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LOVE THE VICTOR

Once, far back in the buried years,
When life was young and gay,
There came a maid with sunny hair
And eyes like sapphires, bright and rare,
And manners blithe and debonnaire,
Who stole my heart away.

Those happy times with hurrying feet
Went flying all too fast,
As o'er the meadows sweet with hay
We often took our wistful way
And swore to love, come what come may,
In vows that did not last.

We will not blame each other, dear—
Nay, nay, we both were wrong—
And now we both are old and free,
Love once more finds us out, you see,
And warms our heart with melody,
And sings his old sweet song.

So, now we two are one again,
We'll thank our happy lot,
And let the gloom of weary years,
With all their sorrows and their fears,
Their carking cares and blinding tears,
Forever be forgot.
—Gerald Hayward, in Mail and Express.

THE MADE TO ORDER KIPLING.

By Edward Boltwood.

ON his way up in the elevator Loring, for the twentieth time, read the advertisement in the morning Leader:

Lost—One hundred dollars reward will be paid for the return of the MS. of an unpublished epic poem in three cantos by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, called "England, I Despise Thee!"

Lost by a messenger between City Hall and Twenty-third street. The MS. can be made of no commercial value except by Scott & Loring, authors' agents, literary brokers and sellers of manuscript on commission, St. Louis Building, Room 111.

When Loring burst into the office, Scott was already sitting at his desk.

"Andy," said Loring, "I see it's in print."

"Yes, and I wish it wasn't. We'll get into trouble over that fake, just as sure as the world."

Loring laughed as he whirled his chair to the proper height, and sat down opposite his disconsolate partner.

"Why, it was your own proposition," he said, "and a better advertisement couldn't be invented."

"I know that, Hugh. But it's a lie, that's all it is. What if Kipling ever hears of it?"

"He isn't very likely to hear of it in Australia. Besides, we can always say that somebody has imposed upon us, can't we? You wait until business begins to pick up. After reading that every editor in the city will want to know what else we have for sale. And as for the authors—well, agents that keep Kipling poems on hand will have more than they can do. We'll have to hire an extra office before the week is out."

Scott sighed and rolled his morning cigarette between his fingers, but in the act of striking a match he was interrupted by a messenger boy. He broke open the envelope, and then tossed the inclosure over to Loring. Hugh looked at it eagerly:

"The McScribian Company present their compliments to Messrs. Loring & Scott, and will be desirous of seeing Mr. Kipling's poem, mentioned in this morning's Leader. They take the liberty of adding that they are anxious to secure any other works of celebrated authors which Messrs. Loring & Scott may have in their hands for disposal."

Loring snorted excitedly.

"But what can we say to 'em?" asked Andy, helplessly, after the messenger had retired. "We haven't got a manuscript that's worth a cent, and you know it."

"Oh, don't worry!" Loring exclaimed. "The authors will have that ad. pointed out to them, as well as the publishers. I shouldn't be surprised if Richard Harding—hello, here's another!"

A second messenger, a note from Doublepage & Harelure. Even Scott's heretofore doubtful eyes gleamed at this.

"Now," he said, "I guess they'll pay some attention to us. Hugh, this is immense, so long as we don't get found out."

"Never you mind about that. Come in! It's probably the great American novelist."

But the caller was not a novelist, he was a sharp-faced young reporter for the Evening Universe.

"Came t' see 'bout this Kipling poem," said he, glaring at Loring through a pair of very thick eyeglasses. "Course, it's matter 't great gen'ral int'rest. Anything y' want tell th' Universe?"

Hugh cleared his throat and glanced at his partner, but the latter gentleman only rose hurriedly and looked out of the window with an impressive air of abstraction. The rapid spoken man from the Universe pulled up a chair and produced a dirty note-book.

"Youl see," faltered Loring, "I—I did not read the poem—I—I——"

"Don't want you t' recite it," the reporter said. "Only few things ne'sary for a story. What's poem about? When was 't written? How much 's 't worth? What's style? Why'd Kipling d'spise England?"

Hugh interrupted him, under the guidance of a happy inspiration.

