

HER FONDEST HOPE

It is to Be Turn in Pieces By Her Pet Lion.

Gertrude Charlotte Planka, the lion tamer, loves her lions, thrills with pleasure when they roar, and hopes that when she dies her lions will be her executors, and that they will make a neat job of it.

"I fully realize the dangers of my business," she said, "but I do not care. I shall not give it up until I am killed by my pets. I honestly expect to die in the lions' den; to be torn to pieces by the beasts to which I have devoted my life. In fact, I prefer such a death to any other, and I only hope that when the time comes they will make a clean job of it."

"My fears is that they will only half kill me, and that I shall have to suffer in a hospital for weeks after."

"Knowledge of the fact that more than nine-tenths of the lion tamer's of the world who have been in the business any length of time have sooner or later died violent deaths by being torn to pieces by the beasts has no terrors for me. I hope to go in the same way. It will be a quick death if the lions do their work well."



Miss Planka, the Beautiful Lion Tamer.

"Hear that, and that? Its divine!" she exclaimed as the roaring of the huge beasts echoed through the empty theatre in San Francisco.

"That is the music for me. That roar is sweeter to me than any sonata. Ah! now Bowser and Brutus are beginning. Hear them growling gently as Spiffie sings her solo. Never did concerto sound grander. Now they are all pitching in at the top of their voices. What a trio! It is better than any overture composed by man; it is sweeter music to me than any symphony I ever heard."

Miss Planka meant what she said. What fills ordinary mortals with fear and horror fascinates her, and the louder her lions roar the better she likes it. She has been rightly dubbed "The Lady of Lions." Her life has been spent in constant companionship with the king of the jungle, and she has tamed and trained lions without number. She lives with her beasts, lives for them and declares she always will. They are the source of her greatest pleasure.

An Arab "New Woman."

Many an Arab woman never leaves her house from the time she is married until she is carried out to be buried. A woman of the middle class is allowed more liberty, and occasionally goes out for walks, accompanied, as a rule, by a servant. The poor creature is enveloped in masses of white drapery which make her look like a walking bundle, and in front of her face she arranges a large black scarf, embroidered with blue, red and white flowers. It falls in front, and even by holding up the ends she cannot see more than a foot or two of the road before her. I often wonder that she does not get run over when she goes out alone. For I am sure she needs a dog to guide her quite as much as any blind man. Servants and other women of the lower classes wear pieces of black crepon wound lightly round their faces, leaving just a slit for their eyes to peep through, and they are equally muffled up in white draperies. Seen from a distance they might be men with masks or thick black beards, as in Arab countries it is by no means easy to tell a man from a woman at first sight. The older a woman is the more prudish she seems to be about covering up her face, which, after all, is rather considerate on her part. Even the greater number of negroes wear the yashmak, but the Bedouin women never do. Indeed I am told that in the interior there is one Arab tribe whose men wear veils and whose women go about with their faces uncovered. These are probably the "new women" of Arabia.—Pearson's Weekly.

Crystal Ornamentation.

Clear crystal is the newest material for ornamentation. The velvet coats, so much a part of the reception toilet of the winter, are furnished with huge disks of clear glass, and the silk waist has many rows of these tiny buttons, round, plain or faceted. Umbrella handles are also made of it, for the quality of breakableness seems to be a desirable quality in the umbrella handle of to-day, viewed from the standpoint of the manufacturer, necessitating, as it does, frequent renewals.

Other toilet articles—brush backs, cloaks, combs and a dozen and one trifles—are made of the clear substance, which has superseded the rhinestone in popularity, and possesses the merit of being itself and not an imitation, which has always militated against the success of the rhinestone with the most fastidious.

Black silk, as a fabric, is never out of style. You may vary the style of "cut and make" as you choose, and add "dressy" adjuncts, but do not overdue the garnishings, as too much of this detracts from the stateliness and dignity of the material.

ABOUT KID GLOVES.

Here are Useful Hints for the Economical Woman to Follow.

