

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

Some of the Pictures at the Loan Exhibition—Washington's Stature. Washington the ideal differs in many respects from Washington the real. The ideal father of his country is represented as a medium-sized man of regular features, with a gentle expression on his face and noble sentiments in his mouth. Gilbert Stuart's portrait of him, the most popular picture of the great American hero, gives him a dreamy, poetic look and a heroic pose. In fact, Washington was 6 feet 8 inches high and weighed considerably more than two hundred pounds, though not a man of too much flesh. His hands were so large that his gloves had to be made to order and No. 11 shoes were required for his feet. His eyes were blue, hair sandy, and skin ruddy. He was a blonde of not a very pronounced type. He had a very large and in later years a very red nose. His mouth was prominent and very firm, his brow massive and eyes deep-set. Washington was a man of violent temper, which at times made him abusive, but he was singularly just, quick to acknowledge an error and apologize for it. When Capt. Payne knocked him down for abusive language Washington staid the revenge his friends sought by admitting that he deserved it, and extending his hand in friendship to the doughty little



SAVAGE'S WASHINGTON.

Virginian. Washington's temper sometimes broke out in a volley of profanity that made the air blue. Besides three Stuart portraits and one of John Trumbull, who closely follows Stuart, are four pictures at the loan exhibition that give Washington very different features. The famous picture of Edward Savage, "The Washington Family," is represented by an engraving. The picture has been severely criticised, but some of the great man's features are doubtless faithfully drawn. G. W. P. Curtis, who is one of the figures in the picture—the lad on Washington's right—said that the picture was an indifferent performance both as to design and execution. While criticising the bad likeness of Mrs. Washington and "Billy," the body servant, however, Mr. Curtis said nothing about Washington's picture. In this picture Washington is represented as having heavy, hanging jaws, a large, straight mouth, a double chin, long, slightly aquiline nose, and heavy eyelids. The oldest picture in the exhibition is a French engraving and one that seems to have no standing among the critics,



THE FRENCH PICTURE.

as it is not mentioned by the writers on Washington portraiture. It claims to be taken from a picture owned by the Marquis de la Fayette and to have been painted by one M. le Paon. In it the face of Washington is long and full, the nose large and straight, mouth small but finely set, and the upper lip exceedingly long. The corners of his mouth are drawn down, giving him a grave expression. His hair is thin and his eyes half closed.

A portrait painted by Daniel McLeod is contributed by Mrs. Peter Daggy of Chicago. It is crude in execution, but the features are pronounced. McLeod was a young artist in whom Wash-



MCLEOD'S PICTURE.

ington took an interest. The portrait was painted in 1788 and is said to be an excellent likeness. The nose is distinctly aquiline, long, and heavy at the point. The mouth is square and chin double. Mr. Gunther has a Washington on exhibition painted by Charles Wilson Peale and "Polk," his son-in-law. Peale



WASHINGTON BY "POLK."

Painted a number of portraits of Washington and claims to have produced the best likeness. It is the youngest of Washington in the exhibition, having been made in 1779. In it the forehead is light and narrow, eyes wider open than in the others, and the expression pleasanter. The mouth is square, cheekbones high, jaw heavy, chin prominent

and double, and the nose long, aquiline, and with a heavy round tip to it. More than one hundred portraits of Washington have been made, and twenty-five or thirty are in the loan exhibition. Most of them are imitations with slight differences of feature and expression of the great originals. Houdon's statue, admittedly the best likeness of Washington, is not represented. —Chicago News.

POT-POURRI.

A lady asked a learned professor if he understood Chinese. He did. "Well, what is 'mouth' in Chinese?" "Mouth is 'k'eu." A week later the lady suddenly asked the professor:—"What is kitchen door in Chinese?" "It is 'k'eu." "Very remarkable. A week ago you said mouth is 'k'eu." "Quite so," answered the professor. "Whatever opens and shuts is 'k'eu in Chinese."

Two ladies moving in the highest circles of Washington society, during a friendly meeting on the street, got to quarrelling about their age, and used very strong language toward each other. At length, as if to end the dispute, one of them turned away and said in a very conciliatory tone of voice:—"Let us not quarrel any more. I, at least, have not the heart to do it. I never knew who my mother was; she deserted me when a baby, and who knows but that you may have been the heartless parent!"

