he sank into an armchair the picture of dismay.

Gave him a sovereign! shouted Trevor and he burst into a roar of laughter. My dear boy, you'll never see it again.

I think you might have told me, Alan, said Hughie sulkily, and not let me make such a fool of myself.

Well, to begin with, Hughie, said Trevor, it never entered my mind that you went about distributing alms in that reckless way. I can understand your kissing a pretty model, but your giving a sovereign to an ugly one—by Jove, no! Besides, the fact is that I really was not at home to-day to anyone; and when you came in I didn't know whether Hausberg would like his name mentioned. You know he wasn't in full dress.

What a duffer he must think me! said Hughie.

Not at all. He was in the highest spirits after you left; kept chuckling to himself and rubbing his old wrinkled hands together. I couldn't make out why he was so interested to know all about you; but I see it all now. He'll invest your sovereign for you, Hughie, pay you the interest every six months, and have a capital story to tell after dinner.

I am an unlucky chap, growled Hughie. The best thing I can do is to go to bed; and my dear Alan, you mustn't tell anyone. I shouldn't dare to show my face in the Row.

Nonsense! It reflects the highest credit on your philanthropic spirit, Hughie, and don't run away. Have another cigarette, and you can talk about Laura as much as you like.

However, Hughie wouldn't stop, but walked home, feeling very unhappy, and leaving Alan Trevor in fits of laughter.

The next morning, as he was at breakfast, the servant brought him up a card, on which was written. Monsieur Gustave Naudin, de la part de M. le Baron Hausberg. I suppose he has come for an apology, said Hughie to himself, and he told the servant to show the visitor up.

An old gentleman with gold spectacles and gray hair came into the room, and said, in a slight French accent, Have I the honor of addressing Monsieur Hugh Erskine?

Hughie bowed.

I have come from Baron Hausberg, he continued. The Baron—

I beg, sir, that you will offer him my sincere apologies, said Hughie.

The Baron, said the old gentleman, with a smile, has commissioned me to bring you this letter; and he handed Hughie a sealed envelope.

On the outside was written: A wedding-present to Hugh Erskine and Laura Merton, from an old beggar, and inside was a check for £10,000.

When they were married Alan Trevor was the best man, and the Baron made a speech at the wedding breakfast.

Millionaire models, said Alan, are rare enough; but, by Jove, model millionaires are rarer still!—London World.

"AUNTIE."

Not long ago Mark Twain was traveling in the country, and stopping one evening at a house presided over by an elderly woman, he was shown to a room some-what bare of ornament and furniture and yet slept peacefully until morning. When morning came and he arose, he became mindful of the fact that although he provided himself with a tooth brush, he had forgotten his powder. He had consoled himself with the idea that there must be tooth-powder somewhere. After a brief search he discovered something in a small box on the mantle which certainly resembled tooth-powder. At any rate, he used it vigorously on his teeth and it was satisfactory. When he got down stairs he apologized to his hostess for using her tooth powder. She appeared surprised.

What tooth-powder? she inquired blandly.

It was on the mantle, Mark replied. On the mantle? she repeated.

Yes, in a small box, it was excellent, he declared.

Good gracious! she ejaculated, that wasn't tooth-powder.

What was it? asked Mark, now slightly alarmed.

Why that was Auntie! said she. It seemed that Auntie had been ornamented.

LATIMER'S FLIRTATION.

Fred, said Tom Latimer to me as we sat over a late breakfast at the Mohican House, Spring Lake, I met the most beautiful, delightful, superlative girl on the beach to-day. She's with a funny old woman in a wig, with false teeth and painted face.

And how did you get an introduction to the paragon? I ventured to ask him.

Well, I was just going to tell you. I saw this divinity seated on the sand reading a volume of poetry, as charming as you please. Near her was a very fat poodle. Sulky-looking beast with the asthma. Well, as soon as my setter, Jack, saw this canine monstrosity he made a break for it, and they had a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match right then and there on the sand. It would have been all up with that poodle in about a minute if I hadn't started in and separated them. All this time the angel was screaming at the top of her lungs and trying to get her dog away. I finally rescued the beggar and gave him to her, and so struck up an acquaintance. Her name is Bertha Selden and—

And how about Goldine Haughton? I asked, referring to a young lady he had been paying marked attention to all summer, and whom it was commonly believed by the boarders in the hotel that he intended to marry.

