

CRITICS

Who Rank Portrait Painters with Tailors—No FIT, No Pay.

HUNT'S IDEAS ON THE SUBJECT.

Your stories of Hunt remind me of another, hardly less amusing, and like yours, illustrating his sense of the dignity of his art, and his peculiarly dignified way of showing it.

During the last winter of his life, he one day called upon an artist to look upon a portrait which had been executed with some expression of dissatisfaction from the subject and owner, and to give his friend, the artist, the benefit of his judgment in the matter of changing and so improving the picture that it should "pass muster" as a creditable work of art, even if it did not quite suit the taste of the patron.

The chief defect complained of was the complexion, which was thought to be sallow; and it was true that in the process of giving the flesh a warm glow the artist had given an expression of local yellow in the flesh tints—so strongly marked that the complexion was yellow. When Mr. Hunt entered the studio he looked at the portrait as it stood upon the easel and said: "They think it is too yellow, do they? They always think it is too something, except good. Your yellows are all right with your reds and the general tone of the picture, and that is well enough. Look at that bit of sky in your landscape (pointing to another picture). Isn't that good for sky to your trees and foreground? But it isn't much like that, looking up at the light which poured through the window, "and who said it was? The fact is, people don't know any thing about art, and the more they know about other things the less they know about that. But they 'know what they like,' and they don't mean to pay till they get it. They rank portrait painters with tailors—no fit, no pay. We ought to make a stand against the unreasonable demands of the public, and let the patron share our risk. Of course, we all do the best we can, and we should be paid for our work just as we pay our doctors and lawyers, whether they bring us through or not."

"I would have an order for a portrait mean the best thing that I can do with a reasonable effort, and that should fulfill my obligation and entitle me to be paid. Of course I like to have the people satisfied when I am, but I am the one to be pleased. I know something about my work and they don't, and when I am willing to do a picture go that ought to stand for something, whether they are satisfied or not. But then there is another way. You know we should all paint better portraits, if we don't care a d—n for our sitters. Suppose when a patron calls to order a portrait I should say: "I will not make your commission in the usual form, but I will hire you to sit and pay your \$1 an hour, and if you like the picture when I call it done, you can have it for a stated price, and if you don't like it you needn't take it, and there will be no favor either way."

"With a sitter on such terms I think I could turn out something good. I know I should have a good time. I'd manipulate him just as the barber does his victim, and if he dared to open his head about art or anything improving, I'd stop his apothecary with a paint brush."

"I'd just have my way till I got through, and then he could have his take it or leave it."

HE CAME BACK.

Independence is a good quality in a man's character if common-sense governs it, but self-sufficient and touchy people are apt to show their independence and self-sufficiency in an offensive way—and suffer more than they gain. They are the most uncomfortable people in the world, and the class is amusingly caricatured below by the Detroit Free-Press.

Everybody who will stop to think must admit that the gates at the railroad depots are a wise provision. One must show his ticket before he can pass to the train, and it is not once in a thousand times that a passenger can go astray. And yet it annoys lots of people to be railed off and penned up and be obliged to exhibit a ticket.

Yesterday morning a very dignified man, with a grip-sack in his hand, tried to walk through the gates at the Central Depot, and when asked for his ticket, he haughtily replied,—"It is in my pocket."

"Let me see it."

"I will not. My word should be proof that I have it."

"Have to show your ticket, sir."

"I won't submit to any such indignity!" exclaimed the stern man, and he didn't. He entered the freight sheds, passed through a flour car, climbed over a lot of hides and crept under a baggage-car, and finally thought he had reached the train when he was after. A brakeman stood at the steps and asked,—

"Going West, sir?"

"No; going East."

"Then your train won't go for two hours and a half yet! This is the West!"

"The worst of it all was, the man at the gate and a dozen others saw him and raised such a laugh that the man went down into the freight-car and hid behind a box-car."

After he is unborn, than untaught; ignorance is the root of misfor-

THE TRAMP AND THE DOG.

