

FUNERAL OF A DRUID

STRANGE DEATH RITES ON A LOFTY HILLTOP IN WALES.

Impressive Ceremonies Attending the Final Disposition of the Body of the Late Leader of the Druids of Wales—Rather Mixed Services.

Far away seem the times and the rites of the Druids, even under the mistletoe at Yuletide—the time of Ywelling. There was one of the most ancient and primitive of religions, and its cult is greatly shrouded in mystery. Yet it is not altogether dead. Among the hills of Wales many strange relics of the past remain. There may be no fragments of forgotten peoples, but there are legends and customs and songs and social and religious rites preserved unchanged from the days of Arthur and Merlin and Taliesin. There are probably not a few seers who, like Glendower, "can summon spirits from the vasty deep," though whether or not they will come is yet a mooted question. And as for the Druids, their line is yet unbroken, and their weird rites are still celebrated as of old.

The death occurred at Llantrissant of Dr. William Price, who held the distinguished office of archdruid of Wales. He was something more than 91 years old and might have passed for one of the old time barbs who perished in King Edward's reign, so rugged and antique was his appearance. Six or seven years ago, it may be remembered, an infant that had been born to him in his old age died, and its body was publicly cremated by him with Druidical rites. For this he was arrested and brought to trial. But after a hot contest in court he was acquitted, and a decree was pronounced from the bench establishing the entire legality of this form of funeral. Accordingly when Dr. Price himself died a similar ceremony was enacted without thought of interference.

The ceremony took place on the summit of a high hill at Caerlan, the very spot where the body of the infant had been burned. Several hundred tickets were issued to the friends and former patients of Dr. Price, entitling them to enter the inclosure and witness the burning. The hour first set was noon. But public curiosity rose to so high a pitch that, to avoid being overwhelmed by a mob of sightseers, it was at the last moment decided to change it to 7 o'clock in the morning. So in the gray light of that early hour the strange procession made its way to the hilltop. No mourning garb was to be seen. The closest friends of the deceased Druid were attired in the ancient costumes of the Welsh people.

The body of Dr. Price was clothed in the Druidical robes he had worn in life and was then placed in a coffin of perforated sheet iron. On the hilltop two stone walls had been built, four feet apart, each being about 10 feet long and 4 feet high. A number of iron bars extending from one to the other formed a rude grating between them, some distance above the ground, and upon these bars the coffin was placed, the head being toward the east and the feet toward the west.

A clergyman of the Established church was present and read the ordinary service for the dead in Welsh. The vestments of the church contrasted as strangely with the Druidical garb worn by some of the attendants as did the words of the prayer book with the strange rites. Some slight changes were made in the service, such as the body being "consigned to the flames."

Then under and over and all around the coffin was piled a great lot of wood, perhaps a whole cord of it, and to this were added several tons of coal. Many gallons of paraffin oil were thrown upon it, thoroughly saturating the entire pile. Then, at about 8 o'clock, two of the closest friends of the late Druid came forward from the throng and applied torches to the wood, one at each end of the mass. In a moment it was all a raging furnace, and the hill literally flared like a volcano.

A brisk breeze was blowing, which fanned the fire and carried the flame and smoke far into the heavens. For many miles the strange spectacle was clearly seen, and thousands of people came flocking thither from all parts of Glamorganshire. Seven or eight thousand of them gathered in a ring about the pyre, as close to it as possible, and watched it with eager interest all day long.

Some hours after dark that evening the flames had died down, and there was only a dull glow from the coals. Then with long hooks they dragged the coffin from the furnace, when it was discovered that it had been literally burned through in many places, and when the lid was uncovered the receptacle was absolutely empty without the faintest trace within of the remains. The coffin was subsequently conveyed on a bier, followed by an immense crowd, and deposited on the couch in the deceased's residence, where a few days previously he had breathed his last.—New York Tribune.

Two Wealthy Girls With No Taste.

Two girls sat awhile ago in opposite stage boxes at the theater to whose united wealth the word inconceivable would almost literally apply. Both were faintly pretty, of the style that is absolutely null without proper dressing. One, the most decided type of blond, wore pale blue. The result was simply flat. The other girl is a brunette and was dressed in a brown silk (which is the ugliest and most characterless wear the mind of man can devise, except in combination), and had a wisp of flaxen tied tightly around her neck.—New York Letter.

A Stanch Friend.

Old Gent (proposing health of the happy pair at the wedding breakfast)—And as for the bridegroom, I can speak with still more confidence of him, for I was present at his christening. I was present at the banquet given in honor of his coming of age, I am present here today, and, God willing, I'll be present at his funeral. (Sensation.)—Pick Me Up.

A FRONTIER FARMER'S WIFE.

Her Husband Ave Man, and Her Pleasures Are Few.

The women who live in cities can form no estimate of the work done day after day by the farmer's wife on the frontier. There are no convenient laundries, bakeries or stores where she could buy the ready-made articles she is compelled to make for herself. It is unnecessary work with her from early sunrise until long after the hours have grown small at night. She lights the fires for breakfast.

