

# The Smuggler's Leap.

"Oh! there's not in this wide world," I exclaimed, quite unintentionally quoting Tom More; "there never has been, nor can ever be again, so charming a creature. No rhymer, witch or wizard, Ariel, or syren with song and mirror, was ever so fascinating, no daughter of Eve so pretty and provoking!"

This epithet, which certainly appears, now that in cooler moments I recall it, rather ridiculous, was not uttered viva voce, nor even sotto voce, seeing that its object, Miss Dora McDermot, was riding along only three paces in front of me, whilst her brother walked by my side. It was a mere mental ejaculation, elicited by the surpassing beauty of the aforesaid Dora, who assuredly was the most charming girl I had ever beheld. But for the Pyrenean scenery around us, and the rough, ill-conditioned mules with its clumsy side-saddle of discoloured leather, on which she was mounted, instead of the Spanish jennet or well-bred English palfrey that would best have suited her, she equatorial. I could, without any great exertion of fancy, have dreamed myself back to the days of the McGregors, and fancied that it was Dora, not riding up the mountain-side, galloping down the valley, with the handsome cavalier who walked by her stirrup, and who might have been Frank Oswaldstone, only that he was too badly-looking for Scott's somewhat effeminate hero. How beautifully mixed was the form which her dark green habit set off to such advantage; how fairy-like the foot that pressed the clumsy stirrup; how slender the fingers that grasped the reins! She had discarded the heavy riding-hat and senseless bonnet, those graceless inventions of some cunning milliner, and had adopted a headress not unusual in the country in which she then was. This was a tall cap, of fine, woven snow-white wool, and surmounted by a crimson tassel spread out over the top. From beneath this elegant coiffure her dark eyes flashed and sparkled, while her luxuriant chestnut curls fell down over her neck, the alabaster fairness of which made her white head-dress look almost tawny. Either because the air, although we were still in the month of September, was fresh and bracing, or else because she was pretty and a woman, and therefore a *ty* sorry to show herself to the best advantage, she had twisted round her waist a very long cashmere scarf, previously having it over her shoulder in the manner of a sword-belt, the ends hanging down nearly to her stirrup; and this gave something peculiarly picturesque, almost fantastical, to her whole appearance.

Upon the second day of my arrival at the baths of St. Sauveur, in the Pyrenees, I had fallen in with my old friend and college chum, Jack McDermot, who was taking his sister the round of the French waters. Dora's health had been delicate, the faculty had recommended the excursion; and Jack, who dated upon his only sister, had dragged her away from the gaieties of London and brought her off to the Pyrenees. McDermot was an excellent fellow, neither a wit nor a Solomon; but a good-hearted dog who had been much liked at Trin. Coll., Dublin, where he had thought very highly of himself, and a good deal of his horses and dogs. An Irishman, to be sure, occasionally a slight touch of the bregue was perceptible in his talk; but from this his sister, who had been brought up in England, was entirely free. Jack had a snug estate of three thousand a year; Miss Dora had twenty thousand pounds from her mother. She had passed two seasons in London; and if she was not already married, it was because at one of the fifty aspirants to her hand had found favour in her bright eyes. Lively and high-spirited, with a slight turn for the satirical, she loved her independence, and was difficult to please.

I had been absent from England for nearly two years, on a Continental tour; and although I had heard much of Miss McDermot, I had never seen her till her brother introduced me to her at St. Sauveur. I had not known her an hour, before I found myself in a fair way to add another to the list of the poor moths who had singed their wings at the perilous light of her beauty. When McDermot—clearing his throat, like himself, I was on a desultory sort of ramble, and had not marked out any particular route—offered me a seat in their carriage, and urged me to accompany them, instead of prudently flying to my own quarters. I foolishly exposed myself to it, and lo! what might have been anticipated came to pass. Before I had been two days in Dora's society, my doom was sealed; I had ceased to belong to myself; I was her slave, the slave of her sunny smile and bright eyes—talisman more potent than any lamp or ring that djinn or fairy ever obeyed.

A fortnight had passed, and we were at B—. During that time, the spell that bound me had been every day gaining strength. As an intimate friend of her brother, I was already, with Dora, on the footing of an old acquaintance; she seemed well enough pleased with my society, and chatted with me willingly and familiarly; but in vain did I watch for some slight indication, a glance or an intonation, whence to derive hope. None such were perceptible; nor could the most egregious coxcomb have fancied that they were. We once or twice fell in with other acquaintances of hers and her brother's, and with them she had just the same frank, friendly manner, as with me. I had not sufficient vanity, however, so much admired as Miss McDermot, to fall in love at first sight with my humble personality, and I patiently waited, trusting to time and assiduity to advance my cause.