Economy in small things is often overlooked, and if only more consideration were given to this subject quite a considerable sum of money might be saved annually. The careless manner in which a very large number of ladies treat their gloves is an instance in point, and perhaps the following hints may serve to show how the reasonable care of kid gloves would result in a reduction of expenditure:—

In the first place, it may be pointed out that rough handling is especially disastrous to kid gloves, and it very often happens that a new pair are split and ruined by jerking them on in a careless fashion. Always put on a new pair of kid gloves for the first time long enough before they are worn to allow of due deliberation in the task. When a pair of fine gloves are bought the purchaser should insist that they be fitted on in the shop; then if there are any flaws they will be detected before the gloves are paid for and taken away.

Cheap gloves are generally risky investments, but some of the best shops keep a fairly good line of gloves at low prices, which are worth buying for common wear. If strong and well made they will serve for shopping and morning walks, or for bad weather.

In putting on a glove be careful to get each finger straight. Coax each one on by rubbing gently with the thumb and first finger until the fingers are down to the very ends.

In taking the gloves off turn the wrist over the fingers and take hold of the ends of the fingers through the wrist. It wears a glove out badly to pull it off by catching hold of the finger tips. Pull the glove into shape and lay it aside carefully. Silk should be kept to match each shade and gloves should be mended as soon as a break appears, for the old proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine" is especially appropriate to these articles of attire. Glove mending is delicate work, which requires both skill and dexterity, and when well done pays admirably for the pains taken. Glove powder should form one of the adjuncts to every toilet table, and a pretty glove stretcher another.

French women set a good example, and have made quite an art of putting on gloves, and this is why a Parisienne's gloves last her four times as long as anybody else's.

Buttoning gloves should never be done in a hurry. The wrist should be carefully and gently pulled straight, and the buttons insinuated gently into the holes. Use a glove buttoner always; it ruins both the button hole and the finger tips to button them without. After purchasing a new pair of gloves always sew the buttons on before wearing them. The annoyance of having the buttons drop off will then be avoided.—Woman's Life.

Austrian Women Barbers.

Austrians take no chances with their barbers. They must be good, and the Barbers and Wigmakers' union of Vienna sees to it that they are. Provision is also made in their code for women barbers who desire to carry on the business of their husbands in case of the latter's death or illness.

In order to do this, the wife must have been enrolled in the union as an apprentice for three years. Apprentices must appear in Vienna in the presence of judges of the union and show their skill before they are allowed to open shops of their own. A properly certified barber must have a knowledge of and pass an examination in shaving, hair cutting, hair curling and wigmaking. Poor relations and others who are frugal serve as subjects for experiment.

Not only must the barber be well versed in the practical side of the subject, but questions are asked relating to the keeping clean of razors, brushes, etc., and the elementary rules of anaesthetics are thoroughly gone into. At the practical examination the young barbers have their razors dulled by four strokes on a pine plank, and they must then sharpen them. A subject is assigned to each barber, who must be tonsorially perfect, in the opinion of the judges, before the apprentice releases him. After this a certificate is issued, and the apprentice serves two years as a journeyman before he may open a shop as an employer. In the case of widows who desire to carry on the business of their husbands, only the three years' apprenticeship is required.

In spite of the number of years that an Austrian barber has to devote to his business before he is perfect, one can get a high class hair cut for a sum equal to five cents, or a first class shave for something like three cents in any part of the country.

Greece Wears Theatre Hats.

The first official act of M. Triantophyllacos, the Grecian Minister of the Interior, was to issue an order forbidding the wearing of hats at any theatrical representation. This met with unanimous approval from the men and a storm of protests from the women.

One of Athens' leaders of fashion appeared at the theatre a short time ago with her luxuriant tresses crowned with a very minute bonnet. The officer on duty politely called her attention to the printed notices forbidding the wearing of hats, and she was obliged to remove the objectionable headgear, all the while vowing to be revenged.

The next evening the woman arrived at the theatre bonnetless, but her hair was arranged in such a manner that it was little short of a monument on top of her head. Those of the spectators behind her deeply regretted that the law had not also forbidden monstruosities of the hairdresser's art.

MECHANICS FOR BEGINNERS.

The Manner in Which Water Pumps Are Constructed.

