

# SAVANNAH COURIER.

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One Dollar Per Year.

## HIS MASTERPIECE.

### Why Grimes Never Finished His Picture of Christ.

Old Grimes we called him, although that was not his name. The sign on the door of the studio in that old building on Washington square was "N. P. Gummidge—fancy painter with a name like his sister—Porcelain. But in reality he was a real artist. He painted such things as the Rock, Noah contemplating the Ark, Lazarus in the Tomb—things black with number and bitumen and dreadful in drawing. It was a curious and pathetic figure that presented itself every morning and mounted the stairs to the upper floor, where were the studios in that portion of the Old University building which had previously served as the chapel. A figure in a long, well-worn gray coat, with a pall of water in one hand and a paper wrapped in yellow grocer's paper in the other. A figure surrounded by a patriarchal head, crowned with a silk hat of ancient model, that had evidently been recently wiped with a wet cloth—so dirtily shiny was his luster.

Beneath his faded brim shone kindly youthful eyes. His manners were those of the old school. Unfadingly polite and considerate even to the ill-mannered janitor, who never lost the opportunity of bullying him. From lounging in his study, he would descend the stairs with his pall of water, and finally go to helping him by turns, and so gained his confidence and friendship.

"You young fellows," he would say, as some one of us assumed his burden at the bottom of the stairs—"you young fellows are away ahead of me. I can't understand your rainbow colors. I can't do it. I am trying to catch up to you—but it's like chasing the will-o'-the-wisp. My things are so dark. Yours are so light and fresh; light with sunlight and fresh as air. But all the same I don't like them; they are too dazzling. I can't see old Mother Nature in that light—but I am at something now that will astonish you, I think. Not I won't show it until I carry out my idea, then perhaps the world—but wait—I'll show you my Lazarus, if you like. Come in and see it. I like it. I've got something in it that is fine."

Then the pathetic figure, with its one shoulder higher than the other, would lead us into the studio, thick with dust, littered with his cooking utensils, brushes, pans, bottles and immense canvases—would bid us be seated with old-fashioned courtesy, apologizing for the state of his apartment and excusing its disorder by dignified imprecations upon a certain mythical person who had not arrived that morning to put his place in order.

It was both ludicrous and pathetic to see him take up his palette and brush, and strike an attitude before his crumpled studies, which were both out of drawing and of atrocious color. "What do you think of that bit of color, gentlemen? Don't you think that pretty good, eh? That black, now; I find something indescribably beautiful in that—its freshness, its life—and in the quiver of Mary's lips; that's Mary—no, no, not that one—now, I think that bit of color, eh? Quiver, don't it, eh? A master stroke. Now where would you send it, eh? To the S. A. A. or the N. A. D.? You know that I have not sent anything in so long that perhaps they have forgotten me." So he would stand, wagging his head from side to side, making all the time a smacking noise with his lips, as if he tasted the fancied delicious qualities of the colors he had laid on.

"But my figure of Christ, ha, ha, ha. None of you young fellows has had an idea that stands behind that drapery. No, no one shall see it until I have completed it. All I want is the face—the face—all else is finished. I want a model for the face. Grand and beautiful it is. But I want the face. When that is finished I'll show it. 'Twill be as famous—well, never mind—you young fellows understand it. You are content and I understand it. I feel for what you are doing—your lightness and brightness, and all that; but I feel also that you want largeness of thought, so we'll not quarrel. You'll do your effects, your impressions, and I'll admire them and stick to my own methods. Now, I must finish my St. Peter for your exhibition; so get along with you all, and God bless you."

The last day for the collection of pictures for the exhibition would arrive and find Old Grimes in a state of feverish excitement, walking up and down the hall, the long stairs with one hand on the frame of a wonderful dand of a picture, brusquely, now and then, particle of dust, and the men around some of the stairs for fear that they would be injured, and finally, as it was placed in others bound back to the door.

Poor Old Grimes! I saw ways came back to the jury. "Great," he heard at that black cur steps. A stopped low with, shalk. And came to the door.

the late unsuccessful Moses of Aaron, or some such attempt. But it was over the figure of Christ that his enthusiasm never faltered. It was, as he often told us, to be his masterpiece—Gummidge's masterpiece. He called it—this it was understood he had labored over ever since we first knew him. It stood in the corner of his studio with a dingy white cheese-cloth curtain before it, and whenever we would enter his studio he never failed to drop the curtain, to conceal it.

