

MRS. HAROLD STAGG.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Emma rose and haughtily proceeded to lower one of the awnings a little. "I am so sorry; I can see you think me very ungrateful." "I suppose you have the right to throw away your opportunities if you please, but as no one could prevent you from throwing yourself overboard if you were so inclined; but, as I said to your uncle Phineas this morning, I have done my best. Before you resolve on anything foolish, however, I should advise you to consult with him. You may rest assured that your uncle Harold will not consent to your leaving this house, and I cannot believe that Prof. Baldwin has so little knowledge of the world as to sanction anything of the sort. You spoke of paying him a visit; why don't you write to him and tell him you will pass a few days with him?"

"I should like to immensely. I will write to-day. I will talk matters over with him. I have talked with him already; he is sensible, Aunt Emma, and would be the last person, I know, to advise me to do anything that is foolish. It is not he that suggested my leaving you."

"I did not suppose it was," said Emma, relieved, nevertheless, by the announcement. She had been thinking hard as to a plan for thwarting, without seeming to thwart this vagary of Eleanor's as she still chose to consider it; and, on the whole, a change of scene seemed the most feasible. The more Emma thought over this project, the better it pleased her, and she felt almost jubilant when Eleanor announced that she had received a letter from her uncle urging her to come as soon as possible. She abstained from further discussions of the points at issue, believing that to ignore what had been said and trust to Eleanor's common sense to reassert itself was the proper course to pursue, and she sent her off, a day or two later, with equanimity, although Owen Page's yacht was in the offing; for, as she said to herself, the child would be sure to be stiff and constrained were she to meet him in her present spirit, even if she were not absolutely repellent.

Altogether Mrs. Stagg flattered herself that the situation was not nearly so serious as she had at one moment feared, and she even did not feel that it was necessary to complain to her husband of Eleanor's threatened exodus, so little did she doubt that her niece's mental aberration was merely temporary. He expressed some surprise that she should visit New York in the heat of summer, but Emma pointed out in such eloquent terms the loneliness of the professor, and the undoubted need in which his apartments stood of a dust-discerning feminine eye, that Harold made no demur.

Prof. Baldwin's apartments were indeed in need of female scrutiny; at least any woman would have said so; though it must be confessed that the professor himself considered that he was lodged very satisfactorily. The first thing one noticed on entering his living-room, or den, as he called it, was a superabundant odor of tobacco, which, except when his pipe was out, was supplemented by a haze that produced the effect of a murky London fog and imparted an air of greater dinginess to the already dingy carpet and curtains and furniture. Eleanor came in upon the professor just as he had finished breakfast and had settled down in an easy chair for his first smoke. He bounded up from his seat with so much heartiness that he jogged violently the center-table on which the tray containing the remains of his breakfast was resting in the midst of books, geological specimens, maps, music-rolls and sundry smaller paraphernalia, all lying in perfect confusion and overflowing on to the piano.

"Peach-blossom, is it you?" "Yes, Uncle Phin, here I am." "Well, well, this is too much luck for an old bachelor like me! This hand-bag isn't all, is it? Where are your other duds?" "Oh, they're coming. I've brought a trunk nearly as big as this room, Uncle Phin, so you must make up your mind to put up with me for a good long visit. This is your parlor, I suppose."

Her eyes, as she spoke, made a circuit of the room and then rested for a moment inquiringly on a tall, modest-looking man who had risen at her entrance and was standing in the background with his pipe in his hand.

"Yes, this is my parlor, also my breakfast room, my study, my library—in fact, everything except my bedroom, which is there," and the professor nodded toward a door on his right. "Allow me to introduce William Struthers, rising electrician and devotee of science."

The stranger bowed respectfully. Eleanor saw that he had large dark eyes and a pale, rather thin face, full of quiet determination. He wore a short fustian jacket which had seen a great deal of service, and which seemed rather small for his muscular-looking figure. He bowed again and walked to the door.

"Now do not work too hard," cried Uncle Phineas. "There is the rock that will bring you to grief if you do not have a care. How goes the great discovery?"

"It is too soon yet to tell anything." "Not too soon to hope. Some day, Peach-blossom, we will storm his sky-

parlor and investigate for ourselves. These inventors have a way of hiding their light under a bushel for fear of somebody else discovering their discoveries before they are completed. I have a suspicious nature."

