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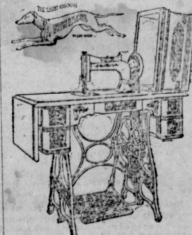
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BEATRICIA AND THE IMAGE VENDER.

A Tale of Italy and

The snow furries were blinding the eyes of the passing throng, but Pietro stood vallantly at the curb holding out his plaster images for sale. It seemed out the little white image of the winged victory or a bust of Beethoven were blue and stiff and the narrow shoulders of the thin frame were doubled togething far beyond the brilliant shops of turned to Italy for a time, and they Fifth avenue. In his imagination he did not even care to inquire. One day was wandering in the Elysian fields with his Beatricia where the sunlight gilded the meadows and the smile of

nature shone everywhere. Oh, valiant heart of Pietro! For two years now he had molded plaster casts lish, and she seemed greatly agitated. and images and sold his wares on street corners and hoarded the meager gain to be able to get back to his Beatricia. On the banks of the Tiber he had left her picking grapes with the men and girls in the Roman vineyards, and he had come to seek an El Dorado

before he claimed her as his bride. For one long, sad year of separation she wrote to him. She upbraided him for his slowness in winning the wealth they had dreamed of, she scolded him for only lukewarm affection, she wounded his sensitive soul with repeated attacks on his loyalty and love, and gradually these criticisms, emanating from the restless, passionate soul of the young girl, tender, but selfish, giving much, but demanding more, crushed the ardent spirit of the young Italian, and he drew his love within the recesses of his heart and brooded over it, and ceased to pour out the soul's desires in the lytic message which he sent occasionally across the

Finally, when she believed her love too little appreciated, she ceased altogether to write. Pietro had been waitdays for the letter which she owed. Weeks went by then months, and no him, seized him bodily and Gra word came to lighten his labors and his him toward his abode. loneliness. The first sharp pain of disappointment gave way to a long, dall, ceaseless agony that filled his heart at times within the tender walls. "Ch. Pietro smiled. beloved Bentricia," he would cry out in the wakeful watches of the long night, "have you forgotten your

Pietro?" The plaster Venuses and Mercurys and Sacred Marys stood side by side along the shelves of his shop, gazing down on him from their classic grandeur with cold, unpitying eyes. Sometimes at night he thought that he saw the imperious Milo shake ber head disdainfully when he cried aloud. Mermry sheered, and a dimpled Cupid's head, by Praxitcles, broke into amused mirth. Once in his grief he kneft before a Mary, which he had himself molded that very day, and he prayed wildly and despattingly, and, as if in compassion, it seemed to him that the

sacred lips of the image moved to in-He lived alone. Others in "Little he gasped. "Dost thou love me?" Italy" sought to know him and to draw him out of himself. He was a hand some youth, perhaps 22 years of age. and many of the American born young Italian girls cast amorous chauces at him. He did not even notice them. He ocked far beyond them and saw a little dark eyed girl, with a clear, white, transparent skin, more beautiful

"He no gooda; he no gooda," shouted tion price is one dollar but we have made the mob of merrymakers, tossing back arrangement by which we offer it for a their heads in uni-ridied, mocking short time for fifty cents a year. Call and laughter. They would look at one another when he passed sflently, and then raise their eyebrows significantly and smile with knowing, conclusive smiles as they touched their foreheads

with a finger. Pletro scarcely knew of their presonee is 16 by 24 feet and one story and ence. He used to hear their uproarious laughter, but it did not attract him. He had no respect for them. Many on premises. For further particulars were but provincial born, and he, why. he. Pietro Gonzales, had been born in Rome itself, above the shop where Gonzales the elder had chiseled the heads of prelates of the Vatican from the finely veined, dazzling white ribs of marble from Italy's own hills and had been a true artist in his day and had loved art and labored for it in the pure joy of creating. Money to him was nothing. He did not know bow to earn it well, or to keep it. Art was everything. He deemed it worth the sacrifice of his son, whom he forced to go to America in order to extract a for-

tune from the new world. But Pletro was beginning to learn that fortunes are slow in coming, even in young, thriving provinces, and his art was more than the art of chiseled marbles or of plaster casts. His love was his ambition. He placed it above his art, above his duty, above life itself. all other results of imperfect digestion. And the object had only grown to mock

Often as he sauntered along the city streets, absorbed in thoughts of her, he

would stop with a startled look and search the face of some passerby that reminded him vividly of his Beatricia. He saw her often in this way, for her mage was really never absent from his mind's eye. In his reveries of her she used to appear to him, and, as in the old days, she would wind her soft, gentle arms around his neck and

whisper, "Beloved Pietro, thou art a For a year now he had not heard from her. "She must be dead," he shought at times. "If she were alive, she could not feel the power of my love, though an ocean lies between us." But, like all lovers, he was selfish and rensitive, and he had sworn on his honor never to write to her again, and he could picture her often making love to Marcello and Valentino and others in the vineyards, as she had made love

A second summer of silence came, and Pietro wandered out into the country and walked among the wood ferns, crushing them to his breast with his passionate love of beauty. He would go and spend days under the sky, begging for food as he went. He could bitterly cold to the muffled, scurrying not work. He was steeped, saturated, crowd, but it was warm and balmy to overcome by the accumulated longing Pietro. Though the hands which held within him. The army of laughing fairies and Dominican monks stood on their shelves, a neglected array, un-

dusted and unsold. The citizens of "Little Italy" forgot er in an attitude of cringing subjection, yet the eyes of Pietro were looka little, old woman in shabby black, with a coarse veil tied around her head so that her face was wholly concealed, came to "Little Italy" and inquired for Pletro. She could speak no Eng-The women were consumed with curiosity, and led her willingly to Pietro's little workshop. Her terror was pitiable when she found that he had gone and had not been seen for a month. She called on all the saints in the calendar to help her, and then on death to relieve her, and she flung herself on Pietro's own 'couch and

> the curious ones could not watch her from without, and she herself only emerged when she wanted to buy food. It was some days after this occur rence that Pietro, walking in the country, saw a vision of his Beatricia stretching out her arms to him and crying out to blm in a sad, distressed The vision was so distinct that for a monient he thought it was real. "She is dving." he cried to the sky. "and she is sorry and would ask my forgiveness, and I cannot go to her.

O God of the poor, I cannot go!" It made such a powerful impression upon his mind that he turned about mmediately and began to retrace his way back to the city and to his shop. ing and watching and counting the When he reached "Little Italy," a dozen eager men and women rushed upon

"Thy mother, thine old mother, is low, she is alone and waiting thee." to the brim and made it throb wildly For the first time in many months we made the trip in chairs slung on

And they pushed him toward the door The little, old woman who had im-doubt, to carry me into the dense unprisoned berself within caught the dergrowth. shouts and the voice of Pleiro, and her

still its awful beating.
"Beatricia, my beloved! Is it thou?" months." "Madly, Pletro!"

"Thou didst come to find me, Bea-"Thou, alone." "Thou hast come to stay, Beatricia?"

"Always!"-Chicago Tribune. In "Under Three Flags In Cuba," by Musgrave, the author tells how a

scheme was hatched to capture the notorious General Weyler: General Weyler walked nightly down the Prado with only an aid and three secret police sauntering behind. Some Cubans often debated with me the feasibility of seizing him there one night, dragging him down the steps to the Punta beach and shipping him down the coast to Gomez, to be held as a hostage for all Cuban prisoners. This would have been easy in the darkness with a launch and a tug in the offing that could race the obsolete boats in

We worked persisently in planning this. The guards were to be overpowered by sudden onslaught from the rear, the general seized, pinioned and embarked. Lack of funds delayed the attempt. Finally we chartered a tug in Key West, but the owner drew back at the last, and just as another boat was offered Weyler was recalled.

Augustus Van Wyck of New York was an able and popular member of the supreme court bench. Though always dignified when presiding in court. he occasionally waived the rule by a little quiet fun. A pompous and loud voiced lawyer rose one morning in

"This, if the court please, is a curious case. I am retained in it"— Here be paused for a word. There was a painful silence, ended by the magstrate's inquiry: "Is it curious for you to be retained

The fear of poison in a lacerated wound under certain circumstances is in itself quite sufficient to give inded man tetanus, or lockjaw, than which no more tion exists. Thus for a long time it was thought that the natives of the olomon and other neighboring islands lately added to the empire used poisoned arrows and many white men shot by them died in tetanic convulsions, including one very horrible case of a commander in the navy who had made a special study of tetanus.

