

A PORTRAIT BY STUART.

Story of a Painting that was Rescued From a Garret.

This is the story of one of the last portraits painted by Gilbert Stuart. It is the portrait of a Boston beau, a Frenchman by birth and a cosmopolitan by adoption. For some time he made his home with his sister in Boston. She was the wife of Thomas Walley, whose sister was the mother of Wendell Phillips. The picture for many years lay among the lumber in Mrs. Walley's attic. It was rescued by the mother of its present owner, who carried it to her Southern home.

While valued as a work of art, it was never hung upon the walls or framed because of traditions as to the scapegrace character of the original. It is, moreover, not in itself a pleasing picture. Although the face of a man said to be most fascinating, it is as Gilbert Stuart has painted it, dark, unsmiling, and sinister, and conveys no idea of beauty. It is the face of a cool, polished, and graceful Mephistopheles. It hangs now in the library of Dr. James Robie Wood, in Seventy-fourth street, this city.

The man whose face after the lapse of nearly three-quarters of a century again sees the light was Montrop de Lalung de Ferrol. He was born in the island of Martinique, of which his family was one of the wealthy landholders. Near the estate of the Lalungs was that of their relative, Mme. de Renaudin, with whom her niece, the young Mlle. Tascher de la Pagerie, afterward [the Empress Josephine, made her home. One of Montrop de Lalung's brothers was one of Napoleon's officers, and through the interest of Josephine married the daughter of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. In the early part of the century there was a great deal of intercourse between the West Indies and Boston. Boston bought many raw products from the West India planters. The planters, most of them emigrants, young sons from the noble houses of Europe, dwelt in seigniorial style on their large estates. Their sons were educated abroad, their daughters in the convents or schools of France and America. Early in the present century two of the daughters of the Lalungs were sent to Boston for education. One of them remained in the United States as the wife of Thomas Walley son of a rich merchant and one of the selectmen of Boston. With this sister Montrop de Lalung later made his home. He first travelled, but ere long had squandered the greater portion of his paternal fortune. In Boston he could lead the life of elegant leisure at less expenditure than elsewhere. His sister and her husband were hospitalbe souls, and by dint of borrowing and going into debt he managed to exist very agreeably.

The people of America were not so far removed from their struggle for liberty as to forget the debt of gratitude which they owed to the French even were the ladies inclined to forget the traditions of an Old World aristocracy and resist the attractions of rank when represented by a connection of an empress even a disposed one. The men of Boston were as rule too absorbed in business pursuits to have time to acquire that courtliness and polish, a part of European education and polite life. Therefore, the young Frenchman's vanity, never of the mildest, threw a space in an atmosphere of adulation. Montrop de Lalung de Ferrol was considered a very handsome man. Lalung thought so himself. When he walked down State street of a pleasant afternoon or across the Boston Common, he was the envy of the dandies and the admiration of the ladies. His clothing always represented the latest European mode, for when he did not go abroad himself, his correspondents kept him informed.

It was in 1805 that Gilbert Stuart came to Boston. He had returned from Europe in 1793 with the avowed purpose of painting Gen. Washington, whom he considered the greatest man of the age. In London Stuart had been the protégé and friend of Benjamin West. When he came to America he was, as a matter of course, overrun with orders from wealth and beauty. Stuart had one sad, however. He did not care to paint some faces. This he said was because so many countenances were characterless, and so many others of a quality which did not please him.

'No woman,' said Gilbert Stuart to a friend, 'has any character or any real beauty in her face until she is over 30 years of age. I do not like to paint young girls.'

It was believed, too, that Stuart exercised some subtle influence over the minds of his sitters. For the pictured faces to a remarkable degree embodied the ruling passion of the subject's life. When a grasping moneylender sat for him, Stuart talked to him of his gold, and on the painted features shone the light of avarice and greed; to the beauty he talked of her conquests and her proud position, and she grew beneath his brush the embodiment of

the coquette; to the patriot he spoke of his country, and on the canvas shone patriotism. This quiet little artist was a juggler with the souls of men. His genius drew from the hidden depths of consciousness the secrets that perhaps unknown to their owners were the mainsprings of their lives. To these the artist gave immortality on his canvas. Some persons said he was an uncertain artist, and that his work, at times, was bad.

'I paint what I see,' Stuart was wont to reply laconically. It was true; he did paint what he saw, but he saw more than any one else saw. He was a psychologist and a philosopher in his work.