"My workshop is a very unattractive place for ladies," Struthers said, diffidently. "But if Miss Baldwin would like at any time to see it I shall be pleased to show her what there is to see."

"Is your workshop in this house?" she asked, interestedly.

"Yes; in the attic. Some day before you go you may like to see; the view from the roof is rather fine."

"Who dares talk of her going? Avaunt, young man, she is never to go; I shall keep her forever; and woe betide him—or her—or it, who dares to try to rob me of her," and the professor put his arm about her neck, caressingly.

"Dear old Uncle Phin!" she said, laying her cheek against his, as the young man left the room.

"A promising lad. I am becoming fond of him."

"Who is he, uncle?" "I have told you nearly all I know. I found him in the house when I arrived. His father was killed in the war, his mother died three years ago, worn out with the struggle to earn a living for herself and boy, and just at the time when he was beginning to take the burden from her shoulders. But come, let me look at you. How stylish we are, to be sure, in our fine dress and bonnet!"

"How unkind, when I had purposely chosen my plainest summer frock because I knew you hated fuss and feathers."

"And pray, who has been enlightening you as to my tastes? But you are waiting to see your room. The lady who occupies it has gone to the seaside to recuperate. She is a music teacher."

Thereupon he conducted Eleanor up another flight to the front of the house, where she found herself in a snug little room, plain but clean and refurbished. There were reminders of the previous occupant over the walls and mirror.

CHAPTER IX.

Christmas cards and painted texts and a water-color or two and family photographs and a canary in a cage hung from a chain in the window, which was crooning as she entered.

"The landlady, Mrs. Todd, was going to remove the bird," said the professor, "but I told her that maybe you'd like it."

"Oh, I should, very much." "Miss Strange—that's the music teacher—wept because she couldn't take it with her for her month's holiday. Poor little lady! She leads a solitary life, I fancy. I don't mean you, you fat, yellow gormandizer," he added, thrusting his round face against the bars of the cage, "but your mistress. She toils while you warble and plume your fluffy bosom. That's the way of the world, however; there are wage-spinners and wage-spenders. Peach-blossom, you will find this room hot and maybe stuffy, I warn you; no sea breezes here. Such air as there is passes over broiling pavements; instead of an ocean view, you look out on tall tenements."

"While speaking he threw open the green blinds and let in a flood of glaring sun."

"You cannot alarm me, Uncle Phin. I am neither sugar nor salt. I can see that I shall be perfectly comfortable and happy here."

"Well, you know your way down to my den—excuse me, your parlor now—and when you are rested you will find me there, ready for anything from a picnic to a voyage in a balloon."

"Don't talk to me of picnic; I have come to work, Uncle Phin. You must get out those socks. I intend to overhaul your entire wardrobe. While you work at your lectures I will darn and mend, and sew on buttons—and talk, for I want your advice."

"Advice, eh? This sounds serious! Can it be that you have come to consult an old bachelor on the subject which he is supposed to be most ignorant of? I thought your aunt had a significant look when she assured me that you would not be allowed to throw yourself away. Have I guessed right?" he added, perceiving that Eleanor flushed and looked uncomfortable.

"No, uncle, nothing of the sort, if you refer, as I suppose, to the possibility of my being married. I don't know what Aunt Emma may have said but I'm not interested in the matter at all."

"It was I that suggested it to her, ha! ha! I told her that I envied the man who won you as a wife, and so I do, Peach-blossom."

"But that is quite another thing from wishing me married, isn't it, Uncle Phin?"

She spoke so beseechingly that the professor instinctively felt a desire to be rid of the subject. With all his predilection for his niece, he could not help remembering his profound conviction that women were strange creatures, and that he shrank habitually from any dealings with them that were likely to induce emotional display. He did not pretend to have divined the cause of Eleanor's discomposure, but he thought he perceived that she was distressed. So he assumed the shy, sphinx-like expression

that was characteristic of him when he felt ill at ease, and said:

"There are certain matters concerning which no one can be so safe a judge as a young lady herself—least of all an old fellow like me."