At length the French governor of New Caledonia, noticing that the symp-toms exhibited were not consistent with the use of any known poison, appointed a medical commission to inquire into the affair, when it was discovered that the arrows of the natives were not poisoned at all, although constructed in such a way that a small piece of the bone point almost always remained in the wound. The irritation produced by this prevented the wound from healing quickly, and the mental disturbance produced by fear and per-

haps change of climate did the rest. It was discovered at the same time that the natives of other islands wh firmly believed in the poison the seldom suffered much inconveni from the arrow wounds, because they believed that the spells given them by their own sorgerers prevented the pol-

Irascible Von Bulow

During Hans von Bulow's leadership of the orchestra at Hanover a tenor of fame was engaged to play a star role in "Lohengr Das Neue Blatt, and while the singer was rehearsing his part Bulow was forced to go over the same bars a number of times without the new actor beginning to sing. Tired of his wasted efforts, the leader stopped the orchestra and angrily turned to the singer.

"I know that a tenor is proverbially stupid," he said, "but you seem to make an extensive use of this unwritten law.

At another time, while one of his moaned for hours. She barred the grand intermezzos was being played with great feeling by his musicians, a door and covered the window so that peculiar noise, hardly perceptible by untrained ears, annoyed the leader for some little time. At first he thought it resembled the flutter of wings, but soon he discovered an elegant lady fanning herself in one of the boxes close by. Bulow kept on with his gestures, fixing his eyes on the offender in a manner which meant reproof. The lady, not heeding this, was suddenly surprised by the leader dropping his

stick and turning toward her. "Madam!" he cried, "If fan you must, please at least keep time with your infernat nuisance."

A keeper at the Philadelphia zoo to'd the following interesting story of an encounter be once had with a tiger in

"With several companions I was or "Thy mother, thine old mother, is my way to visit some native friends here," they screamed. "Ungrateful felin a neighboring village, and as the jungle paths were the shortest route carriers' shoulders. I was about half "My mother," he whispered. "Is with asleep from the swinging motion when the saints and happy! Inat canst I was pitched out by the native drophou mean?"

"Go. look for thyself, half witted ping the poles and scampering off.

"That's how I met my tiger. "With' a singgard and beggar," they bawled out bound he was on me and had taken a

"Fortunately for me I had a big bo heart gave one wild bound, and she the of ammonia in my coat pocket, carstood trembling at the door, ready to ried it for snake bites, you know, and when the brute took the mouthful he Pietro stepped cautiously and touch- broke the bettle. The whiff he got ed the handle. He did not know whom made his whiskers curl, and one was he might encounter, so his advance enough. He rolled over a couple of was timid. As the door swung back times, gasping and waving his paws, he gazed stupidly for a moment. Then and then made off as quickly as he a cry of joy and pain broke from his appeared. Hurt? No. only a few lips as he laid his hand on his heart to bruises from the fall, but the close shave took my nerves for some

Cycling In Normandy.

The roads in Normandy are spleudide for cycling, the only disadvantage being that the straightness of many main routes hides the beauty of the country, for which reason it is often a good plan, when time is not an object, to pick out the byways on the map. This is the easier because not only are the byways excellently kept, but the name of a French village is plainly written up, and one does not have ridiculous difficulty, as sometimes in England, in finding out where one is. Signposts and milestones are abundant, and the decimal system renders them perfectly simple and exact. - "Highways and Byways In Normandy," by Dearmer.

An Impromptu Ring. A marriage ceremony was perform in Toronto recently, with a substitu for the ring which, though odd and amusing, was appropriate for the occasion. The couple went over from the American side of the St. Lawrence river, but forgot to take a ring there was no ring to be had in the house the resourceful clergyman sent for his wife's sewing scissors and, with the finger clasp, completed the cere-

Drinks and Thirst.

It is a mistake to suppose that cold drinks are necessary to relieve thirst. Very cold drinks, as a rule, increase the feverish condition of the mouth and stomach and so create thirst. ence shows it to be a fact that het body when it is in an abnormally heated condition better than ice cold drinks."

the favorite days in the week for mar-riage—Sunday in rural districts and, Saturday in towns. Sunday weddings seem to be generally less numerous than they were, while the narrows greatly on the increa-

a a case?"