

THE SPANISH WOMAN.

STRUGGLE OFTEN BORNE BY FAMILY FOR APPEARANCE.

Degrading For Woman of Gentle Birth to Earn Her Living—Marriage Their Chief Aim—All Must Have a Dowry.

The Spanish girl is strictly looked after by her mother; she is expected to yield implicit obedience to her father, but to her suitors she is a tyrant and coquette, and no woman in the world enjoys her kingdom more. From the time she is fifteen, when she is considered grown up, until she marries, every effort is made to provide amusements for her, and of these amusements is the chief.

The young Spanish woman never by any chance is allowed to go out alone, so, as the mother or husband cannot always be in attendance, an occupation is provided for an indefinite number of middle-aged Spanish ladies of gentle birth, who accompany girls, young married women, and widows to early mass, and on the subsequent round of shopping.

Nowhere is there a more unremitting struggle to keep up appearances. No matter how poverty-stricken the family may be, the comforts of life are curtailed in order that the wife and daughters may have smart dresses in which to walk on Sunday in the Prado. A struggling man, holding some petty official position, which brings in perhaps \$600 a year, must stint in food to enable his family to go to the theater and to allow his daughter the chance of attracting a husband.

Every Spanish girl requires a dowry, whether she marries or goes into a convent, and the most strenuous scraping goes on to provide this.

The idea of a Spanish woman of gentle birth earning money is not to be thought of, and she would lose caste and be expelled from society if she followed any profession.

Bridge Coats or Boleros.

Such tiny little coats as these are made of almost every possible material and treated in every attractive way to be worn for a variety of occasions. Made from all-over lace or



From embroidered linen combined with lace insertion edged as illustrated, the plain one becomes as dainty a garment as possible while made entirely from linen or silk with trimming of banding. It becomes comparatively plain and simple. The scalloped bolero is slightly different in shape, perhaps a bit more jaunty, and allows of equal variation. In this instance linen is trimmed with lace applique and is finished at the edges with banding, but all-over lace embroidery, and, indeed, every material of the sort can be utilized. Or again, as in the case of the plain bolero, a simpler effect can be obtained by using plain material and trimming the edges with one of the many beautiful braids or bandings of the season.

HOME COOKING.

A Novel Apple Pie.

A good, plain, everyday pie is made by filling a buttered dish with sliced apples strewn with sugar, spice and bits of butter; add a gill of syrup from any kind of canned fruit or preserves; cover with a good crust and bake an hour. This is delicious eaten hot with sweetened cream.

Banana Shortcake.

Make a batter as for strawberry shortcake, and then while it is still hot spread with butter and a layer of bananas that have been sliced thinly with one orange (also sliced and cut up very small) added for every three bananas. Mix the fruit and on top of the hot buttered layers of shortcake. Whip a cup of cream till stiff, sweeten and spread over the fruit without further seasoning.

Salad Dressing.

One and one-half tablespoonsfuls mustard, three eggs, three-quarter cup milk, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter cup vinegar, one teaspoonful sugar, small pieces butter; cook in double boiler until thick.

Tomato and Spinach.

Peel large, ripe tomatoes, cut one slice from top, remove centers and fill with chopped spinach and nut meats in equal parts; serve either with French or mayonnaise dressing.

EMBROIDERY NOTES.

Dates of all sizes and nature are the favorite floral design for embroidery this year.

Thin envelope sachets made of tinted rice paper and decorated with a flower design are selling for 10 cents and are nice to place among the linings for one's bureau drawers.

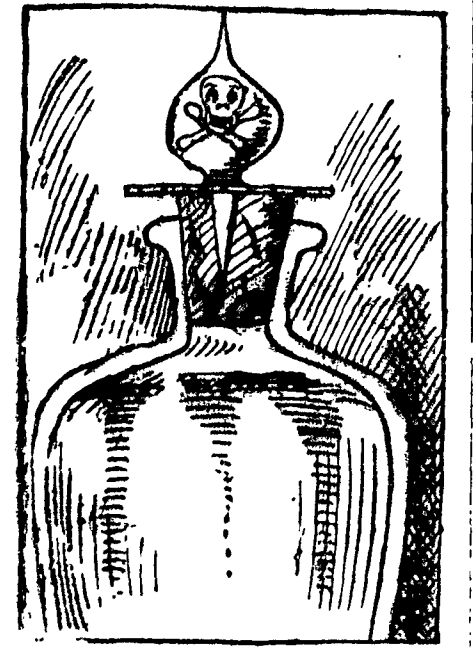
The best evening coats shown are of broadcloth in white and delicate tones. The Empire cut predominates.

