

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

For killing a pheasant on the estate of Lord Mar, a laborer of Aulda was fined \$10 and costs or 30 days.

The late Francis Glen MacAndrew, of Knock Castle, Largo, formerly stock broker in Glasgow, has left \$2,479,540.

An infant school, with accommodation for 500 pupils, erected in the Carnyne district of Shetleston, was opened a short time since.

The membership of the Educational Institute of Scotland has reached a total of 11,258, an increase of over 1,000 compared with the previous year.

Sir John Sturton Maxwell, Bart., of Pollock, has intimated a gift of venison (50 carcasses) to the distressed in Glasgow.

The death has occurred in Edinburgh Royal Infirmary of Mr. John Gallagher, late of the 70th Cameron Highlanders, who was an Indian Mutiny veteran.

Mr. James Cannon, who has retired after 39 years' service from the head wardship of Calton Prison, was presented with a medal of the Imperial Service Order.

A scarcity of water at East Linton has been occasioning the authorities considerable anxiety. After expending about \$5,000 on boring operations these were found to be a failure.

Three Glasgow newsboys, who had been ejected from a common lodging-house in the city for alleged misconduct and fell into the hands of the police, were sent to training ships.

Lieutenant Boyd Alexander is about to proceed on an exploring expedition to the islands in the Gulf of Guinea, which have not been scientifically explored. He will afterwards explore parts of the Cameroons.

The engineers and shipbuilders took possession of their new institute in Glasgow recently. The new buildings occupy an excellent site at the corner of Elmbank street and Elmbank Crescent, facing the High School.

Mr. Wm. Longair, ex-Lord Provost of Dundee, has asked the Town Council to accept a fountain which he has had erected at the Esplanade in commemoration of the recent visit of Queen Alexandra to the city, and to be known as the Alexandra Fountain.

At Glasgow Eastern Court John Campbell was charged with an offence under the Lottery Act, namely, exposing in his shop window at Calton, bundles of lottery tickets containing prizes varying from a farthing to a penny.

It was reported at the meeting of Stranraer School Board, that the fund of over \$500 collected four years ago to provide a soup kitchen for poor school children was exhausted, and it was agreed to ask Provost the Earl of Stair to convene a public meeting on an early date.

ITALIAN WOMEN.