Things were in this state, when one morning, whilst taking an early walk to the springs, I ran up against an English friend, by name Walter Ashley. He was the son of a country gentleman of moderate fortune, at whose house I had, more than once, passed a week in the shooting season. Walter was an excellent fellow, and a perfect model of the class to which he be-

longed. By no means unpolished in his manners, he had a sort of plain frankness and bonhomie, which was peculiarly agreeable and prepossessing. He was not a university man, nor had he received an education of the highest order—spoke no language but his own with any degree of correctness—neither played the fiddle, painted pictures, nor wrote poetry. On the other hand, in all many exercises he was a proficient; shot, rode, walked, and danced to perfection; and the fresh originality, and pleasant tone of his conversation, redeemed any deficiency of reading or accomplishment. In personal appearance he was a splendid fellow, nearly six feet in his boots, strongly, but, at the same time, symmetrically built; although his size, of limb and width of shoulder rendered him, at six-and-twenty, rather what is called a fine man than a staid or elegant one. He had the true Anglo-Saxon physiognomy, blue eyes, and light brown hair that waved, rather than curled, round his broad handsome forehead. As a matter of fact, he was a good deal had! He was officer in a crack yeomanry corps. Not one of the composite order, made up of pomatum and jump-black, such as may be seen scouring down the streets of London on a spring afternoon, with incipient gardeners behind them—but worthy of an Italian painter or Hungarian Hussar; full, well-grown, and glossy. Who was the idiot who first set afloat the notion—now become an established prejudice in England—that mustaches were unbecomingly? To nine faces out of ten, they are a most becoming addition, increasing physiognomy character, almost giving it where there is none; relieving the monotony of broad flat cheeks, and abridging the abomination of a long upper-lip. Uncleanly, say you? Not a bit of it, if judiciously trimmed and trained. What, Sir, are they not the least proper looking as those foxy thickets extending from jawbone to temple, which yourself, each morning of your life, take such pains to comb and curl into shape?

Delighted to meet Ashley, I dragged him off to the hotel, to introduce him to McDermot and his sister. As a friend of mine they gave him a cordial welcome, and we passed that day and the following ones together. I soon, however, I must confess, began to regret a little having brought my handsome friend into the society of Dora. She seemed better pleased with him than I altogether liked; nor could I wonder at it. Walter Ashley was exactly the man to please a woman of Dora's character. She was rather a romantic turn, and about him there was a dash of the chivalrous, well calculated to captivate her imagination. Although perfectly feminine, she was an excellent horsewoman, and an ardent admirer of feats of address and courage, and she had heard me tell her brother of Ashley's perfection in such matters. On his part, Ashley, like every one else who saw her, was evidently greatly struck with her beauty and fascination of manner. I cannot say that I was jealous; I had no right to be so, for Dora had never given me encouragement; but I certainly more than once regretted having introduced her to the society of the honest Jack McDermot counting, of course, for nothing—had previously been a sort of *te-tete* society. I began to fear that, thanks to myself, my occupation was gone, and Ashley had got it.

It was the fifth day after our meeting with Walter, and we had started early in the morning upon an excursion to a neighboring lake, the scenery around which, we were told, was particularly wild and beautiful. It was situated on a piece of table-land on the top of a mountain, which we could see from the hotel window. The distance was barely ten miles, and the road being rough and precipitous, McDermot, and myself, had chosen to walk rather than to risk our necks by riding the broken-kneed ponies that were offered to us. A sure-footed mule, and indifferent side-saddle, had been procured for Miss McDermot, and was attended by a wild-looking Bearnesse boy, or gossoon, as her brother called him, with a scared countenance, and long, lank black hair hanging in irregular shreds about his face.

There is no season more agreeable in the Pyrenees than the month of September. People are very apt to expatiate on the delights of autumn, its mellow beauty, pensive charms, and sublimity. I confess that in a general way I like the youth of the year better than its decline, and prefer the bright green dints of spring, with the summer in prospect, to the melancholy autumn, its russet hues and falling leaves; its regrets for the weather-past, and anticipations of bad to come. But if there be any place where I should be tempted to reverse my judgment, it would be in Southern France, and especially its western and central portions. The clear cloudless sky, the moderate heat succeeding to the sultriness, often overpowering of the summer months, the magnificent vineyards and merry vineyard-time, the noble groves of chestnut, clothing the lower slopes of the mountains, the bright streams and flower-spangled meadows of Bearnesse and Languedoc, render no part of the year more delightful in these countries than the months of September and October.

