

A WOMAN SCULPTOR.

MRS. KATHERINE TUPPER PRESCOTT, OF BOSTON.

The Artist Should Not Cultivate the Teacher's Methods Too Much, but Cultivate Individuality.

It is only within recent years that the master mind of man has been forced to recognize the capability of woman to become proficient in any one art. In painting, architecture and music she has made rapid strides, but perhaps in sculpture she has had the greatest struggle for recognition. It is generally acknowledged that women are doing the most, at the present time, toward the cultivation of art and the dissemination of art education, and man is beginning to realize that woman is more than likely to supersede him.

Mrs. Katherine Tupper Prescott, of Boston, is a woman in the foremost ranks of art, and in her particular line, stands almost alone. Her school is partially of her own creating, and her individuality is prominent. In an interview she said:

"Too many artists, especially women, study continually under a teacher, too timid to start out and try their own wings, and so their work grows to be echoes and reproductions of the master under whom they studied, and their own ideas are merged into those of others."

And so it is with many women art-

ists whom I can recall, and none more forcibly than the work of Marie Bashkirtseff, which I saw in Paris. Strong and vigorous as a man's in touch, and marvelous in its breadth for so young a woman, yet I was more impressed with the touch of the master—Bastian Lepage—than with any individuality of the artist.

Not so, however, with Mrs. Prescott, whose talent has developed remarkably in a very few years, and who devotes her time in working out her own ideas, which are most novel and original. Her art is her birth-right, for she evidenced a taste for

sculpture as a child, when she used to model all sorts of fanciful ideas in dough, but not until after the death of her husband, several years ago, did she undertake to do serious work. She began with a bas-relief of her father, which was remarkable as a likeness, and then followed an intaglio of Mary Anderson. It is in portraiture, perhaps, that Mrs. Prescott excels, and while her cameos or bas-reliefs are the perfection of art, it is the intaglios which appeal to one's senses, when viewed in the proper light, as almost an illusion. In "Daybreak," her latest intaglio, this is especially felt. It portrays the head of a young girl, with the hair blown forward, and to one side, forming a background to the face, which is most reposeful in its expression, with eyes just awakening to the dawn.

Perhaps her most famous bas-relief portrait is that of Paderewski. The whole medallion is only about five inches in length, and the head much less than that, but the exquisite del-

icacy of the handling and the absolute fidelity of the portrait, render it one of the most perfect of the cameos in modeling extant. There have been innumerable reproductions of this in plaster, bronze, composition, and for one enthusiastic admirer of the great artist, it was cast in solid silver.

Other faithful portraits which Mrs. Prescott has executed include those of Mrs. Potter Palmer, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Kendall and John Boyle O'Reilly. She is now at work on an order from a Baltimore millionaire for a \$500 portrait to be cast in bronze, in the "round"—otherwise a bust.

It may be hard to realize, but Mrs. Prescott says it is much more difficult to execute a bas-relief than the "round," for in the latter every measurement can be made with the utmost accuracy, by means of instruments, while in a "relief" the artist depends entirely upon his intelligence and the fidelity of his eye.

Some of Mrs. Prescott's ideal subjects are beautiful to a degree, and especially is this so with "Juliet and the Nurse." This is a bas-relief, and portrays the head of Juliet, not in the least conventional, against that of the wrinkled and white-capped nurse. "Marguerite and Mephisto," another medallion, is treated in the same way, and one of the most popular ideal subjects is her "Old and New Year." It is the face and head of a beautiful child, with wind-tossed

curls, the face buoyant and beaming with the hope of new life and eagerness for the future, while beyond, dimly seen, as though slowly and gradually receding from view, is the bent and furrowed countenance of an aged man, with flowing beard and scanty locks. This at once tells its own story most forcibly of "Joy to the New Year, Peace to the Old."

Mrs. Prescott's method of work is most interesting to one like myself, uninitiated. She seldom now makes a model in clay, but uses a new composition known as modelling wax. It has many advantages over the clay, as the latter must be kept constantly damp, and if the work is left unfinished it must be carefully moistened and gently covered with wet cloths, to prevent the clay from drying and cracking. In working with the wax, the artist may leave it at any time, and for any length of time, and it is always in perfect condition for work.

When the model is completed it is carefully laid down and a sort of barricade of clay is built around it. When this has hardened, a thick mixture of plaster of Paris and water is poured slowly over the model to avoid any air bubbles which would ruin the cast, and the mixture is poured in until it is even with the top of the "barricade." It is then left until it has thoroughly hardened, the time of which varies according to the size of the model. Then the plaster cast is gently separated from the model, and its perfect impression is found in the plaster intaglio, which forms the cast from which the bas-relief will be taken.

