

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STORY.

A STRANGE TALE OF OLD YORKSHIRE.

CHAPTER III.—OF THE GRAY COTTAGE IN THE GLEN.

It was either on the fourth or the fifth day after I had taken possession of my cottage that I was astonished to hear footsteps upon the grass outside, quickly followed by a crack, as from a stick, upon the door. The explosion of an infernal machine would hardly have surprised or discomfited me more. I had hoped to have shaken off all intrusion for ever, yet here was somebody beating at my door, with little ceremony as if it had been a village alehouse. Hot with anger, I flung down my book, withdrew the bolt just as my visitor had raised his stick to renew his rough application for admittance. He was a tall powerful man, tawny-bearded and deep-chested, clad in a loose-fitting suit of tweed, cut for comfort rather than elegance. As he stood in the shimmering sunlight looking in every feature of his face. The large fleshy nose; the steady blue eyes, with their thick thatch of overhanging brows; the broad forehead, all knitted and lined with furrows, which were strangely at variance with his youthful bearing. In spite of his weather-strained felt hat and the coloured handkerchief slung round his brown muscular neck, I could see at a glance he was a man of breeding and education. I had been prepared for some wandering shepherd or uncouth tramp, but this apparition fairly disconcerted me.

"You look astonished," said he, with a smile. "Did you think, then, that you were the only man in the world with a taste for solitude? You see that there are other hermits in the wilderness besides yourself."

"Do you mean to say that you live here?" I asked in no very conciliatory voice.

"Up yonder," he answered, tossing his head backwards. "I thought as we were neighbours, Mr. Upperton, that I could not do less than look in and see if I could assist you in any way."

"Thank you," said I coldly, standing with my hand upon the latch of the door. "I am a man of simple tastes, and you can do nothing for me. You have the advantage of me in knowing my name."

"He appeared to be chilled by my ungracious manner. 'I learned it from the masons who were at work here,' he said. 'As for me, I am a surgeon, the surgeon of Gaster Fell. That is the name I have gone by in these parts, and it serves as well as another.'"

"Not such room for a practice here," I observed.

"Not a soul except yourself for five miles on either side."

"You appear to have had need of some assistance yourself," I remarked, glancing at a broad white splash, as from the recent action of some powerful acid, upon his sunburnt cheek.

"That is nothing," he answered curtly, turning his face half round to hide the mark. "I must get back, for I have a companion who is waiting for me. If I can ever do anything for you, pray let me know. You have only to follow the beck upwards for a mile or so to find my place.—Have you a bolt on the inside of your door?"

"Yes," I answered, rather startled at this sudden question.

"Keep it bolted, then," he said. "The fell is a strange place. You never know who may be about. It is as well to be on the safe side.—Good-bye." He raised his hat, turned on his heel, and lounged away along the bank of the little stream.

I was still standing with my hand upon the latch, gazing after my unexpected visitor, when I became aware of yet another dweller in the wilderness. Some little distance along the path which the stranger was taking there lay a great gray boulder, and leaning against this was a small wizened man, who stood erect as the other approached, and advanced to meet him. The two talked for a minute or more, and then the taller man nodding his head frequently in my direction, as though describing what had passed between them. They then walked on together, and disappeared in a dip of the fell. Presently I saw them ascending once more some rising ground farther on. My acquaintance had thrown his arm round his elderly friend, either from affection, or from a desire to aid him up the steep incline. The square burly figure and his shrivelled meagre companion stood out against the sky-line, and turning their faces, they looked back at me. At the sight, I slammed the door, lest they should be encouraged to return. But when I peeped from the window some minutes afterwards, I perceived that they were gone.

For the remainder of the day I strove in vain to recover that indifference to the world and its ways which is essential to mental abstraction. Do what I would, my thoughts ran upon the solitary surgeon and his shrivelled companion. What did he mean by his question as to my bolt? or how came it that the last words of Eva Cameron were to the same sinister effect? Again and again I speculated as to what train of causes could have led two men so dissimilar in age and appearance to dwell together on the wild inhospitable fells. Were they, like myself, immersed in some engrossing study? or could it be that a companionship in crime had forced them from the haunts of men? Some cause there must be, and that a potent one, to induce the men of education to turn to such an existence. It was only now that I began to realise that the crowd of the city is infinitely less disturbing than the unit of the country.