One day, upon comparing notes, we found that Old Grimes had not been seen for several days; and while we were talking, Middleton, at once the most talented and the latest fellow I ever knew, came into the studio, and with a show of feeling, of which no one had hitherto suspected him, burst forth:

"Look here—they say that old Grimes is to be turned out because he hasn't paid his rent for a year now, and ain't going to let it be done. If we fellows can't settle it some way with the agent, so that he needn't be bothered in his room, I'm going to let him have mine. I never do anything any way, so it won't matter. The old man is all broken up; sick in bed; I saw him this morning. I've sent for a doctor for him. I don't believe he's had any sleep for months past."

We went up in a body to Old Grimes' studio—there on a small iron bed, beside the huge curtained canvas of the masterpiece, which none of us had ever seen, lay the thin figure of the old man—the face drawn and the eyes closed. His fingers were picking, picking unceasingly at the thin blanket that covered him.

Middleton took one of the thin, yellow, parchment-like hands in his and the doctor entered hurriedly and, with a nod to us, seated himself beside the bed, methodically setting down his hat and case of medicine beside him, and wiping his eye-glasses.

"So," he said, turning up the lids of the sunken eyes, and peering into them. "Bring that lamp a little nearer—thanks."

An interval of silence in the room as the doctor bared the shrunk and breast and applied his ear. "You had best send for his friends," said he, replacing the bed clothing, and rising to his feet. "The old man will not last through the night. There is a total collapse, and I doubt if he will regain consciousness. Insufficient nourishment and old age. Eh? No relatives or friends outside the building?" he said, turning and looking at the gaunt figure stretched beside him. "Well, there's nothing more that I can do, so I'll wish you good night, gentlemen. My fee? Oh, that's all right. The old man has nothing, you say. I tried to paint one myself. You are good fellows, you painters; good night to you all."

We sat by Old Grimes' bed by turns that night. Toward morning he stirred restlessly, and I moistened his lips with water.

His lips moved, but at first I heard no sound.

"The face of Christ," he murmured. "The face! They cannot refuse it, once I find it. It will be a masterpiece. So strong, so mild!" he repeated, feebly waving his hand, and motioning as though he were using the charcoal.

A fine sleet dashed against the large skylight. The noise of a passing carriage in the street below aroused the old man. He slowly opened his eyes, and, gazing about him, they finally rested on my face.

"So," he said, after glancing at me for a moment, "this is the end, is it? Well, 'tis time." The clock ticked in the corner, and the sleet rattling on the skylight, were the only sounds that followed. I was dozing—perhaps I slept—I am not sure.

Suddenly I opened my eyes. The bed was empty. I sprang to my feet with an exclamation. There among the huge canvases, before the curtain which hid the masterpiece, stood the tottering figure of Old Grimes.

I rushed to his side.

"Charcoal," he said, feebly. "Give me a piece of charcoal. I—I've almost sent the face. I think—I can draw it—in all its purity."

I gently persuaded him to return to bed. The lamp, flickering feebly, illuminated the vast height of the studio; here and there a carved easel thrust itself forward among the dark canvases that had accumulated in all the long years that Old Grimes had sought his ideal.

Above, the Gothic arches met, and in the dark blue spaces between them faint gold stars seemed to twinkle; for this had originally been part of the chapel of the old university. The deep blue of the painted spaces seemed limitless in the dim light of the lamp. Now and then the squeak of a foraging mouse sounded among the canvases. Old Grimes had been breathing heavily; now he raised himself on the bed, and lifting his arms, cried out:

"It will be my masterpiece—my palette—my brushes—"

"I propped him up in bed with a placed the palette in the hollow of his left arm, and gave him his brush. Middleton entered the studio, and the fellows," I said, "sands are almost run."

