If the day were but one f what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves se

us be,

If we had but a day.

-[Mary Lowe Dickinson.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY EVELYN THORP.

It was a February day without; but within the high, wide studio building there was color in plenty and movement, and an animated hum of voices. It was an artist's reception. All the studios were open and in all there was a crowd. But in none was there so great a crowd as in Rodards.

and artists reception. All the studios were open and in all there was a crowd. But in none was there so great a crowd as in Roderick Roth's studio. For Roderick Roth was talked about incessantly. There had been no such original work shown as his had been, that year or any year. It had the touch of genius. Roderick Roth was a star of the first magnitude just breaking upon the horizon. People wanted to see him. Of course, his studio was besieged.

There were those who looked at his two or three exhibited pictures; and quite as admiringly. He was like the figure of some youthful Viking, with eyes as blue as seas in Summer and a yellow mane against his velveteen coat collar.

Some of Roderick Roth's fellow-artists arched their lips at the yellow mane. They pronounced it, among themselves, a pose. But prejudice alone could not have found Roderick Roth guilty of any pose whatever, once it had seen one of his frank smiles. This young man, who measured six foot two and was so athletically deep of chest and wide of shoulder, had a most disarmingly sunny, and honest, and good-tempered, and gentle smile. It was quite free from any artifice. It was quite free from any artifice. It was the sort of smile that on a man's lips causes the mothers of daughters to wish that "they might have such a son-in-law!"

It was quite free from such sen-

such a son-in-law!"

It was quite surely with no such sentiment, however, that Mrs. Ritchey now stood, smiling also on her side, and benigply, in front of the young man.

"The sittings may be arranged to suit your own convenience, of course, Mr. Roth. I should like them to begin as soon as possible, however, as the portrait is destined for a certain purpose, at a certain time. By the by, you have not seen your sitter yet, Ethel."

Mrs. Ritchey turned, seeking at her elbow the daughter who, however, had become a little separated from her in the crowd.

"Ethel, this is Mr. Roth. He is going

recowd.

"Ethel, this is Mr. Roth. He is going to paint your portrait."

Roderick looked at the young girl and daught his breath a little. She must have been quite accustomed to such admiration ere now, yet she changed color slightly. Mrs. Ritchey saw that Ethel had made a profound impression and was amused and gratified. Of course, an artist, of all men, would be struck with Ethel's beauty. He would appreciate it at its full worth. The mother felt that she had presented this rising Velasquez with a model magnificently fit to inspire his art.

"He seems a nice, unpretentious young man, too," said she as they drove home.

"Not spoiled by his success at all. And his work is certainly very fine. I wonder who the prim, elderly woman was who sat near him and out of the crowd a little. She appeared to belong thim, somehow. She didn't look old enough to be his mother. An aunt, or an older sister, perhaps. But there was no resemblance, certainly! He is a wonderfully good-looking young man. And he has quite an air."

"Yes," said Ethel Ritchey.
Meanwhile the afternoon had come to a close, the crowd had dispersed and Roderick Roth, finding himself restored to privacy, had turned to the woman whom Mrs. Ritchey had noticed. She had been sitting very quietly for a long time and she looked a little pale and tired. She was now thirty-eight or forty.

"The afraid you've been dreadfully bored. Lavinia" said Roderick hoachit.

needed, Mr. Roth?" remarked Mrs. Ritchey, her gratified smile beaming patronizingly on the artist between the good husband, and just because I happened to be a 'great pity not to have the picture quite, quite perfect. It is such a very, very modilikeness,"

That evening Croft dined at Mrs.

That evening Croft dined at Mrs. Ritchey's house. He was a very quiet man. All animation in him seemed centred in his shrewd, observant eye.

"Yes," he remarked, as he sat a little apart with Ethel in the course of the evening, "Roderick Roth has a great future before him. I cannot but feel it to be a pity that he should be bound by this engagement to Miss Peck, although it is one of those things that seem predestined and unavoidable. Any marriage, however, would be hampering, perhaps, at the very outset of his artistic career. And in this case, of course, the disparity of years—

Ritchey's house. He was a very quiet man. All animation in him seemed centred in his shrewd, observant eye.

