

# MONUMENT TO HONOR JEFF. DAVIS.



For years many of the people of the old south have been planning to put up a fitting memorial to the memory of Jefferson Davis. As Mrs. Davis has explained, were it not for the fact that the south desire that the memorial shall be of a magnitude that will honor to the full their old leader, as well as do credit to themselves, such a monument would long ago have been erected. But big enterprises take a long time, as Mrs. Davis observed was the case in

regard to the erection of the Grant monument in New York. The illustration shows the design of a proposed monument to Mr. Davis. In its broad essentials it seems to be somewhat similar to that which the north erected in memory of Grant. This memorial to the president of the confederacy it is proposed to put up in Richmond, Va., which so long was the capital of the confederacy. In the southern states there has for years been some dispute

as to which city should have the honor of selection for this purpose, Montgomery, Ala., or Richmond. The former city was the first capital, and in support of its claim it advanced the argument that at least as long as it was the seat of the confederate government it was not captured by the "Yanks." Montgomery's claims long ago fell to the ground, however, and when such a memorial is built to the leader of the Lost Cause Richmond undoubtedly will be selected.—London, Ill. News.

## Story of a Tennessee Belle.

She was not merely a belle and beauty back before the war, this fascinating and capricious Sue Pillow-Martin. She appears to have been a new woman born ahead of time, into an epoch and environment that irked her even more than she shocked them, says a contributor to Record.

When the Mexican war was fought a Pillow was a general. Naturally that added to his social prestige. Renown was not needed, though, to make his eldest daughter easily first among equals in the land of her birth.

She was pretty, she was witty, she danced like a Wyllis and was coquette to her finger tips. She had lovers and love affairs by the time she was 15. Not very serious ones, yet serious enough to show her quality of imperious caprice. It was a caprice that set her world by the ears and Mrs. Grundy at defiance. Whatever she willed to do, that she did, regardless of They Say and all his works.

By and by young McNairy of Kentucky came courting her. At first she tossed her head. In a week they were engaged and the wedding day set. Friends and fortune smiled approval. It was most fit in every way. McNairy was an only child and his father a rich man, with an eminent judge. His son's choice so pleased him that he resolved to make the infare, the bride's homecoming, the most notable social even in south Kentucky history. He sent all the way to New York for a family carriage, the first closed carriage ever brought to that region. Much of the supper was likewise ordered from New York, also liveries for the black coachman, the footmen and young McNairy's own man.

Four fine black horses, perfectly matched and bitted, drew the carriage. Everything was spick and span when the bridegroom set out to claim his bride. Elkton, his home town, lies in a border county, some sixty miles from Nashville. The Pillow homestead was just outside Columbia, which lies about fifty miles due south of the state capital. So it was a two days' drive, but the horses minded it no more than their master. Thoroughbreds in perfect condition, they had no need of "the rest day, the feast day and the pressed day," allotted by the hospitable proverb.

It was very well they had not, since they went home the very next day. Miss Pillow had changed her mind, not about marrying, but as to who should be the man. A certain Hugh Martin, newer and richer than McNairy, had come upon the scene—she was fond of novelties, and dearly loved to give her world a sensation. She wrote McNairy a curt dismissal and married Martin with all the pomp and circumstance prepared for the man he had supplanted.

McNairy faced the changed conditions with a sort of grim humor. He bought all the crape in Columbia, put horses and servants in deep mourning and drove home. There he insisted that the infare should go on just the same, although the bride was conspicuously absent. He said of her only that she had exercised her undoubted privilege of changing her mind. If others said more he at once changed the conversation. He might have married a hundred times over, but, though gallant toward all women, he said he would die a bachelor.

Sue Pillow-Martin meantime was leading her new husband the merriest sort of dance. When he came to understand that his money had tempted her he gave it to her to spend like water. She flung it away with both hands. Every week almost she drove to Nashville and went about its finest shops, with her black maid carrying rouleaux of gold to pay for her purchases. The gold was but one of her innumerable whims. She would not touch silver or paper. Doubtless had diamonds been minted she would have demanded diamonds.

Hugh Martin had married her for better or for worse. He bore and forebore until she came actually to despise him. She set her mind on divorce, then and there regarded as almost indelible disgrace. But divorced she would be, and divorced she was, in spite of her father, her family, all her friends. Her freedom proved after all a sort of crown of thorns. If men still crowded about her, there was that in the eyes and voices of the women that poisoned life came to Sue Pillow-Martin. By way of changing all that she whistled back her old lover, McNairy, and married him out of hand.

