

NOTES ABOUT NEEDLEWORK

Various Small Items of Information for the Worker in Feminine Finery.

The dimity corset covers were first brought over from France. A woman who delights in flowered materials makes nightgowns of the same material, says the Chicago Daily News.

Some of the prettiest photograph frames to be seen this season are made of moire and ribbon embroidery. One especially dainty frame is made of white moire with purple violets embroidered with the thin silk ribbon. The frame is bound with white satin ribbon.

It is much cheaper to make one's own linen stocks than to buy them. They can be fashioned out of odds and ends of material left from shirt waists, and consist simply of a band for the neck and an arrangement of tabs in front. It is desirable to have several of them, as they require such frequent laundering.

A practical veil case is of yellow moire, embroidered with white roses and buds and the word "Veils" is outlined in tinsel cord. It is padded, scented and lined. Large white manilla envelopes are placed inside, so that when the veil is taken off it can be folded and put in its respective envelope. Large glove boxes are made of cardboard and covered with moire, partitions and all. The cover is padded, scented and embroidered with fanciful designs.

A fan bag in white satin was a wedding gift and suggested use when the bridal gown became a ball dress. The design was a spray of myrtle with half-opened buds and flowers. A twisted ribbon confined three plumes, which were outlined in Japanese gold thread, and the softer parts worked in fillole. The ribbons on the bag repeated the myrtle green in the bows and the long ribbons were white satin. It was an extremely dainty affair. Another was in black satin, covered with the most gorgeous-hued butterflies, painting being introduced into the embroidery. Half a yard of satin will make a bag, the same of silk or sarsenet, while three yards of ribbon are required, two lengths of six inches each being necessary for running the drawstrings in.

Dainty bureau covers are always in demand. Thoroughly attractive ones that are serviceable at the same time can be made from embroidered handkerchiefs and lace. The number of handkerchiefs used can be two, three or four, as necessary. In any case, they should have straight edges and be surrounded by lace insertion of some washable sort, then joined one to the other by strips of lace heading. Heading is then put around the entire outer edge and the whole finished by a full lace. Through the heading is threaded narrow satin ribbon, which is also made up into big loose bows or rosettes that finish the corners and points of intersection and the whole cover is laid over a lining of colored or mercerized cotton. If a still further decorative effect is desired the handkerchiefs can be embroidered with sprays of flowers in their natural colors, as forget-me-nots, daisies, tiny rosebuds and the lining made to harmonize in color.

NOTES OF THE FASHIONS.

New Features Introduced in the Costumes of the Current Season.

Morning street costumes are destined to keep a tailored severity. Handwork is more in evidence than ever in the fashionable wardrobe.

Motor fashions have given rise to a rubber hat for street wear on rainy days.

Pearl buttons or buttons covered with the fabric used for the suit will appear on both classes of linen costumes.

The white leather belts with stitched and appliqued pieces of silk are considered quite suitable for wear with a lace waist.

The sleeves of the distinct tailored waist, as quoted by the leading authority, are noticeably smaller than were those of last season.

Cushion lace in small crocheted rings and occasional buttons will be used for the decoration of boleros, where heavy effects in lace are desired.

The dressy skirt, unlike the short skirt, is conspicuous for horizontal trimmings, and, unlike the short one, it is full from the waist line.

Flax is an important contributor to the new fabrics of the season and the effects erstwhile confined to voile and etamines are now to be had in great variety in these materials from the finest lins in all colors sometimes open-worked, to the coarsest cheesecloths.

Roller Jam Pudding. Make a crust with a quarter of a pound of finely-chopped suet rubbed into half a pound of flour. Mix with water, then roll out to the thickness of half an inch. Spread black currant jam equally all over the paste, roll up, the tightly in a flour cloth, put into boiling water, and boil steadily for three hours. Take up very carefully, or it will break. Stew granulated sugar over the pudding, and serve with sweet sauce.—Country Gentleman.

