

CASTLES OF SPAIN.

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As very few Americans will travel in Spain this summer it is possible that one great benefit the country will derive from the present war is that the average American will read more about Spain than ever he cared to know before.

We have all heard some time or other about the castles of Spain, not those fortified strongholds which belong to the Moors, but castles which the poets have raised in song and story.

How much of my young heart O Spain Went out to thee in days of yore! What dreams romantic filled my brain And summoned back to life again The Paladins of Charlemagne The Old Campeador?

But softer Andalusian skies Dispel the darkness and the gloom There Cadiz by the seaside lies And Seville's orange orchards rise Making the land a paradise Of beauty and of bloom.

And there the Alhambra still recalls Aladdin's palace of delight; Allah! Allah through its halls Whispers the fountain as it falls The Dario darts beneath the walls The hills with snow are white.

Castles of Spain not built of stone But of white summer clouds and blown into this little mist of rhyme.

Such palaces of luxury every mind at some time or other has built in imagination beside bright lakes and pleasant places—

A fantastic Alhambra-like villa With terrace and fountain and lawn; A balcony where one's Manila May be smoked when the dinner cloth's drawn.

Light wines on one's table to sparkle—New books every day to be trawled—Which we'll read under trees patriarchal That are grouped round our castle in Spain.

"I am the owner of great estates," wrote the late George W. Curtis, expressing in prose the same pardonable admiration of these castles "not built of stone"—"Many of them lie in the West, but the greater part are in Spain. It is a country famously romantic, and my castles are all of perfect proportions and appropriately set in the most picturesque situations."

The truth is that while Spain has some real castles, she has no such historic family residences as are in England, or as can be seen along the German banks of the Rhine. Spain's castles have been appropriated by the church, with about the same ruthless disregard as the Abbeys were after the confiscations in England by Henry VIII converted into palatial dwellings by the British nobility.

The Giralde has also been converted into a cathedral, the tower of which provided the architectural model of Madison Square Garden tower, of New York. It ranks with Giotto's famous Campanilla in Florence, and is the most perfect example of a true tower of Islam in Europe.

It rises in square form to a height of 250 feet and was built in 1196, but was renovated by the Christians and crowned with a graceful figure called "La Fe" (The Faith), which turns with the wind and which looks over the fertile valley of the Guadalquivir, and over scenes made famous by the memories of Pedro the Cruel.

The next is the famous castle of Burgos. It was in the castle of Burgos that the Cid was born, whose exploits in peace and war make up so much of the legendary history of Spain. It is now the Puerta di Santa Maria, or Church of St. Mary. From the center of a quadrangular court flanked on each side with stately minarets there rise two immense spires which eloquently tell that this once powerful stronghold has ceased to be of military importance, though it still continues to be an object of deep veneration to the Spaniards.

or cathedral it is one of the most remarkable structures in the world; and it shows more completely than would a volume of writing, how thoroughly the Church has reared its influence upon the ruins of the once proud Empire of Philip II and of Charles V. There are other great castles like the Puerto del Sol at Toledo, the Alhambra and the Castle of Simancas, in which latter was preserved for centuries the archives of Castile. The palatial residence which the Duke de Montpensier's grand and soaring wonder of utilitarian architecture, with something of a fancy that it was never made, and that it has stood there since the morning of the world. It has the lightness and the strength, the absence of ornament, and essential beauty, the vastness and the perfection of a world of nature. As family still retain, also overlooks the slopes of the city of Seville, in which place was born the bull fight. Then there is the castle of La Grampa, situated in a wrinkle of the Gandarrama Mountains, which Philip V erected upon a crag when he came from his exile in France to the Spanish throne. This is literally the castle in the air and is more inaccessible than even the Chateau de Bellegerde. It has been the Spanish eminence house of all the Bourbon Kings. When the sun is calcining the plains of Castile, and the streets of Madrid are white with a hot light of midsummer this castle in the clouds is as cool and shadowy as a northwestern breeze after passing over a valley of drifted snow.

Spain had castles, but she now has churches. Hence the bon mot.

