

OLD TOLEDO FAIR WEEK.

Picturesque Scenes in Quaint Spanish City.

Rag fairs are encountered frequently enough on the Continent to possess only casual interest for the curious tourist. The former sort of street sale, as found perhaps to the best advantage on the Piazza Navona, in Rome, and the hardly less noted Rastro of Madrid, is indeed the favorite haunt of those in pursuit of such mementos of travel as brass candlesticks, antiquated side arms, small arms and the like. Sometimes one runs across a fair in which there is more of interest in the buyers and sellers than in the objects vended. Doubtless it would be hard to find a more favorable site for the study of the peasant in his native environment than at one of the annual fairs held in some of the less traversed provinces of Spain.

Toledo, to be sure, is not a particularly out-of-the-way place. Sooner or later nearly all travelers in Spain find their way to Toledo, but always in the spring. The third week in August, however, is the chief gala time of the Toledani. Here everything is Spanish to the core. Here is an end to the cosmopolitanism of Madrid. Here are waiters with faces like those of the bullfighters one sees on fans. Here are well-to-do farmers who dash up the narrow cobbly streets on mettlesome horses, that wear trappings only to glance at which makes one covetous. Here, on every side, are picturesque doorways, half ajar, that give one tempting glimpses of cool patios within. Here, at every hand's turn, are betrayed hints of Roman, Visigothic, Saracen and Christian occupation, shown in these same doorways, in suddenly disclosed gates, in fascinating windows, grated with iron lattices, in a thousand unexpected architectural instances. Here, in fine, is a corner of the real Spain which keeps all one's pet illusions intact, especially in the complete absence of the all-disturbing element that a tourist through inevitably introduces.

The writer's visit began with an inspection of the cathedral. The sunlight fell squarely on the huge rose window over the doors of the façade, and its transfused beams cast on the light colored pillars and vaulting shafts a soft glow that made the whole interior seem unreal. The gentry of Toledo came trooping in, well dressed, as for some important function. Bevy of girls hovered about, draped with their subtly embellishing mantillas. But a greater air of genuine devotion was to be remarked in the faces of the kneeling throngs of peasantry, come long distances for the annual event of the fair. All at once the Bishop entered, attended by an escort of priests, candle-bearing leophytes and a cushion bearer, and preceded by a bewigged and wholly mediæval appearing quartet of azotaperros (dog scourgers), whose function was to clear the way by peremptorily rapping the floor with metal shod staves. The procession repaired to the especially holy chapel of the Virgen del Sagrado, within an innermost recess of which reposed on a triumphal car an exceedingly hideous and particularly venerable image of the Virgin. This is fashioned of wood, turned black with age, and from top to toe is decked with multifarious pendent jewels. Before this chapel the Bishop, together with his attendant body of priests, knelt in prayer. The organs now began to sound, and the Bishop made his way to the spacious choir, the richly carved walnut stalls of which depict the conquest of Granada. The Virgin's car was next hauled out, and, preceded by the Bishop, made a solemn circuit of the cathedral, stopping four times for singing and prayer, during which the throng knelt with him.

After dusk had completely fallen one heard from the tiny park or miradero, that overlooks the Tagus Valley to the north of Toledo proper, the sounds of merry-go-round music in the diminutive suburb just outside the city walls called Arrabál. The large, tree framed park there below was illumined with numberless colored lights, which vied with the splendor of a nearly full moon. Toward 8 o'clock a sort of mediæval procession, composed of what one might not unjustly call the various guilds of Toledan artisans, assembled in costume on horseback in the animated Plaza de Zocodóver, and hence wound their way down through the Puerta del Sol, with torches waving in the unquiet air and two brass bands thundering out most unmartial mazurkas. One had only to follow this picturesque cavalcade as far as the park in order to reach the myriad booths, whose proprietors were valorously endeavoring to shout one another in lauding their various wares. By this time the entire population of Toledo seemed jammed in the roomy rectangle that made up the park, and one found it not amiss to retreat to one side, where grassy walks led out into dewy meadows bordering the Tagus, where was quiet save for the restful chorus of insects. The roar of brass instruments came thither more faintly, and it was a vision beautiful beyond words to look up at the steep rock of Toledo, whose towers and pinnacles stood out in brave relief against the moonlight.

