THE SHRUNKEN SHOULDER

By SAM P. DAVIS

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A strange story of a young Paris art student who was endowed with a singular gift.

Stella had been in Paris only about a month when she met Fe[illegible] Atherton. She had come to the great metropolis to study art, and their acquaintance began in the studio.

She had a regal head and face and Atherton had discovered it. She had given him several sittings.

One day she made an observation that caused him to sta[illegible] and lay down his brush and look at her searchingly for several seconds. He was at work on her profile and she did not notice that he seemed dazed by what she had said. In fact, her remark was a mere commonplace. What was there in the tone or the words that could cause him to act like a man in a dream?

Several times when he resumed his brush he set it aside again and passed his hand before his eyes.

"What was it you said?"

She made no reply.

"I mean the last remark."

"The last thing I said? Why, that was several minutes ago, and I have forgotten. It was nothing, anyhow."

Half an hour later, when she had finished the sitting, she said she would not come again for a few days possible, but agreed to meet him next evening at dinner.

For fully an hour after she had left the studio, Atherton sat gazing at the picture and trying to figure out where he had seen it before. It seemed constantly brushing the cobwebs from his brain and gaining nothing by the operation.

Weeks passed and she sat again and again, and as a result they fell in love—a circumstance not unusual in Paris studios.

Atherton had in his mind a great picture—one that would be hung in the Salon, attract a great deal of admiration and make his reputation. It was to be a bust picture and he asked Stella is she would pose for it, but she declined. He had supposed she would be quite pleased to grant him such a favor.

Next day he received a note, which read:

"My Dear Friend:

"Don't feel hurt at my refusal. I would gladly sit for you but for the fact that my figure is not as perfect as you assume it to be. I have a shrinkage of the muscles of the left shoulder. It is a serious defect, I assure you. You should have a perfect woman to pose for such a picture. For that purpose you have other and better models. As ever, STELLA."

When Atherton finished reading the note he lurched forward from his chair and fell heavily to the floor. When he recovered consciousness he became aware that Stella was holding his head in her lap and bathing his forehead. It did not take long to restore him. Felix was on the point of expressing his gratitude in a most affectionate manner, when the girl students came bustling in, full of spirits, and proposed supper. They invaded the adjoining room and began to prepare the meal. Felix, entirely restored, went out after some wine. When he returned, two or three more artists had dropped in and the place rang with their hilarity.

Presently there arrived a poet, who wrote for Figaro and was known to all Paris; a cafe chantant singer, one of the cleverest in the town; two master painters; an author, whose book was all the rage, and a playwright, whose latest work was making a manager's fortune.

What a company of congenial spirits it was—all enjoying themselves as only Bohemians can, over a little picked-up dinner that cost but a few francs.

In the midst of it all one of Atherton's art patrons came in to view a picture that had been begun some weeks before. He was a banker who counted his wealth by the millions.

"I will take that picture," he said, drawing forth his check book. As he spoke, a resplendent woman entered, sweeping past him into the back room as though she were perfectly at home.

She was one of the greatest actresses of the gay capital. Her appearance was greeted with a shout of welcome. She did not notice the banker as she passed him, but when he saw her he looked significantly at Atherton, remarking in a low tone:

"Invite me to dine, and call it ten thousand francs."

"Impossible," replied the artist. "I sell my pictures when I can, but hospitality, never."

"And pray, why?" asked the banker.

"The whole atmosphere of the gathering would be lost. These are all people of genius and brains. You are only a man of money. You could contribute nothing to the entertainment of the little feast except to pay for it, and that is already done."

The banker closed his check book and, placing it in the inner pocket, buttoned his coat slowly as if to impress Atherton with the force of repartee, which to his mind spoke louder than words, and departed from the room without a word.

He did not appear to have noticed the rippling, sallies of laughter that followed him from the inner room, for the dialogue had been overheard and appreciated by the choice spirits at the table. At the same time it must have struck home and rankled when this man of millions realized that there were portals in the world of art and genius that his money could not batter down. When Atherton entered the room he was showered with congratulations at his stand on the sale of the picture, which was nothing more than an idealized study of Stella's profile.

He held it before them, and while they were admiring it as an artist who had been but recently admitted to their little circle, and was Atherton's latest friend, remarked:

"An excellent copy."

Atherton flushed and walked toward the speaker, his passion rising. "Do you mean that?"

"Certainly; but I mean no offense. I have the original myself."

