



Courting in Mexico.

It is not until a Mexican girl has attracted the attention of a suitor that she realizes that she is a person of some importance. The young man is not bound by the conventionalities that surround his brother in the states. Without the formality of an introduction he dispatches letters glowing with words of admiration and devotion and nervously awaits a reply. In the meantime he visits the locality of her home, hoping to catch sight of the object of his admiration at the balcony or as she emerges from the house to attend church. He patiently but persistently promenades backward and forward in the street, for custom forbids his entrance to the house, and is happy if favored with a glance from her lustrous eyes. No ridicule is strong enough to dampen his ardor and no objections of irate parents sufficiently powerful to subdue his passion.

Mexican lovers rarely meet, for even if the young man is related to the family of the young lady and has been a caller at the home the mere fact of his paying attention to her puts a severe restraint on his intercourse with the family. After a time, if things have progressed favorably, he is admitted as an accepted suitor and is received by the girl, always accompanied by her mother, who usually does all the conversation. But love finds many forms of expression, and stolen glances, never suspected, speak volumes for the lovers. As the suit progresses many an evening passes with the girl at the window or balcony and her lover in the street below, wholly oblivious of the passerby or his naive or caustic remark. The duration of the courtship depends upon the formality employed, the means at command of the parties and their age. Consent for marriage is demanded from the parents of the girl by the suitor's father, who is accompanied by a priest, that the pledge may be made the more binding.

Royal Women on Admiring Ugly Men.
One of the facts of the bright and beautiful queen of Portugal is a "confession book," in which she persuades her friends to record their answers to

certain questions which she propounds therein. One of the questions, "Do women admire ugly men?" To this the empress of Russia answers: "Yes, I believe that some women admire ugly men—when handsome ones are out of their reach." Queen Margherita of Italy says: "From 15 to 30 a woman loves a handsome man; from 30 to 50 she admires a handsome man, and after 50 she worships a man in any shape or form." Princess Henry of Battenberg wrote: "Many ugly men are lovable, undoubtedly, but, then, so are many handsome men. However, 'handsome is as handsome does,' and a good-looking man with only his good looks to fall back on would have a poor chance of winning any right-minded girl's affections."

In answer to another question in the book, "What quality does a woman most admire in a man?" the queen of Portugal wrote: "Purity in a man is surely as grand and ennobling as purity in a woman. The most contemptible of all things is a man with a 'rickety reputation' sneering at the woman who is not exactly 'comme il faut.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A SCHOOL DRESS.



Of navy blue cloth, checked with golden yellow. The wide collar, belt and neckband are of plain blue, trimmed with gold braid; finished with gilt buttons.

Crepe Au Citron.

Blanch and chop two dozen almonds; put them in a jug with a pint of cream; in a second jug put three wineglassfuls of sherry, the rind and juice of a lemon and pounded sugar to taste. Pour rapidly from one jug to the other till the mixture is well frothed, then pour into jelly glasses, leaving out the lemon rind.

Fortune is oftentimes kindest to those on whom she frowns.

LONG COAT OF TAN BROADCLOTH.



TRIMMED WITH STITCHING AND SABLE FUR. HAT OF TAN FELT, WITH COLORED SCARF AND BLACK POMPONS.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS



Science and Flowers.

Can people dip at all deeply into the real science of botany, and yet enjoy flowers because of their beauty, because of the delight of finding them in lovely spots on lovely summer days, and because of their dear associations? Must the scientific sense blunt the aesthetic one? Often without doubt, and even though the botanists may themselves demur, this will be the case. Pistils and stamens, nectaries and receptacles—these things will not always go well with artless talk about sweet blooms and bright berries, or even with the simple, very English names given by the unlearned to flowers.

But on the other hand, there are many lovers of nature and field naturalists whose affection for the flowers and plants is so great and fixed that from time to time they may safely visit this new wonderful world, to presently emerge from it as much in love as ever with the old; they will still care for the flower because of its beauty, because it grows in the best places at the best time of year, because it vividly recalls to them the glad, sorrowful days of childhood or the tender passage of true love.

Flowers indeed, apart altogether from the science of botany, are inextricably woven about human life. When will the artist be tired of painting the children in the meadows with their laps full of cowslip or celandine?

