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THE GIFT OF LIFE.

On a dreary November afternoon I was leaving my wife one of the most successful artists of the day. His studio was a large, richly furnished room, with a profusion of beautiful things about it. There were heavy curtains, long bookcases, and cabinets and mantels from Japan and Cathay, a sign of taste work or struggle. Even the palette and the half finished portrait seemed to exist merely for the sake of adding an extra dash of color to the whole effect.

My host, a tall, handsome man of social manner, had that air of boundless leisure which belongs sometimes to the most energetic natures. The world said that he had sold himself for money, that his earlier works possessed a richness of feeling and fancy which could hardly find expression in highly paid reproductions of fashionable women. I was never sure if he realized this, for no one was apparently less troubled by regrets than he. On this particular occasion, however, we had touched into a discussion on the possible strength and depth of artistic feeling, and I maintained bitterly, that the true fire was stifled by money and luxury. I forgot for the moment how much of what I said might apply directly to the man mingling near me, and to be remained silent, and yet in some inexplicable way succeed too that he was listening. I grew more and more eloquent, and in the heat of my feeling began to walk up and down the room. With more emphasis than originality, I exclaimed that it was the love of art for her own sake which was the true inspiration of the artist, not love of the gold she brought him. "Nowadays," I declared bitterly, "no one loves her enough to make any sacrifice."

I stopped short in front of a small bronze figure which I had never noticed in his room before. It stood upon a table in a dark recess, and I could scarcely see it but with that sudden instinct which warns us now and then that we are close to something great, I carried my candlestick into the light. It was the figure of a girl young and strong, like a fresh, green shoot. She was almost naked, and she was dancing evidently because she could not help it—there was an irresistible gaiety and joyousness about her which made one long to dance too. Her delicate head was thrown back as if a laugh were rippling from her lips, and one arm was flung out with a grace that was almost instinct. The other arm was gone.

"Is this an antique?" I cried, impatient for an answer.

"It is curious you should have taken up that thing at this moment," my friend returned thoughtfully. "Look at it again. I think you will say it is not Greek in spite of the description."

I examined the enchanting creation once more, and noticed that on the base was written, in Greek characters, "The Spirit of Joy."

"That figure was modeled hardly a year ago in Paris," my friend continued, "and the man who imagined it gave his life for it. Would you like to hear the story?"

And before I had time to answer he began the following narrative:

* * * * * * *

None of the other artists who lived in the same street, or even those in the same house, knew much of the young sculptor Leroy. He was from the south and had come to study in Paris, but, unlike all the rest, he never would make any friends or join in the wild pleasures of his fellow workers. It was rumored that he was desperately poor, but then so many others were poor, and yet led pleasant convivial lives.

"No, something else is wrong with Leroy," the artists said wisely. "He is either mad or in love." He never asked any one inside his room, and indeed there was nothing much to see, except a very bare garret, and a lot of white clay, with how and there some limp beginning to take human shape. Leroy's pale, quiet face did not attract people, and he was very soon left to go on his own way. The students used to shrug her shoulders when she received the top story in her group over the difficult behavior of the lower, and wonder how the blue, dark haired fellow lived.

Leroy, for all his melancholy looks and his poverty, more intrigued than any one imagined, was happy. His mind was thronged with shapes he longed to put into marble, and day by day there formed the background to many wonderful dreams. Sometimes, when he shut the door upon the dark, ugly staircase, and stood a moment in his chair with his eyes closed, the room seemed to fill with beautiful forms, which moved and swayed before him, and he would lose back, wondering intently, till at last one shape all the rest would entrance his eyes. Then he would strive to imprint every line and curve upon his memory, in a fever lest anything should escape him before that session stillness in the air, which always woke him with a shudder to the only realities of his life.

Over and over again he was disappointed by the attempt to reproduce his vision, and often in despair he took what he had made out. But he would not be unhappy while he lived in the world of his dreams, and he never thought of the future. Even after his first shock of finding his little store of money exhausted, he began without hesitating to paint his little possessions, and worked on in the same unconquered way as before. But after a time, when his watch and his clothes, and, finally, even his coat, had gone, he found himself at a loss for materials and method. He was at work on a figure of Jordan, but the tall, calm form, on opposite him, and one seemed to have lost all love for the majestic shape which has once seemed so full of life. Some days he tried to remember her up before him, but in the time of his growing need he was constantly at home deserted him. He would think of selling his poor clothes for money, and he looked intently round the empty room to wonderingly see so little had come to his help and consolation. There was nothing to show for his months of unceasing but unavailing toil, and he was left to guess what this sudden failure meant.

At last, one cold, wet morning, as the dark was beginning to set in, Leroy left off working and sat down on the bed. He had not eaten for some time, and he felt very weak and giddy, and his head ached with the cold. He was very cold, too, and he had nothing to eat, and no money, and no hope, even, of finding any. He had not seen a human face for days, and he felt as if he could not bear to see one now, even through the door garret. Round the room crowding in on him were the shapes he had made, young the night among them, with a child, her hair was bound with flowers and a laugh was in her eyes, she seemed the very spirit of joyous life. He did not know how long he watched her marvelous, breathless dance. She stood before him at last in one supreme attitude, flinging all she had been before, and then, in an instant, she was gone.