Atherton gave him a back-handed slap across the mouth. Every one was up in an instant and between the two. The man who had received the blow remarked coolly:

"This must be settled here." And walking over to the corner he lifted two foils that were in plain view.

It was useless for the women to intervene. An accusation had been made, and a blow had been struck.

"On guard." The foils crossed and fell apart and recrossed, and for some minutes there was that clinking and rasping sound that tells the story of a mortal combat as two animated pieces of steel come together in an affair of honor.

Stella gave a half-suppressed shriek as Atherton just saved himself by a catlike step backward as he avoided his adversary's lunge.

A few seconds later his foil had reached home in the opponent's chest, and the latter sank to the floor.

The fallen man was lifted up and stretched on a couch. The surgeon who was sent for immediately pronounced the wound dangerous and probably fatal.

He was conveyed to his lodgings that night and each witness was pledged to secrecy. He lingered a few days, and one morning about two o'clock he died. Every one who witnessed the duel was present.

They stood by him to the last.

Atherton, kneeling by the bedside, held the hand of the dying man, who had freely forgiven him.

He had written and signed the following:

"Knowing that I am about to die, I state freely and voluntarily that while I was fencing with my old and dear friend Felix Atherton, the button became accidentally disengaged from the foil, and I received a fatal wound.

LOUIS MORGAN."

And when those present read it, each signed it as a witness.

"After my death," he said to Atherton, "I leave you whatever you find in that closet near the stairway. Here is the key. It may explain some things which led to our unfortunate encounter."

He passed his hand under his pillow and found the key, which he handed to Atherton.

All present bade the dying man goodby, and Atherton's was the last hand offered him.

"Life is well worth living to end in such a farewell as this," he said with a smile, and, closing his eyes, passed away like one who was falling asleep.

Three days later they gathered in the room where Louis Morgan had died. In the dim light and the silence Atherton turned the key in the lock and opened the closet door. The first object to appear was a picture the appearance of which caused every person present to draw a long breath.

It seemed to be the identical picture which Atherton had painted a few weeks before. He brought it out into the better light. It was a picture with every mark of age. It was painted on copper and engraved on the back with the name of Teniers, a Flemish painter of another century.

All present bent toward the painting, from which Atherton had evidently taken the whole idea of his picture. The draperies and the background had been copied with the utmost fidelity. In fact, there was not a brush stroke missing in the whole composition, and, what was the most surprising thing of all, the face itself, painted more than a hundred years ago, was Stella's.

The silence was broken only when Atherton pressed his hands to his head, which seemed to be bursting, and with a low moan sank to the floor.

They carried him to the same bed where his friend had died, and from that time on he was merely a babbling creature from whose brain the light of reason had fled.

For days and weeks the poor fellow lay there with a trained nurse at his side and Stella coming in every day to sit there and look with tear-stained eyes at this wreck of the man whom she loved.

Only she realized that he had not copied that picture from anything except her own lovely face, and yet it was known in every studio in Paris that he had copied it from Teniers and had tried to palm it off as his own. The proof was so irrefutable that it was useless for his friend to defend him.

One day Stella took it upon herself to explore the closet further, and there she found several more pictures by Tenniers which had been hidden away for no one knew how long, and it came gradually upon her, forcing herself like a dreadful nightmare, that she was looking upon pictures of which the best thing in his studio were but replicas. The dreadful proofs arrayed themselves one after the other until there could no longer be any doubt. He had never painted an original thing in his career—only copied—and here she was confronted with the evidence.

Presently she found a faded yellow letter. It was written in French and addressed to Tenniers:

"My Dear Friend:

"Don't feel hurt at my refusal. I would gladly sit for you but for the fact that my figure is not as perfect as you assume it to be. I have a shrinkage of the muscles of the left shoulder. It is a serious defect, I assure you. You should have a perfect woman to pose for such a picture.

"For that purpose you have other and better models.

"As ever,

"STELLA."

Her senses seemed to reel as she gazed upon the lines. It was worded exactly like the letter she had written to Atherton a few weeks before. It was also a facsimile of her handwriting. Not a single characteristic was missing. She had rushed back to Atherton's studio and secured the letter.

It might have been a photographic reproduction of the other, written more than a hundred years before she was born.

Then like a flash it came upon her that there had been a reincarnation of both painter and the model, and the two living beings were there alive and in the same room.

She must restore his reason and vindicate his blasted name.