He came back quiet and sad in the angel of death. Not a word, but their awe showed their hearts had

settled themselves about the bed, a feeble motions of the hand describing lines

adding the brush et—he raised his d with an upward blue, stary spoke of joy illumined the

gentlemen—there—There—at last—at face of Christ!" lines work was done, thin, and Other Mon- Wharton Edwards

## EARLY DAYS IN WASHINGTON.

### Population of the Capital City in the Year 1800.

The people who dwelt in the "Federal City" in 1800 were poor, idle, and dirty. Mr. Volney says: "They live like fishes, eating each other." Some of them were white and some of them were negroes. The most considerable persons in the settlement were Mr. Law, an Englishman who had gone there to speculate in land, and Mr. Burns, upon whose farm the white house and other public buildings were erected. It was as difficult to procure laborers or to find tradesmen as it was to secure comfortable lodgings. Both ways to be had no nearer than Georgetown, now part of Washington, but then a distant port, to be reached only after an arduous journey over execrable roads, muddy or dusty, as the weather was wet or dry, and through a swamp which crossed what is now one of the main avenues in the fashionable part of the city. Governor Morris, writing to the President in Town at Paris, in 1800, said: "We want nothing, here but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women, and other trifles of this kind to make a city perfect."

Yujio, the Spanish minister, said that it was impossible "to produce a decent dinner at the new capital without sending fifty or sixty miles for the material." There was social material, however, within visiting distance of the capital, as Sir Augustus Fitcher, in his facts of the British legation, discovered. The country families of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland had preserved many of the customs of their English ancestry, and among them the sport of fox hunting. The Gloucester fox-hunting club, of Philadelphia, and the South River club, of Anne Arundel county in Maryland, were formed early in the eighteenth century. They were enthusiastic over the pretty girls of the country, who were almost daily pastime on their lands. The early British ministers and their secretaries and attaches found much to amuse them and to remind them of home on the largest estates in the immediate neighborhood of Washington. Sir Augustus Fitcher wrote admirably of the "rich Maryland population," especially of the Carrolls, Lloyds and Taylors. He was enthusiastic over the pretty girls of Georgetown, where, he said, society was centered. Indeed, society centered there for many years. But if the men took pleasure in chasing the fox and in admiring the southern beauties, the women must have found time hanging very heavy on their hands; and the men themselves must have longed for a little variety in their occupations, for an occasional new face or a fresh subject for conversation. News was making very fast in Europe in the days when Napoleon was toppling over the thrones of kings, and much of it was news in which the government of the United States was intensely interested, but it was a month old when it reached America, and it doubtless seemed pure silliness to discuss issues that must have been settled before the president of the United States had heard of them. Society at the capital was a good deal like life at a frontier post in the present day; and men then, as now, found relief from ennui in gambling—what is said to have been "rife"—and in drinking which is said to have been a national curse; but whether either gambling or drinking was more general in this country than in Europe, especially among the women, we are at liberty to doubt when we read of the exploits of William Pitt, Lord Thurlow, and Mr. Dundas; of the three-bottle men; of the noble gentlemen who went to sleep night after night under the table of the bets registered in that interesting old book at Brooks', in which Charles James Fox, Selwyn, the prince of Wales, the duke of York, and other notable names corded their names on politics, love, war, hunting, shooting, and on the lives of their friends and parents. The republic was founded at a time when society in Europe was not over-nice—Henry Louis Nelson, in Harper's Magazine.

## FOOLED HIS COMPANIONS.

### The Jolly Man in the Smoker Shows His Power as a Smoker.

We were rattling along between Baltimore and Washington at a sixty-mile-an-hour gait, with a sprinkling of ladies and congressmen and political leaders and sporting gentlemen and other odds and ends of everyday life through the parlor car, from New York. In the smoking compartment I had been indulging in my last cigar and listening to the usual "tales of a traveler," the principal story teller being a robust red-headed gentleman of middle age, with merry blue eyes and a tendency to wink. He entertained us immensely—modestly at first, then in the last forty miles fairly monopolizing the conversation. The smoking room was packed with amused listeners and the doorway blocked by those who could not sit down. Meanwhile the air was so full of smoke it could have been cut up into sections with a knife.

"Yes," said the story teller musingly; when the laugh had gone around over his last yarn "they have some all-fired pretty women in Washington. Now I saw one sitting back in our car there—a little woman with big brown eyes—all alone, probably on her way to Washington with a claim or something—notice her?"

