

RELICS OF OLD TIMES.

ANTIQUE TREASURES IN A CANADIAN HOME.

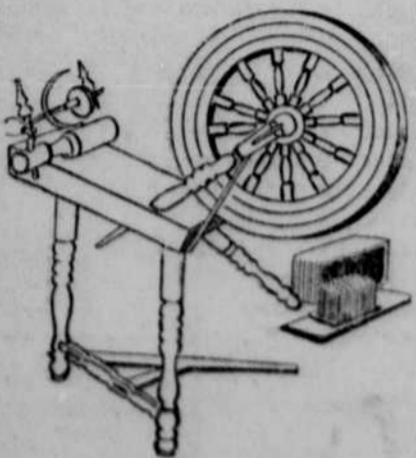
An Old Clock That No More Ticks the Hours Away—A Spinning Wheel and Some Mementoes of Early Justice—A Judge's Chair.

(Detroit Letter.)



HE shores of Canada abound in antiques, and many of the old buildings contain much that is interesting to the antiquary. The old Stuart House at Sandwich is no exception to the rule, and Mr. James Moore, who now holds possession, owns some relics that have an interest outside of their antiquity. Mr. Moore was for many years an actor, and took the part of Happy Dan, the tramp in the play of the "Old Homestead." Lately he retired from the stage and has settled in Canada. When he left Denman Thompson there were some things that he took with him, among them a clock, a spinning wheel and a heckle. There is a scene in the play which represents the interior of an old-fashioned farm house. This scene was one of the best in the play, and the settings were genuinely old. Among them were the articles mentioned. The clock is a work of art, according to the standard set by the manufacturers at the date of its building, and its weather-beaten face still shows some traces of the enamel that was spread on it nearly two hundred years ago. The sons of Mrs. Stuart used it for a target, and this has had a detrimental effect on the face, but the works are still intact. The only needful article in the make-up of the clock is a string, as the old one gave out some time ago. The weights, works and hands are still there, and with a little attention now and again "it's a clock as'll do you credit." The illuminated face still carries in almost undecipherable letters the name of its Scottish maker, Geo. Allison, or something like it. The original arrangement provided for the keeping tab on the hours and the day of the month. The latter department is out of commission at present, but the remainder of the clock is as ready for business as it was when it left Scotland in all the pride of its new works and case. Close by the side of the old clock rests a tiny sewing machine which has a guaranteed speed of one stitch every minute, when the hands of the operator are brisk. In spite of its slowness, however, the little machine is valuable. What does it matter that it is only eight inches long and five high, when it can boast of being the first machine of its kind in this part of the world? And the claim is a just one, and seems to be fully substantiated. A somewhat old-fashioned array of cogs connecting the hand-wheel with the shuttle drives the needle reluctantly through the material to be sewn. The needle in the machine at present looks to be very old, indeed, as do the rest of the works, but neither date nor maker's name appears on this toilsome forerunner of the speedy and easily run sewing machine of modern times. A spinning wheel of great age in the corner to the left of the entrance to the house is another interesting article. As has already been said, it was used for several years in the production of "The Old Homestead," and has a glamor of romance attached to it on that account. It was once the property of Mrs. Stuart, the former owner of the place, but instead of humming beneath the foot of this lady's great-grandmother, and turning raw products into articles of protection, if not of comfort, it now has the easy task of lending additional dignity to the hall. Its work and its travels are both over. The worn treadle shows how much energy has been put into the turning of the wheel, but now it rests.