All day I bent over the Egyptian papyrus upon which I was engaged; but neither the subtle reasonings of the ancient philosopher of Memphis, nor the mystic meaning which lay in his pages, could raise my mind from the things of earth. Evening was drawing in before I threw my work aside in despair. My heart was bitter against this man for his intrusion. Standing by the beck which purled past the door of my cabin, I cooled my heated brow, and thought the matter over. Clearly it was the small mystery hanging over these neighbors of mine which had caused my mind to run so persistently on them. That cleared up, they would no longer cause an obstacle to my studies. What was to hinder me, then, from walking in the direction of their dwelling, and observing for myself, without permitting them to suspect my presence, what manner of men they might be? Doubtless, their mode of life would be found to admit

of some simple and prosaic explanation. In any case, the evening was fine, and a walk would be bracing for mind and body. Lighting my pipe, I set off over the moors in the direction which they had taken. The sun lay low and red in the west, flushing the heather with a deeper pink, and motting the broad heaven with every hue, from the palest green at the zenith, to the richest crimson along the fair horizon. It might have been the great palette upon which the world-painter had mixed his primeval colours. On either side, the giant peaks of Ingleborough and Pennigent looked down upon the gay melancholy country which stretches between them. As I advanced, the rude fells ranged themselves upon right and left, forming a well-defined valley, down the centre of which meandered the little brooklet. On either side, parallel lines of gray rock marked the level of some ancient glacier, the moraine of which had formed the broken ground about my dwelling. Ragged boulders, precipitous scarpas, and twisted fantastic rocks, all bore witness to the terrible power of the old ice-field, and showed where its frosty fingers had ripped and rent the solid limestones.

About half-way down this wild glen there stood a small clump of gnarled and stunted oak-trees. From behind these, a thin dark column of smoke rose into the still evening air. Clearly this marked the position of my neighbour's house. Trending away to the left, I was able to gain the shelter of a line of rocks, and so reach a spot from which I could command a view of the building without exposing myself to any risk of being observed. It was a small slate-covered cottage, hardly larger than the boulders among which it lay. Like my own cabin, it showed signs of having been constructed for the use of some shepherd; but, unlike mine, no pains had been taken by the tenants to improve and enlarge it. Two little peeping windows, a cracked and weather-beaten door, and a discoloured barrel for catching the rain-water, were the only external objects from which I might draw deductions as to the dwellers within. Yet even in these there were food for thought; for as I drew nearer, still concealing myself behind the ridge, I saw that thick bars of iron covered the windows, while the rude door was all slashed and plated with the same metal. These strange precautions, together with the wild surroundings and unbroken solitude, gave an indescribably ill omen and fearsome character to the solitary building. Thrusting my hands in my pocket, I crawled upon my hands and knees through the gorse and ferns until I was within a hundred yards of my neighbour's door. There, finding that I could not approach nearer without fear of detection, I crouched down, and set myself to watch.

I had hardly settled into my hiding-place when the door of the cottage swung open, and the man who had introduced himself to me as the surgeon of Gaster Fell came out, bareheaded, with a spade in his hands. In front of the door there was a small cultivated patch containing potatoes, peas, and other forms of green stuff, and here he proceeded to busy himself, trimming, weeding, and arranging, as if singing the while in a powerful though not very musical voice. He was all engrossed in his work, with his back to the cottage, when there emerged from the half-open door the same shadowy attenuated creature whom I had seen in the morning. I could perceive now that he was a man of sixty, wrinkled, bent, and feeble, with sparse grizzled hair, and long colourless face. With a cringing sidelong gait, he shuffled towards his companion, who was unconsciously of his approach until he was close upon him. His light footfall or his breathing may have finally given notice of his proximity, for the worker sprang round and faced him. Each made a quick step towards the other, as though in greeting, and then—even now I feel the horror of the instant—the tall man rushed upon and knifed his companion to the earth, then whipping up his body, ran with great speed over the intervening ground and disappeared with his burden into the house.

