

ROYAL BURIAL IN INDIA.

SOLEMN FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF A MOHAMMEDAN RAJAH.

Ceremonies Attending the Death of an Indian Chief—An Imposing Procession to the Grave of a Ruler in Hindostan. An Event That Interests Crowds.

From an early hour crowds of Malays, Arabs, Javanese and other Mohammedan races had gathered in the grounds of the house lately built for the descendant of the Singapore royal line at Kampong Glam.

Really it was a bier within a funeral carriage, for the center was screened off to contain the coffin, a space being left all around for relatives of the deceased.

Behind the coffin itself, for instance, was a group of retainers quietly taking a meal. Swarms of Malay boys were running about the ground, and the men, some nicely dressed, many in their ordinary clothing, chatted about their dead chief.

The coffin, clean wood though it was, was carried away and also washed, being then placed in the porch of the house and half filled with clean white sea sand to await the body.

It was considerably after 5 o'clock when a movement among those seated in the house indicated that the time had come when the body would be put in the coffin.

Then, in response to cries, a deathlike silence ensued, and an Imam, in a clear, musical voice, chanted some verses in Arabic, the bystanders responding in a deep toned murmur.

First marched a number of boys beating censers or cups, some with spices, many with incense. Next were about thirty women in two lines, each with an enormous yellow candle and a slip of yellow cloth tied round their necks.

The distance to the mosque, about 900 yards, was laid with yellow cloth. The grave was in a small structure adjoining the mosque and abutting on the road.

With much difficulty the coffin was then lowered into the grave and close upon dusk the ceremony which marked the close of the "reign" of another rajah was concluded.

There is no surer antidote for the effect which time has over us all, in making our age evident, than a young heart.

"I should like to live to be as old as you are, grandmamma," said little Helen, "but I don't want to be as old as Aunt Susan, ever!"

A Cruel Joke on a Married Couple. Lieutenant P. R. Brown, U. S. A., and bride, who were married on Monday at Phillipsburg, were the victims of a ludicrous practical joke at the hands of their friends.

Meanwhile their baggage was holding an impromptu reception in the baggage car. There were three brand new trunks, and upon one of them a huge card, carefully painted, was tacked with large brass tacks, with the inscription:

BRIDE'S TRUNK. This was further ornamented with a large bow of white satin. On the second trunk was a placard like this:

HONEYMOON BAGGAGE. "Bride's Trunk." "Just Married." And another huge white satin bow.

The groom's trunk was spared a label, but the satin bow was a trifle larger and more conspicuous than the others.

The baggage agent thought the thing too good to keep to himself, so he invited everybody in to enjoy the joke.

They never found out, and it is presumed that the trunks thus belabeled rolled up to all prominent hotels and gave the baggage smashers a treat.

To Extinguish Prairie Fires. An inventive genius of North Dakota has just patented a device for making a fire break to fight prairie fires with.

While the first two of these are passing over the grass it is supposed to be well consumed, and the final trailer is designed to extinguish every particle of fire.

The announcement of the suicide of Dr. F. D. Clarke, in Chicago, led to a sensational incident when Dr. H. V. Oldfield entered Fenwick's restaurant to take his dinner next day.

Dr. Oldfield bought Dr. F. D. Clarke's business here two years ago, and, owing to the reputation of the place, continued the old name.

Sickness in the Jury Room. The sanctity of a jury room appears to be so well guarded that even in case of sudden sickness a physician may not enter except after due process of law.

Raising Mushrooms All the Year Round. A company in St. Louis is raising mushrooms in an immense cellar, 12 by 90 feet, for the western market.

Not at All Gallant. "Do you know, Mr. Hicks," said Arabella, the night after Halloween, "I went down stairs last night at midnight with a candle and looked into the mirror to see the face of my future husband reflected there, and—tee-hee—I saw your face!"

Big Hickory Nuts. Stories have reached the division of pomology of hickory nuts in the Wabash valley as big as one's two fists.

Brown's Queer Bee Tree. Joseph Brown, who works in the lumber woods near Galeton, Pa., came into town and got William Squires to go with him to Bald Hill to help him gather the stores from a bee tree he said he had discovered on his way in from the woods.

The men took with them three patent nails to hold the honey, an ax to cut the tree down, and a lot of sulphur to burn in the hollow for the purpose of smothering the bees.

The tree was chopped down, and when it fell and displayed its hollow interior the two bee hunters were not only surprised, but disgusted.

Buried Cities of New Mexico. "New Mexico and Arizona offer as great a field for archaeologists as do the lands where the empires of ancient days flourished," said W. P. Metcalf, of Albuquerque, N. M.

The highest building in Chicago at present (and one which is not built on the new Chicago construction system) is the Auditorium.

The English people look more closely to the genuineness of these staples than we do. In fact, they have a law under which they make seizures and destroy adulterated products that are not what they are represented to be.

The Last Mourner. In May, 1890, there died at Perigat (Ain) a retired captain of artillery named Lesquourges, knight of the Legion of Honor.

According to statistics furnished at the last annual meeting of the Western Union company, messages have increased from 5,879,323 in 1887 to 59,148,343 in 1891.

Quick Photographs. The latest achievements in "instantaneous" photography have been the making of twenty-four different pictures of a dog during the interval between its leaving and alighting on the ground in the action of jumping.

Amid the busy multitudes moves she, a queen uncrowned, a saint in earthly guise. With—in the clear depths of her shining eyes and on her pallid face—a r—h—ny— That seems reflected from the crystal sea Which stretches 'twixt our souls and Paradise.

The clerk looked at the note with evident suspicion, and handed it back. "I never saw anything like that before," he said.

"I don't believe it," said the clerk. "Very well," rejoined Mr. Casleair. "It doesn't matter, though I know it is good, because I made it myself."

CON STIPATION.

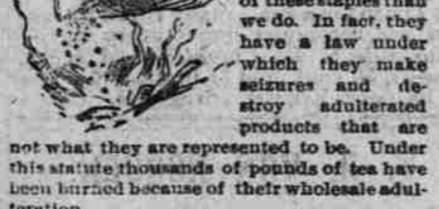
Afflicts half the American people yet there is only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on the bowels and reaches this important trouble, and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla.

Most modern, most effective, largest bottle. Best price, \$1.00; for \$5.00. For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY THE DALLES, OREGON.



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A Severe Law. The English people look more closely to the genuineness of these staples than we do.



BEECH'S TEA. "Pure As Childhood." Price 50c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

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NOTICE.

R. E. French has for sale a number of improved ranches and unimproved lands in the Grass Valley neighborhood in Sherman county.

They will be sold very cheap and on reasonable terms. Mr. French can locate settlers on some good unsettled claims in the same neighborhood. His address is Grass Valley, Sherman county, Oregon.