Part Two.

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THE RT. REV. TEMPLE.

NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

His Position in the Church of England Equivalent to That of Leo XIII. in the Church of Rome — A Liberal Thinker.

RIGHT Rev. Frederick Temple, the new archbishop of Canterbury, has reached the summit of the ambition of all churchmen in England very late in life. The new primate is 75 years old. His path to the mountain top has led through devious ways, and over many therns and through many brambles. Years ago, when England was aglow with religious controversy, when "supernatural religion" was stirring the established church from its center to its circumference, Temple threw himself into the battle with much vigor, and his momentum carried him farther than he had foreseen. His opinions as then expressed returned from the dead past to stand in his way when he was named for a bishopric. A liberal in religion, he won the broad friendship of Gladstone, and the premier stood by him and saw to it that he was made a bishop. Canterbury was awaiting for him, and he knew it. His past omissions and commissions were forgotten, and at the ripe age of three score and fifteen he stepped into the loftiest ecclesiastical position in the state. The old archbishop's father was a Major Octavius Temple, one of the good old stock that was royal when Ireland had its own kings. The major was a governor of Sierra Leone in Africa. His son was graduated from Baliol, Oxford, and when the primate was a young man he was a genius of Rugby at a time when Rugby was the great public school. In 1860 he was royal chaplain, sided with Gladstone in the disestablishment of the Irish church, was fellow of Baliol, was created bishop of Exeter, Bampton lecturer for Oxford, and, in 1885, bishop of London. The highest step has just been taken.

RT. REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE.

THE UP-TO-DATE BURGLAR.

Works by Means of Machinery, Saves Time and Gets Money.

The modern burglar is adopting modern appliances. The jimmy bids fair to become a relic of the past before long. A recent burglary in France illustrates this fact. A gang of ingenious cracksmen entered a banker's office armed with a steel saw of the newest construction, and a handy little gas engine. There was no need for the exercise of muscle, nor was there any necessity for a good strong wrist at the saw, as there was at one time in the annals of famous robberies. The little engine was started, the saw put in the proper place, and the connections made. Seating themselves serenely upon a couple of chairs near at hand, these modern burglars watched the true and rapid work of their appliances. The big safe might have resisted for hours the force of human hands, but the saw, impelled by the engine, it could not withstand against. It promptly yielded up its contents of over $3,000 of gold and bonds, and in a quarter of the time it would have taken to have committed the robbery under the old conditions, the burglars were well out of the building with their booty.

Rapid Steamships of the Future.

Mr. J. H. Byles, the designer of steamships Paris and New York, predicts that steamships with a capacity of thirty knots an hour will be realized ere long. The gain in speed will be due to improved machinery and the use of concentrated and easily stowable coal. With such ships the Atlantic could be crossed in between three and four days.

A Hen's Product.

Ten dozen eggs a year is the average estimate given as the production of the hen.

WHITE CANNIBALS.

Records Show That Love of Human Flesh Is Not Confined to Savages.

The question has recently been asked by a French scientist whether white people were ever cannibals. An English journal says that so far as the records of primitive man are trustworthy they show that whether white, brown or black, he was a cannibal. Within historic times the evidence of Homer and Herodotus shows that the inhabitants of northeastern Europe and of the Caspian region were strongly suspected of cannibalism. Again, there is the authority of St. Jerome in support of the statement that the British contingent enlisted by Theodosius were cannibals and that cannibalism was the rule rather than the exception among the ancient Scots. There is a white-bearded race of savages among the forests of Maranon, in South America, supposed to be descended from deserters and stragglers from the Spanish conquerors, who are believed to be cannibals. After the English conquest in the fourteenth century, parts of Scotland were reduced to such fearful desolation that in places the unfortunate inhabitants were driven to cannibalism through sheer lack of food. During the first half of the seventeenth century the cannibal family of Alexander Bain or Sawney Beane, flourished on the coast of Galloway. Before its extermination the family consisted of eight sons and eighteen grandsons, six daughters and fourteen granddaughters. One of the girls, a mere infant, was spared the fate which overtook the rest, but she had hardly completed her twelfth year before the inborn craving for human flesh broke out and she was burned to death for the crime of cannibalism.