In A Sulphur Mine. "There are but few who admire the collection of beautiful sulphur crystals in the National Museum," remarked the gentleman who collected them from the famed sulphur mines in Sicily "who have any idea in relation to the same except their beauty. I don't think," he said, "there is another spot on earth where such abominable treatment, such fiendish cruelty, is inflicted on the laborer as in the sulphur mines of Sicily. They are paid barely enough to provide themselves with a scant supply of the coarsest, cheapest food, and a good portion of the time they are in a state of chronic starvation. The work is of the hardest and most exhausting character. Very few of the mines have hoisting apparatus, and the sulphur ore (sulphur and limestone combined) is brought up from the depths below on the backs of men and boys. Long, sloping, narrow tunnels lead from the surface down to the sulphur beds 200 to 600 feet or more below. Miners dig the stuff out and it is carried up in stout sacks or flat baskets. Many of the laborers, especially the boys, work naked. On their backs they wear a piece of matting, or something of the sort, held by a string around the neck. This is to protect the flesh from being torn from their bones by the jagged corners of the ore they carry. No one can imagine a more heartrending sight than to see the wretched creatures toiling up the long, steep slopes in the mine with their enormous loads. Every step they take wrings a groan from their tortured frames. Most pitiful to me was the sight of the poor, bent, broken and emaciated old men, mere battered wrecks; and the young lads of 10 and 12 years, who have just begun this life of cruel toil.

The Emperor of Japan. Mutsu Hito, Emperor of Japan, came to the throne when he was a boy under sixteen. He was the first Mikado to appear in person at a State Council, and presented himself in national costume before the nobles and daimios to take the oath to become actual ruler of his people, and to foster learning and art in his empire. He wore his hair brushed up on the top and hidden in a head-dress fastened with bands, with two black top-knots protruding outwards from it; white and red garments, long polished shoes, and a chain of State. After the ceremony he journeyed from Kioto to Tokio, the new capital, in a gold-lacquered norimon, or closed litter, borne by relays of coolies on their upluffed palms—a method of travelling reserved exclusively for Royalty, as ordinary people had to be carried in litters on the shoulders of the bearers.

Problem of Law. "He sent me a million kisses," asserted the plaintiff in the breach of promise case. "Did you count them?" asked the counsel for the defendant. "Count them!" exclaimed the plaintiff. "Of course not." "Your lordship," cried the counsel for the defendant earnestly, "I object to the admission of this testimony as being indefinite and unreliable. In these days of automatic counting machines it is preposterous for any girl to come into a court of law—" But it is needless to go on. The humilation of the thoughtless girl who had failed to keep pace with the times was, of course, complete.

A HORROR OF HAPSBURGS.

How the Fairest of Austria's Women Did Penance in a Dungeon.

The House of Hapsburg seems to be as peculiarly unfortunate now as it was once successful in those intrigues whereby the Counts of Hapsburg became the Dukes and later the Emperors of Austria.

It was by murder, treason, treachery and peridy of every known kind, that the Dukes of Austria took on the title of kings, and finally became the inheritors and the representatives of the Roman Empire. And in this record the women of the Hapsburg family played a romantic part and not unfrequently that of a Jezebel or a Messalina. We need not go further back than the time of Maria Theresa. Her character as a Queen-Empress is well known, but her character as a mother is not, yet it was indicated from the following cruel incident. Her daughters were as unfortunate as they were fair, and that they were fair to the point of enchantment goes without saying. Burke has left on record in immortal words the impressions which one glance at the divine face of Maria Antoinette left upon his mind. But more fair and more beautiful still was Maria Antoinette's sister, the Arch-Duchess Maria Josepha. The Emperor idolized her and the imperious Empress-Queen herself who had little time or inclination for lavishing carresses upon the six fair daughters which she had borne to Francis of Lorraine, regarded Maria Josepha with a sweet and peculiar indulgence. At sixteen this ill-fated princess was a girl of ravishing beauty, with hair of golden auburn, with the face of a Psyche, with a sinewy form, a peculiar, even angelic sweetness of disposition and exquisite manners. Just as she had turned her sixteenth year the Emperor Francis died, and while she was engaged to Ferdinand II. of Naples.

