

NEW BURIAL COACH.

COMBINES THE HEARSE AND FUNERAL CARRIAGES.

Rev. Stephen Merritt the Inventor—Inventor of a Long Line of Sombre Vehicles There Will Be But One Carriage at a Funeral.



HERE will be no more funeral processions. That is, if the public takes kindly to this newest idea in burial coaches. In place of the present familiar spectacle of the plumed hearse, with its gloomy trappings, moving slowly through the city streets, with a long line of somber vehicles in its wake, there is now for use a conveyance which combines upon its four wheels what now take thirty-six wheels to carry. The new burial coach, which is the idea of Rev. Stephen Merritt, of New York, is a low, broad vehicle, to be drawn by four horses, and resembles more than anything else one of the low-bodied type of Fifth avenue stages in use in New York, with the addition of an oblong glass cabinet on top. It is designed to take the place of a hearse, a flower coach, two carriages for the relatives and five carriages for the friends. It is designed to cost \$6,000, and, in addition to the coffin and flowers, will carry eight persons in the front compartment and twenty-two in the rear. The latter compartment is spacious enough to afford room for camp chairs for additional mourners. When in use, the coffin will be placed on a movable platform, which will raise it to its place in the glass cabinet over the roof of the coach. The front compartment, to be used by the relatives, in the interest of privacy, is sound proof, and is upholstered in green silk. The rear compartment is finished in dark leather and carved wood. The exterior will be black, with silver trimmings and lamps.

The argument used by the inventor, who is introducing the coach and expects to have the first one in operation in a few days, is that it will reduce the expense of a funeral and also serve to promote not only the safety, but the comfort and convenience of those afflicted by death. In this fast age, when competition is so very keen, every commodity necessary to life has been greatly reduced in price in the last few years. Until the present time, however, little thought has been given to the cost of those things we require only in death, and if a man wanted to go to his grave in the latest style, so that his relatives would not be ashamed to own him, his sorrowing widow would have to put a mortgage on the home. And of course this policy being all wrong, and necessity being the mother of invention, a philanthropist comes forward with the "co-operative funeral

the thought that it is quite as proper to provide, while still among the living, for one's appropriate burial, as it is to provide for those near and dear to us after death. In Philadelphia and other large cities, owing to the crowded condition of the city, and the constant presence of other tenants in a house, funerals do not, as a rule, partake of the solemnity and decorum that they should, and in many instances the late homes of a deceased person do not afford the opportunity for the conduct of a proper burial service.

In many, in fact, in most instances, the rooms of a house during a funeral are crowded to suffocation by those in attendance. They fill the hall and block the ingress and egress of those who call to take a last look at the dead. They line the staircase and rest on the balusters, and the minister is forced to seek the most available location to make himself heard, even though unseen by a large proportion of those gathered to observe the last rites over a departed friend.

All these things have frequently given rise to the thought whether the burial of the dead on a co-operative plan, which would reduce the expense of a funeral to its lowest point, secure everything needed at such a service, and at the same time preserve the solemnity of the occasion, and afford the family and those in attendance ample and proper accommodations, was not feasible, and this problem seems to have been most successfully solved and its solution brought about by a man thoroughly conversant, through long experience, with the burial of the dead.

For fifty years the Rev. Stephen Merritt, of New York, has studied this subject, and year after year he became more impressed with the delinquency of the usual methods and the absolute necessity of the organized management of funerals. To him this became a life study, and the fruition of the plan he evolved is represented in the co-operative funeral plan, an incorporated organization that has just equipped a large building in New York in an elaborate manner for the conduct of funerals on a co-operative plan, that is practical in every way, reduces the expenses of a funeral and surrounds its management with all proper conditions.

Jean Pinto Famous Everywhere.
In a French churchyard is a monument bearing an inscription of which the following is a translation: "Here lies Jean Pinto, the Spanish violinist. When he reached heaven he united his voice with the voices of the archangels. As soon as he heard him, the Deity cried, 'Keep quiet, all you fellows, and let us hear alone the illustrious singer, Jean Pinto!'"