MARY FRENCH FIELD.

The Daughter of the Children's Poet Makes Her Debut as a Reader.

Miss Mary French Field, daughter of Eugene Field, made her debut as a reader in Chicago the other evening. Miss Field is a tall, handsome girl, 20 years of age, and has inherited much of the talent and genius of her brilliant father. She was her father's favorite child, and is regarded as his natural successor. She was educated partly in Germany and partly in the United States. She is a brunette, with large, expressive eyes, a clear complexion and an excellent figure. She is known among her intimates as "Trotty," a name of affection bestowed upon her by her father while she was a baby. Mr. Field's book, "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," was dedicated to "Trotty" as his "severest critic, most loyal admirer and only daughter."

MARY FRENCH FIELD.

Lord Rosebery's Young Daughters.

Though they have lived so quietly the two young daughters of Lord Rosebery have come in contact with any number of distinguished folk, one of their most recent acquaintances being Li Hung Chang, who was delighted with Lord Rosebery's young sons and daughters. Young as they are, the Ladies Sybil and Peggy have sat for their portraits to those whom we, alas! now number among "dead masters." In an academy exhibition some ten years ago the portrait of Lady Peggy—a pretty mite of some five summers, in quaint Greenaway dress—was voted one of Sir John Millais' best portraits of childhood, and not far off hung a portrait of Lady Sybil, by Sir Frederick Leighton.

A Great-Grandmother at 46.

In the San Gabriel Valley, in Southern California, lives the youngest great-grandmother in the United States. She is a handsome, vivacious woman just entering middle life. She was a mother at 15, a grandmother at 30 and a great-grandmother at 46. That is the record that has made Mrs. Jennie Nelson the youngest great-grandmother in the country.

Mrs. Nelson was born in San Bernardino, Cal., in May, 1850. Her mother was a Spanish woman and her father an Englishman. Mrs. Nelson's maiden name was Jennie Fawcett. There were less than fifty white people in the old Mexican and Indian town of San Bernardino when she was a little girl, and there was no settlement of whites nearer than Los Angeles—ninety miles to the west. It was natural that these few white families there should be very intimate with one another. So, when Miss Jennie was 14 years old, she was married by a Methodist missionary to the son of the Fawcett family's best friends, the Nelsons. The husband, George Nelson, was then 19, but he had seen so much of hardships on the borderland of civilization in the southwest that he seemed like a sedate, hard-headed pioneer of 30.

March 9, 1865, when the bride lacked two months of completing her fifteen years, her first child was born It was a girl. The youthful family moved to San Diego a year later, and there, in the course of eleven years, six more children were born. The eldest was named Isabelle. She was famous in the little pueblo of San Diego in those days as the prettiest girl in town. A dashing young Yankee, Earl E. Phelps, came down the Pacific Coast from San Francisco to San Diego in 1879. He had recently been graduated from Cornell University. He fell in love with Miss Isabelle, who was then a girl in short dresses. One day young Phelps and the school girl came home from the drive married. June 12, 1880, their first child, a girl, was born in the Phelps ranch home. The mother was 15 years and 3 months old, and the grandmother, Mrs. Nelson, was 30.

The grandchild, Amelia, has grown to girlhood. Last year she became engaged to a young Orange county ranchman, Henry W. Walker, and a few weeks thereafter she was married. A month ago, at the age of 16 years and 3 months, Mrs. Amelia Walker became the mother of a little boy.

There are several uncommon facts in connection with these generations of youthful mothers. One is that the great-grandchild recently born is a week older than an aunt, who was born to his grandmother on Sept. 20, and is but two years younger than a grand-uncle, born to his great-grandmother in 1894. Baby Walker's father is 20 years old, his grandfather has just passed his 35th birthday, and his great-grandfather Nelson is barely 49. The great-grandparents have nine children, aged from 2 to 30 years; eighteen grandchildren, aged from 1 month to 15 years, and one great-grandchild. None of their descendants has ever died.