"I'll tell you," he suggested, "this is rather a delicate business matter. You'd better let me draw up a—a sort of statement. I'll have it ready in an hour."

"O. K.," assented the newspaper man. "You'll agree t' give out nothin' else t' th' other boys? They'll all be round."

"The same information will be given to all the papers," Loring declared, "in one hour."

"Good," said the Universe, and slammed the door.

"What are we going to do?" cried Andy. "Those pirates are bound to get up some kind of a story. It will ruin us—our reputation and all that."

"I know what I'm going to do," said Loring. "I'm going to get away from here, run to the nearest hotel, and work out a story. You hold the reporters till I get back. I can't think here, it's impossible. Keep up your nerve, my son. It's all right."

He jumped up from his chair and into his overcoat and out of the office before his astonished partner could make an effective protest.

"If Mark Twain and Anthony Hope come in," he called back from the corridor, "tell 'em we'll sell their stuff on a ten per cent. commission."

But Hugh, in reality, did not feel in a facetious mood. He crossed the street to the Jefferson House, sat down in the writing room, and chewed the end of a penholder. The longer he thought of it the more serious seemed the situation. A ludicrous exposure of the false advertisement would disgrace Andy and himself beyond hope of redemption, their distinguished references would fall upon them indignantly, their career in the literary and publishing world would end forever. He anathematized Scott for suggesting the crazy scheme, and himself for executing it and the thoughtless spirit of enterprise which had made them overlook the dishonesty of the thing. And then he set himself to the composition of a second lie to save the first.

He finished it on time and smiled complacently at the result. It filled only two sheets, and yet was impregnable in its simplicity. He put the statement in his pocket, and returned to the office.

When he entered he found three or four men disposed on a row of chairs at one end of the single room. In the opposite corner sat a little old man, very much out at elbows, stroking his gray hair thoughtfully with a roll of blue paper. Scott was at his desk. A stout, bearded individual disengaged himself from the row of men in waiting and greeted Loring effusively.

"I'm Connors," he said, "Connors, the literary critic of the Daily Spectator. Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Loring, upon the recovery of your treasure."

"What!" gasped Loring.

"It's been found," explained Andy, in a voice that suggested a man delivering his last speech on the scaffold. "The poem, you know, the epic—the Kipling, 'England,' you know, 'I Despise Thee.'"

Hugh's horrified gaze turned mechanically toward the shabby person in the corner, who thereupon arose and leaned diffidently against the wall, shifting the blue manuscript from one hand to the other.

"This is Mr. Zenker," went on Scott. "I told him that I couldn't pay him the reward until you returned."

"Certainly not," Loring put in, hardly knowing what he was saying. "It's absurd. There—there must be some mistake."

Little Zenker coughed an apology behind the roll of manuscript before speaking. Then he said:

"How do you know, sir, begging your pardon, without a read out of the poem? Will you look at it, sir?"

Loring did look at it. The manuscript was pen written in a neat copyist's hand. It was properly signed. The three cantos were bound separately. It answered the description as advertised in every particular.

"Of course," suggested Mr. Connors, pompously, "the interest of the press in your story determines at the restoration of this gem to its rightful owner. But if any extracts from Mr. Kipling's lines are available for publication——"

"By no means," said Loring, who had found his breath.

One after the other the reporters started to go out; obviously there was no meat in this business at present. But suddenly the Universe man turned to Zenker.

"Say, cap'n," he asked, "where d' you hang out?"

Mr. Zenker bowed eagerly.

"The Pelican Hotel, gentlemen," he replied, "on the Bowery, I can give you, I dare say, some striking particulars of this incident, being an old journalist myself. But naturally I am not at liberty to speak without the permission of Mr. Kipling's agents here."

"Well, I'll look you up anyhow," grumbled the reporter. "Good-morning."

The representatives of the papers withdrew without a word about the statement, and Loring tore it up while he stared at Mr. Zenker. Mr. Zenker had red eyes and a trembling chin. His clothes were shiny and dilapidated, and a genial odor of alcohol clung about them.

"When did you see our advertisement?" said Loring, sharply.