(To be Continued.)

## A LOFTY AMBITION.

My dear, said the banker to his only daughter, I have noticed a young man attired in a dress suit in the parlour two or three evenings each week of late. What is his occupation?

He is at present unemployed, father, replied the fair girl, a dreamy, far-away look in her big, blue eyes, but he is thinking seriously of accepting a position of life companion to a young lady of means.

## CHILDREN KEPT FREE.

At Roubaix, one of the Socialist strongholds of France, the 11,000 public school children receive free food and clothing at the expense of the town.

# HOUSEHOLD.

## CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

It will soon be time to give especial attention to the chrysanthemums intended for fall blooming. They must not be allowed to become pot-bound, but should be shifted every three or four weeks till from the two inch pot in which the cutting was set, the plants find themselves in a five or six-inch pot about the time the buds should appear. The young plants must never be allowed to dry out. Over watering is a danger, but they should never suffer for want of water. In potting, take care to give rich soil, so as to induce strong healthy growth, and thus avoid the use of liquid fertilizers later. Not that the judicious use of this form of fertilizer is not good practice but that so few will be judicious. Their motto seems to be "If a little is good, a good deal must be better," and the plants are killed with kindness.

When the plants get to be six or eight inches high it is time to think about their shape or form. If a plant with two or three or four stems is desired, the central bud on the main stalk, which will cause it to branch. Then select the strongest branches of those that start and let them grow, pinching off the others. Keep the lateral buds to decide to grow, letting all the strength of the stalk go to the trimmed bud, which will one day develop a flower bud.

If you wish one large flower, allow the plant to grow, and then pinch out all side branches as they start.

The plants will have to be staked as they grow large. The growth should not be rapid, but should be steady and healthy. Too fast growing is sure to result in bare stems, and the beauty of a chrysanthemum lies in its foliage as well as in its flowers. The ideal plant is well foliated, the stems being clad with leaves right up to the flowers.

## MEATS FOR SUMMER.

**Ham Omelet.**—Fill a coffee cup with bread crumbs and cover with milk. Beat 3 eggs very light and mix lightly with the soaked bread. Pepper and salt to taste. Divide the mixture, cooking it on two well greased griddles, like large cakes. When well "set," sprinkle over half of each omelet 1-4 cup very finely chopped ham, cooked. Fold over and in a minute take up on a hot dish, dot over with butter and serve.

**Tripe, Southern Style.**—One onion cut fine and cooked, a little butter, when soft, but not colored, add 1lb. tripe cut in pieces one inch long by 1-4 inch wide; place these in the saucpan with the onion and toss over the fire a short time to evaporate the moisture and get well heated through, then add half a can of tomatoes, drained somewhat, boil or simmer slowly until reduced to a good body and bright color; season with salt and a little cayenne pepper. Dish up neatly.

**Lamb Broth.**—This is so good it ought to be put on the table once a week, and it can be easily varied. Rice may be cooked with it, or it may be thickened and dumplings or croutons served with it, or a few vegetables chopped fine may be cooked with it. To make the broth you will need much but the bones, and these must be put on in cold water and simmered all forenoon. When you have removed the bone from your mutton for the broth you can then stuff the leg and roast it, thus giving a still greater variety.

**Pot Roast.**—A pot roast of beef is cheap and to my notion better than any other sort. The secret of a good pot roast is to have only enough water in the bottom of the pot to keep the meat from sticking or scorching, and to watch that the water does not boil away. When done, make a brown gravy and serve with a variety of vegetables like a boiled dinner, only this way they are more digestible.

## PICKLING HINTS.

First get the best and purest vinegar; while wine vinegar is the best. If it cannot be procured, then use pure cider vinegar. Use glass jars, or else unglazed earthen jars. Use saucapans lined with earthenware or porcelain to boil your vinegar in, and wooden knives and forks in the preparation of your pickles. Fill your jar three parts with the article to be pickled, and then add vinegar up to the neck of the jar.

**Pickled Nasturtiums.**—Fill a stone jar or glass with the best cold vinegar; take the seeds of the nasturtium after the flower has gone off. They should be full grown. Pick off the stems and put the ends into vinegar. They will keep a year if covered closely. They can be prepared with spices and boiling vinegar if preferred.