A big, lonesome-looking dog sat at a gate of a house on Cass avenue yesterday, eyes full of tears and his whole body shivering with cold. A tramp, who had neither overcoat nor mittens, and whose bare toes peeped through his boots, was making his way up the street in search of the right kind of a side entrance, when he espied the dog and crossed over and said:

"Well, now, this is an unexpected pleasure! Upon my soul, but I have found one living thing in this town as poorly off as myself. Say, old fellow, where do you hang out?"

The dog looked at him through his tears, but had nothing to say. "Tough, isn't it?" continued the man. "I look old and seedy, and you are the homeliest dog I ever saw. That strikes a fraternal chord and we meet on a level. I haven't had a square meal for a week, and you have not seen a bone for the past ten days. Even again, eh?"

The dog shivered and whined and got up and sat down, and the tramp drew closer and said: "No home, eh? Neither have I. No one to whistle for you? Same here. That's even again. I can warm up my shakes with whisky, while you have to grin and bear it. That's where I've got the dead wood on you. I can talk through my nose and tell fifty different pitiful stories to excite sympathy and bring out cold victuals, while you have nothing to say for yourself and must take bones or go hungry. That's another for me. On the whole I'm ahead of you, and although you are only a dog I'm glad on it. It's something to feel that you are one peg higher than an old, yaller, homeless, hungry cur. So long, old fellow."

As the tramp started to go the dog reached out and snipped his leg and took a run for it.

"Say, there, hold on!" called out the man as he wheeled around. "I said I was ahead, but I'll take it back! You can lurch on my legs, while I'll see this country totally busted to New Jersey if I don't die of starvation before I come down to eating dog! Even, old fellow—just about even on the average, and no use of any hard feelings over it!"—[Free Press.

SPANISH PHILOSOPHY.

The first word that a foreigner visiting Spain learns is the one that means to-morrow—everything is to be done then. Our late Minister to the Spanish court, the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, tells a story which brings out a use of this word and the Spanish way of looking at things. He says:

The day after my arrival at Vittoria I went to a shoemaker's to get some repairs done to my boots. There was nobody in the shop; the master was on the opposite side of the street smoking his cigarette. His shoulders were covered with a mantle full of holes, and he looked like a beggar, but a Spanish beggar, appearing rather proud than ashamed of his poverty. He came over to see me and I explained my business.

"Wait a moment," said he, and immediately called his wife.

"How much money is there in the purse?"

"Twelve picettas" (fourteen francs, forty centimes).

"Then I shan't work."

"But," said I, "twelve picettas will not last forever."

"Who has seen to-morrow?" said he, turning his back to me.—[Youth's Companion.

TOUCHING ANECDOTE OF A SPIDER.

Mr. Moggridge, in his studies in natural history, had been in the habit of immersing, for preservation, his different specimens of spiders and ants in bottles of alcohol. He saw that they struggled for a few minutes; but he thought that sensation was soon extinguished, and that they were soon free from suffering. On one occasion he wished to preserve a large female spider and twenty-four of her young ones, that he had captured. He put the mother into a bottle of alcohol, and saw that after a few moments she folded up her legs upon her body, and was at rest. He then put into the bottle the young ones, who, of course, manifested great pain. What was his surprise to see the mother arouse herself from her lethargy, dart around and gather her young ones to her bosom, fold her legs around them, again relapse into insensibility, until at last death came to her relief, and the limbs, no longer controlled by this maternal instinct, released their grasp. The effect of the exhibition of love is a lesson to our common humanity. He has never since repeated the experiment, but has applied chloroform before immersion.

A TOWN FULL OF MONKEYS.—Bellary, India, must be a pleasant place to live in for the small boy and all who take an interest in the antics of the monkey tribe. The city, which has over 50,000 inhabitants, is so overrun with monkeys, who attack women and children carrying eatables, and throw tiles off roofs, that the Municipal Commissioners have ordained that they shall be removed to their native jungles. Provision is made that the monkeys shall not be injured while being captured, but shall be treated tenderly. Some of them are held sacred. The monkeys, like the sparrows, no doubt become a nuisance, but a town where they are as common as cats are in Philadelphia, must afford considerable entertainment to strangers for a few days.

To any general rule of expected conduct which one frames he soon makes exceptions of most men—and all women.

PETERKIN.

