



Fig. 4.—Brown Crevice. Suit for Boy From 4 to 5 Years.

Dark brown velvet is the material of this little frock, which has a vest, collar and sash of lighter wood-brown bengaline. Take up the darts in the middle of the front of the waist, in the sides, and provide the back with buttons and button-holes. The silk vest fastened on this under-waist. The belt and sash are made of silk, with the ends of the sash edged with fringe.

Spain cannot pay it, for she has sunk her treasure in the costly solution. I formed acquaintance with the remaining officers of the line. Two officers only lost their lives, and strange to say they occupied the room thirteen in the ill-fated vessel.

How about the filibustering expeditions? Vessels are continually escaping the control of the Spanish cruisers and lading cargoes of powder and ball for the Cubans. When I was in Jacksonville, a vessel returned there after successfully making the dangerous passage.

How are the revolutionists faring? They fight a guerilla warfare exclusively, and often ambuscade the guards. Away back among the hills they never can be beaten. When the guards pursue them, ten of their leaders die in battle to one slain among the Cubans. If left alone, it would be a herculean undertaking to subdue them, and Spain will never do it in my opinion.

Is Havana well fortified? Fort Murro guards the harbor entrance. When I was there three Spanish men-of-war rode at anchor. The city was overrun with thousands of soldiers. Every hotel has from twenty to fifty officers. The regulars spend their time in smoking, eating, drinking, carousing and lounging, and kill but little. On every block there are eight or ten policemen, who carry rifles, pistols and bayonets. In case of war with the States, the Spanish might harass the coast towns, but America would soon drive the Spaniards out of Cuba, when the opening of a new and better order of things would break over that unfortunate island, so desolated now by misgovernment and war.

IN GREAT LUCK. I never have any luck like Mrs. Fosk, said Mrs. Gazzam. What luck has she met with? asked Mrs. Gazzam. Her husband took out one of those policies which pay \$100 a week when laid up from accident, and then he got his leg broke and Mrs. Fosk getting all the pretty clothes she wants.

HE WAS REAL GLAD. Ledgerby—It does seem good to see old Daybuck back at his desk after his long illness. Biffie—You bet it does—I was afraid there was another case of two dollars all round for a floral tribute.

READY REMEDY. Author—I am troubled with insomnia. I lie awake at night hour after hour, thinking about my literary work. His Friend—How foolish of you. Why don't you get up and read portions of it?

Storm at Sea.—It was terrible. The tempest beat the sea into a horrid fury; the waves were mountain high and they swept over the frail craft peacefully. "My flesh creeps," shrieked she. "My complexion runs," shrieked she. For it is the lot of women to suffer most.

# Patti and Nicolini.

Adelina Patti had been for ten years married to the Marquis de Caux when Nicolini came into her life. From that time until his death their relations were of the most devoted character. Whatever each could do to make the other happy seems to have been done. There is no more romantic story in fiction than that of Adelina Patti and Ernesto Nicolini.

That it lasted to the very end—till death cut the lover's knot which bound them together—was shown in Patti's devotion to Nicolini during his last illness. He was stricken at Craig-y-Nos, Patti's castle among the Welsh Highlands early last summer. Until the end came she was his constant and devoted attendant, leaving him only when professional engagements which could not be cancelled, called her away, and then returning to him at the earliest possible moment.

Thus early last summer, when she had to sing at Albert Hall, London, she had a special train in waiting to bear her quickly back to his bedside. Nicolini stretched listlessly upon his couch, hardly ever took his eyes from her, and when it was necessary for her to move about the room in attendance to his wants his gaze would follow her. Patti had always been accustomed to entertain lavishly during the summer, but last summer all invitations were cancelled, and all diversions interdicted in order that she might devote herself uninterruptedly to him.

The medical skill that money could purchase was lavished upon him; she had as many as eleven doctors in consultation.

