

# THE HAWK'S BURG, CRADLE OF HABSBURGS.

Habsburg, the mighty cradle of a mighty race, has just been repaired and restored to something of its ancient might and grandeur. The work was finished in time to come as an offering for the anniversary of the old Emperor, who is trying so hard to build up a dynasty to keep alive the brave old name. It is something in which the entire world may well wish him success. Whatever one may think of the principle of royalty, the Habsburgs were a great and noble race, and whatever may have been the sins of many of them, their great men were brave and noble gentlemen.

The Habsburg rises from a high peak in the Canton Berne of Switzerland. It is near the city of Brugg, and commands a grand view over that beautiful part of Switzerland through which there winds in many silver folds the River Aare.

It is an ancient building, this imposing castle which looks so haughtily over the land. It was built in 1020, and has stood firm through many bloody sieges and fights. Many times it has been changed and restored. In 1490 the huge tower was repaired and altered, and in 1559 there was added to the original pile a new building, which is famous now because it has some of the most remarkable wood panelings in Europe. In the course of time the original front of the burg, or castle proper, has disappeared entirely. But since that time, 1674, there was comparatively little meddling with the place, and the pictures printed here, which show how it looks today, also show almost exactly how it looked in the seventeenth century. The main tower was higher, and had a pointed roof, and there were some ruins of outer fortifications still standing at that time; but

the main characteristics were the same as they are now.

While the Habsburg really may be viewed as the cradle of the race, the real origin of these rulers dates far beyond its existence. In unbroken succession the family can trace its descent back from powerful nobles of the tenth century, beginning with Guntram the Rich. Going still further back, but in a not unbroken line, the Habsburgs trace their ancestry to the ducal houses of ancient Alsace, and old castles on both sides of the Rhine are pointed out today as having belonged once to the men who founded the family of great kings.

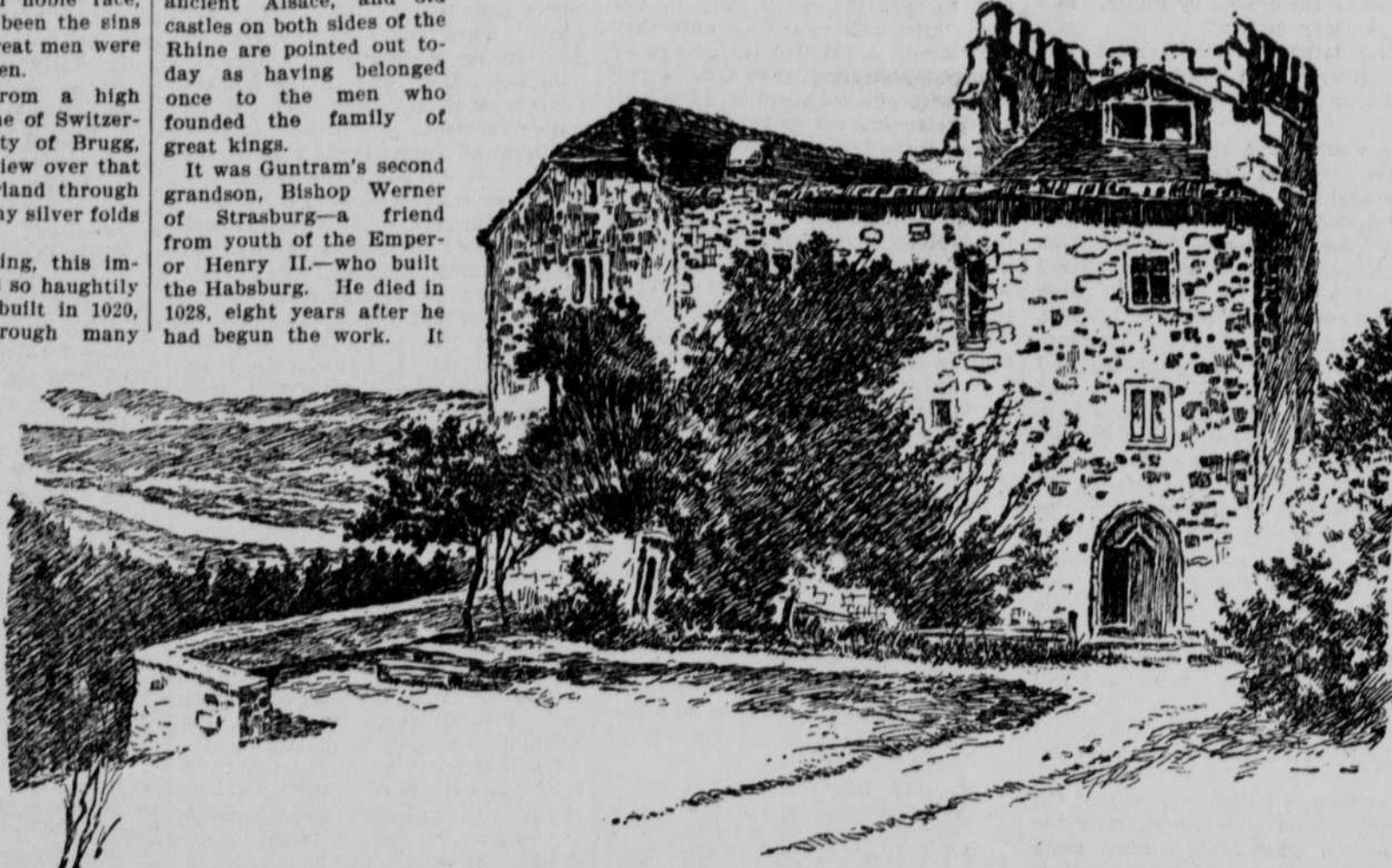
It was Guntram's second grandson, Bishop Werner of Strasburg—a friend from youth of the Emperor Henry II.—who built the Habsburg. He died in 1028, eight years after he had begun the work. It