The procession had already circled the park, and one could barely hear the clattering of hoofs and the throaty call of bugles far up the hill. From the parkside came from time to

THE CARTOONS USUALLY PUBLISHED IN THIS SUPPLEMENT WILL BE FOUND IN PART IV.



HE—Gayboy has a new typewriter.
SHE—Did he break the old one?
HE—No; she broke him.

—(Illustrated Bits.)

time the melancholy quaver of the merry-go-round's reedy din, and nearer approached knots of freshly fed peasants, mostly young men and girls. Not a few of the men had guitars, which they fingered, first musingly, then nimbly, as some one would suggest a favorite lilt. A girl would start humming a tune; the guitar would respond, and soon the entire group were singing together.

The variety of articles displayed in the booths for sale was great, though, of course, far less than that found at the rag fairs. Crockery and glassware, in all their multitudinous forms, were the predominating commodities. Woodenware, comprising such objects of rustic use as rough spoons and bowls, with other utensils, was the chief show of many booths. There was more than one lively Autolykus with plentiful store of knickknacks, ribbons, bone buttons, hairpins and the like, who knew how to get rid of his trumpery stock in trade by a running fire of coarse repartee which kept glued to his steps a crowd of jolly country girls and boys.

The military band now struck up a popular bit of waltz music, that set all the country youth dancing on the outskirts of the park to the east, where one saw, in the dark shadows of the grove, a medley of carts, saddles and saddlebags, flung down on the turf, and occasional horses grazing placidly within a short distance of the music, laughter and movement. Between pieces, the peasants would disperse to adjacent eating booths, where one could buy for next to nothing hot and cold viands more unctuous than tempting to an outsider. But, to judge from the crowds that flocked about these rustic restaurants, the dishes were found toothsome enough. The moment a new piece of music was struck up couples would dance their way over to a broad level near the band and thus crowd each other. But good nature prevailed, as it is wont to do among the lower classes in Latin countries, where drunkenness is the great exception and wine serves no worse purpose than to make the drinkers all the merrier for dancing and singing. The undertone of melodious guitars was never absent from some corner of the grounds, and near them it was that a student of folk airs might have gathered a rich harvest.

The alternate eating, dancing and buying went on until long past midnight. Finally the booths were closed and the raucous throats of the vendors set at rest for a while. The owners of the booths, together with their families, stretched themselves out at their ease upon saddlebags, old sacking and odds and ends of one sort and another and went sound asleep in the open air. The military band finally departed and with it the majority of the crowd. But it was not until near 4 in the morning that the park was still and deserted by the last revellers.

MASCULINE VIEW.

Wife—Just the same, you never hear of a woman using her religion as a cloak.
Husband—Of course not, my dear. Religion is too inexpensive.—(Chicago News.)

TRIALS OF A LAWYER.

Disagreeable Prominence Gained by Newspaper Notoriety.

There is another side to the life of the lawyer who handles sensational criminal cases than that of big fees and the newspaper prominence which inevitably attracts other lucrative clients. This very newspaper prominence, according to a lawyer in a recent case about which the newspapers printed columns, makes life almost a burden to the man who tries to forget his office at times.

"You go into a hotel or restaurant," said he, "and somebody who has seen you in court or knows you from previous business points you out to the assemblage as 'Blank, the lawyer for Dash in that rotten Asterisk affair.' Then somebody comes up to you, and in an easy, come-confide-in-me tone asks if Dash really did kill her, and what his chances for escaping with his life are, and if he really wasn't justified in killing her, anyhow, even if he hadn't, and whether a life sentence wouldn't be a mighty good thing for him and give you some credit for pulling him out of a tight hole, until you feel more like knocking him down than giving him a civil answer.

"Go to a theatre, and you hear some noodle of a fellow whisper to the girl with him: 'See that man just ahead of you? That's Dash's lawyer. I'll bet he could tell a lot of things more interesting than this show.' And the girl, who probably has been devouring society novels by the ream, coos back: 'Do you think Dash really loved her, and was jealous of that other man, or did he kill her so that he could be free for some other woman?' You mutter sulphurous things.