This was the task to which she addressed every faculty. When she explained the wonderful thing to an expert in mental diseases, he at first shook his head. But the proofs were tangible, and so the man of science set about the task of restoring his patient's reason with new ardor.

Then the people who were so thoroughly convinced of Atherton's double dealing came back to listen to Stella's story and review the proofs. As he gradually came out of his mental eclipse the tale was the wonder of Paris.

* * * * *

Not in a hundred years had there been such a gay and delightful wedding in the Latin Quarter as this one—the nuptials of Felix and Stella. After the ceremony a messenger boy handed the groom a letter.

A check for ten thousand francs fell out.

The letter was indeed something of a surprise.

"Dear Sir:

"I take pleasure in again tendering you the check which you once so magnificently refused. The fact that I deal almost exclusively in money does not prevent me recognizing a man when I meet one. Accept sincere congratulations for yourself and wife.

"HENRY LAVELLIER, Banker.

"To MR. FELIX ATHERTON."

CLAIMS HE IS IRISH ACTOR

When Arreated Man Sings to Prove He Is Olcott.

Battle Creek, Mich.—When arrested here for being drunk, a man told the police he was Chauncey Olcott, the Irish actor, and that the show had gone "broke." When they doubted his identity he attempted to prove it by singing a ballad, and was thrust into a cell.

HORSE GUARDS MAN'S BODY

Chester, Pa.—When David Tomkins, 21 years old, died of heart disease while leading a horse along a lonely road, the faithful animal stood guard over him, until friends found the body, when the horse followed it away.

"WHITE HOPE" MONKEY DIES

New York.—"Baldy," a big monkey which recently knocked out a keeper with a left hook to the jaw, an inmate of the New York zoo, is dead. He was valued at $3,000.

FRISKY DOG BURNS TWO HOUSES

Shenandoah, Ia.—When a pet dog pulled a table cover and jerked an oil lamp over, he started a fire, which burned the homes of George Sinkiewiez and Enoch Barowsky, miners.

CAKE SUPPORTS TON OF GIRLS

Eighteen Young Women Stand on Baker's Product.

Moro, Ill.—Eighteen young women of this city, whose combined weight is estimated at more than a ton, stood on a cake baked here by a man who was demonstrating the advantages of a range, and although the cake settled under their weight, it rose again when the girls stepped off.

Sugar, butter, eggs and flour were used in compounding the cake, and after it came from the oven it was placed on a platform and a long plank placed on its top. The young women stood on the plank.

Ohio is one of the foremost of the Eastern States in wool growing.

The man who marries to suit himself is easily suited—so his friends think.

We always feel sorry for a woman who has an impediment in her speech.

Actions do not speak half as loud as written words in a breach of promise suit.

Sometimes a woman listens to a man's talk so she will be ready to start in when he pauses for breath.

Ordinarily a woman manages to hold her own—with the exception of her tongue.

Woman Turned Back the Hands of Time

IT happened once upon a time that a woman reached the age of forty-five without having had time since she was twenty to realize that the passing of the years was making her old.

There were a husband and children to care for, and the years with her burdens and their thoughts for others, flew so rapidly that if a crow left tracks around her lips and eyes, if her hair faded and came out, if her figure lost the gracefulness of early womanhood, she didn't find it out.

How could she with her mind always occupied with the wants of a family?

Her husband had gone to his office one day, and the children, who had grown out of school and were employed down town, were also at work, and she was alone when the shock of her years came to her.

"Any woman past forty," she read in a newspaper interview with A Woman Who Kept Young, "who doesn't give herself a great deal of care, looks to be sixty. She must fight to remain attractive."

The woman read further and learned that the woman in the interview had gone back twenty years nearer to youth by using cold creams, by massaging, and by filling her mind with Beautiful Thoughts before she fell asleep at night.

It sounded easy, and the woman of forty-five, who looked it, decided she would try it, though she bought the cold cream with a feeling of guilt; for the cost represented the price of a shirt for her husband. She decided not to tell her family, and, for two weeks, massaged her face for the wrinkles, and tumbled over the floor to reduce her figure, and at night filled her mind with visions of a place where the dishes were always done, and the cooking was sent in—that being her conception of Beautiful Thoughts.

She was rewarded for her pains; for one day her husband came home, and after looking at her critically—he so seldom really looked at her at all, poor thing—said to the children:

"Look at your mother! Bless me, she doesn't look to be over twenty-five."

