HOME AND SOCIETY.

SOME QUAINT FASHIONS.

EARLY MARRIAGES—LAUNDRY-WORK IN SUMMER—THE COOKING OF SPRING LAMB—FANCY WORK OF VARIOUS KINDS—PRETTY THINGS THAT CHILDREN CAN MAKE.

The big puff sleeves look quaintly pretty in the bathing dresses of this season, and there are a number of attractive new patterns. The sailor blouse, belted in at the waist, is still holding its own, the difference being that the collar is cut much wider on the shoulders, while the puff sleeves are finished by a pointed cuff fitting tightly above the elbow. Another very pretty and becoming pattern has a round yoke-shaped collar of white piqué, extending well over the shoulders like a small cape, fitting smoothly in front, and buttoning behind with elbow cuffs also of the white piqué. Too much attempt at effect in bathing dresses is decidedly unbecoming, and elaborate French costumes are but little liked in this country. A well-fitting, neatly-made frock, with a contrasting color in collar and perhaps sleeves, is what is required. In length a bathing skirt should be just below the knees, the trousers being fastened just above the knees.

Some of the new summer "confections" are very effective. A gown worn at church at a well-known watering-place last Sunday had a waist of white crêpon trimmed with diagonal stripes of black lace insertion across the full gathered bodice, and large puff sleeves, with a scarf overskirt of the crêpon, upon which the black insertion had been sewn in stripes. This was draped in short panier fashion in front, with a point to one side, and gathered up with a knotted sashlike drapery behind. A wide belt of wrinkled black satin, with the rosettes at the left side holding a couple of loops of satin, completed the trimming. This striking arrangement was worn over a skirt of black gros-grain made with wide graduated pleats, while a wreath of June roses formed the tiny bonnet.

A new French organdy, which, like many of the latest imported gowns, runs riot in color, has a golden yellow ground with tiny bouquets of lilac flowers powdered all over it. The waist is made with a yoke of yellow needlework to match, with two rows of yellow lace falling over the organdy sleeves, which are short to the elbow. The lace ends in a jabot on either side, which is brought to a point at the waist, where it is finished with two rosettes of mauve ribbon, which also cover the ends of a couple of mauve bretelles; these meet front and back, with butterfly bows on the shoulders. Without rhyme or reason the collar is sky blue, the blue being the only note of that color, as the full, frilled, "flouncy" skirt is trimmed with yellow lace and mauve ribbon.

We are too apt to consider money the one thing needful in this complex modern life of ours, and to "marry on nothing" is esteemed, if not a crime, at least a high misdemeanor, which will entail its punishment in future misery and privation. For the benefit of those young people who are old-fashioned enough to believe that a man and woman who truly love one another, and who have good average abilities, can live happily on a minimum of this world's goods, and have a reasonable security for the future, it is only fair to state that the majority of people, who in middle age find themselves in comfortable circumstances, commenced life with little or no prospect ahead save those of the "dinner of herbs and love withal." And it may be added that many who made what the world called "brilliant matches" are now living in obscurity and poverty.

"When I married," said the wife of a prominent banker, the other day, "we had literally nothing. I was one of a large family, and beyond a very modest trousseau my people could do nothing for me; while Mr. —— was simply a clerk, with nothing but his salary. Our only favorable start in life was that in the building where he was employed there were several vacant rooms which were given to us rent free to live in. Of course our life was primeval in its simplicity, but we never suffered in any way; and as our cares increased our resources grew greater, and I have never ceased to be thankful that we had the courage to face the world together in our early youth."

From the far West comes another corroboration of this old-fashioned theory. A few years ago the writer visited a charming woman in a charming home near one of the prominent Western towns. The house was situated on a little knoll surrounded with beautiful forest trees, the peculiarity of the dwelling, which was large and rambling, being that it was built on different levels on the side of the hill, and on the trees themselves as foundations. That is, the close-cut stumps formed piers, on which the floor beams were securely bolted, making a most solid structure. It was a comment on this singular structure that led the hostess to give her guests a sketch of her early life, when she and her husband were pioneers in a wild unsettled country.

"I was a school teacher," she said, "and Henry was a bookkeeper on a small salary, and not over strong; and when we became engaged to be married there seemed nothing for it but to wait long years, and even then there was small hope that we would have enough to live on. So when one evening my sweetheart came to me with the proposition that we should go West, pre-empt some land, and try our luck as immigrants, I fell into the idea at once, particularly as he had looked very delicate for some time, and had a nasty cough that worried me dreadfully. Well, we decided that it would be too expensive to make two trips of it; and as we had both saved a little money, we were married and started at once for Minnesota, having selected that region on account of the dry air and the fertile soil. We gave ourselves a couple of weeks to decide upon a location, and then staked out our claim, and built our house (only one room at first) on the very spot where we are now living. Our first cabin was blown over in a tornado; and that is why we have built on the firmly bedded sawed stumps of sound trees, the timber being so thick and convenient in this spot, although a few rods back of us lie the open prairie lands that yield us such good crops. It would be too long a story to tell of our various turns of good and bad fortune; of my dreadful loneliness and fears at first, when Harry was away at work; and all the other hard trials of a settler's wife. But little by little, with the help of a good Providence, we conquered fortune, and we are still young enough to enjoy life with our children, while we bless the day when we made up our minds to marry on nothing."