Thereupon he shambled through the doorway, unheeding the look of surprise which Eleanor cast at him on account of the words. But by the time he had reached his own room he was reproaching himself for his behavior and wishing the words unspoken. The poor child had come to him in a quandary for counsel, and he had checked her off. It was inexcusable; it was barbarous. "The women always," he murmured gloomily, as he lit his pipe again, and it was with a clouded brow that he settled to his task of preparing his geological lectures for the coming season.

Eleanor stood still for a moment after he had left her.

"He thinks it some love affair," she said to herself. "How ridiculous! What can Aunt Emma have said?"

Then she began to inspect her room, pensively at first, but the arrival of her trunk drove her thoughts into other channels. When it was unpacked she went down stairs with her work-box to seek out Uncle Phineas. He was deep in his papers; so, with a nod which signified that he was not to let himself be disturbed, she gilded into the bedroom and reappeared with a pile of stockings. There was no interruption to their respective labors until just after the stroke of 12, when a rap on the door announced a boy with a trap containing a supply of sandwiches and two pots of beer.

"Mahomet All!" exclaimed the professor, "I had forgotten." And, though his large eyes gleamed hungrily, he said: "Not to-day, Adolph. I am going out to luncheon. I will send you word when I want you again."

"No, no, Uncle Phin; not on my account. I—"

"We will go to Delmonico's, Peach-blossom," interrupted the professor, rising and jingling the silver in his pocket.

"We will do nothing of the sort, Uncle Phin. You are to make no change in your habits, Adolph," she added, addressing the boy, who stood irresolute, listening to the dialogue, "you may leave Prof. Baldwin's luncheon just as usual."

The lad grinned and glanced at his employer, who extended his palms and shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "You see how helpless I am," after which Adolph approached the table, and placed upon it one of the plates of sandwiches and one of the tankards.

"May I not have the rest?" she asked, as he turned to go.

The attendant grinned again. "Please, ma'am, this is for Mr. Struthers upstairs."

"Oh!" she murmured, with a little laugh, "that is awkward."

The professor surveyed her gloatingly. "It would serve you right to go hungry," he said; then he added, "You may leave the other portion, Adolph, and tell Mr. Struthers, when you see him next, that it was stolen from you on the staircase by a beautiful Amazon. Go now, and do not let him fawn long."

"You will tell him nothing of the sort, Adolph," said Eleanor, appropriating a sandwich. "I trust to your discretion to let him know nothing about it."

"Yes, ma'am," said the delighted youngster, as he withdrew.

"This is a true workingman's repast," said Uncle Phineas, as he set down his pewter after a draught.

"And am I not a working-woman?" she said. "At least, I wish to be. But where," she asked, after a moment, "do you—do the other people here take dinner? This is only a lodging-house, isn't it?"

(To be continued.)

DINERS WHO BECAME NOTED.

Milner, Schreiner and Steyn Guests at Inner Temple, London, Years Ago.

Some twenty years ago there used to dine at the Inner Temple, London, three young men whose careers in life were destined by fate to cross in a very remarkable manner. At that time these three young embryo lawyers were comparatively unknown to each other; their names were Milner, Schreiner and Steyn. The position of each of these young law students is now too well established to need much comment. Milner now rules the Transvaal colony, Schreiner is the former premier of Cape Colony and Steyn the former president of the Orange River Colony. Their names are familiar to everyone in the civilized world, but their work is by no means over; indeed, in the present position of affairs it seems likely that their names will be much before the public for some time to come in connection with some movement or other.

Saves Money in Vines. Instead of blowing down coal in mines by means of dynamite an Englishman intends to make use of a hydraulic cartridge, which is said to obviate the wasteful shattering of the fuel. The cartridge is 20 inches in length. Orifices along its sides admit of the application of a pressure of some three tons per square inch. The total pressure is about sixty tons. When inserted in a hole the cartridge is coupled up with a small hand pump. It is said that in a few minutes after the apparatus has been at work the coal breaks up and falls in great blocks. About one and one-half pints of water are used in the operation. One colliery proprietor who has adopted the invention for use in three mines computes that each cartridge saves \$75 per week.

FIDELITY OF A DOG

PATHETIC STORY OF DUMB BRUTE'S FAITHFULNESS.

Remains with His Master During Illness and After Death, and Dies on the Grave—Tale Vouched for by Treasury Official.