Mrs. Prescott's most artistic results are obtained in these bas-reliefs, for the lower the relief is made, the more difficult and more effective in its roundness and perfection of form. The process of making an intaglio follows the bas-relief, and the same artistic effects of light and form are shown up, but in a reversed order.

For these attainments in her art Mrs. Prescott placed in the foremost rank by artists and critics. She is a woman beneficent to her sex, and she has opened up an avenue from the field of woman's work which those who choose to follow will find leveled and cleared from the brambles of experimental labor.—(Ella Starr, in N. Y. Recorder.)

massive pedestal. The mother was stumped to explain to her daughter what the scared and broken mass of plaster signified other than being the dismembered remains of a grand human figure. The little one, however, quickly helped her parent out of her predicament. There was a large placard on the base of the pedestal bearing the forbidden words "Hands Off." The little miss looked at what she deemed was the title of the work with an expression of scorn and the same sentiment was indicated in her infection when she spoke. "Hands off," she remarked with a sniff of superior wisdom. "Hands off, I should say they was—and the foots, too!"—(Chicago Times.)

Tame turkeys can be trained to hunt wild ones.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

For the first time in our history corn is quoted higher than wheat.

The railroads of the United States carry in a year 600,000,000 passengers and transport 800,000,000 tons of freight.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has 2,500,000 members, owns over 24,000 churches and 10,000 parsonages, worth in the aggregate \$125,000,000.

HERR LOWE's invention of the "tailor-made" armor is followed by that of a Hungarian, who says he can make from wood pulp a fabric suitable for clothing.

SOME notion may be formed of the enormous volume of corporation law from the fact that federal courts are operating 152 railway systems, representing a capitalization of \$2,500,000,000. And on all the litigation that those figures represent lawyers are collecting fat fees.

The statistics of illiteracy in the United States shows that of a total population over 10 years of age of 47,413,559, there are 6,324,792 illiterates, or over 13 per cent. The percentage of illiterates in the white population is over seven and a half, and in the colored population nearly 57.

The statistics of houses used wholly or chiefly for dwellings are vague and unsatisfactory, but it is a fact pretty well known that there are 9,500,000 houses in the United States, against 9,000,000 in France and Russia, 6,500,000 in England, and 6,000,000 in Germany.

The price of corn in Russia has shrunk so low, in consequence of the splendid prospect of the harvest, that many farmers are sending their cattle into the fields, as the cost of harvesting would exceed the price of the corn. In the Caucasus barley and wheat are cut green and given to the cattle. Forty-five pounds of corn are worth a cent and a half.

A MAN whose business it is to solicit subscribers for several medical periodicals complains that doctors are feeling the hard times. Many decline to subscribe, and more who subscribe delay payment. The fact is that many sick folks are making shift to get along without the doctor, while some are seeking advice at the hands of less expensive ones than they have usually employed.

THERE are not a few newspapers which speak of "little Korea." It is true that size is relative, and as compared with either Japan or China, it is relatively small. At the same time "little Korea" has an area of 90,000 square miles, and is consequently equal in territory to England, Scotland and Wales combined. The population of the last census was reported as 10,518,937. Its capital city is enclosed by a wall twenty feet high and contains a population of over 200,000.

THE increase in the consumption of absinthe in France is one of the worst features of recent statistics of the republic. In 1885 the reports show that 57,000 hectoliters of absinthe were sold at retail. In 1892 these sales had swelled to 126,000 hectoliters, and there was a corresponding increase in the sale of all other alcoholic drinks. Whether this growth of the absinthe habit had anything to do directly with crime is uncertain, but it is a fact that the number of persons condemned by the courts advanced from 86,000 in 1865 to 127,000 in 1885.

DURING the last fiscal year ended June 30, 1893, 590,662 letters from foreign lands drifted into the dead letter office, Washington. The individuals addressed being not discovered, nearly all of these missives had to be sent back to the countries whence they came. Yet the United States post office is vastly more clever at finding people than are the authorities abroad. Only a few days ago a letter dispatched from New York with the superscription, "Levi P. Morton, Paris, France," was returned marked "Inconnu"—i. e., "unknown." Nevertheless, the ex-Vice-President was in the French capital at the time at one of the great hotels.

It is reported from Oklahoma that the melon planters of that Territory have found an unexpected enemy in the coyotes that abound there. On account of the drouth the springs and smaller streams have gone dry; but the coyotes have found that they can quench their thirst on melons. When one gets thirsty he hunts a melon patch, jumps on a melon till he breaks it, and then, thrusting his sharp nose into the interior of the fruit, regales himself with the contents. Then he usually reports to his thirsty comrades, and brings them in great numbers to relieve their wants. A pack of the creatures will make havoc of a melon patch in one night.