"You fellows in newspaper offices probably get your share of cranks, but you don't see the assortment that reaches a lawyer's office when he's handling a big criminal case. Head and front among these people is the man who has always just heard something very important, which will be of the utmost benefit to your client. Of course, he's purely disinterested, perfectly willing to tell his story for the benefit of humanity at large, and your client in particular, but he has some difficulty in getting down to facts. You will recognize, he feels sure, the value of his information, and appreciate the fact that he's come to you at considerable inconvenience and some pecuniary loss to himself. He's a workingman, dependent on his daily wages for his bread; and so he rambles on, unless you can shut him off, until he comes out flatfooted with his 'touch.' His information is usually a minus quantity. Occasionally one of them conveys to you with marvellous seriousness some trivial point regarding your client's ancestry or place of abode, which he thinks should entitle him to—'Well, of course, you know how much this will affect your case, Mr. Blank, and I'll leave it entirely to you if this isn't worth something handsome.' A slight variation

from this type is the man who has damaging evidence, which, for a consideration, he will suppress; if the consideration be not forthcoming he will sell it to your opponents, and inevitably convict your client. They're all bluffs—at least, nearly all—with 'panhandle' propensities; yet a lawyer can't afford to neglect them, because there is always the chance that they might make valuable witnesses if they really have information.

"We see much that is pitiable, too, in this end of the business. I was very busy going over testimony in the Dash case one afternoon, when one of my clerks brought in word that a woman wanted to see me. She would give no name and would not tell her business. I told him to bring her in. She was little and gray, dressed neatly in black, although her dress was evidently an old one. She had a funny little affected manner, which seemed to belong to the period just after the war. She reminded me forcibly of Dickens's little Miss Flite, only, unlike Miss Flite, she did not carry her 'papers' in a reticule; she had a large bundle of papers in her hand. In well chosen words she told me that she was a literary woman—a playwright, in fact; but, somehow or other, the managers never accepted any of her plays. She had labored and toiled over them, but they somehow wouldn't suit the managers.

"She had always believed that if she could get the real, genuine story of some great mystery, some compound of love and sorrow, frailty and crime, at first hand, she could win fame and fortune by laying bare all the complications for the public. She had read of my client's difficulties; she had dreamed about the case. This was her opportunity, she said—the one great chance of her life. Her dreams had bidden her to come to me, to tell me her story. Wouldn't I please obtain for her an interview with my client, in which he should tell her everything? She knew it was rather an unusual request, but she had the feeling that it would inspire her to a work of genius. She wouldn't want all the money which this transcendent play should bring forth; she would be quite willing to take only a little share, and leave most of it for my client and me.

"She was so evidently a woman of education and refinement that I simply couldn't turn her off abruptly. I let her tell her story, even listened while she read me some extracts from her previous plays; but I couldn't blame the managers for their rejection. Finally I told her that it would be an affair in which I could hardly move, but I would submit it to my client and let him decide. At the same time I could hardly hope that his decision would be favorable, because it would inevitably prejudice the case if he were to tell the true story and reveal his defence to the opposition in this fashion. She said she had feared that she could not obtain her first hand material, and meekly gathered up her plays.

"Those are some of our daily troubles," said the lawyer, as he turned to tell a clerk to admit a man with some important facts about the Dash case.

TALE OF A LIZARD'S TAIL.

Continued from fifth page.

some other enemy, doubtless a feathered one, had absconded. Two new vertebrae, or tailbones, had come off with the base of my piece.

But the owner cares nothing for the number or character of his new tails. They serve him well and he is content. It is a curious fact that the tailmaking machinery in his backbone is so active that sometimes a double or even a triple tail will push out at the stump, and, when the original tail is even only slightly injured at one side, a tiny tail will often sprout out where it has no right to be.

I secured the tailless iguana and held him long enough for a photograph, then he scuttled quickly away into his rocky cavern, there to meditate upon the strange interruption of his dreams, there to grow wiser and to grow a new tail.

CERTAIN OF ONE THING.

"Well, little boy," said the kind hearted dentist, "does the tooth hurt you?"

"I don't know whether it's the tooth or whether it's just me," groaned the boy; "but I'm blamed sure that if you'll separate us the pain'll go away!"

Still, he howled lustily when the dentist effected the separation.—(Chicago Tribune.)

RHEUMATISM.

Binghamton, N. Y., January 13th, 1904.
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