BEING DESCRIPTION OF THE GRAVE OF CELEBRATED PEOPLE.

The Chael House at Westminster Abbey. The P in Which Byron Is Buried-The Last lating Place of Scott, Burns and

And s they have buried Browning in Westmister Abbey! And this, too, when it was hi earnest and often expressed desire to be lail beside his dearly loved wife in the Protestar cemetery at Florence; that lovely spot I have visited so many times, and never without envying those who, "after life's fifful fever," have such a bed for the last long sleep.

fever," have such a bed for the last long sleep.

But no, it must be in Westminister Abbey; because, being a famous poet (at least temporarily), he must have a grave among other famous felk—though the most famous poets are not there. Shakespeare is at Stratford, Miltos in St. Giles, Cripplegate; Pope at Twickenham, Byron in Huckmall-Torkard, Shelley and Keats in Rome, Wordsworth at Grasmere and Burns at Dumfries. But the company is good enough, though there is some truth in what old Handel said: "They do bury fools there"—at least as many fools as wise men.

But my objection is that Westminster, despite its glory, is a horrible charnel house, as all churches are which have long been places of sepulture. In Dean Stanley's most interesting book upon the sanctuary and mausoleum, of which he was the greatest and best custodian, there are drawings which give some faint idea of the appearance of the crypt. In these dark and dungeon like vaults the coffins are piled one upon another like plank in a lumber yard. No privacy, no order, no sanctity—nothing that we naturally associate with the grave. For there are no graves; except that the whole crypt is a grave, into which the illustrious dead are huddled, to be crowied and jostled by their illustrious predecessors. OBJECTION TO WESTMINSTER.

llustrious predecessors.

Browning may well envy Shelley, Keats where the wind may woo the sod that covers them, and the sunshine brighten it, and the them, and the sunshine brighten it, and the rain bless it. He may envy any of the poets who are not in Westminster, except Byron; whose post morten residence is, if possible, more unpleasant than his own. For the ancient abbey is the center of great and glorious memories, which partly redeem the charnel house beneath; while Hucknall-Torkard has a redeeming feature shaders. house beneath; while Hucknall-Torkard has no redeeming feature whatever. Standing in the midst of the dirtiest and most unprepossessing village I have seen in England, the little old church is hopelessly ugly and dismal within and without. Yet they thrust poor Byron, who so dearly loved nature and sung its praises as no other poet has, into a wretched pit where, as the sexton told me, sixty corpses are rotting in a space probably less than twenty-five feet square. Better have him flung into the sea, which, of all nature, him flung into the sea, which, of all nature, he loved the most. Better have buried him ere he wanted to be buried, close by his

where he wanted to be buried, close by mis dog Boatswain, on the lawn at Newstead.

But there was one, and she the nearest and dearest, who was not afraid nor ashamed to follow him into this wretched pit. The countess of Lovelace—"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart"—was by her own urgent, dying request laid by the side of the father whom she never saw after earliest integrate, whom she heave only through his fancy; whom she knew only through his books, and whom she had been taught from childhood to distrust if not to hate. Of all childhood to distrust if not to hate. Of all the tributes which have been paid to the sorely abused memory of Byron, the love of his dying daughter is incomparably the finest, the most touching, he most tender and true. Scott is more fortunate than Byron in the matter of burial, but there is room for criticism even in his case. Dryburg is a ruined abbey much larger than Melrose, but not so attractive. Why it was chosen as the last attractive. Why it was chosen as the last house of the "Wizard of the North," instead house of the "Wirard of the North," instead of "fair Melrose," which he has so gracefully immortalized, I cannot guess. But so it is, and the visitor is directed to "St. Mary's Aisle," a shattered remnant of the original building, for the object of his pilgrimage. The so called "aisle" is perhaps twenty feet long by ten wide, and faces a lovely bit of green sward as smooth and soft as velvet. There sward as smooth and soft as velvet. There is an alcove, behind a stout iron gate are four

pher of the great novelist. pher of the great novelst.

BURNS AND WORDSWORTH.

BURNS, we know, was not consulted as to the disposition of the body, which he was only too glad to lay aside. He was originally buried in an obscure corner of the crowded little cemetery attached to St. Michael's church, Dumfries. But when his fame began church, Dumfries. But when his fame began and the passengers were so tickled that little cemetery attached to St. Michael's church, Dumfries. But when his fame began to fill the world the people who allowed him to be dunned on his deathbed for a debt of \$35, gave the poet a "mansoleum," which Burns would have tnequivocally damned for its bad taste and pretentious ugliness. It is of light colored sanctone, octagonal in shape of perhaps fifteen or trenty feet to the top of the dome and ten or twelve from side to side. Here is another gete, strong enough for a prison, which has to be unlocked "for a consideration;" and then you see upon the floor of the prison a very large skab of somber tinted stone, bearing a very matter of fact inscription.