Let the botanist classify and name for his own purposes in his own way, but let him be careful not to do anything to bring into contempt the love of flowers apart altogether from science, lest we rightly call him dry-as-dust and blind to beauty. Finally let him help to keep up the old names as well as the new. We must always have our sweet william, kingscup, sweet cicely, loosestrife, heartsease, collins and cream, and feverfew, names with stories and meanings whose loss would be a loss to the language; their very mention turns our thoughts to the garden and the pasture lands of summer gone but coming again.—London Saturday Review.

SKATES DETACHED BY THE TOE.

A genius of Red Bank, N. J., has patented a very handy and simple arrangement for adjusting the skates on the feet and removing them automatically. As will be seen by a glance at the accompanying picture, the foot-plate is pivoted to the toe of the skate, with a locking spring catch at the heel. The skate is also provided with the usual clamps, which are in this case operated by the movement of the foot plate in conjunction with the runner, the operating lever being attached to the runner in proximity to the pivot pin of the foot plate, in order that the action of tilting the plate in either direction will open or close the clamps. To place the skates on the feet when the clamps are once properly adjusted the foot plate is fitted to the shoe and the skater then rests his weight on the runner, which causes the spring catch to engage the plate and lock it securely. To detach the skate the toe of the shoe is



AUTOMATIC DETACHING DEVICE.
pressed against the catch and the foot is lifted, which tilts the foot plate and loosens the clamps.

The Tennessee River's Great Change.
Several years ago, members of the Geological survey suggested that in former times the Tennessee river, instead of joining the Ohio, as at present, flowed into the Gulf of Mexico through the channels of the Coosa and Alabama rivers. This conclusion has recently been corroborated in a singular manner by Mr. Charles T. Simpson of the Smithsonian institute. The original suggestion was based on the appearance of the land, but Mr. Simpson's confirmation depends upon the distribution of a particular form of fresh-water mussel which, although it is peculiar to the Tennessee river, is also found in the Coosa and the Alabama. As these creatures cannot traverse the land, the inference is that formerly the waters of the Tennessee flowed southward into the streams above named.

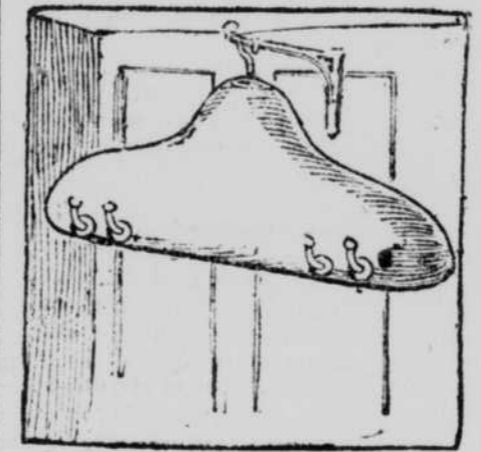
The Flight of a Great Nebula.
One of the most striking spectacles revealed by telescopes is that of the Great Nebula in Orion. In the complexity of its glowing streams, spirals and strangely shaped masses, intercepted by yawning black gaps and sprinkled over with stars arranged in suggestive groups and lines, it has few rivals in the heavens. The impression of astonishment made by the sight of this nebula is heightened by knowledge of its enormous size. The entire solar system would appear as a tiny speck beside it. Yet this tremendous aggregation of nebulous clouds and starry swarms has been proved by the researches of the late Professor Keeler of the Lick observatory to be flying away from the earth and the sun at the rate of 11 miles in every second! But so vast is its distance that 100 years reveal no visual effects of the great nebula's swift retreat. If it were near by it would seem to become rapidly smaller.

Registering Millions of a Second.

In a recent lecture at the Royal Institute, London, Sir Andrew Noble mentioned that in experiments with high power explosives used in guns a chronoscope had been employed which registered the velocity of the projectile at 16 successive points before it left the bore. It was possible with this apparatus to register time to the millionth of a second. In the older experiments, where the velocity did not exceed 1,500 or 1,600 feet per second, the projectile recorded its time by knocking down a series of steel triggers projecting into the bore. But with velocities of 2,500 feet and more per second, the trigger, instead of dropping, frequently plowed a groove in the projectile, and another device was necessary.

IMPROVED COAT HANGER.

