20

perceived to be a foreigner, and who proved in fact to be an Italian acquainted with no English word but my name, which he at-tered in a way that made it seem to include tered in a way that made it seem to include all others. I had not then visited his coun-try, nor was I proficient in his tongue; but as he was not so poorly constituted—what I talian is?—as to depend upon that alone for expression, he conveyed to me, in familiar but graceful mimicry, that he was in search of exactly the employment in which the lady before me was engaged. I was not struck with him at first, and while I continued to draw I emitted vague sounds of discouragement and dismissal. He stood his ground, however, not importunately, but with a dumb, dog-like fdelity in his eyes which amounted to innocent impu-dence—the manner of a devoted servart (he might have been in the house for years), dence-the manner of a devoted servant (he might have been in the house for years), unjustly suspected. Suddenly I saw that this very attitude and expression made a picture, whereupon I told him to sit down and wait till I should be free. There was another picture in the way he obeyed me, and I observed as I worked that there were others still in the way he looked wonder-ingly, with his head thrown back, about the high studio. He might have been crossing himselt in St. Peter's. Before I finished I

said to myselt: "The fellow's a bankrupt orangemonger, but he's a treasure." When Mrs. Monarch withdrew he passed neross the room like a flash to open the door for her, standing there with the rapt, pure gaze of the young Dante spellbound by the oung Beatrice. As I never insisted, in such ituations, on the blankness of the British postic. I reflected that he had the making of a servant (and I needed one, but couldn' him to be only that), as well as a model: in short I made up my mind to adopt my in-sinuating visitor if he would agree to offici-ate in the double capacity. He jumped at my offer, and in the event my rashness (for



Foung Dante Spellbound by Her.

I had known nothing about him) was not brought home to me. He proved a sym-pathetic though a desultory ministrant, and and in a wonderful degree the sentiment de a pose. It was uncultivated, instinctive; a part of the happy instinct which had guided him to my door and helped him to spell out my name on the card nailed to ft. He had had no other introduction to me than a guess, from the shape of my high north window, seen outside, that my place was a studio, and that as a studio it would ontain an artist. He had wandered to ingland in search of fortune, like other erants, and had embarked, with a partner and a small green hand cart, on the sale of penny ices. The ices had melted away and the partner had dissolved in the train. My young man wore tight yellow trousers with reddish stripes, and his name was Oronte. He was sallow but fair, and when I put him into some old clothes of my e looked like an Englishman. He was as good as Miss Churm, who could

ook, when required, like an Italian. I thought Mrs. Monarch's face slightly on valsed when, on her coming back with er husband, she found Oronte installed. It was strange to have to recognize in a little Neapolitan cad a competitor to her magnifi-cent Major. It was she who scented danger irst, for the Major was anecdotically unouscious. But Oronte gave us tes, with a undred cager confusions (he had never seen such a queer process), and I think she thought better of me for having at last an "establishment." They saw a couple of drawings that I had made of the establishment, and Mrs. Monarch hinted that it could have struck her that he had sa for them. "Now, the drawings you made from us, they look exactly like us," she reminded me, smiling in triumph; and I ree ognized that this was indeed just their deect. When I drew the Monarchs I couldn't, somehow, got away from them-get into the character I wanted to represent; and I had ot the least desire my model should be dis coverable in my picture. Miss Churm never was, and Mrs. Monarch thought I hid her, very properly, because she was vulgar; whereas if she was lost it was only as the dead who go to Heaven are lost—in the gain of an angel the more. By this time I had got a certain start with "Ruthand Ramsey," the first novel in the great-projected series; that is, I had produced a dozen drawings, several with the help of the Major and his wife, and I had sent them in for approval. My understand-ing with the publishers, as I have already hinted, had been that I was to be left to do my work in this particular case as I liked, with the whole book committed to me; but my connection with the rest of the series was only contingent. There were moments when, frankly, it was a comfort to have the real thing under one's hand; for there were haracters in "Rutland Ramsey" that were very much like it. There were people preuntiably as straight as the Major and women of ns good a tashion as Mrs. Monarch. There was a great deal of country house life -ireated, it is true, in a fine, fanciful, frontenl, generalized way-and there was a considerable implication of knickerbockers and kilts. There were certain things I had to settle at the outset; such things, for instance, as the exact appearance of the hero, the particular bloom of the beroine. The or, of course, gave me a lead, but there was a margin for interpretation. I took the Monarchs into my confidence, I told them frankly what I was about, I mentioned my embarrastments and alternatives "Oh, take him?" Mrs. Monarch murmured sweetly, looking at her husband, and "What could you want better than my wife?" the Major inquired, with the comfortable candor that now prevailed between us. I was not obliged to answer these remarks. I was only obliged to place my sitters. I was not easy in mind, and I postponed, a little timidly perhaps, the solution of the question. The book was a large canvas, the er figureswere numerous, and I worked off at first some of the episodes in which the hero and heroine were not concerned. When once I had set them up I should have tostick to them-I couldn't make my young man 7 feet high in one place and 5 leet 9 in nother. I inclined on the whole to the latter measurement, though the Major more than once reminded me that he fooked about responses any one. It was indeed quite possible to arrange him for the figure to that it would have been difficult to deso that it would have been difficult to de-tect his age. After my young triend Or-onte had been with me a month, and after I had given him to understand several diffcrent times that his lazzarone habits would presently constitute an insurmountable har ier to our further intercourse, I waked to to a sense of his heroic capacity. He was only 5 feet 7, but the other inches could be I tried him almost secretly at rst, for I was really rather afraid of the udgment my other models would pass of ice. If they regarded Miss Churm is little better than a snare, what would they think of the representation by a pereet vender, of a protagonist formed by a public school? If I went a little in fear of them it was at because they bullied me, because they ad got an oppressive foothold, but because, a their really pathetic decorum and mysteriously maintained newness, they counted on me so intensely. I was therefore very cind when Jack Hawley came home; he was always of such good counsel. He painted badly binuself, but there was no one like idm for putting his finger on the place. He sent from England for a year; he had been somewhere-I don't remember where-to get a tresh eye. I was in a good deal of dread of any such organ, but we were old triends; he had been away for months and a sense of emptiness was creep-

ing into my life. I hada't winced for a year.
He came back with a fresh eye, but with the same old black velvet jacket, and the first evening we spent in my studio we moked eigarettes till the small hours. He had done no work himself, he had only got the eye, so the field was clear for the production of my own things. He wanted to see if I dida't require him to finish a figure for the Chapside for what I had done for the Chapside, but he was unable to recognize that I had gone for the Chapside but he maning of two or three comprehensive grosme which, as he lounged on my big divan, on a folded leg, looking at my latest, "What's the matter with you?" "Awhat's the matter with you?" "Nou are, indeed. You're quite off the did'nt think it good, and he replied that it struck him as execrable, given the sort of thing I had always represented myself to him as wishing to arrivat; but I let that puss, I was so anxious to replete.