Laundry work in summer is a complex question. In the first place its cost, when travelling or boarding, is a very serious item; and even in private families the work is nearly doubled by the addition of cotton gowns, flannels and other summer garments, causing revolt on the part of the laundress and perplexity and worry for the mistress.

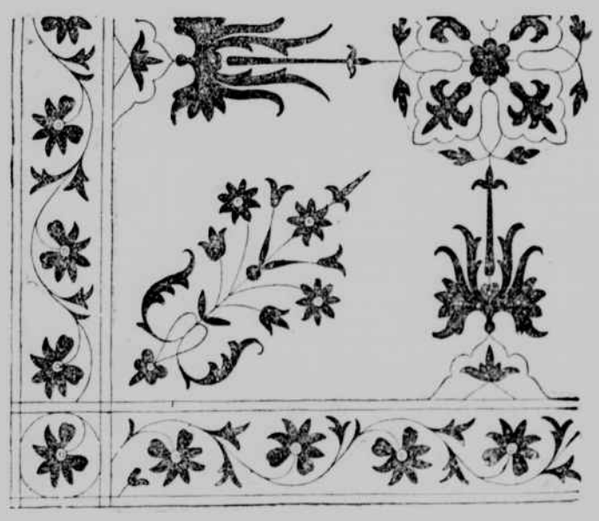
"I overcome part of the difficulty," said the mother of a large family and excellent housekeeper, "by giving up tablecloths altogether in summer; for to my mind a waxed and polished table, with a pretty centre cloth, well-kept silver, and a centrepiece of flowers, always looks well in hot weather, and it saves no end of work. Another plan I have found to work very well in summer is to divide 'the wash,' taking the first part of the week for the house linen and simpler garments, giving the laundress help from one of the other servants, and thus reserving her skill for the ginghams, chambreys and flannels, which require intelligent treatment. It is a fatal mistake and poor economy to give clothes of this sort into careless hands, as they may easily be ruined in a single wash. Where, however, a skilled laundress is not kept, a great deal may be done by a proper supervision and a little knowledge on the part of the mistress herself. In the first place, it is well to remember that white flannel trousers may be easily and satisfactorily laundered by putting two-tablespoonfuls of ammonia into a gallon of water—the bad spots should be washed out first, before the garment is wet; then put the ammonia in the bottom of a tub, lay the garment on it, and pour warm water over it. The fumes of the ammonia will penetrate the flannel, and destroy both grease and dust. If there are any badly soiled places rub them between the hands and the stains will disappear; move the flannel up and down in the water, flapping the fabric together and pressing it down; lift it many times. Then rinse the garment in clear, warm water, of exactly the same temperature (warm, not hot), twice or thrice. When it is quite clean, hang it out in the shade to dry without wringing. Suspend the garment by the waistband, and as the water collects at the hems press out all moisture with a towel; repeat this a number of times. While the trousers are still quite damp press them without turning until dry. Then turn them, and press a seam down the front of each leg. Flannel shirts should be washed the same way.

"Cotton goods will hardly ever fade if they are soaked for some hours in a bath prepared by dissolving salt in boiling water to the proportion of half a pint to a quart of water. Place the dresses in the water while quite warm, and after they have remained therein for several hours wring them out and wash in the usual way. This process need only be used the first time they are washed. Dainty-hued muslins should be laundered in rice-water without soap or starch. Organdies washed in this way may be made to look nearly as good as new. To prepare rice-water boil half a pound of rice in the clothes-boiler with two or three gallons of water, and as soon as the rice is perfectly soft drain off the water and wash the soiled muslin in it while it is still hot, using no soap. Place the soft rice itself in a porcelain basin, and after the dress has been washed and wrung from the rice-water, dip it in the soft rice, rubbing the latter over the entire dress. Then shake the garment in luke-warm water, rinsing off the rice entirely, and hang it in the shade to dry. This will give just the proper degree of stiffness required. In washing silk skirts or waists, rub them very gently between the hands in warm water, wherein white soap has been dissolved. Squeeze out the water, and then rinse in tepid water in which a few drops of prepared coloring which chemists now sell for the purpose have been dissolved. Dry the silk quickly, and it should be damp enough to iron when taken from the line."

A BIT OF EMBROIDERY.

CHAIN STITCH ON CLOTH.