The numerous coat-hangers already on the market would lead one to think that no room for improvement was left, but the contrary is true, as we show in our illustration. The great majority of hangers are made of wire forms, which fit the garments only in outline, tending to stretch the coat and crease it along the line of the wire. This fault is remedied in the hanger here shown, which has recently been patented. It is formed of metallic sheets, preferably of aluminum, although any light sheet metal will answer the purpose. It is intended to manufacture the hangers in a sufficient



SHAPED HANGER FOR CLOTHING.

number of sizes and shapes to conform to nearly every pair of shoulders. When the coat is placed on the hanger it will fit smoothly from the collar down to the lower edge of the form, thus aiding greatly in maintaining the shape of the shoulders, which generally show a need of pressing to remove the traces of the old-style hanger. In addition to supporting the coat and vest, hooks are provided by which the trousers may be attached.

New Form of Phonograph.

Among the exhibits at the Paris exposition was a phonograph, invented by Valdemar Poulsen, a Danish engineer, which uses a wire-wound instead of a wax-covered cylinder. The wire is of steel and over it, in place of the usual stylus, passes a small electromagnet connected with a telephone transmitter and battery. The sound-waves cause a variation in the intensity of the electromagnet, and the magnet, acting upon the wire passing beneath it, leaves a permanent impression upon the latter. Upon reversing the action, the wire reacts on the magnet and corresponding sounds are transmitted by the telephone. In order to obliterate the magnetic trace on the cylinder, it is only necessary to revolve it under the magnet while this is subjected to a continuous current.

Antiquity of Anatomical Study.

Sir Norman Lockyer points out that the statues and plaques carved in stone and wood to be seen in the Gizeh museum prove that the priest-mummifiers of Memphis, 6,000 years ago, had a profound knowledge of anatomy. Science, he therefore thinks, is as old as art, and they have advanced together. Another remarkable fact is that the excavations in Italy have brought to light scores of finely finished surgical instruments for certain operations, which are, in almost every particular of form, precisely like those reinvented in modern times and used by the most advanced surgeons of today.

Mastodons in Death Valley.

The bones of three mastodons have been discovered in Death Valley, California, and their discoverer, a miner, has taken out a claim for the purpose of excavating them. Another indication of the popular appreciation of the money value of the remains of prehistoric animals is the fact that a mining claim has been filed in Southern California to cover the excavation of a fossil whale of the Pliocene epoch.

Why He Follows.

"If Todd whistles any dog will follow him."
"And if Waller sings any dog will follow him."
"How far?"
"Oh, until it gets a good grip on him."—Philadelphia Record.

MOUSSELS of WIT & HUMOR

A Fish Story.

From the Washington Star: "The biggest I ever caught," began the story-teller, a scholarly looking party, who evidently knew more about schoolbooks than flybooks—"Got away," interrupted a thin-faced little man with a nose like a shingle. "I'm no liar," the story-teller flared up. "This is a true story, and I'm prepared to swear to it. It was in the year '89, when we had the hottest summer."

"I didn't know the summer of '89 was so very hot," said a man in a weatherbeaten straw hat. "If all you didn't know," said the story-teller, "was piled on top of you you'd be flatter than a flounder and deader than a mackerel. As I was saying, in the summer of '89 a party of us went to upper Canada on a fishing expedition. It wasn't hot up there a little bit. On the contrary, it was so cold that the ice froze the first night we got there."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the little man with a shingle nose. "As I was saying," said the story-teller, showing genuine gameness, "it froze the first night we got to our fishing ground, but we went out the next morning just the same, and I hadn't been fishing more than fifteen minutes when I got a bite that I thought was going to pull the boat under. Let go of my rod and it went scooting through the water, but I soon got it again, and the fight over the water and under it began in earnest. I hadn't been fishing for a long time and was nervous as the dickens, but I had some sense left, and I didn't intend to let that fish get away if I could help it. I was so excited that I never did know how long I tussled with it, but in time I landed him in the boat, and he was the biggest one I ever caught in my life. I was so ex—"

"How much did he weigh?" eagerly inquired the man in the straw hat as he drew up close to the story-teller. "Exactly half a pound," said the story-teller, as serious as a sermon. "You think you are dern smart, don't you?" sniffed the little man with the shingle nose, as he got up and walked outside where he could get more breathing room.

He Struck Them.

G. Ormandizer struggling to carve the first turkey his wife has ever cooked—Say, Mary, the bones in this bird are thicker than a shad's—just hear the knife grit.