Three of us said we had and the two men at the end of the car backed to verify the description. For myself, I remembered the bright eyes, modest dress and demure expression of the little woman who had been sitting alone all the way almost opposite my chair. She had appeared to be immersed in an interesting story when she was not nodding or looking at the dancing lights without as the train rushed by.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the merry-smoker, "that is the sort of woman to suit me—peachy cheeks, brown eyes, red lips and nice teeth; I must make her smile if only to give her a chance to show those teeth—I must, indeed."

He rose from his place and looked the eagle eyes from his clothes in a business-like way, while we roared

with laughter. To our astonishment he immediately passed out into the narrow hall and straight back to the other end of the car, where the lady, at which he had been looking, sat with her back to us. A murmur of disapproval went round, but it was half expected he would not persevere in his impertinent intention. I hastily slipped into my seat.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said he to the lady somewhat abruptly. "You're rather a pretty woman to be traveling alone; excuse me for speaking to you in this way; but I would really like to make your acquaintance. Going to Washington, I presume? So am I."

The lady looked up sharply at first, then blushed a rosy hue—a blush, however, quickly chased away by a charming smile. The teeth were perfect, and the merry gentleman turned around as if to call us to witness. With others I felt hot at the impudence of the man and one of the party rushed out to call the conductor. Still, as the lady smiled and exhibited great presence of mind, there didn't really seem to be any immediate occasion for interference.

"What's your name?" inquired the merry gentleman; "maybe I can be of assistance to you. There's my card. Yours truly—always ready to help a lovely woman in distress. The — is a good hotel. Ah! going there? So am I."

Up to this time the lady hadn't said a word, simply alternating between blushes and smiles, while everybody else in the car looked daggers and pistols.

But she got an opening here, and catching hold of the merry gentleman's coat, said, with good natured petulance:

"No, do stop, John! If you don't quit this fooling I'll never travel with you again. Sit down! You've left me here all alone from the moment we set foot on the car, and now you're making game of me. What do you suppose?"

She looked around laughing, but we men were all sneaking off to the smoker, while the remaining women were in convulsions of mirth.—N. Y. Herald.

## THE COBURG FAMILY.

### Changes That Are Occurring in the Royal Households.

From the accession of the prince of Wales the British royal family, by British custom, will be called the Coburgs; and had it been the lot of the little Lady Alexandra, Duff, or any other of her sisters, to found a new line, that would have been called the Duffs alike by historians and by the people, a prospect which inspired no pleasure. The Coburgs are better liked; they are supposed, and so far rightly supposed, to accommodate themselves more easily than any other reigning family to constitutional monarchy; they are royal by descent, and they have had the strangest good fortune in their alliances.

Within a few years the three greatest thrones in the world, those of Great Britain, Germany and Russia, will be filled by descendants of the prince consort, while seven minor thrones, those of Belgium, Portugal, Greece, Hesse, Saxo-Gotha, Roumania and Bulgaria—One of which two last may reign at the moment of Coburg's death. A position of kind is a very great thing, a very peculiar one, and when the change occurs—may it be long first—the English will have no need to explain whence their new dynasty springs or how it got there. The feeling for pedigree, though it is inexplicable, for after all the founder is usually the greatest of his line, is permanent and indelible; and the Coburgs were therefore universal pleasure when it was announced that the duchess of York had been safely delivered of a son, and that the line of Coburg was, humanly speaking, destined to continue.

England, some people think, will be a republic before the new baby becomes a monarch, say fifty years hence, but dynasties are long-lived. England has been nearer republicanism than she is now, and within the time of most still living new emperors has built itself around the monarchy. When the royal standard is pulled down, the empire will be pulled down too, and it is the empire that the people delight in, rather than in any dream of a federation of the English-speaking peoples, which would transfer all political initiative from London to some city across the Atlantic. Why then, if we are to do justice to the Spanish-speaking republics are no friends to Spain. For anything any one can forecast, not only may the nearest Coburg reign in Great Britain and India, but his tenth descendant.

The hold of the word "republic" over the imaginations of mankind has not increased of late years, nor the evidence that democracy is more and more inherently incompatible.—London Spectator.