American at Last.
Central Park, New York, is no longer adorned, or rather disfigured, with numerous "Keep off the grass" signs. The park commissioners last week called them all in. Children can now

RARE FEAT IN BALANCING



Balancing feats may almost be said to be co-existent with the dawn of civilization, and the centuries of progress have left their mark on this gentle art in common with other forms of entertainment, until in these latter years feats of marvelous dexterity and skill have become very common. The Japanese led the experts of the world in balancing as well as in juggling for many years, but within the present century several Europeans, with the aid of the heaven sent gift of patience, have become quite equal to the Orientals.

Accompanying this is an illustration of one of the feats of one of the Girards, which is described in the current Strand. A more difficult undertaking in balancing can scarcely be imagined. If one would get a correct idea of how

nearly impossible the feat is let him take two ordinary felt hats and two canes and essay it, with the aid of the picture in the way of showing position to assist him. The artist who performs the trick belongs to that class of continental performers which makes it a practice to sandwich in between bits of grotesque foolery many difficult and fine feats of balancing and dexterity. Some of these mis fire or go unappreciated by superficial onlookers, owing to the seemingly airy and careless way in which they are executed and the comicities with which their accomplishment is interlarded. Very few have any idea of the time, skill and patience which are required to bring one of these feats to perfection. The Girard feat is certain to stand almost alone for a long time.

plan," which has produced this new and unique burial coach among many other things that tend to cheapen the price of a first-class funeral. So now, no matter how poor a man is in life, or how badly he fares, he can ride to his grave in a "sombre coach," and his friends can attend him in a "luxury coach." Death makes all humanity alike, and this is seen at many funerals, where neighbors, moved by a kindly impulse, lend a helping hand in every possible way to those in affliction; but the very help that it has been necessary to accord in this way in the past leads to

romp all over the green sward and enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. Grown people, too, will not be slow to avail themselves of the privilege of exercising freely on the grass. Heretofore the public had to confine itself to asphalt walks and hard benches, with the sparrow cop usually in evidence. In neither Hyde park, Green park, nor James Park, in London, are there any "Keep off the grass" signs.

The river dolphin of South America has 222 teeth.

BEST FOR THE LEAST.

MARKET PRICES IN A STRANGE STATE.

Careful Canvass Made in New York—How Staple Articles of Food Vary at Different Sections—The High Prices Up Town.

(From the New York Herald.)

OW to get the best for the least money is the burning question with all New York, in these times especially, and so one constantly hears Mrs. Smith telling Mrs. Brown what it costs to live and extolling the merits of her butcher or grocer. "Why, my man must be a perfect fraud!" exclaims indignant Mrs. Brown; "I pay him twenty-five cents a pound for every bit of steak we have, and you tell me you get it for twenty-two cents. That is sheer robbery. I shall change at once!" and then she asks where Mrs. Smith's marketing is done, and finds that it is about two miles from the location of her own dear (in two senses) market man and her own home. Nevertheless, she spends a week economizing at the expense of several car fares and a great deal of time and strength each day, and goes back to her own convenient place. And then when she hears of another friend who pays even more than she does she is quite reconciled, and finally the conclusion is borne upon her that it is all a matter of locality after all, and that when her husband pays a large rent for the privilege of living in an ultra select section of the city the matter does not end there, but crops up in every chop or potato she eats at table. The dealer naturally has to pay a larger rent, too, than the man who keeps a dingy little shop on Third avenue, perhaps.

A careful canvass of prices of the staple articles of food in different sections proves that there is no great difference in the real prices, but more in the quality of goods dealt in. For instance, the man who supplies the lower east side does not find much call for extra "fancy" porterhouse steaks, and even for the steaks he does sell he must get a good price, although the larger quantity of his daily sales are of round steak, stewing meat, etc. Then, new potatoes come late to Forsyth and Delancey and Mott streets, and even the ones that have survived the winter's campaign are considered a luxury there, while eggs which have made close acquaintance with cold storage are more familiar than the "strictly fresh" ones of up town.