The engagement was one that brought pride and joy to Maria-Theresa's heart. It was an alliance which extended the influence of the Hapsburgs in that southerly direction which has been the perpetual dream of the house. The marriage treaty was signed and the betrothal of this bewitching bride took place August 8, 1767. The Court of the Hapsburgs put aside the mourning that it had assumed because of the Emperor's death. The Empress herself was radiant with smiles. Fetes and balls and a series of the most brilliant entertainments followed in rapid succession, in which the Empress widow herself freely participated. But suddenly the Arch-festivities. Day by day that face, the duchess in whose honor all these fetes were held began to grow sad and melancholy. She was the one person who shrank from the gayety of the court beauty of which had formerly lighted up the court became more gloomy and depressed. From the air of sadness it finally Maria-Theresa seemed to take offense at her daughter's despondency. She did not press the Arch-duchess to her heart nor look into her once fair but now lifeless eyes the sweet and kindly smile of a mother. But on the contrary, the royal mother ordered the Archduchess to repair alone to the vault in which her dead father lay, and there kneeling by his coffin to pray for the repose of his soul. The Archduchess regarded this as the last and most dreadful blow. She entreated her mother to save her such an ordeal. Maria-Theresa, however, was little moved to pity and as little used to brook opposition in anything; and least of all would she tolerate it in a matter where she appeared to have a mysterious personal interest. She, therefore, refused to listen to her daughter's pleading and insisted upon her orders being obeyed to the letter. The Archduchess was not ignorant of the motive which actuated her mother but she dared not disobey.

"I am going down to my tomb," whispered the Archduchess in the ear of one of her maids of honor, as she proceeded to carry out the injunction laid upon her. The Archduchess now descended unattended and alone into the vault, where shortly before the remains of one of the princesses of the House of Hapsburg, Maria Josephine, wife of the King of Saxony, had been interred beside that of Francis of Lorraine. The Queen of Saxony had died of smallpox. To send the Archduchess to pray in such a place was virtually to pass sentence of death upon her. Accordingly upon the day following the Archduchess herself took ill of smallpox. Maria-Theresa ordered masses to be celebrated in all the churches of Vienna for the recovery of the Archduchess. But as the coffin that contained the remains of the Queen of Saxony had been placed partially open there was no chance for Josepha to escape the catching and terrible disease. She died upon the very day fixed for herself and King Ferdinand to leave Vienna for Naples. There was weeping at the Court of Vienna in consequence but the eyes of the empress-queen were dry. No motherly instinct of grief overcame the fierce fires of jealousy that blazed in her queenly heart. Maria-Theresa never gave the slightest proof of remorse, and after the court of the Hapsburgs had solemnly gone into mourning for the young Penelope whom the head of the House of Hapsburg had placed in the path of death, Maria-Theresa secured the Neapolitan alliance for her next daughter, the Arch-duchess Caroline. Not a breath of suspicion was aroused. Not a murmur of protest arose. Not one cringing courtier dared to give utterance to the stifled feelings which he entertained. But one sad and stricken soul sighed and sobbed in the secrecy of her chamber amid all the sins and revelry of that putrescent Court. One breaking heart was ready to burst. It was that of the faithful maid of honor into whose ear the Archduchess had whispered, "I am going down to my tomb."

A PICTURESQUE LANGUAGE.

System of Searchlight Signals by Which Great Warships Talk.

The most picturesque language in the world is the system of searchlight signals by which the great warships converse with each other at night. The letters may be said to be written with great pencils of light, with the black sky as a parchment. The accompanying illustration reproduces a short sentence spelled out in this unique way.

The searchlight signals are by far the most successful night signals in the world. The great beams of light streaming across the sky may be readily recognized at a distance of ten miles or more, and a message may be transmitted at this distance with very slight chance of error. To the uninitiated the language written in this curious fashion would appear to be a rather remarkable exhibition of fireworks and nothing more. A very little knowledge will enable one to catch their meaning. The alphabet of these magic searchlights is merely an adaptation of the so-called wig-wag system which has been in use for centuries and is spoken universally.