The little Walker baby has also four great-great-grandparents, who are more than 70 years of age.

A Wax Spring.

"I believe that Utah will one day produce more mineral wealth than any state in the entire country," remarked a gentleman who had at one time made a tour of the country. "When I was in the then territory, I made a prospecting trip into the Uintah reservation, located in the northeastern corner of the state. During the trip my self and partner came upon one of the most remarkable curiosities in the west, a spring of mineral wax. Enough had bubbled out upon the surface of the ground to have satisfied the demand for ten years. It was then worth $2 a pound, and was used for the insulation of electric wires, yet there was enough in sight at half the price to have made us two rich for life, if we could have carried it to market. Two things stood in the way—the mandate of the government and the difficulty of transporting the stuff overland some several hundred miles into Provo. One of these days the reservation will be turned into the public domain and the wealth it contains will flow into somebody's pockets. As it is now, not a soul is permitted to trouble a single one of its resources. Well, we passed on and left the spring with a sigh that might have been heard at 'Frisco."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

PERIWINKLE FAD.

Cockney Shellfish Delicacy Grown in the Waters of the Sound.

One of the chief dishes in the cockney bill of fare in England is the periwinkle, a shellfish resembling in shape the common snail, says the New York Journal. It has hitherto been practically unknown to American epicures and is said to be greatly inferior to the species of shellfish eaten in this country.

Of late periwinkles have been offered for sale in a number of stores patronized by the New York colony of cockneys. It is said that all of the periwinkles sold in New York come from New Rochelle. An Englishman living there was in the habit of importing them for his own use. One consignment was much larger than he expected or wanted, and he concluded to try an experiment and see if they could be grown in this country.

He dumped about a bushel in the sound, and, to his surprise and pleasure, they seemed to thrive as well there as in their native English waters. They multiplied rapidly and he not only found it unnecessary to import any more but had more than he could possibly use. So he has placed them on sale and is deriving a considerable revenue from them.

A Sum in Permutations.

The Yale lock manufacturers have proved that in a patent lock having six "steps," each capable of being reduced in height twenty times, the number of changes or combinations will be 86,400. Further, that as the drill pin and the pipes of the keys may be made of three different sizes, the total number of changes will be 2,592,000. In keys of the smallest size the total number of changes through which they can be run is 648,600, while in those of large the number can be increased to not less than 7,776,000 different changes. This is not so surprising when we find on turning up an arithmetic book that the number of changes that can be rung on twenty-four bells is 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000.

Repulsed.

"You are asking for alms, are you?" asked a benevolent individual of a crippled beggar.

"No, sir," replied the unfortunate man. "I have my arms all right, but if you could get me a good cork leg I'd be forever in debt to you, sir."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

TIPPING IN SPAIN.

The System There Has Developed Into a Positive Curse.

Extortion is rife and the tipping system has developed into a positive curse, although for this we who tip must be held primarily responsible, says Chambers' Journal. "My poor carabineers must live somehow, their pay is next to nothing!" replied a Cadiz custom-house official of position to a visitor who had complained that after his luggage had actually passed examination a carabineer had pounced on it, insisting upon it being re-examined. By which he clearly meant that all inconvenience and unpleasantness might have been avoided by the judicious outlay of a peseta. The one consoling feature of the tipping plague in Spain is that the Spaniard is satisfied with a very little. The uniformed official, whose counterpart at home would not condescend to accept a tip, gives a hearty muches gracias for a couple of reals—five-pence. The extortion to which the visitor is exposed is principally practiced by the hotel-keepers. Some sort of excuse, perhaps, may be made for the custom among Seville landlords of doubling their rates during holy week and the annual four days' fair, but why Granada, a long day's journey off, should follow suit, is difficult to comprehend. Hotels have much improved in Spain outside of Madrid and Seville during the last few years, although very much remains to be done before strangers can be induced to remain in such towns as Burgos, Segovia, Salamanca and Valladolid for an hour longer than it is absolutely necessary for the seeing of the sights there. But first-class rates are charged for what is nothing more than third-class accommodation and often for what is very much worse. In very few cities except the great centers of business and pleasure, is there more than one hotel at which a civilized traveler can put up, and the owners of these hotels, knowing the fact, gather in their harvest. Trains in Spain usually start at unholy hours in the morning and the hotel landlords take advantage of this fact to carry out the national "to-morrow" creed with adroitness. Guests who intend to leave by the 4 or 6 a. m. train usually demand their bills overnight, but some excuse is invariably forthcoming which enables the landlord to present his bill the next morning when it is half dark and the departing guest is but half awake and the railway omnibus is at the door and every minute is precious, the result being that the victim pays just what is put down, unless he chooses to argue the case and lose his train, as often as not the only one of the day. A rule which should never be neglected is to have your agreement for prices to be paid thoroughly understood beforehand. Generally it is advisable to write for rooms ahead, so that an answer in black and white is received, which effectually checks the extortion which will assuredly be attempted.