Cora—What induced you to tell Mr. Merritt I went to the party last night with George? Little Johnnie—A quarter. Harper's Bazaar.

Fred Berge has been Sol Smith Russell's business manager for so many years that there has grown between the twain an attachment as indissoluble, if not as tangible, as the ligament that held the Siamese twins together. Mr. Berger is quite as attenuated and as sad-visaged as his friend; in fact, he is so cadaverous that they tell a story of him to the effect, that once upon a time when he was acting as a pall-bearer at a funeral in Michigan the undertaker suddenly laid hands upon Berger and cried out: "Stop the proceedings! The remains has got away!"

The members of the Royal Geographical Society are laughing at Lord Lonsdale's claims to have done something good in the way of geographical discovery. The assertion that he has discovered anything worth knowing, or has gained any information which will be of value to scientific men, is treated as a huge joke.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lavender, when she was presented with a bouquet of flowers grown in open air; "yes, they look quite natural, except that these prickly stems are quite unattractive—not at all comparable in natural beauty to the exquisite wire stems on the flowers which come from Mr. Posibed's conservatory."

Fruit dealers are mostly all orange-men—in the season.—Rochester Post-Express.

George Washington was an enthusiastic mason. In a letter to the Rhode Island masons he says: "Being persuaded that a just application of the principles on which the masonic fraternity is founded must be productive of private virtue and public prosperity, I shall always be happy to advance the interest of the society and to be considered by them as a deserving brother."

The modern American girl, without any effort, can draw a good beau.—Yonkers Guide.

It was the woman who saw the first snake, but since then the men have attended to that sort of thing.—Leisure Hours.

The Brooklyn Women's club, which recently celebrated its twentieth birthday, is one of the oldest women's societies in the county. There are only two which antedate it. They are Sorosis and the New England club. The society is "independent of sect, party, and social classes, the basis of membership being earnestness of purpose, love of the truth, and a desire to promote the best interests of humanity."

Politeness Missing—I'd like to know why Brownley advertises himself as a civil engineer. "That's what he is." "Well, if he had kicked you down stairs as he kicked me you'd wonder where in blazes his civility comes in."

While the queen regent of Spain was entertaining Queen Victoria at San Sebastian, by an odd coincidence the duchess of Madrid was extending a similar courtesy to Princess Louis of Bavaria at Viareggio. The duchess is wife of Don Carlos, and, in legitimist eyes, rightful queen of Spain and the princess is a direct descendant of Charles I., and would probably be queen of England to-day were it not for the act of settlement.

Philosophy.—Servant—Oh, please, sir, your daughter has eloped with the coachman. Mr. Highliver—Well, it might have been worse. She might have run off with my French cook.

The woman's societies of Great Britain are organized in an effort to defeat Mr. Beresford-Hope, the Conservative candidate for Kensington. Mr. Hope tried to unseat Lady Sandhurst from her hard-won place in the London county council, and the women are determined to retire him to private life. At a recent meeting held in London Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Aberdeen, Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant, Mrs. Bateson, president of the Cambridge Women's Liberal association, and others made spirited addresses to voters.

Couldn't comprehend, you know.—"Papa," asked the small boy, "why do some dades wear only one eyeglass?" "Because, my son," answered his father, "they are not able to comprehend all that they might see with both eyes."

Mr. Gladstone's ancestors, it appears, were pirates. In 1665 a company of adventurers sent out the "George," of Glasgow, fully equipped as a privateer, to prey on the Dutch mercantile marine and "Halbert Gladstone, merchant in Edinburgh," was one of the co-adventurers. From this gentleman-buccaneer the English Liberal statesman is descended.

Parlor Matches—Most matches are made in parlors at this season of the year. In the summer they are made in the mountains and at the seashore.—Drake's Magazine.

When Madame Emile de Girardin wrote her Lady Tartuffe, which was played in 1853, a critic said to her: "What imagination you must have to have found the resume of all the vices you incarnate in your heroine!"

"My imagination had nothing to do with it," quietly replied Madame de Girardin, "I simply summed up my best and most intimate lady friends."