Making Custards. A cook who believes in following original methods claims that the best results are obtained in custard making through the medium of a glass fruit jar and a kettle of boiling water. She puts the custard in a jar, seals it as tight as possible, and then sets it in a kettle of cold water. The water is allowed to come to a boil slowly and cook until the custard is set.—Washington Star.

To Clean Painted Walls. To clean painted walls dissolve two ounces of borax in two quarts of water and add one tablespoonful of ammonia. Use half this quantity to each bucket of water; do not use soap. Wash a small portion of the paint at a time and rub dry with clean cloths.

Good General Rule. A good general rule always to remember in the use of gelatine is to soften the gelatine in cold water, then to dissolve in boiling water. Neglect of either part of the process will cause trouble in making jellies.

Richard La Gallienne

Agnes, my heart and soul thy Easter song! To the great anthem of returning bird, And sweetening bud, and green, ascending bird, Add thou thy word. Long was the winter and the waiting long; Heart, that was, heart, indeed, thou wert blind, So long the Spring delayed. Shot in the Winter's alabaster tomb, So white and still the sleeping Summer by That dead she seemed: And none might know how in her magic side Slept the young Spring, and moved, and smiled, and dreamed. Behold, she wakes again, and, open-eyed, Gazes, in wonder, toward the leafy room, At the young flowers. Upon this Easter Day Awake, thou, my heart, open those eyes, And from thy seeming death thou, too, arise. Agnes, my heart: you, go, then forth and sing! Join thou thy voice to all this music sweet Of crowding leaf and busy, building wing, And falling showers: The murmur soft of life lives new-born, The spirit of the grass, the million feet Of marching flowers. How sweetly blows the Resurrection breeze Across the meadows, over the far hills! In the soul's garden a new sweetness rises, And the heart bleeds, And in and out the mind flows the soft air, Agnes, my heart, and sing, this Easter morn: In the year's resurrection do thy part— Agnes, my heart! SUCCESS

AN EASTER MESSAGE

Agnes Norwood sat alone in her room—where, indeed, she sat always, now—her face buried in her hands. She was not weeping. It had been long—oh, so long—since she had shed tears. She only strove to shut out from her mind the vision of a happy world that mocked her grief. What was Easter to her, Easter with its joys, its glad songs and beautiful flowers? If those who called themselves her friends could understand how they probed the unhealed wound of her aching heart, would they be so thoughtless as to urge her to sing. How could she sing, she whose song had been so sudden and ruthlessly hushed months ago? Can the woodland songster fluttering among the dead leaves, its breast pierced by an arrow, tune its little throat



to melody? No more could she sing with a heart that throbbed only to pain. A ray of spring sunshine crept in between the folds of the window curtain. She arose and drew the shade.



LONG AGNES KNELT OVER THE LITTLE BLOSSOM.

In the Austria and Hungary. In the Austria Tyrol Easter pranks, like our April fool day jokes, are perpetuated. Hospitality is universal at this time and nobody asking for shelter is refused. A Hungarian Easter custom in the Kalaka. It consists in the farmers gathering together the corn or hay and doing a day or two of labor gratis for their poorer neighbors who cannot employ hands. The wife of the peasant for whom the work has been done awaits them with an excellent supper. This is generally followed by a dance, and the festivities are kept up until morning.—Albany Argus.

Hunting Easter Eggs in Germany. Easter is a very important day in Germany. It is looked forward to by the children with almost as much pleasure as Christmas. After breakfast the hunting for eggs begins and it generally takes a long time to find them, for hares are shy little creatures, and the nests are always hidden away in the queerest places. The children usually find the eggs in pretty baskets or boxes; and sometimes they will come upon a beautiful white sugar hare, sitting on a mossy nest filled with colored eggs.—Union Signal.