"Yes," he remarked, as he sat a little apart with Ethel in the course of the evening, "Roderick Roth has a great future before him. I cannot but feel it to be a pity that he should be bound by this engagement to Miss Peck, although it is one of those things that seem personal that the state of the strings that seem personal that the state of the strings that seem personal that can over the face of the girl. He does not be string that came over the face of the girl. He does not be string that came over the face of the girl. He does not be string that came over the face of the girl. He does not be string that came over the face of the girl. He does not be string that came over the face of the girl. He does not be string that came over the face of the girl. He does not be string that came over the face of the girl. He does not be string that the string that came over the face of the girl. He does not be string that came over the face of the girl. He does not be string that came over the face of the girl. He does not be string that the string th to die. He spent the last piece of money in his pocket for laudanum enough to kill ten men. Yes. This is a sad chapter in poor Roderick's life. You did not know that such things actually occurred in real life, Ethel? Alas, they are all around us. But they are not made for such hothouse flowers as you to hear! Well, Lavinia Peck discovered his intention. She has lost her youth, and she is neither pretty nor attractive. But she is a noble, tender-hearted wo nan. Perhaps she loved him even then. In any case, she helped him. Roderick's is one of those rare natures which can accept rare favors without loss of self-respect. He asked nothing but to be allowed to paint, to work out his conceptions. But he was grateful—profoundly, honestly, loyally grateful. He could do but one thing in return. And he did it. He asked Lavinia Peck to marry him. Now he has been famous a year. But if one should ask me whether! I think he He asked Lavinia Peck to marry him. Now he has been famous a year. But if one should ask me whether I think he has ever allowed himself to regret his engagement I should say no. Yes, he is a loyal fellow, is Roderick Roth."

When he stopped Ethel stood upright, her hands tightly clasped, before him. "Thank you for telling me," she said in a whisper. Her eyes shone. "Thank vou."

you."

There was no pretense at concealment. She saw that this old and faithful friend had read her soul and had wished to warn her, to guard her from a great wrong to the other. She put out her hand and Croft took it with firm gentleness.

ness.
"You always were a good little girl,
Ethel!"

"There should certainly be one sitting tore, at least, Ethel," urged Mrs.

free."

She rose and Ethel rose too. In a novel the girl would have thrown herself into this poor woman's arms. But real life witnesses no such scenes between women. Ethel could not speak. She dared not even put out her hand.

Yet each know what was in the other's heart.

A Strange Delusion.

Year ago, away back in the 70's, one of the leading families of North Davenport, Iowa, were possessed of an only daughter, fair of form and face, whom they had betrothed to a young gentleman of good family living in the neighboring city of Dubuque (all names being withheld out of consideration for these good people, who still reside in the cities named). Everything was arranged for a speedy marriage of the young pair, when the happy prospective bride took sick and died. The grief of the young man was dry-eyed but terrible when he saw his loved one arrayed for the bridal of death instead of for a union with himself. He followed the remains to the Oakdale Cemetery, returned home in an abstracted sort of manner, only to be stricken with nervous fever the same night. Then a peculiar halluction had been succeeded by the stricken with nervous fever the same night. Then a peculiar halluction took possession of his fevered brain—he believed the lost one to be present with him in the room. His parents gently but vainly remonstrated with him, yet he would talk to her that should have been his bride, describe her dress and appearance to those attending on him in his delirium, even though others would sit or stand where he declared her to be. Finding that he was rapidly sinking under this peculiar delusion, it was decided to array a young lady in clothes that were an exact counterpart of those in which the bride-elect had been buried, and which were the same the young man declared were worn by her when she visited him in the room, anxiously awaiting the outcome. When he did awake, he turned his eyes to the spot, flung his arms aloft, and shrieked in an uncarthly voice. "My God, there are two of them!" Gasping which he fell back and expired.—[St. Louis Republic.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A Boston doctor says that we should exercise an hour for every pound of food we cat. One egg is worth a pound of meat. Dyspepsia can be cured by walking. Every meal we miss is a decided gain. A fast day helps us more than a feast day.

than a feast day.