Leroy sprang to his feet. Here was an inspiration, here was something which would put forward and bring him immortality and fame. His warm, northern blood, which had gone so chilled in Paris, danced again in its veins. He saw the green fields of Provence, the flowers, the deep sky, and the glorious sun flooding everything with light. All his beauty and joy should live in stone, all the exhilaration of youth and spring.

It was dark, but Leroy did not stop for that. Kim, while his eyes still burned with the brightness of their vision, was feverishly at work. He hurried for his life and of marble and stone in bold strokes on outline of the dancing image he had had not gone, was lost to him. The sculptor was rapidly made, and Leroy threw himself on his mattress at once, not to sleep, but to dream.

Through his sleep he heard a window fall and a voice in the room he was alone. This time he felt more certain than ever before. He could recall every feature, every line of the form he had seen, and he knew exactly how he should immortalize her. Hunger he could not afford to pay attention, but if he could get his bed to Paris he would not have them. Never was he had ever beheld such a vision, and the nearest thing to it was the lady nearly dead with cold in the world are so plenty.

The next few days were the great days in Leroy's life. Intent had his heart and brain and soul moved as harmoniously together as the clay took from under his delicate fingers. He hardly knew how he had won such power and such strength. The only fear which stood before him as he worked was that he should fail and be unable to finish his vision. He passed the thought off his mattress, and there was nothing left to cover him at night but an old quilt his mother had given him, and he felt neither cold nor hunger; he was peaceful with a great inward happiness as hour by hour his joy became more tangible.

One morning the sculptor woke to find the world all white and a deadly chill in his room. An intense cold had set in, and that just as he had reached the most critical stage of his work; one more day and the day would stand the test, but he felt and was his great energy. He hardly dared examine his model lest the sight should already have undone his labor. So far, however, all was well, but the mere sense of keep up to a good heat, or the clay would crack and the figure be spoiled. Leroy took his bedding and covered it. It was so cold he got next to nothing for it, but he spent all he did get on firing, and rolled back to the garret fearful of being a moment. Very soon he had a roaring fire in the stove, and the caretaker, who saw him kindling before the blaze, noted the store of coal and wood and concluded that he had earned some money, and that she need not feel uncomfortable about him when she saw her good warm room.

All day long Leroy worked almost savagely, never stopping for an instant except to build up the fire, but when the twilight came he was content to stop, for he knew that he had succeeded—the Spirit of Joy was imprisoned in clay for him.

He stepped back to look at her with a sigh of relief, and she utterly satisfied him. There was nothing wanting, no detail was left out, and the sculptor knew he loves him exactly as she had done in his vision.

How he loved her! How beautiful she was! But he could not look at her long—he began to shiver and turned to the fire. It was almost out. Not a scrap of wood or coal was left—he had burned even his chair. Leroy felt as if some miracle must happen to save his work; it was impossible that, after he had given everything, she, his wonderful, light footed spirit, should not live. One night more and she would be safe. But what could he do? How could she be kept warm? It was bitterly cold already, and Leroy knew too well what a cold night would mean in that garret.

The counterpane which his mother had given him was lying in the corner where the mattress had been. With a sudden thought he picked it up and wrapped the round patchwork carefully round the feet and shoulders of the Spirit of Joy. Centres as he would he could not manage to cover her quite—her dancing feet and one lovely arm were still left bare. There was nothing for it but to take his coat off and wrap it tenderly round her knees.

"Her arm must take care of itself," he said, with a faint smile.

Now that he could no longer see the joyous figure all his station left him. He tried to keep warm by walking up and down the room, but he could hardly move his legs. He had had no food all day, and very little for many days; a tumultuous war fluttering in his limbs, and there was nothing for him to do.

"If she and I can only live till tomorrow," he thought, "all will be well." To-morrow he would make the biggest dealer in Paris come and look at his statue—a dealer who should give him money for the marble he would chisel himself and have on at the salon every one would recognize that a new thing had been born into the world.

It was very lonely and dreary, and he went to the door and opened it on the chasm of stony comfort that the staircase was dark and silent as usual.

"Then the room was full of moonlight he was happier again. I will soon be over this cold night," he said, "and then we shall be safe." He took up his chisel and repeated in Greek (he was no Hellenist), "Arise," and he lifted the covering for a moment and kissed the little clay foot.

He did not feel the cold or hunger any longer, only very tired, and he sat down on the floor in a corner of the room and leaned his back against the wall. He closed his eyes and for a moment came to him. For one distinct moment his vision gleamed before him—he saw her! he knew her! Then he fell asleep.

And the cold crept farther and farther into the silent garret, and cracked the little lump of clay from about on the floor and frosted the window panes. But it hovered lightly on the draped figure, almost passing it by, and found a man lying half sheltered, against the wall. It stopped the blood in his veins, crawled up to his heart and fastened his crystals upon it.