**Pickled Onions.**—Peel small silver onions and put them in a pan of boiling water. When they look clear, take them out with a strained lade and place on a dry cloth. When quite dry, put them into a jar and cover with hot spit vinegar. When cold, weight them down and cover closely.

## THE SAND PILE.

A common saying among the old-time mothers when the rising generation is found covered with the remains of a glorious mud-pie feast is: "Never mind, one must eat a peck of dirt in one's lifetime anyhow."

This overwhelming desire on the part of the youngsters to mix in the primal elements, of fire, air, earth and water, is the source of much anxiety to tender-loving mammas, who still desire that the little ones should have health-

ful exercise. A writer makes a suggestion worth considering. She advises by all means the purchase of a load of clean sand, and it is a splendid idea. Have it dumped in some place selected not only with an eye to its effect on the landscape, but to the advantage of the children as well; then turn them loose and see how they will enjoy it.

Don't be afraid they will soil their clothes. You wrong your child, boy or girl, if you keep it so dressed that it is not at liberty to romp and play in the dirt. The overalls which so many are sensibly putting on the little boys for their outdoor play are an excellent idea; now dress the little girls in some way to secure them like freedom, but if you do not do this, let them still be free to enjoy themselves on mother earth.

For those mothers who have a horror of genuine dirt, the sand pile possesses the virtue of being comparatively clean, and although it must be confessed that possibilities for soiling clothes here are not lacking, it is also replete with possibilities for enjoyment and instruction.

It is no wonder that children like to play in the sand; is there not a fascination in the mobile mass which seems half solid, half liquid? Wouldn't you like to be a child for a half day, and spend it at that yellow heap about the little workers are gathered with a surprising array of utensils?

For there will soon be a strange conglomeration about that sand pile. Old pails and kettles, tin cans and cups, dip-pers and spoons, with there be gathered together; and if you occasionally miss some household utensil and find it at the sand heap try to be patient; it is probably looked too tempting to be resisted.

Spare time occasionally to look at and admire the results of the little folks' labors, the houses and caves and wells, and the gardens that have sprung up as if by magic. More than this, a half hour spent with them occasionally would add more to their happiness than the extra ruffle, or hem-stitched flounce, and would be far more beneficial to your own health and spirits.

## RED CLOVER TEA.

Gather the clover tops when the plants are in full bloom, spread and dry in the shade, keep in a tin box with a tight cover, or seal closely in a glass fruit jar, keeping the jar in a paper bag to exclude the light. Steep a large double handful in a quart of water until the strength is extracted, strain, sweeten to taste and drink a little, two or three table-spoonsful, half an hour before each meal.

Make clover syrup, make a stronger decoction of the clover tops, add molasses to a quart of water, strain as before, add 1-2 lb loaf sugar. When dissolved put in a pint of molasses, stir, let boil up once and when cool bottle for use. It is excellent in cases of scalds, erysipelas and eruptions of the skin.

## MARCH OF THE BUBONIC PLAGUE.

Little Fear in England That the Disease Will Spread Further Westward.

In regard to the recently reported danger that the bubonic plague would reach Europe and England in its march to the westward, Surgeon Fairfax Irwin has written from London, under date of July 24.

It does not appear that there is any expectation in London that the bubonic plague is likely to extend much beyond its present limits. This feeling of security is due to the fact that all proper precautions are being taken. It is true that there are a considerable number of cases, and there is also some extension, yet the disposition to spread in Alexandria does not appear great, although it might be thought that all the conditions for such extension are present in that city. It is reported officially to the Colonial Office, that the bubonic plague, which has been raging in Hong Kong and Mauritius, has extended to the French island of Reunion. As to Mauritius, official returns for the week ended on Thursday last shows that 36 cases of plague occurred during the week, and that 29 of these proved fatal. No fresh case of plague has been reported at Alexandria for the last four days.

In the earlier part of last week, however, there were 6 new cases, 5 deaths and 5 recoveries. The total number of cases up to the present is 74, of which 32 have been fatal.

It was reported from Skeefde, in Sweden, that the epidemic of anthrax which recently broke among the cattle in West Gothland, and subsequently also attacked human beings, continues to spread and that 49 parishes are now infected. Owing to the prevalence of the epidemic the great military manoeuvres which were to be held in West Gothland have been countermanded.

## THE THISTLE.

This is the story that is told of the Scotch thistle and how it came to be Scotland's emblem.