—She sat with an anxious heart and a half fearful eye furtively watching him as he was about to taste her first dinner. He knew what was passing in her mind. After dinner was over he said: "I'm sorry for one thing."

"What is it?" she asked. "That I didn't get married sooner, so that I might before this have enjoyed your delicious cooking, my love. As a cook you are a success." He lied, but the messenger who should have flown up to Heaven's chamber with the falsehood folded his wings over his ears and did not hear it.—N. Y. Press.

—What part of the river did you find your diamonds in, Mrs. Parker? "River, Johnny! Why, where do you mean?" "Says they're Rhine stones," said Johnny.—Harper's Bazar.

—Fans came from the east during the crusades, being brought back by returning knights as presents for their friends. A French nobleman brought the first ostrich fan to Paris about 1100.

—Did you see the blind German and the duke yesterday? "Yes, but why do you call him a duke today?" "Cause he leads the German—?"—N. Y. Press.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

### —Daniel Lockwood, nominated by the New York democrats for lieutenant-governor, presented Governor Cleveland's name for the nomination for sheriff of Erie county in 1881; for the majority of Buffalo in 1882; and finally for the presidency.

—Congressman Thomas Dunn English, who is popularly known in Washington, D. C., since Mr. Maurier revived the name of his son, as "Ben Bolt," is said to be almost blind. He walks about the halls of congress with the vague facial expression of a man groping in the dark.

—Capt. Hornfrey, a retired officer of the Eleventh hussars, who after stirring experiences in the British army, fought in the war of the rebellion and under Garibaldi, being wounded in battle six times, met an inglorious death in London the other day, being run over by a butcher's cart and killed.

—Lavi P. Morton is the son of a Vermont Congregational preacher, and earned his own living at ten years of age by doing odd jobs. At twenty-one he had a small shop, and five years later was partner in a large grocery business. He very quickly made a large fortune. In appearance he is one of the most striking men in America.

—Neither extreme poverty nor birth solves a Malay man, woman or child from the tax. It is levied on every

—Minerva Eversoll, a young Italian girl, is the mail carrier of Borough valley, which lies fifty miles northeast of Fresno, Cal. The valley is somewhat shut off from the outer world, and the only means of communication is by wagon or horseback over a narrow road. She enjoys the venturesome undertaking and makes the journey through the wilderness twice a week.

—A rather amusing story is told of an English grave-digger, who holds the ancient office of parish clerk and beadle in addition to the one mentioned. A lady came one day to see the grave of a friend, and inquired of the old man if he was the sexton. "Well, mum," he said, "folks used to call me the sexton, then they called me the beetle, and now they call me the Virgin."

—Robert Lopus Stevenson was entirely unaffected in manner and simple and candid to an extraordinary degree. He, like Henry Irving, always looked upon an interview by a newspaperman as a matter to be carefully considered and thoroughly wrought out. He would go to trouble to see that his views were properly put forth, and always anxious to read an interview after he had dictated it, and what is of more importance than anything else, he invariably said things of interest to the public.

—William T. Walters of Baltimore, who died a few days ago, for eleven years gave an annual exhibition of his gallery pictures for charity, at which over \$20,000 was taken in and handed over to the poor of Baltimore. When Mr. Walters himself invited a party of friends to see the pictures during an exhibition he would always send his check to the fund for the number of admission tickets. Last year he paid for nearly 300 tickets of admission to his own gallery. These annual exhibitions are to be continued.

## 'A LITTLE NONSENSE.'

—The Little Interpretation.—Student A.—"I dream last night I had ten marks." Student B.—"And now you want them back again, I suppose?"—Unser Gesellschaft.

—"This old fellow," said the teamster, fondly patting his horse on the neck, "has been hauling for the city for twenty-five years." "Got a pull, I suppose," sneered the muggump gentleman.—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Do you love me, mamma?" "Yes, my child." "But not more as I love you, I am sure." "Why not?" "Because you have to divide your love between me and my two sisters, while I have only one mamma to love."—Lo Figaro.