That would have made a seven years' sensation, only the civil war came on, and not so long after McNairy fell from a high window and broke his neck. The shock almost killed his wife. She came as near loving him as her supreme selfishness allowed. Troubles did not come singly—her father died about the same time. Both left estates much involved. When, a little later, the fall of the confederacy annihilated slave property, the widow found herself with straitened prospects.

Poverty was not imminent, but the old lavish, luxurious life was forever gone. The brother reigning in her father's stead was brotherly kind, but she was no more supreme. Besides her world was wondering what she could or would do next. What she did do was to write, in her brother's name, to her divorced husband, Hugh Martin, asking for information in regard to some part of her father's estate.

Martin recognized the handwriting. He had gone back to his old home—east Tennessee—and prospered there throughout McNairy's lifetime. War losses even left him comparatively rich. When news came that his ex-wife was again free he took his bed, declaring he would never leave it alive. To the friends who rallied at her and

## Training a Saddle Horse.

I would say that if the colts have some good thoroughbred close up and if they have good action they may make admirable saddle horses of the walk-trot-canter type; but if they are low-headed and natural-gaited trotters you will most likely fail to teach them the saddle-horse canter or trot, says Kentuckian in Breeders' Gazette.

First I would have them properly shod, say with eighteen-ounce shoes forward and ten-ounce behind, provided they have good action, and if they have poor action add two ounces to each front shoe at the heel and make the shoe with a roll toe. A good way would be to let the colts wear these shoes a few days before beginning to teach them. I would want them thorough at the walk first, then perfect their trot by riding them at a brisk jog, well taken in hand, and let the canter be taught last.

Give them several daily lessons in the biting-harness before mounting them, and these lessons in the bittings should be continued daily until they are thoroughly mouthed and mannered. It should be remembered also that these biting lessons are very hard work and the head should be but a little higher than the natural pose at first lesson, and the first lessons should be correspondingly short, reining the head a little higher and the chin a little more in each day. The first lesson should not exceed thirty minutes, and they can be safely increased in length of time up to two hours.

The canter is taught by urging the colt out of the trot into the gallop and gradually taking him in hand until he has the canter proper. You must be on good terms with the colt you are teaching and the first thing of all is to teach him that you are his friend, and let your rule be not to overwork him in his lessons and he will learn to love it.

Do not fool away any time on a horse that is poorly bred or a luggard, for you will sooner or later give him up in disgust. If I were looking for a colt to make a walk-trot-canter horse I would want him of the saddle-horse pattern and to be one-fourth to one-half thoroughbred, and as for the balance of his blood elements would prefer it to be Denmark or Morgan blood, in order named; but some of the trotting strains have lent good assistance in producing some of our walk-trot saddle horses, namely: Harrison Chief, Mambrino Patchen and Young Jim.

## Good Management.

The best managers in household affairs are not those who never sit down from early morn until night closes about them. Ah, no! the best managers are those who secure for themselves an hour of that healthful tranquility so necessary to every human heart, says Portland Transcript. The habit of rush and haste takes possession of some housewives and their life is a burden to them as well as to those who love them.

Every woman loves to be thought a good manager. You are, if every device known to make your work lighter is used. For instance, the washing of dishes three times a day and cleaning up the cooking vessels is a business in itself. So make it easier and do it in half the time, let me tell you the New England way.

Always have plenty of hot water, as hot as you can bear your hands in, in fact, it's best to use mops with china and glass, so as to use very hot water and to have a nice lather instead of using soap. Use washing powder in the hot water and wash quickly and have plenty of nice tea towels to wipe with. You can get through a large pile of dishes directly. Clean the cooking vessels the same way. You will gain an hour by this process of washing. Then, if you have a dining room where you can keep the table set and ready for use, it saves many steps to have a waiter ready to put your dishes in, and to place them on the table after washing them. The morning hours should be the busy ones, but manage to have the afternoons and evenings for agreeable work. It is a beautiful sight to see a well-balanced, well-poised woman, who is a true homemaker, elevating every phase of life, making it subservient to her good and those around her. This is good management. We all feel its power.

Keeping calla lilies during the summer troubles many lovers of this beautiful window plant. Here are two ways which are usually successful: Take the plants from the pots, cut off the tops to within two inches of the soil and place the roots where they will get no sun or rain, re-potting as with other plants in the fall. Or, take the plants from the pots without cutting off the tops, and set them in the open ground. This treatment will check their growth and most of the leaves will wilt and fall off, but new ones will start later and the plants will be in good shape to take up and pot in September, ready for another season of bloom in the window.