AN EASTER BONNET. Nothing so sweet will you chance to meet, I pledge you my word upon it, As Molly here, who hasn't a peer In her love of an Easter bonnet. And isn't it strange how fashions change, And after their day is over, Come tripping back, on the same old track, Like timothy after clover?

A love of a hat, as sweet as that, Hiding a dimple as daisy, Her grandmother wore, on the old South Shore, Way back in eighteen thirty.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

Barnyard Courtesy. Mrs. Domineck—I just ran in to borrow your glass egg; I'm giving a five o'clock hen party, you know, and, really, I haven't an egg in the manger. Mrs. Shanghi—I'll be delighted to let you use it, dear; I'll also loan you my artificial baby chick; it would be so cunning to put in your little cradle.—Ohio State Journal.

Consolation. The Minister (preparing his Easter sermon)—I'm not all satisfied with this. I'm afraid it's a poor effort. His Daughter—I'm sure it's nothing of the kind—and people don't pay much attention to Easter sermons, anyway!—Brooklyn Life.

Its Uses. The April sunshine bathes the April hills, The Easter bonnets and the Easter bills.—Atlanta Constitution.

Easter With Cynthia

By JULIUS GREEN

We started down the street, Cynthia and I. For a wonder it was a remarkably beautiful morning. The weather man usually fixes things up so that Easter morning is a combination of rain, slush, mud, ice, snow and everything else disagreeable. But this morning the sun shone bright and the balmy of balmy winds blew from the south. "Oh, what a perfectly beautiful Easter," sighed Cynthia. Cynthia, by the way, was looking unusually stunning that morning. "I know the sermon this morning will be a revelation and the music an inspiration." "And the new Easter bonnets an intoxication, especially to women," I put in. "Oh, yes," said Cynthia, cheerfully. "I expect there will be lots of pretty bonnets there. With all the attempt at making the church a bower of loveliness it would be too bad if the women wore their oldest clothes and their dowdiest hats."

"I know one that didn't," I said. "Well, you wouldn't want me to, would you?" queried Cynthia. "I don't want you to be a hypocrite," I answered. "Hypocrite?" asked Cynthia, with her great blue eyes wide open. She does have such pretty eyes, does Cynthia. "How hypocrite?" "Oh, Cynthia, you know that you are going to church just to show that stunning gown of yours and that becoming

new hat, and to look at the other women's hats and gowns, and to have them look at you and go home green with envy because you outshine them so. I doubt if you will be able after church to tell whether there was any sermon or not or whether the choir sang, 'Awake, My Soul,' or 'Dear Old Southern Home.'"

"It isn't true," snapped Cynthia. "But you will know," I went on, for I was determined to awaken Cynthia to a realizing sense upon this beautiful Easter morning, "whether Mrs. Whatshername's dress is tailor-made or one of those 'bought things,' as you women call them, and whether Mrs. Thingamabob's gown is new or the same one she wore two weeks ago at Somebody-or-other's reception."

"You are provoking," said Cynthia. "I wish, Cynthia," I said, mildly, "that your mind could be on the lessons of the day and not on fashion's frivolities."

"You would like, then," said Cynthia, "to have me wear plain old clothes to the Easter service?"

I felt much encouraged. Cynthia was serious. "It would be better," I said, "to be dressed in rags and have one's soul overflowing with the spirit of Easter than to wear frumpiness that kept one's thoughts away from the great lessons that we should imbibe upon this day," I answered.

"I suppose you are right," said Cynthia, slowly. "But come, walk with me back to the house. I have forgotten my prayer book."

Ah, the heavens was working. I had at least taken her mind off her clothes long enough to remind her of her prayer book. But I did not exult. It is not right after convincing a frivolous minded young person of her sins to crow over her. We walked back to the house in silence. I knew Cynthia was thinking over what I had said and it was well to let her ponder, for I flatter myself I had left a good many germs of truth. I smoked in the library while Cynthia went upstairs after her prayer book. When she came down I stood aghast. She had on an old rainy day suit with short skirt and a hat that was two years old.

