

A FAMOUS PICTURE

Rosa Bonheur's Stirring Masterpiece, "The Horse Fair."

A PRIZE THAT FRANCE LOST.

The Artist's Native Land Permitted the Great Canvas to Find a Home in This Country—The Story of the Painting and Its Replicas.

One of the chief glories of the Metropolitan museum in New York is Rosa Bonheur's stirring masterpiece, "The Horse Fair," a picture which for its irresistible movement and living portrayal of man's most useful friend holds a unique position in the annals of art and the affections of lovers of paintings.

Few, however, are acquainted with the intimate history of that notable canvas, and fewer still are aware that there are no less than five horse fair pictures in existence. The one in New York is the original and, it will be remembered, was first the property of A. T. Stewart and then purchased for the Metropolitan by Cornelius Vanderbilt for 250,000 francs.

It was painted in Paris, the models used being the horses of the Paris Omnibus company and a few animals studied at the horse market of the French capital. It was first exhibited at the salon of 1853, but went back to the artist unsold.

A part of the further history of the famous painting is recorded by Ernest Gambart in his manuscript memoirs, which have been freely drawn upon for the "Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur."

"After the closing of the 1853 Paris salon 'The Horse Fair' was entrusted to the Society of Artists of Ghent for exhibition in that town, where it had a great success, but whence it also came back unsold. In the spring of 1854 I expressed to Mlle. Bonheur the desire to buy it from her. At that time it was in Bordeaux, her native town.

"Her preference was that the municipality should purchase it for the city museum, and a price of 12,000 francs had been mentioned at which the town authorities might acquire it. But she said to me that if the canvas came back to her again she would let me have it. However, she could not let it go to England for less than 40,000 francs.

"I unhesitatingly accepted the bargain, and it was agreed that the picture should be mine unless sold to Bordeaux. As the picture was back in her studio again in the following year, I told Mlle. Bonheur that I wished to take it at once in order to have it in my 1855 exhibition and that I should like to have it engraved by Thomas Landseer, the celebrated engraver and brother to the painter.

"She was delighted at the idea of the picture being engraved and said to me: 'I have asked you 40,000 francs for my picture, although in France I cannot get 12,000, and I am pleased at your consenting to my terms. On the other hand, I don't mean to take undue advantage of your liberality. How can we arrange matters? Let us see. Well, the picture is very large, and it will be difficult to find a place for it in an engraver's studio. Besides, you want to exhibit it. Wouldn't it be better for me to paint you a smaller copy?'"

That suggestion she carried out and explains how the second canvas came into existence. That smaller copy was the one from which Landseer's well-known steel engraving was made and is the picture which is in the British National gallery.

When she heard that it had become the property of the British nation Mlle. Bonheur decided to make a third copy, thinking the second was not good enough for the London collection, hence "The Horse Fair" No. 3. But the National gallery authorities were not able to accept the substitute, as the painting which it was designed to replace had been given to them as trustees.

Besides these three, Mlle. Bonheur executed a water color replica and a drawing based on a large photograph. Of all these, however, the picture in the Metropolitan is by far the finest work, which is only as it should be in view of the fact that the artist always found her best public in America.

This was recalled to her detriment when the rosette of the Legion of Honor was requested in her behalf. "She has ceased exhibiting at the salon," objected the president, "and sells in America everything she paints." The complete answer to that was that the French government had had the opportunity to buy "The Horse Fair," but had neglected it.—Argonaut.

An Accurate Description.

"Did you ever run into a telegraph pole?" inquired the elderly passenger. "Yes, ma'am," said the chauffeur slowing up the taxicab to avoid a collision with a street car. "I've bumped into telegraph poles, I reckon, two or three times."

"Brings you to a pretty sudden stop doesn't it?"

"No, ma'am; the machine stops, at right, but I always keep on going."—Chicago Tribune.

Curious.

"I had a curious experience yesterday," said Farmer Cornstossel. "What was it?"

"A stranger came along and told me a funny story and didn't try to sell me anything."—Washington Star.

