

IN THE CITY OF SLEEP

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN THE RURAL CEMETERY.

Good Work Done in Line With the Modern Idea of Beautifying Cemeteries—The Ruel Memorial Fountain—How Waste Places Have Been Made Beautiful.

The rural cemetery never looked as well as it does this year, and next year it will be even more attractive to the visitor, and more than ever a beautiful city of the dead.

All summer Superintendent Clayton and his staff of assistants have been at work on the grounds, and Mr. J. R. Ruel, president of the cemetery company, has made several visits each week to direct the general plan of improvement and to see what further changes were desirable. The people of St. John do not need to be told that when Mr. Ruel becomes interested in any work of a public nature he devotes his energies to securing the best results for the citizens, and makes himself thoroughly master of the subject he has undertaken to study.

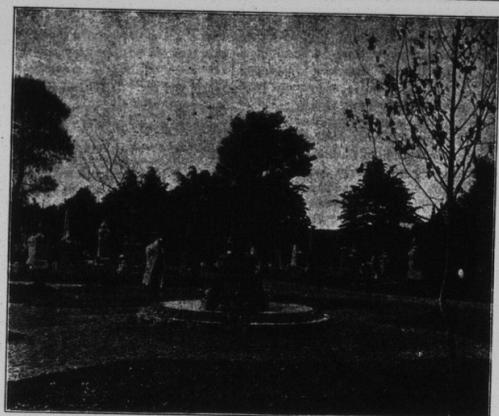
The rural cemetery was opened nearly half a century ago, and while many of the old ideas as to what a graveyard should be were generally received. The site chosen could not well have been a better one, and few of the famous cemeteries on the continent are so well situated as regards both the convenience and the natural beauty of the grounds. This new city of the dead was a great advance on the old style of burial places, and has from the first been one of the spots where strangers and citizens alike have been wont to visit with pleasure. Many of the owners of lots have bestowed much care upon the resting places of their loved ones, and many portions of the grounds have long been notable for their well kept look. Other portions have not been. Some families have become extinct in this country, and there has been no one to care for their graves. In other cases surviving relatives have seemed in different, while in others the improvement of lots has been deferred for want of means.

The improvements now making are remedying this state of affairs. The grade of all lots is now fixed by the superintendent in such a way as to secure uniformity, and all fences, copings, hedges and other enclosures are subject to the approval of the executive committee. Hedges and fences, in future, must not be over one foot in height. There is no need of a fence of any kind and the desire is to educate the public into the idea. Some of the high fences already there that way yet, but in several instances owners have put their lots "under care" and the change in appearance is wonderful. The scrubby growth, weeds and long grass, have been removed and the lots graded and sodded, while the monuments have been straightened up, and cleaned so well that they look like new work.

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RUEL MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

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Emperor William of Germany seems to be a rather unpleasant addition to the royal family party when he is in England. It is said that he is on his "high taps" with his uncle, the Prince of Wales, and will not admit of any show of equality on the part of the latter. On the contrary, he is said to make Wales observe with punctilious accuracy all the rules of etiquette, and to behave as becomes an inferior. There is a report that he tried on the same little game with his grandnephew, Victoria on the ground that he was an emperor, while she was only a queen, but she sat on him with such vigor that he never attempted to assert his superiority to her again. Now, when he is in England again, the Battenbergs have gone abroad in order to avoid him and his reproaches because his aunt, Beatrice, lowered herself by marrying Prince Henry. The Kaiser is a relation. His mamma was possibly too indulgent to him when he was a child, and over-cherish in the application of the reformatory slipper where it would do the most good.—Boston Herald.

Fine Physically and Mentally. The ancient belief that blue stockings were always attenuated and wore blue goggles, and that well-educated women were necessarily plain and unattractive, is receiving many rude shocks nowadays. One English paper notices with surprise that Miss Grace Chisholm, a young woman of Britain, who has just been made a Ph. D. by the University of Gottingen, is remarkably handsome and artistic. The Figaro, of Paris, is commenting upon Miss Philippa

Farwell the lady seinoer wrangler of England, declared her to be, for a wonder, extremely "chic;" while in our own land such brilli "chic" as Miss Alice Freeman Palmer, Moe. Albert, Miss Evangeline Hathaway, Miss Katherine D. Binks, Mrs. Miriam Greely, Mrs. Bland Whitmore, or Miss Grace Gould would be notable for their physical beauty if they had not already gained distinction by their intellectuality. D. Sargent, it is said, remarks that the American college women are the finest specimens of physical beauty extant, and he probably is as good an authority on the subject as we have.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Danger in China. J. R. Hendry, who has reached Tacoma from China, where he has traveled for many years, traveled overland from Shanghai to Foo-Chow last year with two Englishmen. They were subjected to repeated indignities. Several times they were compelled to demand an audience of Chinese officials to obtain information as to routes. The common Chinese hooted them and would render no assistance. On two occasions the mandarins refused them an audience because they would not kneel to them. In other cases the officials, after offering them tea and pipes, would ask them to leave as soon as possible.

"Americans have no idea of the hatred of foreigners prevalent among Chinese," says Mr. Hendry. "Even their dogs howl at European garb. In Foo-Chow placards were posted during my residence there offering \$100 reward for the head of each foreigner taken into the city. It is my firm opinion that missionaries accomplish very little in China. They court danger by going into the interior and should confine their work to treaty ports, where they have some protection."

Quick Wit. A comedian in a French theatre once made a great bit out of a painful accident. One day, while indulging in a bit of horse-play on the stage, he hit his head violently, entirely an accident, against one of the pillars of the scene on the stage. On hearing the thud everybody uttered a cry. "No great harm done," said the comedian. "Just a hand on a napkin, a glass of water, and a salt cellar." These were brought, and he sat down, folded the napkin in the form of a bandage, dipped it in the glass, and emptied the salt-cellar on the wet part. Having thus prepared a compress according to prescription, and when every one expected he would apply it to his forehead, he gravely rose and tied it round the pillar. The effect of this action was such that every one set him down as the readiest and wittiest man in his profession.

A Critical Headache. Of the stories Mr. Hollingshead tells, it would be hard to beat this one about Charles Mathews. The waiter at the Manchester Hotel, having been sent with an order to the theater by Mathews, to see Mathews, was asked by Mathews when he came back how he liked Mathews, and after some hesitation said: "Who's going to pay me for my time.—London Literary World."

Brown Bread. Take two cups of cornmeal, two cups flour, two cups milk, one egg, one tablespoonful melted lard, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, two even teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of salt. Bake thin.

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