Patti was at the height of her brilliant career when she met Nicolini. As the wife of the Marquis de Caux, her marriage to whom had been one of the undertakings of the Empress Eugenie, she held a brilliant social position. While she was unhappy with her husband on account of differences in temper and temperament, that is nothing more than has fallen to the lot of many less famous than she. To leave him for an opera tenor required certain sacrifices of position and influence, which however, she did not hesitate to make.

At first there were guarded whispers of private circles in regard to her relations with the tenor, but an occurrence during a performance of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," caused the scandal to become public property, and it was passed from tongue to tongue.

At that performance it was noticed that in the balcony Nicolini kissed Patti no less than twenty-one times, or as a humorous statistician of the day stated, fifteen times more than the libretto called for. It was not exaggeration to say that from that day until his death Nicolini continued the same ardent Romeo to his Juliet.

As a rule, where there is trouble between a famous stage character and her husband, especially when he is merely a "prima donna's husband," the public is apt to sympathize with the woman, but in Patti's case it was different. Owing to the Marquis de Caux's social position and the influence he was able to bring to bear, she was obliged to endure much obloquy.

Nevertheless, she was not only married to him, but Nicolini also had a wife whom he called "the gentleman who now calls about with Mme. Patti," and who made practical jokes got out mock letters to her alleged coming to see the tenor. At St. Petersburg there was a scene between her and the Marquis, and the women of higher social circles showed their approval of her action by either taking their boxes or drawing the curtains when she appeared upon the stage.

Although all this occurred in the preceding divorce proceedings between Patti and the Marquis de Caux were not concluded until 1881. Judgment was given in favor of the Marquis, and as the scandal which caused the separation between husband and wife was still maintained.

As far as Nicolini even so far as to include her admirer, she was only blind, which shows love is a great tenor, and however great his love may have been when first he met her, it is certain that she brought him over here on his first tour in 1881 the few sacred moments he had within him, was a revelation of view, a good deal of a revelation.

She was engaged by managers to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House, but there was a matter to be settled. I remember, says a collector of rare violins, that one of her friends here Nicolini had a Paolo Magini. Three or four of his musical friends happened to be at the Windsor Hotel to see her purchase, and he began showing her some of the instruments. This resulted in a purchase of the "Salve Diminuita" from Gounod's "Faust." Short-ly afterwards Patti came into the room, and she heard that he had been

# HOUSEHOLD.

**THE COLD SPARE BED.**  
When you have a friend to visit you, if she be a welcome guest, you will try to make her happy, and you'll give her of your best; You'll tell her all the story of your varied household cares, And everlastingly you'll prate about your own affairs; But whatever else you do, don't for heaven's sake, be led To put that helpless woman in the cold spare bed!

You may tell her of your troubles with your numerous hired girls, And what "she said," and what "I said," till her understanding whirls; You may talk of the servant question till the setting moon's last gleam, And begin again next morning on the same old tiresome theme; But whatever else you do, don't for heaven's sake be led To put that helpless woman in the cold spare bed!

You may tell her of your pains and aches, and what the doctor said, That time you came near dying with neuralgia in your head; Of how you poured down bitters, and drops and patent pills, When you caught the dread malaria, and had such awful chills; You may bore her, you may weary her, till she wishes she were dead; But for heaven's sake, don't put her in the cold spare bed!

**TO BOIL AND MASH POTATOES.**  
How few housewives realize the importance of careful attention to the ordinary and staple articles of the dinner table! Mashed potatoes are such a common accompaniment for roast meats, that it is a source of wonder, why so few cooks send them to the table as they should be—a mass of snowy lightness. At this season of the year, potatoes should be put to cook in cold water and gradually brought to the boiling point. They should not be peeled, but should be scrubbed clean with a brush. This is where too many make their mistake, by peeling the potatoes and putting them over the fire in boiling water.

The medium-sized potatoes will cook in about thirty minutes after the water on them begins to boil. Salt should always be added, but never until they have begun to boil and are partly cooked. Twelve potatoes will require about an even tablespoonful of salt. When the potatoes are done, drain them, peel them quickly, return them to the hot, dry kettle they were cooked in and beat them thoroughly with a wooden potato beetle. Properly boiled potatoes should fall into a snowy mass at the first blow of the beetle.