"At four o'clock this morning."

"And you've written that poem since then?"

"Sir!" The red eyes blinked cunningly.

"Let me read it," suggested Scott. Now Andy was the literary expert of the establishment. Before embarking with Loring he had been for years an editorial reader in the biggest periodical house in the country. He had not finished the first canto of the poem when he jumped from his chair in surprise.

"The very Dickens, it is Kipling!" he cried. "It's the best stuff I ever saw."

"But it can't be Kipling," said Hugh.

"It's as much Kipling," quavered Mr. Zenker, "as the poem you advertised one hundred dollars for, gentlemen."

The eyes of the two partners flashed messages between them.

"He's on," said the eyes of Loring.

"He's worth buying," said the eyes of Scott. Mr. Zenker, in the meantime, steadied a trembling hand upon the back of his chair.

"Look here," Andy demanded, "do you write much of this kind? Because if you do, we'll waive the Kipling question."

"My work is most irregular, sir," the little man replied, "most irregular. And I do not get on well with editors. I am not a favorite caller in publishing offices."

"I should think not," Hugh thought. "Still, I have some things which I could show you. I left them in my overcoat at the Pelican."

"Well, bring them in here," suggested Scott.

"Unfortunately, my coat is held for room rent," objected Mr. Zenker, mildly. "Forty cents, I think."

"You go and get your verses," said Hugh, giving him two or three dollars.

"And the reward for this Kipling epic?" added the poet. "The reporters, you remember, have my address."

"If you'll keep your mouth shut, it will be worth your while." Andy was the one who made this acknowledgment. "I think we understand one another."

Mr. Zenker buttoned his ragged coat over his blue manuscript, murmured his gratitude, and departed. As for the younger men, they spent their luncheon hour in telephoning a revised "statement" to the newspapers which made such an unimportant story out of the episode that not a line about the occurrence appeared in print.

"Has Zenker showed up?" inquired Hugh the next morning, before he had fairly closed the office door.

Scott handed him the Leader, and pointed without comment at a city item in brevier type:

"A well-known Bowery character named Zenker was burned to death last night in his room at the Pelican Hotel. While intoxicated the unfortunate man is supposed to have overturned an oil stove. The fire destroyed more than half of one floor, including the effects of the lodgers, before it was extinguished."

Loring whistled.

"You'd do more than whistle," sighed Andy, "if you'd read that poem."

"Which was written to our order," concluded Hugh. "Poor old Zenker! What a story Kipling might have made of him!" —New York Independent.

Ice Caves in Maine.

Being a rock State, Maine abounds in caves, of which the outside world knows very little. It is true there are no caverns like the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky or the Luray Caverns in Virginia, but some of them are very picturesque and awe-inspiring. The Greenwood ice caves are sufficiently interesting to be better known than they are.

These natural curiosities are about a dozen in number, Walley's Cave being the largest. It is a double-storied cavern, the lower chambers being some four hundred or five hundred feet in length and about twelve feet in width. The exit is at the top of the mountain. The upper chamber is very much smaller, and is connected with the first by a passage large enough for half a dozen persons to pass abreast.

One of the caves is shaped like a well, and is from twenty to thirty feet in depth. There are regular steps, which wind around the sides to the bottom. Here are two chambers running in opposite directions, one of which leads nearly to Observation Rock. It is called Snake Passage, and to pass through it one is obliged to crawl on hands and knees.

The other chamber leads into a cavern which is large and somewhat triangular, having several chambers, one of which connects with Well Cave. The walls of this chamber rise upward seventy-five feet or more.

In some of the caves ice may be seen all the year round, and torchlight produces a beautiful effect upon the glassy ice and the cavern walls.

There are two great rifts in the mountain, one running northerly and the other in the opposite direction. These are great curiosities and attract the attention of all who visit the caves.

Amphitheatre Cave is really a great depression in the mountain overlooked by Table Rock, the highest of a series of rocks or ledges that convey the impression of rows of benches. Altogether, the caves are well worthy of a visit.

Lafayette's Rose-Leaf Bed.