"Cynthia," I gasped. "What madcap freak is this?" "It's the nearest to rags I've got," said Cynthia. "Come, we shall be late to church."

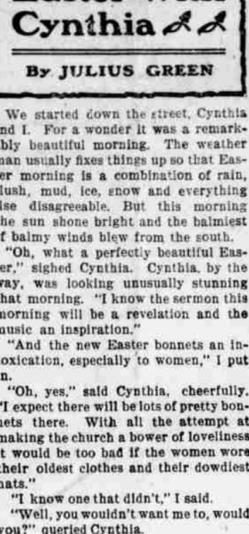
I had to fairly go down on my knees to make Cynthia go back and change into her Easter suit. I wish women were not so illogical.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Easter Bonnet. Fannies, lilacs, mignonettes, peonies, daisies, four-o'clocks; Eglantine and holly hocks; honeysuckles, marigolds, varied roses manifold. Flowers of every shade and style Are found on Ida's Easter tile.—N. Y. Times.

On His Guard. "I suppose you enjoy these flippant flings that you see in the newspapers about Easter bonnets," she remarked in a tone of gentle forbearance. "No, I don't," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "I don't enjoy anything that brings up the subject."—Washington Star.

Genuine Frank. Breathes there a man with soul so glad, Who says, to cheer his helpmate sad, 'My dear, you need an Easter bonnet—Here's twenty plunks to blow in on it!' If such a man full well you know, Grab him and start a ten-cent show.—Chicago Daily News.

THE SOMETHING-WRONG PUZZLE



MISS NEWLYWED TRIES HER HAND AT VARNISHING. What Is Wrong with the Picture?

RUINS OF CARMELITE HOME

Old Monastery in Mexico Dedicated Before the Pilgrims Landed on Plymouth Rock.

The suburban town of San Angel, at the base of the foothills, three-quarters of an hour from the capital by electric car, is every year becoming more fashionable as a summer resort, and every house as modern conveniences and better districts, more people take up their permanent abode there, says Modern Mexico.

To the casual visitor to San Angel the most interesting feature is the handsome old church of Nuestra Señora del Carmen. Its triple domes, with their tiles shining brightly in the sunlight, are the first objects that arrest the attention of strangers approaching the town. Its Carmelite bell tower, or campanario, is distinctive, and the edifice is one of the handsomest ecclesiastical monuments in all Mexico. It was dedicated to the worship of God in 1617, or three years before the pilgrim fathers of New England landed on Plymouth rock. The interior is handsomely decorated and contains some notable paintings by the famous Mexican artist, Cabrera. Pious women have adorned the chapel of Our Lady, which is one of the features of this ancient church, and the magnificent Churrigueresque ornamentation of the northern transept is a splendid specimen of this most distinctive Spanish mode of decoration. Beneath this transept rest in their eternal sleep 45 American soldiers, who were killed or died of disease during the war of the North American invasion, when the adjoining monastery of the Carmelites was converted into a military hospital and barracks, the good fathers nursing the wounded Americans with such Christian devotion and good will that when the troops evacuated San Angel monks and soldiers fell on one another's necks and wept.

Janvier speaks of San Felipe's church as follows: "In the year 1613 Don Felipe De Guzman, a pious 'caelique' of Chimalistlan, in fulfillment of his father's testament, gave up to the Carmelite order a huerfano of considerable size. Here two Carmelites built a little hospice. Don Felipe De Guzman presently died, and a little later died also his widow, childless. By her will the entire estate of which she died possessed passed to the Carmelite fathers, and by these it was devoted to the building of the existing monastery and church. The plans for these buildings were prepared by the celebrated architect Fray Andres De San Miguel, a lay brother of the Carmelite order, and at that time held to be the first architect of New Spain. That this reputation was well merited is shown by the beauty of his still existing work. The building was begun June 20, 1615, and was pushed with so much vigor that the church and convent were finished within two years. The church was dedicated to San Angelo Martir, whence came the name of the little town that presently grew up around it.