At one side of the wheel rests a heckle. This was an instrument used in reducing flax to a more convenient form for handling than it possesses in

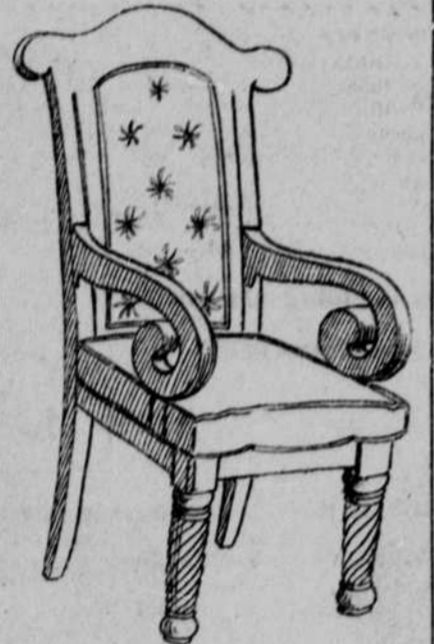


THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL.

the first stages of its preparation for the use to which it was destined. The "comb," which would do for the giant Humberbore, consists of long, thin spikes arranged around in a sort of chevaux de frise. The spikes stick out about four inches in length from a backing of oak. These were the means used in dressing the flax down properly, and it is safe to venture that after one trial of these spines the flax gave up all idea of resistance, and submitted peacefully. As a protection, presumably to the young children of the period, there was a case which fitted over the spikes. The sides and top of this, like the slab which forms the backing for the spikes, are made out of rough pieces of wood, split out of solid oak with the old-fashioned maul. Under the circumstances, the slabs are remarkably smooth, and the joints of the box does not reflect discredit on

the dead and gone joiner. The whole thing is put together with hand-made nails, which look very odd beside the clean-cut nails of to-day. A few rusty stains on the spikes suggest that perhaps the box was not enough to keep little fingers out, and even a serious accident may be conjured up by the imagination. Some of the relics in the Old Homestead are no relation to the peaceful clock and the spinning-wheel. They carry the memory of old mysteries with them and the trail of violent deeds is upon and over them. The first one in this class is an old horse-hair chair. This looks harmless enough to the present observer, but some men of the old regime found that as far as they were concerned it was enough of a harmful thing to send them to the gallows. The chair is a solid and masy thing and bore the weight of the honors thrust upon it in a becoming manner. It was the first chair to be used in a court of justice in the counties of Sussex and Kent. There is a complete record of the criminals sentenced to death from this chair, but it is enough to say that their name is legion. Murderers, robbers, and all the classes of criminals that existed in the hard old days when this portion of the world was in an unsettled state have stood before this chair and heard their sentences pronounced. The chair has had a great influence on the manners and customs of the people who inhabited the surrounding country, and now, its good work accomplished, it is used only as an ornament, and its present idle condition gives no hint of the stirring times through which it has passed.

Gives for feet and hands that were worn by some of the more famous and desperate of the criminals brought for trial before the curule seat are still shown. The ankle manacles are suggestive of a very bad quarter of an hour to the person wearing them, for they are smaller than the smallest ankle that can be imagined. The idea of them was to have them pressed into the flesh



ANCIENT SEAT OF JUSTICE.

of the felon to his additional discomfort. A hinge on one side of the manacles permitted their opening wide enough to admit the ankles of the condemned; then the sides were pressed slowly together, and when they bit deeply into the flesh they were taken to the prison smith, who riveted them on with nice warm rivets. The fit of these anklets would have pleased the taste of the most faddy person that ever lived. But they were a bit too clinging for anything like permanent wear. The handcuffs are less brutal in their make-up, but they held the wrists quite tight enough for safety to the state. Unlike the modern wrist-confiners, they did not permit the moving of the hands, being made in one piece. A spring lock of ancient pattern and boundless rust still holds the cuffs locked, but a woman with small hands can easily slip them on and off, seemingly indicating that the size of the human hand is decreasing, or else that there were no feminine transgressors in the days of old.