On the other hand, the market man who supplies the trade of Murray Hill explains apologetically when questioned that his prices "may be a bit higher, ma'am, but, you see, I only carry the finest. Now, I sell steaks, extra fancy, up to twenty-eight cents a pound, and, you see other dealers have no use for that kind, so they don't carry 'em. In the matter of potatoes, I've entirely dropped the old ones and have only fine new stock, which bring a good price, of course. Eggs I don't touch except the strictly fresh, and for those I charge twenty-five cents a dozen."

Next in range of high prices comes the section around Seventy-second street, west. Here the same story is told of the reason for high figures, with the addition, however, of more moderate figures for the articles not labeled—in the dealer's phraseology—fancy; these last two suit the purses of the apartment house army of marketers. All up the west side of town till one comes to the Nineties, or to 100th street, prices, for meat especially, are pretty "stiff," but on the west side of Harlem a drop comes, best cuts of beef selling there from fourteen cents to eighteen cents a pound, and vegetables and other staples proportionately cheap.

Worn Knees.
Many stories are told of the keen wit and ready speech of Dr. Mason, once pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian church in New York. Not only was he a great and eloquent preacher, but many of his most telling lessons were given in private rather than in the pulpit; so heard, they were sure to be repeated and not forgotten.

He had a great fondness for animals, and particularly for horses, of whose good points he was said to be an excellent judge. On one occasion a brother minister, who was intending to buy a horse, met Dr. Mason, and stopped to ask his opinion of the animal, which he was then driving.

Doctor Mason surveyed the horse with long and careful scrutiny, and after several inarticulate sounds of approval and disapproval, he finally pointed to the animal's knees, which were decidedly worn in aspect.

"That is a good sign for a minister," said he, with a humorous smile, "but it is a very bad sign for a minister's horse!"

New Trick in Science.
One of the latest exploits of the modern man of science is trapping and bringing down to the ground, with the aid of an automatic apparatus attached to a balloon, specimens of the upper air from the height of almost ten miles. The apparatus and the experiment were of the French invention and simply showed that the height of 51,000 feet above sea level the composition of the atmosphere is practically the same as at the surface of the earth.

"Pop, what is humidity?" "Boiled air, my son."—Judge.

RINGS ON HER TOES.

Gotham Society Girls Ornament Their Feet with Jewels.

In an old nursery rhyme there was a lady who cultivated what then seemed the remarkable habit of wearing "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes." Her descendant, the society woman of today, has in revering the old arrangement inaugurated a still more remarkable habit, says the New York World. Many of the rings which the modern woman wears do actually have bells on them; and as for wearing rings on her toes, that is now an established custom. Toe rings are not yet visible in the jewelers' windows, because they are as yet made only to fill special orders; but if the fashion is followed up, as it is likely to be, they will soon be as plentiful as bracelets or silver hatpins. There are, as it will be surmised, a great many occasions on which the toe ring cannot be worn. It is not worn in daytime under a shoe, nor in the evening under a slipper. But there are times when it is allowed to shine forth in all its glory, and one of these times is when its owner is taking a Turkish bath. The pride and delight which society women take in their prettily-shaped, exquisitely cared for feet, possibly in most cases dates to only a short time ago, but it is certain that since at present a beautiful foot is more valuable than ever before, and any device calling attention to its attractiveness is most carefully cultivated. A toe ring serves just this purpose. Now, when the woman of many fads joins a Turkish bath party she does not, under an impulse of mistaken modesty, conceal her feet from view. She rather allows them to be as conspicuous as the conditions will allow, while her friends are encouraged to admire openly their whiteness and slenderness. As a mark of extreme novelty she now places on each big toe a ring which does not differ at all, except in size, from the ones she wears on her fingers. It may be of plain gold, or it may be made brilliant with jewels. There are no restrictions as to its character. But, grotesque as the idea appears at first thought, a pretty ring is unquestionably an ornament to a pretty foot, and the women who are brought to realize this will doubtless hasten to imitate the example which has been set them.