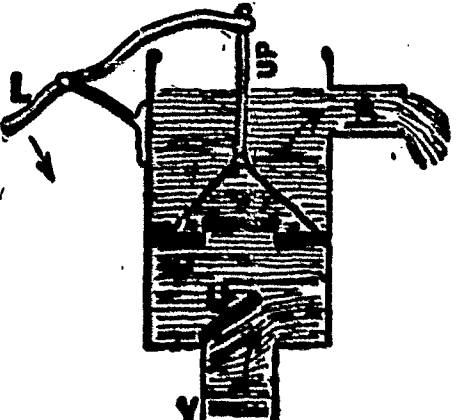
The common pump consists of a barrel or cylinder connected with the well or source of water by a pipe which opens into its lower end and is covered by a valve or lid U opening upward.

In the barrel is a closely fitting piston or plug P, which can be raised or lowered by means of the rod. This piston also contains an opening which is covered by a valve V opening upward.

The top of the barrel is generally furnished with a spout S and the piston rod is worked by the lever or "pump handle" L.

To explain the action of the pump let us start with the barrel full of water and the piston at the bottom of the cylinder.

In the up-stroke (Fig. 1) the valve V remains closed and the pressure below the piston is reduced, and the atmospheric pressure acting on the surface of the water in the well forces water upward.



up the pipe, which lifts the valve U and enters the barrel. At the same time the water above the piston is raised to the level of the spout and runs out.

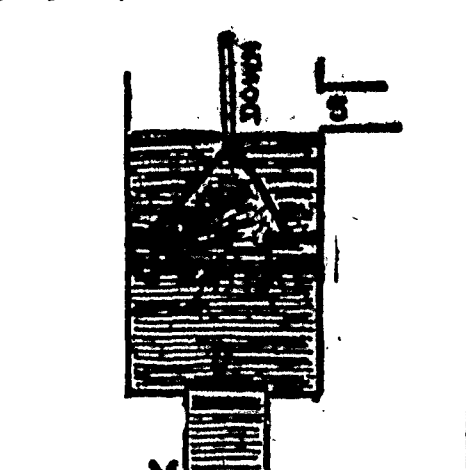
In the down-stroke (Fig. 2) the valve U closes and the water lifts the valve V and passes from the lower to the upper side of the piston P.

In the next up-stroke this water is raised to the spout, while a fresh supply of water runs into the barrel through the valve U.

Since the water below the piston is raised from below by the pressure of the atmosphere, it follows that the height of the piston above the surface of the water must never exceed the height of the water barometer (about thirty-four feet). Otherwise a vacuum will be formed in the barrel and water will cease to flow in. If during a portion of the stroke the piston is less than thirty-four feet above the water level, water will then enter the barrel; but the portion of the stroke in which the piston rises above that height will be useless.

If the weight of the lower valve U be taken into account, the limit to the height of the piston will have to be rather less than thirty-four feet in order that the water may lift this valve.

If the pump is used for raising any other liquid the greatest height is, of course, the height of a barometer of that liquid; e. g., mercury could only be drawn up thirty inches with a pump.



When a pump is first placed in water the pipe and barrel are full of air, which must be pumped out before the water will rise into the barrel.

Suppose the piston at the lowest point of the cylinder.

In the first up-stroke the air in the pipe expands and part of it rushes through the valve U into the barrel, while the reduction of pressure allows a column of water to rise up into the pipe.

In the first down-stroke the valve U closes, and as soon as the air in the barrel has got compressed to atmospheric pressure it begins to escape through V.

In the next up-stroke the air in the pipe again expands through the valve U into the cylinder and the reduction of pressure allows the water to rise still further in the pipe. This process continues till the water at last reaches the barrel, when the continuous action as a water-pump begins and a volume of water equal to that of the barrel is raised at each stroke.

A Funny Little Boy

I know a funny little boy,—
The funniest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan,—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks;
His laugh is something grand;
His ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done,
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—
The lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys, I know,
Who pout and moan and sigh.

—Wide Awake.

PROTECT THE CHILD

Our Little Men and Women Should Be No Spoilers.

"Ray, help little Minnie get a drink." Ray looked up to reassure himself, and then cast sheepish, bashful, little glances about him at the group of isobes—sisters, cousins, and grandmothers. Minnie, a little neighbor girl, stood vainly trying to lift the heavy pump handle.