sented myself to him as wishing to arrive at; but I let that pass, I was so anxious to see exactly what he meant. The two figures in the picture looked colossal, but I

supposed this was not what he meant, inas-much as, for aught he knew to the contrary, much as, for sught he knew to the contrary, I maintained that I was working exactly in the same way as when he last had done me the honor to com-mend me. "Well, there's a muddle some-where," he answered; "wait a bit and I'll make it out." I depended upon him to do or. Where also true the frach are? But he so. Where else was the fresh eye? But he produced at last nothing more luminous than "I don't know; I don't like your types." This was lame, for a critte who had never consented to discuss with me anything

but the question of execution, the direction of stroke and the mystery of values. "In the drawings you've been looking at

"In the drawings you've been looking at I think my types are very handsome." "Oh, they won't do." "T've had a couple of new models." "I see you have. They won't do." "Are you very sure of that?" "Absolutely. They're stupid." "You mean I am-for I ought to get around that."

"You can't-with such people. Who are

I told him, as far as was necessary, and he declared, heartlessly: "Ce sont des gens qu'il faut mettre a la porte." "You've never seen them; they're aw-fully good," I compassionately objected. "Not seen them? Why, all this recent shoulder.

work of yours drops to pieces with them. It's all I want to see of them." "No one else has said anything against it; the Chapside people are pleased." "Everyone else is an ass, and the Chapside

people the biggest asses of all. Come, don't

pretend at this time of day to have pretty illusions about the public, especially about publishers and editors. It's not for such mimals you work-it's for those who know. Keep straight for them; keep straight for me, if you can't keep straight for yourself. There's a certain sort of thing you tried for from the first-and a very good thing it is. But this twaddle isn't in it." When I talked with Hawley, later, about "Rutland Ramsay," and its possible successors, he de-clared that I must get back into my boat again or I would go to the bottom. His voice, in short, was the voice of warning. I noted the warning, but I didn't turn my friends out of doors. They bored me a good girl, understanding, gracefully assented, she disposed her rough curls, with a few quick leal, but the very fact that they bored me admonished me not to sacrifice them-if there was anything to be done with themsimply to irritation. As I look back at this phase they seem to me to have pervaded my life not a little. I have a vision of them as most of the time in my studio, seated against the wall, on an old velvet bench, to be out of the way, and looking like looking about her, as if for something to do, stooped to the floor, with a noble humility,

a pair of patient courtiers in a royal ante-chamber. I am convinced that during and picked up a dirty rag that had dropped out of my paint box. The Major, meanwhile, had also been looking for something to do, and, wander-ing to the other end of the studio, saw before him my breakfast things, neglected, unremoved. "I say, can't I be useful here?" he called out to me, with an irre-pressible quaver. I assented, with a laugh that I iear was awkward, and for the next 10 minutes while I worked I heard the out of my paint box. the coldest weeks of the winter they held their ground because it saved them fire. Their newness was losing its gloss, and it was impossible not to feel that they were objects of charity. Whenever Miss Churm arrived they went away, and after I was fairly launched in "Rutland Ramsay" Miss Churm arrived pretty often. They managed to express to me, tacitly, that they supposed I wanted her for the low life 10 minutes, while I worked, I heard the light clatter of china and the tinkle of supposed I wanted her for the low life of the book; and I let them suppose it, since they had attempted to study the work-it discovering that it dealt only with the highest circles. They had dipped into the most brilliant of our novelists without deciphering many passages. I still took an hour from them, now and again, in spite of Jack Hawley's warning; it would be time enough to dismiss them, if dismissal should be necessary, when the rigor of the season was over. Hawley had made their acquaintance-he had met them at my fireside-and thought them a blighted apparition. Learning that he was a painter, they tried to ap-proach him, to show him, too, that they were the real thing; but he looked at them, cross the big room, as if they were miles away; they were a compendium of every-thing that he most objected to in the social system of his country. Such people as that, all convention and patent leather, with ejaculations that stopped conversation, had no business in a studio; a studio was a place to learn to see, and how could you see through a pair of featherbeds? The main inconvenience I suffered at The main inconvenience I suffered at their hands was that, at first, I was shy of letting them discover that my artful little servant was sitting to me for "Rutland Ramsay." They knew that I had been odd Ramsay. They knew that I had been odd enough (they were prepared by this time to allow oddity to artists) to pick a loreign vag-abond out of the streets, when I might have had a person with whiskers and credentials: but it was some time before they learned how high I rated his accomplishments. how high 1 rated his accomplishments. They found him sitting to me more than once, but they never doubted I was doing him as an organ grinder. There were several things they never guessed, and one of them was that for a striking scene in the novel, in which a footman briefly figured, it occurred to me to make use of Major Monarch as the menial. I kept putting this off, I didn't like to ask him to don the livery-besides the difficulty of fuding a livery to fit him. At last, one day late in the winter, when I was at work on the

BRAZIL'S You Feel Like a Bloated Bond Holder

With Fifty Cents' Worth.

THE HARD MONEY IS STILL WORSE.

BIG

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH SUNDAY APRIL 10, 1899.

BILLS

A Few Dollars' Worth of Change Is All a Strong Man Can Carry.