THE use of tobacco among women is on
the increase in France, and even in London it is not unusual to see a lady produce
her silve or enamelled case in the drawing-room. Cigarettes are giving place
to cigars in Paris, and some fears are entertained of the smoking habit among
women becoming uncontrollable.

The United States government pays the railroad companies from \$21,000,000 to \$24,000,000 per year for the transport-ation of the mails. The estimated cost for the present year is \$22,650,000. In the past, however, the estimates have fallen short of the actual cost from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000.

\$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000.

RECENT statistics show that French railways annually kill one person out of each 2,000,000 carried, while in England 21,000,000 are carried before one meets a violent death in a railway accident. French railways annually wound one passenger out of each 500,000 carried; English one in each 750,000; Belgium, one in each 1,650,000 and Prussia only one in each 4,000,000

one in each 4,000,000

The old University building on Washington Square, New York, is of interest to all students of telegraphy and photography. It was here that Prof. Morse, fifty-four years ago, put into practical operation the first telegraph ever set up in the world, and it was on the third floor, in the north wing, that the wires over which the first message was transmitted were raised. It was in this University also that Prof. Draper succeeded in fixing the first photographic portrait of the human countenance from life.

PROF. SNOW, of the Kansas State University also

of the human countenance from life.

Prov. Snow, of the Kansas State University, has discovered the existence of a disease resembling cholera, peculiar to the chineth bug, and which is easily propagated, and will doubtless eventually afford farmers complete relief from the destruction of their crops by this pest. During the last summer infected bugs were let loose in a bug-infested bugs were let loose in a bug-infested field. The disease spread so rapidly and was so fatal that the field was soon rid of the pests. Many farmers have made application to the professor for carcasses of the bugs which have died from the cholera.

pincation to the professor for carcasses of the bugs which have died from the cholers.

The railway tunnel under the St. Clair River, between Michigan and Canada, was formed by driving an 1ron cylinder into the carth under the river bed and pushing it forward as fast as the excavavated earth could be removed. A three-mile tunnel has been constructed in London on a similar plan, which is said to have cost less and to have been finished in less time than would have been required by old methods. And now comes a project to unite Newark and New York by a fifteen-mile tunnel, in which electricity is to be the sole motive power. Tunnels will undoubtedly play a prominent part in the systems of transportation in all large cities.

The oldest living graduate of the West Point Military Academy is Wm. C. Young, of Chicago. Mr. Young was born at Youngstown, O., a city founded by his father, November 25, 1729. In 1818, he obtained an appointment as a cadet and on completing his course of study was commissioned a lieutenant of artillery. He remained in active service until 1826, when he resigned. Thereafter he devoted himself to civil engineering. In the railroad branch of that profession he gained much repute. By virtue of his seniority Mr. Young is president of the West Point Alumni. Despite his great age he retains a large measure of physical and mental ability, and still looks after the details of several important enterprises with which he is identified.

portant enterprises with which he is identified.

Triled aliens, chiefly Englishmen, now own in this country about 21,000,000 oares in large lots, to which may be added the ownership by aliens of lesser degree of many smaller parcels. Besides this direct ownership, inquiry has developed the fact that European capitalists have invested in land and other bonds sums covering nearly 100,000,000 acres, which are subject to foreclosure sales. The case was cited in the report of the House Committee on the Judiciary last Summer accompanying the bill to prohibit aliens from hereafter acquiring lands in the United States of a man living in England, who owns and rents 90,000 acres in Illinois, deriving therefrom \$200,000 a year. The land commissioner himself, six years ago, officially declared that "the time is near at hand when there will be no public lands to invite settlement or to afford the citizens of the country an opportunity to secure cheap homes."

Since General Sherman's death the

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