

QUEER BURIAL PLACES.

Strange Requests Made by Eccentric Deceased.

The most extraordinary of all burial requests was that of the celebrated Jeremy Bentham. The great philanthropist and exponent of the doctrine of utilitarianism, dying in 1832, left directions that his body should be dissected and that the skeleton should be put together, and, after being clothed in his old vestments, should be seated in a sort of glass house on wheels. The first part of the program was performed by his faithful disciple, Dr. Southwood Smith, who, in endeavoring to preserve the head, deprived the face of all expression. Seeing this would not do for exhibition purposes, Dr. Smith had a model made in wax by a distinguished French artist, who succeeded in producing a most admirable likeness. The skeleton was then stuffed out to fit Bohemian's clothes and the wax likeness fitted to the trunk. The figure was placed, seated on the chair in which he usually sat, with one hand holding the walking stick which was his constant companion in life, called by him (like a dog) 'Dappie.' The whole was inclosed in a mahogany case with a glass front, covered by folding doors, and presented to University College, where it can be seen in the south gallery of the college museum.

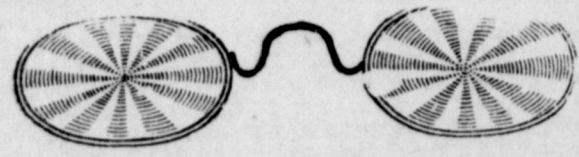
The strange request of Anthony Eterricke, who was a prominent lawyer and once Recorder of Poole, is noteworthy. Having some cause of offense against the people of Wimborne, England, in which town he lived, he declared that he was to be buried in a consecrated spot, but not above nor below ground, not in the church nor out of it. To make certain that this was done he got permission to build a coffin into the wall of Wimborne minister, so that it is half in the church and half out, half above the ground and half below it. To do this a special arch had to be made, and for the repair of this arch and the coffin Anthony Eterricke gave to the church a sum of 20 shillings from a farm. To bury him the wall of the church level with the pavement was opened and the body deposited in the coffin as described. It is of slate and is emblazoned with many coats of arms. There are two dates on it—1691 and 1703, one over the other, so as to render both almost unreadable. He was fully convinced that he should die in 1691 and had his coffin made and the date placed upon it. But he did not die till 1703, and so the second date was cut over the first.

An art gallery seems a queer place in which to bury bodies, and probably few of the inhabitants of Dulwich are aware that Dulwich College picture gallery contains three bodies—the bodies of the three people to whom that collection of pictures owes its existence. Noll Joseph Desentans was a native of Douai, in France, but settled in London, first as a teacher of languages. He became possessor of a valuable picture by Claude, which he sold to George III, for 1,000 guineas, and so became a picture dealer. Then Stanislaus, King of Poland, commissioned him to purchase pictures to form a national gallery for Poland, and in this work Desentans was helped by his friend, Sir Francis Bourgeois, R. A. When the Polish King was overthrown the collection of pictures came back to Desentans, who on his death left his pictures to Bourgeois, who decided to hand them over to some public body for the benefit of the public. Accident directed his attention to Dulwich college, to which he bequeathed his pictures. The bequest was conditional. He wished a mausoleum to be erected in the gallery, where his own remains and those of his friends M. and Mme. Desentans, might repose. The condition was accepted.

Used as Hat Boxes.

'At one time,' said a large provision dealer, 'I used to break up those large cheese-boxes for firewood. Then I gave them to any poor people who asked for them; but so great was the demand that I now charge a penny each for them, and I daresay I shall soon be getting twopence.'

'People use them as hat-boxes. All they



Eyes Tested Free

—BY—

EXPERT OPTICIANS.

The best \$1 glasses in the world.

Everything at cut prices.

Open evenings till 9 o'clock.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,

25 King St. St. John, N. B.
Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

Acute Rheumatism

Pains in the Foot and Limb—A Complete Cure Accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For a number of years I was afflicted with acute rheumatism in my left side and all the way down my limb into my foot. I live five blocks from my work and had to stop and rest several times in going and coming. I could get no relief from my trouble and was on the point of giving up my job when I happened to hear of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle of this medicine and a vial of Hood's Pills and began taking them. Before I had half finished them I was relieved and it was not long before I was completely cured. I never lose an opportunity to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, for my cure meant a great deal to me, as I have a family and must always be at my post."

WILLIAM HASKETT, yardman, Grand Truck Railroad depot, Brantford, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills
are purely vegetable, care fully prepared. 25 cents

have to do is to give them a good scrub with soap and soda, and they have nice strong boxes, just the right size and shape, to keep their hats in.

Last holiday season I hadn't enough boxes to supply the demand, which came from people who could hardly be described as very poor. I daresay some of the women found them very convenient. They put their hats in them, placed them in the large trunks, and thus prevented the heads from being crushed; or perhaps they wrapped brown paper round them, tied them up with string, and carried them separately.

'Yes, I shall charge twopence next year.'

THE LANDLORDS STORY.

The Joke was on Himself but he Told it just the Same.

'That sawter feminds me,' began the loquacious landlord of a backwoods Arkansas tavern, addressing the sojourner from the North with whom he had been swapping yarns, 'of a little thing that happened a couple of years ago. 'Tell you how it was. A gent living near yere—well acquainted with him, myself—trade o' them thar half-wild Cherokee cows, which is usually about two parts maniac and three parts catamount; this 'speshul one was a little more 'gitted that a way than common. One of her peculiarities was a reluctance to being milked. Thar were many ways in which she couldn't be milked and only one in which she could be. That was by runnin, her head through the fence, bring a bar down across her neck and nailin it fast, and then tying her legs to stake drive in the ground. Then, after taking his life in one hand and a bucket in the other, the gentlemen would sometimes manage to get extrica'e a pint and a half of pale, feeble-lookin, milk from her.

'One evenin' the gent went out into the gloamin,' as they say in stories, anchored the cow hard and fast, as he 'sposed, and sat down to titillate her—so to describe it. A little later the varmint switched her tail, which he had forgotten to make fast, twisting one of his long hairs around his favorite front tooth, and snaked the snag out of his head as prettily as a dentist could have done it. This sawter aggravated the gent, and he grabbed the tail and tied the flybush firmly to his boot-strap, laughing ironically to himself as he did so. When he was still engaged in glittin' his mirth out of his system the cow lunged, the stake ropes broke, the fence gave way, and the gent's animal tore down the broad road that leads to destruction like a singe, bat emergin, from the pit of torment, takin' her unfortunate owner with her.

'He tried to check his flight by clawin' nervously at everything within reach, but on they went, the cow blattin' like a lost soul that had been shot in the back with a box of carpet-tacks, and kickin' her master at every third jump. At length they burst into the midst of a darkey meetin' down by the creek. The preacher had been prognosticatin' the speedy arrival of Satan, and the congregation had always begun to wall their eyes over their shoulders, and so when the horned-and-hoofed visitor bulged in among 'em with a rush like a half grown cyclone it was not surprisin' that the meetin' should be adjourned considerably pro tem.

'The congregation, thinkin' that the Old Harry had got thar, fell all over themselves and each other in their efforts to escape, and right through the midst of 'em went the cow, kneecin' the seats into splinters and the pulpit as high as the tree tops. Her owner was switched around a splin' and left thar, tied up in a true lover's knot, with a large and unctuous old aunty settin' on his head.

This episode caused a good deal of talk, and as the gent had always been a waggish sort of fellow, the belief got circulated that he'd done it all for a joke on the darkeys. I never believed it, though, for he wasn't the kind of a man that would carry a joke so far that the point was all worn off

it. But, all the same, the story was credited by a fine lookin' widow-lady that he was engaged to, and she threw him overboard and married an Episcopalian. It was all considerably funny to ev'rybody else, but I don't reckon the poor feller that was dragged and ripped and torn and jilted and so on, ever managed to squeeze much enjoyment out of it.'

'Ha! ha!' laughed the Northern man, when the recital was done. 'That is a rattling good story, but—ah—who was the gent'leman who had the painful experience?' 'Well,' returned the landlord sheepishly, 'I don't know as I ought to tell on him, but—er—h'm!—it was me.'

EXPENSIVE WARDROBES.

Grand Opera Singers Spend Fortunes on Stage Dresses.

One of the greatest expenses for a singer in grand opera is the cost of the costumes which she must have at the outset of her career. During the first three years that she sang Mme. Nordica spent every cent that she received as salary in acquiring the necessary wardrobe, and that is practically the experience of all the singers. In a theatre like the Metropolitan the women all wear beautiful clothes, and that is evidence that they receive large salaries.

In the smaller European cities, in which the singers are poorly paid or are merely at the beginning of their careers, the dressing is of quite another fashion. Some idea of what that is occasionally may be gained at the Metropolitan when some of the less important singers are put into the leading roles in the case of illness or some other accident. The difference in the appearance of their costumes shows plainly the difference in their compensation. When they appear in the company of the other singers, the contrast is startling. Mme. Nordica had this year worn new costumes as Aida, Valentine, and Isolde, and some of her Brunhilde draperies were new. Emma Eames has been seen only in the new costume of Sieglinde, which was designed by her husband and cost greater trouble than it would seem possible to expend on anything so simple. But the effect shows in the beauty of the folds. Mme. Sembrich has so far worn new costumes in every opera, and they have been distinguished not only by their beauty but also by their remarkably good fit. Her white dress covered with pearls and camellias cost \$800 in Paris, and that is said to be the costliest costume worn on the Metropolitan's stage this winter, with the exception of a gown worn in "Romeo et Juliette" by Mme. Melba. That is said to have cost \$900. One of Mme. Sembrich's most beautiful, although least elaborate, costumes is a white satin gown trimmed with silver. With this she wears a lilac velvet bolero. It is a curious fact that she has so far this winter worn Spanish costumes more frequently than any other style.

The women singers are compelled to pay large sums for their costumes, some of the dresses are made to do service for a long time. Mme. Lehmann, for instance, recently wore on the stage two costumes in which she appeared here first twelve years ago. The amount of care bestowed on the dresses enables them to be preserved for long service. One singer has not only her costumes pressed after every performance but has them cleaned of all dirt which may have accumulated during the evening. That is likely to be a considerable task, as the stage is always dusty. Anybody who has seen the prima donnas clutch their trains as they leave the stage at the concert performances can realize how much they are afraid of the dirty stage. This is not possible, however during the operas, and the singers can drag their skirts around and take the chances of having them cleaned afterward. It takes the attention of maids, cleaning establishments and seamstresses to keep garments in condition even for the opera season here.

INFANT SCALES.

Balances Made Nowadays Especially for Weighing the Baby.

Babies have been weighed from time immemorial, but it is only within a few years that scales have been made especially for that purpose. The old-fashioned, time-honored way of weighing the baby was to tie it up in a towel and then hook the hook of a spring balance in to the knot; and this way is still common. Whatever other household scales might be in use in a house have also been used for this purpose, as they still are, but there are now made especial infant scales and used for that purpose alone.

Infant scales are made in several styles. They all have one feature in common, however—a basket in which to put the baby in place of a pan. An infant scale is a new design this year is finished in white enamel. The weight plate, upon which the weights are placed in the weighing, is of iron polished until it looks like a steel mirror. At the other end of the balance, where the pan would ordinarily be, is the basket, oblong in shape, and fashioned with a view to the convenient and comfortable holding of the child. The basket also is enamel-

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

How baldness begins.

How to prevent it.

Every person, male or female, shrinks from baldness. It adds to the appearance of age and is a serious discomfort. The cases are rare when the falling out of the hair may not be stopped, and a new and healthy growth of the hair promoted. The hair grows in the scalp like a plant in the soil. If a plant flourishes, it must have constant attention; it must be watered regularly and find its food in the soil where it is rooted. It is so with the hair. Neglect is usually the beginning of baldness. Dandruff is allowed to thicken on the scalp. The hair begins to loosen. The scalp loses its vitality. The hair, insufficiently nourished, begins to fade and to fall. The instant need in such a case is some practical preparation which, supplying the needed nourishment to the scalp, will feed the hair, give it strength, and so produce a strong and healthy growth. All this is done by Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor, the most practical and valuable preparation for the hair that can be obtained. It tones up the scalp, does away with dandruff, stops the hair from falling, restores the original color to gray or faded

hair, and gives an abundant and glossy growth. Those who are threatened with approaching baldness will be interested in the following voluntary statement, made by Alderman S. J. Green, of Spencer, Iowa. He writes:

"About four months ago, my hair commenced falling out so rapidly that I became alarmed, and being recommended Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor by a druggist, I resolved to try this preparation. I have been now using it for three months, and am much gratified to find that my hair has ceased falling out and also that hair which had been turning gray for the past five years has been restored to its original color, dark brown. It gives me much pleasure to recommend this dressing."—S. J. GREEN, Alderman, Spencer, Iowa.

Those who are interested in preserving and beautifying the hair will do well to send for Dr. Ayer's Carebook. A story of cures told by the cured. This book of 100 pages is sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

led. The base of the scale projects in front to afford a place for the weights, which are of polished iron. The larger weights are provided with handles. There are no very small weights; the fractional weights are taken by means of a sliding weight on a beam attached to the front of the scale. Such a scale as this sells at \$25. Infant scales may be bought, however, at \$6 and \$8.

The scales are used not only to find the weight of the infant when it is born, but to weigh it from time to time, maybe once a week, to note its growth. Infant scales are made to weigh up to 25 or 30 pounds. American scales are sold the world over in every civilized land; there is perhaps no larger foreign consumer than Russia, which buys American scales of every kind, from the largest of railroad scales to the smallest of little scales. It is interesting to note that Russia buys considerable numbers of infant scales.

The boy Didn't Know.

Like other inhabitants of the Orient, the boy,—the important functionary of the household,—who may be anywhere from fifteen to fifty years old, understands the whole before you have taught him half, and always adds a touch of his own to give the needed completeness to the order. Mr. James S. Gale relates a characteristic incident of the boy's half-knowledge in "Korean Sketches":

'My wife was once involved in the preparation of a dinner to be given to the distinguished Western residents of Seoul. All the courses were safely under way, and the kitchen was spread with the choicest dishes that those early days permitted. Canned vegetables, not so common there as in America, were called into requisition.

'Open this can carefully, boy,' said Mrs. Gale, 'and then heat the peas on the stove.'

'Heat the peas and then open the can,' says the boy to himself, by way of touching off the order.

Mrs. Gale withdrew to the dining-room with the satisfaction of being at last ready for the guests.

Bang! went the kitchen, as if struck by a torpedo. There was a skirmish, and a dense darkness enshrouded the whole cooking paraphernalia. When the steam and particles of exploded peas had sufficiently settled to admit of entrance, the top-knot of the boy was discovered issuing from behind the stove, while these words were heard:

'Chosen boy no savez?'

There were canned peas in every course that evening, to the confusion of my wife, but the story of their presence was accepted by the guests as more than compensation.

The boy was burned by the exploding can, and to this day cannot understand why it blew up, unless the devils were in it.

Overheard.

People who, in public places, discuss the affairs of others, seldom—unfortunately—learn the salutary lesson conveyed to two young women whom the Cleveland Plain Dealer pictures as 'hanging to straps in the street-car and talking as fast as their tongues could go.'

'By the way,' exclaimed the one in the military cape, 'did you know that Charley Hawkins was engaged?'

The woman in the gray hat gave an exclamation of surprise.

'Why, no!' she cried. 'Who to?'

'Oh, nobody that you know, or that anybody else knows, for that matter. She works in a store, or something of the sort. I do think Charley's mother is real good about it, for she declares she likes the girl—says she is sweet and pretty, and all that, but I believe she does it just to hide her real feelings.'

The woman in the gray hat nodded sagely.

'I shouldn't wonder at all,' she announced. 'I had heard he was going with that girl. Mabel Tompson isn't it? But of course I never thought that there was anything in it. I suppose they will live on

our street, because Charley owns a house there; but I will tell all the neighbors who she is—Look out Louisa, the girl beside you's going to get up! Hurry and take her seat.

Then, in a low whisper, 'Rather stylish looking girl isn't she? I'd like to know who she is.'

The stranger stopped, and turned with flashing eyes. 'I don't believe you would, she said, icily, 'but I've no objection to telling you. My name is Mabel Thompson.'

The World's Progress.

Miss Julia Pride, daughter of Pursey Pride, hates tandems.

The loeyback Caillums of Boston are visiting the Shammus of Madison avenue. T. Golden Pyle has been very attentive to Miss Freezie Chillum. Her great grandmother on the inside was a Beacon.

The Pursey Plumps had two dinners on Sunday last. Both were good.

Mrs. G. Brazen Glare spent an hour with the dentist last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. de V. Blaze Rouders are very gay this winter. At their dinner dance on the 13th, J. Fatuous Clump wore his new studs. His patent leathers were marvels of elegance. His mother was a Richmond Bbrowne, and her aunt was a Baltimore Ggreer, nee Robbinsons.

Miss Minnie Polar of Boston wears rubbers on the street. She does this, not for decoration, but because they keep her feet dry. Her fox-terrier, Bab, is visiting at Aiken.

Mrs. Lottmore Stile and her daughter Fissie were seen on the avenue last Tuesday. It was a soul-stirring sight. The furs on these two women represented a fortune in themselves. The Stiles are very aristocratic. They never eat with their knives. Miss Fissie says she never rode in a street car in all her life.—Li'e.

Good but Counterfeit.

'Bank cashiers have been much troubled of late by the large quantity of good silver 'bad money' that is in circulation,' remarked an experienced servant of a well-known banking company the other day.

'What do I mean by 'good bad money'? Why, coins made of genuine silver, which yet are 'false and counterfeit' according to the Coinage Acts, because they were never issued from the Royal Mint and therefore are not 'of the Queen's current silver coin.' They are naturally very difficult to detect. Weight, lustre, hardness and 'ring' are all correct. The counterfeiters can only be distinguished from minted money by slight imperfections in the milling and a little difference of colour.

The commonest coins among this false issue are crowns, half-crowns and florins.

'The reason for this fraud is, of course, to be found in the present low price of silver. It can be turned into coins at so small a cost that the owners of the unlawful mint have a handsome margin left for profit. If they were caught, however, the goodness of their counterfeiters would not save them from the felon's dock.'

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness?

No; good pure tea, properly steeped will prevent a healthy person from sleeping—on the contrary, a tea like that sold in Tuley's Elephant Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial.

Not His Own Master.

I see there is some criticism because one of the new Congressmen has three wives. 'Why should there be?' 'They claim he is controlled by a syndicate.'—Life.

'I often wonder what the thick of me,' said the young married man.

'It is easy to find out,' said the elderly married man. 'Just sit down on her husband and she will tell you what she thinks of you in less than a minute.'

A short time since, as a regiment headed by its band marched by, a little boy standing at the window with his mother said:—

'I say, ma, what is the use of all those soldiers who don't play?'

The Judge (sternly): 'The next person who interrupts will be expelled from the court-room.'

The prisoner (enthusiastically): Hooray!