was called Habsburg after the word "habicht" (hawk), because it stood, proud and defiant, but probably with a menace as clear as that of the bird of prey, on the moun-

tain that commanded a rich country. Bishop Werner designated the Hawk's burg as the seat of the family, who then ranked only as counts, and his elder brother assumed the name of Habsburg for his branch and perpetuated it.

By the thirteenth century the Habsburg was pretty well abandoned by the family as a residence, for the Count Rudolf of Habsburg visited it only once. He was elected as German King

barons and contested partisans of all stripes won and lost it in turn. At last, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the city of Berne bought the old castle. After some further changes it reverted in a measure to the Habsburgs again, because it was bought for a nunnery which had been founded by the family. During the Reformation it reverted to the city of Berne, and in 1804 it was turned over to the Canton. Many times the project for restoring



EASTERN FACE OF THE HABSBURG.

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it was brought up, and finally it was begun in 1895. Now it is finished, and the old castle stands again in ancient pride, more rugged and powerful than is its race

## ENORMOUS LAKE OF PURE GOLD WATER IN UNDERGROUND LONDON.

London has suddenly found itself in possession of a cheap and inexhaustible supply of pure water, the existence of which it had never expected.

Walter Mosely, the engineer of the London city council, has informed that body that underneath London is an immense lake of pure, cold water, in a chalk basin 2,506 square miles in extent and 100 feet below the surface of the ground.

The annual rainfall that sinks below to the lake is at least two hundred and eighty thousand million gallons, which would give a daily yield of seven thousand and sixty-five million gallons.

It is believed that the discovery of

London, and is producing a daily yield of a million gallons.

It seems strange that London should have existed for more than two thousand years and never discovered that there was a great lake beneath it.

The discovery of this lake brings a solution to a question which has been distressing London terribly of late. The greatest city in the world has a very inadequate water supply. It is furnished by certain private companies, conspicuous among which is the New River Company, which was organized in the reign of James I., about three hundred years ago.

These companies charge exorbitant rates and give a very poor supply. A

now seems that their last hour has come.

Last year the vast East End of London suffered from a water famine, and in consequence there was a danger of an outbreak of all kinds of dreadful diseases. Only good luck averted that catastrophe.

The county council then decided that it would have to settle the water question once and for all. It planned to carry the water supply to London from the hills or the border of Wales, about two hundred miles away. This would have been the greatest engineering undertaking of its kind in the world and would have cost more than a hundred million dollars.



THE SUBTERRANEAN LAKE OF PURE WATER WHICH HAS BEEN FOUND UNDER LONDON, LARGE ENOUGH TO FURNISH THE CITY'S ENTIRE WATER SUPPLY.

this lake will forever put an end to the old vexed question of London's water supply. It is only necessary to sink a sufficient number of deep wells in order to obtain all the water necessary. An artesian well has already been sunk to this lake at Clapham, near

fourth of a share in the New River Company is worth about \$20,000. The water companies have hitherto exerted tremendous influence through their shareholders in parliament, but the new democratic county council has put a wholesome fear into them. It

Now comes the announcement that an inexhaustible reservoir has been found but a hundred feet beneath London.

The county council will soon sink its wells, and there will be little expense in the undertaking.

### HE KNEW WHAT SHE MEANT.

But Her Sentiment Was Expressed in a Peculiar Manner.