Sure Enough Die Stuff.—Customer—I want to purchase some dye stuff. Drug apprentice—Yes; do you want strychnine or rough on rats?—Omaha World.

Aged Friend—You are always talking about your family tree. Youth—Yes, of course. "Well, I wouldn't if I were you." "And why not?" "Too shady."

Some old dinner customs still prevail. The Romans used to recline at their banquets, and the habit of lying at public dinners is common still.—London Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Shaw is said to have made \$15,000 by her whistling the past season. Thousands of women who want \$15,000 have to "whistle for it"—and then they don't get it.

"What I so in my husband prize," Cried Clara, "is he is so wise." "That may be true now," Molly said, "But how he's changed since you he wed!"

A Chicago Diploma.—Dullard—I see old Killmer has taken to doctoring. Is he having any success? Brightly—Success? Why he cured twenty-eight hams last winter.

No More Jam For Her.—Mrs. Backlot, Are you going to make jam this year? Mrs. Bascom—No; I was down to New York to the Centennial, and got all the jam I want for the next five years.

The way of the young physician—Cora—By the way, Sadie, what are Dr. Brasscheek's office hours? Sadie—One to two. Cora—But that is his dinner hour. Sadie—That's all right. He makes them the same, and is sure not to be interrupted.

Fond Lover (after a long delayed proposal)—Perhaps I've been sudden, darling Darling girl (regaining her composure with a mighty effort)—Yes, George, it is very, very sudden, but—(and here she became faint again—it is not too sudden.

In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; in passing it over, he is superior.

Young Lady—Why do you sigh and look at me like a fool? Lovesick youth—O, Miss Emily, with what tenderness do you brush the insects from the plants. How I wish I was a rosebud to be cared for by your gentle hand. "Flies on you, are there?"

"What's the matter, Bromley?" "I've recovered my valise." "I don't see why you should swear in that way about it." Oh, you don't, eh? The darn thing isn't worth \$3, and it had to turn up just when the company was about to allow me \$50 for it. It's just my luck.

A wise precaution.—First deacon—Have you heard the Rev. Mr. Goodman, who exchanged pulpits with our pastor to-day? Second deacon—No. First deacon—Well, I have. I think, Brother Passbasket, we'd better vary our regular custom this morning and take up the collection before the sermon.

Trotting horses.

With the exception of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who would, by the way, have made an excellent sporting-man, had not the superior attractions of literature and medicine intervened,—I do not know that any writer of mark has ever said a good word for the American trotter. This is a great pity, for the animal plays an important part in the daily part of the common community, being concerned, as the Autocrat pointed out, even in the early conveyance of milk-cans and in the delivery of fresh rolls. These humble offices have actually been performed by horses who afterward acquired fame upon the track. Within the past year, an old Dutchman, living in Western New York and engaged in the milk business, was astonished and not a little frightened by the pace which his beast set up one frosty morning. The cart was bounced over the pavements of the city where his route lay, the cans hopped and rattled in their seats, and the driver lost his breath. But he had no sooner recovered it than he began to boast of the wonderful speed at which the horse had carried him, and thereafter the animal was taken out harnessed to a buggy, on Saturday afternoons and the like occasions, for a brush on the road with the fast trotters of the neighborhood, all of whom he outstripped. Pretty soon the dutchman's son, who had been brought up in this country, procured an old sulky, and put the milk-wagon steed in some sort of training. In two month's time they appeared at a track, engaged in a race with veteran drivers and horses of established reputation, and beat them all in three straight heats,—a wonderful achievement for a green trotter and jockey, and an immense deal of surprise to the professional persons who jeered at the uncouth appearance of the new-comers. This case bears out Dr. Holmes's illustration of the milk-cart; nor is the other example he gives without foundation in fact. Some years ago, a baker's horse in Boston, after delivering her rolls and brown bread in the city one day as usual, was driven to Sagus, a distance of about eight miles, and started in a match race at the track there. In the exuberance of her spirits she ran away in the first heat, and went round the course once or twice before she could be stopped. But being allowed to start again, notwithstanding this irregularity, she won the race, and finished her day's work by bringing the baker back to Boston and beating all the horses that engaged with her on the road home.

