WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MABIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER XXVII.—THE UNTOWARD EVENT.

After weeks of close confinement the Colonel was with us again. I believe he was sorry when the surgeon declared him convalescent. He had enjoyed the society of his new found friend in those days of close companionship, more than he had realized until they were past. Or as Shakspeare says:

"For it so falls out, that what we have we prize not to the worth, while we enjoy it."

One day after he had so far recovered that he could ride about, there was a grand jubilee. The nationalists, under the leadership of Parnell, had won a great victory throughout Ireland. The time had come now for rejoicing. The committee on programme had decided that as our county had given such a handsome majority for Lord Waverland, that we would have a grand jubilee with Mr. Parnell as speaker. Our county had been the stronghold of clannish insubordination. The great leader himself had at first been hissed and insulted. Now it would tend to cement the union of hearts and voices by having a day of general rejoicing.

At an early hour delegations began pouring in from all directions, to the great open space in the park that had been prepared with seats and a stand for the speakers near the beautiful lake Killarney. From every town and village for miles around the people came on horseback, in carriages and on foot.

It seemed as though nearly the whole of the province of Connaught had turned out. Men, women and children, had gathered to hear and see the greatest hero of his age, Charles Stuart Parnell. The man who had taught them to "hold the harvest," in times of famine; and to "stand together" for their rights when casting their ballots. He represented to them liberty and plenty. It was a concourse of thinking, throbbing humanity, with badges and banners, uniting to celebrate the most wonderful victory of the nineteenth century. A victory of the ignorant populace over their prejudices. The one man had made them lose sight of their personal wrongs for the good of Ireland. Emblems of every device and of every trade and occupation were to be seen in the vast procession, while through and over all floated the golden harp of Ireland united with the stars and stripes of America.

"Well, this is a royal surprise," said the Colonel.

The procession marched up in order before the stand. The band with its soul-stirring powers swayed all hearts by playing "God Save Ireland!" Then came a group of little girls dressed in white, to represent the historical eighty-six, each with an appropriate badge to indicate the district she represented. When Mr. Parnell came upon the stand this group of little girls marched in a double circle around the stage, each throwing a bouquet of flowers and evergreens at his feet as they passed him. It was a most beautiful sight; childish trust and love was written on each face. Parnell seemed overcome, and for a moment remained silent after the children had passed. Then deafening cheers for a time made the air echo and re-echo with the earnest voices of an enthusiastic people.

When the chairman of the committee introduced Mr. Parnell he made a slight bow of acknowledgement, and said:

"My friends, I thank you for the emblems of renewed hope your little ones have given me. This little token," he said, picking up one of the bouquets at his feet, "is like a message of hope to my heart. It comes at a time when we have a gleam of a brighter future. We have shown England that we are united and that we know what we want. My main purpose is unchanged. Nothing that has occurred during or since the campaign, which your little ones have shown us was a glorious victory, has caused a single change of my plans or purposes. We shall demand and be satisfied with nothing less than the creation of an Irish parliament. It must be equipped and empowered to legislate for all of Ireland's affairs and interests. (Applause.)

"You have helped to show any English government whether Whig or Tory, that may in future attempt to rob Ireland of her freedom, that the first thing which an Irishman in Ireland, England or America wants is Liberty!

"Whatever party attempts to forge chains for Ireland will at the first opportunity find that the vengeance of the Gael, though slow is sure! They will never leave the trail of the coercionist until they have run him down. They will throttle him as they just throttled the liberal party in parliament! (Applause.)

"In our time of rejoicing we must not forget the generous aid of our trans-Atlantic friends. (Cheers for America.) Seldom, indeed, have benefactors been more aptly termed twice blessed. Blessed in giving hope and cheer to the recipients, and glad satisfaction to the donors' hearts and consciences. We feel assured that nothing will be left undone by our American friends, to enable us to speedily and surely win the legislative right for Ireland. We have now forged a mighty weapon for ourselves by returning a body of eighty-six representatives of the people, whose power the future can only determine. We now hold the position it has always seemed necessary for us to obtain, in order to commence a successful movement for the restoration of "Home Rule" in Ireland. I cannot doubt that we shall see a speedy and happy issue to this struggle." (Great applause.)