For those women of deft fingers who like to do fancy work in lazy summer days, a really beautiful Oriental pattern in easy chain stitch is a treasure-trove. Here is one which will commend itself



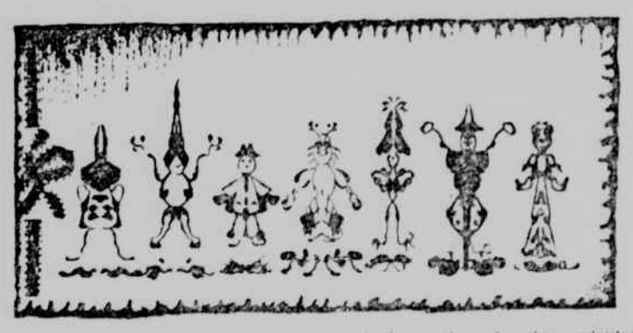
at sight to these fair needlewomen. It is for a table cover, which may be of art serge, or of any proper material which suits the worker and the stitch. The original is white, with the design worked in crewels of turquoise blue, the stems and

all portions indicated by a single line in the detail sketch being of a deeper and harmonizing shade of the same color. The centres of the flowers are filled with orange. The original cloth measures forty by forty-two inches.

BLOT PICTURES.

AMUSEMENT FOR CHILDREN.

A book of blot pictures can be made with ease by a child of six, and will be of endless amusement, as it is impossible to make two figures alike, although they be drawn alike. It would be best to practise a while on a sheet of paper before attempting the book, as you will be apt to make your figures too large at first, not being accus-



tomed to having your work spread. To do the work, use a coarse pen and jet black ink (India ink, if you have it). Fold a crease in the paper, open it, and draw a half figure up to the line with very heavy strokes. Then fold it and press the paper together with a knife or paper cutter, open it, and you will have a quaint doll of some strange nationality. Fill some pages with these dolls, and others with blots, which will be transformed into butterflies and bugs. After you have finished a dozen pages, join them with the "daisy" ribbon, and you will have a book of comical pictures that will delight some of your little friends, perhaps a sick one.

SPRING LAMB.

VARIOUS WAYS OF COOKING IT.

The young and succulent lamb has always found favor with epicures. Though no essayist has arisen to extol its charms, as Charles Lamb did those of the young porkling, no one has defamed the eater of this meat as the "Country Parson" did the eater of veal. The vealy disposition is a thing of scorn, the lamblike temper a thing to praise. So this purely sentimental distinction has created a difference in our ways of thinking—and our ways of thinking control the market. Thus it has come about that a roast of spring lamb is considered a pièce de resistance, occupying a place in the average mind such as chicken does, as the meat par excellence for Sunday and holiday occasions.

There is never any danger of securing too young a lamb. On the contrary, the yearling and often the semi-yearling is foisted upon the unwary buyer as spring lamb, or what the English call "Easter grass lamb." This is the new born lamb, which is only sold entire when first brought to our markets, and finally divided into quarters. Later in the season it is cut up into small quantities of a pound or more. The best lamb, like the best mutton, is produced from those breeds of sheep which do not excel as wool-growers, but are raised by the Scotch and English especially for the quality and flavor of their flesh. In the last score of years there has been an immense improvement in our lamb and mutton. The young lambs are now kept with their mothers in warm barns with a southern exposure, and are allowed to have an abundance of milk until they are all about eight weeks old, and then they are considered in prime condition. A large quantity of the best lamb in our markets comes from Canada, where the famous Southdown sheep are raised with the same success as in Scotland and the northern counties of England.

The average weight of a hindquarter of lamb is about eight pounds. In England this is almost always roasted entire; but in this country and in France the chops are generally removed and the leg is used for roasting—or it may be cut up into steaks, similar in shape to an American cutlet of veal. In the hindquarter of the lamb is found the kidney. This tidbit is specially esteemed by men. It is simply split through the centre, seasoned in salt and pepper, rolled in sweet oil, and then in fine bread crumbs, and broiled. It may be served with maitre d'hotel butter and slices of crisp bacon, or with any piquant sauce. At least two lamb kidneys should be served to one person, so that to arrange a service of this portion it is necessary to buy them of the dealer in "meat specialties"—who will furnish them by the dozen—rather than of the regular butcher.

The English method of serving roast lamb is with mint sauce. This is also the most popular way in this country. Mint sauce is not pleasant to all palates, though it is a refreshing and wholesome sauce for warm weather if properly made. Use about two tablespoonfuls of mint leaves, minced fine, to half a cup of vinegar and a tablespoonful of sugar. Heat the vinegar and pour it hot over the mint. Add the sugar; let the sauce cool, and set it on the ice, well covered up, for two hours before using.

A more delicate way of serving roast lamb, which does not disguise the flavor of this most delicious meat, is in its own juices, without any sauce, but with a garnish of potato croquettes or of Milanaise croquettes, made of macaroni, tongue and lamb or chicken. The rack of the forequarter, including the eleven ribs—the cut equivalent to the ribs of beef—is considered by most caterers to be the juiciest roasting piece. It is a cut seldom seen on private tables, because it necessitates the purchase of the entire forequarter, and few private families understand how to make use of the breast and neck of the lamb, which remain after the rack has been cut out. A few butchers in the downtown markets sell the rack separately, but at a very high price, expecting to dispose of the remainder of the forequarter at a proportionately low price. No uptown butcher could afford to take this risk, however, for the uses of the neck and breast are so little understood that it would be an exceptional thing if he could dispose of it at any price. A highly esteemed dish, however, may be made from the breast of lamb; and from the neck and "chuck" portions we obtain the most delicious stewing pieces in the entire animal as well as very fair cutlets. The rack being practically removed from the domestic marketer, there remains the leg, which has come to be the favorite roasting piece. It is not quite as juicy and as full of fine flavor as the rack, but when the lamb is served with mint sauce it is probably as good as any cut for the purpose. A large portion of what belongs to the loin in veal is always cut with the leg of lamb, so that only a few chops can be taken off the hindquarter before the leg proper is reached.

