

SOME MODELS.

THERE was the big Somali, Kano, whose yellow-black epidermis was of the texture of dressed crocodile-leather. In European costume his points did not show to advantage; but in a red-and-white Arab jellaba, embroidered with green silk, with a leopard-skin and a Highland target of bull hide—with a fancy arsenal of weapons, from an Afghan knife to an A-shantee war spear, from a Chinese matchlock to a boomerang—he was a loveable thing to paint. Of late years Kano has vanished from our ken. There is a rumour in Studioland to the effect that he has accepted an engagement with the manager of a travelling circus, and in his character of a freshly-caught Zulu devours three pounds of raw beefsteak nightly, to the tune of "The King of the Cannibal Islands" as breathed blaringly from blatant brass.

Then there were those three Italians. A ring at the door, and when it was opened, there they would be standing, opal-eyed, olive green in the cold sunlight of Albion. *I miei rispetti signori!* Off went the three hats together as if three strings had been simultaneously pulled. Did the gentleman want a model? Two models? Three models? Here was Federigo—elderly, wrinkled, with a smile of infinite patience and an appetite of unfathomable capacity—here Battista, surmounted the Big with the muscles of an ox and the moustaches of a Papal Guard. Last but not least, Peppi the Boy, the mendacious, the galky, the beautiful!

Then there was Topsy Tirllepin. Topsy would arrive with a Belgravian rat-tat and inquire airily, "Scumble in?" Scumble would admit the impeachment. Upon which Topsy would fail the red-satin parasol—she carried this in all seasons—and surge over the threshold and into the studio with an air which betokened her familiarity with the topography of Pot-boiler Flats. Topsy was quite the lady—insistent on the aspirate—had picked up a good deal of the artistic jargon, and employed her knowledge quite as intelligently as the art critic of a minor weekly. She waned in her eating, was Topsy, and threw over Sapp Green, Academy picture and all, because the views of artist and model did not accord in the matter of lunches. Cold meat, with a pickle, and half-pint of bitter four days out of six! And upon the table of a gentleman in Mr Green's position! A Hot Honray was, to say the least of it, what one might have expected, and a drop of burnt Cognac in one's coffee! Topsy's criticisms were freely bestowed, if not always gratefully received; and she possessed a vast store of biographical information regarding friends of hers—Topsy's clients were all "friends"—who had married ladies of her own profession. These ladies, according to Topsy, invariably conducted themselves as though to the purple bon; wandering through hazy vista of innumerable Private Views, robed in splendour, leaning on the arm of President himself; whilst their happy possessors invariably attained to repute and fortune.

There was Triggs—little Triggs, who gave up the profession and went into the foreign wine trade. A few of us helped him in his effort to take one manly step beyond the bounds of model-dom. But it was no use; he was saturated with idleness, so to speak. The life had eaten into him. In a dusty corner of the studio stand, to this day, some dozen flasks of Triggs' unique Vesuvio, guaranteed a vintage of exceptional quality, imported from the very foot of the burning mountain. That Vesuvio was tested at a studio supper, and triumphantly vindicated its title to the possession of volcanic properties on that occasion.

Maria Giannina next. Daughter of Venice, adoptive child of London, Saffron Hill knows thee yet. To-day Maria Giannina is *Parona* of a little eating-house in that savory locality, where veal with tomatoes and long strings of thick macaroni may be washed down Italian throats with the most iniquitous of cheap vinegars, and rows with knives are not in vogue. Maria Giannina is aging, with the premature old age of the Italian woman. Her ripe, brown, luscious cheek is getting sunken, her curves of contour are less voluptuous, her ropes of hair—hair sun-gilded on the summits of its waves and black as night in the masses of its shadows—are less plentiful. Her eyes have lost their sleepy-fiery expression, and are grown hawk-like, eager for *bajocché*. Her manners are more civilized, less engagingly brutal. She is less given to the