Mrs. G. Ormandizer (almost crying with anxiety)—You must be against the shells, John.

"Shells?"
"Yes, John; don't you remember that you asked me to stuff the turkey with oysters?"—Brooklyn Life.

Kind of Him.

Her mother (sternly)—Mary complains that you won't help her at all; that you never even hold the baby.
Her husband—That's not so. Why, I held him last night for a while.
Her mother—Oh! you did! How long, pray?
Her husband—Well—er—long enough for Mary to bring up a scuttle of coal.—Philadelphia Press.

Quite Comfortable.

Dwellely—I say, Dombey, why don't you join our club? You'll find all the comforts of home there.
Dombey—Home's good enough for me—at my house I enjoy all the comforts of a club.—Boston Transcript.

With Alterations.

They hunted low, they hunted high To find his peculations;
Some say that figures do not lie— They do with alterations.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PARADOXICAL.



"You have had nearly a week to think of Jack's proposal."
"Yes, and the more I think of it the less I think of it."

Horrors!

She (after reading of the shipwreck)—Oh, my! They say it was the most awful disaster of recent years. Only one man survived to tell the story. Isn't that terrible?
He—Frightful! What a horrible bore that man will be.—Philadelphia Press.

Relaxation.

Business men are said to find much relaxation in putting a golf ball in the hole after working hard all day putting each other in the hole.—Detroit Journal.

Story of a New Copetua.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer: The heir of the gilded household had just proposed to the pretty kitchen maid. She regarded him with a steady glance as she polished off her rounded arms with a coarse towel.

"I must have every Thursday out," she said.
"Yes," he murmured.
"And every Sunday afternoon."
"Yes."

"And every night as soon as the dinner things are done up."
"Ye-es."

"How many in the family?"
"Only you and I."

"Any children?"
"N-n-no."

"Much company?"
"Very little."

"Any furnace to tend?"
"No."

"Hired man to do all the outside work?"
"Yes."

"What make of piano do you use?"
"The Bangaway."

"Let me think. Ah, yes, I shall insist upon having the breakfast room to receive my beaux in."

"Well, by thunder, you don't get it!" cried the gilded heir as he turned and stalked away.

So the maid haughtily rolled up her sleeves and went back to her work.

Regular Thing.

Grogan—I suppose you know it is the proper caper now not to serve butter at dinner.

Hogan—That's always been the rule at our boarding house. They serve oleo instead, you know.—Boston Transcript.

AMONGST THE ICE.



"Was there anything cool about the place where you were this summer?"
"Yes; they had in the parlor a picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware."

Let Her Wait.
James—Did you ring, mem?
Madam—Yes. If Mrs. De Smythe calls ask her to wait.

James—I thought you wasn't coming back till late, mem.
Madam—Of course I'm not. But Mrs. De Smythe can wait till she gets tired. It'll do her good. She wasn't at home to me last week and I'll get even that way.—Pick Me Up.

Held on to It.

In Brooklyn. "Do you want a transfer?" asked the conductor.
"What for?" asked the man with the alligator bag.
"So that you can take another car."
"No, sir; I have waited twenty minutes for this one and I propose to hang on to it."—Washington Star.

Level Headed.

"The lady missionary declines to go to Kentucky."
"Why?"
"She says she'd feel just as safe in China and get more bric-a-brac."—Indianapolis Journal.

No Good at All.

"Well, Daisy, shall we pay the house rent or give a dinner?"
"Why, give the dinner, of course! What good will paid-up house rent do us if we lose our social position?"—Life.

Thoroughbred.

"Mamma, I've found out my dog's pedigree."
"What is it, dear?"
"Uncle Jim's hired man says he's a full-blooded mongrel!"—Harper's Bazar.

Might Do There.

"Maude thinks of applying for a position as soprano in a church choir."
"Well, there's a church for the deaf up on Seventh street."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Climatic Extremes.

These autumn days are days of woe Of which man must be wary; It's August for an hour or so And then it's January.

Not Alone.

Miss Withers—I believe Arthur is afraid to propose to me.
Belle—Of course he is, and there are thousands of others just like him.—Smart Set.

Might Try It.

Young lady patient—Doctor, what do you do when you burn your mouth with hot coffee?
Doctor—Swear!—Pick Me Up.