As we were going home from the meeting, Col. Haynes remarked.

"I thought that America could beat the world for big demonstrations, but the Irish have won the laurels this time. I never saw such a sea of humanity before; and so full of enthusiasm."

"They are in earnest. This to them means liberty. How beautiful and appropriate it was to see those children. I heard that Lady Waverland arranged that part of the programme," I said, looking at Stella, who had enjoyed the exercises exceedingly.

"Yes, Loyd, I did that for your sake," she said with a smile of satisfaction.

"I can see now," said the Colonel, "that England may rob, enslave, imprison and even kill the Irish, but the true, the living sentiment is beyond her reach. This feeling came to the front to-day, rejoicing in this victory and demanding fuller liberty."

Sir Wren and Annie joined us as we entered the hall door.

"Well, Fred," said Sir Wren, "how do you like an Irish jubilee?"

"I was just saying that I thought they could beat the Americans in enthusiasm," answered the Colonel.

"I see England is beginning to complain of America, for sending aid to the Irish," I said, looking over the evening papers.

"It would be strange indeed if she did not find fault," said the Colonel. "But Americans will have no trouble of conscience on that score. They remember but too well how England assisted the South during the years of our rebellion. There is no doubt in the average American mind, but that England, as a nation, would have rejoiced in the destruction of our republican government. It has been a thorn in her side ever since she drank of the bitter waters of defeat at Yorktown and New Orleans. England never makes any complaints about the forty million dollars a year that is coming from the Irish Americans to help to support landlordism in Ireland."

"Forty millions!" exclaimed Stella. "How is that?"

"I have the statement given for the truth," said the Colonel. "It is established on reports taken from the different banking houses in America. It is stated that the New York banks alone forward twenty-five million dollars a year of individual contributions from Irish Americans. We grumble at our taxes for paying the interest on our public debt, but that is only forty-eight millions, while these people pay a self-imposed tax of forty millions a year to help their poor relatives in Ireland to pay rent to the British landlords. Can we wonder that they are anxious to see landlordism crushed out of their fatherland?"

"A voluntary tax of forty millions a year paid by American citizens to support and pamper British landlordism! The paradox of the nineteenth century is worthy of our serious thoughts."

"That is a wonderful fact! But it is quite a different thing to be sending aid to defeat slavery from what it is to support it," said Sir Wren. "The British government is always on the side of slavery when the final pinch comes. Landlordism is only another form of slavery."

"Look here, papa," said Annie, handing Sir Wren a paper. "See how Punch has pictured Gladstone, Parnell and Salisbury, as three wizards asking 'when shall we three meet again?'"

"Punch always sees the comical side of anything," said Sir Wren, laughing.

"O, did you know we were all to go to Blue Ridge to spend Christmas?" I asked after reading my packet of letters.

That was a key for a new theme of discussion. Since the Colonel was wounded we had not made any arrangements for the comin holidays. We were all very glad to accept the invitation.

"There will be some lively debates at the dinners and receptions" said Sir Wren, "for Cordelia will never limit her circle of friends for political effect."

On Christmas eve a merry party met at Blue Ridge. After being shown to our rooms and making ourselves presentable, we passed down to the drawing-room where we were welcomed by the Duke of Melvorne and his lovely wife. We were presented to a Mrs. Haynes, an elderly lady, who had a kind, motherly face, with strongly marked features; but they were so nicely blended and harmonized by patience and sympathy, that we were attracted to her at once.

But what was our surprise at seeing the Colonel when he came into the room, throw his arms about her neck and kissing her on lips and brow exclaim:

"O, my mother! How came you here?"

"I sent for her," said the Duchess. "I knew you could not spend your holidays with her in America so I sent for her to spend them here with you. I had just received word from Mr. and Mrs. Lollard that they would be in London before Christmas, when we received your message saying that you were wounded. I sent a message immediately to the Lollards asking them to call on Mrs. Haynes and to invite her to join them on their voyage; and, I also sent a message to your mother to be my guest and meet you here."

"Well, this is a royal surprise," said the Colonel, looking with loving eyes on the face of his mother, after such a long absence.