His Constitutional Modesty Causes Him Frequent Disappointments.

BUT SUCCESS FINALLY CROWNS HIS EFFORTS.

Some twenty years ago—I do not know how many exactly, but it was sometime during the war—I heard a story which a soldier was reading in a newspaper to a little group around him to their great enjoyment. I shall tell it only in brief, though, I remember well, the filling in was a good part of it, which will be missing in my recital.

Mr. S. C. Peterkin was a prosperous young man of business who got ahead in spite of his constitutional modesty. This was in his way in society more than in trade; he was afraid of women more than men. For a long, long time he had set his heart upon a lovely young lady, whose sweetness was like her name, which was Violet. He had often called upon her, and resolved again and again that he would make her an offer of his heart and hand, but as often that heart failed him. Through the whole evening he would sit and

Whose purity and distance make it fair," and come away without making any progress in his suit. At last he became alarmed by the fact that the dashing Captain Latham, of one of the Sound steamers, was often at the house when he called to see his charmer, the charming Violet. At last he could not bear the suspense any longer, and he ventured, with much hesitancy and awkwardness, but with do-or-die determination, to ask her if she would be his. With remarkable coolness she replied:

"You should have spoken long ago, Mr. Peterkin; I have been engaged to Captain Latham for some time past, and we are to be married shortly. I am sorry to disappoint you, but we will be as good friends as ever, and you must come to see me just the same. The captain will always be glad to have your company."

Peterkin went away sorrowful. But a brighter day soon dawned, for within three months after they were married the captain fell off the steamer in a fog on the Sound and was drowned. Now Peterkin took heart. He would have the widow.

A year of mourning wore slowly away. He kept his eye on the widow, but would not insult the memory of the dead by proposing until a decent interval had passed. The year ended, and he laid his heart again at the little feet of Violet. She heard him quietly, and quietly remarked, "My dear Peterkin, I am sorry to disappoint you again, but for the last six months I have been engaged to Dr. Jones. It was hard to make up my mind between him and his friend the handsome Lawyer Bright, but Dr. Jones was so good to me while I was sick in the winter after my husband's death that I promised him I would be his at the end of the year."

So poor Peterkin retired once more; the widow Latham became Mrs. Dr. Jones, and so remained, while the discomfited Peterkin wished the doctor might take enough of his own pills to make an end of him. Time passed on. Peterkin was walking down Broadway one day, while not very far ahead of him he saw two men, one of whom he knew to be this hated Dr. Jones. A large flat stone was being hoisted to the coping of a new building; the rope gave away; it fell and instantly killed the two men. Peterkin rose to the emergency of the moment. For the dead he could be of no avail. His thoughts were on the widow. He turned; he ran, he flew, to her abode. When she entered the room where he awaited her he began:

"My dear Mrs. Jones, I bring you dreadful news. I was walking on the street, when I saw a stone fall from a house upon your poor husband, and he is dead; but you must let me comfort you. I beg you now to be mine, my Violet, at last."

"Dear Mr. Peterkin, I am so sorry! but when Dr. Jones and Mr. Bright were both begging me to marry, I took the doctor, and promised Mr. Bright, if anything happened to Jones, I would certainly be his. So you see I am engaged. I am sorry, for I do think a great deal of you, my dear Peterkin."

Peterkin was very calm and self contained. He said, "And will you promise to be mine when that lawyer is no more?" "Certainly I will, with all my heart and soul."

"Then come to my arms, my Violet, for the same stone that killed the doctor was the death of Bright, and you are mine at last."—[Harper's Magazine for April.

MAKING A SURE THING OF IT.—Two Irishmen came to a guidepost on a wide and desolate plain. It was getting dusk, and the unfenced trails were hardly distinguishable. "Five miles to Glenairie," read one of them, putting his face close to the board. "But which av them goes to Glenairie, sure?" asked his companion, looking dubiously at the two trails. After a few moments' meditative silence, the first Irishman replied: "We can try one av them, and then the other." "But how will we find the way back av we get lost?" "Sure, we can take the board along wid us," replied the first. And so the two pilgrims lighted their pipes and marched cheerfully away with the guideboard between them.