To find what may with truth be called an ideal grave, go to the little hamlet of Grasmere, not far from Lake Windermere, and still nearer to Rydal, where Wordsworth lived and died. The being pre-eminently "the lake region" of England (which, by the lake region" of England (which, by

Professor Dixon states that consumption can be communicated by the use of family toothbrush trays in bathrooms, the brushes thus lying with their bristles in close prox-imity affording a medium for the spread of the tubercle garma—Philadelphia Escord

THE INDIAN AND THE CONDUCTOR.

the Railroad Company.

"Pap" Richards, an old time conductor on the Western New York and Pennsylvania railroad, which runs through Corruplanter Indian reservation, on the Allegheny river, near Salamanca, has had some experiences in carrying Indian

carrying Indians on his train that are worth relating.

"Talk about dead beating on railroads," said Mr. Richards, "there is no living, thinking being who gives up money to a railroad company with so much heartfelt reluctance as an Indian. I have been carrying some of them on my train every day or two for the past fifteen years, and I long ago made up my mind that whenever an Indian boards my train I have a scheme of some sort to contend with. I think it is Pope who makes the statement that proud science have never taught the Indian's soul to stray beyond the solar walk or milky way, but I am ready to gamble that proud science never had anything down finer than a Cornplanter Indian has the business of bilking his way on a railroad train. Of course I speak of the ragtag and bobtail of the Cornplanters, for there are many of these Indians who are good citizens and pay their way accordingly.

"An Indian's method of beating a conduc-

the Cornplanters, for there are many of these Indians who are good citizens and pay their way accordingly.

"An Indian's method of beating a conductor is strikingly original. Suppose him to be going up the river to Salamanca, a ride of a few hours from the reservation. He buys a ticket to the next station only, perhaps at an expenditure of ten cents. But if you expect your Indian to get off at that station that is where you are weak on the Indian strategy. The train stops, but the Indian does not budge from his seat. The hope that wells up in his heart is that the conductor will think the Indian who had the ticket for that station got off, while the Indian who did not get off has a through ticket. Nearly all of these Indians answer to the name of John, so I stop on my way through the car and say:

"John, you didn't get off at your station."

"Injun go on to next station,' he will say, and going down into his beaded purse he will fish out enough nickels and pennies to pay to that station. Arrived here he will not get off, but sit quiet and thoughtful; or perhaps when the train stops he will make an ostentations dash through the car to the platform, making a feint to get off, but will dodge into the next car and take a seat. You come around and find him sitting there as serenely as if he had been in that particular seat for a day or two.

"Well, John, you didn't get off at your

day or two. "'Well, John, you didn't get off at your

"'Well, John, you didn't get off at your station,' I will say.
"'Injun go to next station,' he will repeat again, and out will come the purse and the reluctant pennies will be counted out. The same thing is repeated at the next station and the next, and still again at the next, and so on during the run up to Salamanca.
"The Indian never seems to think you fathom his game. He regards it as a most subtle piece of strategy, entirely too deep for the beclouded mind of the white man. All the conductore understand John perfectly well, and he has about one chance in a milliwell and he has about one chance in a milliwell and he has about one chance in a milliwell and he has about one chance in a milliwell. the beclouded mind of the white man. All the conductore understand John perfectly well, and he has about one chance in a million of getting through on his original ten cent ticket, but he prefers to take that one chance and pay considerably more from station to station rather than buy a ticket clear through. This refers to the trip up the river. Unless the Allegheny is frozen over we rarely have the privilege of carrying John down stream. He will spend all his money at Salamanca, and a couple of slabs and the broad bosom of the Allegheny will furnish him a very congenial means of transportation home.

"It is a common sight to see John."

"It is a common sight to see John aboard a lt is a common signt to see John aboard a slab or two complacently floating home after one of these pleasure trips to Salamanca."—New York World.

College Athletics Have Their Value.

College Athletics Have Their Value.

Every seat in the North State street car was taken, and four or five persons were standing. One of the latter was a young woman, who stood near the middle of the car. A tall young man, rather too slim for his height from an athletic point of view, rose from his seat near the rear door and stepped forward to inform the young woman, who was looking the other way, that there was a seat for her. As he did so a man dropped into it.

there was a sea to the difference was a sea to the differe

TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

LESSON VIII, FIRST QUARTER, INTER-NATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 23.

Text of the Lesson, Luke iv, 1-12-Commit Verses 1-4-Golden Text, Heb. ii, 18-Commentary by the Rev. D. M.

[Compiled from Lesson Helper Quarterly by per-mission of H. S. Hoffman, publisher, Philadel-

mission of H. S. Hoffman, published phila.]

