## RUSKIN'S ART TREASURES.

**Thirty of Them Now at Brantwood Valued at $150,000.**

To speak of John Ruskin's art treasures is to think of Turner. The examples by this master at Brantwood are not now so many as they once were, in large part because of his generous gifts to Oxford and Cambridge, to say nothing of the famous Loire series which, complete, he gave to the Oxford galleries. To the university towns he gave, for instance, several beautiful water colors of Venice, of the junction of the Greta and the Tees, which he regarded as one of the very best of the Yorkshire series, the magnificent "Richmond, Yorks," now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, and others. Again, instead of remaining in his possession, "The Slaver," given to him by his father about the time of his majority, is now in America. Even today, however, the thirty or so Turner water colors at Brantwood, beside many sketches, each one chosen with a view to some particular beauty, or characteristic, constitute one of the finest collections of the kind owned by an individual. They enable us to follow the development of the artist from 1792, when as a lad of 17 he painted his own portrait, through his various sigfinificant phases, onward to the early forties, when he shaped some of the most wonder-provoking and exquisite of his creations A value of something like £30,000 has been put upon the assemblage by one who has recently been at Brantwood, but, in truth, linked so closely as they are to Ruskin's life-work, while they remain together they are invaluable. Twenty-two years ago Mr. Ruskin exhibited his Turners in Bond street. The epilogue to this fascinating notes is dated Brantwood, 10th May, 1878, and afterward comes this simple and beautiful tribute: "Being my father's birthday—who, though as aforesaid, he sometimes would not give me this or that—yet gave me not only all these drawings, but Brantwood—and all else."—London Letter in New York Evening Post.

## F. E. CHURCH'S WORK.

**Noted Paintings by Lamented American Artist.**

The death of Frederick Edwin Church, the veteran landscape painter, removed a well-known figure in art life of this country, better remembered perhaps by a past generation than by the younger set. He was born in Hartford, Conn., May 4, 1826. His talent for art was prominent and in early life he determined to adopt art as a profession and placed himself under the instruction of Thomas Cole, and resided with him in the Catskills. He soon became well known as a landscape painter, and critics awarded him praise for his accuracy of drawing and vivid appreciation of nature. He spent a short time in Switzerland, and in 1853 visited South America to study the picturesque scenery. "The Heart of the Andes," which created a great sensation, was first exhibited in 1859, and was bought by the late William T. Blodgett. Other well-known works painted about the same period are "The Andes of Ecuador," "Cotapaxi," now at the Lenox library, "Chinborazo." His "View of Niagara Falls," now in the Corcoran art gallery, Washington, D. C., is recognized as the first satisfactory production by art of this wonderful piece of nature; it won a prize at the French exhibition in 1867. Another painting of "Magra" was painted for A. T. Stewart in 1866, the price paid for it by Mr. Stewart being $12,000. In 1878 he was again represented at the French capital with two pictures, "Morning in the Tropics" and "The Parthenon." He traveled extensively in this country and abroad, studying nature and giving to the world numerous productions of a high character. A number of his works are owned in England, one of his principal works being "Icebergs," which was purchased by Sir Edward Watson, M. P., London. His wife died about a year ago. Two sons and a daughter survive him.

**Singular Coincidences.**

A double funeral took place at Benenden, near Cranbrook, Kent, England, when a well-known hop-grower, Mr. Jesse Kemp, and his wife, who predeceased him a short time, were interred together in the same grave. A most singular coincidence is that the father and mother of Mr. Kemp also died within a short time of each other, and were buried in one grave, and the parents of Mrs. Kemp also died within an hour of each other and were interred in one grave.

**Tit for Tat.**

It is characteristic that those who are severe on others that they cannot bear severity. Dean Swift, the severest satirist of his day, was one day dining with a company of gentlemen, one of whom he made the butt of his ridicule, with repeated sallies. At last the dean poured upon a piece of duck some gravy intended to be eaten with a roasted goose. The unfortunate gentleman, seeing this, immediately said: "My good dean, you surprise me—you eat a duck like a goose." The company roared, and dean was so confused and mortified that he flew into a rage and left the table.





**Strauss Played the Chant.**

The teacher who influenced Strauss most was one Joseph Dreshler, the choirmaster of St. Steven's church in Vienna, who tried to get the waltzes out of the boy's head and put in their place anthems and chorals. In this undertaking he met with indifferent success, for the worshippers in one of the Vienna churches were startled on a Sunday morning when there poured forth from the organ, filling the gloomy building by its enchanting notes, a waltz instead of the solemn Gregorian chant to which they were accustomed. It was Johann Strauss, Jr., who had taken the organist's place and substituted his own favorite selection for the usual sacred music, much to the dismay of the pious folk and the amusement of the younger people of the congregation.—Edward A. Steiner in the January Woman's Home Companion.