"It's my Christmas gift to you, Colonel Haynes," answered the Duchess. It was a characteristic feature of her life to do something to make others happy, in the most unexpected way and at an unexpected time.

"It was rather tedious waiting," said Mrs. Haynes, "I have been here a week."

"But, Colonel, you will pardon my selfishness," said the Duchess. "I have had so much pleasure in my quiet visit with your mother, that I am almost sorry the week was so short."

The conversation soon became general. Melvorne was in high spirits with his "family," as he familiarly called us. Annie seemed shy and embarrassed; but through Stella's thoughtfulness she was soon talking at her ease with Mrs. Haynes.

"I almost felt that I was personally acquainted with you, Lady Waverland," said Mrs. Haynes, addressing Stella, while she was gently coaxing Myrtle to her side. "Mr. and Mrs. Lollard were very pleasant companions and gave me vivid descriptions of you all on our voyage."

"We had a most delightful journey together in California and Colorado. They helped to form a happy party," said Stella.

"Mother," said the Colonel, joining the group and taking Annie by the hand, "allow me to introduce to you my chosen bride."

Mrs. Haynes adjusted her glasses, then rising from her chair, said.

"I greet you as a daughter. I have learned to love the gentle Annie from the frequent letters that came when my son was ill. I felt that some one was dear to him by the wording of the messages. If you have won the love of my noble boy I will gladly give you my blessing. His happiness is my greatest desire," she continued, drawing Annie to her and giving her such a tender motherly kiss, that I felt sure there would be real pleasure in their new relations of mother and daughter.

The Colonel looked too happy for words in possessing the love of two so dear to him. I almost envied the love of his mother. I could only think of one distant grave, but it was a garden full of sweet memories!

After dinner as we were returning to the drawing-room, we heard strains of enchanting music from some hidden nook. Lady Hortense, true to her artistic skill in arranging for the pleasure of a party had taken the lead with Myrtle by her side, and opening a door to another part of the mansion carried us back to the scenes of our forefathers.

"O!" exclaimed Myrtle, "a Christmas tree." Sure enough there stood a Christmas tree in a room beautifully decorated with the time-honored mistletoe and holly, and in the open fire place lay the ancient yule-log!

"Yes, little one," said Lady Hortense kindly, "this is your Christmas gift. You are the fairy to light the fire and to call for old St. Nick. Wave this wand," she continued, handing Myrtle a golden scepter.

Myrtle was a little bewildered for a moment, but intensely interested. At a movement from Lady Hortense the great log fire was soon blazing with bright splendor; it seemed to send forth all the colors of the rainbow, and, what was strange, it did not burn away.

At a signal from Lady Hortense a corpulent old Santa Claus stepped from the fire place and began robbing the tree of its dainty fruit, calling the name of the owner of each article and handing them to Myrtle to distribute. Amid joyous peals of laughter at his witty sayings we each received some little souvenir to keep as a reminder of this happy Christmas time.

At the request of Mrs. Haynes it was decided that Fred and Annie should be married while she might be present to witness the ceremony. The day was fixed and the arrangements made for the wedding to take place at Blue Ridge. In the meantime Annie and her father were to be our guests at Raven's Park. Col. Haynes and his mother were to remain at Blue Ridge.

A busy time followed this arrangement. From the frequent consultations and the numerous visits to London followed by boxes and bundles of various kinds and descriptions, one might have thought that they were fitting out a colony of young songsters for the land of Paradise.

While to our little party the wedding was the all absorbing theme, the whole of England was amazed over a very different subject—over the "Untoward Event!"

[To be Continued.]

The Senate Gavel.

The vice-president's gavel is of itself a standing evidence that the senate is an orderly body and needs no schoolmaster for a presiding officer to compel quiet, says a Washington correspondent of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*. The gavel has no handle. It never did have any. It is simply a little piece of white ivory like the head of a gavel, polished and shining. It would not do in the house at all, for the most that can be done with it is to give a gentle rapping on the desk, and in the other wing the speaker sometimes needs to hammer away like a man with a beetle. This senate gavel, with which Vice-President Morton tells the senators that they are making too much noise, has been in existence and in use as a gavel for many years. It is the identical one, it is said, which was in use when Daniel Webster was in the senate, and probably was used the day he made his reply to Hayne, to still the buzz in the gallery when the great man sat down. This, at any rate, was said to be true the other day.