An embroidered linen belt is six or eight inches wide, fastened with a gold buckle, and non-removable sleeves and supplied with a three-button side in the back on each sleeve.

HANDY POISON INDICATOR.

No Chance of Anyone Mistaking Contents of the Bottle.

The old story of the unfortunate who drank the contents of a bottle containing a deadly poison in mistake for another medicine is almost a daily news item in the newspapers. In fact, an economical editor once suggested that the item be kept standing in type, the only necessary change from day to day being that of the name of the victim.



In order to lessen the number of mistakes of this kind a Southern chemist has devised the "poison indicator" shown in the accompanying illustration. Undoubtedly it would prove effective wherever used. It is made entirely separate from the cork, and can readily be transferred from an unused bottle to another. The skull and crossbones are sufficient indication of the contents in the daytime, while its peculiar shape would serve the same purpose at night. At the bottom of the indicator is a pin by which it is held in place in the cork.

Don't Worry.

Some people really enjoy unhappiness. Strange as it may be, this is actually a fact, else why do so many women expatiate upon their woes at a length calculated to wear out their hearers? There are women and men, too, for that matter, who are constantly on the lookout for unpleasant things, and who, after a while, form a habit of always looking on the wrong side. The weather is never what it should be, the meals are badly cooked, the children are troublesome, and altogether there is such a continual fault-finding over trifles that the big real troubles are lost sight of. Such a trait should be nipped in the bud, for it not only leads to endless unhappiness on the part of the perpetrator, but makes life miserable for those in the immediate vicinity who are so sensible as to see that, summing all things up, they find that good generally comes to balance the bad, says Woman's Life. There are some people, too, who gloat over the description of their ailments, and retail them at length to horror-stricken friends, who do not always realize that a trouble grows in magnitude each time it is expatiated upon.

New Gloves Every Day.

A glove for protecting the hands while working that is said to be a decided improvement on the conventional rubber glove has been invented by a clever Englishman. The idea consists in dipping the hands into a solution of rubber that is easily prepared and that dries instantly, leaving a fine film of rubber covering the entire surface of the hands. The film, of course, fits like the skin itself and does not interfere with the movement of the hands, and it is claimed, is impervious to moisture.

When the gloves, or rather the coat is to be removed a second solution is provided which dissolves the film as quickly as it was formed.

The invention was primarily intended for surgeons who are constantly complaining against the use of the cumbersome rubber glove that interferes so seriously with the sense of touch.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

Enamel ware that has been burned or discolored may be cleaned by applying a paste made of coarse salt and vinegar. A little vigorous rubbing will remove the ugly marks.

Kerosene may be used with very satisfactory results in taking out wagon grease or tar spots if used while the grease is fresh. Then wash out in cold soft water, using no soap. In dressing salads do not use a combination of sugar and vinegar or salt and vinegar. The latter will be found most useful in cleaning but is not particularly good for one's stomach. Use a mixture of oil and vinegar, delicately seasoned.

If only the straight-edged variety of lettuce can be procured, shred it with a very sharp knife or scissors for about two inches deep around the edges. It will not be long if the lettuce is placed in a colander and set immediately on the ice, and the fringed effect is quite pretty.

Silly Women's Pets.

Women really seem to be growing quite silly over their attachment to their pets. One lady recently buried her dog in a white satin coffin, with flowers strewn over it; another carried a bottle of Apollinaris water about with her lest her dog should drink of contaminated water; another will not accept an invitation unless her dog is included in it.—Lady Violet Greville, in The Graphic.

ART OF WALKING GRACEFULLY.

A Few Rules to Bear in Mind if a Woman Will Look Her Best.

Every woman should aspire to look as well as possible upon all occasions. If she will make up her mind to sit, stand and walk gracefully she will go far toward accomplishing this state of continually looking her best. It isn't difficult if you will only persevere.

The graceful positions of the body are invariably correct, and stiffness is the only thing to be guarded against. And yet proper carriage of the body is a rarity. In consequence, the majority of people are characterized by flat chests, haring shoulder blades, protruding collar bones, etc.

A woman should never hurry if she wants to look well, but should strive to attain a reposeful manner when walking. She should lift her feet lightly, so that when she takes a step it will swing naturally with the toe downward. In this way the forward part of the foot should be set down so that the heels are pretty well on an imaginary chalk line, the toes always falling a little outside the line. The full weight of the body ought to be placed upon the foot, that is, on the ground. A person should be able to balance at any moment upon the single foot that is supposed to be carrying the walk.