Insulting a Police Official.

A queer case of insult of officials came up recently in a Berlin police court. A stone mason was ordered by a police lieutenant to remove some stones from the highway. He answered in a loud voice that he would do so. The lieutenant objected to the tone of the answer, and arrested him. At the trial the man pleaded that he had used his natural voice, and the court refused to fine him, but reprimanded him for behaving insultingly.

Impudence.

Mr. Clubman—My private secretary, young Nicefellow, says he is an acquaintance of yours. Miss Citybelle—What impudence! I never met him except at the seaside, and last summer I even refused to become engaged to him again.—New York Weekly.

Only That and Nothing More.

Attorney—It is stated, sir, that you berated this plaintiff, and then assailed him with a dangerous missile. Defendant—Oi didn't do notin' av th' koind. Oi called 'im a lyin' pup an' hit 'im wid a brick. Dhat was all.—Cleveland Leader.

Getting Him Ready.

Wife (in usual strain)—Archibald, have you taken a drink to-day? Archibald—No, my dear, on honor. Wife—Well, go out and take two. I have a milliner's bill for your consideration.—Exchange.

HAS A GRAND VOICE.

BUT POVERTY MAY LOSE IT TO THE WORLD.

Pretty Little Sarah Randall Struggles to Get Lessons—Daughter of a Poor Miner Near Belleville, Ill., With a Phenomenal Singing Voice.

(St. Louis Letter.)

PROF. GEORGE D. Tufts gave a concert over in Belleville the other night which was marked by probably the last public appearance of a young singer who is conceded by the best judgment of that critical musical town to have a voice of phenomenal range and sweetness. She is Sarah Randall. She lives at the mouth of Dutch Hollow, just opposite where the Louisville and Nashville tracks curve sharply into the devastated valley where stood the village of Birkner before the May tornado swept it out of existence. Her father is a Welsh coal miner and digs a scant living for his family out of the mines at the Hollow. Sarah was born in Birkner nearly 20 years ago and is the eldest of seven children, but she is slight and fragile and seems but a child. During these twenty years the family has lived in one mining community and another and a couple of years ago gravitated back to Birkner. Ever since that her health has been growing worse and now, after a heroic struggle to continue her musical studies, she is forced to give them up. Prof. Tufts has repeatedly urged her parents to move her to a more healthy location and has tried to make her father realize the importance of saving his daughter's voice but Jesse Randall is not an ambitious man. His first duty as he sees it is to feed and clothe his family, and he is able to do that where he is. He will let well enough alone. Nearly four years ago Prof. Tufts gave a concert at Freeburg. In the audience was Sarah Randall, then a slip of a girl. She listened raptly to the music. It stirred her deeply. She went home and to bed, but she could not sleep. She knew she could sing and the concert had awakened in her a wish that she might cultivate her voice. Visions of herself holding great audiences spell-bound by the magic of her voice filled her mind. Before she slept she had made up her mind to try. The next morning she arose early and slipped out of the house, ran to the depot. She knew Prof. Tufts would take the early train to Belleville. When he reached the depot a moment before train time she approached him timidly and asked him if he would give her singing lessons. He was in a hurry and told her that if she wanted to take lessons she would have to come to Belleville. She did so and he began to teach her. As soon as he heard her sing he discovered that she had a remarkably beautiful voice, but it was not until two years later, when he began giving her instructions in voice culture that he had an opportunity to know how great was her range. She has been studying ever since, but for one reason or another she was forced to miss many lessons, and many others were taken at times when she was in no condition to receive instruction, being wearied and dispirited by the heavy tasks she was obliged to perform. But she was swayed by a consuming ambition to succeed and no obstacle was too great for her to overcome. She did washing and other heavy work in order to get money to pay for her lessons, and many times has walked six miles from her home in Birkner to Belleville for her weekly lesson. Prof. Tufts cannot speak too highly of the possibilities of Miss Randall's voice under favorable conditions. To the writer he said:

"Her tones are peculiarly rich, sweet, penetrating and have great carrying power. In addition to her wonderful range her high notes are uncommonly strong. At present she sings from E, the third space in the bass staff, to the second A flat above the treble staff. If she gets no farther than that she has what many strangers would give all they possess and much more to acquire. She reaches high F above the treble staff very easily now, and with good health and favorable surroundings I feel confident she could in time reach the second high C above the staff."

The professor also speaks in terms of the greatest praise of Miss Randall's amiability and winning traits of character and of her devotion to her parents and other relatives.

But in addition to her failing health her spirits have been recently affected by the deaths of her grandmother, to whom she was greatly attached, and George Mozart Tufts, the gifted young violinist, in whose success she was greatly interested. She has become discouraged and lost ambition, and although no such announcement was made at the time of Prof. Tuft's last concert, it is more than probable, as stated, that she will not be heard again, and her brilliant voice will be lost to the public unless she finds friends who will assist her.

To the writer Miss Randall talked modestly about herself, her voice and her lost ambition.

"I had hoped," she said, "to complete my studies and maybe make myself a place and possibly be able to do something for my parents in their old age, but I have given up all thought of that now. If I never recover, a musical education will do me no good. If I should get well, perhaps I can study again, but we are very poor"—this last in a trembling voice—"and it may never be."

MISS SARAH RANDALL.

Poe's Grave.

Literary strangers who come to the city very often inquire for Poe's grave and are surprised to find it in the heart of the town instead of in some pretty suburban cemetery. An English ecclesiastic who was here recently said that Westminster reminded him of some of those London churchyards, with low walls and railings round them—in most instances very old—in which celebrities are buried. The complete history of these London burial places has been recently told in a book written by a lady who has devoted about twenty years to finding out their history. There was, of course, a great deal of curious lore unearthed, as there is a story attached to every foot of ground in London. Some of those who made the pilgrimage to Poe's grave think the walls and railings should come down, and this was Joaquin Miller's opinion. He thought the effect of the monument, placed in the corner and partly cut off from view, was diminished. It had, to his mind, a contracted and squatty look. The trees and grass of the graveyard wear a dull, deep green at present, and almost every morning the custodian of the place and a ferocious mastiff stand at the gate and look about as if they had been vigilantly on duty all night. The school children go shyly by, afraid of the big dog, and the sparrows hop among the slabs.—Baltimore News.

New Methods of Extracting Gold.

The real cause of the recent notable increase in the production of gold has been almost entirely the marked improvements made in the processes of mining. To the engineers rather than to the gold hunters and the explorers credit should be given for the immense production of the precious metal in new fields.

It is this very fact that makes the promise of a great gold yield for many decades to come most solid and trustworthy. There is every reason to believe that science will yet render possible the extraction of vast quantities of gold from ore, which has been passed by as not worthy of attention, and the refuse or tailings of old diggings may be made to yield another harvest to miners.

Horses Drink While Eating.

It is said that in Norway a bucket of water is always placed within reach of a horse when he is taking his allowance of hay. "It is interesting," says the writer of this incident, "to see with what relish they take a sip out of one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths, as any rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway.