



WOMAN and HOME

with benefits, says the Pittsburg Press.

Love, the burning, consuming emotion, we pursue with avidity, never allowing it to rest, until with many of us it is consumed itself in the chase, but calm and tender friendship, always ready to repay the smallest care from the outstretched hand, most of us neglect until a true mutual friendship and trust is rare.

RAINY DAY SUIT.



Of gray double-faced cloth. The Russian blouse jacket has three box-pleats back and front, which are edged with folds of plaid cloth. The skirt is gored and flares about the feet.

Girl Life in Spain.

According to our ideas the life of a Spanish girl is not an enviable one, for she has none of the free and happy time our boys and girls enjoy after emancipation from the drudgery of the school room and before the cares of womanhood begin.

All Spanish girls are convent bred, and their education consists very largely in learning to embroider, which is an art in which they excel. At 14 or 15, or even sometimes at 12 years old, they make their debut in society, and are considered marriageable, says the New York Telegram. Girls of 14 and boys of 16 frequently marry, and a girl of 15 or 16 has often a family of two or three little ones. These early marriages are seldom happy, but divorce is unknown in Spain. If a husband and wife cannot agree, they separate and live apart.

The "new woman" as we know her is unknown in Spain, and though the ladies of that country are often graceful and clever horsewomen, the bicycle is only just beginning to make its way among them. Not only is there among gentlemen a prejudice against cycling, as not being a graceful accomplishment, but their natural indolence makes them prefer to be carried on horseback to having to exert their muscles to propel a "bike."

As a rule Spanish girls take a considerable interest in dress, and though they have a great love of bright colors, they contrive to wear them so they are very becoming.

Spanish women have greater need of care in the matter of dress than have English women, for they fade so much sooner. They come to maturity far earlier than their northern sisters and, perhaps on account of their earlier marriages, at 40 they often have lost every vestige of youth and beauty and are perfect old hags.

Love Made in Germany.

Eloquents are never heard of in Germany, and yet there is no such thing as getting married there without the consent of the parents. Certain prescribed forms must be gone through or the marriage is null and void. When a girl has arrived at what is considered a marriageable age, her parents make a point of inviting young men to the house, and usually two or three are invited at the same time, so that the attention may not seem too pointed, says the Philadelphia Times.

No young man, however, is ever invited to the house until after he has called at least once, and thus signified his wish to have social intercourse with the family. If he takes to calling on several occasions in rather close succession it is taken for granted that he has "intentions," and he may be questioned concerning them.

In Germany the man must be at least 18 years old before he can make a proposal, and when it is made and accepted the proposal is speedily followed by a betrothal. This generally takes place privately, shortly after which the father of the bride, as she is then called, gives a dinner or supper to the most intimate friends on both sides, when the fact is declared, and, naturally, afterward becomes a matter of public knowledge.

A kiss can do more than a frown.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS



Danger at Niagara.

It is doubtful if a more dangerous and interesting piece of bridge construction has ever been done at Niagara Falls than the building of the new concrete arches between the mainland and Goat Island. The point where operations are being conducted is right over the upper rapids, where the waters dash furiously, as though hungry to sweep a human being down through the rapids and over the American fall. This interesting work is only 500 feet back from the brink over which so many have been hurled to death and the workmen have to use the greatest care that they may not fall into the forty-mile current of the fascinating waters.

These new bridges are being built on the state reservation lands and the work is under the supervision of the state engineer department. All summer long it has been necessary to use a temporary wooden bridge only six feet wide in passing to and from the shore of Goat Island. The old bridges have been closed to pedestrians, as well as carriage travel, and it is many months since an ambitious Niagara hickman drove a fare about the island. It is doubtful if the bridge will be opened this fall. The commissioner of the reservation will take steps to hurry the work as much as possible, says the Rochester Democrat.

When the new bridges are completed they will add materially to the beauty of the view looking from the mainland to Goat Island. They will be of concrete, but faced with stone in all parts, and so will have every appearance of rustic stone structures. The bridge from the mainland to Green Island will have a length of 371 feet. It will have three spans. Surmounting the structure there will be an iron railing of appropriate design.