"The speech made by Senator Vest at the trial of a dog case some years ago, and referred to in the Post one day recently, brings to mind a case in which the faithfulness, loyalty and love of a dog for his master was as strongly and pathetically portrayed," said a treasury official at a dinner one night last week. "A man whom I had known from childhood and who occupied first place in my friendship, was taken ill and after months of long suffering died. His death was a blow from which I shall never entirely recover, and it is just this one thing above all others that poor old Dick, my friend's dog, and I hold in common."

"During my friend's illness I called at his home on my way to the office, and as soon as the working hours were over I was at his bedside again. Always I found Dick there, looking up in his master's face with his big, sad eyes. I patted the faithful fellow and told him it was all right, that his master was going to get well. He would wag his head and lick my hand in reply. There he stayed and nothing could induce him to remain away very long. Night and day he lay there at the foot of the bed, keeping a faithful watch."

"Finally the end came. I am a strong man, but I went into pieces. The sight of that poor dumb brute would have torn a heart of iron, for no human being could have suffered more. During the preparations for putting the body in the coffin they were forced to carry the dog out of the house and tie him. But it was not for long. Dick broke his rope, and quietly sneaked into the house and again took up his watch, but this time under the coffin, and there he stayed, snapping at all who approached his master's body. When the pall-bearers were about to remove the casket it was I who saved the undertaker's life. It almost seemed that at last the strain had broken, and the poor dog's growls, which were more like groans, told his story. His attack upon the pall-bearers was violent, and for a moment I feared the animal had gone mad, but the poor fellow was crazed with grief. I approached him and in the same manner as during his master's illness patted him and said it would be 'all right.' In this way I succeeded in getting him out of the house, but this scar on my hand bears evidence of the struggle I had in doing so."

"When I reached the street the first thing my eye rested upon was the dog Dick under the hearse, and there he remained in a dull, sullen way, walking along until the grave was reached."

"At the grave he was in a fighting mood no longer. He seemed to understand in his mute way that it must happen. After the burial I coaxed and begged him to come back with me, but to no purpose, so I left him there, where he died a few days later.—Washington Post."

CEMENT USED FOR GIRDERS.

Adhesive Power in Contact With Steel is Great. Cement has long been recognized as a construction material even where very heavy strains must be sustained. At the Paris exposition were shown concrete spans twenty feet in length, but a Chicago architect has recently gone a step farther and laid concrete flooring with twenty-five-foot spans. Buffalo has an apartment house—six stories high without a single steel girder or beam in the building, which is constructed entirely of concrete, says the Springfield Republican. Girders and concrete construction generally are reinforced throughout by steel rods or wires. The rods are not designed to carry, and do not carry, the weight, but only keep the cement from disintegrating under the strain. The adhesive power of cement in contact with steel is tremendous, and this fact makes it possible to decrease the thickness of the walls. In France and Germany seemingly impossible things are being accomplished in concrete construction, which is often used where the heaviest pressure must be withstood. Concrete has been used somewhat for bridge construction in this country of late years. The bridge across the Housatonic near Stockbridge has 100-foot concrete spans.

President Roosevelt a Theatregoer. President Roosevelt is not so much of a theatregoer as was his distinguished predecessor, says the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Journal. On the one or two occasions when he has appeared at local playhouses, he has been restless and has left before the production was finished. Mrs. Roosevelt cares more for the stage and generally sees the play to the end.

Among the cabinet officers Attorney-General Knox is the most regular attendant. In fact he and Mrs. Knox are quite confirmed "first-nighters." Lyman J. Gage and Mr. Vanderlip used to go to everything when they were in Washington. Senator Hanna contributes regularly to the box office; so do Senator Beveridge and Senator Lodge. But the best patrons are the diplomatic corps and the set which runs with the Countess Cassini. When in the city the Leiters go to everything that is good, and the De Couvens have a box for the season.

HOUSEWORK DONE BY SYSTEM.

Once More Is Shown the Superiority of Man's Mind.