"Ray!" There was no mistaking that tone of his mother's voice, even by a five-year-old, and the boy moved reluctantly away to obey.

"I just don't know what to do with him," confided his mother when Ray was gone out of hearing. "Our 'hired hand' last summer just spoiled him. He liked to play with Minnie until he laughed at and teased about being her 'beau'."

It has so changed him he is positively rude to all little girls. How many another has had the same perplexity? It may not have been the fault of the hired hand, but careless older brothers and sisters or thoughtless friends. It looks so cunning to see the little faces flush with sudden resentment, or blush in this new self-knowledge thrust upon them.

But it is not a puppet being played with, but a little, shy, sensitive soul, one whose first impressions of this strange world are the indelible ones that make or mar character. There are only two results from such a process. The one where the child develops a bold recklessness, talking of "my girl" and "my sweetheart," or growing up with a shy indifference or positive aversion to the little girls that should have been innocent playmates for a dozen years yet.

Who has not read Miss Alcott's books without finding that the charm in them is in the unconscious simplicity, the naturalness of her little men and women, who are good or naughty, play together, love, quarrel, kiss and make up their quarrels, just as real children do, and would always do if unaffected by the nonsense of older heads?

"Oh, ho!" laughed the boy, grown wise by this foolish training, "you said you liked Harry. I am going to tell him."

"Why, I told him," returned the little maid. "Mamma said I could play with him 'cause he's nice, like my brother."

Wise mother! If at five the little maid was learning to look on all "nice" boys as brothers and playmates, no danger that at fifteen she would look on every man who offered the slightest attention in the light of a possible lover. She would go with frank sweetness through girlhood, finding blessed friendships, good comrades, true boy friends, and, unspoiled by silly notions, meet at the right time, love and the lover, like a fresh white rose with the morning dew upon it.

But what can Ray's mother and the other mothers do? Nothing, but try to lead the child gently back to its first conception of the little playmates whom it liked.

Yes—something else! Protect the child! Lecture those same thoughtless aunties, cousins—ay, even the "hired hand," into a sense of their responsibility. If they cannot realize it, protect him from them. It is your right.

Shooting the Nile Rapids

Arab boys are expert swimmers, and, like boys in general, are fond of displaying their skill before strangers, if only they are rewarded by some small coin. They shoot the rapids of the Nile in the following manner:

Seating themselves astride a log of wood about six feet long, and buoyant enough to support them waist high out of the water, they ride it with the seat and gestures of a jockey, and with hands and feet keep it straight with the line of the current.

The fall is shot with an ease and grace that does away with the sense of danger one would expect to feel at seeing a man hurried along amid such a boll and turmoil of waters; but once at the bottom they have a hard struggle to induce their horses to turn out of the course.

To do this they avail themselves of the impetus acquired by the log in its shoot, and throwing themselves full length upon it, they seem, with a sudden stroke from the left leg and arm, to drive it and themselves out of the current.

To fall in this would be dangerous even to Arab swimmers. Immediately below lie the ugly rocks, on which the heavy stream breaks with fearful violence.

A King's Ambition.

The little King of Spain, Alfonso XIII, has his boyish ambitions, it seems, even though he is a king. He is now six years old, and he is no longer a "baby king." Recently, it is related by a correspondent at Madrid, the celebrated sculptor, Senor Querol, was engaged to make a statue of the young king.

The sculptor had great difficulty in finding a pose for his subject, which should be at once spirited and natural, and at one day in a brown study, regarding the boy as he looked out at the window.

At last once the sound of a band of music was heard in the street. The king sprang up, and brought his hand to his forehead in the military salute.

"The flag, sir! The flag!" the boy exclaimed. "Salute it!"

The sculptor had found the pose he sought, and made his statue represent the king in the act of saluting his country's flag.

As he was at work, the boy asked the artist:

"Are you going to make me big?"

"The statue will represent your majesty a little larger than you are," said Senor Querol.

"Well," said the six-year-old, "I want you to make me very big, with a long mustache."

TOAD AND DOVE

A Fable With a Moral For Young People.