When the sun looked into the window next morning there was absolute stillness in the room. Leroy's work had followed the Spirit of Joy, and nothing was left but his body and the clay statue.

People came to see the statue and understand the story. They took off the counterpane and the coat, and the beautiful form stood before them, that because nothing in this world was to be gained by her with had broken off in the digit.—Longman's Magazine.

Most Arrivals Being Here.

The men who keep the records at the bureau office say that at least 90 per cent. of the arrivals from Europe represent people who live in this country—that is, that not more than 20,000 people during 1890 arrived in New York who did not live here, or who were not returning to their homes.

Furthermore it should be noted that New York has become to so great a degree the port to which transatlantic business tends that not more than 15 per cent. of other immigrants or cabin passengers land at any other port. A few go to Boston or Philadelphia or Baltimore, and a few come in via Quebec and the northern border, but the figures at New York only represent the volume of passenger traffic.—John H. Gould in Scribner's.

Personal Advertising.

A popular western novelist remarked the other day that sometimes a fool gets talked about so much that the other fools think he is a great man.

There is something in this view. But it is a mistake to limit the proposition to fools. It is of very general application, and hits sensible persons as well as others.

Some years ago a busy journalist said to a friend, "I am done with what you call work for the remainder of my life." His friend was surprised. "How will you live?" he asked. "By advertising myself," was the calm reply.

And the audacious newspaper man was as good as his word. He smoked about and the papers began to print little paragraphs about his brilliant gifts and his phenomenal capacity to do anything and everything. People talked about the man, hunted him up and offered him money-making opportunities. In a short time he was making $10,000 or $12,000 a year as a sort of general manager or boss of half a dozen enterprises.

Perhaps it was work, but he did not call it work. He simply traveled, talked and advertised himself to be interviewed. And yet all the time he was putting in a few words for the enterprises with which he was connected.

Without his self advertising he would never have enjoyed such good fortune. But who can say it was judicious advertising will make enterprises and men, if they have anything in them, and sometimes it will float them on the high sea of prosperity when they are altogether unworthy.—Atlanta Constitution.

Very Absent Minded.

This story was told by a woman about her father. He was in his library and his cries brought the whole family to the room. They hurried in and found him near his favorite table, poking under it and around it among his papers and everywhere with his walking stick. When some one asked him what he was looking for, he only continued to poke with his stick.

Finally he turned in disgust and said: "Some one will have to find it for me. I laid it up against my desk. It slipped down to the floor, and I thought I picked it up; but I don't seem to be able to find it now." "What is it you are looking for?" asked his daughter. "Why, my stick, child," cried the old gentleman, "and I don't see where it can be." Of course the stick which he was thrusting into the waste paper basket and into every corner was the one for which he was searching.—New York Tribune.

Sleep During Warm Weather.

The old time practice of turning sheep out in small flocks to pasture through woods and over commons is a thing of the past in our older settled states. The land has been about all fenced, and the laws generally require each person to take care of his own stock, and the compact confined range is naturally productive of ailments and diseases that used to be constantly contested by the successful shepherd. I find that grub in head and scab are more troublesome than I have to contend with, especially during wet seasons, such as we have now had for nearly three years. When sheep were allowed to roam broad range such diseases were practically unknown, but I believe it was at the expense of both quantity and quality of wool, and that those diseases bring increased fleeces, but the care and skill keep that is necessary to secure large yields of wool and the keeping of large flocks on small areas is productive of the troubles mentioned.

It pays, therefore, to be watchful of the flocks, and at least once a month get them all up, smear their noses with pen tar to ward off the attacks of the gadfly, and rub their heads carefully and apply dry powdered lime sifted where there is any indication of soreness. The recommendation to put tar in troughs, and by feeding salt on the tar to get the sheep to tar themselves, I consider very slipshod practice, as many of the sheep will go without salt rather than "take tar in their ears." If the tarring is worth doing at all it is worth doing right, and I can say we have not lost a single sheep from grub in head since we began applying the remedy properly, which has been for about twelve years.

We attend to the calling once a week, and if the indications are for fair weather for twenty-four hours we mix about one-eighth flour of sulphur with the salt, which keeps ticks away from the sheep. Ticks are unknown among our sheep, and it is the sulphur that "does the business," but if there are signs of rain even at the time of calling do not give the sulphur, as the effect might be to stiffen the joints of the animals if they should get very wet immediately after eating a quantity of it.

A frequent change of pasture, say every week or ten days, is conducive to thrift, and should be regularly attended to.

In connection with trimming sheep's feet, let me urge upon all who have such work to do to try the corn cobs on the floor. We use the wagon shed for a pen for the purpose, and the cobs serve to keep the floor dry and free from mud also.—National Stockman.

Exercise skill and judgment with your team when hauling a heavy load. Some drivers when taking a load to a green point will exhaust both wind and muscles of a team while another, by taking advantage of the ground or by giving a rest where especially needed, will get comparatively a fine out of a team without injury.—Exchange.

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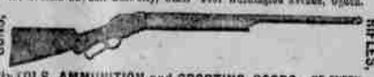
GUNS.  RIFLES.

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