There is no doubt a great deal of truth in all the wise saws one might quote about human nature being the same the world over, but still there is a difference. Who could imagine a Spanish Enoch Arden, or even a Frenchman or an Italian playing so self-sacrificing a part? There is an Italian laborer in a little town in New Jersey in whose family affairs the neighbors are somewhat interested, who does not let the idea of self-sacrifice enter largely into his principles of life. Life has gone rather badly with him, to be sure. Two years ago his wife ran away and left him with a family of little children to take care of. He has done this as well as possible under the circumstances, and conducted his housekeeping in a thoroughly masculine way which is worth considering. During the week he is at work a good distance from his home, and except what he can do for them mornings and evenings, the children look out for themselves during the day. On Saturday he does his marketing, laying in a stock of provisions large enough to last through the week. On Sunday, with a number of friends as assistants, he cooks. He has built something in the nature of an old-fashioned brick oven, in which he can do a large amount of cooking at one time, and there he bakes innumerable loaves of black bread and other things which will keep until the next cooking day. Only a man would think of doing his housework in this simple and systematic way, and it is a great success. However, Tony has found a long continuation of even weekly housework tiresome, and he is about to bring to his home another helpmeet.

"But supposing your other wife should come home?" asked an over-curious neighbor one day.

Evidently Tony had not thought of anything so unpleasant. He considered the matter for a moment after it had been presented to him. Then he replied calmly:

"She comma home? I killa her."

SHE HAD NO OBJECTION.

Tale of an Unfortunate Courtship Told in Rhyme.

With delicate persuasion that betrayed no base evasion, he contrived the conversation so it turned on true love rare.

And in accents far from jolly he declared 'gainst friendship's folly, and in tones quite melancholy said he'd take love for his share.

It was, he said, admitted, that when friendship's ghost had flitted, those it left were to be pitted; for their fate was sad indeed.

But when true love once had darted through one's soul, and then departed, though it left one broken hearted, it had filled a long felt need.

And there was no doubt about it, though the skeptical might flout it, we could not get on without it, though it left us in disgrace;

For its memory always haunted, and it was the thing we wanted. Other things, though highly vaunted, couldn't take its special place.

Then he asked if he might love her, for there was no girl above her in his eyes. He thought only of her, and she said: "Why, what family?"

"If to love is your ambition, you at once have my permission, but of course on this condition: you can love, but not have me."—Tom Mixson in the New York Press.

Shall I Complain?

Shall I complain because the feast is over, And all the banquet lights have ceased to shine? For joy that was, and is no longer mine;

For love that came and went and comes no more; For hopes and dreams that left my open door; Shall I, who hold the past in fee, repine?

Nay! there are those who never quaffed life's wine, And that were the unluckiest fate one might deplore.

To sit alone and dream, at set of sun, When all the world is vague with coming night— To hear old voices whisper, sweet and low, And see dear faces steal back, one by one, And thrill anew to each long-past delight— Shall I complain, who still this bliss may know?—Louise Chandler Moulton.

Formidable Preparations.

"Yassir," said Uncle Asbury. "I's got a daughter in de high school." "I suppose you are very proud of her?"

"Deed I is. An' what's mo', she's gwine ter be a gre't he'p to her father. She's studin' geometry at de present time, an' she's sayin' dem lessons over an' over ag'in so's I kin hear 'em."

"What's that for?" "Well, sub, I allus was kind o' anxious to preach, but I nebber didn't hab de words to stand de competition. Uv reckons when I stan's up in front o' dat congregation an' gits to telling 'em bout hypotenuses an' pablielligrams dey's gwine to rise up an' admit dat dey's listenin' to language sho' 'nuff."

Science at the Table.

"I see," said the landlady's husband, "that one of the scientific papers says carp live for hundreds of years, and that pike also may become centenarians if they are left alone by the fishermen." "Is that so?" returned the starboarder, making another effort to bite a piece from the wing in his possession; "I wonder if anybody has ever really found out how long it takes a chicken to die of old age?"

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.

CATTLE—Receipts of cattle were very light so that it only took a comparatively short time for practically everything in the yards to change hands. Buyers took hold quite freely and the market was active from start to finish.

About the usual proportion of the receipts consisted of cornfed steers and some of the cattle showed considerable quality. As high as \$3.30 was paid, which is the highest price in some little time. They were western cattle, but were good and fat. As a general thing the market did not show much change from Wednesday, but sellers were calling it all the way from barely steady to strong. It was evident that packers did not like the idea of paying the prices asked, but, as they had to have a few cattle, the kinds that suited them sold to good advantage, while the kinds that did not strike them as favorably were hard to dispose of at steady prices.