Of all evils to the generous, shame is the most deadly pang.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Bierstadt, the artist, is a guest of the Governor General of Canada.

Madame Nilsson will be the guest of Lord Lorne during her visit to the Canadian capital.

Mr. Edwin Booth is having a fine cottage built for him at Newport, on Indian avenue, near Sachnest Beach. It is expected that President Arthur, Governor Butler, Governor Waller, Governor Patterson and Governor Cleveland will attend the celebration of the opening of the East River bridge.

Henry Kimber, a solicitor, of London, has lent £25,000 to the English colony at Rugby, Tenn. The residents of the colony think that the sum is sufficient to place the enterprise on a good basis.

Oscar Wilde admires America and Americans just as he would any other curiosity. He admires bunko men for a similar reason. America admired Oscar not so much because he was a curiosity as because it took him to be the "missing link."

The circumstances attending the death of Prince Gortschakoff promise to reveal one of the most startling political crimes of the age. There appears to be no longer any doubt of his having been poisoned.

Olive Logan, now in London, recently answered a Nice florist's advertisement and got some flowers by return post, but declares that she could have got just as lovely and twice as many flowers at a London shop, so suggestively has the spring opened in that much-weathered quarter of the globe.

Mme. Modjeska is said to intend retiring to Poland, to live among her compatriots, at the end of her theatrical career; but, judging from her age and strength, her frequent new histrionic triumphs, her great popularity and her constantly growing fame, such retirement is many years in the future.

Mr. McCosh, who is the most remarkable survivor of Scotch theology of the present age, is always in trouble with the students at Princeton College, of which he is President. He has now expelled a number of them for giving a wine supper to a guest from Harvard. It is understood that at Harvard the boys can get howling drunk and never be called to account, unless it be by the police.

"Blue Ribbon" Stanford, a wealthy place-hunter in Washington, who was Minister to Belgium during the war, got his name at a dinner party he once gave. At his dinner he had his diplomatic guests at one end of the table and his plainer guests at the other end. Between the two classes of guests he had a blue ribbon stretched. He is now worth several millions and desires the refined society of foreign court life.

Part of the English press deride the idea of police precautions being necessary to Mr. Gladstone's safety on his return to London, but in view of the rampant socialism which is visible everywhere, these guards against a possible attempt of the disaffected Irish to murder the Premier, as they have murdered some of his representatives, are not silly. Mr. Gladstone's life is really of great value to the nation at present, to say nothing of the right of protection which he has as a citizen.

The fire in Chicago was still burning when the late Marshall Jewell, as a representative of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, stood on a barrel amidst the ruins telling a crowd of business men that his company would pay all losses in full; and on one of their number expressing a doubt, he asked the man for his policy, which amounted to about \$10,000. Mr. Jewell took off his hat and wrote a check for the amount on the spot.

A New York correspondent says: The late ex-Senator Morgan of New York was very much surprised when he was beaten for re-election to the Senate; yet he had the rare revenge of being able to decline to be Secretary of the Treasury under Arthur. There is no revenge quite so satisfactory as having been beaten for one office, to be strong enough to decline a greater one which costs nothing. Morgan's wife and household would not let him be Secretary of the Treasury, because they thought it would shorten his life. When you look at this fact there is a great compliment in it; for I know plenty of men as rich as Morgan in this city whose wives and kin would urge them to become Secretary of the Treasury if they thought it would kill them. To be desired to live and be around is often complimentary in this city.

Stephen B. Todd, a wealthy bachelor of Dunellen, N. J., died recently, aged 72. He was almost literally the father of Dunellen, owning all the land on which the village was constructed. His reverence for his parents attracted the attention of all who knew him. No creature, not even a chicken owned by his parents was ever sold or killed; all were kept until they died of old age. He had a cow 23 years of age, most carefully nourished and housed because it was a calf that his mother had raised. The old rockaway in which his father and mother rode has been carefully enclosed in his barn, and to his death no one had been permitted to use it. Every little article used by his mother he seemed to almost worship and to cherish with reverence. Although he was very economical, he was very kind-hearted, and kept a stove in his barn and a man to attend it in order to keep his cattle comfortable. His cattle followed him about the fields like children. His estate is valued at over \$300,000, which will go to his brother and sister.