A WASHINGTON sea captain complains of the tramp nuisance at sea. There is a large and increasing number of men who make a practice of beating their way from place to place on vessels, and the coasting craft are their favorite prey. They manage to slip aboard a vessel just as she is ready for sea, and hide themselves until she is fairly out on the salt water, when they make their presence known. Sometimes a gang of five or six will get on the same vessel. Of course, they have to be fed, as the captain is more or less responsible for their being there, but as no account of them has been taken in laying in supplies, they sometimes force the crew on rather short rations. Most captains put the fellows to work as far as possible, but there is little work on the sort of vessels that they

usually select that a landlubber can do.

"DUELLING in France," said a man recently returned from the gay capital, "is in a large majority of cases farcical. Old-fashioned, muzzle-loading duelling pistols are used, and the quantity of powder used is graduated according to the gravity of the insult. The contestants stand thirty paces apart, facing away from each other. At the signal they turn and fire. Owing to the small charge of powder, the bullets usually drop to the earth before reaching either man. If the lead did carry the required distance, the force of the projectile would not be sufficient to break the skin of the duellists. Having satisfied wounded honor by shooting off the revolvers, the contestants depart in a cheerful frame of mind. The duels do not always end so pleasantly. When a quarrel is of a very serious nature the principals sometimes insist on enough powder to do actual damage. I was called on to act as second for a man who shattered his opponent's shoulder with a bullet. Americans have proven to be awkward customers for the shoot-but-don't-hurt duellists. In several instances where Americans were challenged, and had the choice of weapons, they have selected Colt's revolvers. The invariable result was that the challengers found it inconvenient to fight."

Tree Planting Society.

"We have a society in Brooklyn that could be imitated with much profit in Washington," said C. F. Beckner, of the City of Churches, at the Riggs House yesterday. "It is known as the Tree Planting Society, but it pursues a great many other objects besides the mere setting out of trees. The members are pledged to guard and protect the trees on or in front of their own premises and to use their influence with their neighbors to the same purpose. It is a common sight in Brooklyn, now, to see a householder in the evening or the morning carefully removing the little white masses of eggs of the tussock moth or yellow caterpillar from the shade trees as well as from the fences and window eaves and other places where they are deposited. These caterpillars are spinning their cocoons, and their eggs will begin to hatch out about the 15th of next month. I have observed several of them here in Washington on the shade trees, and it needs but little investigation to discover the eggs in profusion. There has been a system adopted by the Tree Planting Society of Brooklyn which promises to accomplish splendid results in preventing the ravages of the pest. The residents of each block where members of the society reside unite for the purpose of removing the cocoons and eggs from the trees and fences over which they have supervision. It is believed a persistent observance of this custom will lead to the final extermination of the caterpillar. Washington has the finest shade trees in the world, and I should think that the pride of its people would inspire them to take the trouble necessary to prevent the beauty of their trees from being spoiled by the ugly and voracious caterpillar."—(Washington Star.)

American Magnificence.

Without making much fuss about it, a large number of foreigners of rank and title are visiting American friends at their summer residences, and otherwise "looking round" at this country and its institutions. Passing by some of these strangers' criticisms on the present state of affairs, it is amusing to note the surprise the mode of living here creates in intelligent minds accustomed to much simpler forms of wealth at home. Count Nympsche, a German friend of Prince Hatzfeldt, who married the daughter of C. P. Huntington, expresses the liveliest astonishment at such an establishment as the Huntingtons occupy for other than royalty. He says there is no luxury or magnificence to compare with that seen in private houses in America anywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and his opinion is echoed by foreigners of other nationality, as well as by our so-called English cousins. A well-known lady, who has made Berlin her home for many years, returned to her native land last spring to find such an Aladdin-like change that she says it has almost made her silly. "No one in Germany, at least, dreams of the extent of this moneyed aristocracy," she paused—"I hate that phrase, and withdraw it! But it surprises me to see luxury where I left more comfort only twenty years ago. The emperor is not housed half so well as some of my acquaintances in their summer places." The frugal German appears to be most touched by American progress in the weird art of living up to a big income.—(Boston Herald.)

Use of the Fork and Spoon.

An absurd and inconvenient dictate of the present fashion is the almost complete banishment of the teaspoon. The multiple fork has gradually encroached upon the spoon's domain until even the various grains and vegetables of the more elusive sort, which were once wont to occupy little dishes and have a teaspoon apiece, are now amalgamated with the rest of the dinner and disposed of as best one may with a four-tined implement. For the present teaspoons are still permitted for stirring and sipping beverages without incurring the odium of greenness and vulgarity.—(Boston Herald.)