—A Wabash girl of nineteen, who recently eloped and got married, took the precaution to paste the number "21" in her shoe, so that if the preacher asked questions she could truthfully say she was "over twenty-one."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Magistrate (to witness)—"I understand that you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?" Witness—"Yes, sir." Magistrate—"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing." Witness—"He seemed to be doing the listening!"—Tit-Bits.

—Rambling Ragsy—"Will yer please give me a dime, sir, to get something to eat?" Citizen—"What can you get for a dime?" R. R.—"I kin get a plate of hash for a nickel, sir." C.—"What do you want with the other five cents?" R. R.—"That, sir, is for a tip for the waiter."—N. Y. Press.

—Mrs. Small Wort—"It seems to me that you might find something to do, if it were only acting as a scarecrow." Everett West—"I tried that one time, mum, an' it didn't take the 'crow' more'n two days to find out that I was perfectly harmless. Crows is that smart!"—Cincinnati Tribune.

—One of the judgments of Sir Francis Johnson, chief justice of the superior court of the province of Quebec, was appealed to the court of appeals and sustained. On being met by Judge M., the latter said: "Well, Frank, I have just sustained a judgment of yours."

—"Yes? Well, an' dear M., I still think I was right."

—Hinks (sarcastically)—"I suppose if misfortune should overtake us we could live comfortably for a year or two on money derived from the sale of material from some of your sleeves?" Mrs. Hinks (sweetly)—"Yes, dear; adding what we'd get by disposing of the cloth in the tails of two or three of your coats."—Buffalo Courier.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

### QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

#### The Dainty, Female Ruler Has Many Little Vanities.

A member of the London Missionary society, who once gained admittance to the royal presence, tells me that he was obliged to go through the entire routine of native humble pism on that memorable occasion. He had to kneel in the dust, rub his nose into the mat and hand, Ranavalona a five-franc piece for a new pair of socks. This is no joke. In other monarchical countries taxes are levied for the queen's pin money here, native and foreigner alike are constantly asked to clothe the royal legs in other colors than those provided by nature. The first pair of stockings worn by a Malagasy sovereign were bought of a French sailor. He paid five francs for them. Hence, the courtier in attendance to the king was asked to do so. The operation pleased the royal mind (we know nothing of the attendant's feelings in the matter), and as one pair of socks would not suffice, he forthwith issued a proclamation ordering all loyal Madagascars to open intercourse with him or the government hereafter by first depositing five francs "stocking money." "Hessia," in the native tongue.

Neither extreme poverty nor birth solves a Malay man, woman or child from the tax. It is levied on every

—The colors of the flowers introduced are simulated in enamel, with the richly finished gold in the background, making each piece a novelty which will probably be one of the gifts most highly prized.

## APPLE MERINGUE PIE.

### One of the Best and Most Palatable of

A well-made apple meringue pie is one of the best of French desserts, even better than the favored lemon meringue pie.

Stew tart, well-flavored apples until they are thoroughly tender, adding only water enough to prevent its burning. Sweeten them when done and press them through a fine strainer. To every pint of apple sauce add a tablespoonful of cornstarch, mixed to a thin paste, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, and a little grated nutmeg. Let the whole cook over a fire for three minutes, stirring it constantly. Then fill pie plates that have been lined with paste, and let them bake in a hot oven for half an hour. At the end of this time remove the pies, and when they are cooled a little make a meringue of two eggs and two heaping tablespoons of powdered sugar for each pie, and spread them roughly over the pies. Bredge the meringue thickly with sugar and set the pies again in the oven to cook for ten minutes. The oven should be so slow that at the end of that time they are delicately brown.—N. Y. Tribune.

## FOR THE CLOTHESLINE.

### A Box and Rib Which Save Considerable Labor and Expense.

To protect the clothesline when not in use is an economy in more ways than one. It will last longer and will also keep clean, which will do away with the necessity of wiping it off before hanging out the clothes. The box and reel shown in the cut are so simple as to need no description, and the poster of the family will have no difficulty in making them, unless his own unwillingness should prove an obstacle. The posts for the clothesline should be properly placed, made as shown in the illustration, and the line may be quickly stretched ready for

the clothes. The line that is always up, unfortunately, comes down some day, and usually at a very inconvenient season. By following the above method washday may be made a little easier.—Rural New Yorker.