Reins and Rains. There is a story, showing something of the intricacies of the English language, of a business man, who, knowing nothing of horses, took his wife for a drive. He was anxious about the disposition of the horse he was to let her ponder, for I flatter myself I had left a good many germs of truth. I smoked in the library while Cynthia went upstairs after her prayer book. When she came down I stood aghast. She had on an old rainy day suit with short skirt and a hat that was two years old.

As he returned the horse in the evening the liveryman said: "Well, I see you have had no trouble." "Oh, no," said the man; "we had only one shower while we were out and my wife held her umbrella over his tail while that lasted."

Bird Ventriquoists. M. Emile Merwert, secretary general of French Guiana, has sent to the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, two pairs of ventriquoist fowls. These birds are greatly amusing to visitors to the gardens who assemble round their cage by their cries, which at one time appear to come from the trees, at others from the sky and sometimes from the midst of the crowd itself.

Long Time Between Calls. Guest—Well, good-by, old man! and you've really got a very nice little place here! Host—Yes; but it's rather bare just now. I hope the trees will have grown a good bit before you come again, old man.—Stray Stories.

Fond of Jewelry. The descendants of the aborigines of Australia are very fond of jewelry, but they do not pay much for it. They use telegraph wire to make bracelets, earrings and nose-rings, and down the telegraph lines for that purpose.

THE KING OF SONGSTERS.

An Interesting Chapter Descriptive of the Characteristics of the Nightingale.

Every country has its nightingale, but those of Germany and England have been pronounced the best in all respects. Our nightingale is a red bird called the cardinal grosbeak, or Virginia nightingale, from the fact of its having first been found in the state of Virginia. The "hedge singers" or tree nightingales of Africa and the beautiful and very lively nightingale of China are all fine songsters and whistlers, but the English or German nightingale is accounted the true nightingale and valued far more highly than the others for its song and long life, states the New York Herald. The price of a nightingale does not seem so exorbitant when it is considered that his life varies from 15 to 25 years with proper care. The "king of songsters" is very unpretending in appearance, as his color is not attractive and his size is insignificant. The entire upper part of the bird is brown, the breast a dull white, shading into brown, and his throat and breast are a pale gray, while the tail is reddish brown, long and rounded. His full length is about six and half inches. The nightingales imported into this country come from England and Germany, by far the larger part of them coming from Germany. They are to be found over the whole continent of Europe, from Sweden to the Mediterranean, and over a great portion of Central Asia, as far north as the middle of Siberia, and in the course of their migrations they visit western Africa. Their favorite retreats and breeding places are in the woods, groves and forests in the immediate vicinity of water. In such localities these melancholy but exquisitely musical songsters live, each pair within its special domain, which, although small, is jealously guarded and boldly defended from intrusion. Some parts of Europe are especially visited by the nightingale. Spain in particular is extremely fortunate in attracting the songsters and in certain districts their enchanting voices are heard from every bush and hedge. The declivities of Sierra Morena are truthfully described as the nightingale garden, as it is there they flock by thousands at the mating time. The flight of the nightingale is undulatory, light and rapid and is rarely sustained beyond a short distance, but it is capable of great exertion when necessity compels. Those who have witnessed two rival birds in their endeavors to drive each other from the field to win a mate whom both contend for will testify to their great exertion while on the wing. It is about the middle of April that the birds begin to arrive at their nesting places, and at once their songs are to be heard almost incessantly. Some pour forth their thrilling notes through the long, bright nights, just as the American mocking birds whistle through the moonlight nights of springtime and early summer, but generally they sing only during the daytime, except during the breeding season, when the desire to please and attract their mates renders the male birds excited and restless. The nightingale's nest is made of leaves, dried grass, bits of bark and sweet smelling roots, lined with finer and softer grass and horsehair, loosely put together and placed in a hollow in the ground or among the roots or in the stump of a tree. There are always five eggs in a nest and there is only one nest per season unless the eggs or the young are destroyed, in which case the mother does not waste time in bemoaning her fate, but proceeds at once to a second laying of five eggs. The moulting season begins in July, after which, and when the birds are in full new plumage, the autumn migrations begin. The departure is accomplished in small families or parties, the birds flying with great rapidity to far distant countries. In April they reappear in Europe, the males, singularly enough, about two weeks in advance of the females, and without delay, but with wonderful memory, seek their former haunts and greet their old homes with joyous strains. It is the general belief that the nightingale is a more than usually delicate bird and does not live long in a cage, but the contrary is the fact, for not only does it live long in captivity, but it grows stronger and sings better constantly, and there are multitudes of cases of the bird breeding its young while confined in a cage. The nightingale has a natural song, and is also a fine mimic. The more singers there are within its hearing to imitate and contend with the wider will be its range of song. It is a fact not generally known that in all countries where singing birds are bred and captured for sale, particularly the canary, a nightingale is placed in a room adjoining the bird room where the canaries are confined, and it is the nightingale's notes which the other birds imitate and quickly learn when their little throats begin to swell. Canaries thus taught have the sweetest song and are most valuable.