Now Gilbert Stuart has long known Montrop de Lalung de Ferrol, the Boston Beau Brummel. He had met him at stately tea drinkings or at evening parties, where Lalung was at his best among a throng of fair damsels or threading with stately grace the mazes of the minuet. Lalung often wondered that the shrewd-faced little artist, whom at times he caught eyeing him intently, did not ask for the privilege of painting his handsome face. Stuart never did, and at last Lalung finding it was the desirable thing to do approached the old man. He was surprised to find a very decided unwillingness on his part to undertake the commission. But the dandy was determined. Stuart was the most famous portrait painter of the day, and Lalung therefore pocketed his pride. Just before Lalung was about to take a trip to England, Stuart was at last persuaded. It is probable he thought of the money, as he was more than usually hard up. In two days the picture was completed and sent home to Lalung at the Walley mansion.

Much elated, Lalung carried it to the drawing room, where his sister and the other members of the family gathered to admire it. The last wrapping was thrown aside, and the group stood face to face with an Apollo? An Antinous? Alas, no! The face that looked out from the dismal canvas was that of a cold-eyed unsmiling Mephistopheles. Running in and out of the sombre coloring was a faint touch of blood-red, the only hint of warmth about it, for the face was that of a man who had been reft by some strange freak of fate of the power to love, to suffer, to fear, or to hate; it was the artist's expression of atrophy of the heart and he expressed it well.

'It is not like me, not like me! A gross libel!' exclaimed in anger the original of the portrait who scanned it in vain for that semblance of grace and beauty which he felt himself entitled to call his own.

'And yet it is like you,' mused his sister, who looked deeper than lines and coloring.

'Not at all, not at all!' protested the indignant man; but in spite of what he said there were the same faultless features, the same fine eyes; but into the face the artist had infused—was it some touch of his own dark mood or a glimpse into the inner life of his sister?

Stuart had never been known to change at the request of unsatisfied patrons so much as a line of his work. The fee of \$100 was in his pocket, and he had spent it doubtless chuckling over his quaint revenge over the vain and egotistical West Indian beau.

In disgust Lalung despatched a servant to the attic with the picture. There it lay among the rubbish for many years, until discovered by the mother of the present owner. With many other things it was transferred to her home in Georgia, and years after that rediscovered by her son to whom she told its history. He brought it to his home in New York when the Georgia home was broken up through war and death, and it now hangs, still dark and sinister, over the mantel shelf of his library.

A NIGHT AT LAS CRUCES.

Hot Drinking, Enchiladas, and a Surprise by the Sheriff at the End.

'Five minutes after leaving the house in company with my host, E. A. Van Patten, Sheriff of Dona Ana county, came the first exciting experience of the night,' said a man from New Mexico in telling of some happenings in that Territory when the railroads there were new. 'We had crossed an open lot and turned up the sandy

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street leading to the principal street of Las Cruces when, bang—bang—bang! from somewhere in the darkness ahead came the report of a repeating rifle or heavy revolver, mingled with the whizzing screech of bullets coming straight down the road with us in the direct line of their course. At the first shot Van Patten and I stood still, and a man walking along at a little distance behind us jumped to the roadside and went flat to the ground in the ditch. He wasn't hit, and didn't mean to be. The second bullet passed between Van Patten and me, the wind of it flapping the Sheriff's hat brim. The third—well, I wasn't there any more, but was making three jumps to the second to get behind the corner of an adobe wall that fenced an orchard from the road. The Sheriff stood his ground and laughed at me for running then went back to the house for his away; revolver. When we got up to the main street we learned that the firing had been done by a Mexican taking shots at another Mexican in a quarrel over a girl. No one was hit, so the matter passed.

'The city's principal street was ablaze with the lights of saloons, all open in front on this hot September night and crowded with customers. Miners, ranchmen, soldiers, lawyers, tourists, and Spanish-Americans, rich and poor, passed in and out or lounged about the doorways. The Sheriff, a candidate for reelection, talked with everybody in English or Spanish, as the occasion demanded, and set up the drinks often for the crowd as we cruised from place to place. At about 10 o'clock a messenger with a telegram came hunting for him, and soon a new excitement spread through the town, and men gathered in groups to listen to such details as had reached the city of an attempt at train robbery that had occurred on the Atchison road that night a few miles above Las Cruces. The robbers had tried to ditch the southward-bound passenger train, but had succeeded only in stopping it, and after attacking the express car had been beaten off. A mile from the place the same men, it was supposed, had held up a rich ranchman and robbed him of his money, pistol, and watch. Messages had at once been sent by the division superintendent of the road to the sheriffs of Dona Ana, Lincoln, Sierra and Socorro counties notifying them of the occurrence. Two railroad detectives had arrived in Las Cruces on a special locomotive and were in consultation with Van Patten by 11 o'clock that night.