Obedience is not truly performed by the body of him whose heart is dissatisfied.—Saadi.

NO PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT

Campaigning Statesmen Found a Reason for Primitive Fare They Encountered in Noble Mansion.

"When I was making my campaign last fall," said Representative Fields of Kentucky, "I started out to cover a county in which I was but little acquainted. Believing, like Polonius, that a fine front was a valuable asset, I arrayed myself in my best. When I got off the train at the county seat, whence I was to make my start, I met the candidate for judge on my ticket, and, making known to him my views, I found he agreed with me.

"Accordingly, after putting up in the best quarters at the best hotel in the town, we next morning engaged the handsomest rig the best livery stable could boast, and, with a haughty driver on the box, sallied forth to conquer.

"Night overtook us some miles from the village at which we had expected to put up, but soon after it fell we spied through the gloom an imposing looking mansion with many lights aglow.

"Ringing the bell, we announced ourselves; whereupon a hospitable gentleman came out and ushered us into a parlor whose modest furnishings seemed out of all keeping with the dignity and size of the mansion.

"When, later, we went to a belated supper, we were astonished to find a spacious dining-room furnished as barely as the parlor.

"It's the true yeoman spirit!" explained the candidate for judge, and we got through a most meager meal as best we could.

"We were up betimes next morning, after sleeping in most primitive quarters, that did injustice to the noble mansion, and after a breakfast on a par with the supper we got on our rig and started away. Reaching the summit of a hill some half a mile away, we paused to look back at our night's resting place. Just then a horseman drew up beside us.

"What place is that?" I queried.

"That?" he replied. "Why, that's the county poorhouse!"

Papain of Great Value.

Papain, the most important chemical constituent of the papaya, is the subject of a recent report by the American consul at Colombo, Ceylon. Probably few of the travelers in tropical countries who enjoy the melon-like papaya realize that this fruit contains one of the most valuable digestives known to medicine, though the natives of the Orient, especially in southern India and Ceylon, use the fruit almost universally to prevent dyspepsia. There are several varieties of Carica papaya, and the papain obtained from the different kinds varies accordingly, the best being that derived from the male trees of a hybrid variety occurring in Ceylon. The digestive and disintegrating properties of papain are shown by the fact that the native cooks in Ceylon wrap tough meat in fresh papaya leaves to make it tender, or apply a small quantity of the milky juice of the plant to the surface of the meat, or put a piece of the green fruit into the raw curry when the meat will not boil soft. Papain is said to be capable of digesting ten to twelve times its weight of egg albumen at the temperature of the human body.—Scientific American.

Safe Topic.

In his book, "The Balkan War," Philip Gibbs, the war correspondent, says that the official regulations for war correspondents who were sent out to the Balkans were appallingly severe.

Mr. Gibbs found that he was forbidden to describe the disposition of troops, to give the names of generals, the names and number of the wounded, the success or failure of Bulgarian troops, the state of the soldiers' health, the conditions of the climate and so on. When the censor had told him all this, Mr. Gibbs asked politely:

"Will you tell me, sir, if there is anything about which we shall be allowed to write?"

The censor thought deeply for a moment and then answered quite gravely:

"There is much interest in Bulgarian literature."

"Perhaps," Mr. Gibbs suggested sarcastically. "I may also be permitted to describe the song of the birds?"

"By all means," said the censor, cordially.

Canadian Nicknames.

Our overseas brethren are keen on nicknames, remarks the London Chronicle. Take Canadians, for example. The other day I read a short leading article in a dominion newspaper in which reference was made to a neighboring town as the "Ambitious city." And never an explanation was given as to which city was meant. To me, and to all others who have had real estate circulars sent them, every city in Canada is ambitious, and it was only after some inquiry that I found that the special city referred to was Hamilton.