Many, many long years ago the Danes went into Scotland to drive the Scotch people out. In those days it was not thought manly or brave to slip up on an enemy and fight by night, but the Danes had such a hard time of it that one night they thought they would do so. To keep them from being heard they took off their foot gear and marched barefooted. They had crept in this way very close to the sleeping Scotch soldiers, when one of them stepped upon one of the sharp prickly thistles and it hurt him so much that he gave a howl of pain. This woke up the Scots, who seized swords and rushed out to meet the Danes, killing a great many of them and winning the last battle which the Danes had the courage to fight. The Scots at once took the thistle as the emblem of Scotland, and it remains their national "flower" to this day.

# Oh the Farm.

## FEEDING THE SOIL.

There is no part of farming more important than the proper care of the soil, for it is the basis from which all profit must be derived. A poorly fed, unbalanced, unhealthy soil means poor crops, lean, unprofitable stock and all the train of ills that follow in the footsteps of failure. There is, to-day, little excuse for a farmer not understanding the principles of fertilization and stimulation through the use of manures and chemicals applied to the soil. All that he needs to do is to carefully study the bulletins issued from the Government Experiment Stations, read a few of the best agricultural papers, and carefully and conscientiously apply the knowledge thus gained. Some of the facts clearly established by practical experience are: that the three essential needs of most soils are phosphoric acid, nitrogen, and potash. These three elements, when properly combined, form what is known as a complete fertilizer, the absence of either of which makes an incomplete and often an unprofitable fertilizer. Nitrogen is the most extensive of these ingredients, when purchased upon the market, but fortunately for the farmer it can be secured more cheaply than either of the others by the use of such crops as clover, these crops having the peculiarity of absorbing nitrogen from the air, which is three-fourths free nitrogen.

The cheapest form in which to use potash is muriate of potash, sulphate of potash and kainit. Wood ashes, also, contain potash, and are very good when they can be secured cheaply. Phosphoric acid is derived from acid phosphorus, or dissolved bone. Stable manure contains all of these elements in a very available form; it, however, contains an excess of nitrogen, which tends to produce a rank growth of foliage or wood at the expense of the grain or fruit. Much better results will usually be secured from the use of stable manure, if a little phosphoric acid and potash be added. Still different crops vary considerably; one crop requires an extra amount of one ingredient, while another crop may require an equal amount of some other. It is highly important that the farmer not only acquaint himself with these facts, but that he also carefully study the composition of the soil as well as the fertilizer. What may perfectly suit the requirements of one field might be absolutely thrown away if applied to a different soil in another field. There are materials which contain no plant food, but can be very properly and successfully applied as stimulants, their action upon the soil and crops being purely medicinal and mechanical. Materials in most common use for this purpose are lime, salt, and plaster. Lime, applied to heavy land has a tendency to loosen it, if too light it tends to make it compact, if sour, as the result of excessive green manuring, it tends to sweeten the soil. The principal use of plaster is to make more available the potash of the soil, and otherwise perform somewhat the same function as that performed by slacked lime. Plaster is usually more expensive than other forms of lime. All stimulating material should be applied with care, as a continued application tends to exhaust the soil. Recent experiments have demonstrated an immense saving to the farmer who mixes his own fertilizers. In this way the farmer saves the cost of mixing, the expense of traveling agents' and salesman's profits, and other incidental expenses. Furthermore, he knows what kind of fertilizer he is applying to his land when he mixes it himself. No expensive machinery is required, a shovel and the barn floor are all that is needed. The farmer who succeeds to-day must study these elementary principles, he must practice economy, he must learn to take hold of things by the smooth handle, he must above all things avoid letting the other fellow take the long end of the lever in the deal.

## THE TURNIP FLY.

The Mark Lane Express speaks as follows from an English standpoint upon this question:

Some advise the use of forcing manures, such as nitrate of soda and soot, but it is doubtful whether these have any effect at the time when wanted, unless applied along with the seed. The chief objection to applying nitrate in that way is the great danger that it may be washed out of the soil before the turnips come up, but much regard need not be had to this consideration, for the application should be very limited in quantity, and if such rain falls and continues long, the turnips will come up, even though the nitrate vanishes. Soot is an admirable fertilizer, and it is said that it helps to deter the fly, even if sown with the seed. If any top-dressing is applied to force on growth, soot is, perhaps, the best that can be used, but it should be applied in early morning before the dew is off. A very good dressing is that known as "Hobb's Mixture," consisting of one bushel of fresh gas lime, one bushel of fresh ordinary lime, six pounds sulphur, and ten pounds of soot, well mixed together and reduced to a fine powder. This should be applied in early morning while the dew is on the young plants, and it may be either broadcasted or sprinkled down the drills. The quantity named will do two acres. A dressing of soot, as already stated, is also very useful, but probably it will ultimately be found that the best remedy is a light spraying with kerosene by pneumatic action, by means of the Strawson or other similar machine. At the present time use might be made of the

machinery employed in the charcoal spraying experiments, and probably with at least equally good results.