In the neighborhood of a warm sand patch there once lived a poor little horned toad, who, by industry and strict attention to his own affairs, had become very well, and with little trouble to his peace of mind, until upon one occasion, casting his eyes toward a beautiful dove, as dainty and trim as only a dove knows how to be, was pecking away in the sand at not more than a foot distance, and the poor horned toad at once fell a victim to her enthralling influence. It was, in fact, a case of love at first sight, with all the usual symptoms. The dove did not remain more than a few minutes, but spread her graceful wings and flew off before the horned toad had time to realize what was amiss with him. For the remainder of that day he experienced an unusual condition of restlessness. He was neither able to enjoy his usual midday bask in the sun, nor did any flies come within reach that served to stimulate his appetite. At sundown, too, he sat on, gazing at nothing in particular, instead of burrowing in the sand and going quietly to sleep, like any peaceful minded little reptile. So the morning came and found him considerably the worse for a night spent in harrowing reflections. Two or three times that day the dove came and hopped about near the poor horned toad, and left him each time more despondent and lovesick than ever.

This went on for a week, and all the toad's companions began to remark upon his careworn and altered appearance without guessing at the real cause of his condition, and goodness only knows how it might have ended had not the dove herself at last noticed it also and brought the affair to an explanation.

"Why, Toady," said she, "how sick you look. What have you been doing with yourself the last few days to be so miserable?"

"Divine lady," replied the poor horned toad in a voice of the deepest melancholy, "vision of all earthly loveliness, could you but deign to spare me a passing thought occasionally, then all would indeed be well."

"Be well, Toady, for I have given you a good many passing thoughts during the last day or two."

"Is that within the bounds of possibility, sweet bird? Oh, what supreme happiness!"

"Why, yes," answered the dove, in a matter-of-fact sort of way. "I've been thinking what a wretched little beast you look, and how different from the active fellow that I used to see about here."

This was not exactly the sort of reply that the horned toad expected, so he sighed and looked unutterably miserable.

"Come, wake up!" said the dove. "Shake off whatever drowsiness is troubling you."

"Never!" exclaimed the horned toad. "I am so tired that I can't keep my eyes open. I am so tired that I can't keep my eyes open. I am so tired that I can't keep my eyes open."

"Never!" ejaculated the toad emphatically. "Oh, yes, you would," retorted the dove. "And even if you didn't get tired of me in that time, I should get awfully sick of you, Toady."

"Cruelest charmer of Paradise!" uttered the poor horned toad. "Is your heart of granite that no appeal will make an impression upon it?"

"Not at all, Toady. Neither is it made of clay. You see, I could not live in the earth with you, because I have not been brought up to that mode of life, and I do not think that you would like to bring to the branch of a tree all night, would you?"

"Ah! I never thought of that," said the toad. "I am not at all sure that I would care about it."

"And how would you like to eat grain instead of nice, juicy flies?" asked the bird.

"Not at all," replied the toad. "It would stick in my throat and choke me."

"And I should dislike your way of life equally," said the dove in a philosophical manner. "Therefore, Toady, pull yourself together, for as you cannot obtain my love, so to work again and earn my respect as a brave little fellow."

"You are right, I believe," answered the toad, as he plucked up heart once more. "I see it all now. No, I wouldn't do it. But, while I am maintaining my opinion as to your beauty, I can now add many words as to your wisdom."

Fortunate are those who realize the incompatibility of their temperaments before marriage, instead of after.

A Fat Tree

The little granddaughter of Colonel Ellithorpe, the well known Illinois scientist, has as her most beloved pet a common forest tree. It follows her about, hops into her lap and remains there most contentedly while she feeds it with crumbs.

The "weeping tree" owned by the Duke of Devonshire is made of copper and is so dexterously contrived and cunningly painted that at a careless glance one would distinguish it from a real tree. It drips water on tourists who wander beneath its shade.

Papa—I hear you were a bad girl to-day and had to be spanked.

Small Daughter—Mamma is awful strict. If I'd known she used to be a school-teacher, I'd have told you not to marry her.—Harper's Life.

Weak and Sick

Did Not Sleep Last Night

All Time is precious, and it is a pity to waste it in a sick bed.

"I was completely exhausted last night," said a man who had been sick in the morning. "I did not sleep a wink, and I was so weak and sick that I could not walk without being supported by my friends."

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