Nowhere is a man so completely lord and master as on the farm. His mother was a farmer's wife and lighted the fires, his wife shall do the same. While the kettle is boiling she does the milking, and cases are not rare where a farmer's wife milks as many as 8 or 10 cows twice a day. The milk is carried into the cellar in great heavy pails that would try a man's strength, and she returns to the work of getting breakfast. During the progress of the meal she cannot sit back and eat and rest, as many do, but is kept jumping up and down waiting on the men folks and children. It is often a question to strangers who visit on the frontier if she ever gets a chance to eat at all. Then the children are to be started off to school, and though the credit of their education falls to the father, it is the mother who does extra work that they may go, and who pulls them out of bed and starts them off in time every morning.

The milk is to be strained and put away, crocks scalded, butter churned, and the dishes and chamber work still wait. Dinner and supper and afternoon work take up her day. Then in their turns throughout the week there are washing, ironing, baking every other day, scrubbing, sweeping, sewing and mending. In harvest time she will have as many as 14 to cook for and does it all alone. It is seldom that a farmer feels that he can afford to hire help in the kitchen. She has the vegetable garden to see to. To brighten the dreariness of her life she has close to the seldom opened front door a bed of half starved looking flowers—old fashioned cockscomb, four o'clocks, grass pinks and a few other cheerful looking plants that will thrive under neglect. She makes everything that her family wears except hats and shoes. She has no time to think of rest or self.

It is in most cases her lot to welcome new baby every other year, and the only time when help is employed to assist her is for a period of two or three weeks when the little stranger arrives. The births of the babies are about all that vary the monotony of her life. Occasionally death calls and takes from her tired arms a little life and leaves in its place an added pain in her heart. She is old and tired out at 30.

When her daughters reach the age at which they could assist her, the dreary prospect of a frontier life appalls them, and they seek employment in town. Nothing in her house is of late improvement. Her washboard is of the kind her mother used, and her churn in its heavy, clumsy build shows that it belongs to the same date. Improvement stalks all over the farm and leaves no trace in the kitchen. Her pleasures are few. The satisfaction that she is doing her best seems to be all that rewards her. She is a heroine in a calico dress, wrinkled and stoop shouldered—a woman with a burden who never complains. Late at night, when all the members of the family are in bed, a light will shine out across the prairie from the family living room. It is by this light the farmer's wife is doing her mending and sewing, and it will shine out long after the occasional travel that way has stopped, and no one but the one who blows it out knows at what hour the patient burden bearer's laborer ceases.—Baltimore Herald.

Drying Brewers' Grains.

A special machine has been devised for effecting the drying of brewers' grains in vacuum at a low temperature. "Brewers' grains" are now largely employed for feeding cows and horses, but the high nutritive value of the spent grains known by that name is not generally known. The desiccated product of the new process has proved to be of a highly satisfactory character, being free from the peculiar bitter taste so often possessed by brewers' grains and showing on analysis a very high percentage of proteins and fat producing material.

The advantages claimed for the vacuum drying process are: The lowest working expenses with greatest capacity, rapid drying at lowest temperature and consequent excellent quality of the dried grains; no loss of material or nutritive properties, as the grains are not pressed before drying; a clean and simple process, and the avoidance of vapor in the drying rooms or vicinity.—New York Telegram.

Deceptions of Wild Birds.

Falcons, hawks—the largest species—can compress their feathers and look very slim, if they think it necessary to do so. As to the owls, they can hump up into any position they think most suitable. It is useless to look for these self preserving traits in any of the family kept in zoological collections, for the birds are so accustomed to see large numbers of people passing and repassing, or standing in front of them, that they treat the whole matter with perfect indifference. They know that at a certain time their food will be brought them, and that they are otherwise perfectly safe. Then the raptors in a wild state have a bloom on their plumage like the bloom on a bunch of grapes, which is not often seen when in captivity.—Cornhill Magazine.

Looking For Bear.

A party of farmers in Wales once set out in search of a bear which had escaped from a traveling menagerie and roamed their lands with considerable detriment to their live stock. In the course of their quest one of the farmers, observing a brown animal of considerable size lying apparently asleep under a tree, discharged his gun at it with fatal effect. The victim of his zeal, however, turned out to be a common donkey. The bear was ultimately tracked.—London Tit-Bits.

A Valuable Collection.

The collection made has its victims among all classes of people, from the poorest to the richest, and very often queer traits of character are shown by the collectors made. A successful Wall street broker has a collection that is unique, valuable and income producing. Blessed with abundant means, he has for the past five years been able to gratify his whim for the collection of bank stocks. His ambition is to have the largest collection of certificates of bank stocks in the world. His plan is to buy just one share of stock in each national bank. Recently he found that every national bank in New York city except one was represented in his collection. The exception was the Chemical, the \$100 shares of which sell for something over \$5,000 each.