I discovered also that nearly every city has its nickname. Winnipeg is the "Prairie city," Toronto is the "Queen city," Kingston the "Limestone city," Quebec the "Ancient capital" and Montreal is the "Metropolitan city." Even provinces have been nicknamed by the Canadians. Do you know which is the "Postage stamp province?" It is quite easy to discover. Look at the map of Canada, and particularly at Manitoba. Surely its shape indicates that it is the province meant.

ACUTE APPENDICITIS.

It Is Dangerous Only When There Is Delay in Operating.

"Acute appendicitis calls for immediate surgery," says Dr. Wesley Grove Vincent, instructor in surgery at the New York Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital. Dr. Vincent insisted that there was no medical treatment for acute appendicitis and that the mortality following operation was always due to delay, the surgeon being called in when too late.

"The percentage of mortality in operations for acute appendicitis undertaken in the early stages of the inflammation is shown by hospital statistics to be very low. It is practically nil."

"The mortality in medically treated cases that are allowed to go on to gangrene and rupture with general peritonitis is practically 100 per cent, while late surgery in such cases saves comparatively few."

Appendicitis is common among children between five and fifteen years of age. There is no particular food that can be singled out as especially liable to cause it unless possibly fruits having small pits or seeds. Delay is more dangerous in children than in adults.

The symptoms described by Dr. J. B. Murphy come in definite order at approximately regular intervals. They are: First, pain in the abdomen, sudden and severe; second, nausea and vomiting within a few hours, most commonly within three or four hours after the onset of pain; third, general abdominal sensitiveness, most marked on the right side or, more particularly, over the appendix; fourth, rise of temperature two to twenty-four hours after onset of pain.—New York World.

KNEW THE WORD "KIRK."

But Went Astray When He Followed It Into the Turkish.

To hold down successfully the job of governor of a state or vice president of the United States one does not have to be up on oriental languages. So the Honorable Thomas R. Marshall never hesitates to tell this on himself:

It was at a reception in Indianapolis which took place when the Bulgarian army was driving the Turks out of Thrace. The battle of Kirk Kelliseh had just been fought.

"Odd name that—Kirk Kelliseh," said the then governor of Indiana. "It means 'Forty Churches,' or, rather, mosques. Now, isn't it queer that the word 'kirk,' which, as we all know, stands for 'church' in the Scotch vernacular, and which appears in German and other languages of northern Europe, should have precisely the same meaning in Turkish? It makes us wonder whether all tongues may not have had a common source, and if that is so it would probably be found that that source was in the east."

There was murmured applause from every one except an unobtrusive little professor, who had been hovering near the group.

"Pardon me, governor," he piped up. "But your conclusions, while interesting, might be called—er, a little misleading. It is perfectly true that Kirk Kelliseh is the Turkish for 'Forty Churches,' but it is the word 'kelliseh' that means a place of worship, while 'kirk' means 'forty.'"

And the professor was right.—New York Sun.

A South Pole Hero.

Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian who led the south pole on the map, was born in Sarpsborg, Norway, July 16, 1872. His youth was spent in Christianity and on board sealers and whalers commanded by his father, Captain Jens Amundsen. He was twenty-five when he entered on his first south polar trip as the first officer of the Belgian expedition. This journey lasted two years and filled the young sailor with aspirations for further explorations in the frozen regions. His parents wanted him to become a physician, and he spent a year in a medical college. Later he went to Germany to study sciences that would aid him as an explorer. His first notable feat was to take a ship through the northwest passage, and on this trip he twice wintered in the ice.—New York World.

Not Catching.

Jane's sister was coming home from normal school.

"Why is she coming home?" asked the neighbor. "Is she sick?"

"Yes, she is very, very sick," said Jane.

"What ails her?" asked the neighbor.

"Well, I don't know exactly. Mamma had a letter from the principal, and he said it was lack of mental ability. I don't know whether it is catching or not."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mystified.

Little Elizabeth was telling her first dream to her grandma and her auntie. Her mother, who was listening, asked her a question about it, whereupon Elizabeth looked up wonderingly and said:

"Why, you were there, mamma! Don't you 'member?"—Lippincott's.