Mrs. Sarah H. Bradford, mother of the wife of Admiral Crowinshield, tells an amusing incident of Lafayette's visit to New York in 1824, which almost became a tragedy for the hero.

Some of the society belles and their smaller sisters, among them Mrs. Crowninshield, resolved that he should have a bed of roses to lie on, and for days before his expected visit they busied themselves gathering rose leaves, and, having filled a white silk sack with them, conveyed it to the house at which he was to spend the night.

When, however, the Marquis made his appearance next morning he was suffering with influenza of the most pronounced character. With French tact he endeavored to ignore his condition, the horrid concomitants meanwhile proclaiming it, and the anxiety of his friends being equally hard to silence, the truth of the matter was gradually revealed. Lafayette was subject to a malady known as rose cold, and the odor of the flowers tortured him. In an effort to escape from it he rolled himself in a blanket upon the floor. It pursued him, and the draughts from the doors aggravating the situation a cold was the logical sequence.—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Wu and the College Girls.

It was in his call upon the young women of Beecher Hall that Minister Wu most thoroughly enjoyed himself.

"What is your name," he asked of the head of the hall as he crossed the threshold. "Miss Wallace? You are not married? How many girls have you here? Why do you keep them in one building together? Why do you shut out those young men? (as Professor Laughlin closed the door on the men students). Is this a convent? Do the girls learn? What do they study? Do they make good wives? How old are they?"

The interrogatory eloquence was cut short by the dormitory yell which suddenly burst from half a hundred feminine throats:

B-double e-c-h-e-r. B-double e-c-h-e-er. B-double e-c-h-e-r, Beecher!"

The cheer ended in a shrill treble and was followed by nine "Rahs" for "Mr. Wu."

"O!" exclaimed the Minister, taken aback. "The girls—do they yell? Do they play football, too?"—Chicago Tribune.

FARMERS' CORNER

Soil for White Clover.

White clover is short, will grow on all kinds of soil and is preferred by horses and sheep to the red clover. An application of lime or wood ashes will enable the land to grow white clover if the red variety fails, as potash is beneficial to all leguminous plants, but white clover seems to respond more readily than any other kind on soils that are sandy or not fertile.

Good Laying Hens.

The number of eggs that a hen should lay in a year depends so largely upon circumstances of climate and food as to render it impossible to select any breed as the best. Individual characteristics largely affect the result. In all flocks, no matter which breed may be used, there will be found some members that lay from 50 to 100 percent more eggs than others, even when the hens or pullets are full sisters. Any one who should be so bold as to claim any breed as the best for laying would find others ready to make the same claim for other breeds. Even the best layers in a flock may be behind the others the following year, and to make claims in favor of breeds is to refer to some particular flock only.

Color of Yolks.

There is nothing in the color of yolks to determine the quality of eggs. The proportion of the coloring matter in an egg is very small, and the color of the yolk is deepened in proportion to the coloring matter of the food. In summer, when the hens get a variety of food with plenty of green stuff, there will be more color in the eggs. During the winter when grass is scarce and there is an absence of all animal food, the color of the yolks will be very light. Carrots will make the color of the yolks very deep, while eggs from fowls that have no vegetables will be decidedly pale. Still, the quality of the pale yolks are just as good as those highly colored, but as a rule the pale eggs denote an absence of necessary variety in food, and we should endeavor to give a change when possible. —Home and Farm.

The Retaining Power of Soils.

The soil varies, even on the same farm. Some soils permit water to leach down, while other soils retain water for a long time. The mechanical condition of soils largely influences their capacity for retaining moisture. Liebig is quoted as claiming that rain water, filtered through ordinary field or garden soil, does not dissolve out a trace of ammonia, potash, phosphoric acid or silicic acid, the soil not giving up to the water any of the plant food contained, even during continuous rains. It is further claimed that the soil not only firmly retains all the food of plants, but its power to preserve all that may be useful to them also extends to withdrawing from rain or other water all the ammonia and other plant foods held in solution. It is possible that Liebig referred only to the insoluble plant foods, as his claim may not be supported when soluble plant foods exist in the soil, though much depends upon conditions. Many soils are rich in plant food which is not available.

Hotbeds and Cold Frames.

The southern vegetables which fill our markets in early spring have discouraged those who formerly used hotbeds and cold frames to produce early vegetables for our markets. Only those who have the most modern arrangements can compete with them, and they are asserting that there is but little profit in early produce, although they get better prices for what they grow than can be obtained for the southern products, most of which must be gathered before it reaches the best condition, and must ripen during its transportation.

But this should not cause the farmer to cease using these aids to an earlier production of his plants. Tomatoes, celery, peppers, cabbages and others can be given an early start under glass, that not only gives them a longer bearing season, but enables the grower to obtain better prices for any surplus he may have. He should have these luxuries of the season for his own use as early as the mechanic can afford to buy them in the market, for no one is better entitled to the fruits of the earth than the gardener who grows them.

And we have sprouted potatoes, corn, beans and cucumbers under glass, so that we were able to have them on our table much earlier than we could produce them by planting in the open ground. To do this we generally used paper boxes to plant the seed in, which could be easily torn apart and thrown away when they were carried to the field for transplanting. The work of making a hotbed is not much, while the cold frame, in which the glass merely protects from freezing, and raises the temperature a few degrees during the hours of sunshine, is even less troublesome and expensive. Plants that are started in the hotbed can be moved into the cold frame, and the former used for other plants.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Farm Wells.

The location of the well on the farm is of the greatest importance. In many instances the farmer starts his well near the buildings and yards, and selects the lowest point as a location, with the idea that he will not have to dig as deep as he would upon higher ground. This is often a mistake, as we know of several places in a village where the wells near the top of the hill are not as deep and are not as much affected by a drought as those on the lower land at the foot of the hill, though there may be 50 or 100 feet difference in the elevation. But the chief objection to the well on the low ground is that it receives the surface drainage from the higher land, and thus the water soon becomes so contaminated as to be unfit for use, either by the family or the animals, for to be healthy they must have pure water. In these days of driven wells, a pipe can often be sunk on the highest gravel knoll or sand hill on the farm more cheaply than in the low land, and when water is reached it is pure and will continue so, because the surface water runs away from it and not toward it. If a windmill is erected the wind power is better, and by tank and pipes water can be brought to house, barn and yards, or carried to irrigate the garden and strawberry bed in a way to make it doubly pay for itself, first in saying of daily hard labor at the pump, and next in increased crops by having a water supply when needed. We heard a market gardener near Boston say, a few years ago, that he put down driven wells, bought a steam engine and pump, built a tank and laid pipes and the increased value of his crops paid the whole expense the first year, including cost of running the engine. Farmers in the eastern states cannot get the United States to build reservoirs and irrigating plants for them as western farmers are trying to do, and it may be a good thing to investigate the irrigation problem when deciding on new wells, but water for family use is all important. Many a man who thought he could not afford to put in a new well has paid out more cash for doctor's and undertaker's bills than the well would have cost.—American Cultivator.

Wintering Swine on Dairy Farms.

Where there is no more remunerative market for the skim milk, the breeding and keeping of swine may be made profitable in connection with dairying. Where there is more or less of milk the year round, the inducement is greater to engage in this business. The conditions for success are always breeding pigs on the farm from good stock, thus saving a considerable outlay, warm, comfortable pens with plenty of dry bedding and suitable feed.

Those farmers with winter dairies who have roomy, warm and comfortable stables, are well situated for this work. With these conditions there is little if any more trouble in raising and caring for pigs in winter than at any other time of year. They can be made so comfortable as to know nothing of the severity of the weather outside. In large basement stables, there is usually room enough for a litter of pigs. With plenty of bedding, land plaster and proper care, there is little need of making the stable unwholesome for the cows. The skim milk can be kept in the stable where it will be warm and convenient for feeding.

In a little time after the pigs are taken from their mother they should have a small amount of grain feed, wheat middlings and bran or ground oats, along with the milk, increasing the amount as the pigs become older, aiming always to keep them healthy, thrifty and growing. In this way they will grow right along and at six to eight months old be ready for the market, where they will be wanted at comparatively good pirces.

A secondary condition in the business is the making of a large amount of manure of good quality, that will be of the greatest use in the production of better crops on the farm. For a considerable number of years I have followed this method, keeping one brood sow raising pigs all the time. With a dairy of 18 cows having milk the year round I have sold $100 worth of pigs a year besides fatting enough for a large family. During this time no pigs have been lost by disease and it has proved a profitable business in connection with dairying.—E. R. Towle, in New England Homestead.

Warm Water for Cows.

The actual data on this subject are somewhat meagre, but there cannot be a doubt but that water at the temperature or ordinary well water is much better than from a tank full of ice, which if the cow drinks her fill causes her to shake for half an hour, and must be very detrimental to her production of milk.

Tank heaters were used to warm the water for the steers fed on the Kansas Agricultural college farm last winter. The water supply is from the city water system, and was let into the tanks as often as was necessary to keep the cattle supplied. The tanks are ordinary wooden ones, seven feet deep and stand in the open without protection or covers. Eighty steers were fed in four lots of 20 each and two lots were watered at each tank. The heaters used last winter resemble a deep cast iron kettle provided with a removable grate four inches from the bottom. The lid is provided with openings for admitting fuel, controlling draft and the attachment of pipes to carry away smoke. The draft is the same as the airtight heater, the openings being the same—at the top—and carried below the grate by a sheet iron pipe at the side of the body of the heater.

We used coal as fuel exclusively and had no trouble in any way with the heaters. The fires seldom went out and only required a little poking and additional fuel twice a day at feeding time. The ashes need removing occasionally and we found the easiest way to be to take up the heater, which is held in place by rods which screw into a platform on which the heaters are set and empty out the ashes. This needs to be done only once a week.

We have no positive way of estimating the values of the heaters, but certainly all will admit that water about the temperature of ordinary well water is better for cattle than ice water. An animal does not drink often, but drinks a large quantity at a time and a difference of 20 to 30 degrees in water taken into his stomach must certainly have its effect. Another strong point is that when the cattle have to drink ice water they usually stand around the tank and sip for a long time—perhaps have to come out of the shed where it is warm as compared with the location of the tank. They fill up on ice water, shake their heads and make a run for the shed again, where they shiver until they get the water. The bad effects of the cold water can hardly be estimated.—J. G. Haney, in American Agriculturist.

An authority considers that the windmill was imported into France and England from the east in the 11th century, though it may have been in use earlier.

CREMATION'S ODD PHASE

WAY IN WHICH PEOPLE DISPOSE OF THE ASHES OF THEIR DEAD.

One Widow Credited With Eating the Ashes of Her Husband — Many Ashes Scattered to the Winds—Bodies From Abroad to Be Cremated.

A good many queer things have happened in connection with cremation, but perhaps the strangest of them all was the case of Mrs. Matilda Francefort, relates the New York Sun. Matilda ate her husband, which sounds cannibalistic, but isn't.

In 1896 Mr. Francefort left his sphere of usefulness in Brooklyn and his soul, it is to be hoped, soared to a better world. As for his body, they took it to Fresh Pond and cremated it. Then his widow went after the ashes and took them carefully home with her. All widows do not. Some don't even buy a niche for them at the crematory or pay storage for them in the cellar.

But Mrs. Francefort was different. She got the ashes of the late Mr. F. and carried them home in a japanned tin box, like a tea canister or a spice box. Perhaps that was what suggested to the sorrowing widow the disposition she should next make of them.

At any rate she decided to eat them. There was much to be said in favor of this plan. It was economical. She would save the expense of an urn and a niche and a monument by being all that herself. Then, too, she and the dear cremated had lived together for thirty-one years and she was lonesome without him. She was informed that the ashes would enter permanently into her system, and it seemed to be a clear case of eating your cake and having it too. Anybody could see that under the circumstances it was the only way of keeping the family together.

Having decided to eat her husband the next question was the manner in which he should be served. Mrs. Francefort went over his qualities with a sorrowful heart. He had been a witty man, there was always a spicy flavor in his conversation. Mrs. Francefort made a note: "Spice."

Then she defied anybody to say that he had not been the salt of the earth. Another note: "Salt." Still she had to admit that he had a bit of a temper. Note number three: "Pepper." But then, he was always sweet to her. Final note: "Sugar." Clearly, Mr. Francefort's post-mortem specialty should be in the condiment line. Mrs. F. determined to make a seasoning.

So she put a pinch of him in her coffee at breakfast and sprinkled him lightly over the boiled shad. At luncheon he went into the tea, and contributed distinction to the lamb stew. At dinner—well, at dinner the supply of Mr. Francefort's ashes went down in more ways than one. And whatever the gentleman may have done in life, there is one thing sure, he never disagreed with his widow when he was dead, though a little of him did perhaps go a long way.

People who take to cremation seem to have a fondness for having their ashes scattered to the winds. There was the first man who was cremated in this country. That is to say, the first in recent times. Toward the end of the eighteenth century a Southerner by the name of Lawrence left a request to be cremated. His sons built a furnace especially and the first cremation—not Indian—took place on American soil.

But in 1876 Baron von Palm was cremated in Dr. Lemoyne's private crematory at Washington, Penn., and his ashes were scattered upon the Hudson River. Then there was Ernest Rosin, who, in 1897, stood on the Eads bridge over the Mississippi and poured his father's ashes into the stream below. In both cases the dead men had asked to be thus thrown adrift. It is said that Joaquin Miller has made a similar request.

Another case of the same kind was that of William Petersen Appleby, an officer in the Mexican and the Civil wars. His body was cremated at Fresh Pond in 1898 and the widow took the ashes to her home in Hempstead. Her husband had asked her to scatter them abroad on the first windy day after his cremation. She waited until a gale was blowing, and then in the presence of some of her husband's friends held the ashes out by handfuls and let the wind blow them away.

At Bromberg, Germany, in 1897, the ashes of one Robert Arons were sold at public auction for $3.75. The purchaser was not a member of the dead man's family. The records stop short there, and one is left guessing who wanted the ashes badly enough to pay $3.75 for them. It would seem, too, that there must have been more than one bidder, for $3.75 would hardly have been offered as a starter.

The remains of Abbie Sage Richardson, the writer, who died in Italy, were brought to this country to be cremated. They were incinerated at Fresh Pond. Her brother died from the shock and was cremated on the following day.

Kate Field's body was also brought home to be burned. She died in the Sandwich Islands and was buried there. It was a long time before her friends got the money together to bring the remains to this country, but it was finally done, and they were cremated at San Francisco. Mrs. Whiting, to whose efforts the carrying out of Miss Field's wishes were due, brought the ashes from San Francisco to Boston in a handbag filled with flowers. The ashes were finally buried at Mount Auburn beside the grave of Miss Field's mother.

Emma Abbott, the singer, was cremated at the Washington Crematory. An interesting item about this case is the costliness of the gown in which the body was burned. It was an imported gown of silver and gold brocade, and the papers of that date placed its cost at $5000. That may have been a trifle high, but the gown was certainly worth a great deal.

A peculiar case was that of J. Z. Davis and his wife. Davis was a California millionaire. The wife died first. She was cremated, and her husband put her ashes in a box twice the usual size, because he intended to have his own mingled with his wife's when he should die in his turn.

When he did die it was in Philadelphia, and the undertaker's first orders were to embalm the body. He had no sooner embalmed it than he received orders by telegraph to cremate it. So he cremated it. Then he was instructed to send on the ashes, but this he declined to do until his bill for embalming and cremating had been settled.

In the meantime trouble over the dead man's will had broken out in California, and nobody was paying bills just then. So a peculiar state of affairs came to pass. The urn with the wife's ashes—which rattled lonesomely around in their ample receptacle—was produced as evidence in court, while the husband's ashes were held in Philadelphia as security for the undertaker's bill.

Apropos of California cremations, there was that of Durrant, the young murderer. The crematories in San Francisco were so squeamish that they refused to burn the body, and the father had to take it to Pasadena. The medical men of the State had been keenly interested in the young man, and were anxious to have the brain for examination. The family was determined they should not get it. So the father did not let the coffin out of his sight until he saw it placed in the retort of the Pasadena crematory.

Pet animals have sometimes been cremated, but the prize instance of this kind was when a rich London woman had a pet Yorkshire terrier, named Monkey, cremated, and the ashes placed in a $3000 urn.

Branch 90 of the Cigarmakers' International Union is at the Labor Lyceum in East Fourth street. On the top of a desk there is, or was not long ago, a novel exhibit. It was a collection of fifteen cans and one urn, containing the ashes of sixteen members of the union. In a vault alongside of the bowling alley in the Arion clubhouse there is a similar collection of the ashes of dead Arionites.

Helen Bertram, one of the Bostonians, was credited with carrying her husband's ashes in a chamois bag suspended from a gold chain around her neck. As the ashes from a full grown body weigh from three to five pounds it is doubtful if the singer carried more than a small sample of her husband with her in that way. It is by no means uncommon, though, for surviving widows to carry the ashes of the departed with them whenever they travel.

CURIOUS FACTS.

In a state of nature tea trees grow to a height of forty feet; in cultivation they are dwarfed by pruning to not more than three.

The common potato, when decomposing gives light enough to read by—a light so vivid that once a cellar at Strasburg was thought to be on fire when shining with the phosphorescence of decomposing potatoes.

A bird never before seen at the London Zoo is the open-bill, and it owes its name to the fact that the two halves of its beak do not meet for some distance from their bases. The open-bill is tall, with long legs, presumably for wading, and hails from Africa.

A South Paris (Mo.) man recently secured a prize in the form of a horse which snores so it rattles the dishes in the pantry. The owner of the horse has to turn out in the middle of cold nights and go down to the stable and feed the horse so he will stop snoring and the family can sleep.

Professional story-tellers roam from house to house in Japan, to spin their yarns. In the city of Tokio there are about 600 of these professional romancers. Their pay averages twenty cents an hour. When the story-teller discovers that his romances are becoming dull from frequent repetition he moves into a new district.

There is at present to be seen in the British Museum an extremely curious bonnet, once possessed by Queen Victoria, and presented by her to that institution. It is composed entirely of tortoise shell, and though both costly and curious can hardly be said to be elegant. It was made some years ago expressly for Her Majesty by the natives of the Samoan Islands, who have their own ideas on the subject of fashion.

The inhabitants of Hanover object to paying highly for the fire brigade, which seldom has to extinguish a fire, so they now require that the wearers of the regulation helmet and axe shall attend to accidents and sudden illness in the public streets. For instance, says a Hanover correspondent, if an old lady feels faint she has but to attract the attention of the nearest policeman, who in his turn telephones for the fire brigade, which promptly turns up in a carriage and four.

Dominated by Hysterogenic Germ.

The standard joke about the Frenchman who got "extenuating circumstances" in his trial for the murder of his parents on the pathetic plea that he was an orphan, says the Westminster Gazette, is not so far removed from the truth as might be imagined, according to the story told in the Paris letter of the Daily Chronicle. A man was tried for parricide, and the medical expert declared that the prisoner, instead of being punished, was to be pitied. He was dominated by hysterogenic germs and anti-peristaltic symptoms, and the idea of "suppressing his father for the benefit of his family" was a thing that grew and had to be completed. We quite agree that many crimes arise from physical and mental defects reacting on each other, but it is hard on the unfortunates who are "suppressed." The case reminds one of the system in "Erewhon," where moral offences are treated as physical complaints.

Clergymen Collect Their Own Dues.

An extraordinary survival from the primitive tradition of the clergy openly collecting their own "dues" in kind from the people may now be seen in full swing in the rural districts of Upper Savoy, in Switzerland. Every year about the middle of October, clergymen, attended by youths bearing sacks and baskets, go from village to village, receiving the contributions of their parishioners. No sort of consumable commodity comes amiss, though money is most favored, and every evening the sack or basket goes back heavily loaded. These contributions are a popular test of respectability, and many a housewife has been known to borrow the whole amount of her offering to the parochial incumbent.