making of inarticulate noises—zoological, repulsive, uncount. There is an unfinished full length study of Maria leaning up, face to wall, in the same corner with the *Vesuvio*. She walked out in a rage and didn't come back again, and so the final touches were never put in. It was Chissellish who offended her. He had started a sketch in clay, and string-and-compass proved Maria Giannina to measure three points less from the tip of the left shoulder to the inner end of the left clavicle than from the inner end of the right clavicle to the tip of the right shoulder. How Maria Giannina wended the slur thus cast upon the exactness of her proportions I hardly know. She had little enough English in those days, but tones and gestures were enough for Southern quickness to comprehend. She rose up and came down off

THE LOT OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

'Yes,' said the doctor, whipping up his horse—it was a sprinter—until the light buggy bounded over the stones of the country road like a freight train on the sleeper. It was night, and the lantern swinging underneath only made the darkness ahead seem more opaque than ever. 'Yes, the life of a country doctor is what you might call a picnic in G minor. It is a cake with more spice than phlegm, for it has more variety to the square inch than any other pursuit that it has ever been my fortune to encounter.

'I have been riding about this country for twenty-two years and have what you might call a pretty extensive practice. I attend about every thing in two counties, from chilblains to childbirth. I am the medical foster father of the present generation anywhere within twenty miles of my home. I have closed the eyes and I trust eased the pains of some thousands of good people. Many of my constituency do not know my name. I am simply "The Doctor" to them. "Bad debts?" Well, I don't know. I never did keep books. But if I had got five shillings for every professional visit that I have made I would be about eight times richer than I am.

'I am on the go eighteen hours out of the twenty-four and seven days in the week. The rest of my time I leave for rest and recreation. But a doctor does not need the sleep of other people! I always keep five horses in the stable and change off several times a day. I am a hard driver. When a horse goes lame or breaks down I put him out to pasture. If the breakdown is a bad one I sell the animal and buy a fresh one. Sometimes I drop asleep sitting bolt upright in my buggy while my horse brings me to the stable of his own accord. I try to keep awake, because it is not safe to sleep that way; but there are times when I would sleep if I was riding straight into the teeth of hostile artillery, I simply cannot keep awake. Considering that there are three lousy coal railroads and a canal within a furlong of my house, the luxury of sleeping on the go is extremely hazardous, yet I have ridden for miles on the towpath with the canal not six inches from my buggy wheels on one side and the river not six inches on the other. I have done it at night, too. Never had a tumble? Oh, yes I have. Some pretty bad ones. But I am not dead yet, as you see, and on the whole I have had remarkably good luck.

'That lantern between the wheels has saved me many a journey. People see it coming, know that it means the doctor, and run out to intercept me. It isn't everyone who can swing a lantern that way. If you were to try to do it without learning the secret of it the lantern would go out before you had gone ten rods.

'Some day I shall get old and useless, and sell out my business and retire. But I fear I will have to be very old and extremely good for nothing. Or else, perhaps, I shall pitch out on my head some night and get my quietus that way. Then there will be a splendid chance for some young doctor.

'But until one or the other contingency arises the young doctors have got to whistle for patients in my balliwick, I tell you. I love my business. It is wife and child to me. And I propose to remain monarch of all I survey as long as my eyes can see the horse's flank and my good right hand can hold the reins. There's a strong bit of pride about me if I am only a country doctor, and I am going to do the doctoring of this country side if I have to do it for nothing, because when I do it I know it is being done just right.

GIRL SLAVERY IN TIBET.

The San-ch'nanese are much given to selling girls, and large numbers are exported yearly from Ch'ang-ching for Hankon and Shanghai and other Eastern cities. The price usually paid for one of six or seven years is from seven to ten taels. They are kindly reared by the stock farmer who buys them, receive a liberal education with all modern accomplishments, and when they have attained the age of sixteen are easily disposed of at high prices. The trade has nothing cruel about it, and many of these girls are respected members of society in after life, and certainly enjoy many more material comforts than if they had been left in their poor villages. In homes of highly respectable Chinese the wife can be found with four or five little girls purchased with her savings, and they are treated with as much kindness and love as her own children.