There is a mystery about the gavel, too. Nobody but Capt. Bassett, the white-haired doorkeeper, knows what becomes of it during the recess and when congress is not in session. The venerable old Capt. Bassett takes it from the vice-president's desk when the senate adjourns and hides it somewhere, and it is lost to the world until it is again needed by the vice-president. Capt. Bassett knows the history of the gavel, as he does of everything else about the senate chamber, for he has been there since some time in the 30's or 40's, when he first received his appointment—as a page, it is said—through the influence of Daniel Webster. It has been suggested that Capt. Bassett carries the gavel in his pocket as a mascot when the senate is not in session, though this is probably not true.

A Clever Fraud.

Speaking of diamond smugglers, the cleverest fraud ever perpetrated upon the American revenue was invented by a diamond merchant in New York. For years he was known to be smuggling precious stones, but the customs detectives could not catch him. Every time he returned from Europe he was carefully searched, and it was even proved that he did not swallow his diamonds before going ashore. His buyers, too, were searched, but never was anything found except a few inferior stones, and these he did not conceal. Traps were set to capture the wily old culprit, but without avail. At last a detective learned that whenever one of the suspected firm arrived in New York upon a certain steamer, another of the firm or an agent took the same vessel upon its return trip to Europe, and also secured the same state-room. It was further learned that they invariably took the entire state-room, so that they were alone upon the voyage. This led to the discovery of the fraud. It appears that the dealer, when on his way from Europe, would cut a small piece out of the flooring under the carpet of the state-room, and, after concealing the diamonds to be smuggled, would put back the flooring and replace the carpet. When he left the ship he left the diamonds, too, in their place of concealment, and, of course, the detective never found any in his possession. A few days after, when the vessel was about to depart for Europe, the other member of the firm or agent, having secured the state-room for the return trip, would go on board accompanied by his confederate. The latter would then remove the diamonds and go ashore perfectly safe. There were no custom officers on active duty when vessels were departing.

Secretary Blaine owns a farm of 400 acres near Elizabeth, Pa. He also owns the coal under 1,100 acres of surrounding land. Mr. Blaine purchased part of this land over twenty years ago. He has not mined any coal there since 1875. He seldom visits his farm, and it is said that he would like to sell it.

WHY THE SKY IS BLUE.

Various Prominent Heavenly Tints Analyzed—Why Stars Twinkle.

"You have all noticed" said the professor, according to the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, "that when we look away from the sun into the cloudless sky, the heavens appear blue; when, however, we look in the direction of the sun, especially when, after sunset, we look toward the western horizon, the color is a yellowish red. With the spectroscope it can be shown that the white light from the sun is produced by a mingling of different colored rays. Indeed, this can be shown by means of any triangular prism, say one of the pendants of a chandelier. One of these placed in the path of a beam of light will project on a screen a band of seven colors—red, orange, yellow, green, light blue, dark blue, and violet. Understanding this we can readily see how the effect is blue when a piece of blue glass is interposed or red when red glass is used. All but the blue and red rays respectively are absorbed; these, however, pass through freely, and we say that the body is blue or red, when really the color is not a property of the glass in any true sense but of the sunlight. What has this to do with the sky colors? I will now show you. Dissolve a little white castile soap in a tumbler of water, so as to make the water slightly turbid. Place a black screen behind the tumbler and hold the whole so that the sunlight must be reflected from the liquid before it can reach your eye. The liquid will appear blue. Hold it next in a direct line toward the sun and it appears yellowish red. Now, these are the exact appearances of the sky. Sky light is refracted light. The water particles in the atmosphere, like the particles of soap in the water, refract blue light; while the background of darkness surrounding the earth replaces the black screen. The atmosphere, like the solution of soap and water, transmits yellow and red rays, but slightly refracted, while the blue, being a weak color, is refracted too low to be seen; hence when we look toward the source of light in the evening or morning the sky is of a yellowish red color. This effect is more pronounced then than during the day, because when the sun is near the horizon the rays travel a greater distance in the air in order to reach the earth than when directly above us. Consequently the blue rays are more thoroughly refracted.