After all the lumps are beaten out, add, for every twelve potatoes, half a cupful of hot, but not boiling milk; this will be found better than cold milk or cream. Do not be sparing of salt but add a liberal supply, and also a heaping tablespoonful of good butter. Whip them into a light mass with a spoon, and remember that upon this thorough whipping, depends the secret of wholesome, mashed potatoes.

Do not smooth the mashed potatoes down in the dish they are served in, but pile them lightly in a well-shaped, rough mass. They are better if they are served at once. There are many attractive ways of serving this common vegetable and we offer the following recipe for stuffed potatoes.

Select smooth potatoes and have them as near the same size as possible. Roast them thoroughly. Cut off an end from each, scoop out the potato, and season it with butter, salt and pepper. Add also two tablespoonfuls of milk for every six potatoes, beating well. Return the potato pulp to the shells, stand each on end and return to the oven for half an hour.

**CARE OF LAMPS.**  
No part of the household duties is of more importance than the care of the lamps, and it is better for the mistress of the house to give her personal supervision to this matter, for if it is left to the care of the servants it is usually half done, and what is so disagreeable as a badly smelling lamp or a flame that cannot be controlled. Lamps should be attended to in the daylight, and for that reason it should be the rule in every household to collect the lamps the first thing in the morning and bring them to the place where they are usually taken care of. Each one should be taken apart, the reservoir filled, the metal chimney holder washed in boiling suds, and the other parts wiped perfectly clean of even the suspicion of oil, for it is this that makes the disagreeable odor when the lamp is lighted. The wick should be raised and all the charred portions wiped off with a rag, it should never be trimmed with the scissors, although it may be necessary sometimes to use them to remove a fiber or two that has worked out of place. After that the wick should be turned very low so it will not draw up oil and overflow on the clean metal. The glass chimney should be polished inside and out with a dry rag or chamois, seldom if ever needing to be washed on the inside. Lamps attended to in this manner should have a clear, steady light, and if not turned too low, should never emit the least odor.

**DINING ROOM COMFORT.**  
The essentials of a dining-room are not what some people consider them. Some rooms there are dedicated to eat-

ing wherein the sun is allowed to shine full into the faces of those occupying certain seats at the table, while at least one is placed with the back of his chair in direct contact with a hot radiator. There may be fine silver and china, but the table is spread with a thin cloth only. Sewing-tables obstruct the corners while all the plants under process of cultivation, and not "pretty enough for the parlor," are shelved before the windows. Nothing in the least unpleasant should be allowed in the dining-room of all apartments. The table should have a heavy silence cloth, the only flowers allowed should be cut ones, or those growing so luxuriantly that there is no suggestion of "dirt and sticks" about them. The windows should be shaded, and a screen may be used to shut off the extremes of heat from any one person. Remove all furniture except the sideboard, table and chairs, and don't as you value peace of mind, put pictures of dead pheasants on the walls.

**TESTED RECIPES.**  
Molasses Cookies.—Two eggs, well beaten; one cup granulated sugar; one cup New Orleans molasses; one cup coffee, warm; one cup rich buttermilk; two heaping teaspoonfuls soda; one cup lard; one teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon. Stir in flour until the consistency of stiff cake, then beat smoothly. Take about a pint of sifted flour upon the kneading board and pour one-third of the mixture upon it, then knead the flour into it until it can be handled; then with plenty of flour on kneading-board roll one-quarter inch thick; cut, sifting sugar over after being put in tins, and bake in a hot oven. By using one-third of mixture at a time the dough can be better handled and less liable to be too stiff, which spoils any cookie.

Pie Crust.—For three large pies, take one coffee cup of lard, one quart of sifted flour. Mix lard through the flour until flour is entirely absorbed, then add a teaspoonful of salt and three-quarters cup of cold water; mix until smooth, adding flour enough to the kneading-board to roll nicely.