A WISE PARROT.

The Cat Concludes that it is a "Green Chicken."

THEN FLIES IN ALARM AT THE PARROT'S WISDOM.

A parrot that could talk and a cat that was hungry for bird-meat once had an encounter. The cat was put to flight by the loquacity of the parrot, and a charming French writer thus describes the scene. He says that a friend who was leaving home for a short time left in his charge her favorite parrot. The bird was lonely and climbed to the top of his perch, and sat there rolling about in a scared way his eyes, which glittered like gilt nails, and twinkling over them the white membranes which served for eyelids.

Madame Theophile, the cat, had never before encountered a parrot, and the novelty awoke in her mind an evident astonishment. She sat regarding the bird with an air of profound meditation and putting together all the ideas of natural history which she had been able to collect during her excursions on the roof or in the courtyard and garden.

The shadows of her thoughts flitted across her changeable eyes, and it was not difficult to read the decision at which she finally arrived:

"This is—decidedly—it is—a green chicken."

This conclusion reached, the cat jumped from the table which she had chosen as her observatory, and crouched in a corner of the room, her knees bent, her head lowered, her spine stiffened like that of the black panther in Gerome's picture as it glares at the gazelles who are drinking by the lake.

The parrot followed each movement of the cat with feverish disquietude. His feathers bristled; he rattled his chain, raised one of his claws and exercised its talons, while he whetted his beak on the edge of the feeding cup. Instinct revealed to him that this was an enemy who was plotting mischief.

As for the eyes of the cat, they were riveted on the bird with a fascinated intensity, and said plainly as language could speak, and in a language which the parrot understood only too well:

"Green though he be, this chicken is without doubt good to eat."

While I watched this scene with interest, ready to interfere whenever it should seem necessary, Madame Theophile was imperceptibly drawing nearer to her prey.

Her pink nose quivered, her eyes were half shut, her elastic claws projected and then disappeared again in their velvet sheaths, little shivers ran down her spine; she was like an epicure as he seats himself at table before a dish of truffled chicken.

Suddenly her back curved like a bow which is bent, and with one strong, elastic bound she alighted on the perch.

The parrot, seeing his danger, remarked in a deep voice, low and solemn—

"Hast thou breakfasted, Jaquet?" This remark created in the mind of the cat an evident dismay. She took a sudden leap backward. A blast from a trumpet, a pile of plates crashing to the floor, a pistol shot close to the ear, could not have inspired more sudden and giddy terror in an animal of her race. All her ornithological ideas were in one fell moment overturned.

"And on what? On the roast beef of the kin?" screamed the parrot.

The face of the cat now said as distinctly as words, "This is not a bird; it is a gentleman! He speaks!"

"When I on wine had feasted free, The tavern turns around with me," cried the bird, in a tremendous voice, for he perceived that the alarm caused by his words was his readiest means of defense.

The cat cast a questioning glance towards me, and getting no reassurance in reply, took refuge under the bed, from which place of safety she could not be enticed for the remainder of that day.—[Youth's Companion.

The "silly season" has arrived in the colleges. At Dartmouth nearly the whole senior class has been suspended for "horning" a Latin professor to express their indignation at his low marking of a student who was compelled to absent himself from college in order to teach school. In consequence of his low marking the student was driven from college and has gone elsewhere. At New Haven two students have been detected in firing bullets promiscuously into people's houses from the window of their room. The mathematical professor scientifically traced the course of the bullets from their place of lodgment to the source of their propulsion, and successfully forced the students to confess. A collision between the freshmen and sophomore classes at the same college resulted in a row in the chapel and a riot out of doors.

A FINE STREAM.—"You advertise that there is a fine stream of water on the place, but I don't see any," remarked a stranger, who wanted to rent the place.

The landlord said: "Just work that pump a little, and you will see a fine stream of water. You don't expect to have Niagara Falls on the place for \$15 a month, do you?"—Texas Siftings.

The man who has a large principal in the bank sometimes shows no principle in anything else.

NOT DEAD.