After trying for a long while to find some one who would sell him a single share the collector came across three shares which were for sale in a lump. He could not get one alone, consequently he bought the three for a trifling \$15,000. "I was led into making collections of bank stocks," said this gentleman the other day, "because I could not think of anything else to collect. Among my friends were collectors of pictures, bronzes, marbles, bric-a-brac, flowers, books, postage stamps, coins, musical instruments, glassware and almost everything else. I wanted to collect something that would be of the ordinary and at the same time be of permanent value. Therefore I settled on bank shares."—New York Times.

Was There an Age of Copper?

M. Berthelot, the well known French chemist, in a communication to the Academie des Sciences, states his belief in the some time existence of an age of copper in addition to the three recognized archaeological ones of stone, bronze (copper and tin) and iron. He bases his opinion chiefly upon an analysis of a piece of copper which had been found by M. de Sarzeu in the course of antiquarian investigations in Mesopotamia, or Al Jezira, as the Arabs designate the famous stretch of country between the Euphrates and the Tigris. The fragment thus chemically determined proves to have neither tin nor zinc entering into its composition, there being simply traces of lead and arsenic.

Water and the atmosphere had made ravages into the specimen, which was practically a suboxide or a compound of protoxide and metallic copper. As the ruins from which the piece of metal was taken are authoritatively considered to be more ancient than even those of Babylon, M. Berthelot does not hesitate to promulgate the theory that an age of copper preceded the bronze and iron periods, especially as the examination of a metallic scepter which, it is alleged, belonged to a pharaoh who reigned in Egypt some 3,500 years B. C., showed no sign of the presence of tin.—London Iron.

Position of Wood and Its Durability.

The problem has troubled many why two pieces of wood, sawed from the same section of a tree, should possess very varied characteristics when used in different positions. For example, a gatepost will be found to decay much faster if the butt end of the tree is uppermost than would be the case if the top were placed in this position. The reason is that the moisture of the atmosphere will permeate the pores of the wood much more rapidly the way the tree grew than it would if in the opposite direction.

Microscopical examination proves that the pores invite the ascent of moisture, while they repel its descent. Take the familiar case of a wooden bucket. Many may have noticed that some of the staves appear to be entirely saturated, while others are apparently quite dry. This arises from the same cause—the dry staves are in the position in which the tree grew, while the saturated ones are reversed.—London Tit-Bits.

Carrying the Colors in Battle.

At Gaines Mill, where Gregg's First South Carolina regiment bore the brunt of an assault upon a certain strong position while moving forward at a run, young James Taylor, a lad of 16, was carrying the flag and was killed after being shot down three times, twice rising and struggling onward with the colors. The third time he fell the flag was seized by George Catcott, and when he in turn fell by Shubrick Hayne. Hayne also was struck down almost immediately, and a fourth lad—for none of these men was over 20 years old—grasped the colors and fell mortally wounded across the body of his friend.

The fifth, Gadsden Holmes, was pierced with no less than seven balls. The sixth man, Dominick Spellman, more fortunate, but not less brave, bore the flag throughout the rest of the battle.—Cosmopolitan.

Where Rats Are Prized as Scavengers.

A man just from New Orleans says there is one peculiarity about that city which is never talked about. "It is," he said, "a city of rats. New Orleans is below the river bed, and it is at all times low and damp. The city is not clean, and large wharf rats multiply in the business portion of the city in great numbers, and the pests swarm about in droves. The people of New Orleans contend that the rats are good scavengers and help to rid the city of refuse matter. I don't think there is a city in the world, not even New York or Paris, that has as many rats to the square mile as New Orleans."—Atlanta Journal.

Characteristic to the Last.

Squibbs—Crosens, the miser, was drowned last evening. Hibbs—How did it happen? Squibbs—He fell from a steamboat. I reached down and asked him to give me his hand. He said he had nothing to give and sank.—National Tribune.

A Curio is Term.

The magician threw a teacup into the air, and it came down in fragments. Then he threw the fragments in the air, and the cup came down whole. Now, why should every one call him a scamper?—Harper's Bazar.

The Slattery Anti-Romish Books.

The following letter speaks for itself: Boston, Jan. 20, 1893.—Joseph Slattery, Dear Sir:—Replying to your courteous favor inquiring as to the delay in getting out your books, we regret to be obliged to state that it is next to impossible to get the books bound. The binders doing our work have had considerable trouble with their help, who are mostly Catholics; they have burned out their eyes, and now absolutely refuse to do our work, stating that the heat of the fire under-writers claimed that the books had something to do with the fire, and the Catholic help said that the fire was a visitation of God showing His wrath for their doing such work. You can see from the above that we have had a hard time of it, but hope soon to have the books completed. Regretting any delay, we are, Yours very respectfully,

After receiving the above I asked permission to publish it, which was granted on the condition of my not giving the name of the firm and thus expose them to the Romish boycott. JOSEPH SLATTERY.

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