Lifeline.

Admirer—Where did you get that heartrending description of a sick child? Great Author—It's the way my boy says he feels when he wants to get out of going to school.—Life.

Only a Comparison.

Smith—Does your wife think you're the best man who ever lived? Jones—Of course not! I'm her second husband.—Judge.

The greatest fool is the one who fools himself.

REFUGE IN SILENCE?

LIONS' ROARS QUIETED WHEN HUNTERS ARE ABROAD.

Facts Noted by Theodore Roosevelt While in Africa—Has Belief That the Sounds Are Method of Signaling.

Lions are noisy animals where they have not been much molested, but, for some reason or other, if they are so hunted that their numbers are much thinned, the survivors seem to roar less frequently than formerly, writes Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's Magazine.

The roaring is done at night, but, once in the Lado I heard a lion roar after sunrise. There is no grander sound in nature than the roaring of a troop of lions. The old male begins and the others chime in, at first with low moans, that grow louder and louder until the full grown roaring can literally be heard for miles. Then the roars gradually die away into gasping grunts.

The volume of sound is extraordinary and cannot possibly be mistaken for any other noise if reasonably close, but of course if far enough distant it becomes only partly audible, and may then resemble the booming of an ostrich heard near by, and in thick cover the grunt or growl of a lion, indistinctly heard, may be mistaken for the grunt of a buffalo or the occasional growl—I know no other word to describe the sound—of an elephant, a beast which sometimes utters the queerest and most unexpected noises.

It has been asserted that the lion never roars when hungry, because to do so would frighten his prey, and that his roaring is a sign that he is full fed. This sounds plausible, and yet as a matter of fact I doubt if it is true. Unquestionably, after a successful chase lions roar freely. I have most often heard them between midnight and morning. But I have also heard regular roaring—not mere moaning or the panting noise occasionally indulged in by a hungry, quivering beast—soon after dark, and this was persevered in at intervals for an hour or so.

I am inclined to think that generally lions are silent until they have killed, but that occasionally, whether as signals to one another or from mere pride and overbearing insolence, they roar at intervals in their way through the darkness from their resting place to their hunting field. Of course, when they reach the actual place where they are to hunt they become quiet, unless they deliberately try to stampede the animals by roaring, or unless several are hunting together, spread out around a herd of zebra or antelope, when one may roar or grunt to scare the animals toward the others.

The Sabbatarian.

Mayor Gaynor, complimented in New York on a letter that he had written in defense of Sunday games, said with his usual smile:

"Well, you know, some of these people would hardly have us breathe on Sunday."

"They are as bad as the old Scotch woman on Queen Victoria's Balmoral estate. This old woman was scandalized because the queen went driving on Sunday afternoons. She even ventured to speak about it."

"The queen, who allowed a good many liberties to her Balmoral tenants, smiled and said to the old woman:

"But, Janet, the New Testament tells us distinctly that the Sabbath was made for man."

"Aye," said Janet, severely, "I know it does; and I think none the more of the New Testament for that."

Ideal Inspires Desire.

It was some time ago that the highest and truest ideal of the human race were started.

This is perhaps connected with the fact that much of our best safe-guarding comes from nature. For instance, frequently a woman, even of full natural instincts, has no special desire for progeny. Then a strong love comes, and to what was only a vague general idea before, that she naturally would have children, is added a real longing, an intense imagining of how pleasant a little creature would be, and of what a solemn and joyful possession it would be together. Desires grow when the ideal surroundings are prepared. Nature takes care of us. She is often careless, but judge by her best, and wonderful is she in harmony and depth.—Harper's Weekly.

Found on the Film.

A story of a man's recognition of his long-lost brother in a cinema play comes from Whitstable, England. During the exhibition of a certain film at the picture palace a visitor became greatly agitated, and was so overcome by emotion that he fainted, and had to be carried out of the building. When he recovered it was ascertained that in one of the actors in the scenes depicted the visitor had recognized a brother who went to Italy 12 years ago and had not since been heard of.