Case-hardened as I was by my varied life, the suddenness and violence of the thing made me shudder. The man's age, his manner, all cried shame against the deed. So hot was my anger, that I was on the point of striding up to the cabin, unarmed as I was, when the sound of voices from within showed me that the victim had recovered. The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, and all was gray, save a red feather in the cap of Pennigent. Secure in the failing light, I approached near and strained my ears to catch what was passing. I could hear the high querulous voice of the elder man, and the deep rough monotone of his assailant, clanking. Presently, the surgeon came out, locking the door behind him, and stamped up and down in the twilight, pulling at his hair and brandishing his arms, like a man demented. Then he set off, walking rapidly up the valley, and I soon lost sight of him among the rocks.

When the sound of his feet had died away in the distance, I drew nearer to the cottage. The prisoner within was still pouring forth a stream of words, and moaning from time to time like a man in pain. These words resolved themselves, as I approached, into prayers—shrill voluble prayers, patently forth with the intense earnestness of one who sees impending an imminent danger. There was to me something inexpressibly awesome in this gush of solemn entreaty from the lonely sufferer, meant for no other ear than mine. I was still pondering whether I should mix myself in the affair or not, when I heard in the distance the sound of the surgeon's returning footfall. At that I drew myself up quickly by the iron bars and glanced in through the diamond-paned window. The interior of the cottage was lit up by a lurid glow, coming from what I afterwards discovered to be a chemical furnace. By its rich light I could distinguish a great litter of retorts, test tubes, and condenser, which sparkled over the table and three strange grotesque shadows on the wall. On the farther side of the room was a wooden framework resembling a large hoop, and in this, still absorbed in prayer, knelt the man whose voice I heard. The red glow beating upon his upturned face made it stand out from the shadow like a painting upon Rembrandt, showing up every wrinkle upon the parchment of his face. I had but

time for a meeting glance; then dropping from the window, I made off through the rocks and the heather, nor slackened my speed until I found myself back in my cabin once more. There I threw myself upon my couch, more disturbed and shaken than I had ever thought to feel again.

Long into the watches of the night I tossed and tumbled on my uneasy pillow. A strange theory had framed itself within me, suggested by the elaborate scientific apparatus which I had seen. Could it be that this surgeon had some profound and unholy experiments on hand, which necessitated the taking, or at least the tampering with the life of his companion? Such a supposition would account for the loneliness of his life; but how could I reconcile it with the close friendship which had appeared to exist between the pair no longer ago than that very morning? Was it grief or madness which had made the man tear his hair and wring his hands when he emerged from the cabin? And sweet Eva Cameron, was she also a partner to this sombre business? Was it to my grim neighbour that she made her strange nocturnal journeys? and if so, what bond could there be to unite so strangely assorted a trio? Try as I might, I could come to no satisfactory conclusion upon these points. When at last I dropped into a troubled slumber, it was only to see once more in my dreams the strange episodes of the evening, and to wake at dawn unrefreshed and weary.

Such doubts as I might have had as to whether I had indeed seen my former fellow-lodger upon the night of the thunder-storm, were finally resolved that morning. Strolling along down the path which led to the fell, I saw in one spot where the ground was soft the impressions of a foot, man. That tiny heel and high instep could have belonged to none other than my companion of Kirky-Malhouse. I followed my trail for some distance till it lost itself among hard and stony ground; but it still pointed, as far as I could discern it, to the lonely and ill-omened cottage. What power could there be to draw this tender girl, through wind and rain and darkness, across the fearsome moors to that strange rendezvous?

But why should I let my mind run upon such things? Had I not prided myself that I lived a life of my own, beyond the sphere of my fellow-mortals? Were all my plans and my resolutions to be shaken because of the ways of life of my neighbors were strange to me? It was unworthy, it was puerile. By constant and unremitting effort, I set myself to cast out these distracting influences, and to return to my former calm. It was no easy task. But after some days, during which I never stirred from my cottage, I had almost succeeded in regaining my peace of mind, when a fresh incident whirled my thoughts back into their old channel.