Mr M. J. Gannon.

Mr J. M. Goddis.



Mr Thos. Mackay.

Mr W. L. Rees.

Mr Jas. Carroll.

NATIVE LAND LAWS COMMISSION.—SEE LETTERPRESS.

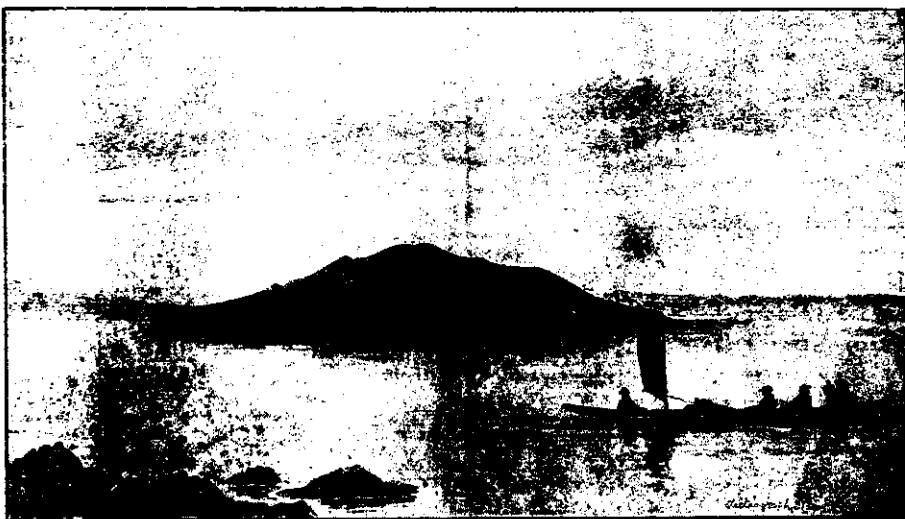
pigeon!—thus in effect Maria Giannina—"you are ignorant as asses. You measure, you punch, you dab, you wag your heads together. And for what?" Both thumb-nails brought together inquiringly, separated, and waved disparagingly. "For nothing! How beautiful this foolery! Prhr!—an equine expression of disgust. "And—holy saints!—it must not be your danted canvas,—which I curse! your obscene lump of dough, upon which I spit" (smiting the action to the word)—"that is to blame, but Maria Giannina who is made wrong!" A stamp. "Have not you, *Parona*, the great Signor with the beautiful beard—whom you call Ser Federic—have he not paint Maria

cannot keep awake. Considering that there are three lousy coal railroads and a canal within a furlong of my house, the luxury of sleeping on the go is extremely hazardous, yet I have ridden for miles on the towpath with the canal not six inches from my buggy wheels on one side and the river not six inches on the other. I have done it at night, too. Never had a tumble? Oh, yes I have. Some pretty bad ones. But I am not dead yet, as you see, and on the whole I have had remarkably good luck.

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EVENING AT ROTORUA.—MOKOIA ISLAND.

From a sketch by Mr T. Ryan.

the platform, and unburdened her soul as follows:—"Sons of Giannina? Have he not cry, "Marie, by this soul of mine you have the buti paincé? "Chee! In my own land the great artists weep. "Come back, Maria, little love and we will fill thy lap with florins! And I will go back, dedicating you, descendants of drowned dogs, to the devil. *Capisce he!* Then Maria Giannina bounced out, upsetting Chissellish, high stool, and wet clay and all, with a scornful thrust of her shapely muscular elbow. She shook the dust of the studio literally from her feet, and, having, been paid beforehand for the whole three sittings, departed and returned no more.

'ORB' CORRUGATED IRON will cover more—a long way more—than any other iron, and for quality has no equal.