MANIA FOR GIFT-GIVING.

Singular But Agreeable Craze That Has in Several Instances Seized Upon Persons of Means.

A singular rival to kleptomania has made its appearance among the well-born and wealthy. Instead of falling victims to the irresistible propensity for stealing which characterizes kleptomaniacs, states the Chicago Tribune, sufferers from the latest affliction seem filled with a desire to get rid of everything they possess, and do so by lavishly bestowing gifts in all directions. Several cases of giftomania—as doctors have named this curious complaint—have lately been exciting the interest of the medical profession, not the least remarkable of which is that of a young married society woman who moves in the highest circles. Some time ago she developed a craze for making presents to all her friends and acquaintances, and the habit grew upon her to such an extent that she spent all her allowance in order to satisfy her passion for giving. The constant demands which she made upon her husband's purse and check book at last aroused a suspicion in his mind that she was losing money by gambling. Investigation, however, soon proved that this suspicion was wrong, and the remarks which he heard from friends and acquaintances ultimately enabled him to discover the manner in which his wife disposed of her money. A specialist was called in, who advised a foreign tour, stating that fresh scenes and the excitement of traveling would probably have the effect of effacing the craze from the mind of the patient. This advice was duly carried out and resulted in a complete cure. Not quite such a happy ending, however, attended a bad case of giftomania described by a well-known physician at a lecture some time ago. The victim was a man who had retired from business with a comfortable fortune, but in two years he had almost ruined himself by his mania for giving. He would leave home in the morning with his pockets full of money, which he distributed indiscriminately among any beggars whom he happened to meet. Furthermore, he forwarded checks for considerable amounts to charitable institutions all over the country, and when at last his bank balance was exhausted he began to sell his property in order to satisfy his craze. Such actions naturally led his friends and relatives to imagine that the man was not quite sane, and an authority on mental diseases who was called in pronounced the case to be one of acute giftomania. So excited and violent did the patient become on learning that steps had been taken to prevent him giving away anything more that it was deemed advisable to place him under actual restraint.

Thermometer at 90 Below. The coldest place on earth inhabited by man is Verkhoyansk, above the arctic circle, in northeastern Siberia. The thermometer there drops to 99 degrees below zero in January, but sometimes rises to 86 above zero in the shade in July, dropping, however, to the freezing point on the warmest summer nights. The hottest place in the world is the interior of the great Sahara desert, in Africa, where the thermometer rises to 122 degrees. The wettest place is Greytown, Nicaragua, where the mean annual rainfall is 260 inches. The place of least rain is Port Nolloth, in South Africa, where less than an inch sometimes falls in a year.