Son of Turkish Poet.

Hallouk Fikret Bey, son of one of the greatest poets Turkey has ever produced, will be the first Turkish student to enroll in the University of Michigan when he comes next fall to take up work in the engineering department. He has already had two years' engineering work in Glasgow.

His father was for years president of the Turkish university of Constantinople, and at present is professor in Roberts college.

QUEST OF EL DORADO.

That Elusive Land of Gold and Jewels In South America.

Guiana is bounded on the north by the great river Orinoco and on the south by the still greater river Amazon. These two grand rivers are connected with one another, the Cistiquire, a branch from the Orinoco, falling into the Rio Negro, a tributary of the Amazon. Within Guiana itself are many rivers of very considerable size.

The kingdom of El Dorado was reputed to exist somewhere between the Rio Branco and the Essequibo, called by the Indians the Brother of the Orinoco. Manoa, the capital, was said to be somewhere between the Rio Branco and the Rupununi, a tributary of the Essequibo. From the thirteenth of the sixteenth century some eighteen expeditions had been sent by the Spaniards to Guiana in search of the golden kingdom. Diego de Ordaz, one of the captains of Cortes at the conquest of Mexico, led the first attempt in 1531. After him followed many a brave cavalier, but all was in vain, and disasters as well as failure attended nearly all the expeditions.

From a state paper in the public record office, London, it appears that in 1530 persons who traveled in America had reported that there was a place where the women wore great plates of gold, covering their whole bodies like armor. In every cottage pearls were to be found; in some houses a peck. Banqueting houses were built of crystal; with pillars of massive silver, some of gold. Pieces of gold as big as a man's fist were to be found in the heads of some of the rivers. Raleigh read accounts of these expeditions, but their want of success did not deter him from attempting to find the golden region.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A LIGHT IN AN AUTOMOBILE.

Use One of the Spark Plugs When You Have No Matches.

Did you ever while making an automobile tour find yourself on a lonely country road, perhaps miles from the nearest house, and suddenly discover that you had no matches? If you were anxious to light the lamps or eager for a smoke such a discovery would not prove at all conducive to the smoothness of your temper.

There is a simple way in which any one may secure a light without the aid of matches. You may be anxious for a smoke or it may be getting dark and you want to light your lamp, but in any event you can secure the necessary light if you will follow these directions:

Unscrew one of the spark plugs and let it lie on the cylinder head. Wrap a small wisp of waste around the end of any small stick of wood or if there is none handy wrap it around the end of a screwdriver or any other tool. Dip the waste in the gasoline until it is thoroughly soaked. Of course you should have only a very small piece of waste; otherwise the blaze will be too big for you to handle. After dipping this in the gasoline lay it close to the spark plug and turn the engine over until this plug sparks. This will ignite the waste and you will have a little torch sufficient for lighting your lamp. Even if there is a heavy rain or snow, you can secure a light in this manner sufficient for your needs.—Detroit Free Press.

Fear of Old Military Service.

A prisoner's appeal to the court of criminal appeal for a longer sentence, although the first on record before that tribunal, is not altogether unparalleled at the assize, for offenders who have had the advantage of inside knowledge of the working of the prisons acts have been known to ask the judge to give them penal servitude instead of a short period of hard labor. They shrink from the more Spartan diet and severer restrictions that attach to the nominally lighter sentence. A century ago, when capital punishment was inflicted for many trivial crimes, a prisoner was sometimes given a choice—death or service in the army or navy. And the services in those days had such a terror for some criminals that many elected to be hanged instead of serving their country.—London Spectator.

Government of Japan.

The government of Japan is not an absolute monarchy, the mikado being largely responsible to the parliament and, to a degree, to the people back of the parliament. Under the mikado is the house of peers, composed of the princes of the blood and the nobility and the representatives of the vestal interests, and the house of representatives, which is made up of some 330 members, representing the masses of the people.—New York Journal.

An Exception.