PROTECTION FROM SNAKES.

Good Results Obtained from the Vaccination of Large Animals.

The task of artificially rendering animals immune from snake poison is not an easy one, for the process depends upon training the animals to gradually withstand larger and larger doses of the venom, and, considering the intensely toxic character of the substance which had to be handled, the danger was ever present of the animal succumbing to venom poison before its serum had acquired the requisite pitch of protective power to render it of service as an anti-toxin. Dr. Calmette tells us, says Longmans' Magazine, that he carried out a very large number of experiments before he met with success. But it is not necessary here to discuss the various efforts; suffice it to say that at length his labors were rewarded, and the following extract from one of his memoirs describes the methods which he now adopts for the purpose:—"The best method of procedure for the purpose of vaccinating large animals destined to produce anti-venomous serum consists in injecting them from the outset with gradually increasing quantities of the venom of the cobra mixed with diminishing quantities of a one to sixty solution of hypochlorite lime. The condition and the variations in the weights of the animals are carefully followed, in order that the injections may be made less frequently if the animals do not thrive well. Quantities of stronger and stronger venom are in turn injected, first considerably diluted and then more concentrated, and when the animals have acquired a sufficient immunity the venoms derived from as large a number of different species of snakes as possible are injected. The duration of the treatment is of considerable length—at least fifteen months—before the serum is sufficiently active to be used for the purpose of treatment. During the last three years an immense number of animals have been vaccinated by this method at the Pasteur Institute at Lille."

To Wash Organies.

To wash organies and lawns, soak them in a gallon of warm water, in which a tablespoonful of borax has been dissolved. Leave them to soak about 20 minutes and rub in soapsuds made of pure castile soap; pour boiling water over them and allow to cool; rinse in tepid water.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Teacher—"Willie, if your father gave you ten cents and then took away four and gave them to your brother, what would that make?" Willie—"Trouble."

—Yale Record.

Finnicus—"I tell you a man never appreciates his wife till he gets into trouble." Cynnicus—"That's so; it's a big satisfaction to have some one to blame for it."—Life.

First Prospector (at Klondyke)—"I understand Nuggets has been arrested." Second Prospector—"Yes; the darn fool persisted in heaping gold in front of his cabin and blocking the trail."—Philadelphia North American.

Mrs. Griggs—"Mr. Waiton is certainly a remarkable young man." Mrs. Grossmith—"What makes you think so?" Mrs. Griggs—"Oh, I heard him say last night that he would just as soon teach his sister to ride the bicycle as any other girl."—Somerville Journal.

NOT EASY FOR JAPAN.

THE PACIFIC SQUADRON ABLE TO GIVE A FIGHT.

Warships That Would Make It a Little Difficult to "Havage" the Coast—Facts That English Writers Might Ponder.



HE reports as to the objections on the part of Japan to any steps which might lead to the annexation of the Hawaiian islands by the United States, and to the effect that in case of trouble between the two nations the Japanese navy would have no difficulty in defeating that part of the United States navy which is stationed in Pacific waters, has caused much inquiry as to what constitutes the Pacific squadron. A London dispatch on the subject caused much comment. It said that the Japanese knew the strength of the American navy, and that in an open conflict the United States would make a poor showing.

"It is morally certain," so said the dispatch, "that the Japanese ships would ravage the Pacific coast if the United States ever became involved in hostilities with Japan. In that event Spain would have an opportunity of which she would hardly fail to take advantage."

This English view of the situation has caused some amusement in naval circles, where it was said that the Asla-

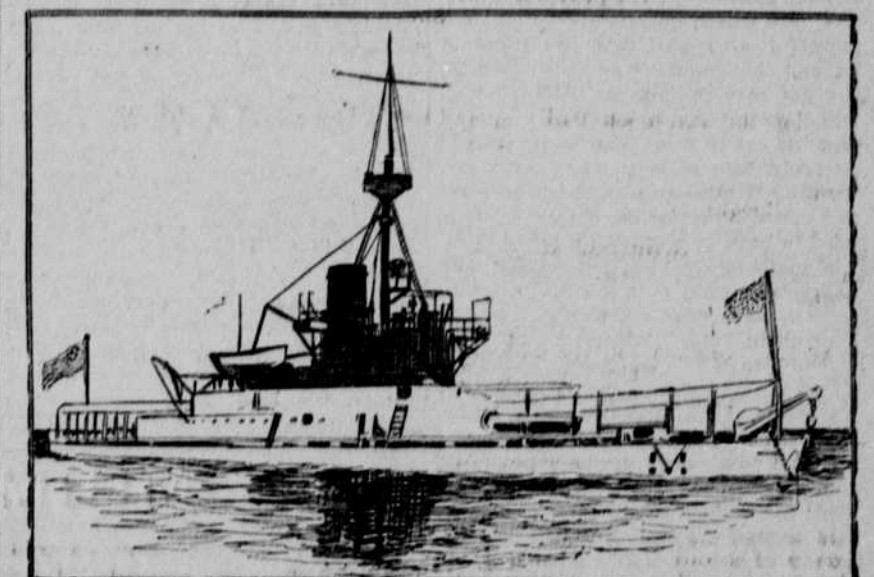
The twin screw gunboat Bonnington is at Mare Island, Cal., where the Alert will soon arrive from Sitka.—The Alert is a gunboat of the old style, built in 1873; but she is not as old as the Marion, a wooden steam sloop of war. This vessel was once a training-ship, on which naval apprentices received instructions. She was so thoroughly "repaired" that nothing of the old vessel remained, and no one would recognize in the Marion, now in the harbor of Honolulu, with her improved machinery, perfect armament and additional size in length and beam, the Marion of a generation ago.

It will be seen that the Pacific squadron includes the latest and best designs in naval architecture and several examples of modernized old vessels.

SPANIEL THAT DIVES.

Its Owner Stated That the Dog Could Go Down Eighteen Feet.

A remarkable diving dog was owned by S. H. Ives of Detroit, Mich., says the Journal of that city. When a sightless puppy it was given to Mr. Ives by Charles Boston, the whirlwind of the River Rouge, who afterward described it as follows: "Dash was the most knowing dog that ever lived. You ought to see him dive. By gosh! Turn over on his back and dive! I saw that dog go down in eighteen feet of water and bring up a stone. He would bring up the right stone nine times out of ten. If he couldn't get the right stone he would bring one that looked like it. Ah, by gosh! you would give up twenty-five cents to see that dog any time. Up at the Flats I have seen him dive in clear water—you know how clear the water is up there sometimes. You can see



THE MONITOR MONADNOCK.

tic squadron could be brought to the Pacific coast in a short time to reinforce the Pacific squadron now on duty near the coast, which the English writer expects to see "ravaged." The Pacific squadron consists of the Oregon, Philadelphia, Monadnock, Monterey, Alert, Bennington and Marion.

The Oregon is a coast line battleship, and is a sister ship of the Indiana and Massachusetts. She was launched in 1893, and is able to take and keep the seas in an emergency, and to cope with powerfully armed vessels. She has a coal capacity of 1,800 tons. Her general features are length, 348; breadth of beam, 69½ feet; draught, 24 feet; displacement, 10,200 tons, and her hull is of steel, protected with a belt of armor 7½ feet wide and 18 inches thick, of which 4 feet are below the water line. She is armed with four 13-inch 35-calibre breech-loading rifles, eight 8-inch breech-loading rifles, six 4-inch rapid firing, twenty 6-pound and four 1-pound rapid guns, four Gatling guns and six torpedo tubes.