Cobbie—Since Van Scandle ceased to be a reporter he has been doing very well.

Stone—What at? Cobbie—He learned to break into houses so successfully that he has become a burglar.—Life.

"Why do you look so gloomy, Tompkins?" "You know my best girl is one of the 'new women'." Well, I am puzzled to decide whether I ought to ask her to marry me or wait for her to propose."—Chicago Record

## MAKING CORSETS.

And the Pay That Models Receive for Posing and Fitting.

New York Tribune: Women have no hand in shaping the corset which she and her sisters are to wear. A rough draft of it is put on the model, and the man designer indicates the length and the curves by marks. When it fits to his satisfaction a plaster cast is made of her figure with the corset on. From this cast iron "forms" are made. A pressure of 600 pounds is brought to bear upon the corsets which are fitted to the "forms." This enables them to mold the forms of their wearers to prevailing fashions and leaves not a trace of a chance for personal idiosyncracies. The sheath fitting skirts are responsible for several devices for obtaining snugness at the hips. Corsets are rather longer than last year, but still easy above the waist. The Russian minister of education is said to have prohibited the use of corsets before the age of confirmation. The manufacturers receive a great many applications from fine-looking girls who desire positions as models for fitting and photographing, but they find it difficult to secure girls who are willing to have their faces photographed for advertisements. This accounts for the advertisement pictures which have gauze spread before the face, the face turned away, hidden in the arm or concealed by a fan. Many of these girls pose for artists. Dealers pay from \$25 to \$100 for the privilege of fitting and photographing in addition to the usual time rates paid by artists.

## Cause of Sleep.

London Leader: In summer brain workers find it more difficult to sleep than at other seasons. The latest explanation of the cause of sleep is one which has met with approval by leading physicians. An examination of the tissue near the outer surface of the body by means of a microscope displays an immense number of small sensory nerves. These minute tendrils lie adjacent to the skin of the body, and during consciousness touch it sufficiently to supply sensation over the entire area. When we sleep these little nerves have been observed to coil up, or at least move far enough away from the skin to lessen sensation there. The movement of these nerves, which is, of course, slight, has been observed, giving rise to the supposition that if

a stimulating drug or influence is used the nerves remaining in contact with the skin keep us awake. Physicians most widely accept the vaso-motor theory of sleep. The recession of blood from the brain, called cerebral anaemia, is another theory of sleep.

## HOW LAZY UNCLE SNOOZER FISHES.



In Error. Mr. Sealove (at his seaside cottage) —My dear, please tell our daughter to sing something less doleful. Mrs. Sealove—That is not our daughter, my love. That is the foghorn.—Tit-Bits.

## IS AN INVENTOR.

Locomotive Has Been Built from Cornelius Vanderbilt's Designs.

Newport (R. I.) Correspondence New York Press: Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has proved to be a genius, and although at odds with his father over marrying Miss Grace Wilson, he is the smartest member of the Vanderbilt family. He always has been of a mechanical turn of mind, and has designed a sailboat and electric launch, both turning out fast and with lines of beauty. For several years young Vanderbilt has been in the drafting room of the rolling stock department of the New York Central railroad and has worked his way up until today he has charge of that department. It will be news to the world to know that this young millionaire is the inventor of a locomotive, every part of which was made from designs furnished by him. The engine has been built and tests now are to begin. A special feature of the Vanderbilt locomotive is the firebox, and, if it turns out as Mr. Vanderbilt expects, will be a big saving of labor and money. This particular firebox is arranged so that it can be removed, when burnt out, or for cleaning, and replaced in one night, the removal of a few bolts being all that is necessary. The tests will be watched with great interest, not only by the mechanical world, but by society.

## The Pope Likes Sweetmeats.

The Pope, as is well known, is extremely abstemious, and to this, in great measure, is due his rapid recovery from illness. Like the rest, however, the Holy Father has his little weakness. It is a harmless love for sweetmeats. The Pope, by no means like a child in mental power, in spite of his years, resembles one in his love for "sweeties." This is, of course, well known to Italians, rich and poor, and at the time of the Pope's jubilee a motherly peasant woman gave expression to her affection for him by a present of an enormous pile of sweets, wrapped in a large colored cotton pocket handkerchief. It is said that none of the Pope's many presents pleased him more than this.

## Right in Line.

Mr. Hojack—My dear, why do you allude to those twins as sardines? Mrs. Hojack—They are children of Mr. and Mrs. Herring.—Tit-Bits.