I have said that a little brook flowed down the valley and passed my very door. A week or so after the doings which I have described, I was seated by my window, when I perceived something white drifting slowly down the stream. My first thought was that it was a drowned sheep; but picking up my stick, I strolled to the bank and hooked it ashore. On examination it proved to be a large sheet, torn and tattered, with the initials J. C. in the corner. What gave it its sinister significance, however, was that the human form had flattered myself that the man had been to the cottage, and yet my whole being was absorbed now in curiosity and resentment. How could I remain neutral when such things were doing within a mile of me? I felt that the old Adam was too strong in me, and that I must solve this mystery. Shutting the door of my cabin behind me, I set off up the glen in the direction of the surgeon's cabin. I had not gone far before I perceived the very man himself. He was walking rapidly along the hillside, beating the furze bushes with a cudgel and bellowing like a madman. In the sight of him, the doubts as to his sanity which had risen in my mind were strengthened and confirmed. As he approached, I noticed that his left arm was suspended in a sling. On perceiving me, he stood irresolute, as though uncertain whether to come over to me or not. I had no desire for an interview with him, however; so I hurried past him, on which he continued on his way, still shouting and striking about with his club. When he had disappeared over the fells, I made my way down to his cottage, determined to find some clue to what had occurred. I was surprised, on reaching it, to find the iron-plated door flung wide open. The ground immediately outside it was marked with the signs of a struggle. The chemical apparatus within and the furniture were all dashed about and shattered. Most suggestive of all, the sinister wooden cage was stained with blood-marks, and its unfortunate occupant had disappeared. My heart was heavy for the little man, for I was assured I should never see him in this world more. There were many gray cairns of stones scattered over the valley. I ran my eye over them, and wondered which of them ended the traces of the last act which I had witnessed.

There was nothing in the cabin to throw any light upon the identity of my neighbours. The roof was stuffed with chemicals and delicate philosophical instruments. In one corner, a small bookcase contained a choice selection of works of science. In another was a pile of geological specimens collected from the limestone. My eye ran rapidly over these details; but I had no time to make a more thorough examination, for I feared lest the surgeon should return and find me there. Leaving the cottage, I hastened homewards with a weight at my heart. A nameless shadow hung over the lonely gorge—the heavy shadow of unexplained crime, making the grim fells look grimmer, and the wild moors more dreary and forbidding. My mind wavered whether I should send to Lancaster to acquaint the police of what I had seen. My thoughts recoiled at the prospect of becoming a witness in cause celebre, and having an over-busy counsel or an officious press peeping and prying into my own modes of life. Was it for this I had stolen away from my fellow-mortals and settled in these lonely wilds? The thought of publicity was repugnant to me. It was best, perhaps, to wait and watch without taking any decided step until I had come to a more definite conclusion as to what I had heard.

I caught no glimpse of the surgeon upon my homeward journey; but when I reached my cottage, I was astonished and indignant to find that somebody had entered it in my absence. Boxes had been pulled out from under the bed, the curtains disarranged, the chairs drawn out from the wall. Even my study had not been safe from this rough intruder, for the prints of a heavy boot were plainly visible on the ebony black carpet. I am not a patient man at the best of times; but this invasion and systematic examination of my household effects stirred up every drop of gall in my composition. Swearing under my breath, I took my old cavalry sabre along the edge. There was a great notch in the centre where it had jarred up against the collarbone of a Bavarian artillery-man the day we beat Van Der Tann back from Orleans. It was still sharp enough, however, to be serviceable. I placed it at the head of my bed, within reach of my arm, ready to give a keen greeting to the next uninvited visitor who might arrive.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Early and Late Sowing.