She had won! She had knocked off twenty years, just as the woman in the interview said she would!

Everyone knows how difficult it is to be satisfied with success, for its hand always points to a greater success further on.

This woman, having lost twenty years, wasn't satisfied.

"I would like to look as young as I ever did," she said. "I was married and looked old when I was twenty-five, I want to look younger than that."

So she massaged with cold cream and tumbled over the floor some more, and, woe is me! It is sad to relate what happened.

One day, the father and children came home and, when they opened the door, their first impression was that they were in the wrong house, for there was no cheery smell of supper cooking, no rattling of pans, none of the inspiring bustle that accompanies the getting of a meal.

They looked in the kitchen. It was dark and empty. No one was in the dining room; but, in the parlor they found a strange looking creature, with the form of an adult and the face of a child, and, in her arms, this half-old, half-young person held a doll.

"I'm mother," said this strange creature. "I've knocked twenty years more off my age, and now I am only five!"

NEW LETTER PAPER WITH OUTLINED BORDER

One of the new letter papers shown was of white linen, rather heavy and with a very narrow border of blue and pink, so pale as to be almost indistinguishable, except for the fine line of black or some dark color which edged it. The edges of the paper were gilt, as was the edge of the envelope flap.

The same effect was obtained with letter paper of light yellow, gray, pink, blue and lavender, in this case the borders being darker shades of the color of the paper or in harmonizing colors. In every instance, however, the gilt edge was evident, and the fine line of black or dark color edging the border.

Romaine with Port du Salut

Another home concoction is a salad that would please all men. A Romaine lettuce was covered with a French dressing and slices of tomatoes and then with several very thin slices of Port du Salut cheese cut into fancy shapes and spread with French mustard. These slices were well distributed over the salad. With this tiny rye bread sandwiches were served. This would be excellent for an evening supper, and if the Port du Salut cheese is too expensive or unobtainable, a Swiss cheese could be used. The Port du Salut is quite similar to the imported Swiss cheese, but it is much finer in texture and more delicate in flavor.

A clear body is an inducement to the soul to stay on earth.

IRRIGATION PROJECT COST

Argentina Government to Spend $1,571,000 on Plan.

The government has approved the project prepared by the irrigation department for construction of a reservoir at Las Saucces, La Rioja, Argentina. The estimated cost is $1,571,000.

The tender of the Sociedad Anonima Holdandesa de Obras Publicas has been accepted for the dredging of the dock, anteport and channel of Puerto Militar. The price is $1,500,000.

The representatives of a German syndicate have been in La Plata during the week and stated that it is their intention to obtain a site for the erection of cement works. The raw material will be obtained in the country.

The Tucuman government has presented a project of law to the legislature for the exoneration of provincial taxes for ten years on the following new industries which may be established within that province: For each modern flour mill with an effective capital of not less than $21,230; for each paper factory with an effective capital of not less than $42,460; for each cotton weaving factory with an effective capital of not less than $21,230, as also land which may be dedicated exclusively to the cultivation of this plant; and to each factory for the manufacture of articles from ramie with an effective capital of not less than $21,230 and equally to all land which may be dedicated exclusively to the cultivation of this plant. Any factory to benifit from this law must be established within five years of its promulgation.—Consular Report.

BRITISH FOWL REPORT

Poultry Industry of Country Is Receiving Marked Attention.

According to the latest British official census of poultry, there are in England, Scotland and Wales 32,236,000 chickens, 2,963,000 turkeys, while in Ireland there were 17,664,172 chickens, 3,477,004 ducks, 1,838,352 geese and 1,051,667 turkeys, making a grand total of 60,639,195 fowls. This is perhaps an understatement as no account is taken of the poultry owned by many small keepers, nor of the chickens, ducks, etc., hatched after the taking of the census. Were these added, it is estimated that the total would be increased by about 30 per cent. The poultry industry of this country is receiving increased attention and it is believed that the number of fowls will be greatly increased during the next few years.

Because of these conditions the use of incubators has naturally increased. At the same time the number of firms that have taken up their manufacture has also increased, with the result that competition now is keen. Incubators, brooders and foster mothers are almost invariably sold by the manufacturers, direct and not through agents, although, of course, poultry supply houses obtain them upon order.