The Philadelphia is Rear-Admiral Lester A. Beardslee's flagship. She is also a formidable steel-protected vessel. She is now at Honolulu. In the Monadnock a different class of vessel is represented. She is of the twin-turreted monitor style, and well calculated for harbor defense. The Monadnock is at present at Portland, Ore., where the Monterey, also a double-turreted twin screw armored coast defense vessel, is stationed. The Monterey was designed to afford a floating defense of the highest character for the harbor of San Francisco. She is constructed entirely of steel, and has a double bottom throughout, with 110 water tight compartments in her hull that can be readily filled with water, submerging the vessel until about one foot of her sides shows above the surface of the water.

the bottom. I have seen that dog Lunting around on the bottom looking for the stone Mr. Ives threw in for him." Dash was a field spaniel of ordinary size. He was spotted black and white, and was as pretty a dog as one would wish to see. Mr. Ives trained him to dive by throwing stones first at the edge of the water and then further out until the dog would finally go down in water of any reasonable depth. He was wonderfully persistent in his search for stones under water, and would never rise without bringing something if he could not find the right stone. Boston swears with his right hand up that he held the watch on the dog when he remained under water a full minute searching for the stone his master had thrown. "When Brighton Beach was a resort Mr. Ives took the dog over there very often," said he, "and I have seen hundreds of people standing on the bank watching Dash dive for stones. It was a pretty sight. He would swim out to where the ripples of the water showed the spot where the stone had gone down, then gracefully turn over on his back and dive as prettily as a boy could do it."

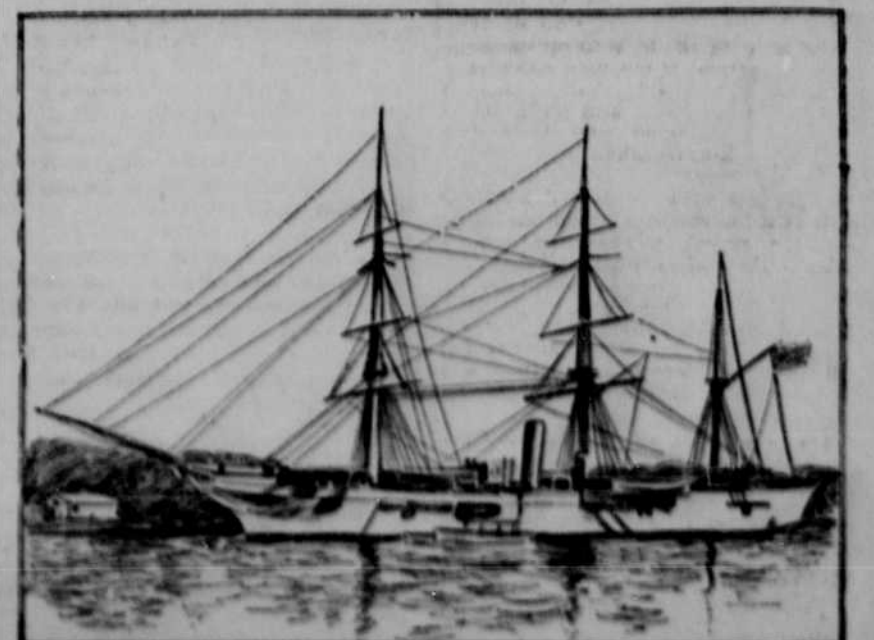
Decisive Evidence.

"I cannot see how you can accuse these men of conducting a prize fight," said the judge, nodding at his pen, "when it has been clearly shown that there was not a blow struck."

"I know there were no blows struck," said the police captain, "but you ought to bear in mind that one guy began hollering 'Foul!' before he got into the ring. And that was my cue. Theu I knowed it was the real thing."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Better Than a Bell.

A postoffice clerk in Sydney, Australia, emits an electric flashlight lasting five seconds every hour during the night, thus enabling those living miles away to ascertain the exact time.



THE U. S. SLOOP OF WAR ALERT.