## HOW TO GET RID OF RATS.

Take a large earthen jar and seal the ground near a building frequented by rats. The top should be not more than an inch or two above the surface of the ground. Fill this jar with about five inches of the top with bran. Place boards over it, but leave a crack wide enough for a rat to enter. Let this set for several days and nights, until the rats have got into the habit of visiting it. Then take out the bran and fill with water to within six inches of the top and on this sprinkle a covering of bran about two inches thick. Cover as at first, and every rat that has been in the habit of visiting the jar will unhesitatingly jump in, and once in there it will find a floating bran hides him from sight of the next victim. By once more filling the jar with bran and leaving it for several days before filling again with water, suspicion will be diverted. If there is no convenient place for setting the jar in the ground where it will not be disturbed, good results may be secured by placing a board in such a position that the rats can easily climb into the jar.

## INSURED FOR \$10,000,000.

That is said to be the aggregate of Policies on the Princess of Wales' Life.

A big insurance man said recently in New York, that the Prince of Wales was the heaviest risk of any portion of the insurance business, and that his death would cost England, Germany, France and American companies not less than \$10,000,000.

"No other person carries so much comparatively little of it is for the benefit of his family; perhaps not more than \$1,000,000. Some years ago large policies were taken out by his creditors, as security for money loaned. If he should ever pay his debts they would of course revert to him, and might be carried for the benefit of his family, but his premiums, like the premium on all of the royal families of Europe, are very high—much higher than those paid by private individuals for the same amount of insurance."

"It is a curious fact," continued the insurance man, who spends a good deal of his time in England, "that \$2,000,000, or \$3,000,000 of insurance, perhaps more than that, has been placed on the life of the Prince of Wales as a speculation by persons who do not know him and have never had any relations with him whatever. This would not be possible under the insurance laws of this country, but it is allowed by some of the English companies. Over there any man can secure a policy on the life of a neighbor, provided he can persuade the neighbor to submit to a medical examination or find a company which has recently had him examined. Thus when the Prince of Wales undergoes an examination for insurance lots of speculators apply to the same company for policies on his life, or get certified copies of the report of the medical examiner and use them with other companies. It is pure speculation. They pay a high premium, a margin, so to speak, or to put it in another way, they look a wager with the insurance companies that the prince will die before the total of their premiums exceeds the amount of the policy. Therefore many persons would be financially benefited if Albert Edward should drop suddenly one of these fine days. The prince is perfectly aware of this fact. He knows very well what advantages have been taken of his situation, but I do not suppose it makes any difference with his habits."

## HOW TO "TAKE" A PICTURE.

It is the exceptional woman who knows how to make up properly for a picture. She will put on her "best dress," arrange her hair and then herself to the photographer.

The proofs are seldom up to her expectations. She sees a prematurely-aged woman, with sparse locks, and a strained expression, in the place of the fairly good-looking matron she believed herself to be. All this is disheartening. In fact, she is seldom as bad-looking as the pictures make her appear. She has perhaps a bad habit of wearing her hair plastered down the sides. If she wants to look pretty she must give her hair special attention. Puff it loosely at the sides, and coil in a careless becoming manner in the back. If possible, have the picture taken in evening dress. There is nothing more becoming to a woman. Soft, wavy lines are desirable in a picture. Plainness will never give a pretty effect. The domestic woman should remember this, and not be afraid of attempting graceful lines.

A hat is more satisfactory than a full or half length, especially if one is not sure of her ability to assume a graceful pose.

Let the matron approach the camera with the same confidence as her daughter; let her be as unselfish as her pretty results; let her pose before the mirror until she decides on her attitude, then let her defy the photographer with the set ideas and she will take a picture which will surprise herself and her family.

## THE AGE OF STEEL.

In a recent address to the Iron and Steel Institute in London, Professor Roberts-Austin said that steel plates now rolled more than 300 feet in area and 7/8 inch thick, and that steel girders have been made of such a size as to "justify the belief of Sir Benjamin Baker that a bridge connecting England and France would be built over the channel in half-mile spans."