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE SIGN-POST.

If, in the green of the woods, one day you came to a place where the fairies play. And a little sign-post stood on the ground, With four little paths from all around, And if you could choose to go either way. But wherever you went you knew you must stay For ever and ever and a day— And if one road led to the land of snow, Of the chimney-fires and where snow-balls grow; And the next led off to the Autumn hills Of the morning frosts and the cider-mills; And still through the woods, but far away. The third lane led to the holiday Where long midsummer hours you spend; And if springtime lay at the fourth road's end, Where arbutus hides and wake-robins blow,— Which would you choose and where would you go? —(R. F. Bunner, in St. Nicholas.)

A SWEET SINGER.

Susie visited at grandma's house one spring when the little chickens were being hatched, and nothing on the great farm was so wonderful and nice to her mind as those same downy chickens were. One day one of them lost his mother, and what a yelping he made about it! You may be sure that grandma ran to find his mamma for him. "Don't hurry 'bout it, gamma, don't hurry," coaxed Susie. "What a nice little singer he is. Just hear his sweet, clear voice. Don't you like to hear him sing? I do."—(Youth's Companion.)

TURTLES AS PETS.

Fresh-water turtles make interesting pets. They live in marshy ground and lie dormant in winter to avoid cold, but summer vacation is a good time to find them. If kept in a warm place a turtle will remain lively all winter. Partly fill a tank with fresh water for the turtle to live in, making some sort of an island for him to rest on. Spile of tiles or bits of marble will do, or better still, a brick that just comes above water. On one end fasten a sponge, or whatever will sprout in a damp place. Part of the sponge must touch the water to keep it moist. Cover the rest of the brick with moss, and have one or two water plants growing beside it if you want it pretty.

A flower-pot piled round with stones and filled with earth, in which seeds are sown, makes another good island. Feed a turtle every day, not once in a while, whenever you think of it—even if he can go a long time without eating. He will like live flies, worms and little fish. Raw meat cut in bits makes a substitute for them. Vegetables and bread are also good for him, if he will eat them.

Supply fresh water to the tank by taking out a cupful each day, putting more in. Unless something dies in the tank all the water will not need changing at once.

A turtle will learn to come up for food at the sound of taps on the glass, and will snap at it if waved before him on a brown straw when he is on his island.—(Atlanta Constitution.)

THE THUNDER CLOUD AND WIND.

There arose a quarrel between the thunder shower and wind. At last, to settle the controversy, they each decided to show what they could do. The wind was given a first trial. It threw with force roofs to a great distance, unsung the gates, uprooted trees, and at last overthrew a chicken coop. Then pausing, as if out of breath, it exclaimed: "See what I have done!" The thunder cloud smiled and said: "Try that stone schoolhouse and we will settle the quarrel." With great force the wind threw itself against the masonry, tore off a shutter or two and left. "Is that all you can do?" said the thunder cloud.

"But don't you think I am terrible?" "In your way, yes." "What can you do?" said the wind, feeling too well satisfied to suppose that the thunder cloud could do more. "You have not seen me yet," said the cloud; with this speech it sent forth a flame that made the wind moan. "Try that schoolhouse yonder," said the still self-conceited wind, "and move it." The cloud frowned and gathered itself slowly, as though waiting for the children to reach their homes. Then the cloud seemed to open and a shaft of fire descended upon the massive pile. It retired in a great roll of applause. The building was parted and stood a tottering mass of ruins.

The cloud retired and the wind lulled—the conflict was over. The thunder cloud was awarded the victory. And the wind, whistling and grumbling, simply whispered, "There is something greater than I am after all."

Moral: Do not expatiate too much upon what you can do. It might be only a blow.—(Germantown Telegraph.)

HOW BIRDS FLY.

Can you tell what kind of a bird it is by the way it flies? You ought to be able to do so, if you love birds and intend to become well acquainted with them. A celebrated writer says that a good ornithologist should be able to

know birds by their air as well as by their colors and shape; on the ground as well as on the wing, and in the bush as well as in the hand. For though every kind of a bird has not a manner peculiar to itself, there is a certain something about almost all of them by which you can tell them under almost any circumstances.

In the country you may see kites and buzzards. They sail around in circles, with wings spread, but still. From this habit of gliding they are called "gleads" in the north of England.