The system of searchlight signals is exceedingly simple and may be learned very readily. The original wig-wag system is transmitted with flags or with lanterns by night, and the various signals are made by waving the flag or light. The man who signals to trains merely follows a system which is an adaptation of the wig-wag system. In the original wig-wag system there are but three signals made by waving the flag or light—to the right, to the left or in front of the signal man. The alphabet is arranged much the same as the Morse telegraphic alphabet by an arbitrary combination of the two signals.

In the wig-wag system the man sending the signal is required to stand throughout in one position and wave the flag meanwhile. It will of course be seen that if he changes his position he is likely to change the position of the flag and confuse the signals. Now, on a warship the vessel itself must take a position just the same as the signalman and remain at rest until the signals are finished. The ordinary wig-wag signals are made by waving a flag, and the signals on a man-of-war are made merely by throwing or waving the brilliant beams of these searchlights from side to side in the same way. The rules of one system of course apply to the other. In the wig-wag system there is but one position, with three motions. The system requires the ship to rest directly facing the station with which it is desired to communicate, with the light pointing directly upward in a vertical line. The first motion, which signifies No. 1, is made by waving the searchlight around to the right of the ship. The signal must embrace an arc of 90 degrees, starting with the vertical and returning to it. The second motion, No. 2, is made by moving the pencil of light in the same way, only to the left of the sender. To make the third signal, No. 3, the light is moved from the vertical position to the ground, or rather the waterline, directly in front of the sender and instantly returning it to its original vertical position.

The various letters of the alphabet are made by grouping the first and second signals together. The letter 'A' is, for instance, made by repeating twice the second signal—thus, 22; the letter B is 212, C is 121 and so on. Signal No. 3 is repeated at the end of each word, abbreviation or conventional signal. The signals transmitted in this way will be readily recognized by the captains of ships of all countries. This is the international code and is used in times of peace and in conversing with vessels of other countries. In time of war, however, each country arranges a secret code for use among its own fleets. This enables them, of course, to tell each other all sorts of secrets which the enemy cannot possibly read.

A Centenarian's Mode of Living. There is at present in Anzin, France, a centenarian, who enjoys such excellent health that he does not despair of reaching the age of 127 years. M. Jean Baptiste Dubois—that is his name—pretends to know the art of keeping well, and his doctor agrees that his mode of living suits him admirably. When he rises every morning he smokes a pipe. This is followed by a dish of milk soup. He dines at midday, drinks two glasses of wine, and takes his coffee without sugar. At supper he drinks more wine, and finishes the evening in familiar. His hobby is gardening, and he varies it by rocking his great-granddaughter in her cradle and singing nursery songs.

Unfeeling. "A certain drill sergeant, whose severity had made him unpopular with his company, was putting a squad of recruits through the funeral exercise. Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed cortege between them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he did so: "Now, I'm the corpse, pay attention." Having reached the end of the party, he turned round, regarded them steadily with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two, then remarked: "Your 'ands is right, and your 'eads is right, but you 'ave'n't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave."

Desertions from the navy at times seems almost inexplicable and can be accounted for only on the ground of fascination. Asked in regard to it, a captain of much experience once said: "I really believe that if you freighted a ship for heaven, and were obliged to touch in at hell for wood and water, half the boat's crew would desert."

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co's Breakfast Cocoa. Includes text: "A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious." and "WALTER BAKER & CO'S BREAKFAST COCOA".

Advertisement for Alexander Brothers & Co. Includes text: "ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO. DEALERS IN Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts".

Advertisement for W. H. Brower's Carpets and Oil Cloth. Includes text: "IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF CARPET, MATTING, or OIL CLOTH, YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT W. H. BROWER'S".

Advertisement for Edward E. Strauss & Co. Includes text: "THAT'S JUST IT! You can't always tell by the looks of a garment how it is going to WEAR." and features an illustration of a man and woman.

Advertisement for Castoria. Includes text: "Some Hot Weather Don'ts." and "To Clean Straw Hats." and features the Castoria logo and signature.