An Egyptian, when he has a lawsuit on hand, holds that success is a duty. If perjury will win the suit, he will perjure himself and a troop of friends will aid him. A French physician, in the employ of the Egyptian government, tells a singular story, illustrating the length to which an Egyptian will go in order to win his case. The Frenchman was accompanying Latif Pasha, the Governor-General of Upper Egypt, on a tour of inspection. While stopping at a certain village, two men appeared before the Pasha to complain that their Sheikh had strangled one of their relations and seized his land.

The body was brought in sewed up in its shroud. "How long has he been dead?" asked the physician. "Several hours,"

"Strip the body," ordered the physician. He examined it, found it still warm, the pulse beating, the eyes closed and no involuntary motion.

The physician ordered the soles of the feet to be whipped, as a counter-irritant would relieve the head, if life was not extinct. The dead man, overhearing the order opened his eyes and asked for water.

"God is merciful," exclaimed the complainers, "and has restored him to life!"

The Pasha, however, took quite a different view of the case, and ordered each of them to be bastinadoed. While this was being done, the physician whispered to the corpse,— "Your turn will come next; you had better slip away."

The man threw off his shroud and ran off. He was pursued, caught, brought back and bastinadoed. Having thus disposed of the fraudulent pleading, the Pasha heard the merits of the case.

The man, it appeared, having been unlawfully dispossessed by the Sheikh of his land, thought it would strengthen his case in the Pasha's eyes if he should add the charge of murder to that of illegal eviction.

TOM BOWEN, JUNIOR.

Senator Bowen has a son, Lute Bowen, who is the editor of a newspaper in Frankfort, Kansas. That the son is a chip of the old block, may be inferred from the article in which he announced the promotion of his honorable "dad." It is as follows:

Inasmuch as the parental "dad" of the publisher of the Bee has just been elected United States Senator from Colorado, it may not be out of place for us to tell of the sensation experienced at being so near a relative of a noted individual. You have all heard the story told of Andrew Jackson's wife when the news came that her husband had been elected President of the United States. No? Well, we'll tell it, though it is somewhat out of date:

Mrs. Jackson was busily engaged in her household duties, when a neighbor rushed into the house and excitedly informed her that the news had just come that her husband's election was a sure thing. Dropping her work she rushed into the adjoining room and exclaimed:

"Andrew, you're elected!"

Mr. Jackson looked up coolly, took a pinch of snuff, but made no reply.

"And now," she continued, "now that you are President, what am I?"

"You, Sally? You?" replied old Hickory, "Why you are the same d—d old fool that you always were."

This is about the condition we find ourselves in at this writing, and "we hope that these few lines will find you all enjoying the same great blessing."

A GOVERNMENT SKILLET.

The cool effrontery of many persons who say they have claims on the Government is amusingly caricatured in the following "squib" from the Arkansas Traveller:

"Look heah, judge," said a colored man, entering the private office of the United States Judge. "I wants a pension."

"I have nothing to do with pensions."

"But you can gin me a little advice. All de soldiers what was wounded in de war, ef I understands it, is 'titled ter a pension."

"Well," said the judge.

"I was in de war and was mighty badly hurt, let me tell yer. I was waitin' on my young marster, an' didn't do ter suit him an' he broke my arm wid a skillet."

"Waiting on your young marster, you say?"

"Yes, sah."

"Which army were you in?"

"De C'nfed'ed army, sah."

"Why, don't you know that the United States don't grant pensions to men wounded in that army?"

"Yes, I know dat is de rule, but dis is a 'ceptional case."

"Why?"

"Case de skillet which my young marster broke my arm wid belonged ter de Newnited States Gubment. Can't git no money, yer say—can't! Den dar's no wonder dat de country is filled wid calamities. Good day, sah!"

A young man in Iowa was so impatient to see his girl that he paid \$40 for a locomotive to run him thirty-six miles. When he got there she was sparring his rival, and a big dog had possession of the front door steps.

Is it better to meet danger than to wait for it. He that is on a lee shore, and foresees a hurricane, stands out to sea and encounters a storm to avoid shipwreck.

It is better to be good and homely than pretty and bad.