Cream Cake.—One well beaten egg, one rounding tablespoonful of lard or butter, one cup granulated sugar, one cup sweet milk, two and one-half cups flour sifted with one teaspoonful soda and two of cream of tartar. Beat all until smooth and bake in three layers in a quick oven. When cool whip one cup of cream until stiff enough to spread well, then add one-half cup sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla and spread between and over the top of cake.

Lemon Jelly.—Half a box of gelatine put to soak in tepid water sufficient to cover, until soft, add a scant pint of boiling water, 11-2 cups sugar, a tiny bit of salt, and the grated rinds and juice of three lemons. Stand on the stove until it boils. Strain in a mold, and set in a cold place. Orange jelly is made the same way.

Corn Bread.—Three cups corn meal, 31-2 cups buttermilk, 1-4 cup cream, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon soda or less according to the acidity of the milk. Heat muffin pans on top the stove, grease well, put batter in, bake in a quick oven on the shelf, as the pan's being heated bakes the corn bread on the bottom.

Cheese Cakes.—Two cups bread crumbs moistened with milk, 1-4 lb. grated cheese, 1 egg, a little flour to make smooth, a little butter, pepper and salt. Fry in a skillet or on a griddle. They are delicious.

**RAPID WRITING.**  
A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his quill through the space of a rod—sixteen and one-half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong and in five hours and a third a mile. We make on an average sixteen curves of the pen in writing each word; writing thirty words in a minute we must make 488 to each second; in an hour 28,800; in a day of only five hours 144,000, and in a year of 300 days 43,200,000. The man who made 1,000,000 strokes with a pen in a month was not at all 000. Here we have in the aggregate a mark 300 miles long, to be traced on paper by each writer in the year. In making each letter of the alphabet we must make from three to seven strokes of the pen—on an average three and one-half to four.

**NATIONAL LEGISLATURES.**  
The parliament of the United Kingdom is the largest representative body in the world. In the house of lords there are 553 persons entitled to vote, and in the house of commons there are 670 members. France in its corps legislatif has 300 senators and 584 deputies. Italy has a varying number of senators and 503 deputies. Japan has 300 peers and 300 representatives. Germany, in its bundesrath, or senate, has fifty-eight members, but its reichstag has 397 members. Spain's cortes has 431 members. Canada has a senate of 80 members and a house of commons of 215 members.

**NOT DIFFICULT.**  
I'm writing an article on how to live on \$10 a week. I don't see how you can figure it out. Oh, it's much easier to figure it out than to do it.

**VARIABLE.**  
Stranger, in Texas—How long do you fellows work at a stretch? Cowboy—Well, it depends a good deal on how easy de feller dies. Day're variable.

**PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.**  
INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.  
Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Peterboro will try granolithic walks this year. Peterboro's rate of taxation for 1893 will be 17 mills. Rev. Henry Varley is holding revival services in Brantford. Mumps are doing an active business along the Detroit river. Kingston is agitating for the erection of a summer hotel. Burnside cheese factory has put in a first-class butter plant. A Belleville man has shipped 2,500 cattle to Buffalo since June. Thirty architects will prepare plans for St. Thomas' new City Hall. The experiment of spraying fruit trees will be tried in South Essex. Inwood is already making preparations for the 24th of May celebration. London's Y.M.C.A. are making an active canvass to wipe out the \$25,000 debt. The season's shipment of grain from St. John, N. B., totalled 3,250,000 bushels.