From that time forth Tom Latimer was a constant attendant on Bertha Selden, and though I knew too well that he was an arrant flirt, it looked as if this time he was hard hit.

You see, he said to me, though my father is fool enough to contemplate marrying again at his time of life I'm quite independent, and as I'm tolerably sure she likes me, why, old boy, you may expect an invitation to my wedding before long; and he swaggered off, looking like a handsome, confident puppy as he was.

There! the fellow provoked me, though I was glad he really intended marrying the pretty, blue-eyed child, and not jilt her as he had half a score of others.

The very same day who should arrive at our hotel but Latimer pere—a hale, handsome man of middle age and an old acquaintance of mine. We dined together in private, and while Tom sipped his wine in silence, the elders gossiped of the place, the people and the cooking, though more than once I fancied that cheerful Mr. Latimer was more distraught than usual and several times I noticed that he cast anxious glances at Tom's thoughtful countenance.

By-the-way, he said, after the waiter had placed the desert and finally withdrawn, neither of you has inquired my business here.

He looked at Tom, and Tom, rousing himself, looked at him.

Well, sir, said that young gentleman, people don't come to Newport on business, at least not generally, so it didn't strike me to inquire.

Well, my boy, said the elder gentleman, laughing, I'll give you the information gratuitously; I have come down for a day to see the lady I'm about to marry—Miss Selden—you have probably met her.

Tom and I stared at his father in unmitigated surprise, and Tom ejaculated:

I say, father you're not in earnest, you know?

Of course I am, replied Mr. Latimer, rising and laughing, and I'm off now to pay my respects. Come over in the course of the evening, both of you; and while Tom stared blankly after him he went away.

Tom looked at me and I looked at him. Tom thrust his hands through his yellow curls, and then into his trousers pockets and then whistled. I whistled.

Such a man as that to marry a brown front and a set of false teeth, ejaculated Tom, Jove! sir, I'm struck dumb, in proof of which he became slightly profane.

I do not approve of strong language; I do of hock; so to immolate two birds with the same stone, I cried.

In any case, let us drink her health; after which cheerful resignation came to Tom, and he was good enough to say:

Well, after all, it will be pleasanter for Bertha and myself than if the governor had had better taste. I wonder what enchantments the old Circe threw around him.

I'll tell you what, said Tom, as later in the evening we ascended to the drawing room of the bride elect and her lovely niece, I'll get Bertha out for a stroll this lovely moonlight night, and as sure as fate I'll propose; It's just the evening for that kind of thing, especially with those tender, blue-eyed things. I say! hadn't we better knock lest we might interrupt the love making.

But I had opened the door, and there was nothing for it but to advance.

The room was but dimly lighted, yet sufficiently to show Miss Selden the aunt, seated in a distant armchair, spectacles on nose, the paper she had been perusing fallen on her lap, while a gentle sound, like the score of a fay, proclaimed that she was wrapped in slumber, as was also the poodle lying by her feet.

Close to the piano stood Mr. Latimer, bending tenderly over a little sylph in white tulle, whose bright hair floated over his black coat sleeve, and whose white fingers were shyly twisting one of the buttons of said coat—Bertha, in fact.

They start as the door opened, and Bertha would have sprung away, but his encircling arm detained her.

Here Tom! he called out, come and pay your respects to your future step-mother. She's but a little body, but no doubt she'll make you a good one!

Good evening, Tom, said Bertha, smiling, half shyly. Why didn't you tell me before you were going to be my stepson? You are so nice and kind, I love you already, and I'm sure we'll get on so well together!

Nice and kind! Oh, Tom! my poor friend!

The last time I heard of Tom, he was safely landed by the skillful and indefatigable Godine, and they were spending the honeymoon in Paris.