Owls move in a buoyant manner, as if lighter than the air. Ravens when on the wing spend much time striking each other, and often turn on their backs with a loud croak, and seem to be falling to the ground. In fact they are scratching themselves with one foot and have lost their center of gravity. Crows and daws swagger in their walk. Woodpeckers fly opening and closing their wings, and so are always rising or falling in curves. When they run up trees they use their tails, which incline downward as a sort of support. Most of the small birds fly by jerks, rising and falling as they advance, and most of these hop; but wagtails and larks walk. Skylarks rise and fall perpendicularly as they sing. Woodlarks hang poised in the air, and titlarks rise and fall in large curves, singing as they come down.—(Chicago Times.)

Overfed Children.

Many young children suffer from overfeeding. Mothers eager for their babies to become fat, or fearful that their crying may be from hunger, unwittingly feed them too often.

A child of between six weeks and six months of age should not be fed oftener than once in three hours. From six months to ten months it should not be fed more than six times in the twenty-four hours, and at intervals of three hours, during the daytime. At ten months, five times in the twenty-four hours, is sufficient for healthy children.

The stomachs of most children who are too frequently fed become irritable and incapable of retaining food, while milk fed in this way by the mother becomes so altered as to afford less nourishment than it should.

Other children too frequently fed will continue to digest and absorb the excess of food given them and as a consequence will accumulate fat; some times showing the result of overfeeding merely in eczematous, or scaly, patches on the cheeks, or even over the whole face and head.

When intestinal disorders result, as in the end they surely will, from too frequent feeding, the child will be really hungry; the surplus food acting as an irritant in the intestines is expelled before a sufficient amount for nourishment becomes absorbed. The child will then waste away, and if such treatment be persisted in—and if it survives—will surely become a victim to chronic intestinal disorders.

Mothers cannot be too deeply impressed with the importance of regular feeding at proper intervals.—

The Newcomer "Silvinite."

The newcomer, "silvinite," is an alloy composed chiefly of aluminum, and although it has been introduced with a flourish of trumpets, its practical status has not yet been determined. It has great lightness, silvery lustre, malleability and ductility, and although comparatively soft, is tough and strong. In decorative work it may be used either in its natural color, which is not easily tarnished or painted with oil colors, which is "takes" well. The manufacturers also claim that it enamels well, but if so the enamel material applied must be fusible at an exceptionally low temperature, as the metal itself softens and fuses very readily. The suggestion that it would be a good substitute for corrugated iron or roofing is ill-advised. In the event of fire a silvinite roof would collapse very quickly, and thus cause a more complete wreck than would result if iron were in use. Sulphuretted hydrogen does not tarnish the metal, even after prolonged exposure; ammonia, on the other hand, distinctly affects its surface while caustic alkalis and dilute mineral acids rapidly dissolve it. Vegetable acids, such as acetic, do not seem to produce any impression on the metal, but whether prolonged action, aided by alternate wetting and drying by exposure to air, will cause corrosion time alone can prove. There is undoubtedly a large field open for this valuable metal, but that it will really supersede any of the other metals in common use is not likely.—(New York Dispatch.)

His Scheme.

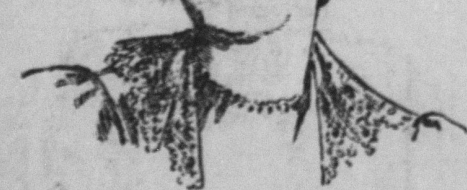
An Australian mining journal is responsible for the following story: A miner in that country, who was obtaining fine gold by sluicing, was asked how he saved it. He replied that he employed the common amalgamation process, but used a novel and ingenious retort for the purpose. After amalgamating with quicksilver, "I get a potato," said the miner, "cut off one end, and scoop out a cavity in it large enough to take my ball of amalgam. I next take a spade or piece of flat iron, and place that over the fire; and then upon that I place the potato with the cut side down. As the amalgam gets hot the 'silver' evaporates and goes all through the potato; but it can't get through the skin. When it is cool I have my gold button on the spade and my 'silver' all in fine globules in the potato. I break that potato up under water and I have all my 'silver.'"—



MRS. PRESCOTT AT WORK IN HER STUDIO.

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"Hands Off."

A very charming and witty widow residing in Washington gave her little daughter a mythological primer several years ago and the child immediately became intensely interested in the romantic stories of the gods and goddesses. Long after she had exhausted the primer she was ceaseless in her demands to have her appetite for incidents, which happened in the Elysian fields and thereabouts, satisfied. One day her mother thought it would be a good idea to take her heart's delight over to the Corcoran gallery and show her the statuary and casts and other works which have the heroes of mythology for their subjects.

While pursuing this pleasant purpose the pair came upon the Torso reclining legless and armless upon its