The Roman Catholics of Ridgetown will build a residence for the priest, to cost \$1,400. A Dominion Detective is working along the Detroit river looking for tobacco smugglers. The C. P. R. will build a new elevator at St. John, N. B., of 300,000 bushels capacity. The Thomastown evaporator is working on potatoes, turnips and onions for the Klondike. The Verity Plow Company has commenced the erection of its new factory at Brantford. Berlin is agitating for a new town hall, to include the free library and other public institutions. Four Indians have been fined \$50 each for killing deer out of season in the woods at Kingsclear, N. B. Cecil B. Smith, assistant professor of civil engineering at McGill, has resigned to accept a C. P. R. situation. Guelph will have the Toronto Grocers' picnic on May 24th, and expects 5,000 visitors to go up from the city. Arkona is said to be willing to give a \$10,000 bonus to the proposed electric railway from London to Lake Huron. The oldest inhabitant says this winter had a twin sister thirty years ago, when considerable ploughing was done in March. George Johnston, a Hamilton youth, who refused to take mother's advice, will spend two years in the Industrial School. While attending to the steam heating arrangement in the Court House Brantford, D. Purdy, the engineer, was badly scalded. A Guelph delivery horse died at the age of 36 years the other day, and now they say that fast living brought about its sad end. Ralph, the little son of James Taylor, of St. Thomas, fell into an old well and it took the doctors several hours to bring him around. Miss A. Murphy, of Seely's Bay, who has entered the Kingston Dairy School as a student in cheese-making, is the first of her kind in that institution. Ex-Mayor Blanchard, of Hull, who is under arrest, charged with embezzlement, is said to have spent \$15,000 in six months entertaining his friends. One hundred men succeeded in digging two men out of a Slovan snow-side, but Wm. Lade, formerly of Elmsdale, Nova Scotia, was dead when they reached him. Hamilton's village poet has risen to the occasion, and written a poem to Julia Arthur; and now the actress feels that it is an unmixed blessing to be born in a small place. Merchants in Guelph, Woodstock and other places complain that the cheap railway rates are ruinous to their business, people preferring Toronto to do their buying. George Racicot, of Hull, who obtained goods and money under false pretences, was let off with a month in jail, as he has a wife and five children in destitute circumstances. Fort William is now revelling in the brilliancy of electric lights, and some of its more economical citizens are figuring on selling their share of the moon to some less favoured municipality. W. A. Fraser, of Georgetown, who has been in the employ of the Government prospecting for oil in the Northwest, will take drillers and supplies from Petrolea in the spring to resume operations in that district. The Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, has leased an acre of ground at Sandwich from J. B. Gauthier, and intends to erect thereon a branch of their works. It will employ about 100 people. The Grand jury of Leeds and Grenville, in its presentment, condemns "the mawkish sentimentality which prompts certain members of society to send bouquets of flowers and fruit to prisoners undergoing well-merited sentences."

**SPANISH ARMY IN CUBA.**  
Lurid Picture of Military Service in Spain's Chief Colony.  
Inspector-General Losada, of the Spanish forces in Cuba recently issued his official report, says The Medical News, in which are indicated losses almost without precedent in modern times. His report shows that out of the 200,000 soldiers sent by Spain to put down the insurrection in the island from the beginning of February, 1895, to the beginning of December of the year just terminated, not more than 53,000, a little over one-fourth, are at this moment fit for active service. The 147,000 are either dead or sent back to the motherland ill or wounded. The causes of this unprecedented death rate and sick list are, besides casualties in action, mainly three: 1, the inappropriateness of the clothing furnished to the European troops; 2, fatigue; and 3, lack of food. The report, which does not apparently err on the score of reticence paints a lurid picture of military service in the chief Spanish colony. Under successive generals the three years' campaign, in spite of numberless royalist "victories," leaves Cuba as precarious a Spanish possession as ever; while a whole generation must inter-vene before island and motherland alike can recover from the loss of blood, property and treasures.

**HISTORICAL AND CLERICAL.**  
The London Journal of Education publishes the following schoolboy answers, which are warranted genuine. To the question, "What do you know of Lord Wolsey?" the answer was given, "He was a Minister of Henry VIII., who exclaimed, 'If I had served any God, as I have served my King, I should not have been beheaded!'" The confusion between Wolsey and Wolsey, is perhaps not remarkable, but a post-mortem speech of this kind deserves notice. A better story, however, is of a definition of "tithes," which will be of special interest to the church and stage guild—"things worn by liars, die, circuses and pantomimes."

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