"The 'Tales of the Town' man will perhaps find material for amusement in the following incident, which occurred three or four weeks ago," said a local professional man recently to a Cleveland Plain Dealer reporter. "An aged citizen, whose son I had previously defended against a criminal charge, came into the office and asked me again to look after the boy, who had been indicted for a penitentiary offense. I named the retainer for which I would be willing to undertake the defense. A week or so later he returned, accompanied by the boy's mother. 'We've not all the money ye wanted, sor,' said she, 'but O! have tin

dollars now and O'll give ye foive more th' next pay and foive th' pay after, and so an. And we'd loike very much to have ye take th' case, for we've had you before and we don't want to be a-changin'.' I finally assented to this arrangement and she handed me a wad of crumpled bills, saying: 'Well, here it is, sor, and we know ye'll do what's right for th' bye, an' we're better satisfied wid givin' you tin dollars, sor, than another man a hundred.'"

She had rejected him. "And is this the end?" he sadly inquired. "It is," answered the literary maiden; "and there will be no sequel, either!"—Puck. God plans His own work.

### Lateness.

"Too late!" he cried, and pressed the fatal potion to her lips. It was in this hour that the woman's lofty spirit revealed itself.

"I'd rather be too late than not late enough, I tell you those!" she remarked, for in her happier days she had known what it was to wear the sweetest hat in the congregation.—Detroit Journal.

### In Operation.

"That motor you are interested in never worked, did it?" "Of course it worked," was the indignant reply. "It never pulled any cars or moved any machinery, but it made money for its owners, and that's more than most inventions do."—Washington Star.

### LUCETTE'S SLIPPERS.

"Come, child, come." Mr. Maroquier, wrapped in his cloak, beat the floor of the vestibule impatiently with his foot. "Go on, papa, I will overtake you," came a gentle voice from the top of the stairs.

Miss Lucette quickly returned to her looking glass and the old nurse held the lamp while Lucette admired herself. "My dress is pretty, is it not, Mary. Aren't these flowers on my waist and the feathers in my hair becoming? I shall have a charming time at the general's. Everyone will be there, the dowager of Miramas, the general's nephew—but tell me, please, do I look pretty?"

"Yes, very, very pretty!" exclaimed the old nurse for the hundredth time. Lucette lifted her dress with the tips of her fingers and gracefully began to sing and wait. "La! la! la! But my little blue satin slippers are the prettiest of all. Tra, la, la! Look at them under the edge of my dress. La, la, la; tra, la, la! Oh! my pretty blue slippers, I love you so, I—" "Your father will be at the general's before you start," said the nurse; "do hurry, dear." And she threw a fur cloak over Lucette's shoulders, adding: "You must wear your snow boots!"

Lucette began to laugh. "My snow boots? They would be necessary in the city; but here, in the suburbs, almost the country, on a beautiful dry road, and a charming bright night—no, no, my nurse! Besides, I wish to look at my pretty blue slippers while going to the ball. Tra, la, la! Good night!"

Lucette left the house and her little slippers peeped tantalizingly every now and then from under her dress as she hurried along. She heard a sob near the hedge. Lucette stopped, and recognized the little son of Hubert, the hedgemaker.

"Oh! Is it you, Mimile?" "Yes, Miss." "Why do you cry?" "Because Santa Claus will not bring me anything." "Have you vexed your papa?" "Oh, no, I have not the time. When papa returns from his work I am asleep; when he goes in the morning I am still asleep."

"Have you teased your mamma?" "No; nothing ever teases mamma." "Have you hurt your sister?" "No; she is stronger than I." "Then, foolish child, Santa Claus will bring you something. You have only to put your slippers in the chimney."

"That is the trouble. \* \* \* I have no slippers." Lucette looked down and saw that the little urchin's feet were bare. Her heart was filled with pity.



IS IT YOU, MIMILE?

"Take your father's slippers." "They are too old and are worn out. Santa Claus would never put anything pretty in them."

Mimile, delighted, saw by the light of the moon, Lucette's blue slippers. "Oh, if I had slippers like yours I am sure Santa Claus would put something beautiful in them!"

Lucette, without thinking of the ball, the dowager or the general's nephew, found the idea so comical and agreeable that, regardless of the consequence of her childish impulsiveness, she flung off first one slipper, then the other, put both into Mimile's benumbed hands, and with her feet covered only with her fine silk stockings, she ran on to the general's house. Ah! but it was cold! And how the pebbles hurt!

Franklin's Famous Toast.

Franklin was dining with a small party of distinguished gentlemen, when one of them said: "Here are three nationalities represented—I am French, and my friend here is English and Mr. Franklin is an American. Let each one propose a toast." It was agreed to, and the Englishman's turn came first. He arose, and, in the tone of a Briton bold, said: "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all nations of the earth." The Frenchman was rather taken aback at this, but he proposed: "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world." Franklin then arose, with an air of quaint modesty, and said: "Here's to our beloved George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they obeyed."