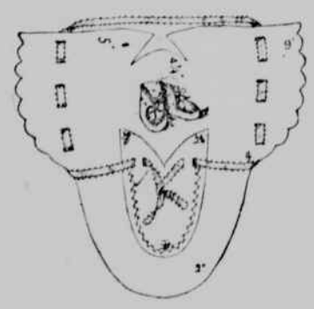
Lamb, like veal, should be thoroughly roasted till the white juice drips at the puncturing of the meat. Rub the meat thoroughly with butter, or wrap the caul fat around it. The meat should already have been boned by the butcher, and well-skewered into shape. It requires about an hour's rapid cooking to roast a leg of lamb weighing four pounds when the bone is out. Lay the meat on a rack in the dripping-pan, putting a pint of water in the pan under it. After rubbing it with butter or placing the caul fat about it, dredge it with flour and season it with salt and pepper. Baste it every fifteen minutes while it is roasting. If the lamb is to be served with potato croquettes, peel and boil eight medium-sized potatoes. New and waxy potatoes will not do for this purpose. When the potatoes are boiled, drain them, wash them free from all lumps, add a half-tablespoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of three raw eggs, beaten well; beat the mixture lightly with a spoon. Shape the croquettes in small oblong cylinders and dip them in egg and in fine bread crumbs. The blade of a case knife is useful to cut them. They may be lightly rolled in the bread crumbs, but you should see that every portion of the croquette is covered with egg and breadcrumbs, otherwise the water will penetrate the potato within, and your croquettes will be a failure. Let the fat be as hot as possible without burning, and deep enough to fry a doughnut. Lay the croquettes in a wire basket and plunge them for three minutes in this fat, when they will become a golden brown. Take up the roast lamb on a platter, remove all the fat from the drippings in the pan, add a little beef stock if necessary to make sufficient liquid, and dissolve the drippings that have hardened on the roasting pan. Boil this gravy down for four or five minutes, season it, and strain it over the meat. Arrange the potato croquettes on the platter around the meat. Or, if you wish to serve your lamb with Milanaise croquettes, cut to a mince half a cupful of cooked chicken or lamb, add a cupful of cooked macaroni, cut into small pieces, and three mushrooms minced fine. Make half a pint of strong white sauce by melting a teaspoonful of butter with a scant tablespoonful of flour, and adding a cup of veal stock. Season this with a spray of thyme, a spray of parsley, a small piece of soup celery, a quarter of a bay leaf, and a clove. Let this stock boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, stirring it continually. Then let it simmer at the back part of the stove in a double boiler for half an hour longer. This foundation white sauce, which is used in so many dishes, is made by many families twice a week, or in winter once a week, and is then always on hand. Mix the mince of meat, macaroni and mushrooms with a half pint of this sauce, and let it cook for ten minutes. Then season it with salt and pepper, a heaping tablespoonful of Parmesan cheese, and add the yolks of three eggs. Stir it in the hot pan over the fire for one minute. Spread it on a platter, and when it is cold form it into croquettes. Dip each one in egg, sprinkle over it a little grated Parmesan cheese, roll it in bread crumbs, and fry it in hot fat. Serve the croquettes around the lamb.

BABY'S SHOES.

SOMETHING PRETTY AND DAINTY.

By following the proportions of the sketch given here, you can obtain a correct pattern for a shoe to fit an ordinary-sized baby at six months of age. The shoes can be made of eider down flannel as well as of kid.

The one illustrated here is made of soft gray kid trimmed with pink ribbon. After you have traced the pattern in waste cloth, baste it up and fit it to



the foot and increase or diminish as the case demands. Cut the kid shoe out with a pair of sharp scissors, the slits for the ribbon with a penknife. Overhand the heel together with pink sewing silk. Cat-stitch the toe with the same, and gather up the bottom to fit the toepiece, and join them with the button-hole stitch. Run the ribbon through the slits and tie in a bow on the front.

If eider down flannel is used, select a firm piece; light pink, blue or white makes the daintiest shoes. These are bound with narrow gros-grained ribbon where the kid is scalloped, and the little slits to run the ribbon through are button-hole stitched with silk. The seams are on the inside, and cat-stitched down with silk. These wash nicely.

A DISH OF COOLNESS.