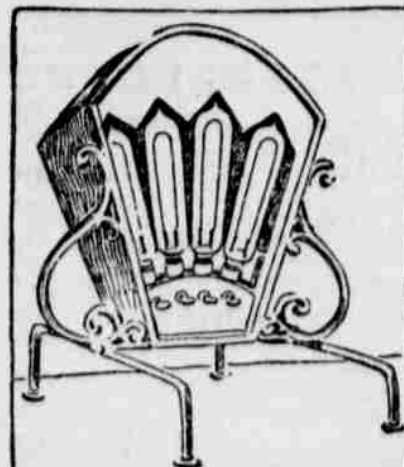
Between Green Island and Goat Island and the second bridge will be located, and it is now well under way. This bridge will be of the same style of construction, but will not be quite so long. From shore to shore it will be 198 feet. It will also have three spans or arches.

The water over which the bridge is being built varies in depth from six to twelve feet and the current has a wonderful force in its hurry to plunge over the falls and bury itself in the waters of the gorge. Right in the current the contractors are forced to sink cofferdams in order that the bottom of the river may be reached for the construction of the piers. It has been found quite a task to shut out the waters of the rapids, for the pressure all about is awful. However, it has been done, and the concrete for the piers is placed in a practically dry cofferdam, the water that does enter being pumped out by electric motors. The concrete is mixed in mixers operated electrically. Men working in the water have life lines about them, and all about the dangerous points lines are stretched and life buoys floating to catch any workman who might be unfortunate enough to slip into the water.

The consulting engineer is R. S. Buck, who has won fame in connection with all the Niagara bridges, and D. D. Waldo of Medina, is his assistant. While carriages have not been allowed to cross to Goat Island, the reservation van service has been maintained in order that aged people might have some means of traveling about the island. All the vans and horses used in this island service were taken over before the bridges were commenced.

HEATING LIGHTS.

An inventor of London has designed the electric novelty illustrated below, which at least has cleanliness and neatness to recommend it. As will be



INCANDESCENT HEATING LIGHTS

seen by a glance at the picture it is simply a series of elongated electric light bulbs, arranged in a metallic frame, with reflectors at the back. Any desired number of lights may be used, and a switch is provided to cut off those not in use. In addition to the reflectors the stove is provided with a series of air inlets at the bottom, through which the air currents ascend, passing around the bulbs and out into the room upon striking the slanting hood at the top. The heater is arranged to stand in the fireplace, which makes it possible to bring the stove near a chandelier for reading purposes. The extreme lightness and small amount of attention required will recommend it to many persons, the attachment of the wire to a lamp socket and turning on of the current

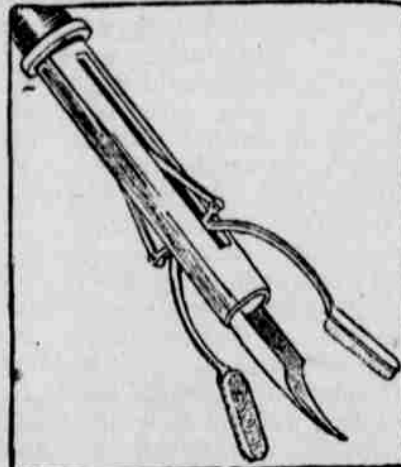
being all that is required to start the stove going.

The Harry That Kills.

I hate this shallow Americanism which hopes to get rich by credit, to get knowledge by raps on midnight tables, to learn the economy of the mind by phrenology, or skill without study, or mastery without apprenticeship, or the sale of goods by pretending that they sell, or power by making believe that you are powerful, or through a packed jury, or caucus, bribery and "repeating" votes, or wealth by fraud. Men think they have got them, but they have got something else—a crime which calls for another crime and another devil behind that. These are steps to suicide, infamy and the harming of mankind. We countenance each other in this life of show, puffing, advertisement and the manufacture of public opinion; and excellence is lost sight of in the hunger for sudden performance and praise.—Emerson's "Essay on Success."

AUTOMATIC PEN-WIPER.