**The Highest Tower.**

The highest tower in the world is presently to be built as one of the great attractions of Buffalo during the Pan-American exposition, which is to be held in that city in 1901. It is to be 1,152 feet high, and 400 feet square at the base, and will be a much more ornamental building than the Eiffel tower. It will be served by no fewer than 33 electric elevators, sixteen of which will run only to the first landing, 225 feet above the level of the ground. The whole journey from the bottom to the top will necessitate four changes of elevators, and will take about six minutes, while the elevators will have a carrying capacity of 10,000 an hour. The estimated cost of this tower, which will be built of steel, is $800,000, or about twice as much as that of the Eiffel tower.

**Henry Clay and the Hunter.**

When Henry Clay was stumping Kentucky for re-election, at one of his mass meetings an old hunter of wide political influence said: "Well, Harry, I've always been for you, but because of that vote (which he named) I'm goin' agin you." "Let me see your rifle," said Clay. It was handed to him. "Is she a good rifle?" "Yes." "Did she ever miss fire?" "Well, yes, once." "Why didn't you throw her away?" The old hunter thought a moment and then said: "Harry, I'll try you again." And Harry was elected.

**Insignificant Wounds.**

A Berlin physician has written an article on the dangers resulting from what are considered insignificant wounds. For instance, in thirteen wounds on the thumb, permanent disability followed in 60 per cent.

## CLEANLINESS WITHOUT SOAP.

**That the Boers Don't Use It Doesn't Prove They're Dirty.**

Surely too much importance is attached to the scarcity of soap in the Boers' farm houses, says the London Truth. People may be very clean and use very little soap. The Russians and Japanese cleanse themselves with vapor baths, rarely using soap when they do so. A really healthy skin cleanses itself. Rough inside clothing, which, I presume, the Boers wear, is a great skin cleanser. I have known of doctors curing skin diseases by insisting on lingerie de luxe being cast aside and coarse undergarments worn instead. The late emperor of the French hardly ever soaped his hands until he went to England. I have come across a paper found in his desk at the Tuileries. It contained the instructions of the king of Holland to the governor of his two elder sons. Among the things forbidden was for the young princes' hands to be washed with soap. They were to use bran and a slice of lemon. The lemon was to remove ink stains, and in summer to keep off gnats and mosquitoes. Napoleon, whose hands were good to model and beautifully white, also used bran and no soap, unless to shave. I never use soap of any kind without a sense of skin discomfort which not even a deluge of quite pure water will wholly remove. In England, on account of coal smoke, soap is more needed than in countries with clear air. The Boers enjoy, perhaps, the purest atmosphere in the world, except when there are dust storms. I know French ladies who have discarded soap for vaseline. They smear themselves with the latter and then rub it off well with a soft cotton towel. A doctor tells me that nothing is more cleansing, but that he prefers, as more tonic, plain cold water, followed by the same sort of rubbing. Dr. Leeds really should not take to heart what Sir Henry Stanley said about the Boers being badly off for soap.

**The Mother Love.**

It is given to few people to understand the workings of the child mind, and it is only by the exercise of patience and the utmost sincerity that one can get to know the ideas and desires that are formed in the ever busy little brains. A pretty story was once told by Sir Edwin Arnold of three children of his acquaintance, whom he asked at their bed time, when about to say their prayers, if they would pray for what they wanted most. After the two eldest had made their requests, the youngest, a little girl, knelt down and, putting her hands together, said: "Dear God, love me when I am naughty, like mamma."

**Khaki Made at Pimlico.**

Khaki is made at the army clothing stores at Pimlico, Eng. There are over 1,300 girls, ranging from 16 to 25 in age, employed at the factory, the sewing machines being driven by steam at a war speed of 1,100 stitches a minute, making khaki and other clothing required for South Africa. Every girl is taught to make a garment throughout, it being considered that, even if the girls do not work as quickly when making the whole garment, they do it better than if each section was made by a specialist; at any rate, they manage to turn out 10,000 uniforms a week. Every soldier out in South Africa carries in the lining of each garment a linen label containing the name of the girl who made it, and if any complaint of scamping is received during its natural life of twelve months she is certain to hear of it.