If this can be done it is proof that the body is properly poised and well carried. If we accustom ourselves to holding the body gracefully when sitting and standing, it will assume that position naturally when we are walking.

We often read of women walking with a springy step, indicative of buoyancy and vitality, but alas, little of such grace do we see. And this charming attribute to womanly attractiveness is too often neglected, although it lies well within our reach.

I wish every one of my readers would resolve to be as graceful as possible, and, with this idea constantly before each of us, I am sure there would soon be a marked improvement in the carriage of women in general.

If we only avoid swinging the shoulders, turning the body from side to side and bobbing the head up and down, a great deal of unsightliness would be eliminated from our gait.

A Valuable Necklace.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable pieces of jewelry of all ages was the celebrated diamond necklace which not only had a most sinister influence on the life of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette, but was also one of the causes of the great French Revolution.

Louis XVI. in the year 1774, ordered the court jeweler, Boehmer and Basseigne by name, to get together the finest diamonds that could be found, in order to make the costliest and most beautiful necklace in the world. Some time was necessarily required to accomplish this difficult order, and, unfortunately, before it was finished the king died and the necklace was no longer required for its original purpose. The jeweler, however, com-



pleted the necklace, which was composed of 500 diamonds, all of the purest water, in the hope that Louis XVI would purchase it for his queen, Marie Antoinette; but as the necklace was valued at the very large sum for those days, of £90,000, and the king's finances were in a poor condition, he very wisely declined to buy it, the queen at the same time remarking: "We need a ship of war much more than a necklace." Boehmer tried, but in vain, to sell it at all the different courts of Europe; he then obtained an audience of Marie Antoinette, and with tears entreated her to buy it, at the same time saying he would drown himself if she would not do so. The queen, however, again refused the purchase, and advised him to break up the necklace and sell it in pieces, but Boehmer would not do this, as he hoped in time to dispose of it in its original form.

The intrigue which grew up around this necklace eventually caused the Queen great sorrow and trouble and in a remote way was the cause of her death on the scaffold.

Hold Up Your Chin.

"If you don't want to be thought old don't act old," was the advice of a beauty doctor the other day. "Don't walk like an old woman, for one thing. Old women bow their heads and walk with their chins depressed. So hold your head up well."

The Vampire Shopper.

It is women's demand for cheapness that makes shop proprietors overwork and underpay their employees.—Weekly Dispatch.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE TIGER.

By J. Sackville Martin.

"Bravery, Doctor" (said my friend the third officer), isn't such a simple thing as you think it. One man is brave in one way, and another in a different one. Often enough, that which is called bravery is nothing more than custom. You wouldn't go up on the fore-castle-yard in half a gale to reef sail, would you? Not you! You'd be afraid. Well, you might think me a brave man because I would. But then I'd be afraid to cut a chap's leg off, and you wouldn't."

That was what old Captain Hoskins, whom I used to sail with, could never understand. If a man was a bit nervous about the sea, he used to look down on him as all sorts of a coward. But there came a day when he learned better.

It happened when I was with him in a three-masted sailing ship called the Arrow. We lay at Singapore, alongside the Tanjong Pagar wharf, loading with a general cargo for Liverpool. The principal object in that cargo—or, at least, the one we took most notice of—was a tiger that we were shipping for London. It lay in a strong cage of wood and iron, with a door in the front through which it could be fed. It was a fine big brute, and every time it stretched itself you could see the muscles slipping over its sides and the big, wicked-looking claws peeping out of the pads of its feet in a way that made you very thankful for the bars.

We had a passenger or two. One of them was a young girl who went by the name of Hilda Sandford. She had been a governess in the family of one of our agents out there, but the climate hadn't suited her, and she had to go home. She was coming with us instead of by steamer, because she got her passage for nothing and she wasn't well off.

The other passenger was a strange young man who wore gold-plated shoes and kept peering about the ship in a most uncomfortable way. He gave his name as Mr. Hay. Professor Hay he called himself, though we didn't find out what he professed until after, of course, the tiger had its attendant, but it berthed forward.

An hour or two before we started this Mr. Hay came up to the old man and began asking him a lot of questions.

"Captain," he said nervously, "how shall we have a quiet passage?" "I don't see why we shouldn't," said Hoskins genially.

Mr. Hay looked up at the sky. "There seems to be a good deal of wind about," he said.

"Perfectly fair," said Hoskins. "That's what's going to take us home. Not being a steamer, we can't do without it."