In the illustration is shown a novel little device for drying the pen after use, which has just been patented in the United States by a German inventor. If a pen wiper could always be at hand when wanted and was so convenient that the writer would not neglect to use it when about to lay down the pen, its life would not only be greatly lengthened, but it would be in much better condition when required for further use. The inventor believes he has provided an arrangement which will come up to the requirements and the mode of operation is extremely simple. The ferrule on the holder is grasped between the thumb and finger and given a



DRYING DEVICE ATTACHED TO HOLDER.

backward pull, which causes the pivoted levers to tilt the pad supporting arms outward. When the arms have reached a certain point a slight movement with the finger tilts them past the dead center, when the pressure of the spring inside the handle forces the ferrule downward again and presses the pads against the pen. When the pads become soiled or saturated they are easily replaced with fresh ones, and the mechanism is so simple that it will not get out of order easily.

Decline of English Farming.

England in the seventeenth century was an agricultural country, and, broadly speaking, that condition continued throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century. As between the centuries, however, there was one great difference, that while in the seventeenth century agriculture progressed very slowly in the eighteenth century it made immense strides. Throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century agriculture was fashionable. Noblemen vied with each another in making agricultural experiments and in improving their estates. They thought more about introducing new root crops or new grasses or improving the breed of sheep and cattle than they did about the amusements of a London season, says the London Graphic. At the same time large areas of land that had been previously cultivated on the semicommercial and wasteful "open field" system were enclosed and divided into separate farms. The other important developments of the eighteenth century may most fairly be regarded as a preparation for the century to come.

Toward the latter end of the century several of the wonderful machines which were to revolutionize the textile industries of the world were invented in rapid succession, but it was only gradually that they were brought into use. Toward the end of the same century began the great improvement of highways and the construction of canals. But in the case of each of these brilliant developments the greater part of the profit accrued to the century that succeeded.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century England was still an agricultural country—still a frequent seller and a rare buyer of wheat—and she was only just beginning to utilize the marvelous inventions of Arkwright and Watt, the engineering triumphs of Telford and the immense stores of mineral wealth buried beneath her soil. If we turn back to contemporary estimates of the wealth of the country at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we find that the first point considered in the rent of agricultural land. Today it would be one of the last.

Moscow has the largest hospital in Europe, with 7,000 beds. There are ninety-six physicians and 900 nurses, and about 18,000 patients cared for annually.

MORSELS OF WIT & HUMOR

He Called the Bluff.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer: A well-known railroad man, who is also a city official, took an eastern jaunt with his wife last month and finally reached Bar Harbor. When he stepped up to the clerk of the leading fashionable hotel of the place he was a little appalled at the contemptuous manner in which that magnificent creature seemed to regard such paltry trifles as hard-earned dollars.

"A room in the house for one week will cost each of the occupants \$17," he remarked in an airy manner, as he looked straight through the atmosphere just above the questioner's hat.

"And meals?"

"Meals are \$24 per week for each person."

There was a brief silence, during which the Cleveland man made a rapid mental calculation.

But before he could speak the clerk again put in his oar.

"In addition to the other charges," he remarked in a voice as monotonous as Dan Daly's, "each guest must pay \$10 for the maid."

The Cleveland man smiled. He fancied he had the clerk this time.

"Why, we haven't any maid," he chuckled.

"I understand," said the clerk in his level manner. "But I did not refer to your maid. I referred to our maid."

Each guest of the house will pay \$10 per week for the services of the maid in caring for the room occupied by said guest."

The Cleveland man stared. He is familiar with hotels of every description and in all sections of the country but he had never before run up against quite so hard a proposition. But he straightened himself and reached for the pen.

"I'll call your monumental bluff," he said. "Gimme a room."

The Fox and the Deer.

"It will be necessary," remarked the bear, who was chairman of the animal meeting, "to raise a handsome sum if we intend to carry out the idea of bribing the hunter to withdraw from the neighborhood. I have here a blank subscription paper all ready for signatures. Who will head it?"

There was a moment's silence.

"Permit me to suggest," said the fox, "that it be passed to the buck."

"And why," inquired the buck, "do you single me out in this matter?"

"Because," replied the joker, "you have the doe!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Complied with His Request.