Favorable Outlook. "How is your husband's book taking?" "Very well. The first edition is almost exhausted." "How large an edition was it?" "Two hundred copies—and 192 have been sent to the reviewers of the leading newspapers. Husband hasn't but eight copies on hand and two of those have been spoken for by some of husband's rich relatives."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Guards a Burmese Idol. In Pegu may be seen an English sentry keeping guard over a Burmese idol. The Burmese believe the idol is asleep, and that when he awakes the end of the world will come. The sentry is there to prevent anyone from entering the pagoda, which is his place of repose, and awakening him. His slumbers have lasted 6,000 years.

Iron Sands of Java. A curious sight on the coast of Java is a long stretch of shore, about 29 miles in length, where the sand is filled with particles of magnetic iron. In some places it is said that the surface sand contains 80 per cent. of iron. It can be smelted, and a company has been formed to exploit the deposits.

Coinage in France. The returns of the work at the Paris mint in 1903 show the value of gold coins struck off for France and its colonies as \$17,822,620; silver, \$316,760; nickel, \$800,000, and bronze, \$108,780.

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MANIA FOR GIFT-GIVING.

Singular But Agreeable Craze That Has in Several Instances Seized Upon Persons of Means.

A singular rival to kleptomania has made its appearance among the well-born and wealthy. Instead of falling victims to the irresistible propensity for stealing which characterizes kleptomaniacs, states the Chicago Tribune, sufferers from the latest affliction seem filled with a desire to get rid of everything they possess, and do so by lavishly bestowing gifts in all directions. Several cases of giftomania—as doctors have named this curious complaint—have lately been exciting the interest of the medical profession, not the least remarkable of which is that of a young married society woman who moves in the highest circles. Some time ago she developed a craze for making presents to all her friends and acquaintances, and the habit grew upon her to such an extent that she spent all her allowance in order to satisfy her passion for giving. The constant demands which she made upon her husband's purse and check book at last aroused a suspicion in his mind that she was losing money by gambling. Investigation, however, soon proved that this suspicion was wrong, and the remarks which he heard from friends and acquaintances ultimately enabled him to discover the manner in which his wife disposed of her money. A specialist was called in, who advised a foreign tour, stating that fresh scenes and the excitement of traveling would probably have the effect of effacing the craze from the mind of the patient. This advice was duly carried out and resulted in a complete cure. Not quite such a happy ending, however, attended a bad case of giftomania described by a well-known physician at a lecture some time ago. The victim was a man who had retired from business with a comfortable fortune, but in two years he had almost ruined himself by his mania for giving. He would leave home in the morning with his pockets full of money, which he distributed indiscriminately among any beggars whom he happened to meet. Furthermore, he forwarded checks for considerable amounts to charitable institutions all over the country, and when at last his bank balance was exhausted he began to sell his property in order to satisfy his craze. Such actions naturally led his friends and relatives to imagine that the man was not quite sane, and an authority on mental diseases who was called in pronounced the case to be one of acute giftomania. So excited and violent did the patient become on learning that steps had been taken to prevent him giving away anything more that it was deemed advisable to place him under actual restraint.

Thermometer at 90 Below. The coldest place on earth inhabited by man is Verkhoyansk, above the arctic circle, in northeastern Siberia. The thermometer there drops to 99 degrees below zero in January, but sometimes rises to 86 above zero in the shade in July, dropping, however, to the freezing point on the warmest summer nights. The hottest place in the world is the interior of the great Sahara desert, in Africa, where the thermometer rises to 122 degrees. The wettest place is Greytown, Nicaragua, where the mean annual rainfall is 260 inches. The place of least rain is Port Nolloth, in South Africa, where less than an inch sometimes falls in a year.