"You're sure it's quite safe?" asked Hay. "You will excuse me, Captain," he said. "The fact is I am constitutionally nervous on a ship-board. It is a feeling that I have never been able to overcome."

The old man looked at him with a sort of good natured contempt.

"You've no call to be alarmed," he said. "We'll take you to England safe enough."

Hoskins looked after him, and then turned to Miss Sandford, who was sitting near.

"Nice sort of chap to have on a ship," he said. "A man like that ought to stick to dry land."

"Well, you know, I have a fellow feeling for him, Captain," she answered. "I'm afraid of the sea myself."

One afternoon the skipper was sitting beside Miss Sandford on the poop deck when Hay came up to the companion and made his way toward them.

"There's something I want to tell you, Captain," he said. "It's getting on my mind and making me quite uncomfortable. That man whose business it is to look after the tiger isn't doing his work properly. The animal isn't getting enough food. It is developing a savage nature. And yesterday, when I went to see the man about it, I found that he was intoxicated. I really think you should interfere."

Of course, the old man should have interferred. But he didn't like being told his duty by the little professor, especially when the girl was about. So he just sneered.

"I suppose you're afraid of the beast escaping?" he said.

"I should certainly regard it as unfortunate," the little man replied. "You see, a drunken man might be careless about the fastenings. I must really insist upon your speaking to him."

"He's not one of my crew," said Hoskins. "I have enough to do to look after them. If any of them get drunk, they'll hear of it. But this chap is a passenger, even if he is only a steerage-one. He can do as he likes with his spare time. If you're so darned frightened about the beast, you'd better look to the fastenings yourself."

"Excuse me," said the professor stiffly, "that is not my business. The animal does not belong to me. I have done what I believe to be my duty. I can say no more."

of fatherly advice, Miss Sandford. When you are looking for a man to marry, never select a coward. A girl like you wants some one who will protect her in times of danger, some one she can rely on and look up to."

"I'm not thinking of getting married," she said shyly. "But when I do, I'll bear your advice in mind, captain."

It was about a week after his conversation with the girl that it came Hilda was sitting on the poop-deck, reading a book. The old man was marching up and down with a quarter-deck trot, casting glances at her and thinking how pretty she was. When suddenly he let off a howl that would have frightened an elephant and sprang into the port mizzen rigging. I wasn't far off him at the time, and I looked at him, wondering whether he had gone mad. Then I saw what he had seen, and I went up the starboard mizzen shrouds as quickly as he had gone up the port ones. The girl raised her head and looked up at Hoskins, and he gaped down at her and tried to shout. But for some time he could only make faces.

"Look! Look!" he yelled at last. "Come up the rigging! The tiger is loose!"

She sprang to her feet and looked about her. Not four yards away from her the tiger was playing with a coil of rope. It was paying no sort



I saw him talking to the girl. of attention to her at the moment, but she felt that it might take it by the head to spring at her at any moment. As she stood, she was looking down the stern of the ship toward the door. There was nothing to be done but to climb up the rigging. She tried, but the first step was too high, and she could not manage it. And when she realized this she thought she was going to faint.

Hoskins was just going down to see if he could get a hand but at that moment the tiger leaped up and saw him and gave a roar of rage. The old man started like a rabbit in a gab. As for the girl she went white all over and gave herself up for lost. And then out of the cabin came Professor Hay.

He just took one look round and saw the tiger. Then he picked up a broom some one who had been washing the decks had left leaning against the deck-house, and pushed at the tiger with it, looking it straight in the eyes. "I'd heard of the power of the human eye before, but I had never believed it until that afternoon. He kept walking forward, pushing the beast gently before him right into the waist and back into its cage."

When he had it safely fastened in he came astern again, looking not the least bit excited or worried, and put the broom carefully back into its place. The girl was looking hard at him, and her eyes were shining; but he didn't seem to be aware of it. Hoskins had come down the rigging and was looking a trifle ashamed of himself. He hadn't known it was so easy to push tigers into their cages with a broom or he might have had a try at it. After a bit he spoke up.

"That was a fine bit of work, sir," he said. "If I hadn't seen it I couldn't have believed it."

"Oh, it's nothing," said the professor. "It's my business. I tame wild animals."

After that he seemed to dismiss the whole subject from his mind, and went down into the cabin. But I saw him later in the evening talking to that girl, and he must have had something important to say to her, for when the old man met her next morning and began making excuses for himself, she cut him short.

"Captain," she said, "do you remember advising me to marry a brave man?"

"I do," said Hoskins, a bit puzzled.

"Well," she said softly, "he asked me yesterday, and I'm going to take your advice."