There is a Spanish dessert used in warm weather which may appeal to the dwellers in these at present tropical regions. The Spanish chef takes a very deep champagne glass, and fills it to the measure of a third with all sorts of fresh fruit—berries, pear, peach, apple, orange, apricot, nectarine, anything in season and available. Upon this he pours, until the glass is two-thirds full, the best champagne. The remaining third of the glass is filled up with the best ice cream. "Freeze and serve," is the final order.

A DAY IN MADRID.

THE MORNING IN THE ARMORY—TWO TYPES OF SPANISH HOMES—IMITATIONS OF PARIS—FASCINATIONS OF THE JALEO—AN EVENING AT THE THEATRE AND CIRCUS.

Madrid, June 12.

The Spanish day has this advantage over a day anywhere else, that it is the longest in the world. It can begin at any time, as early as 8 in the morning, and when it ends is a mystery. The present writer has not yet had the energy to sit up to wait for its disappearance. What can be brought within its limit (if it has any) depends not only upon one's taste, but upon one's familiarity with the surroundings. A typical day in Madrid is perhaps worth describing for the benefit of those whose stay in that comparatively little visited city may be brief.

At 9 in the morning the Royal Armory, occupying a portion of the Palace, is accessible. In driving there, by the way, it is sufficient to instruct the cabman to go to the Palace. Were you going to the residence of the Duke of Alba, for example, it would be necessary to mention his name. The Royal Palace is spoken of among Spaniards without the prefix by which foreigners know it. Its Armory stands justifiably at the beginning of a day's amusement, for it is one of the greatest in Europe. It is no small privilege to see Charles V, mounted on his war horse, armed with his lance, clad in the gleaming harness which he wore in life, and repeating in every detail of dress and attitude the splendid figure he makes in Titian's portrait. There is much else equally interesting in the Armory, but when the clock strikes 10 from the Palace belfry one steps into the court and finds it alive with the military life of to-day. The guard is changed at this hour, the ceremonies lasting until 11. There are two bands; there is a force of several hundred infantry, cavalry and artillery drawn from the best troops in Spain, and the picture they present is very interesting. In the inner court the halberdiers of the household are making their changes also, and the air is full of stirring sounds.

From the Palace it is well to go at once—a matter of ten minutes—to the great modern Church of San Francisco, the most important building of its kind in Madrid. In one respect it is the chief church in Spain. It is a Panthéon of contemporary Spanish art. The walls and ceilings are covered with decorations by Manoz-Degrain, Casado, Moreno-Carbonero, and especially by Plasencia, who died only a few years ago, leaving behind him some of the best work ever done in Spain. It is as necessary for the student of modern Spanish art to see this church as it is necessary for the student of the old masters to see the Prado. But there is a decorator not represented in San Francisco for whose sake one should have secured an introduction to the Senatorial Palace, and should now visit that building—which is within a moment's drive of the church. Pradilla's masterpiece, "The Surrender of Granada," decorates the Senate. It is the brilliant representation of a brilliant scene, one of the finest artistic productions of the present time. From the Senate the path lies up the Arenal to breakfast. If the cab has been hired at one point and dismissed at the next stopping-place it has cost one peseta for each course. The rate per hour, which is cheaper in the end, is only 2 pesetas—about 32 cents; and a pourboire of 50 centimes is all the cabman expects. In the half-hour left between the Senate and breakfast the photographer's on the Geronimo is a good place to visit; and while I am setting down these practical items I will add that photographs in Madrid are larger in size than elsewhere on the Continent, and cost 2½ pesetas each. Breakfast at the hotel is a long affair—all Spanish meals are interminable—and though it is good, it is often more convenient to go to the Farnos restaurant, attached to the café of the same name, corner of the Alcala and the Calle Peliteros. This is the best restaurant in Madrid, both as regards the food and the service. A small omelette, a dish of red mullet highly spiced, some chicken buried in rice, and the whole accompanied by a bottle of Riofa claret or of Manzanilla, the best white wine of the country—this is a menu as Spanish as it is piquant. For dessert there is a bowl of small strawberries, sprinkled with sugar and drenched in orange juice; or, if you wish to be entirely luxurious, ask for some "fraissones," or large strawberries. These are delicious—and more expensive, though the meal is not, in the long run, a costly one.

After breakfast, for a few hours the Museum of the Prado is an endless delight, which is only left undiscussed here because it would require many long letters adequately to notice its treasures. The Van Dycks and Raphaels, the Mengs and Murillos, the Van Eycks and Van Der Weydens, the pictures by Rubens and by the great Spaniard himself place the Prado abreast of the Uffizi, the Louvre, the Hermitage and the other renowned museums of the world. By 4 o'clock it is possible, though rather early, to make calls. Of course these depend upon the extent of one's acquaintance; but if the traveller has any Spanish friends he must surely see illustrations of at least two typical phases of Spanish life. The first should be the dwelling of a gentleman with artistic tastes. In that the furniture is old and beautiful. The walls are usually tapestried, and when they are not they are hung with the works of the leading modern artists of Spain. In America we see far less of the recent art of Spain than we should. The collectors of Spain are wiser, and in one of the houses in Madrid, such as is now being touched upon, the walls are crowded with pictures by Fortuny, Villegas, Rico, Rosales, Madrozo, Barbado and Pradilla that would simply astonish the New-York connoisseur. The contrast between the pictures and their surroundings in such a Spanish home is peculiar. On one side is the sparkle of pictures in which the artists seem to pour sunlight upon sunlight, to pile jewels upon each other, and to set their scenes aflame with golden objects, rich embroidered stuffs and the antique brazen furniture of church and palace. In a revel of color and light is the art of Fortuny and his followers expressed. On the other hand are the sober tints of old Flemish hangings, the deep reds and tarnished golds of rare Spanish mahogany bound in metal, and the solid, mediaeval woods and leathers of chairs and cupboards centuries old. This is the environment in which the most Spanish of the Spaniards love to live, and to which you feel most willing to return as your host says on the threshold: "Ya Vd sabe donde tiene su casa y un amigo"; "You know where you have found your house and a friend."