Which is the more profitable, early or late sowing, and what difference, if any, does a few days' delay in the matter of putting in the seed make, are questions which Mr. Saunders, the director of the Dominion experimental farms, has set himself to determine. To this end he made his first experiment last season, an experiment which it is proposed to repeat for a number of years, in order to obtain averages which may neutralize the variations brought about in crops by varying seasons. For the purposes of the test two varieties each of barley, oats, and spring wheat were used, and six sowings at intervals of one week, were made: April and the last on the 27th of May. That the test might be as fair and instructive as possible, the soil selected was as uniform as could be found and the treatment as similar as could be made. The results of the experiment, which have just been given to the public in a bulletin sent out by the department of Agriculture, are strikingly significant. In each instance the earliest sowing gave the best yield and the latest the poorest, with a gradual decline with each week's delay. Averaging the result of the two varieties of barley, a delay in sowing of one week resulted in a difference of nearly 14 bushels per acre, while a delay of two weeks resulted in an average loss in the two experiments of more than half the crop, or about 18 bushels per acre; that is, while the first sowing gave an average of 37 bushels per acre, the third gave only 19, and the sixth only a little more than 10 bushels per acre. This means a great deal to the farmers of the country as Mr. Saunders shows. Taking as the basis of his reckoning the "Statistics of Crops in Ontario," for 1890, in which the area under barley is estimated at 701,326 acres Mr. Saunders reckons that "should one half the average loss which has been shown to have occurred in the experiments at Ottawa, be taken as the basis for an estimate, it would appear that the farmers of Ontario may lose by a delay of one week in the time of seeding over 2½ millions of dollars on the barley crop alone, and by a delay of two weeks, taking the average results of the two experiments, more than 3½ millions, estimating the value of barley at 50 cents per bushel." As to spring wheat the loss proportionately is not so great, being about one sixth of the whole where seeding has been delayed one week, and one-fourth where it has been delayed for two weeks. Nevertheless the loss is not inconsiderable, for taking spring wheat at 90 cents per bushel, it is found that a delay of one week in sowing shows a possible shrinkage in the value of the crop of Ontario of \$473,879, and a delay of two weeks \$744,669. In the matter of the oat yield the crop appears to be less influenced by delay in seeding than either barley or spring wheat; still, owing to the very large acreage under this grain every bushel of loss per acre in Ontario alone, reckoning oats at 40 cents a bushel, is equal to \$752,946. These facts are sufficient to show the vital importance of this question to the farmers of our country. It is highly desirable that the results of this experiment should be generally known, and that enterprising farmers all over the country should assist the government by making experiments for themselves and thus furnish the necessary data for arriving at a conclusion concerning the different sections of the several provinces. A question which involves so much to the country ought not to remain in doubt any longer than is absolutely necessary. Meanwhile let farmers bear in mind that whatever the final conclusion may be, the presumption is that the man who gets his seed into the ground at the earliest opportunity, after the land is in a suitable condition to receive it, stands the best chance of realizing the greatest return for his labor.

There are over 2,000,000 dogs in the United Kingdom, England claiming three-fourths.

The Epsom Derby is now practically worth \$29,160, divided like this: \$243,000 to the winner; \$2,430 to the nominator of the winner; \$1,458 to the owner of the second horse, and \$972 to the owner of the third.

A well informed writer estimates Isaac Murphy, the jockey, to be worth \$125,000; William Donohue, \$150,000; James McLaughlin, \$50,000; Hayward, \$40,000; Pike Barnes, \$40,000; Hamilton, \$25,000; Garrison, \$10,000, and Taylor, \$25,000.

The deceased Archbishop of York was a bit of a sport, a wag and a liberal chap; but his successor is in such respects his opposite. There is a capital anecdote current in the London clubs about the defunct. It seems he was tolerant to his coachman, who patronized the Archbishop's club. One evening the Archbishop discovered that his coachman was too juicy in his head to be a safe whip, and he, with Christian forbearance, put Jehu inside and himself mounted the box. In turning into the stable yard the wheels struck a corner and the coach was nearly upset. A sentinel ostler was on hand and immediately in the dark night upbraided the coachman as the horse's heads were seized. "Drunk again, are you, and by Jove you've got the old cock's hat on." "No, Jim," cheerily said the Church primate, descending from his perch, "it's the old cock himself." The new Archbishop, however, in a diocesan speech a year ago said of betting in general that it was only sinful when in excess; it took the form of gambling. He was an uncle of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who once in ordinary morning dress waved his handkerchief on witnessing a St. Leger.

Wise Counsel for the Canadians.

To the Editor.