It must not be supposed however, that these animals were entirely of plebeian origin. The milkman's horse had a dash of thoroughbred in his composition, and the baker's mare belonged to the incomparable Morgan strain. Indeed it rarely happens never, happens that a horse who is not connected more or less closely with the equine aristocracy becomes distinguished as a trotter.—Atlantic.

A Suit for Divorce.

A rather sensational divorce suit, mention of which has set West End society, of Montreal, in a flutter of excitement, and in which an American citizen will be defendant, with a Canadian young lady as a co-respondent, is on the tapis. About a year ago the young lady referred to arrived in Montreal from the country, and having talents of a peculiar, artistic kind, which few ladies can boast of, through friends obtained a position in the office of a professional gentleman originally from the United States. Soon a close friendship sprang up between employer and employee, which shortly afterward ripened into something more, to which the young lady, supposing her admirer to be a bachelor, did not object. Things went on pleasantly till the gentleman's wife, till then in blissful ignorance of her husband's infatuation, was thunderstruck one day when she found letters from her fair assistant addressed to him in the most endearing terms. As a matter of course an upheaval in

THE DOMESTIC PEACE.

of the couple followed, and the indignant wife, unable or unwilling to recapture the affections of her erring spouse, packed her belongings and left for her former home. It was about this time that a rumor regarding the real position of the husband came to the ears of the young lady, and she in turn demanded an explanation, which demand was complied with by her lover that his wife was not his wife, but the object of a foolish fancy, who for the last few years acted as his housekeeper, and to whom he was never married. Young and gullible, the girl accepted the story, but in his zeal her employer went so far as to spread the same rumor amongst his friends. They also, astonished at this peculiar state of affairs, did not take particular pains to hide the fact, but gradually the wife came to know the charge against her. She immediately returned to the city, with the fixed intention of repudiating her husband's assertion with an action for divorce. The young lady has left her lover's employ, and the wife, who is a very charming lady, is at present staying with friends.

Secrets and Girls.

Secrets are things many girls delight in. My experience has taught me that the fewer secrets and mysteries girls have the safer and more comfortable they feel. No girl should agree to keep a secret that she will have to withhold from her mother. If it is important and necessary that it should not be communicated to a third party, then she should refuse to hear it at all. A great deal of unhappiness and misery has been done through small secrets, leading on from one wrong to another, until a web of deceit has been woven so complete and intricate that it has been nearly impossible to get disentangled from. Your mothers, dear girls, are the wisest and best confidants you can have. Their love, you may be sure, will guide and counsel you aright, and although you may make many mistakes and blunders, you can never go very far astray if you tell mother everything. A girl whose first thought when committing any fault is, that mother mustn't know of this, is standing on very unsafe ground. Hide nothing from your mothers. If you do wrong, go to them and own it; don't wait for someone else to tell them, and thus shake their confidence and trust in you. Concealment and deceit should never be tolerated, and in your intercourse and association with other girls, shun those who take pleasure in them, and seek the companionship of those with whom there need be no mysteries.

How to Bore a Hole in a Pin.

Place a pin in the end of a cork, in each side of which a penknife has been inserted obliquely, as shown in the cut. The knife should be as nearly as possible of equal weight. By opening one or the other of them more or less they can be made to balance.

In order to bring them to the exact position required—that is, to bring the pin, the cork and the knives to a horizontal position—place the head of the pin on the end of your finger and ascertain if the two knives are on the same level. If not, adjust them until they are so.

Then take the cork in your hand and lay the stem of the pin on the point of a needle, the head of which is fastened in the cork of a bottle. You must carefully change the point of support of the pin until you have found that position in which it remains perfectly horizontal when left to itself.

Now blow upon one of the penknives, at first gently and then more strongly. You will thus cause the whole to rotate rapidly. After a time the needle, being the heavier, will have worn a tiny hole in the pin, and if you continue the experiment will finally pierce it entirely. This experiment can also be made by placing the pin in a cork in the direction of its axis while the needle penetrates it perpendicularly. The equilibrium is then obtained by means of two forks, as in the experiment of the egg.

Curious Condensations.

A Venetian manufacturer is making and selling thousands of glass bonnets. It is said that there is just \$5,000,000 invested in special cars in the United States. The purest coal in America has just been found in great quantity in Elbert county, Georgia.



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