The other side of Spanish life is more magnificent and less picturesque, but it is interesting as showing how French taste has lately influenced the fashionable world of Madrid. Some of the noble mansions of this city contain a mixture of old and new styles; for while many of the impoverished Madrileños strain every nerve to buy new things in Paris, they would not for worlds sell the old masters and other antiques which they do not in their hearts care for at all. Others have given considerable commissions to native artists. Pradilla has some extraordinary ceiling work in the palace of the Marquis of Linares. But there is one ducal palace in Madrid, one of the largest and most representative in the capital, in which there is hardly anything Spanish save the beautiful collection of pictures distributed through the halls and rooms, and in which only one or two chambers have been designed in a style other than French. Practically everything savors of Paris, or, if not of Paris, then of Versailles. This house reflects most accurately the taste of the people gathered round the court. It is ornate, loaded with gilding, and plainly devised for the purposes of a purely fashionable life. Its tone is of lightness and glitter. The large music-room, with its furniture and decorations in the style of Louis XIV, with its rococo ceiling and its finical bronze violinist smiling from one of the alcoves as he strikes up the music for the dance, expresses as aptly as anything could the present trend of Spanish society. It is even more typical in its artificial splendors than is the Palace, with its enormous halls and its big frescoes by Tiepolo, a painter whose style one can fancy as just a shade too vigorous for the generation now living in the upper Spanish circles.

That generation is French wherever and whenever it can be, inside and out, for the bookshops show that it nourishes itself copiously on translations from Zola, Bourget, Maupassant, Flaubert and Gyp. The people in the park, in the afternoon, are nearly all imitators of the French, and it is only after a bullfight that any of the ladies drive in the old Spanish mantilla and dress, a vivid costume of black, red, yellow and white, which they put on for the ring and for no other festival. This daily turn in the Buen Retiro lasts from 6 to 8, or half an hour later. On the way home to dinner at 9 the best place at which to stop for an ice is the Café Vienna, on the Alcala. The ices and cakes there are the best in Madrid, though that isn't saying much. Dinner at the hotel is the best meal of the day, but the coffee, if it is served at all, is not often good, and can best be procured at the Vienna or at the Café Suizo, in the Calle Sevilla, where the liqueurs also are better than at any other café in town. The circus is next in order, and while its long programme may seem to resemble that of an inferior concert hall or variety show in America, it ought not to be scorned, for it is very characteristic of Madrid. There is a performance every night, to which the people come in crowds; and Tuesday and Friday nights at the Gran Circo de Parish are consecrated to moda, or, as we would say, to fashion. On these gala nights the diplomatic corps is often well represented, and scores of the most distinguished Spaniards in the capital fill the boxes and watch the tumblings of the clowns and the evolutions of a skirt-dancer, who gives her performance in a cage along with four lions. Dolores, the flower-woman, will tell you how a certain young noble of Madrid was killed by the collapse of the ceiling a year or two ago—and expired, owing her 2,000 pesetas. She may or may not gossip with you in this vein, for she is crochetty and peculiar. Dolores is an institution in Madrid, and one not to be despised. She is gray-haired and hideous, with two grizzled tufts on her chin that really form a beard. She wears elaborate pearl earrings that make her still more repulsive. But Dolores enters the box of the Duke of Tamames, one of the most aristocratic persons in Madrid, and watches the ring from his side, her flowers in her lap, with as much nonchalance as though the chair were upstairs in the last gallery. At the races you may see her taking very nearly as great liberties with the Infanta Isabel, and the latter no more disposed to chide her than are any of the grandees to whom she sells flowers at high prices and lends money at rates higher still. For Dolores is the Fortunatus purse of the rich, impecunious Madrileños, the gilded youth of the clubs, and she is also on very fair terms with his papa. She is the depositary of all the scandals of Madrid and the creditor of half its idle population. She knows more gossip than any one else in Madrid—and she charges more for her flowers.