1. "And Jesus, being full of the Holy Ghost, returned from Jordan." This lesson seems to follow immediately the last one, which told us of the baptism of Jesus by John in Jordan, and of the descent of the 1, 2. "And was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the days!"

wilderness, being torty deeps wilderness, being torty deeps when they were ended, He afterward hungered." The forty days fast reminds us of the trastings of the two men who afterwards appeared with Him on the Mount of Iranse figuration. Of Moses it is written, in reference to both periods of forty days and nights when he was in the mount with God, that he did neither eat bread nor drink water (Deut. It., 9, 18), and of Elijah it is written that he went in the strength of that meal (which the angel had prepared) forty days and forty inghts unto Horeb the Mount of God (In Kings xix, 8). There is no doubt more in the forty days' fast of these wonderful three than two have yet seen or shall see till the kingdom comes; but we shall do well day by day to see no man save Jesus only (Matt. xvii, 8).

3. "If Thou be the Son of God, command this stone that it be made bread." The father of lies instinutes that perhaps He is not the Son of God, but only a mere man, just a por carpenter from Nazareth, making pretensions of being some great one, and that He had better return to his humble home or else give some token of His power.

4. "It is written that man shall not lire by bread alone, but by every word of God." This is the reply of Christ to the tempter. The outward indications were that God had failed him, but Jesus places the word of God against all other evidences and rests unmoved on what is written. Believing is better than seeing. The Word of God is more than food or raiment.

5-7. "If Thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be Thine." The statements of these verses that the devil took him to an high mountain and shewed Him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time, cannot be understood or explained by us, but can be received, on the authority of the Holy Spirit, who, through the servant of God, wrote these things, and implicitly believed. The full power of the devil mill give to Antichrist that which in our lesson he offered to Christ Lofon, in Revelation, speaks of a time when the devil will give to Ant

"But I got it," said the man.

"I intended it for the lady," said the young fall title above the ground by side and end pieces of the same material. The one farthest from the gate belongs to Lady Scott, the next to ber famous husband, and the next—considerably lower down—to their only son, Lieut. Col. Scott, who died while still a young man. At the feet of these three lies John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographers of the great noselist.

"But I got it," said the man.
"I intended it for the lady," said the young fellow.

"But I got it," said the man.
"I intended it for the lady," said the young fellow.

"But I got it," said the young fellow.

"But I got it," said the man.

"But I got it," said the man.

"But I got it," said the young fellow.

"But I got it," retorted the other with a sheer.

He was the bigger man, but the young fellow.

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He was the bigger man, but the young fellow.

But I got it," said the young fellow.

"But I got it," fellow.

"But I got it," fellow.

Suffect thee behind me, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy written, Thou shalt worship low's hands descended on his shoulders and he was on his feet and on the platform before he knew it.

"Conductor! conductor!" he cried, but the conductor had a far away look in his eyes and was interested in something going on down the street. The man was in the street before he had time to call out again.

The hero—for he was a hero in the eyes of all the passengers by this time—re-entered spirit and in truth. The principal Old Testa-ment word for worship is in about fifty places translated as "bowing self down," as in Gen xviii, 2; xix, 1. As there can be no sal-vation without the casting aside of self righteousness (Isa. Ixiv, 6; Tit. iii, 5), and no Christian life apart from the denial and death of self (Matt. xvi, 24; II Cor. iv, 11; Gal. ii; 20; so there can be no true worship

church, Dumfries. But when his fame began to fill the world the peeple who allowed bin to fill the world the peeple who allowed bin to fill the world the peeple who allowed bin to fill the world the peeple who allowed bin to fill the world the peeple who allowed bin to fill the world the peeple who allowed bin to fill the world to the pot of the peeple will be an an allow the peeple who allowed bin to be a large who were the pot of the peeple will be allowed a poel in the peeple will be allowed a peeple will be allo

The Egg Storm

How often, I wonder, the moralists and essayists lugged in, as "an apposite illustration," the fable of Columbus and his egg! But this egg story is also told—and perhaps with greater truth—of Brunelleschi, the great architect, who crowned the Duome at Florence with its great cupola. When his envious rivals protested that the work was simplicity itself he put them to silence by showing them how an egg could be made to stand upright. After all, the lesson which the ancodote conveys is just the same as that which Tennyson embodies in the well known lines:

Most can raise the flowers now,

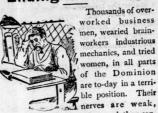
For all have got the seed.

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12 Whites, Cough, Difficult Breathing.
12 Whites, Cough, Difficult Breathing.
13 Salt Rheum, Erysplens, Eruptions.
14 Salt Rheum, Erysplens, Eruptions.
15 Piles, Blind or Bieeding.
16 Fever and Ague, Chilis, Malaria.
17 Piles, Blind or Bieeding.
19 Catarrh, Inducting. Colont Coughs.
20 Whoopling tellity, Physical Weakness.
21 Neurons Debility.
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23 Disenses of the Heart, Palpitatica.
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