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.

NEVER BLOWS IT.



"Mr. Tightpaper is always blowing about his money."

"Yes; he never gets beyond blowing about it."

Attentions.

"You don't send me any more violets or American beauties or boxes of candy," she murmured.

"No," answered Mr. Blykins. "But that is no sign I am not as attentive as ever. If you would rather have violets and roses and boxes of candy than the cabbage and potatoes and sirlion steaks that I send around say the word. Your slightest wish shall be gratified, even if I have to eat at a dairy lunch room."

No Consolation There.

"There, now, Clara, how would you like to be these people who can't get home from Paris because their funds gave out?"

"Well, dear me, Clarence, they are better off than we are, whose funds gave out before we got started."—Indianapolis Journal.

Found Out.

He—Will you marry me, Miss Eve-line?

She—Sir!

He—Rejected again!

She—Certainly. I only wanted to see whether you were in earnest or not!—Harlem Life.

How He Deceived Her.

From Pearson's Magazine. "So your engagement is broken?" said the girl in gray.

"Yes, it is," replied the girl in brown, frowning at the recollection.

"What was the matter?"

"He basely deceived me," answered the girl in brown. "You see, it was this way. I asked him one day to promise me that he never again would smoke cigarettes, and he promised."

Then I asked him to refrain from the use of tobacco in any form, and he promised to do that. Later I told him I had a horror of anyone who touched liquor, and he agreed never to touch it. After that I suggested that I thought clubs had a bad influence on young men and I should expect him to give them up, and he said he would. I also took up the subject of gambling, and made him promise that he would stop playing cards and betting on the races."

"Well, you didn't demand a great deal of him, did you?" said the girl in gray. "I suppose he deceived you in the matter."

"He did."

"Broke his promise, did he?"

"Oh, no! I could have forgiven him that. But just when I was congratulating myself that I at least had reformed one young man I found that he didn't require any reforming. He wasn't addicted to a single one of the habits I made him promise to break. It was a terrible shock, and I broke the engagement at once. There was no longer anything in it to make it interesting."

WANTED A SMALLER SIZE.



"Well, Rastus, did you take those pills I gave you yesterday?"

"Yas, sah; I took 'em, but say, boss, of yo's gwine to give me any mo' to take woa'n yo' put 'em in a smaller box? I had a mighty hard time to swallow dat las' box."

Caught Her Listening.

Mrs. Highblower—Don't forget, my dear, that in conversation the interest must not be allowed to flag.

Clara—But I'm sure I do my best, mamma.

"May be so. But while the pianist was playing, I thought once or twice, that I detected you listening to him."—Life.

Making Him Harmless.

"I understand that a stump orator's private car is to be attached to this train."

"Don't worry, sir. You will not be disturbed. We have arranged to remove the rear platform just as soon as the train starts."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good Reasons.

He—Oh, pray, Miss Darimble, don't call me Mr. Brookes.

She—Oh, but our acquaintance has been so brief—this is so sudden—sweetly—why shouldn't I call you Mr. Brookes?

He—Oh, only because my name's Somerset!—Punch.

Underestimated.

Mrs. Soothing—I'm afraid you're going to buy a drink with that two pence I gave you.

Bill Bumpers—Ye didn't size me gauge, lady. Two pence don't buy me no drink. It jst gits me a taste.—Modern Society.

The Right Deduction.

"I ordered 200 pounds of ice today," remarked the young housekeeper, "and our iceman carried it up himself. That shows he's strong, doesn't it?"

"No," snapped the lord of the manor, "it shows that he weighed it himself."—Philadelphia Record.

Souvenir Friend.

Judge—Prisoner, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced?

Prisoner—If it ain't asking too much I'd like the pen with which you sign the decree for a souvenir.—Maggendorfer Blaetter.

Or an Easy Chair in a Darkened Room. Willie (glancing up from his book)—Pa, what is a man-trap?

Pa—Well, my son, the most effective man-trap I know of is an old-fashioned rocking chair in a dark room.—Philadelphia Press.

Fort Ross in Sonoma county, California, was established by the Russians in 1811.