Little Mary was coloring pictures with her set of paints. She used a tint that failed to please and exclaimed: "Oh, I didn't mean to do that! However, what's done is done and can't be undone—except shoe laces."—Chicago News.

Poor Dora.

"Dora must have suffered some terrible disappointment. One never sees her smile now. What is the matter?"

"She's had two front teeth pulled out."—London Telegraph.

Up In a Balloon.

To remain motionless and watch the earth fall away from you as rapidly as a baseball falls from you when dropped from a window is the sensation of going up in a balloon.

There is only one cure for public distress, and that is public education, directed to make men thoughtful, merciful and just.—Ruskin

BRAZIL AND ITS

Flag Day There Has New Great National Feature.

In the republic of Brazil, the language is Portuguese, and the people are of European and African descent, great attention has for some years been to the cult of patriotism.

The cult of the flag has in that people, and the "festa" each recurring November with more and more pomp, slams all over the immense country on every Brazilian ship, may be. In a country where mercurial saints' days the flag day has become the day.

Commenting on this, Le Monde of Rio Janeiro people are imaginative and flag undulating in the big passes by to the strains of music, that the officers salute sword and before which even covers, speaks more strongly heart of the people than a toric date which presents the concrete and which to recall nothing of significance.

The lesson of the flag is the children of the schools and on Flag day they gather in the squares of the city and as in the United States, sing hymns.—Indianapolis News.

COLLEGE HAZIN

It Was Called "Wrecking" In St. Augustine's Time.

At most American colleges "hazing" at West Point is "crawling" and at English "fagging" is often applied. Augustine was a boy they "wrecking."

In a translation of his "Confessions" which I am indebted to clerical friend, St. Augustine what the boys did at the Uni Carthage:

"I would take no part in the things of the 'wreckers,' a cruel name, which was looked the stamp of the best set. I went with them, and of some of their friends, yet I always disliked ways of going on their part, their wanton attacks upon the of freshmen and the unprovoked fronts with which they carried malignant amusement. Not more like the conduct of what name could be better than 'wreckers.'"

That sounds as if the Carthage "wrecking" was fully as much with self importance as the sophomore. I may add that St. Augustine's criticism of "wrecking," more ancient proof that "boys' boys."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lobby's Long Walk.

In "Bohemian Days in Fleet" is this Labouchere incident, which opened when he was in the service and was sent on a mission to St. Petersburg:

Before starting he had a dispatch the foreign office about his case. The foreign office had his idea scale; Labouchere had his. The office refused to reconsider a decision. Labouchere took his leave and the channel and was to all appearance lost. A week after the ed time he had not arrived St. Petersburg. A representative foreign office was sent out to trail. He was traced to Paris at thence to Vienna, where he was to earth. In reply to his discomcoolly said, "The foreign office to pay me my expenses, and I'm going to St. Petersburg."

Precocity.

Little Willie is really too precocious. I met him the other day at school bag under his arm.

"Well, well," said I, "and so to school now, eh?"

"Sure, Mike!" said little "Ain't I over six?"

"And do you love your teacher?"

"Aber nit!" said little Willie, old hen's too old for me."—Wash Star.

Adam's Apple.

The projection in the front of the throat in man, denoting the position of the thyroid cartilage, is styled "an apple." It develops rapidly when the voice "breaks," being paratively small in both children and women. The name arose from the tradition that when Adam attempted to swallow the apple in paradise it lodged in his throat, giving rise to the projection since seen in all his adult descendants.

Quite a Difference.

First Comedian—What's the difference between a beautiful young man and a codfish? Second Comedian—Give it up. First Comedian—On a chance to become a fall bird, the other to become a ball in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Connection.

Scott—I remember reading of a rich man who said he'd soon be poor. Mott—Yes, and probably he member reading somewhere the men are illars.—Boston Transcript.

Footish.

It's a foolish man what sits ter count his troubles. Kacz dat gives 'em another chance ter swat.—Atlanta Constitution.

One pound of learning requires pounds of common sense to apply Persian Proverb.