In order for American manufacturers to compete successfully in the English market, judging from the experience of those already in the field, it would be necessary for them to establish branches where stocks might be kept and to carry on a consistent advertising propaganda. A list is transmitted of various makes of incubators, etc., on the British market, with prices indicated and a list of possible agents.—Consular Report.

BUILD MOUNTAIN ROAD I

Bergen Council Appropiates Money for Electric Railway.

The city council of Bergin has appropriated $26,800 to aid in constructing an electric railway from Bergen to the summit of Mount Floien (1,000 feet) and building a modern hotel at the mountain terminal.

The project has been agitated for years without success, but since the construction of the mountain railway between Bergen and Christiana and the establishment of the Norwegian-American Steamship line, the great increase in passenger and tourist traffic has made the plan feasible, and the action of the city council insures its construction.

The estimated cost is about $260,000, but if a modern hotel is finally decided upon the total cost will reach $268,000. As soon as plans and specifications covering the work to be performed are available, copies will be forarded for the benefit of American firms desiring to participate in bidding for the construction work or for furnishing materials for such work.—Consular Report.

ROLLING HOOP TRACTOR

Farm Appliance Works on Principle of Squirrel Cage.

A gasoline farm tractor which works on the principal of a squirrel cage has been invented and tried out by a Connecticut farmer. It consists mainly of a tread of 30 inches, which rails along the ground propelled by a 12-15-horse power gasoline engine inside.

The motor is mounted on four wheels fitted with gears and a clutch, like a tiny automobile, and propels the large inside surface of the wheel like a squirrel in a cage.

The tractor was designed to draw cultivators, plows, and other farm implements.—Popular Mechanics.

TO PROJECT LIGHT FORTY MILES

A lens built in France for a new 900,000-candle power lighthouse in Hawaii is expected to project the light forty miles.

Some people are so honest that they can't even find fault without wanting to return it.

SUMMERY FURNITURE FOR PORCH OR HOUSE

For the family which must remain in town during the summer, nothing brightens the house and lends so cool an atmosphere as the high furniture of wicker and bamboo.

Tables, all sorts of chairs, lounges, davenports and even little tea wagons may be bought and the cost, let it be said, dwindles into insignificance beside the pleasure which a couple of rooms or the porch fitted up with it brings.

One of the new pieces is a sewing chair, a deep, comfortable armchair with a large pouch attached to the outside. This may hold the needlewoman's embroidery, mending or darning, or may be a receptacle for magazines or books.

But even newer than the wicker or rattan furniture is the furniture made of woven grass and which comes from Japan and China. This is more pliable than the wickerware and is easily cleaned with a stiff scrubbing brush and a soapy lather.

The soft, woven back and seats of the chairs give slightly to the weight of the body, and as the surface is absolutely smooth there is no discomfort, nor is there any necessity for a cushion.

In this, also, all articles may be purchased. Most of this furniture is in the natural shade, although the yellow grass is frequently seen combined with cool-looking green, and, if desired, the whole surface may be varnished or stained.

ACKNOWLEDGE IT

You Must Bow to the Inevitable--Scores of Endorsements Prove It

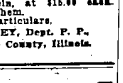
After reading the public statement of this fellow-sufferer given below, you must come to this conclusion: A remedy which proved so beneficial years ago, with the kidneys can naturally be expected to perform the same work in similar cases. Read this:

Mrs. J. Provonsha, Main St., Oak Harbor, Ohio, says: "I have tried Doan's Kidney Pills on two occasions and in each instance, have had such great benefit that I feel justified in recommending them. Kidney complaint bothered me for years. I suffered almost constantly from a dull, heavy ache in my back. The kidney secretions were unnatural and showed my kidneys were at fault. One of the family had been helped by Doan's Kidney Pills and I began taking them. They rid me of backache ad kidney trouble. I take pleasure in again recommending Doan's Kidney Pills and confirming my former endorsement."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Provonsha had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. Adv.

HOLSTEIN CATTLE

In the next 30 days I will offer for sale 200 head of high-grade Holstein heifers running in age from one to three years old, a number of them springing big to fresher now, well marked, and in good condition. They will run 7/8 and 15/16 Holstein and are bred to registered bulls. Will also offer 100 head of fully developed, heavy milking cows, part of them fresh, and balance due to freshen soon. Also have 25 head of registered and high-grade bulls of no relation to the above cows or heifers. I will have a few choice heifer and bull calves to offer in the near future that are 15/16 and 31/32 Holstein, at $15.00 each. First draft takes them.



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