'Van Patten hunted up all of his deputies that were in town, and sent two with a posse up to the scene of the attempted robbery to trail the bandits from that point. He also set enquiries on foot as to whether certain untrustworthy characters living at Las Cruces were in town at the time the train was stopped. Having done everything apparently that could be done that night toward detecting and capturing the outlaws, Van Patten said to me:

'Let's go up to Juana's and eat some enchiladas before we go home.'

'We left the main street and its revelries and went up the hill to the east, among the flat-roofed adobe houses of the poorer Mexican residents of the town. As we passed these humble homes through the doorways left open for coolness the forms of the inmates asleep upon the floor of the one room within could indistinctly be seen. Juana's was a sort of Mexican restaurant, and here, at midnight we ordered the enchiladas, which were brought to us on a platter by the dark-skinned comely hostess. Enchiladas are tortillas—thin cakes of unleavened bread resembling an ordinary buckwheat cake in size and shape—on which is spread a mixture of onions and red chili peppers chopped up together. With a bottle of beer to accompany them. I found the enchiladas not half bad to eat. As we sat at the table a pretty Mexican girl in a white muslin gown, and bareheaded, came in, whom the Sheriff greeted as Josefa and invited to a glass of beer. They chatted together in the Spanish tongue as we ate

our enchiladas, and he joked her about some person whom he called Shifty Bill. Our meal finished, we paid the hostess, said good night to her and Josefa, and went out into the darkness. We did not go back the way we had come, but taking another route, passed an adobe house in which a light was burning, while the door was closed.

'That is Josefa's house,' the Sheriff said to me. We walked on as far as the next house, a few steps beyond. Van Patten pulled me into its shadows and stopped.

'We'll wait here a bit. Don't speak or make a noise,' he cautioned me.

'A minute later I found myself standing alone, the Sheriff having left me so silently that I had not noticed his going. As I stood in the shadow wondering what all this mystery was about, the door of Juana's house, up the hillside, opened, and the white-robed form of Josefa came through the darkness toward her house. Arriving, she went into the house, leaving the door partly open. Then came the sound of footstep of some one walking softly toward the house, and in the light that streamed through the doorway I saw a man in dark clothes and wearing a sombrero, on the point of entering the house.

'His foot was at the threshold when click, came the sound of a pistol hammer suddenly cocked, and the Sheriff's voice said sternly: 'Hands up! You're my prisoner!'

'The man at the threshold started back as if he had been stung and turned, but his hands went up above his head as quickly when he saw Van Patten, who had stepped behind him from round the corner of the house, covering him with his revolver. He recovered himself in a moment enough to curse vigorously. Van Patten took no chances with his prisoner. Josefa in the doorway was screaming for a rescue and calling for a knife that she might kill the sheriff. She would have attacked him tooth and nail, but he declared that he would shoot the prisoner with the first interference from any one.

'It's no use, Bill; you'd better come along peacefully,' he said. 'I'll show you my warrant when we get to the calaboose. This gun'll do for warrant till we get there. You gun'll happen if you drop your hands. Right about! March!'

'Down the hill into the main street of the town we went, where at past one o'clock in the morning the saloons were in full blast, with a trade almost as good as in the beginning of the evening. A crowd gathered and followed as the Sheriff took his prisoner to the lock up. There had been no chance since the arrest was made for the man to get rid of anything he had concealed about him, and there were found in his possession besides the pair of revolvers and knife at his belt a black mask and a gold watch and pocketbook with money, which afterward led to his conviction for the crime of attempted train wreckage, and for the robbery of the ranch man. The arrest of Shifty Bill—such was the prisoner's title, his real name being Philip Hulsekamp—was followed by the capture of his two accomplices within the next twenty-four hours so that this episode was quickly closed.