The last number of the collection of antiques is the most gruesome, and hence, perhaps, the most interesting. It is nothing less than the model of the gallows-tree upon which the malefactors were hanged for little peccadilloes like murder and so on. The model is very ingenious; the frame is light and strong and every precaution is taken that the result shall be all that can be desired—for everyone but the prisoner. A stout post is lashed to the inside of the prisoner's window-frame and is the main support of the framework. From a sort of "T"-shaped frame hangs the fatal rope—in the model represented by a fishline. Directly underneath the rope is a small platform, hinged to the window-sill and supported by a cord running up to the top of the framework and down into the room occupied by the condemned man. When all was ready for the execution the criminal was led out onto the platform and a resital of the crime for which he was to be executed was given. Then at a signal the rope which supported the platform was cut and the prisoner was launched into eternity. Scaffolds made from this model were in active use in Canada until the bill providing for private execution was passed, and then these old death-machines went out of commission, to be replaced by more modern methods.

Apart from the gruesome fancies that inevitably cling around relics of this sort, there is a great deal of real interest to be found in the contemplation of antiques, and a little searching in and around Sandwich would doubtless reveal many others equally as interesting as those of Mr. James Moore.

Hicks—I understand Scribner is making a barrel of money. Wilcox—Not from his writings? Hicks—Yes, he has written a book in the golf dialect. —Philadelphia Record

A HAPPY COUPLE.

HOME LIFE OF MR. AND MRS. WILCOX.

Their Summer Sojourn at the Bungalow—The Adjacent Cottages Generally Inhabited by Literary Folk—Mr. Wilcox's Travels.



Portrait of Mrs. Wilcox.

HE home life of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, during the summer months, makes a pleasing picture of American life. Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox have built themselves a charming retreat called "The Bungalow" on a rock on the shore of Long Island Sound, six miles east of Yale college.

I climbed the rugged rocks up to "The Bungalow" piazza. Oriental rugs, German aeolian harps, Japanese screens, Indian wicker chairs and Mexican hammocks were all around. "The Bungalow," like a great pelican perched upon its rocky home, has for its companions four cottages on the shore side of the lawn, like a row of "Mother Carey's chickens." These belong to the Wilcoxes, and are cosy cottages, named "Sea-lawn, Mid-lawn, Rock-lawn, and Oak-lawn," and are occupied by people of the literary, musical and artistic world, who thus share a part of "The Bungalow" life, their relations being fraternal rather than financial. It is therefore a frequent occurrence for them to meet in "the Bungalow" and to contribute to the general fund of amusement by music, song and the other accomplishments, and to join in the impromptu dances which almost nightly, in the height of the season, are liable to occur. Imagine the great Leviathan, stranded upon a pebbly beach, around which remnants of a former forest grew with green grass almost to the water's edge, and a bay of sapphire stretching before you for a mile, where it is merged into the darker waters of the Sound. Consider, then, the rock upon which "The Bungalow" is built as that Leviathan; upon its gray back stands the house, twenty-five feet above the water: The winds buffet it, and the angry waves thunder in impotent fury against its rock base; the hurricanes buffet it with the spray of the surf in the bay. From the windows of the home then, as they madly turn, they glare as you might from the windows of a lighthouse, observe the tremendous workings of the sea and wind. In stormy weather one hears musical notes swelling like an organ through the windharps swinging in the breeze, then, as they madly turn, they glare as the wind increases, a strange, weird sound, reminiscent of the shrieking death of the storm.

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THE BUNGALOW.

quently made by her; she has a very beautiful stroke, is an excellent instructor in the art, and she has converted all her young dryad friends into nauts.

"The Bungalow" is a feature in the social life at the beach. Annually Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox send out cards for a "Bungalow" hop. These are characteristic fetes. The invitations are written in the scrawling hand of the fair hostess on pale blue cards with "The Bungalow, Short Beach," raised in deeper blue letters across the top. Throngs of guests from New York, New Haven, Hartford, and the numerous summer resorts along the Connecticut coast are in evidence for this annual gala night, the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox extending to an almost unlimited circle of friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Wilcox is very industrious, and although she has no regular Medo-Persian rules as to time, she generally writes some every day. She works with intensity and earnestness; and what her literary conscience tells her has been neglected one day, she makes up the next day, being capable of rapid and effective writing under pressure of circumstances. She also possesses a faculty of concentration of mind under conditions that would madden most persons. Ordinary conversation, music and laughter, she does not mind, but I am sure she is more often hindered than most writers are by well-meaning bores, who monopolize her valuable time by nonsensical conversation; or by boorish idiots, who allow their curiosity to drive them to the indecent act of peering through windows, as if at some wild beast show. Mrs. Wilcox writes without the use of many notes or books of reference, and her original manuscripts show a wonderful lack of changes or corrections. "I wrote my first novel," says Mrs. Wilcox, "on the backs of old letters, seated from time to time in the boughs of an old apple tree. My home was in Central Michigan, and I saw nothing but that bit of country until my marriage. I divided my novel into chapters, and put little poetic lines at the top of each chapter. Original! Yes! But my friends told me that authors always quoted those verses at the head of their chapters, and so, ever after I had a contempt for authors who could not write their own verses."

Girls and Exercise. In these days, when much is expected of women, the question of their physical training ought to receive more attention. In this respect girls are at a disadvantage as compared with boys, for up to eight or nine years of age a girl mixes often on equal terms with her brothers in their sports, but after that age healthy exercise is sacrificed to the bondage of genteel deportment. The young girl is confined, and any gymnastic exercises that are permitted are too often performed in a close room instead of the open air and under the restraint of ordinary clothing. Anything like vigorous muscular movements are thus rendered impossible, and almost the sole exercise is the torpid walk. Owing to the want of functional activity of the muscular system, the muscles waste and dwindle, and the nutrition of the body becomes impaired. Many of the troubles women suffer from in later life are undoubtedly due to impaired muscular vigor. Girls need not emulate their brothers in the cricket field, but rackets and lawn tennis might with advantage be

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Paul's Subsequent History.—Hints in the epistles and traditions supply all that is known or conjectured respecting this last stage of the apostle's ministry. It is supposed that, on being liberated (writers do not agree as to the precise order) he visited again parts of Asia Minor and Greece; went to Crete and founded, or more probably strengthened, the church there; made his long contemplated journey to Spain; wrote his First Epistle to Timothy and his Epistle to Titus; after several years of effective labor was apprehended again as a leader of the Christian sect; was brought a second time as a prisoner of Christ to Rome; was tried there and condemned to suffer death. His Roman citizenship exempted him from the ignominy of crucifixion, and hence, according to the universal tradition, he was beheaded by the axe of the letter. The same testimony places his martyrdom in the year A. D. 68, the last year of Nero's reign. It was in the daily expectation of this event that he wrote the last of his epistles, the second to Timothy.—Hackett.

Fainting Fits. Fainting proceeds from different causes, the commonest being a disturbance in the circulation of the blood in the brain. For an ordinary fainting fit, lay the patient flat. Great harm has often resulted from the treatment of ignorant people in trying to make the patient sit up or propping up the head with pillows. To send the blood back from the heart to the brain, the flat posture is absolutely necessary. Let the patient lie so that the feet are higher than the head, throw the clothes about the chest and throat open, sponge the face with cold water, and give some cold water to drink.

A Story of Twain. A story which is deliciously characteristic of Mark Twain was told at a dinner by Gen. Porter, just before he left for his French mission. Once when Mark was going away, Porter said to him: "Good-by, Mark; may God be with you always." He drawingly replied: "I—hope—he—will, but—I—hope, too, that he may find some leisure-moments—to—take—care—of—you."

MISSING LINKS. The returns of the dog taxes show that there are 2,900,000 dogs in France. The taxes yield 8,800,000 francs a year. Two Chicago women have recently opened an agency for furnishing to literary clubs, schools or private individuals facts on any subject desired.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII NOV. 14. ACTS 28: 17-31.

Golden Text—"I am Not Ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for It Is the Power of God Unto Salvation to Every One That Believeth"—Rom. 1: 16.

Time.—Paul reached Rome about March 1, A. D. 61. Here is Lewis's scheme of dates: March 1, arrival at Rome. March 4, address to the Jews. Summer of 62, martyrdom of James, "the brother of our Lord," in Jerusalem. Autumn of 62, Paul wrote epistles to the Ephesians, the Colossians, and Philemon. Spring of 63, wrote epistle to the Philippians; soon after was released from prison, visiting Antioch, Colossae, Ephesus (perhaps Spain), July, 64, the great fire in Rome, charged to the Christians; Nero's persecution. Autumn of 64, Paul visited Philippi and Corinth, and wrote First Epistle to Timothy and Epistle to Titus. Autumn of 65, Paul was made a prisoner at Caesarea, and taken to Rome, where he wrote the Second Epistle to Timothy in prison. Summer of 66 (other authorities, 65), Paul was beheaded; a little earlier, probably, Peter had been martyred; four years later Jerusalem was destroyed.

Place.—Rome, the capital of the Roman empire; center of the world. "Rome in Paul's Day."—At the time of Paul's visit the city had outgrown the old Servian wall, and consisted of an extensive and regular mass of buildings unprotected by an outer wall. It was the boast of Augustus that he found a city of brick and left one of marble. Within a circuit of little more than twelve miles more than two millions of inhabitants were crowded, of whom about one million were slaves. The free citizens were more than a million; of these the senators were so few in number as to be hardly appreciable; the knights, who filled a great proportion of the public offices, were more than ten thousand; the troops quartered in the city may be reckoned at fifteen thousand; the rest were the plebs urbana, or common Roman citizens.—Howson. "The city had been enriched by the spoils of many conquests, and on every hand was luxury, with its attendant vices—avarice, debauchery, and sensual pleasures—which, indeed, constituted the daily life of the people. The arts were cultivated as never before, and the most beautiful and passionate, and an almost wholly unrestrained dissoluteness had taken the place of the simpler virtues of earlier times. The religion of paganism is wholly divorced from morality, and indeed, of the so-called worship was in many cases the grossest and the most impure orgies. There were also schools of philosophy, chiefly of Grecian origin, which pretended to teach something called 'virtue,' but their precepts were without authority; and the practices of the teachers gave the lie to their professions; and with the common people the sense of right and the claims of duty were almost absolutely unfeeling and disregarded. Of this seething pool of moral corruption, and charnel house of spiritual death a view is given in the beginning of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, written only a few years before."—Curry.

Paul in Prison.—1. Paul's labors. (1) He preached and taught; (2) he wrote for the churches. We possess four of his letters composed while in prison at Rome—the epistles to the Ephesians, Colossians, and Philippians, and the short letter to Philemon; (3) he prayed for them (Eph. 1: 16; 3: 14; Phil. 1: 4, 9); (4) he sent messengers and helpers to them (Eph. 6: 21; Phil. 2: 19, 25). 2. Paul's trials. (1) Anxiety and danger (Phil. 2: 23); (2) envy and strife in the church (Phil. 1: 14-18); (3) a sick friend (Phil. 2: 25-27); (4) the confinement and apparent disgrace. 3. Paul's comforts. (1) Faithful friends (Luke, Timothy, Epaphras, Mark, Aristarchus and Tychicus were among the friends who, during the whole or part of this time, were with the apostle (see Col. 4: 10-14).

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HIS FLYBOOK.

It Is Dearer to the Angler Than Any Other Possession.

Is there anything closer to an angler's heart than his fly-book? I know of a case where a burglar, among other things, took a fly-book. He was arrested and speedily convicted and imprisoned. He cleared things out pretty well in the house, but the owner seemed to care nothing about the missing fur coats, sealskin sacks, silverware and other valuable lares and penates, but he did bewail the loss of his book of flies. The other things he could buy again, but to get together such an assortment of valuable flies seemed to him an impossible thing. He had been years collecting them, picking up odd ones here and there, until, for quality and variety his book could not be excelled. It was a fly storehouse, as it were. No matter where he intended fishing, or whether for trout, bass or salmon, he could always find a choice assortment to draw from with which to fill up a supplementary book. Although it was some time ago he yet bewails the loss of that fly-book. Many have been the efforts to get track of it, but all in vain. He has gone to the expense of sending to the prison, in a distant city, and endeavoring to prevail upon the convict to divulge the hiding place of the book, but without success. A persistent search of the pawnshops and periodical advertising have produced no better results.

There were flies in that book for trout and salmon in Irish waters; flies for the salmon and trout of the Scotch lakes and the English streams, and flies for the salmon of Norway. The favorites from Maine to California, and from one end of Canada to another, were collected in that wallet anything and everything from the featherdown midget with cobweb gut to the lordly salmon fly, absolutely irresistible to the lurking salmon deep down in the key pools of the Cascapedia. There were flies in that book on which famous bass, trout and salmon had been hooked, each fly carrying with it memories of battles fought from canoes among the rushing, swirling waters.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

MISERLY WITH DYING BREATH.

Passing of Halte Sven, Worth a Quarter of a Million.

From the Chicago Times-Herald: "Halte Sven," a character of the North Side for some fifty years, died at the Alexian Brothers' hospital last Thursday as the result of a fall from the second story of a building at Hobbie street and Milton avenue. "Halte Sven"—which means "Lame Sven"—was a miser. His name was S. U. Johnson, but few knew it. He owned a score of apartment houses on the North Side and his wealth is estimated at \$250,000. But the old man had lived for years on what he could find in the garbage boxes of the neighborhood. If any of his Swedish countrymen offered him a drink he requested to be given the coin it would cost and pocketed it with thanks.

Many stories are told of "Halte Sven's" peculiarities. One day he called at one of his handsome apartment houses, and a servant who did not know him came to the door. She assumed he was a tramp, and without questioning him gave him some food. He eagerly devoured the food and then astounded the girl by requesting her to tell her master the landlord had been there for the rent. He died befalling the expense incurred at the Alexian Brothers' hospital, and almost with his last breath begged to be removed to the free County hospital.

A sister in Minneapolis is his only heir.

The Bird of Paradise.

A creature of most gorgeous beauty is the bird of paradise. As an ornament of beauty and grace, the bird of the sun—or bird of God, as it is sometimes called by the people of Ternate—stands unrivaled, and no bird has given rise to more romantic and fabulous tales; such, for instance, as the ridiculous assertion that the bird of paradise lives all its life long on the wing and in the air, and is born without legs. The natives of Gilolo and New Guinea have a curious custom of cutting off the legs of all dead birds of paradise offered for sale or barter, and this may have given rise to the legend as to the bird being without legs. The true reason, however, for this peculiar operation is that the birds are supposed to be much better preserved, and the natives are also enabled to more easily wear them as ornaments to their helmets in mock battles.

An Expensive Appetite.

"Men are very stupid about some things," she remarked. "They have no idea of the value of some of the commonest things. I never knew one who could tell the difference between a high-priced and a low-priced piece of goods." "Do you regard that as a test of intelligence?" asked her husband. "Certainly; in one way. Don't you?" "No, I can't admit that there's any merit in a man's studying for years to learn what comes naturally to a moth."—Washington Star.

A Misguided Being.

"Charley," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I wish that the United States senate were in session." "I don't see why." "Because it doesn't cost anything to get in." "But what makes you want to get in?" "You said yesterday that sometimes the proceedings of the senate were a perfect farce. And you know they do say so many clever things at farces."—Washington Star.