HALF CENTS USED TO DRIVE NAILS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATC

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL, March 15 .-As in all countries where heavy duties are imposed on imported goods, Bio's port regulations are extremely rigorous and often vexations. All incoming vessels are required to drop anchor off Port Villegaging plastic. I didn't owe my friends money, but I did on-commonly known as the "Pico"-and there await the coming of the health and customs officials.

I didn't owe my friends money, but I did see them again. They reappeared together three days later, and under the circum-stances there was something tragic in the fact. It was a proof to me that they could find nothing else in life to do. They had thrashed the matter out in a dismal confer-ence—they had digested the bad news that they were not in for the series. If they were not useful to me even for the *Chespide* their function seemed difficult to determine, and I could only judge at first that they had come, forgivingly, decorously, to take a last leave. This made me rejoice in secret that I had little leisure for a scene; for I had placed both my other models in posi-tion together, and I was pegging away at a drawing from which I hoped to derive glory. it had been suggested by the pas-sage in which Rutland Ramsay, drawing up a chair to Artemisia's piano stool, says memorable things to her while she ostensi-bly fingers ou. a difficult place of music. I had done Miss Churm at the piano before— it was an attitude in which she knew how Those gentlemen take their own leisurely time for it, and their convenience must be awaited, however imperative your reasons for expedition. If the steamer happens to have arrived near the dinner hour (5 P. M. is the Brazilian rule for that most important meal), or near the fashionable time for promenading in the Rus do Ouvidor-say an hour earlier-or if a fiesta happens to be in progress, or one of the political demonstrations so numerous in the new republic. no attention will be paid to it till some time next day, and meanwhile no communication whatever is permitted between ship and hore-not even so much as a message to waiting friends or letters to catch an outgoing mail.

Pleasures of a Quarantine.

had done Miss Churm at the plano before-it was an attitude in which she knew how to take on an absolutely poetic grace. I wished the two figures to "compose" to-gether intensely, and my little Italian had entered perfectly into my conception. The pair were, therefore, before me, the plano Should quarantine be imposed, as it is more than likely to be during seasons of epidemic, though there may not be a case of sickness on board-the vessel is sent away back to Ilha Grande, 60 miles down the had been pulled out; it was a charming picture of blended youth and murmured love, which I had only to catch and keep. My visitors stood and looked at it, and I coast. There is no accounting for quarantine regulations, especially in times of scare. We experienced their unreasonableness to the full a few years ago, when sailsaid triendly things to them over my ing among the West Indies. Because our ship had passed a place where smallpox was They made no response, but I was used to raging-though no passengers were taken on silent company and went on with my work, only a little disconcerted (even though ex-hilarated with the sense that this was at there, and nobody went ashore but the purser on his regular business-we were not hilarated with the sense that this was at least the ideal thing), at not having got rid of them after all. Presently I heard Mrs. Monarch's sweet voice beside, or rather above me. "I wish her hair was a little better done." I looked up and she was star-ing with a strange fixedness at Miss Churm, allowed to come within three miles of any port. Though not a soul on board was ill, we could not visit Martinique, Barbadoes, St. Thomas, nor any of the places we had come so far to see, nor send ashore for the ing with a strange fixedness at Miss Churm, whose back was turned to her. "Do you mind my just touching it?" she went on— a question which made me spring up for an instant, as with the instinc-tive fear that she might do the young lady a harm. But she quieted me with a giance I shall never forget—I contess I should like to have been able to draw that— and mart for a moment to my model She onged-for home letters waiting in the Consul's office, nor dispatch those we had written during the voyage. Passengers who must land were compelled to spend 15 days at the quarantine station-a pesthouse to which were consigned the leprous and diswhich were consigned the leprous and dis-eased of every class and all nationalities, in which the chances were few for a person who entered in perfect health to come out alive at the end of half a month. and went for a moment to my model. She spoke to her softly, laying a hand upon her shoulder and bending over her; and as the

Sad Story of a Pesthouse.

Sad Story of a Pesthouse. Among our number was a charming French family, who had been visiting in Para and were coming to their home at St. Pierrs. Of course they were obliged to dis-embark at Martinique; and a mournful pro-cession they made—husband, wife, four children and three servants, being rowed away to the desert quarantine island in the custody of officers, like criminals, headed by the yacht of the Health Commissioner, with its significant yellow flag. Though the family were rich and influential and all in good health, nothing could save them— simply because they happened to take passage on a stammer that had stopped at an infected port several hundred miles below the place where they embarked. A year later, happening to meet again the captain of the same steamer on a more fortunate voyage, I inquired after the quarantined family, and learned with sorrow that the husband and three of the children died of yellow fever contracted at the pesthouse. About ten years are the Bravillian autor. churm's head twice as charming. It was one of the most heroic personal services I have ever seen rendered. Then Mrs. Monarch turned away, with a low sigh, and

erally do, and stayed on ahore until the very last minute before the ship is to sall. The common price, each way, is 2,000 reis, though two passengers are often carried on the one fare. The law requires all boats to be numbered and registered, as are all the public vehicles and carregadores (porters) in the city, and it is well to make a note of these in case of any misunderstading shall these in case of any misunderstanding shall ADVICE TO A NEEDY PARSON.

Into the Wastebasket.

Quips and Foibles of the Race Shown Up in

New and Novel Ways.

GREAT HUMORISTS PHILOSOPHY

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.1

The Old Wastebasket.

In the darkest nook of the dingy room, In the deepest shade of the twilight gloom

In the morning bright and the evening dim

Is frowned from its corner, cold and grim,

And always hungry: its mouth so wide Was split like a robin's at dinner-tide.

The old wastebasket! We fed it amain,

Filled up its maw by quarts and pecks;

And dainty poems, when sorrowing love

Rhymed with the plaintive and cooing dove

Bright "Hopes" and "Visions" and "Rever-

And young "Ambition" and old "Despair,"

Heart throbs that pulsed with a wos sub-

And humor that laughed with its latest

Like a galvanized grin on the face of Death;

Fierce Anger, that glared with eves of flame

And stopped its paper and owed for the

MS. by the cord, the yard and the bound.

