

short of their aim; the goldsmiths had a large noble patronage for their masterpieces, and German art articles were sought everywhere. Wenzel Jamnitzer is the most illustrious representative of the art producers of that age. He enjoyed a high renown, and was the court goldsmith for four successive German Emperors: Charles V., Ferdinand I., Maximilian II., and Rudolph II. This circumstance placed him above the sumptuary laws, and unhooded, he manufactured the costliest gold and silver vessels.

His style was especially distinguished by the delicate embellishment of large, tasteful articles with animals, insects, flowers and herbs in silver, of so delicate a construction that when the breath was blown against a blade of glass, it moved. The art collections of Dresden, Berlin, Vienna and other cities pride themselves at the present day on enclosing one or more pieces manufactured by him. We can do no better than describe one piece he wrought for the city of Nuremberg, and which for many years constituted the chiefest ornament upon the gala tables at festivities and receptions. It is of silver, about three feet high, and at its broadest part measures about eighteen inches. In the most ingenious manner does he represent in this construction, nature as the bountiful giver of everything in excess than man consumes, either prepared in the highest culinary art or in its original shape—and not alone the donor to man, but also to animal, frog, lizard and snake, worm and insect, that appears to glide around the silver leaflets and haulms of the work of art.

A scenery of mountain and forest arises from an admirably represented meadow, the former adorned with flowers, bushes, snow bells, and other plants handsomely executed in enameled colors. Latin inscriptions are worked through the vegetation and among the animals, at the foot of the mountain:

"The heavy bunches of grapes are as little burthensome to the vine as the fruit is to the green branches."

"Thus is carried the powerful castle by the rocky support of the earth."

"Easy the burthen that a rejoicing heart easily bears."

From among this luxury, Nature, surrounded and enveloped by its creations, arises in the shape of a handsome woman, of antique form, of silver, with hair and dress of gold. She holds a cornucopia with both hands above her head;

four small angels' heads adorn it, with two inscriptions.

"Why I, a delicate woman, bear so heavy a load of fruits, or what goddess I am, do you ask?"

"I am the earth, the mother of all, laden with the costly load of fruits engendered by me."

The cornucopia widens into a broad mouth, opening from the leafwork, as it were, and entwined with a hundred forms chased in silver, or cast, such as flower stalks, rose buds, meadow flowers, berries and haulms. Three winged genii arise from its midst to support the bowl, which surmounts the whole. Inscriptions are again introduced, upon small shields above the genii:

"Glory ye the Lord with songs of praise, oh grateful spirit mortals."

"Whatever the fertile earth bears, are but donations divine."

"But we, servants of the Lord, stand mute at the great divine bounty."

The bowl itself is gilt, and interlaced by leafwork in gold and enamel, through which wind snakes and lizards. The interior of the bowl is extraordinarily rich with all the emblems of fertility, and interwoven with animal and ornamental figures in an ideal combination; an excellent relieve, from which, as uppermost ornament, issues a bouquet of bell flowers, lilies, parsley, carrot leaves, and a wealth of bloom in mat silver, so delicate, light and graceful that it expresses the master's highest conception of art.

Wenzel Jamnitzer died at the age of 78, on December 15, 1586:—*Jewelers' Circular*.

HIGH-PRICED BEANS.

Tom Watrous, commercial traveller, stopped off at the Marshal, Mich., eating house several years ago. He was not very hungry and called for a plate of beans, which he received. He inquired the price, and was informed that it was seventy-five cents.

"That's a thundering price for beans," said Tom.

"That's the price," said the proprietor. The train was just starting. Tom paid the bill, and the coaches bore him and his indignation on toward Detroit.

This was on Sunday. On Monday, Gilmore, the eating house man, received a telegram, collect on delivery, \$1.25, which he paid, and read on opening it:

"A thundering price for beans."

Thirty days from that date a neat express package was handed to Gilmore C. O. D., who paid 90 cents for the privilege of opening it to discover a lot of sawdust, on the top of which lay a slip of paper with the cabalistic symbols: "A thundering price for beans!"

Two months from this Gilmore was summoned to Chicago to meet a former business partner, and the hotel clerk handed him a letter conveying the pleasant information: "A thundering price for beans!"

During Gilmore's absence his son paid for two telegrams and one express package, directly on the subject of 75 cents being "a thundering price for beans!" Cost of these articles, \$9.80. A genuine telegram from Gilmore's mining share broker advising him to sell was refused, and the loss of it entailed an actual damage to Gilmore of \$1,500.

A year rolled away. Gilmore ordered a case of Mackinac trout from Detroit. They came C. O. D., \$18.88; when opened he found every fish had been removed from the ice and sawdust, and a shingle met his eyes, marked with a blue lead pencil: "A thundering price for beans!" Trouble arose between Gilmore and the Detroit fish house, and they went to law, Gilmore winning the suit, \$25 damages, and all at a cost for the attorney's services of \$86.00.

Gilmore grew dejected. Life looked gloomy. Letters poured in on every one of his family at regular intervals from all parts of the world, bearing the unpleasant information that it was "a thundering price for beans."

At last Gilmore sold the Marshall eating house and moved to Chicago. He carried his deep affliction along with him, gnawing like a cancer at his vitals. The persecution never ceased. Gilmore drooped, faded and finally died. The terribly afflicted family followed him to his last resting place, and the widow, with what little money she had saved from the expense of bogus telegrams and express packages, erected a plain marble slab to the memory of the tortured Gilmore.

The following Sabbath the mourning family went out to the cemetery to plant some violets on Gilmore's grave. Arriving on the ground, they observed in silent horror that another legend appeared above the name of Gilmore on the tombstone. It was chalked on a small blackboard and read; "A THUNDERING PRICE FOR BEANS."