"The atmosphere has many effects in modifying the appearance of the sky and the heavenly bodies. Look at Venus over there near the western horizon and just below the crescent moon, which has come into plain view while we have been talking (on account of the deepening darkness). Its real distance from the horizon is not as great as it appears, for the rays of light which it reflects to us and which it receives from the sun are bent downward when they pass into our air, perhaps fifty miles from the earth's surface.

"As the effect is the same as that which would be produced were there no atmosphere, by rays proceeding from a higher star, we locate the body in a more elevated position than the one which it actually occupies. Put a dime on the bottom of a pail filled with water and you have like conditions with a similar effect. If you place your hand where you think that you see the coin you will not touch it, but a spot perhaps an inch above the true bottom. Again, do you notice how steadily Venus shines? If you are here an hour later, when the stars are all out, you will observe that all those near the horizon, the others to a similar extent, are merrily twinkling. This appearance, made familiar to all of us by the old nursery rhyme, 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,' is not noticeable in the case of any planet except Mercury, and has been a subject of much study on the part of scientific men; it now generally believed that it arises from the unequal bending of the rays of light as they pass through aerial currents of different temperatures and densities. The facts seem to support this theory, for where the air is the densest—near the horizon—the effect is most noticeable, where it is the rarest—in our zenith—it is less marked.

"This twinkling produces another illusion. When we look at the heavens on a clear winter's night the first impression on our mind is that we see an almost infinite number of stars. In truth seldom can an ordinary eye discern more than 2,000 at once. If you should observe the sky nightly for a whole year there would be presented to your view only about 5,000. But if you take a telescope as Sir William Herschell did, and point it toward that portion of the milky way which looks the whitest and the milkiest, you will see more than 600,000 stars pass across the field of your instument every fifteen minutes."

A Mirage Every Day.

The Pasadena correspondent of the Los Angeles *Times* writes: Any one who will take the trouble to go to the intersection of North Los Robles avenue and Villa street, by looking south on the first-named thoroughfare, will see on a clear day about noontime a pool of water, or what appears to be such, about the place where Colorado street crosses the avenue.

There would be nothing strange or startling in the above information if the water, plainly visible at Villa street, did not disappear as one approaches its apparent location. In other words, there is no pool at the intersection of Colorado street and Los Robles avenue, and what the spectator sees from Villa street is nothing less than a mirage.

To witness this rare optical delusion the place indicated should be visited between the hours of 11 a. m. and noon, although the mirage has been seen as late as 1 o'clock. A perfectly clear day must be chosen, for when there are clouds in the sky the water does not show up. The spectator had better be in a buggy, the elevation thus afforded adding somewhat to the effect of the delusion.

Granted these conditions, a small pool of lake is distinctly visible off to the southward, about half a mile distant. Let a vehicle pass Los Robles avenue on Colorado street, and its shadow will be plainly reflected beneath the water's surface. The water is seen most clearly from a point a few yards south of Villa street.

The mirage is an optical delusion that comparatively few persons are privileged to witness. It is due to the unequaled densities and refracting powers of adjacent strata of the air, usually of those close to the surface of land and sea. The phenomenon is fully explained by the principles of refraction and total reflection of light, and is often termed unusual refraction. Mirages are seen less frequently on land than on sea. On land they are seen mostly on desert plains in hot climates, where the intense heat of the sand greatly rarifies the air in contact with it, which acts as a mirror or body of water, in which inverted images of distant bodies are seen. As the traveler approaches these seeming lakes their real aspect changes, the water apparently gradually receding.

It is difficult to express exactly what is the condition of the atmosphere when multiple images are seen. Sometimes the images are direct at other times inverted. It would be interesting to know what causes the local mirage above described. The ground where the pool appears to be is usually moist, the sprinkling wagon getting its water from a hydrant near by. But no matter what produces the phenomenon it is there just the same, and any one, no matter how skeptical, by following the instructions given above, will see for himself and be convinced.

DICKENS' TITLES.

The Trouble He Had in Getting Names for His Books.