Sir,—As the spring of the year will soon draw nigh and many Canadians will be turning their faces westward to find a more congenial climate and a better country in which to recuperate their financial condition, I would like to give them a little advice on the question. This Pacific Coast country is being advertised in the East as being about the only place in the United States where a man can get land for farming purposes. The fact is, there is no land in this State open for homesteading that is worth having. The fertile soil of Western Washington is confined to small valleys and is held at prices beyond the means of anyone who intends to farm for a living. Hops are about the only crop that is grown. The whole coast country is covered by great forests of fir, and anyone knows that where fir or pine grows the soil is not fit for agriculture. It is sandy and stoney, and if it was good soil it would cost more than the land is worth to get the immense stumps out. East of the Cascade Mountains the prairie is almost a desert. Some localities grow good crops of wheat, but at the low price of 45 cents per bushel it is poor business raising wheat. The summers are too dry here for successful farming, even if the soil was good. Around Tacoma there is some prairie land, and a great many people who know nothing of farming will tell you that it is good soil and is the makings of a fine country. But take a walk over it and what do you find? A very sickly covering of fuzzy grass, trying to live in a bed of gravel which has no bottom. It looks very pretty, but dotted with scrub oak and fir trees, and makes good building lots for speculators to carve out into new additions, parks, etc. Any farmer who comes out here from Ontario, where he has been brought up on good, rich soil, and takes a look at this country will be discouraged at the first look. Some people are foolish enough to buy some of it and expect great results, but an experienced man could tell in the dark that it was no good simply by the smell of it. Any Canadian farmer who reads this and is discontented because he don't get rich fast enough or has a debt on his farm had better make up his mind not to hunt for a better country than Ontario. If he comes out here he would be hunting a "Yob" with the Swedes and Scandinavians, who swarm in this country, or else living on two meals a day at some Jap restaurant, like hundreds are doing in Tacoma and Seattle to-day. The boom is over. All the good land in the West is taken up, and lots of it that is not worth a dollar an acre is taken up too. The Western rush is about over and there will be a set back toward the East. The old farms of the East, which are now not valued very highly, will in ten years be worth double what they are to-day. I have no object in writing this except to benefit my fellow-countrymen. Hoping you will find room for this in your good paper.

CANUCK.

Tacoma, Wash., Feb., 1891.

Charles Bradlaugh.

Charles Bradlaugh, whose death was reported recently, was born in London September 26th, 1833. His parents were poor, and he received little schooling. Driven from home by his father because he declared that he could not reconcile the Thirty-nine Articles with the gospel, he was in turn an errand boy, a small coal merchant, and a trooper at Dublin. Buying his discharge, he became in 1853 a clerk to a London solicitor, but devoted his attention largely to writing pamphlets under the name of "Iconoclast," and lecturing against monarchical government and the Christian religion. He edited a radical journal called the *Investigator* for a short time in 1858-9, and afterwards conducted the *National Reformer*. An attempt was made to suppress this paper in 1869 on the ground that it was unlicensed, but Mr. Bradlaugh argued his own case in court and obtained a favorable verdict. In 1876 he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and to pay £200 for having, with Mrs. Annie Besant, republished an old pamphlet, "The Fruits of Philosophy," which is described as a proposed solution of the over-population question. The judgment was quashed on appeal. In the winter of 1873-4 he visited America delivering lectures which showed great power as a public speaker. He could throw a marvelous intensity of scorn into the phrase, "Venerate these Brunsvicks." His massive frame and powerful voice added not a little to the effect of his reasoning.

Mr. Bradlaugh became best known to the world at large by the struggle over his admission to Parliament. He had been a candidate for Northampton in 1868 and had been defeated, but in 1880 he was elected with Labourers. He objected to taking the oath, "On my true faith as a Christian," but it was decided that he was not entitled to affirm, as are Jews, Quakers, and others. Then he demanded that he should be sworn, but the House voted that he should be allowed neither to swear nor to affirm, and it was this action which the House solemnly rescinded recently. Bradlaugh affirmed at his own risk and took his seat, but was sued, and the case was decided against him. A long struggle resulted, Mr. Bradlaugh being thrice re-elected by Northampton. Whenever a new session of Parliament began he appeared and attempted to take his seat, which he was not permitted to do until 1886, when the opposition weakened, the Speaker refusing to permit his previous transactions to be made the basis for a motion. Mr. Bradlaugh thereupon swore himself and took his seat, slowly winning respect thereafter in the House by his abilities and strong sense. One feature of the long fight over his admission was the first defeat of the Gladstonian Ministry in 1883 upon an affirmation bill intended for his relief.

Though an ardent social reformer Bradlaugh was a vigorous anti-Socialist. In fact, he propounded the hardest question to the Socialists which they ever called on to answer. He said, in effect: "When you have established your Social Commonwealth, will you allow me the use of your public hall, in which to argue against Socialism? If not, what becomes of individual liberty?" He also opposed some suggested labor legislation, such as the eight-hour law, on the ground that measures of this kind would interfere with personal liberty, and that such reforms must work themselves out.

On the Newcastle, Eng., football ground an enterprising undertaker has an advertisement board fixed, with the following inscription on it: "Coffins, pallis and shrouds. Hearses and mourning coaches."