But neither Dolores nor the circus need occupy an entire evening. Armed with a return check you leave the circus after an hour or so for the Theatre Apollo near by. This is the theatre in Madrid in which the purest Castillian is spoken and in which the most national of Spanish plays are presented. The evening is divided into three parts, each one of the three hours being occupied by a separate zarazuela, or vaudeville, in which a company of clever actors, aided by a fair orchestra, play their parts after the artless, natural method made familiar in New-York by Signora Duse. Two of these zarazuelas are very popular in Madrid just now. The first, called "La Dua de la Africana," celebrates the misadventures of a jealous Italian manager who thinks his wife and the tenor sing the duet from the famous opera with too much realism. The leading rôle is made excruciatingly comic by Rodriguez, the popular comedian here. Echegaray, who wrote the piece, is a brother of the better-known scientific writer of that name. They took the latter into the Academy the other day, but the author of the piece which is crowding the Apollo night after night is perhaps just as well satisfied with his form of glory. They have given his zarazuela over 350 representations, and there has even been written a burlesque giving the adventures of "Las Africanistas," a party of actors who give the play under funny conditions. At the Apollo it is not necessary to see all the plays in one night. A ticket can be taken for one or two or all of the performances. So on one night Echegaray's little piece is a welcome interlude between the first and last attractions of the circus. On another there is nothing more delightful than the "Verbena de Paloma," or the "Eve of Paloma." The Virgin of Paloma is a noted saint of one of the suburbs of Madrid, a saint to whom the Queen herself does homage. On the evening before her fete day the common people dance and carouse in the streets, and there ensue entanglements such as that which forms the key to the humorous play at the Apollo. The outlines of the plot are not worth the sketching, but the picture of local customs which is offered on the stage is one of the best things in Spain. It is Madrid to the life, and it is acted with equal spirit, simplicity and truth. Mr. Harrigan does something like it in New-York, but there is an element of caricature in his work which is introduced more sparingly and is handled with more delicacy on the Spanish stage. The types and episodes in the "Verbena de Paloma" and in the numerous zarazuelas with which it is to be classed, are curious, but they never depart from the rigid truth.

Now, after the play is over, and the closing acts in the circus have been witnessed, it being after 1 o'clock, is it not time to fare homeward? Not in Madrid. You take a cab, and far up on the Atocha, in a dingy café close to the edge of the city, you will find a group of Sevillians dancing the jaleo, one by one and then in couples. The jaleo (pronounced ha-lay-o) has been made known to you somewhat by Sargent's noted picture. It is a strange, uncanny dance, with pauses stranger than its movements and a vocal accompaniment stranger than either. Two guitarists provide the instrumental background, the dancers adding the sharp click of castinets. It is graceful and it is Spanish, a deliberate, mazy dance in which the performer seems to do no more than glide and sway from side to side, flinging and coiling her arms, in the mean time, like snaky things around and above herself. Villegas has made one of his best paintings from such a figure, and Sargent's treatment of the dance was the first work to bring him into notice. Neither in Seville nor in Madrid has the dance seemed to me to resemble exactly that brought to New-York by Carmencita. The form employed by her would appear to be a kind of pastiche of the jaleo and the fandango, but, of course, only an expert could venture more than a surmise on this point. Danced by a true Flamença, a true native of the soil, with all the racy ways of a long Spanish ancestry, these dances are incomparable exhibitions of litheness, of coquetry, of savage, unfamiliar gestures and poses. Several days after witnessing the dance in Madrid I met on the train an Andalusian dancer who had come up from Seville and was on her way to Zaragoza. It was a merry carful, with two jovial Basques—pelotaris from the Beti-Jai fronton—and with other gay company. We feasted on chicken sandwiches and Valdepenas as one might picnic in the country. As well as my limited vocabulary would permit, I had been comparing the Madrid dance with that of Seville with the dancer from the latter town; and with what little there was left of that vocabulary I had, of course, declared for Seville. The car went mad over my discrimination and gallantry. The Basques clapped their hands. Pepe, the dancer's factotum, called me compatriot on the spot. In the midst of the racket the dancer herself flung out her arms, snapped her fingers, and while the rest beat time with their hands and feet, swayed and chanted through the first measure of the jaleo. The situation was amusing. It proved again that at times there is nothing pleasanter than travelling in a second-class carriage.

In Madrid the jaleo brings the day almost, but not quite, to an end. There is at least one place left to visit, the Café Farnas, and it is never so picturesque as at half-past two or three in the morning, for then it is filled to overflowing and as noisy as can be. Every one is there, drinking, smoking and laughing. Conspicuous is the figure of a retired bull-fighter, formerly the manager of the Duke of Veragua's bull farm, and now an idler at the expense of the thousands who like nothing better than to associate with one who has been identified with the ring. They have an odd phrase to describe men who, like this bull-fighter, have withdrawn from active life. "Cortase la coleta," to cut off his coleta or pigtail, is the first thing a bull-fighter does on leaving his profession. Now the saying has passed into general use, and is applied to any one, whether banker, lawyer, artist, politician or literary man, who relinquishes the instruments of his craft. No matter how hard you try you are bound to come back to the bull-ring in writing of Spain.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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Absolutely Pure

AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA OF MEYERBEER

SOME FACTS ABOUT ITS HISTORY AND DISCOVERY.