Till he (Dickens) had fixed upon his title, he could not get seriously to work, says *Macmillan's Magazine*. He was in Genoa in 1844, and had a Christmas story to write. He had never, he said, so staggered upon the threshold before. The subject was there, but he had not found a title for it, nor the machinery to work it with. "Sitting down one morning resolute for work, though against the grain, his hand being out and everything inviting to idleness, such a peal of chimes arose from the city as he found 'maddening.' All Genoa lay beneath him, and up from it, with some sudden set of the wind, came in one fell sound the clang and clash of all its steeples, pouring into his ears again and again, in a tuneless, grating, discordant, jarring, hideous vibration, that made his ideas 'spin round and round till they lost themselves in a whirl of vexation and giddiness and dropped down dead.'" A couple of days later he wrote Forster a letter of one sentence: "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow." A few days later he writes again: "It is a great thing to have my title and see my way how to work the bells. Let them clash upon me now from all the churches and convents of Genoa. I see nothing but the old London belfry I have set them in. In my mind's eye, Horatio." Thus it was always with Dickens when setting about a new novel. Despondency, doubts, difficulties, and endless experimenting, suggesting, sifting, rejecting of titles. Then, of a sudden, a title found, and he was off on the composition of the book.

Never were the preliminary throes more protracted than with "David Copperfield." Toward the end of 1848 he was making holiday at Broadstairs, his mind running on a subject. "I have not," he writes from there, but

"'Seen Fancy write
With a pencil of light
On the blotter so solid commanding the sea'—

I shouldn't wonder if she were to do it one of these days. Dim visions of divers things are floating around me. I must go to work head foremost when I get home." Home he goes, yet gets no farther. In February, 1849, he is in Brighton. "A sea fog today, but yesterday inexpressibly delicious. My mind running like a high sea on names—not satisfied yet, though." Feb. 23 he found titles of some sort, to-wit: "Mag's Diversons, Being the Personal History of Mr. Thomas Mag the Younger of Blunderstone House." Then came a series of variations in the expository part of the title, Blunderstone house becoming Copperfield house. Then came "The Personal History of David Copperfield the Younger and His Aunt Margaret." Feb. 26 he sent Forster a list of six names, which may be found set out at length—at great length—in the *Life*. Forster and Dickens' children finally determined his choice among the six, and the title once settled all is plain sailing. He went through this elaborate process with most of his titles. There were a dozen tentative titles for "Bleak House," most of them leading off with "Tom-All-Alones," and fourteen for "Hard Times." It was the same with "A Tale of Two Cities."

The Tipple of Millionaires.

It is said by those familiar with his daily habits that Jay Gould doesn't taste a glass of champagne from one year's end to the other, and that his favorite tipple is milk well aerated with vichy to neutralize the bilious tendencies of the lactic acid. William Waldorf Astor and John Jacob Astor, Jr., both drink dry champagne. The Vanderbilts are temperate, but buy all kinds of rare wines, from a comet claret to a rare Marcobrunner, and Willy K. likes his champagne as well as the next man. John W. Mackay, who has been in New York for a few days, is as abstemious as ever, and rarely drinks champagne. But his capabilities in the choice of wines for one of those magnificent dinners his friends know so well, are highly admired by experts. Henry Villard is fond of cabbage, and naturally enough drinks beer with it, but soda is his regular tipple. General Sherman likes good whisky, in moderation. Russel Sage drinks enough coffee every week to float himself in, and George I. Seney is almost as fond of tea.—*N. Y. World.*

Santa Cruz, Cal., has a horse that is 53 three years old. He came to California in 1848 with William Handley and was called an old horse then. For many years Jerry worked out in the brewery, but was turned out to rest last year. His favorite food is the refuse malt from the still, and he does not disdain to wash it down with a bucket of warm beer.

SOME QUEER FUNERAL NOTIONS.

Eccentric Men Who Have Left Peculiar Instructions for Their Interment.

The story is told of a certain Frenchman, says *Cassell's Journal*, who had been a great collector of coins. By his will he directed that his obsequies should be performed with every accompaniment calculated to inspire mirthful feelings. His body was to be wrapped in tanned pigskin and buried coffinless in a standing position upon a pile of charcoal. Laurel branches were to be carried by the mourners, and returning from the church they were to throw open the chambers in which his treasures were deposited, and all comers were welcome to help themselves as they pleased to the contents. It was a sore disappointment to the public, however, to find that before they were admitted the servants of the deceased had decamped with everything that was portable.

