



WASHINGTON'S FACE ON A ROCK.

This is on the Old Post Road, Mamaroneck, where it turns toward Orienta Point.

PLANS OWN MONUMENT.

REAR ADMIRAL MELVILLE WILL REST IN A TOMB THAT SUITS HIS TASTE.

Washington, June 28.—With that habitual regard for the future which has always enabled him to keep abreast of the world's progress and frequently to advance somewhat ahead of the times, Rear Admiral George Wallace Melville, engineer in chief of the navy, has caused to be erected in the National Cemetery at Arlington a sarcophagus that is magnificent in its simplicity and thoroughly characteristic of his own vigorous individuality. In every detail the massive marble is the creation of his own brain, designed to typify his own idea of his claim to remembrance and to avoid a more pretentious memorial such as his admirers might prefer to raise after his death.

In his modest way he explains that a year or two ago, when some friends had discussed the subject of his end with him and asked about his wishes, he took the matter in hand, and designed and built a tomb that possessed the rare quality of suiting the man for whom it was intended. To forestall any indecision as to where his body should lie if buried ashore, the admiral last year took advantage of that privilege accorded to every officer of the army or navy who fought to preserve the Union and selected the site where the monument now stands, on a commanding knoll near the graves of Sheridan, Sampson and Crook, overlooking the Potomac and Washington.

The sarcophagus combines architectural merit with the soundest engineering construction. It rests upon a foundation of concrete six feet deep, twelve feet long and eight feet wide. The first layer of white marble is finished with a single curve from the base, and upon this rests the first base stone, weighing about eight tons, fifteen inches thick, ten feet long and six feet wide. This supports the sarcophagus proper, a solid piece of marble cored out by a special stone drilling machine. Its general dimensions are such that it will take in a steel burial case of the largest size, giving two inches of space all around it, and then leave thirteen inches of stone for the walls or sides and ends. The capstone, which weighs six and one-half tons, and has to be handled with a derrick, has four bevelled facets, and is made to fit snugly over the top of the sarcophagus with a joining of lead. The weight of the whole monument is nearly fifty tons.

When the capstone is permanently adjusted in position after the admiral's death an appropriate symbol of his lifelong usefulness will surmount the structure, and upon each of the four facets there will be incised his corps device in the naval service and two five pointed stars, indicative of his rank. The symbol proposed for the top is a marble terrestrial globe three feet in diameter, canted twenty-two degrees, to show the arctic regions. In order that this mode of burial might be as perfect as possible from a sanitary point of view, there is a 6-inch hole bored from the base of the sarcophagus through the foundation deep into the earth. In speaking of this feature, the engineer in chief has laughingly said that he did not believe this provision was actually necessary, since his personal preference is for incineration. In the event that his wishes in this respect are carried out, it is likely that the following lines will be cut on the monument:

Not here! The wild wind's whistling blasts  
Have strewn the heroic ashes o'er hill and dale;

To tint the wild flowers' varied hue,  
To enrich the grass and make another blade to grow—  
From useful life, to useful eternity.

In any event, whether the sarcophagus be ultimately utilized for actual burial or not, it forms a notable addition to the memorials already raised in the classic grounds of the great national cemetery, where no other attracts more attention to-day.

WASHINGTON'S FACE IN STONE.

FEATURES APPEAR IN A ROCKY WALL ON THE BOSTON POST ROAD.

Where the old Boston Post Road turns toward Orienta Point, just south of Mamaroneck, the rock adjoining the old Disbrow House was blasted away about fifteen years ago to improve the grade. A ragged, rocky wall was left, and nothing peculiar was noticed in it until last August, when the wife of a well known resident on the point, while driving to the village, suddenly saw

the features of Washington in the stone. She looked again and again, and the more carefully she scrutinized the rock the more distinctly she saw the features of the Father of His Country.

The woman told her friends of her discovery, and they told others, and within a month all Orienta Point and most of Mamaroneck had gazed upon the striking accidental likeness. It is not at all difficult to see when one is told it may be found there, and is in plain view for a distance of nearly a hundred yards to within a fourth as many feet. The camera was, in fact, less than twenty feet away when the accompanying photograph was made. The image is about six feet the longest way and about four the other way across.

The eyes, nose and mouth are naturally darker spots in the stone, which, being apparently softer than the remainder of the mass, broke out to a greater depth, so the image is there in bass-relief as well as in color. The outline of the face is almost perfectly formed by the edges of the broken rock. The image is best lighted from 11 o'clock until 12:30 on sunny days.

ROUGH ON OATS.

United States Senator Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, who entered with much spirit into the recent debate on the Philippine Tariff bill, is proud of the achievements of the Rocky Mountain States, and loves to tell stories of the vigorous frontiersmen who blazed the trail for American empire, says "The Philadelphia Post."

One story is of a farming community that had established itself on the sunset side of the Rockies. A number of farmers had gathered around the stove at the village grocery, and one of the company was reading aloud from a newspaper.

On account of the swarming of emigrants toward the West, the paper stated, oats had become so scarce that the price had gone up in Denver to \$2 a bushel.

"What's em'grants?" interrupted a farmer. A significant silence demonstrated that the query had stumped the community. Finally the grocer, whose reputation as the infallible oracle of the countryside was at stake, spoke up.

"I don't know 'zactly what these pesky em'grants is," explained that worthy man, "but I know they're powerful destructive on oats."

UNCERTAIN FOOTING.

From The St. Louis Republic.  
The fellow who stands on his dignity may discover that dignity is just as slippery as a banana skin.



REAR ADMIRAL MELVILLE'S MONUMENT AT ARLINGTON, ERECTED BY HIMSELF.