

**A  
STURDY BEGGAR**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649533152

A Sturdy Beggar by Charles Charrington

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**CHARLES CHARRINGTON**

**A  
STURDY BEGGAR**



*Handwritten scribble*

# A Sturdy Beggar

BY  
Charles Charrington



+

NEW YORK  
STONE & KIMBALL

MDCCCXCVI

*Faint, illegible text or markings at the bottom of the page.*

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
683683 A  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
R 1933 L

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY  
STONE AND KIMBALL  
NEW YORK

NEW YORK  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY

## Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. PRUDENCE	7
II. EIKONOKLASTES	36
III. AN HONEST TRADESMAN	68
IV. THE ARTIST'S HOME	101
V. A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT	125

31X685

\_\_\_\_\_

•

—



# A Sturdy Beggar

## CHAPTER I

### “ PRUDENCE ”

I WAS fighting hard for life. It was four months since I had left Paris full of hope. A well-to-do uncle had made me a small allowance, which enabled me to study there as a sculptor for three years, and I had worked and lived hard and enjoyed myself thoroughly. My last statue had been honoured with a prize at the Salon, and still more honoured with the praises of the great Nidor, in whose studio I had worked.

At the end of the three years my uncle, who had recently married a second time, wrote me that I must now

## A STURDY BEGGAR

earn my own living. He would, he said, make me a present of £500 for a start, and I must then expect nothing further from him.

Of course I never dreamed of earning money in Paris. Paris—the centre of modern art-life—meant heaven to me. Whoever heard of a heaven in which one earns money? London, as all the world knows, is the place to make a fortune, and I resolved to set up in London. Some day I should have earned enough money to live in heaven again. I took a studio in Chelsea, and brought over all my *chefs d'œuvre*.

I found myself pretty lonely at first. My father and mother had been Londoners, but had both died when I was a boy, so I had inherited no friends. The only man I knew well there was John P. Stringer. He paid me a visit

## “PRUDENCE”

in my new studio the evening I came from Paris.

After he had helped me to unpack some of my stuff, we sat chatting over our absinthe from a bottle which I had imported free of duty, and being very little used to it, he soon began to spread himself in his most genial fashion.

“London is getting more artistic every day,” he cried enthusiastically, “and I flatter myself I’ve done something to bring it about.”

Stringer was a very little man, not more, I should say, than five feet four, and rather fat and fussy. Perhaps it was this shortcoming in stature which made his enthusiasm always seem to me more comical than convincing.

He was the art critic on the *Raree Show*, and also, I had heard, wrote for several country papers. He had been