The cow market was active and stronger from start to finish. Buyers were all out early and bought up everything that was offered in good season. The prices paid looked all the way from strong to a dime higher. Hogs, veal calves, and stags also sold at fully as good prices as were in force last Wednesday.

There were very few stockers and feeders in the yards and not many were wanted. Speculators were not looking for much of a demand the remainder of this week and as a result they did not want any cattle unless they could buy them lower. The market could probably best be described by calling it slow and weak.

HOGS—There was a light run of hogs here and besides that about 18 cars were consigned direct to local packers and not offered on the market. Packers all needed fresh supplies and the market advanced right close to 10c. Packers started out bidding only about a nickel higher and a few hogs sold that way, so that the general market was 50 to 10c higher. The bulk of the sales went from \$4.32 1/2 to \$6.37 1/2.

SHEEP—Owing to the destruction of the sheep barn by fire Christmas morning the sheep that arrived were yarded in the new hog division. The pens are well covered, so that the sheep are given as good protection from the weather as though they were housed in the regular barn. The capacity is sufficiently large to handle all the sheep that will arrive for the next several months, so that patrons of the market will be given the same service that they have always received.

There were only six cars of sheep and lambs on sale and the quality of the most of them was rather inferior. Three cars of Mexican ewes that were in just fair condition brought \$3.50 and some western ewes sold at \$3.00 and western wethers at \$4.00. Considering the quality the market was pronounced steady to strong and everything sold in good season.

There were not enough feeders on sale to tell anything about the market, but being so near the end of the week, there were not many buyers in sight.

Quotations for fed stock: Choice lambs, \$5.00 to \$5.25; fair to good lambs, \$4.50 to \$5.00; choice yearlings, \$4.00 to \$4.50; fair to good yearlings, \$3.50 to \$4.00; choice wethers, \$3.00 to \$3.50; fair to good, \$2.50 to \$3.00; choice ewes, \$2.00 to \$2.50; fair to good, \$1.50 to \$2.00; feeder lambs, \$1.00 to \$1.50; feeder wethers, \$1.50 to \$2.00; feeder ewes, \$1.00 to \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Receipts, 2,000 head, including 400 head Texas, strong; native steers, \$3.50 to \$4.00; Texas and Indian steers, \$3.00 to \$3.50; Texas cows, \$2.50 to \$3.00; native cows and heifers, \$1.50 to \$2.00; stockers and feeders, \$1.00 to \$1.50; calves, \$2.00 to \$2.50.

HOGS—Receipts, 5,000 head; strong to higher; bulk of sales, \$6.30 to \$6.50; heavy, \$6.20 to \$6.50; packers, \$6.30 to \$6.50; medium, \$6.20 to \$6.50; light, \$6.10 to \$6.30; Yorkers, \$6.20 to \$6.50; pigs, \$5.00 to \$5.50.

SHEEP—Receipts, 1,000 head; stronger; muttons, \$3.00 to \$3.10; lambs, \$3.00 to \$3.10; range wethers, \$3.00 to \$3.10; ewes, \$3.00 to \$3.20.

MORE MONEY FOR MITCHELL.

Leader of the Miners Will Have His Salary Increased.

INDIANAPOLIS—A motion will be submitted to the convention of the United Mine Workers increasing the salaries paid the president and secretary. At present Mr. Mitchell receives \$1,800 and Mr. Wilson \$1,500.

The miners are looking forward to securing increased pay for themselves and want their executive officers to share their profits.

It is said the convention will be the largest ever held by the miners, as over 1,200 delegates will be present, as against 1,000 last year.

Railroad Building in 1902.

CHICAGO—According to the Railroad Gazette, railroad building in the United States for 1902 aggregated 6,026 miles, a total not exceeded in any year since 1888. Second track, sidings and electric lines are not included. Oklahoma leads with 570, Texas comes second with 496, Arkansas is third with 371 and Indian Territory is fourth with 363 miles.

Simple Funeral for Bishop.

LONDON—The remains of the archbishop of Canterbury were removed from the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth to Canterbury for interment. There was no display. The body was taken to the railroad station in a simple hearse, followed by carriages containing relatives of the deceased. A surpliced choir sang an anthem at the station as the coffin was placed on board the train.