All that came to his mill was grist-He'd grind it up with a shake and a twist,

Their way to the old waste basket found;

And open his mouth as wide as before, And whisper, with fearful calmness "More!"

And dress in crape for a thousand years.

Gets What He Wants

lime, But spelled by ear and limped in rhyme;

"Loz."

ies" rare.

breath

same;

tears.

But its hunger was over a deathless pain.

while we lingered on the massive stone dock that lines the water front of Rio, we noticed a curious steam yacht close by, painted white, with open galleries and a strange flag flying. We wondered with languid interest what it could be, but did not incuries there being none but Portenot inquire, there being none but Porta-guese-speaking people at hand. Dauger in an Unusual Form.

Danger in an Unusual Form. Presently an ambulance drove down to it, and a litter, with a sick man on it, was hauled out by some uniformed persons and put on board. Everybody fell back with a most surprising show of respect, (every-body but, ourselves, we wanted to see what was going on), utter silence fell for a mo-ment upon the noisy throng, and I thought within myself that I had never seen wharf-loafers display so little intrusive curiosity. Was it some member of the royal family-some noble but invalid relative of the late Dom Pedro going out tor an airing in his private yacht? Just then the purser, look-ing somewhat pale, came hurrying up. "For heaven's sake," he cried, "why didn't you get out of the way when that thing went Wise old scholars, gaunt and gray, Fed it statistics for many a day; And old "Vox Populi," "Reader," and get out of the way when that thing went

"What thing?" we innocently asked. "Why the hospital yacht, to be sure, loaded down to the guards with smallpox and yellow tever."

The first place on shore that a foreigner generally seeks is the establishment of some money-changer, in order to convert his American gold or English sovereigns, or the coin of the last country he visited, into the "circulating medium" of Brazil. And very much astonished will he be when the very much astonished will he be when the changer hands over a huge pile of metal-copper, brass, iron and nickle, that looks like old pewter plates, stove lids and the ponderous brass tags that landlords some-times attach to door keys to prevent them from being carried off in the pockets of their patrons.

their patrons. A Few Dollars Are a Big Lond.

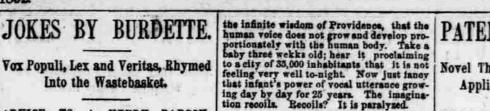
A very few American dollars, exchange added, when converted into the currency of

this country, requires a cart, rather than a pocketbook, in which to take it away. Brazil still adheres to the old Portugese system of financial enumeration, in which it takes 2,000 reis to make what we call half It takes 2,000 reis to make what we call half a dollar, the word "reis" being the plural of real. When reis are at par, 100 of them are worth about 5 cents American money. What a hard time of it Brazilian book-keepers must have of it, with the long lines of figures which represent the ordinary com-marcial transactions of a backing or maring 10 rels. There is a copper coin of 40 rels, and nickle coin of 100 rels, and another of 200 reis. Next comes the paper money in notes, of 1,000 reis, called milreis. There are 2 milreis, 5, 10, 20, 30, 50 and 100, to a maximum of 500 milreis, numerically expressed this way-500\$000. Then there is an imaginary denomination named a conto, which means 1,000 milreis, and is expressed

Financial Figures That Stagger One. A copper coin of the old monarchy worth

half a cent still circulates largely in North-ern Brazil, which is fit only to use in driving nails, or for paper weights, being alto ine nails, or for paper weights, being alto-gether too heavy to carry in any pocket. Though they lay around ever so carelessly nobody ever steals them, being too burden-some to get away with. On inquiring the price of living at an hotel you are at first amazed to find that it is so many milreis per diem and are absolutely staggered when the laundry bill is presented in six figures. Fancy a full proportioned bank note worth 5 cents! It takes eight of these hun-dred milreis bills to pay for a horse-car ride

dred milreis bills to pay for a horse-car ride out to the botanical gardens and back. In



A Parfected Sign

Sixtieth year of the same repartee, that is.

The Fell Destroyer, Time.

"But, my friends," continued Prof. Stay-

later, earnestly, "I must close. The time

allotted me has already expired, but I have

"No," murmured the dying janitor, who

had remained at his post, though all but

not exhausted the subject.'

PATENTED BY WOMEN.

Novel Things to Which the Sex Has Applied Its Inventive Genius.

THE RECORD FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

"When you see a bright red spot make its "When you see a bright red spot make its appearance on your toes, young gentleman," said the professor, "it is an unfailing indi-cation that you will have corns." "And when the red spot comes on your nose, professor?" "It is a sign that you have had 'em," gravely replied the professor. "It is al-ways the same sign." Hoppskirts, Corsets, Eustles, Etc., Have Been Rather Neglected.

WHAT THE STRONG MINDED RUN TO

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

It has been frequently asserted that The Ins and the Outs. women have no inventive faculty and the world likes to believe it; yet from actual "You know what an editor does with a ed?" queried Lawyer Torts. official returns women go right on invent-"I do not," replied Editor Scrawl, the ing. It is encouraging to notice that there is at least one man who recognizes this talent "He lies in it," replied the lawyer, with in women, and if "gallant Mr. Riely" shall "He is in it," replied the lawyer, which his ready wit. "And you know what a lawyer does with a will." retorted the editor. "I do not," replied the lawyer, denying everything from force of habit "He lies out of is," said the editor quick-ly, whose natural force of stinging repartee continued unabated until its sixtieth year. Sixtieth year of the same repartee, that is.

have his way with the bill he has so kindly introduced in Congress, then will women as inventors have a fair provision made for them at the World's Fair. Being curious to know just what kind of

showing in this line of head-work women were likely to make and particularly what share of the glory Mr. Riely could claim for the women of his State, I have taken the pains to look up what women have invented and am surprised to discover that they have taken out patents on pretty much everything from a shoe button to a telescope. Indeed, I find the very first submarine telescope was invented by a woman, Sarah P. Mather, in 1845. Long before women had thought they dare aspire to the profession, before they had been admitted to practice in the courts of justice, granted the privilege of the clinic, or been licensed to preach the Gospel, they were exercising their inventive genius, since

that required no license. City Women Helping Country Sisters.

As early in this century as the ninth year there was a patent granted to a woman for a machine that would weave straw with either silk or cotton thread. From this one of that year the number with each succeed. ing year has rapidly increased until thousands of patents have been granted to women, and every State in the Union has its representatives. City women lead country women and women in small towns in the number of inventions. This would not, perhaps, be worthy of remark were it not that city women have largely invented appliances useful especially to country women and which one would naturally expect country women to first discover the need of, and that out of the need would

spring the invention. New York State outnumbers by many hundreds other States outnumbers by many hundreds other States in the number of patents granted to women, 646 having been taken out since 1809. Massachusetts is next, while Pennsylvania ranks third. Two hundred and forty-seven patents have been granted to women of our State. Thirty-six have been taken out during the last three years. Of this number, Philadelphia has furnished nearly one-half. Of these, Marie E Beasley, famous for having invented a machine for turning out complete barrels by the hundreds, has been granted no less than ten patents. Besides the best known and most generally employed appliances for making barrels, she is the patentee of a life-saving raft, a machine for pasting shoe-

The women of Philadelphia are stylish or othing, and in the number of their inventions they have not overlooked anything that would in their opinion improve upon their personal attractiveness. They do not

at all this year. Sufficient Pains Taken.

Mr. O'Conomi-This coffee" is weak as dishwater, and I should say it just tasted about like it. What under the canopy do you do with it? Mrs. O'C. (busts into tears)-It's the same thrift. we've been using all month. I dry it every day myself, and you couldn't tell it had ever been used I don't know what makes it so weak. (Rises and flies to her mother. Peace in the house. Later-Returns with



him had fled, "but you have exhausted

everything else." everything else." And it was so; not only in that instance, but in many hundred thousands of others. Go to the hackman, thou lecturer, con-sider how he runs the sands through the hour

from Lower Falls, Kan.: "I have been preacher of the gospel for 32 years. I have As Long as the Longest. no more money now than when I began my

"How do they know the moon is 200 miles from the earth," demanded Tommy ministry. I have never received in all that Doubter, "there ain't no tape line so long

A Multitude of Couns

What Strong-Minded Women Invent. I'm all ready to begin painting your house pose as being particularly strong-minded, but since it has been done by the women of

Waiting for His Neighbors

Oh, friends, send Russia, in Christian zeal The white wheat flour and golden mea But send us, we pray you, essays long, Speeches eloquent, argument strong, Send us whatever MS. you've got, That the good wastebasket perish not. For, should he die, 'twould be the end

want.

iournalist.

He Found Her Decidedly Negative Of the editor's dearest, truest friend, For him would he mourn with scalding

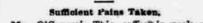
The Rev. William J. Undercrust writes

glass every 40 minutes, and be wise

as that." "I guess maybe they measured it with the pension list," said Billy Longbow, whose father lost two months' pay in Sutler's charge at the siege of Rear Wayback.

uppers. a steam generator, and other useful appliances. Redlead (the artist)-Mr. Newtenant,

now, if you'll tell me what colors you Mr. Newtenant (timidly)-Well, I don't just exactly know; the neighbors have been able to hold only two meetings, and they can't come to an agreement about the colors yet, and some of 'em don't want it painted Massachusetts, and especially those of Bos-ton, it is not without point to notice that out of nearly 300 patents granted the women of that State, two-thirds have been im-



mercial transactions of a banking or mer-cantile house. For example, a real, the unit of the monetary system, is written 0\$001 and is equal to the value of one twen-tieth of the United States cent. There is no such coin in circulation, the smallest be-

which means 1,000 milreis, and is expressed on paper 1:000%. The par value of the paper milreis is equal to about 54 cents American money, but of course it varies with the times. On the day of the revolution, No-vember 15, 1889, it was at par, and has never been since. A while ago it was down to 17 cents, and to-day is up to 20 cents.

despised Oronte (he caught one's idea in an instant), and was in the glow of feeling that I was going very straight, they came in, the Major and his wife, with their society laugh about nothing (there was less and less to laugh at) like country call-ers-they always reminded me of thatwho have walked across after church and are presently persuaded to stay for lunch-con. Luncheon was over, but they could stay to tea-1 knew they wanted it. The fit was on me, however, and I couldn't let my ardor cool and my work wait, with the iading daylight, while my model prepared it. So I asked Mrs. Monarch if she would mind laying it out-a request which, for an instant, brought all the blood to her an instant, brought an the brood to her luce. Her sycs were on her hus-band's for a second, and some nute telegraphy passed between them. Their folly was over the next instant; his cheerful shrewdness put an end to it. So iar from pitying their wounded pride, I must add, I was moved to give it as complete a lesson as I could. They bustled about together and got out the cups and saucers and made the kettle boil. I know they felt as if they were waiting on my servant, and when the tea was prepared I said: "He'll have a cup, please-he's tired." Mrs. Monarch brought him one where he stood, and he took it from her as if he had been a gentleman at a party, squeezing a crush hat with an el-Then it came over me that she had made

great effort for me-made it with a kind of nobleness-and that I owed her a compensation. Each time I saw her after this I won-

dered what the compensation could be. I couldn't go on doing the wrong thing to oblige them. Oh, it was the wrong thing, the stamp of the work for which they sat-Hawley was not the only person to say it now. I sent in a large number of the draw-ings I had made for "Rutland Ramsay," and I received a warning that was more to and I received a warning that was more to the point than Hawley's. The artistic ad-viser of the house for which I was working was of opinion that many of my illustra-tions were not what had been looked for. Most of these illustra ions were the subjects in which the Monarchs had figured. Without going into the ques-tion of what had been looked for, I saw at

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spoons and glass. Mrs. Monarch assisted her husband-they washed up my crockery av nut it away into my little scullery, and I afterward found that they had cleaned my knives and that my slender stock of plate had an un-precedented surface. When it came over precedented surface. When it came over me, the latent eloquence of what they were doing, I confess that my drawing was blurred for a moment—the picture swam. They had accepted their failure, but they couldn't accept their fate. They had bowed their heads in bewilderment to the perverse and creal law in virtue of which the real thing could have much less precious them the uncould be so much less precious than the un-real; but they didn't want to starve. If my servants were my models, my models might be my servants. They would reverse the parts-the others would sit for the ladies and

gentlemen and they would do the work. They would still be in the studio-it was an intense dumb appeal to me not to turn them out. "Take us on," they wanted to say-"we'll do anything." When all this hung before me the afflatus

when all this hung before me the afflatus vanished—my pencil dropped from my haud. My sitting was spoiled, and I got rid of my sitters, who were also rather mystified and awestruck. Then, alone with the Major and his wife, I had a most un-comfortable moment. He put their prayer into a single sentence: "I say, you know— isst let us do tor you, can' you?" I into a single sentence: "I say, you know-just let us do lor you, can't you?" I couldn't -- it was dreadul to see them emptying my slops; but I pretended I could to oblige them, for about a week. Then I gave them a sum of money to go away; and I never saw them again. I obtained the remaining books, but my friend Hawley repeats that Major and Mrs. Monarch did me a permanent harm-got me into a second-rate trick. It it be true, I am content to have paid the price - for the memory.

THE END.

SKULL OF AN IRISH DEER.

Remains of One of the Giant Beasts Now Known Only in Tradition.

Some weeks ago, says an Irish cotemporary, the workmen who are at present engaged in making the necessary excavations on the County Antrim side of the river for the new deep,water branch dock for the Harbor Commissioners found the greater portion of the skull of a large animal, which has been identified beyond all doubt by experts as that of the gigantic Irish deer (cervus giganteus). It is evi-dently part of a remarkably fine head, being equal in size to the largest specimens in the Kildare Street Museum, Dublin.

This interesting discovery was made in a stratum of peat about three fest in thickness, and at a depth of 24 feet below harbor datum-that is, 26 leet below ordinary low-water level in the River Lagan, which is close by. It lay, therefore, not less than 34 feet from the present natural surface of the ground. This stratum of peat was also found on the County Down side of the river when the Alexandra Graving dock was being constructed a few years ago. It may be of some interest to note the curious vari-ety of strata found in these docks. Commencing at the bottom there is a boulder clay, then fine red sand, then gray sand, next the thin layer of peat in which the skull was found, then another thin layer of gray sand, uext a very thick bed of estmarine clay, in which upward of 15 varieties of fossils have been found, then a thin bed

of yellow sand, and on top of all a bed of clay and sand of recent formation.

How to Pat on Your Com. Not one man in 50 knows how to put on a cuff properly, says a haberdasher in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The swell who but-tons both his cuffs on the same side thinks he's perfection, but he isn't. In other he's perfection, but he isn't. In other words, the cuff should be buttoned the same as the wrist band, left toward the left, right toward the right. Examine yours and you'll see what I mean. But if you really want to be proper you must wear link but-tons, as they are the ones that give the

llow fever contracted at the pesthou About ten years ago the Brazilian author-ities erected a costly quarantine station on Grand Island (Ilha Grande), and have got their money back long ago, from the charges fixed by law, for their compulsory boarJers. The rates are as follows: First-class passentarvation or villainous food; second class, 2,500 reis; third class, 800 reis; children be-tween 4 and 10 years old, half rates; and beween 1 and 4 years, one-third rates. Charges for Disinfecting Baggage.

Then all the baggage is disinfected, the charges being 1,000 reis per kilogramme-and the ordinary Saratoga will weigh many kilogrammes. It is useless to protest that nothing is the matter with your luggage and you don't want it disinfected-it must undergo the process, or be dumped into the bay, and you must pay for it all the same. In cases of merely quarantine "observa-tion," which is usually from 24 to 48 hours, the vessel is required to anchor off Jurn-juba Point; but that is no hardship if one's business is not urgent, for the glorfous view amply compensates for being com-pelled to endure sea food and a stuffy state-

room awhile longer. After permission has been given by the autocrats of the Custom House for free practique with the shore, the mails are first isembarked; and then the steamer ceeds to the upper anchorage, where the pussengers and their luggage are discharged. Customs officials are at once put on board, who remain night and day at their posts until the steamer is again ready for sea. All baggage is directly sent to the Costom House, - where passengers can claim it at any time between 9 A. M. and 3 P. M. Nothing can be passed on board without special permission, not even your handbag or shawlstrap.

How to Preserve Nerve Tissue.

It is a wise plan to pack the few things eeded for a day or two into a gripsack and leave the trunks to their fate until you are established in a hotel and equal to engag-ing in the customary wrestle at the Casa. One should remember that passports are re-quired, both on entering and leaving Brazil, and no steamship company is permitted to sell a ticket to a foreigner until his passsell a ticket to a foreigner until his pass-port has been properly viseed at the Central police station. For this no charge is made, though the passport cost a dollar at the De-partment of State in Washington, and an-other dollar for the oath before a notary that you are not somebody else — a specimen of "red tape" equal to that which compels needy females who are so fortunate as to se-cure a \$75 clerkship in Uncle Samuel's Treasury to make oath fand nay for the

cure a \$75 clerkship in Uncle Samuel's Treasury to make oath (and pay for the same) that they have "never borne arms against the government." Recently Rio's police authorities have adopted a regulation requiring a consular vise before their own, and this involves slight expense. There is also a port regulation which forbids any communication with vessels in the harbor etter 8 P. N. without a special permit after 8 p. M. without a special permit. Therefore, if you are unacquainted with the Portuguese language and have gone ashore merely for a look about town, you had bet-ter keep an eye on your watch and not put faith in the rosy lights that linger long the mountain tops after the sun has disappeared-unless you want to spend some un-comfortable hours in prison and require the services of the United States Consul in the norning; and meanwhile the ship may sall

away without you.

Held Up by the Boatmen.

Passengers will find no difficulty in find-

Passengers will find no difficulty in find-ing boats to take them ashore, for as soon as a steamer stops it is surrounded by them like files around a molasses barrel. The Rio boatmen drive a roaring trade at all seasons, and it is one of their humorous practices to land passengers for a moderate sum and then refuse to take them back un-til the helpless travelers have, in effect, transferred to them a chattel mortgage of all the worldly goods of which they stand at that moment possensed. The boatmen have the best of it every time, being in league with one another, especially when their victims have acted as passengers gen-

urse of that rai observe that the conductor's pockets and the breast of his coat bulge out more and more with these bank notes, till by the time he is oppressed with \$1 50 he looks like a carelessly stuffed scarecrow. One of the bills closely resembles the

"greenback" that is so dear to our souls, and has engraved upon its back, sides, margin and four corners the satisfying figures 500. The possession of a few of these makes one feel like a bloated bondholderuntil he learns from sad experience how little they will buy.

Dom Pedro's Face Is Everywhere.

This Brazilian greenback bears the words, "Quinheates Reis, Imperie de Brazil," and an excellent likeness of poor Dom Pedro, as does nearly all the paper money of the country, though even the billous looking flag, all green mold and yellow fever color, with its cross of the Order of Christ and the sphere of the old Portugese explorers, has changed somewhat since the monarchy was murdered. Speaking of these deceptive bills reminds

speaking of these deceptive bills reminds me of a story that is told of a late United States Consul to Babia, Brazil, which is worth repeating. As the departing Consul stepped aboard the steamer be handed to

stepped aboard the steamer de handed to his "tenderfoot" successor one of those tempting looking "500" bills. "Take it, take it," he said with sympa-thetic feeling, when the other would have rejected so much profered wealth. "Set-tle with my creditors, if I leave any be-hind and never mind short the change

hind, and never mind about the change Just treat the boys in my name whenever they call and keep my memory green." It happened that a lot of "the boys" dropped in that alternoon, and the joke cost the new Consul the value of a pocket ful of those bills, they being worth at the

ime exactly 23 cents each. So far as I am aware there is but one currency in the world more infinitesimal than that of Brazil, and that is the antediluvian

small shells called cowries, which circulate as money in Africa and India-a cowrie be ing equal to about one-fiftieth of an Ameri-can cent. FANNIE B. WARD.

ABOUT SIZES OF BOOKS

Helen Watterson Explains What Has Puzzled Many a Young Reader.

The thing that misleads people as to the size of books as set down in lists of cataogues is that the smaller the book really is he larger the number that designates it, writes Helen Watterson. A book described as Svo is smaller than one spoken of as 410. These figures denote the number of times the sheet of printing paper is folded into book leaves, and are not at all any real measurement of the book. An 8vo or octavo is a book made up of sheets that are folded into eight leaves; a 4to or quarto is one that has its sheets folded into four leaves. It will readily be seen that the latter would be larger than the former-if the sheets were of the same size to begin with. But he fact is that these descriptions are only approximate, for books to-day are made in

every variety of dimension. One rarely finds a folio now except in editions de luxe or atlaces. The quarto is not common, as it usually makes a page the size of an un-

usually makes a page the size of an un-abridged dictionary-too large to be bandled easily. The octavo is bigger than most books, as it usually measures about 10x7 inches. The 12mo is a common size, meas-uring about 8x6 inches, or a little less, ac-cording to the size of the unfolded sheet. The 16mo book is, as is generally put out, about 6x31/4 inches; the 18mo, a triffe smaller, 5x3 inches. Most of the nublishers nowaddws make

of measurements. RED and black ants will leave your honse and never return the instatt you sprinkle a little Buglie in the places they frequent. 55 cents.

time a larger salary than \$800 a year. And when I read in the papers last week that Cranby Digby, the grotesque dancef in the 'Mountain Cow' combination, gets \$600 a week for his legs it discouraged me."

Well, we can't see why, parson. There's nothing disheartening in that. You could make nearly as much as that, maybe quite as much, if you tried. You could get \$600 a much, if you tried. You could get \$600 a week if you reached for it. But that's all you'd get; just \$600 a week. It would make your ministerial bookkeeping very easy, parson. When it came time to die you could balance your books very easily; just multiply the number of weeks you had

preached by \$600, and you'd know just expreached by 5000, and you'd know just ex-actly what your preaching had been worth to yourself, and the church and the world. But now, you see, you can't estimate your salary just to a hair. Go back to your pulpit, parson; ink the seams of your shiny old coat a few years longer; trim your collars and cuffs with the scissors when they get too and curs with the sciesors when they get too scratchy for mortal man to stand any long-er; and don't you worry about \$600 a week. You can get that any time, if you are will-ing to pay the price for it.

More Political Chicanery.

Talk about gerrymandering. It is now harged that the Republicans have fixed the State of Rhode Island so that they gain another alderman in both wards.

A Constitutional Weakness, "I hear that young Sport failed in his Latin examinations at college." "Yes; made a dead flunk on his that's his weakness; he never could decline anything.

Post Hoc.

"Do you consider drunkenness a disease dector ?" "I certainly do."

"Well, do you think it is contagious ?" "I should say so; if a man goes home drunk, somebody catches it every time."

Impossible if True. Recent dispatches from the frontier say that the Indians on the Afizona reservaions are putting on their war paint. What?

In Lent? The heathen; they're worse than the girls. Why doesn't somebody tell them hey can't go to war until after Easter?

The Human Voice. We have seen it stated somewhere that George Whitefield, the great Methodist, once preached in the fields to a crowd of 20,000 people, and that his powerful voice reached

Most of the publishers nowadays make their books of proportions to suit them-elves, with little reference to the old scale

opposite side of a top ring six feet in diam-eter in a tone that would have made George Whitefield stop preaching and ask the boy where he got his troches. What a blessed thing it is, what a striking illustration of

her mother; house in pleces). Saved by a Fall.

"Half a loaf is better than a whole one," remarked Stonihart, as his young wife's first aking fell out of the oven and broke the earthstone.

Difference of Opinion

"Miss Sayso is the most positive girl I ever met." said Jack Plain, "she never has an opinion about anything; she just knows. "I don't know about that," replied Ben Kruht, dubiously, "I found her decidedly negative last night. She wouldn't even be a sister to me."

A Man Worth Cultivating.

"Prisoner at the bar," and Judge Up right spoke with unwavering sternness,

have you no defense to make?" "None, Your Honor," replied the guilty man, his lips quivering. "You confess, then, that you killed this man by beating him with a coal shovel?"

"I do," replied the prisoner. "Why did you do this awful deed?" "Because I found him in my cellar." "But didn't you know that he was the gas man, taking the figures off the meter?" A terrible struggle convulsed the prisoner's features for a moment, and then he said:

"I did." "Prisoner," said the Judge, calmly, "you are a victim to emotional insanity aggra-vated by cerebral disturbances of the sensatory functions which induce hypnotic cere-bration of the ganglia. You are discharged, and I want you to come and board at my house until the 10th of next month."

A Lost Opportunity. Coroner's juries are the stupidest things in the world. Here a man down in Maryland choked to death on a gnarly dried apple one day last week, and the jury missed its chance of bringing in a verdict of death from appleplexy. You can't teach a jury anything.

Not Much of & Change, After All,

If they succeed in cultivating the banana in the vicinity of Mobile, they are going to change the name of the State to Alabanana. Alabama means: "Here we rest;" the new name will mean: "Here we go." Still, as Still, as a fellow usually rests a little atter he goes on a kanana, the chauge in meaning will not be so violent as at first appears. ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

A Fact 1 bont Rosewood. Many people suppose that rosewood takes its name from its color, but this is a mistake. Rosewood is not red nor yellow, but almost black. Its name comes from the fact that when first cut it exhales a perfume similar to that of the rose, and, although the dried wood of commerce retains no trace although of this early perfume, the name lingers as a relie of the early history of the wood.

Where the Horsehides Go.

Some idea of the extent of the basebal erage may be gleaned from the fact that as many as 2,000 horsehides are used in Phila-delphia alone in the manufacture of the most costly kinds of baseballs, and that there are very iew left over when the ends.

provements upon corsets, hoop-skirts, bustles, hair-curlers; in short all such flummery in the line of wearing apparel, and the balance, with the several exceptions I shall name, were taken out on various goo and useful things growing out of househ

To the renown of our sisters of that State. let it be known, the first fountain pen was the invention of Susan S. Taylor, of East Cambridge. And let Helen L. Macker have due credit for an improvement in alloys to imitate silver, and Annie M. Getchell a process for hardening copper. But the greatest achievement was that of Miss Margaret E. Knight who invented a complicated machine for making the useful complicated machine for making the useful square-bottomed paper bag, and refused \$50,000 for the patent, and who has since invented another machine that does the work of 30 pairs of hands in folding these

ogs. Coming back to our own State, though Philadelphia women began by taking out a patent on corsets in 1862 and the inst year closed with Ida C. Mustin patenting a combination under garment, in the intervening years among other things patented, both interesting in the way of being useful and scientific, were the following:

Inventions of Pennsylvania Women.

A rail for ornamental fence, granted to Elizabeth M. Stigale; to Victoria Quarre Wedekind, an improvement for engraving on copper; to Elizabeth O Connor, improve-ment in beebives: to Sarah Ruth, sunshade

on copper; to Elizabeth O'Connor, improve-ment in beehives: to Sarah Ruth, sunshade for horses; to Mary A. E. Whitner, im-provement in stereoscopes; to Mary F. Sal-ade, improvement in plaiting machine; to Lonisa F. Sieger, improvement in denching, horses; to Elia I. Haller, a patent on a self-lighting lamp, and to Lillie Tubbs, a cut-off for hydraulic and other engines. — Pitsburg and Allegheny have swelled the ist with useful and time and labor swing improvements, and with the sin-lexception of a patent taken out by Harriett Z, Sill on a cosmetic compound, nothing incensider-able has been patented by them. — Emily E. Sassey, of Pittsburg, is the pat-entee of an improvement in syphon propel-er pumps; Elizabeth Holt, improvement in packings for piston-rods; Elia Maratia, coal-vault grating, while Amelia H. Lindsay has patented a rotary engine, by which samples of their inventive genius it may be inferred that the women of Pittsburg are content to trus to Yankee improvement of the manufac-menting industries of their city. In this they are an tabor, while they sweat their own brains for the betterment of the manufac-menting industries of their city. In this they are metted by their Allecheny sisters, sman L. Sinclair, of that city, has patented a car wheel and a method of filling the re-cesses in the tread of cir wheels. Christina Beggs has patented a car seat and a limb-suporter for car sents.

apporter for car seats. Tastes in Allegheny County.

But not a hoopskirt, corset, flatiron or hair-erimper has been patented by a woman in all that region of country. As a mere mention of what other Pennsyl-rania women have invented, Betsy Ann

 vania women have invented, Beisy Ann
 Worden, o Seranton, has an improvement
 in car-couplings: Savilla H. Crums, of Reading, has patented a thing so gruesoments a
 corpse-cooler; Emily E. Tassey, of McKeessport, improvement in apparatus for raising
 sanken vessels; Elizabeth Delong, of Stone
 Church, a patent on steam and fume boxes;
 Dora Hirsh, of Lancaster, a car-coupling device, while Annie K. Pentz, of Clearfield,
 has invented and patented a stock car; Mrs.
 Arnistrong has invented a machine for feeding cattle on trains.
 Let it be remembered that it was Mrs.
 Katherine Green, wife of General Nathaniel
 Greene, who undoubtedly invented the cotton gin, though to her second husband credit
 is due for her ever having braved the ridicule she teared and claimed an interest in
 t. Another woman has invented a method of converting a barrel of oil into ten thousand euble feet of gas; anot er one, a superior streetsweeper; another, a superior steamsnips, indu not the least in important woman. Mrs. Nancy wish, however, less Worden, o Scranton, has an improvement

the State that furnished this importants woman. Mrs. Naney was, however, less wise han some of her sister inventors, for she sold her patens for \$1,500, since which time thousands have been r. alized upon it. Helen Blanchard, of Boston, realized an immense fortone on a sewing machine at-tachment, Another woman got \$15,000 for her patent on a baby carriage. These are only a few of very many women whose brains have been their fortunes along the line of inventions. MART TEMPLE BATARE.



Romebody Catches R with clear distinctness the ears of every man

struggle. We have heard a boy 11 years old shrick to another boy standing on the