The interesting announcement made a few weeks ago that an unpublished opera of Meyerbeer had been lying for thirty years among the effects of the dead master proves to be true.

"It is the musical composition," says the Paris "Figaro," in commenting on the discovery, "to the five-act drama, 'Goethe's Youth,' by Blaze de Bury, an intimate friend of Meyerbeer. Many have forgotten to-day that all preparations had been made for the production of this drama in the Odéon when unexpected incidents made it impossible.

"Charles de Rounat, from 1856 to 1867 director of the Odéon, had fallen in love with the idea of producing a work with the help of the composer of 'The Huguenots.' But the master as usual wished to bide his time, choose the hour agreeable to him, and Blaze de Bury, who knew Meyerbeer thoroughly, did not speak another word regarding the matter after the arrangements had once been made.

"A long time had passed by, and neither of the men had mentioned the opera, when Meyerbeer one summer day in 1860 in Ems without further introduction, said to Blaze: 'By-the-way, "Goethe's Youth"! It is now time to talk about that. Do you wish to see my composition? Here it is!'

"Meyerbeer opened a desk, drew forth a large package and opened it before the eyes of his fellow-worker. Blaze de Bury ran over the leaves, charmed and surprised.

"'It was all there,' he tells us; 'the "Erl King," song of the Parces, from "Iphegenia," the scene of Gretchen in the cathedral, the chorus of the archangels from the second part of "Faust." I saw it. I held it in my hands. The work was ready.'

"Then the difficulties appeared. Rounat, who learned of it too late, had already made arrangements with Mme. Ristori for Legouve's 'Beatrix' and could do nothing for the winter of 1861. Meyerbeer was kept in Berlin by sickness in 1862. In the autumn of 1863 he returned to Paris, but entered into negotiations with Perrin regarding the production of 'The African' in the Grand Opera, and, of course, 'Goethe's Youth' had to give way to this. The director of the Odéon was in despair. In the middle of May, 1864, Meyerbeer died. For thirty years the work of the composer has been lying among his papers all ready for production. Who knows whether it will ever be brought before the footlights?"

A SIGNAL THEY PROMPTLY OBEYED.

At Seventh-ave. and Fifty-third-st. workmen of the Metropolitan Traction Company are blasting out a trench for the new cable road to be built in Fifty-third-st. On a recent day, about noon, people who were passing by saw the workmen scramble out of the pit as if their lives were in danger. Every one of them seemed to make straight for the sidewalk, and they almost clambered over one another in their haste to get away. Lookers-on thought that a blast had been touched off prematurely, and they prudently withdrew some little distance to be out of harm's way.

The workmen seemed to be in such a hurry that they did not wave the red flags which serve as danger signals. People were expecting something dreadful to happen. The elevated road structure might even be shattered.

But nothing occurred. When the men reached the sidewalk, they quietly got their dinner-pails and sat down to enjoy their noon meal. They had merely heard the signal to stop work.

WHEN PRINCE BISMARCK WORE A WIG.

From The Deutsche Revue.

Prince Bismarck expressed himself in very forcible terms on the subject of baldness. "Moltke," he said, "wears a wig which deceives nobody. If I wore a wig I should give vent to all my humors, and wear wigs of all kinds—long, short and middle-sized; fair and brown. In my eyes a wig is simply a hood of hair, instead of wool, silk or cotton. I should, therefore, wear my wig as a hood, and there are hoods of different kinds, some warmer and others lighter. There was a time when I made up my mind to wear a wig, when I was in St. Petersburg. My excuse was the cold. At a temperature of 25 to 30 degrees (Réaumur) below freezing point I had sometimes to stand bareheaded, with scarcely more hair on my head than I have now. This nuisance recurred annually at the blessing of the Neva. Others had worn wigs before me, and so I got one. At a review at Warsaw before the Czar Alexander II and the Prince Regent of Prussia, afterward the Emperor William I, I had to ride and wear a military uniform. A helmet is a bad protection against both heat and cold, so I resolved to put on my wig. We were galloping in the retinue of the Princes when a general beside me looked at me and said, half chaffingly, 'What, do you wear a wig?' 'Is it to be seen?' I replied. 'Yes, devilish distinctly. It's slipping down on one side.' It was the fact. The carriage in which I was to drive home was standing at some distance. I left the General Staff where it was. My general accompanied me, and we spurred our horses. I stopped my horse at the carriage—not an easy matter, for it was a thoroughbred—and there and then, in the presence of the Czar, the Princes, the General Staff and the Army, I took off my helmet, tore off my wig, and threw it into the carriage. The Prince Regent, who attached great importance to forms, afterward said to me, rather testily, 'What a diabolical manoeuvre you executed with that wig of yours.'"

REMOVED FROM DANGER.

From The Chicago Record.

"You seem to be in splendid health," said his friend. "I thought you were suffering from dyspepsia?"

"So I was," replied Swinties, "but I got hold of the receipts my wife got at a fashionable cooking school and burnt 'em."