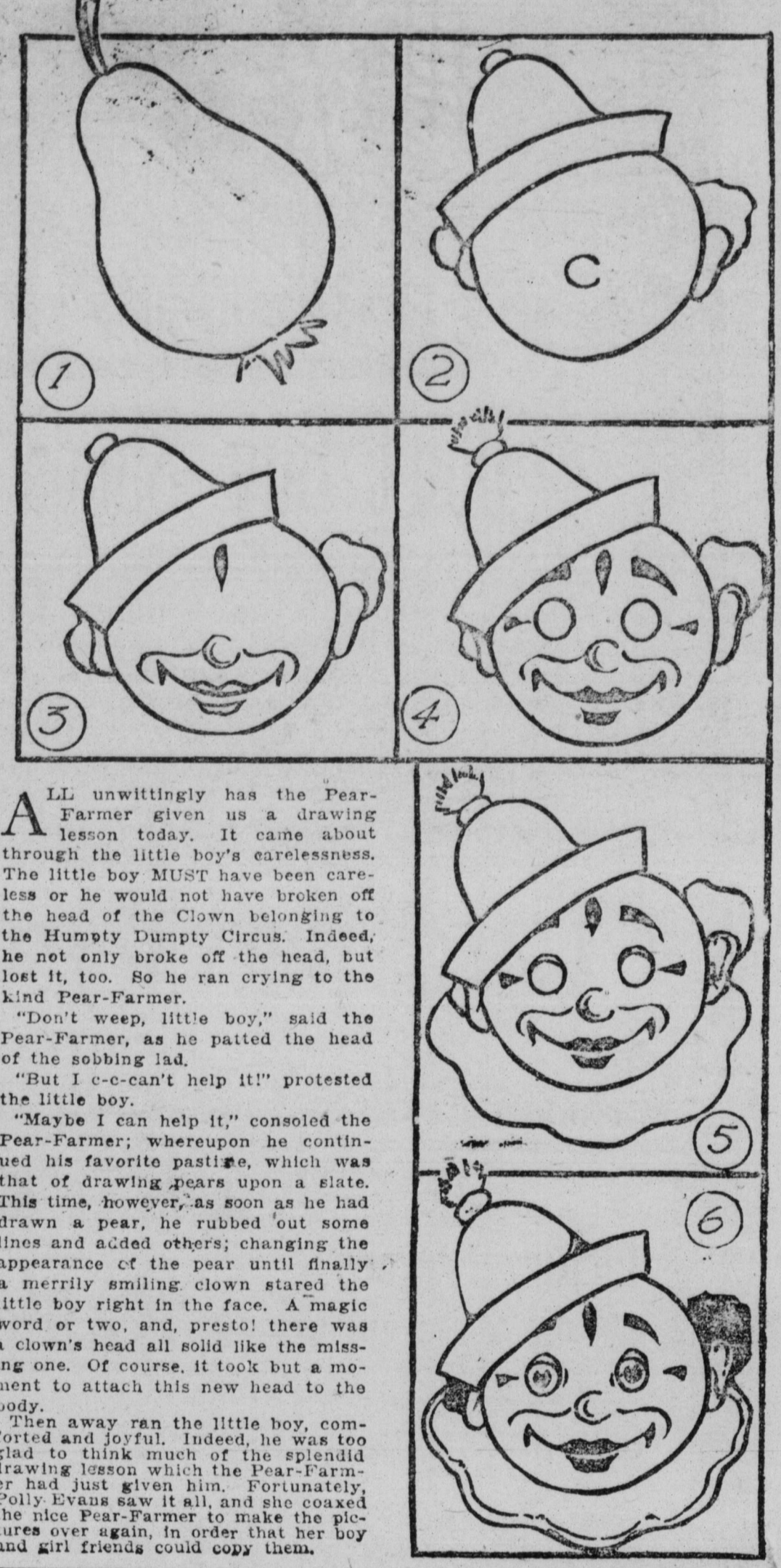
Some of the Secrets of Their Great Beauty.

The women of Italy are admired the world over for their beauty, beauty and grace, and inquiry into the reason of this reveals that, as a nation, the parents are very guarded over their children, especially the girls, when they are of a very tender age. It is noteworthy that even among the poorer classes the women not only walk gracefully, but carry their heads with charming poise. These women gain this poise through carrying burdens on their heads; and in order that the children of the better class may not lack this quality, they are trained to carry light weights on their heads. It is an exercise practised in many schools, and that it has a beneficial effect is evident by the manner in which it develops the neck and shoulders.

Parents are not neglectful of the profile of their children. Either the mother or the nurse is said to "teach the features how to grow," and in order to lengthen or straighten the nose, it is gently pinched several times a day. The growth is regulated in this way.

The Italian child is never allowed to rub its eyes. If it bursts into tears it is not repressed, but allowed to have the cry out. This, it is claimed, beautifies the eyes, and makes them clear, whilst rubbing the eyes injures them in many ways. Reading in a dim light is never indulged in; but the two factors which contrive most to beauty are rest when not feeling well, and avoidance of much meat. By taking a complete rest when even slightly indisposed, the Italian woman avoids nervous prostration, and does not lose her good complexion. Her diet includes very little meat. Fresh fish is eaten in large quantities, and the face treated constantly by massage.

The Clown gets a New Head



ALL unwittingly has the Pear-Farmer given us a drawing lesson today. It came about through the little boy's carelessness. The little boy MUST have been careless or he would not have broken off the head of the Clown belonging to the Humpty Dumpty Circus. Indeed, he not only broke off the head, but lost it, too. So he ran crying to the kind Pear-Farmer.

"Don't weep, little boy," said the Pear-Farmer, as he patted the head of the sobbing lad.

"But I c-e-can't help it!" protested the little boy.

"Maybe I can help it," consoled the Pear-Farmer; whereupon he continued his favorite pastime, which was that of drawing upon a slate.

"This time, however," as soon as he had drawn a pear, he rubbed out some lines and added others; changing the appearance of the pear until finally a merrily smiling clown stared the little boy right in the face. A magic word or two, and presto! there was a clown's head all solid like the missing one. Of course, it took but a moment to attach this new head to the body.