### Humdrum Existence.

Mrs. Wiggles—My husband and I never quarrel. Mrs. Waggles—How tame and uninteresting your life must be!—Somerville Journal.

### A Little of Everything.

"Do you have much variety at your boarding house?" "Plenty! There's no end of hash."

second time to dance that evening, and perhaps never again, and her heart was filled with sorrow. Would her little act of kindness cost her as dear as that?

Her melancholy reflections were interrupted by the mistress of the house, who came to her troubled.

"Why did you refuse to dance with my nephew? He feels much humiliated."

Then the general passed. "I am indignant! It was awkward!" he said.

Finally her papa came. "I—I am furious! What caprice! Are you mad? I wish you to dance with this young man at once!"

Lucette was very pale. She did not know what to say. She foresaw a scandal, and felt like crying.

But just then there was a commotion, and the dowager Miramas entered. All except Lucette went to meet her and greet her.

"Oh, my friends!" she exclaimed, still out of breath. "I have seen a miracle—a true miracle. You know that every Christmas I fill my carriage with toys, go to every poor man's house, enter and put the playthings in the slippers myself. God alone knows what slippers I see, slippers with scarcely any soles, slippers all in holes, slippers in every state of destruction. To-night, for the first time, I found at Hubert's, the hedgemaker's, two adorable little blue satin slippers, two wadded slippers, soft and small, and I understood the invitation, and put the most beautiful things I had in these pretty little cases."

There were ah! and ah! of surprise. Then the crowd scattered. The dowager perceived Lucette immobile and silent.

When Lucette saw the dowager advancing toward her she was filled with dismay, and, instinctively lowered her skirts and thrust her feet so far under the chair that she almost fell. The dowager took her hand and led her gently across the ball-room, Lucette not daring to resist.

Stopping on the soft carpet of the room adjoining the ball-room, the dowager smiled and said: "It is less cold here, isn't it?" and she called the general's nephew, who was peering in a corner.

"If you aren't afraid of a little girl who loses her slippers while going to a ball, dance with her here on the carpet. That will make her warm."

Some minutes after the guests made a circle around them. The general's nephew, a very clever and agile dancer, did not step once on Lucette's pretty feet—the feet which, covered by the silk meshes, peeped from the border of her skirt, then disappeared, twirling, pursuing, fluttering like two lively rose-colored birds.

The women, on account of the spontaneous charity, the men because Lucette's feet were pretty—all because the dowager dared to say it before them—were convinced that this new mode of waltzing was delightful.

### Persian Ideas.

An American traveler in Persia learned that the common soldiers of that country supposed that the English practice of firing a salute at the burial of a soldier had for its object the driving away of devils. Other mistaken impressions no less absurd he reports in his "Persian Life and Customs." A village soldier asked me if I knew of dog-worshippers. I told him I had heard of fire-worshippers, cow-worshippers, and the like, but not of dog-worshippers. He said he had seen some in Teheran. Some foreigners there had fed dogs at their tables, had washed and clothed them, fondled them in their laps, and taken them riding in their carriages; were they not dog-worshippers? An English sea captain, whose ship touched at Bushire, took a horseback ride through the streets of the city, but made so poor a display of horsemanship as to astonish and amuse the people. The next day a vendor of fruits came on board the ship and said to the captain: "I have made such an explanation as to free you from all reproach. There is no one who does not think that you are an expert rider, as becomes one of a nation of horsemen." "And how did you do that?" asked the captain. "I told them you were drunk."

### Visitors to Great Cities.

Paris in 1897 was visited by 890,000 visitors, Berlin by 517,000 and Vienna by 364,000. Thirteen years ago the figures for the three cities were: Paris, 684,000; Berlin, 268,000, and Vienna, 184,000, the relatively larger increase in the last probably having something to do with the freedom from Dreyfus affairs and less majesty laws. In thirteen years Paris hotels have entertained 8,500,000 guests, those of Berlin 4,500,000, and those of Vienna 3,000,000. It would be difficult to obtain accurate figures for New York and London, owing to the lack of police supervision of hotel registers.

### Animals and Their Toilet.

Cats, large and small, make the most careful toilet of any class of animals, excepting some of the opossums. The lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark india-rubber like ball of forefoot and inner toe and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body. Hares also use their feet to wash their faces, and the hare's foot is so suitable for a brush that it is used to apply the "paint" to the face for the stage.

"When did they discover that the bowler was a woman?" "When she looked in the glass to see if her mask was on straight!"