'I suspected from the first that Shifty Bill had a hand in the business up the road said the Sheriff, as we walked home together in the early morning. Why? Instinct I suppose. I found out that he had not been in town through the afternoon and evening. When his girl Josefa, came for enchiladas and frijoles to take her home that was her errand at Juana's. I made up my mind that she expected him to arrive late and hungry. Did you see her face when I joked her about Bill? She was anxious for him, and showed it. So when he came to her house I took the risk of arresting him and I made no mistake.'

NOTED KEY OWNED BY AMERICA.

Lafayette Sent It to Washington When the Bastille was Destroyed.

In Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, is preserved an important relic of the Bastille, nothing more nor less than the key of that old fortress of tyranny.

One hundred and six years ago the old state prison of Paris was demolished by an angry mob, on the eve of the great French revolution. This date is often accepted as the breaking out of the revolution. When the mob broke into the stronghold of despotism, they cut off the heads of the officers and paraded the streets with them upon pikes, and also carrying aloft the great key of the Bastille, says the Philadelphia Record.

The key was placed in the hands of the Marquis de Lafayette. Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of France. In March of the next year Lafayette forwarded it to Thomas Paine in London, to be sent as a present to General Washington, together with the neat drawing representing the destruction of the Bastille.

Lafayette's letter to Washington concluded with the words, 'Give me leave, my dear general, to present you with a picture of the Bastille just as it looked a few days after I ordered its demolition, with the main key of the fortress of despotism. It is a tribute which I owe

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as a son to my adopted father, as an aide-de-camp to my general, as a missionary of liberty to its patriarch.'

Not less felicitous was the comment of Paine in forwarding the packet: 'That the principles of America opened the Bastille is not to be doubted, and therefore the key comes to the right place.'

The key of the Bastille is preserved in a glass case. It hangs in the main hall at Mount Vernon, in the same position where it was placed by Washington. Opposite to it hung the spy-glass which Washington used throughout the Revolutionary War.

HADN'T MISSED THE TRAIN.

But Wanted to Say Good-bye to a Departing Girl Friend.

These women, will they ever get over that love for osculatory exercise, whether among themselves or in definitive relations? It the new woman is going to have this characteristic missing please let her come without further delay; do not try and keep the inevitable down.

Another one of those myriad-occurrences when women kiss is found following.

As the Sussex express was being hauled out of the Union depot one evening last week a couple of breathless young ladies dashed past gate-keeper Stevens and after the moving train. Another of the gentler sex stood hysterically motioning from the rear platform of the last car.

The conductor thinking the young ladies belated passengers stopped the train. First one maiden mounted the steps and throwing her arms around her friend planted a resounding smack on her cheek; young lady No. 2 followed, the conductor having by this time disgustedly started the train again. A flurry of good-byes any "don't forget to write" and the city girls found themselves all alone on the depot platform, except a little group of highly amused "cruel men" in the further corner.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Halifax Reporters Ask for Admission to Meetings but Fail to Attend.

HALIFAX, Aug. 12.—Ex. Ald. Hamilton and Mayor Stephen had a bitter fight at a meeting of the exhibition commission on Monday. Mr. Hamilton came to the meeting with blood in his eye and when the opportunity arrived he hit out in a vigorous fashion. The mayor was quite equal to the occasion. A funny thing about the affair was the absence of the newspapers reporters. For six months they fought for admission to the commission meetings and then, when a grand chance came for columns of epic reading they were absent—had just gone out, as it were. Stay till the end next time boys and get what's going.

That was a cold-blooded remark of Ald. O'Donnell's regarding Dr. Trenaman at the last meeting of the board of health. The alderman was finding fault with the doctor's conduct of sanitary affairs in the police station, and when he became a little chagrined at the doctor's attitude he said he wished the doctor had to endure the bad ventilation and if he were to die from it he'd gladly take a day off to go to the funeral.

Too Much Realism.

Crumpet (to Muffin, upon whom he has called at chambers). 'Good heavens! my dear fellow, what is the matter with you? Your arm in a sling, your nose in a state of pulp, and both your eyes under shades. Have you been at the seat of war?' Muffin (teebly). 'No, old chappie; but I thought it would be a good joke to go the Devonshire hall made up as Kruger, and the mob in Piccadilly imagined that I was the real article!'

The old man's eyes blazed as he told the story.

'There we were,' he said, 'with the shells falling all around us.'

'I didn't know you were in the war,' broke in a bystander.

'I wasn't,' replied the old man promptly. 'I was at the circus and these were peanut shells.'—Chicago Post.

BORN.

ASHE—At Malone, N. Y., July 16, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ashe, a son.

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