Then away ran the little boy, comforted and joyful. Indeed, he was too glad to think much of the splendid drawing which the Pear-Farmer had just given him. Fortunately, Polly Evans saw it all, and she coaxed the nice Pear-Farmer to make the pictures over again, in order that her boy and girl friends could copy them.

FISHING FOR SHARKS.

How the Great Brutes are Captured in Australia.

Aitutaki, one of the Cook Islands, is celebrated for shark-catching all over Australia. One does not catch sharks in Aitutaki after the usual fashion, writes Beatrice Grimshaw in her book, "In the Strange South Seas." There is something more exciting in store for the visitor who goes fishing in Aitutaki lagoon.

By noon the lagoon is unbearably warm in all the shallow parts, and the sharks, which inhabit it in large numbers, begin to feel uncomfortable. Some of them head for the coral-patches here and there, and lie on the sand in the shelter of the rocks, their bodies thrust as far into the clefts and crannies of the coral as they can manage to get. This is the Aitutakian's opportunity.

He is perfectly fearless in the water, and he knows that the shark is, after all, a stupid brute. So he arms himself with a knife, takes a strong rope, noosed in a slip-knot at one end, and dives from his whale-boat into the warm, green water, where he has marked the latter end of a shark sticking out from a patch of coral some three or four fathoms underneath the surface.

The shark, being head in, does not see anything, but by and by he becomes aware of a delicate tickling all along his massive ribs, and as he rather likes this, he stays quite still and enjoys it. It is the Aitutakian, tickling him as boys tickle a trout in a stream, and for exactly the same reason. He has got the noose in his left hand, and his aim is to slip it over the shark's tail, while he distracts the brute's attention by pleasantly tickling with the other hand. He is pretty sure to get the noose on before the shark suspects anything. Once that is accomplished he rises to the surface like a shooting air-bubble, swings himself into the boat, and gives the order to haul in.

The men in the boat lay hold of the rope, tighten with a sharp jerk, and toil on.

Now the shark begins to realize that something has happened, and realizes it still more fully in another minute or two, when he finds himself fighting for his life on the gunwale of a rocking boat, against half a dozen islanders armed with knives and axes.

The battle is short; the great brute is soon finished, and in another hour or two the village is feeding on his meat, and his fins are drying in the sun, to be sold to the trader by and by for export to China.

No dinner-party in China is complete without a dish of daintily dressed shark's fins, and a good portion of the supply comes from the Pacific.

MAKING DEBTORS PAY UP

CURIIOUS METHODS OF COLLECTING DEBTS.

Turkish Grand Pasha's Way - Playing a Barrel-Organ on the Stairs.

At the best of times the lot of the debt-collector is not a happy one, but there have been some occasions, however, when collectors have exercised both ingenuity and humor to make the debtor pay up. An extraordinary case of this nature came to light recently in Palestine. One of the Turkish Grand Pashas had reason to press for salary due to him. A new tax was consequently imposed on the people which was not approved by one of the towns, the inhabitants refusing to pay. Upon hearing this, the governor ordered a ten days' quarantine, saying that there was a case of cholera in the place. The military were posted round the town and all trade came to an end. The real cause of the boycott, however, came to the ears of the people, and they soon paid up.

NOT A SUCCESS.

Equally as ingenious was the dodge tried by an Italian house-owner at Saffron Hill some few months ago. One floor was let to a tenant, who for several weeks had not found his rent. On being ordered to leave the house, he refused. This exasperated the Italian, who thereupon brought a barrel-organ into the house, placed it on the stairs, and played its doleful tunes for over four hours, hoping by so doing to drive his tenant out or force him to pay up. But the musical demonstration did not accomplish its object, for the neighbors had the house-owner arrested, and he was fined by the magistrate next day.

Another landlord in the East-end of London, when he wants to get rid of any bad tenants, employs a young man of gigantic proportions, who enters their abodes and blows a shrill blast on a huge whistle, which is generally quite sufficient to bring the debtors out with all the small change they can lay their hands on.

In Austria a debt-collecting agency is run in connection with the post-offices. The plan has worked admirably, and large sums are collected yearly by the Austrian post-men.

VERY CONVENIENT.

If a tradesman wishes to collect a debt from a customer residing in a distant town, all he has to do is to send the bill to the post-office. It is then transmitted to the town in which the debtor lives. The post-man calls on the man, collects the money, and remits it to the post-office from whence the bill was transmitted. It is then delivered to the tradesman by post. If payment is refused the tradesman is acquainted of the fact, and valuable time is thus saved.

Publicans in some parts of England keep a list of debtors, circulating it amongst themselves. When credit is refused the man everywhere he calls, he either pays up or clears out of the place. Hotel proprietors have a similar scheme. They prepare a list of "dead-beat" visitors—visitors who have gone away without paying their bills—and send it monthly to every notable hotel. When possible a description and photograph of the "dead beat" is given.—London Tit-Bits.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Character is what we make of life's conditions.

It takes more than good living to make the good life.

It takes a lot of piety to stand up against prosperity.

He is a foe to truth who would try to keep that instrument so motionless?

The holy life is the one that is healthy all the way through.

No day is long enough to waste any of it in nursing enmity.

The unanswered prayer finds its fruitage in the disciplined heart.

The man who is going to heaven never tries to take up all the road.

Do heaven's business and heaven's beauty will take care of itself.

There's a lot of difference between the tongue of fire and a fiery tongue.

No man is as good as he might be who does not try to be better than he can be.

No man needs our pity more than he who is indifferent to the sorrows of others.

MODERN GAVE DWELLERS

QUITE COMMON IN SOME PARTS OF FRANCE.

Rows of Dwellings Cut Out of Cliffs—Gardens Are Kept on the Roofs.

It is astonishing, but none the less true, that more than two million persons live in caves in France. It is not the cave-dwelling of the ancient and hoary past, but brought up to date with all the modern improvements to be found in the life of an every-day French peasant who lives in any ordinary habitation.

IN FRENCH CLIFFS.

These twentieth century emulators of a dead age are scattered all over France, but it is in the little town of Chateau-de-Loire, by the banks of one of France's most beautiful rivers, in the very heart of her most beautiful and fruitful land, that the cave dweller is to be found in his highest development. It is on the way into Paris from the west coast of France that one suddenly runs up against this peculiar phase of life; and it strikes one as so incongruous and novel that one instinctively alights from his train for a closer inspection.

In the side of the hills, carved out of the white rock, one finds row after row of dwellings, and through the swinging doors pass in and out the busy natives—busy as only a French peasant can be busy. Although none of the dwellers is possessed of great wealth, many of them are in easy circumstances, boasting a well-filled stocking confined to the care of the thrifty wife.

ROOF GARDENS.

The peculiar method of housing adopted by these people compels them to have their gardens on their roofs instead of stretching in front of their dwellings. The householder mounts to the top of his house by a flight of stairs dug out of the rock and tills the soil of the gently sloping hill to the door of his neighbor's house above him.

Contrary to one's natural expectations, the condition of the soil and the system of ventilation employed by the practical-minded French peasants keep these houses extremely cool in the summer, despite the fact that they are in no wise damp. In winter they have a much milder temperature than that of the ordinary house. The inhabitants enjoy a wonderful degree of good health and the principal doctor of the little town told the writer with a smile that he almost starved to death for want of calls upon his service.

ARE HEALTHY.

Rheumatism is almost unknown among these people, and many of them live to an advanced old age.

The stranger entering one of these houses carved out of the rocks is surprised by the spectacle which greets the eye. The walls are immaculately clean, and the level floors show signs of careful preparation. In many of the houses tapestries and beautiful ornaments are tastefully hung and placed about the rooms, while the old rustic furniture, cleaned and polished by generations of usage, lends a peculiar air of solidity and sincerity to the view.

Many of the houses are two rooms deep, while considerably more than a quarter of the total number are two storeys high. They stretch along the slow-flowing Loire River for something like sixty-five miles and present a peculiar sight to the uninitiated traveller as his train winds in and out among them.

IN OTHER SECTIONS.

Although the country of the Loire is the chief home of the cave-dwellers, the country about Bourre, near Montrichard, is thickly populated with them also. It is from Bourre that the beautiful white stone comes which has served during hundreds of years for the fine constructions in the country and of which well-informed persons tell us the Romans began the exploitation. And to-day there is still enough of it to allow the inhabitants to make solid houses of it, but then never think of doing so, and are still faithful to their ancestral caves.

OF ONE ROCK.

One of the great curiosities of Bourre is a house which has been cut out of a huge isolated block, which appears to have become detached from the neighboring mass of rock before the memory of man. This is not, however, a unique case. In Indre-et-Loire at Rochechouart, renowned for its vintages, one finds a formidable "fallen rock" which an adroit pick-axe has excavated with such art that it is now a house surmounted by a large terrace.

DISPLEASED AT LEAST.

"What's the matter, darling? You look as if some great sorrow had come to you."

"Mrs. Watterson came over to see the baby this morning, and she insisted that he looked the very image of you."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

The chairman of the Dunmow Board of Guardians says there are no genuine unemployed in the district.

Mr. George Meredith has sent a gift of books from his own book shelves to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney.

Owing to a very small number of aliens now coming to England, the Alien Immigration Board sits but rarely in London.

The calendar for the Liverpool winter Assizes, which opened recently, contained the names of no fewer than eighty prisoners.

There are now 105,854 students in the London County Council evening schools, an increase of 6,305 over the number last year.

Negotiations have been concluded by the War Office for the purchase of the Hadford estate, near Edinburgh, for cavalry barracks.

For breaking a public lamp in Oxford a Cambridge undergraduate was, at the Oxford City Court, ordered to pay \$3, including costs.

The Manx Salt Company, which has been in existence several years, whose works are at Ramsey, announces its first dividend of two per cent.

After a dealer had been fined \$5.76 at Chelmsford for working a horse in an unfit state, the animal was sold in the public market for 60 cents.

Two women named King and Cox were each fined \$5 at Dudley for jostling at a young woman when she was attending her sweetheart's funeral.

The new West London County Court, in North End road, Fulham, which takes the place of the old Brompton County Court, was recently opened.

Out of 1,639 applications for pensions, 1,500 have been granted by the Salford Old Age Pensions Committee, the allowance in the majority of cases being five shillings.

By the will of the late Mr. Richard Cope Morgan, founder of the publishing house of Morgan & Scott, the sum of \$2,335, duty free, is bequeathed for division among the employees.

Members of the family of the Rev. Canon William Riland-Bedford, who has just resigned the living of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, have held the incumbency during the past 200 years.

A lady teacher of domestic science laments that in large factory towns they have great difficulty in getting young girls to attend cookery classes in the evenings. They generally prefer to make dresses.

A lady at Preston who is a mother of 16 children and a granny to several others has still sufficient energy to hit a butcher on the face with a clog. She had to pay a fine of \$1.20 for the exhibition of temper.

An old lady who has been enjoying the comforts of the Willesden Workhouse for several years had \$1,250 invested in Consols. The Guardians in the interest of the ratepayers, are claiming the cash.

ORPHAN HOMES OF SCOTLAND

Started by William Quarrier, Once a Penniless Wail.

The Orphan Homes of Scotland, better known as "Quarrier's Orphan Homes," are situated near Bridge of Weir, in the heart of the picturesque hills of Renfrewshire, and sixteen miles from the busy city of Glasgow. Their origin and history is told in an most interesting article in The Quiver. One dark, dreary night in the winter of 1835, "William Quarrier stood in the High Street of Glasgow a poor, penniless wail, seven years of age, with bare head and shoeless feet, watching the stream of wealthy citizens hurrying from their prosperous business houses in the city to their comfortable homes in the suburbs.

Little did these city magnates dream, if they cast a hurried glance at the poorly clad, fatherless bairn, that he was destined to become one of the greatest Christian philanthropists in the history of the nation. On that eventful night, seventy years ago, pinched with cold and faint with the pangs of hunger, William Quarrier purposed in his brave young heart that if ever he became a man he would devote his life to seek and to save those who, like himself, were fatherless waifs in the dismal slums of the great city. This little acorn of a holy purpose, planted by God in the fertile soil of that noble heart, has grown into that giant oak whose branches have sheltered from life's cruel storms 13,000 of Scotland's orphan children.

"How was your speech received at the club?" asked one of Clumley's friends. "Why, they congratulated me very heartily. In fact, one of the members came to me and told me that, when I sat down, he said to himself that if it was the best thing I had ever done."