ARCTIC INDUSTRIES.

It may not be generally known that important mining operations is carried on within the Arctic Circle. Cryolite is brought from Greenland to Philadelphia by the ship load to be used in the making of candles. At Alten, near the North Cape in Finmark extensive copper mines have been worked for a long time. When it is remembered that most of the work has to be done under ground, and that heat is what the workmen suffer most from, it becomes apparent at once that mines may be almost as profitable in those high latitudes as they would be on our coast. The main thing is to have communication open once a year for bringing supplies and carrying away the ores.

An engineer who visited the mines at Alten a few years ago, to study the condition in which they were worked found that the climate interposed no obstacle. The mines, when fairly deep, are warmer in winter than in summer.

In such work as has to be done above ground, there is scarcely any interruption. During the dark months when the sun does not shine, there is no lack of light to the eye accustomed to the conditions. The sky is clear and starry, and the aurora is playing most of the time, whatever light there is, the reflection from the snow increases and intensifies.

More than a hundred and fifty years ago mining was carried on extensively by Saxon workmen. Silver, copper, and lead were produced in quantities.

Now that the whale fishery has declined, mining enterprise seems most likely of anything to promote exploration and settlement within the Arctic Circle.—Youth's Companion.

TOOTHACHE REMEDY.

I always did have a scientific turn. So does the implement which imparts the circular motion to a grind; though I am unable to say which is the greater success as a crank. Among other symptoms of genius which are rapidly developing in me, I occasionally wrap myself in impenetrable gloom and other wearing apparel, and wrestle with a redundant and conspicuous toothache. Having deposited so many incisors, biceps and molars with gentlemen of leisure, who made a business of collecting such bric a brao I began to fear that I should soon be compelled to live on codfish balls and mush the remainder of my days.

What wonder, then, that the that the following from the London

Electrician attracted my attention:

"If a thin piece of zinc be placed on one side of the gum and a silver coin on the other side, with the aching tooth between them, and then the edges of the metals brought together, a weak galvanic current will be established that will cure the pain. I immediately gathered up my wife's washboard, and cut a piece of zinc from it. She made a vigorous protest, but when a man has a tooth in his mouth that is disaffairs with the management of affairs his other troubles are as naught. After obtaining the zinc the next thing was to get the coin. A thorough investigation of my assets failed to reveal even a ten cent piece, so I went out and borrowed that amount from a friend. In my hurry I laid the piece of zinc where I could not find it again. I cut another piece from the crippled washboard, the tooth rigidly adhering to the ache business, and my wife protesting, but something had to be done, and that something I heroically attempted to do. Placing the zinc and coin as directed, I let them touch below the tooth. Jiminy crickets! A thousand toothaches at once! It was over in a second, and the tooth no longer ached; but the dime—oh, where was he? Half way down my throat and marching on. I had promised to return the dime in half an hour, but under the circumstances it was impossible, and my friend now regards me as a fraud. Hang those new fangled remedies, anyhow!

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it he is superior.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find you are better off than you fancied.

Every man who observes vigilantly, and resolves steadfastly, grows unconsciously into genius.

The reflections of a day well spent furnish us with joys more pleasing than ten thousand triumphs.

The men who do things naturally, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life.

A man who studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.

The infinitely greatest confessed good is neglected to satisfy the successive uneasiness of our desires pursuing trifles.

The love of reading enables a man to exchange the wearisome hours of life, which come to every one, for hours of delight.

True glory takes root and even spreads; all false pretense, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.

We seldom condemn mankind till they have injured us, and when they have, we seldom do anything but detest them for the injury.

It may serve as a comfort to us all in our calamities and affliction, that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.

He that waits for repentance waits for that which cannot be as long as it is waited for. It is absurd for a man to wait for that which he himself has to do.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift does money, for the purpose of circulation. What we employ is charitable uses during our lives as given away from ourselves; what we bequeath at our death is given from others only, as our nearest relations.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore is first to be chosen, longest to be parried with, unless he ceases to be that for which he was chosen.

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