The wishes of a curious character, who was named Hilkington better known as 'Squire Hawley, were fully carried out a few years ago at a place near Dorchester. He was buried in his own garden, amid the graves of his cattle, which had been stricken down by rinderpest. He was laid out in full hunting costume, including spurs and whip, and was placed in a stone coffin weighing upwards of a ton, which had to be lowered into the grave by means of a crane. His old pony was shot and buried at his feet, and at his head were laid the bodies of his favorite dog and old fox. All his property was left to his groom, on condition that these funeral observances were fully carried out; in default the estate was to go to the priest of Doncaster for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Church. The groom, however, did not suffer the bequest to himself to lapse.

It is related that a certain crotchety old Yorkshireman, some years since, left directions that on the day of his burial a great public breakfast should be given in the town where he might die, and that his coffin, slung upon towels knotted together, should be borne along by relays of men and "bumped" three times upon a particular heap of stones, and that the "Lamentation of a Sinner" should then be sung. A still more important provision was made regarding the presence of mourners in the churchyard. Every man, woman, and child who entered the ground with or after the procession had to receive a dole of sixpence. Never before or since, we are told, was that churchyard so full of people.

A Sussex gentleman named Jack Fuller ordered his executors to bury him in a pyramidal mausoleum, in Brightling Churcyard. His reason for desiring to be inclosed in stone above ground was his unwillingness to be eaten by his relatives—a process he considered inevitable if buried in the ordinary way. "The worms," he declared, "would eat me, the ducks would eat the worms, and my relatives would eat the ducks."

A gentleman named Underwood left £6,000 pounds to his sister on condition that she had him buried in a particular fashion. Six gentleman were appointed to follow him to the grave, where they were to sing the last stanza of the twentieth ode of the Second Book of Horace. Mourning was forbidden to be worn; no bell had to be tolled, and no relation was to follow the corpse. The six chosen gentlemen were to be the only mourners. The coffin was painted green, and the deceased was buried with his clothes on. Three copies of Horace were placed in the grave with him, together with Bentley's "Milton" and a Greek Testament. After supper the six mourners sang the ode—all being in strict accordance with the will of the deceased.

A Heated Discussion.

On Walnut street, near Twentieth, live a young married couple who have two children—a boy, a girl, aged, respectively, 5 and 7. The young mother has ideas of her own about raising children in the way they should go and does her best to inculcate right principles in them. The other day, hearing a noise in the kitchen, she went to the back stairs and listened. Imagine her horror at hearing her son using decidedly bad language to the cook. She said nothing, but waited until the young hopeful came up, when she asked:

"Where were you, my son?"

"Down in the kitchen talking to cook," was the ready reply.

"What were you talking about?" said the mother.

"Hell," was the astounding answer.

"And what did you tell her about it?"

Looking up cheerily in his mother's face, the boy said promptly:

"Told her to go there."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Heat and the Growth of Hair.

It is generally understood that the hair and nails grow faster in hot weather than in cold; but perhaps few are aware that any temperature can impart so great a stimulus to the growth as Col. Pejevalsky, the Russian traveler, says the central Asian heat did during his journey in those regions in the summer of 1889. In June the ground and the air became excessively hot—so great indeed as to render travel in the daytime impossible. Within a fortnight after this oppressive weather began it was noticed that the hair and beard of all the party was growing with astonishing rapidity, and, strangest of all, some youthful Cossacks, whose faces were perfectly smooth, developed respectable beards within the short period of twenty days.

New Style Letter Press.

They use a clothes-wringer for a letter-press in one of the largest of the Wall street telegraph offices. The messages to be copied are treated as usual until time for the putting of them into the press; then, instead of the ordinary screw press, which it takes time and muscle to use, the message and damp tissue copy paper are simply run through a clothes-wringer. The rubber rollers answer every purpose of a press, and the operation is almost instantaneous and much easier than the usual way.—*N. Y. Sun.*