

Mr. Ossian Tibbeter's Portrait.

I am an artist, not altogether unknown, whose paintings have been accommodated on the walls of Burlington house at regular intervals for some years past. But "it was not always thus." At the outset of my career I found it very uphill work, and although I painted many pictures, and painted them well, too—in my own estimation at all events—swung to want of "patrons" I was often hard put to find the means of procuring the reasonable necessities of existence. So it was a melancholy day with me when an old friend of my father's called upon me to put me into the way of obtaining a commission to paint a gentleman's portrait.

"Now, my dear boy," said Mr. Meenwell, "the Society for the Relief and Superintendance of Distressed English Bone Bolders has determined to honor one of their members, Mr. Ossian Tibbeter, a rich bone bolder, by having his portrait hung in the court room of the institution. It may seem to you, as it does to me, that the money would be better spent in assisting charity, but that is no business of ours; the warden of the society is a friend of mine, and I can get you the job if you care to undertake it."

Portrait painting was not a favorite phase of art with me, as I preferred landscape and animals, but "beggers must not be choosers," and I jumped at the offer.

In due time I was waited upon by a committee of the "Society for," etc., to whom the arrangement of the business had been entrusted, and I found these gentlemen in a most genial and reasonable mood. It subsequently transpired that they had just partaken of a substantial and choice luncheon out of the fund which had been voted for the purpose of the testimonial, which in doubt accounted for their pleasantness; but it was no detriment to me, as we quickly arranged terms, and they left me on the understanding that I should paint the portrait of Mr. Ossian Tibbeter for the sum of £50, to be paid to me when the work had been approved by Mr. Tibbeter himself. But, before leaving my studio, the chairman of the committee took me aside.

"There is one thing that I should like to mention, Mr. Paignton," he said. "Our esteemed friend, Mr. Tibbeter, is not a man of a very regular figure, and I fear you may find some little difficulty in transferring his expression to canvas in such a way as to be pleasing to himself and his friends. You must do your best to make the portrait a satisfactory one."

"I must flatter him a bit, you mean?" I returned.

"Ahem! Suppose we say that you must endeavor to assist by art a nature that, in itself somewhat rugged, although of pure virgin gold, as it were, shows its kindly feeling in the very roughness of its exterior. That's about the way I should speak of it after one of our annual dinners, you know."

"Certainly, I quite understand," I replied, smiling at his grandiloquence. "I will try and supply the polish that is wanting."

"That's right!" he cried. "Tone down the exuberances and lay it on thick! Good morning."

In a few days I was favored with a sitting from Mr. Tibbeter.

From the first I was warning I had expected to find a "plump" man in the person of my sitter, but when I beheld him I was really horrified at the task which was before me, for the distinguished bone-bolder was, without exception, the ugliest man I had ever set eyes upon.

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Looking at him full face he showed a lumpy, irregular-shaped brow, with thick, stubby hair, growing down almost to his eyebrows, his nose broad, his mouth wide and heavy, and his chin—which he, unfortunately for my purpose, kept shaved—receded at an angle partaking more of the simian type than of its Darwinian development.

In profile his nose turned up to an extent which suggested that it had been perpetually endeavoring to get away from the odors in which it had worked all its life, and the receding chin, of course, showed to a far worse degree than it did full face.

I felt inclined to renounce the commission altogether, or, at least, to suggest to Mr. Tibbeter that he should give a beard and see me again in a couple of months, when some of the defects would be hid, but I compromised matters by starting upon a three-quarter face portrait. It was with a poor heart, though, that I placed him in position, and I had an innate feeling from the first that the result would prove an utter failure.

Mr. Tibbeter was a very patient sitter. He would sit in the studio and, having assumed the (to him) necessary pompous expression, he would sit as long as I pleased without murmuring. He rarely attempted conversation, and when he did he used so many long words which he did not know how to pronounce and he misplaced his h's to such an extent that I shook with suppressed laughter. He admitted, from the beginning, that he was no judge of art, and he took as little interest in the progress of the portrait as he would if he had been a bone and I had had to boil him, so to speak.

I worked at that portrait till I could see and think of nothing else, but I could not satisfy myself at all with it. It was useless to make it true to nature—it would have frightened all the other pictures in the court room out of their frames—and when I endeavored to lend a grace to "the virgin gold" which I had to work upon (as the committee had playfully put it), my identity was destroyed to such an extent that nobody would have recognized it as intended for the gentleman whom it was supposed to represent.

"Perhaps an older hand—a fashionable portrait painter—might have contrived to turn out a picture which, while being absolutely unlike Mr. Tibbeter in every feature, would in its ensemble have reminded his friends of him; but I very much doubt it. All I knew is that the more I slaved at it the worse it looked.

Mr. Tibbeter sat for me until I was ashamed to ask him to come any more, and at last I told him that the portrait only required the finishing touches, which I could give to it without his presence. I worried myself nearly into a fever trying to make the abominable thing presentable, and, finally, I took

"And what have you done with that picture of me?" he asked.

"Oh!" I replied, "I used the canvas for another subject."

"Ah! Painted it over and used it afresh," he said.

"And might I ask what you have done about it?" I returned.

"Well," he answered, "after thinking the committee decided to present me with a piece of plate instead."

But Mr. Tibbeter had his portrait after all, and paid for it himself.

That first deal with him led to quite a friendship between us, and I found him to be a not ungenerous man when I got to understand him better. His conceit and other faults arose from want of education more than anything else, and his wife was a nice, modest old lady, none the worse for not possessing much of the superficial ways of society.

They have since purchased other works of mine, but Mr. Ossian Tibbeter is more proud of his "Freebooter" than of any. He values it now at much more than he gave for it—which, since I have made a name, he is right in doing—but he has no idea—and I hope he never will have—that his favorite picture is only his own portrait revised and improved.—London Spare Moments.

MAP-MAKING HARD WORK

Years of Patient Labor Are Sometimes Given to One Cartographic Product.

From the New York Sun.

Few people have any idea of the immenses labor expended upon the production of the best maps. Professor Wagner, who occupies the chair of geography at the University of Göttingen, Germany, was talking about it the other day. This famous geographer had just completed the latest revision of his Atlas of Physical Geography.

"I revise the Atlas about every two years," said the professor. "It requires several months of my time; and in addition to this I have to be on the lookout every day for news of fresh discoveries, corrections of errors that have crept into the maps, new political boundaries, new temperature observations in the Amazon basin, for instance, where few meteorological records have been kept, which may affect the position of the isothermal lines on my maps, and a great variety of other information which necessitates many changes on my map plates of more or less importance. I have to keep on file all the maps from explorers which are published by the geographical societies of all lands. It is from these maps that most of our corrections, about new discoveries and the correction of errors is derived. There are the maps of the most detailed topographic survey, issued by the governments of nearly all civilized lands. They now number thousands and they must be in the libraries of all first-class map publishing houses which aspire to keep their maps fully abreast of geographic progress."

"There is also a great deal of authoritative literature giving many geographical facts, such as the distribution of agricultural products in a country, which may be clearly indicated on the maps we make. All this information has to be classified and pigeon-holed ready for use when the time comes for the next map revision.

"Many persons might think that the most barren and scantily peopled parts of the world would not often require correction on the maps; but this is not so. In the Arctic regions, for instance, within a short time Peary visits an unknown part of the northern coast of Greenland and finds a channel leading far west and separating the mainland as far as is determined from the islands further north; Nansen discovers new facts about the depth of the Arctic Ocean, the movements of Arctic currents, mean depths, etc., and pushes his work within 250 miles of the North Pole; then Jackson appears with an entirely new map of Franz Josef Land which completely changes our ideas of the geography of that region; and Tyrol traverses a part of North America, sees Hudson Bay, and before he has visited and found new facts for the maps; and other Canadian explorers trace to Hudson's Bay the rivers that drain the country to the south of that inland sea. Every year on an average about 200 hitherto unknown reefs and rocks and other dangers to navigation are discovered and must be noted on many maps."