Which shows you, doctor, that bravery is very much a matter of custom. As for poor old Hoskins, we had mill-pond weather the whole way home, and he hadn't even a chance to show himself.

Eyeglasses slightly tinged with an orange yellow are said by a French expert, Dr. Metais, to be peculiarly agreeable and soothing to feeble or oversensitive eyes. Patients who can not use blue or smoked glasses see well with these.

A wonderful pearl bearing the exact likeness of the late Queen Victoria of England was found in a water mussel in the Mississippi river near Davenport, Iowa.

RARE OLD TIMEPIECES.

Constructed For Queen Elizabeth and Ill-Fated Queen of Scots.

Two of the most elaborate watches that have ever been constructed belonged, the one to Queen Elizabeth, the other to Mary Queen of Scots. Queen Elizabeth's watch was in the form of a duck, with beautifully chased feathers. The lower part opened, showing a face of silver, with an elaborate gilt design, and the whole was kept in a case of brass, covered with black leather which was studded with knobs of silver.

The Scottish queen's watch was in the shape of a skull, the dial being introduced where the palate should have been, the works being in the mimic brain cavity. A little bell struck the hours.

Nobleman's Buried Heart.

The story of a buried heart—brought back by sorrowing friends from Holland, when the body itself could not be conveyed to the family vault—has been recalled from the mists of tradition by the search for the relic among the ruins of Culross Abbey.

In a vault in the Abbey is a small brass plate which tells the story of the buried heart. The inscription is as follows: "Near this spot is deposited the heart of Edward, Lord Bruce of Kinloss, who was slain in a bloody duel fought in 1613 with Sir Edward Sackville, afterward Earl of Dorset, at Bergen-Zoom, Holland. The heart is embalmed in a silver casket of foreign workmanship, secured between two flat and excavated stones clasped with iron."

Milling in London.

The metropolis is a growing milling center. Within the past three years its milling capacity has been increased by about 150 sacks per hour. The milling capacity of the metropolis, namely, 500 sacks of 280 pounds per hour, is equal to 140 hours per week, or a weekly capacity of 70,000 sacks, or an annual capacity of 4,000,000 sacks. Liverpool is the most important milling center in the United Kingdom, has an hourly milling capacity of 50 sacks, and a yearly capacity of 4,700,000 sacks. London Mills.

People Who Live in Nests.

Probably the lowest type of man is found among the bushmen of Australia. They are so primitive that they have no idea of building a nest, the most rudimentary form of hut or shelter. Travellers from this part of the world tell wonderful stories of the nest building people who inhabit the wilds. They had whole families of them nesting in the thickets like our ground birds, though their nests are not constructed so carefully and artistically as those of our feathered friends.

Curious Cause of Bush Fires.

The remarkable discovery has been made that many of the recent great bush fires in New South Wales, Australia, were caused by the phosphorus paste used to kill rabbits. The paste is laid down by the ton in all the rabbit-infested districts. As soon as the mixture dries it catches fire under the heat of the sun rays and starts disastrous infernos.

Professional Tooth Stainer.

The trade of tooth stainer followed in Eastern Asia is as old a calling as any. The natives prefer black teeth to the whiter kind, and the tooth stainer with a little box of brushes and coloring matter, calls on his customers and stains their teeth. The process is not unlike that of blacking a boot, for a fine polish is given to the teeth. The pigment used is quite harmless.

Water of the Dismal Swamp.

Dismal Swamp gives you an uncanny feeling, yet its waters are the most portable on this entire continent. They will keep sweet in barrels on shipboard for years. They are preserved from stagnation by an infusion of juniper berries, and suckers like its gin flavor.

Guarding Against Accident.

The Hamburg-American company is following the plan of having two captains for each large steamer. The extra cost is more than counterbalanced by the diminished liability to accidents, which the insurance companies recognize by granting lower rates.

New York's Sewers.

If the sewers of New York City were placed end to end in a straight line they would reach from there to Pike's Peak, 1,710 miles, and the paved streets of the city would make a road along one side of them all the way.

Fruit Served on the Tree.

French horticulturists have apparently been very successful of late in raising dwarf fruit trees, and one of the features of dinner-parties among the rich now is to serve the fruit upon the tree.

Value of Meat Extracts.

A medical expert points out that meat extracts have a value quite separate from the actual nutritive constituents, inasmuch as they have a direct stimulating action on the gastric juice.

American Literature.

American literature is found in every Canadian home, writes Consul Seyfert from Stratford. The village and city libraries are filled with American books and American periodicals predominate.