Favorable Outlook. "How is your husband's book taking?" "Very well. The first edition is almost exhausted." "How large an edition was it?" "Two hundred copies—and 192 have been sent to the reviewers of the leading newspapers. Husband hasn't but eight copies on hand and two of those have been spoken for by some of husband's rich relatives."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Guards a Burmese Idol. In Pegu may be seen an English sentry keeping guard over a Burmese idol. The Burmese believe the idol is asleep, and that when he awakes the end of the world will come. The sentry is there to prevent anyone from entering the pagoda, which is his place of repose, and awakening him. His slumbers have lasted 6,000 years.

Iron Sands of Java. A curious sight on the coast of Java is a long stretch of shore, about 29 miles in length, where the sand is filled with particles of magnetic iron. In some places it is said that the surface sand contains 80 per cent. of iron. It can be smelted, and a company has been formed to exploit the deposits.

Coinage in France. The returns of the work at the Paris mint in 1903 show the value of gold coins struck off for France and its colonies as \$17,822,620; silver, \$316,760; nickel, \$800,000, and bronze, \$108,780.

THE KING OF SONGSTERS.

An Interesting Chapter Descriptive of the Characteristics of the Nightingale.

Every country has its nightingale, but those of Germany and England have been pronounced the best in all respects. Our nightingale is a red bird called the cardinal grosbeak, or Virginia nightingale, from the fact of its having first been found in the state of Virginia. The "hedge singers" or tree nightingales of Africa and the beautiful and very lively nightingale of China are all fine songsters and whistlers, but the English or German nightingale is accounted the true nightingale and valued far more highly than the others for its song and long life, states the New York Herald. The price of a nightingale does not seem so exorbitant when it is considered that his life varies from 15 to 25 years with proper care. The "king of songsters" is very unpretending in appearance, as his color is not attractive and his size is insignificant. The entire upper part of the bird is brown, the breast a dull white, shading into brown, and his throat and breast are a pale gray, while the tail is reddish brown, long and rounded. His full length is about six and half inches. The nightingales imported into this country come from England and Germany, by far the larger part of them coming from Germany. They are to be found over the whole continent of Europe, from Sweden to the Mediterranean, and over a great portion of Central Asia, as far north as the middle of Siberia, and in the course of their migrations they visit western Africa. Their favorite retreats and breeding places are in the woods, groves and forests in the immediate vicinity of water. In such localities these melancholy but exquisitely musical songsters live, each pair within its special domain, which, although small, is jealously guarded and boldly defended from intrusion. Some parts of Europe are especially visited by the nightingale. Spain in particular is extremely fortunate in attracting the songsters and in certain districts their enchanting voices are heard from every bush and hedge. The declivities of Sierra Morena are truthfully described as the nightingale garden, as it is there they flock by thousands at the mating time. The flight of the nightingale is undulatory, light and rapid and is rarely sustained beyond a short distance, but it is capable of great exertion when necessity compels. Those who have witnessed two rival birds in their endeavors to drive each other from the field to win a mate whom both contend for will testify to their great exertion while on the wing. It is about the middle of April that the birds begin to arrive at their nesting places, and at once their songs are to be heard almost incessantly. Some pour forth their thrilling notes through the long, bright nights, just as the American mocking birds whistle through the moonlight nights of springtime and early summer, but generally they sing only during the daytime, except during the breeding season, when the desire to please and attract their mates renders the male birds excited and restless. The nightingale's nest is made of leaves, dried grass, bits of bark and sweet smelling roots, lined with finer and softer grass and horsehair, loosely put together and placed in a hollow in the ground or among the roots or in the stump of a tree. There are always five eggs in a nest and there is only one nest per season unless the eggs or the young are destroyed, in which case the mother does not waste time in bemoaning her fate, but proceeds at once to a second laying of five eggs. The moulting season begins in July, after which, and when the birds are in full new plumage, the autumn migrations begin. The departure is accomplished in small families or parties, the birds flying with great rapidity to far distant countries. In April they reappear in Europe, the males, singularly enough, about two weeks in advance of the females, and without delay, but with wonderful