"It is the business of the geographer to take all this immense volume of new information and use it with critical care. He can tell within narrow limits what degree of credence is to be given to the work of each explorer and he rejects a great deal of information which does not appear to him to be based upon sufficiently careful or competent research."

"One of the handsomest cartographic works of recent years is the atlas of the German colonies which Paul Langhans of Göttingen, Germany, has recently completed after about three years of arduous labor. He neglected no source of valuable information in carrying out this undertaking, and the sixty map pages give the results of the latest and best geographical researches among Germany's colonies all over the world. As is the habit of the best German mapmakers, the atlas is entirely cartographically correct, and the map material prepared by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of Boston. Has any American mapmaker yet published a map of Wake Island, one of our new acquisitions in the Pacific? Probably not. But our mapmakers may take it now from Langhans, who gives a very clear idea of the three specks of land forming the Wake group, over which the American flag will henceforth float.

He consulted 129 route surveys and other maps of the semi-arid possessions of the Germans in southwest Africa to make his eight-page map of that region; and every wagon road, well, bit of grazing area, mining prospect and hamlet in the whole district is shown with fine effect. His delineation of the Cameroons is based upon 155 surveys of original map material, of Togo upon sixty-four maps, of Germany's possessions in New Guinea upon 126 maps; and in the preparation of his map sheets of German East Africa, the largest of all German colonial possessions, he made use of 275 maps. Many of these maps were devoted solely to some special feature, such as, for instance, giving topographic aspects, another caravan routes, another the names of tribes and their distribution; and all these maps were the work of men from various nations who have taken part in the study of East Africa. Langhans took from each map what he needed and

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JONAS LONG'S SONS. GREAT FRIDAY SALES. JONAS LONG'S SONS.

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Will you be here this Good Friday? Will you partake of the Easter Festival with us? Will you get your share of the great Friday Bargains? Will you be doubly satisfied with what you buy? Of course you will.

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25 cents 3 prs. Only a quarter for 3 pairs of Men's seamless 4-thread real maco fast Black Cotton Hose, with double toes and heels. Actual value 12½c and 15c. On sale at 10 o'clock Friday—3 pairs 25c.

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5 cents yard For 2,418 yards of fine torchon, Point de Paris, Venise, Platt, Val, and Medica Laces, in a great array of new and beautiful patterns. Two to six inches in width and actually worth 8c to 12½c yard. On sale at 10 o'clock Friday—5c yard.

95 cents pair For your choice of Women's Fine Dongola Button and Lace Shoes—New Paris, Broadway, Opera and Common Sense Toe; heel and spring heel. Also misses' bright dongola and new russet, lace and button shoes; solid soles, perfect fitting, sizes 11 to 2. Actual value \$1.25 and \$1.50 pair. On sale at 10 o'clock Friday—95c pair.

4½ cents yard For 2,000 yards of very good quality White Nainsook checks and plaids in a great variety of nobby patterns. Not to be found in any store under 6½c and 7½c. On sale at 10 o'clock Friday—4½c yard.

4½ cents yard For 1,600 yards of new styles in Spring Percalés, strictly fast colors and very handsome patterns. Not to be found elsewhere under 7c yard. On sale at 10 o'clock Friday—4½c yard.

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84 cents each A sensational sale of white Bed Spreads—about 75 all told—full length and width, all hemmed ready for use. Would be good value at \$1.25. On sale at 10 o'clock Friday—84c each.

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2.39 For your choice of 75 Beautiful Trimmed Hats. Built of fine straw on wire frames in the new marquis shape and walking effects. Elaborately trimmed with chiffon, laces and flowers. Millinery store price would be \$6.00. Our price would be \$3.50 to \$4.00. On sale at 10 o'clock Friday—\$2.39 each.

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—Holman B. D. 9. in Lawiston Journal.