## A Delicious Table Sauce.

Here is a nice store sauce to have in the house, good with steaks, chops, etc., and to flavor gravy. Take a pint of white vinegar (what is left at the bottom of pickle), boil it with four shallots cut in slices, a little more spice, such as peppercorns, allspice, nutmeg and cloves, a teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful celery seed; one-quarter hour is long enough for the boiling. When cold it is strained and bottled for use. The juice of green walnuts may be used instead of walnut vinegar, or even the green shells, when the fruit is ripe, can be boiled and the liquor taken; vinegar must then be added in about half quantities.

## Spanking as a Punishment.

The spanking of a woman's work is becoming with astonishing rapidity. Up in Maine an energetic woman is carrying a portion of her daily bread by spanking her neighbors' bad children. She receives fifty cents for every spanking, and appears at a certain number of houses each Saturday. Being an energetic woman, she calculates in grain; so many as ten different spankings every Saturday.

## Spanking as a Punishment.

A needle that Mrs. Talitha Wharton of Mumfordsville, Ky., swallowed in 1890, came out at her elbow the other day. Mrs. Wharton is 62 years of age and a housekeeper for her son-in-law, J. C. Walton, ex-pension figure.

## Spanking as a Punishment.

A woman of 5 feet should weigh 110 pounds.

A woman of 5 feet 1 inch should weigh 115 pounds.

A woman of 5 feet 2 inches should weigh 120 pounds.

A woman of 5 feet 3 inches should weigh 127 pounds.

A woman of 5 feet 4 inches should weigh 134 pounds.

A woman of 5 feet 5 inches should weigh 142 pounds.

A woman of 5 feet 6 inches should weigh 149 pounds.

A woman of 5 feet 7 inches should weigh 157 pounds.

A woman of 5 feet 8 inches should weigh 165 pounds.

A woman of 5 feet 9 inches should weigh 173 pounds.

A woman of 5 feet 10 inches should weigh 181 pounds.

A woman of 5 feet 11 inches should weigh 189 pounds.

A woman of 6 feet should weigh 197 pounds.

A woman of 6 feet 1 inch should weigh 205 pounds.

A woman of 6 feet 2 inches should weigh 213 pounds.

## BIRTH MONTH BROOCH.

### The Latest Kink in Jewelry Is Really a Pleasing Novelty.

Have you a birth month brooch? Of course you have a natal stone ring, but the birth-month jewelry is different. There are no stones in it at all, it is of beautifully wrought gold. The brooches are made in twelve designs, introducing the signs of the zodiac, hieroglyphs and flowers, allotted to each month, so that each tells the story of the birth month.

January is represented by Aquarius, the water-man, sprinkling with his urn a wreath of snowdrops, the symbol of purity. February's wreath of primroses, surrounds the fishes. The head of Arias the Ram is framed by a circle of March violets, denoting love. April is announced by Taurus, the Bull, looking out from a wreath of daisies, symbols of innocence. At bowers of Hawthorn arches above May's twins, Gemma and Juno's honey-suckle surrounds Cancer the Crab. Leo, the rampant Lion of July, is wrought upon a shield bordered with water lilies. August is represented by a shell clasped in poppies upon which reposes Virgo, the Virgin. September's balance of justice, Libra, is crowned with morning glories. October hops surround Scorpio the Scorpion.

The archer Sagittarius brands his bow in a bed of November chrysanthemums, Capricorn the Goat, signifying truth, vainly tries to reach his December wreath of holly.

The colors of the flowers introduced are simulated in enamel, with the richly finished gold in the background, making each piece a novelty which will probably be one of the gifts most highly prized.

## FOR THE CLOTHESLINE.

### A Box and Rib Which Save Considerable Labor and Expense.

To protect the clothesline when not in use is an economy in more ways than one. It will last longer and will also keep clean, which will do away with the necessity of wiping it off before hanging out the clothes. The box and reel shown in the cut are so simple as to need no description, and the poster of the family will have no difficulty in making them, unless his own unwillingness should prove an obstacle. The posts for the clothesline should be properly placed, made as shown in the illustration, and the line may be quickly stretched ready for

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