

JENNIE JUNE IN EUROPE.

The Picture Gallery of the Duke of Westminster—Windsor Castle and Its Surroundings.

Stoke Pogis, Where Gray, Author of "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," is Buried.

The Resort of Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson's House.

LONDON, July 27.—One of the interesting events of our stay in London has been a visit to the Duke of Westminster's Gallery, one of the finest private galleries, if not the finest in London. The Duke of Westminster is very hospitable and very public-spirited. He gives his private riding school for bazaars and opens his magnificent suite of reception rooms, called his "gallery," and filled with admirable works of art of every description as well as pictures, for concerts, for charitable purposes, and at least three months in the year to holders of tickets, who are privileged to extend the courtesy to friends. The kindness is perfectly free and untrammelled, servants are not allowed to receive fees, and when our party arrived there, fifteen minutes in advance of the time—ten a.m.—of opening, and unaccompanied by our guarantor, Mrs. Felix Moschles, who was not due till fifteen minutes later, we were politely received and allowed the entire at once. To describe the interesting pictures, or merely catalogue them, would require more than the space reserved for this letter, so I shall only indicate a few of the most striking features. One of these is the magnificent portrait of Mrs. Siddons by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which contains his name inscribed in the hem of her robe and by which he said he was willing to be judged and his name carried down to posterity. Another is the "Blue Boy," a figure of a graceful youth in blue page costume, painted by Gainsborough in answer to a challenge by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who insisted that blue as a color did not supply an artistic medium to the painter. The picture triumphantly refutes this idea. A wonderful small picture is Murillo's sleeping infant Christ, and a remarkable one Raphael's visit of Elizabeth to Mary the mother of the Saviour. There are numerous examples of Claude Lorraine, Poussin and Rubens, and a curious portrait of Van Dyck, by himself, holding in his hand a sunflower. This picture certainly relieves Oscar Wilde from the opinion of originating the decorative and symbolic use of this high-colored emblem. A crystal clock with large disc of brilliants, a cabinet composed entirely of onyx and gold and exquisite old china, a stand of rare woods inlaid with pearl or ebony, are among the hundreds of other beautiful and rare objects. It was noticed particularly that small articles in daily use lay about in some of the rooms, such as books, with the small vases of flowers and the crystal dishes of roses and maidenhair ferns, or sweet-smelling carnations, forget-me-nots and mignonette.

Another memorable occasion was our visit to Windsor and Stoke Pogis, the latter a little village five miles from Windsor, only interesting as being the scene of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" and the resting place of the author. Windsor is too well known to need lengthy description—its towers of York and Lancaster, its "round" tower, its battlements and terraces, are all historic. The queen occupies but a small portion of the south front of the massive pile of stone, and as she was in resi-



WINDSOR CASTLE

dence, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury on a visit, and the Duchess of Teck expected by the "1:10 train," we were not invited to prolong our stay. We saw the Queen, however, and the Princess Beatrice as they drove across the inner court in a low phaeton, which one of the young ladies of our party thought not half so handsome as our own, on their way to Frogmore, or on their return—I forget which, and it does not matter. Frogmore is where the Prince Consort's mausoleum is erected, a picture of which is presented below, and is frequently visited by the Queen.



INTERIOR, PRINCE CONSORT'S MAUSOLEUM

It was rather touching to see the respect with which a gray-haired and reverend looking gentleman, with his nice wife and sweet-looking daughter, watched the approach of the Queen. "Not so much," as he afterwards remarked, when he met his family party on the North Terrace, "because she is the Queen, as because she has been an 'exemplary' wife and mother—has brought up her sons and daughters to perform their duty and exercised an 'influence' for good upon the whole nation." The North Terrace, the stables and St. George's Chapel are open to the public at certain hours—every day in the week but one—and also the Great Park and grounds including the "Long Walk," even when

the Queen is at Windsor, as are all "Crown" properties and residence—so it is easy to see how strongly attached she must be to her own and only home of Osborne. The North Terrace commands the widest view of any within the walls of the castle. It looks out upon Eaton College and its surrounding neighborhood, and down into a wooded ravine, which is a tangle of luxuriant greenery, intersected with lovely walks and furnished with resting places beneath the fine old trees.

St. George's Chapel contains the tombs of some of those Englishmen who have devoted their lives to the service of the Crown, and notably the



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE'S CENOTAPH

cenotaph, dedicated to the memory of the unfortunate Princess Charlotte, famous for its veiled figures of weeping women. In this Chapel have been celebrated all the royal marriages, and there is great discontent among the members of the household at Windsor because Whippingham Church was preferred by the Princess Beatrice for her nuptials with Prince Henry of Battenberg. "Whippingham Church," said the young cleric, who escorted us around the stables, "won't hold 300 people, and they can't entertain as many as they want to entertain." The horses, he explained, were for "Ministers and such," when they came to visit the Queen; the cream-colored horses for "royalties." Two beautiful black mountain ponies are kept for service at Balmoral. He opined, also, rather significantly, that the Queen would not lose much of the society of the Princess Beatrice after her marriage, but would only gain that of the Prince, her husband, who is a nice, rather Monaguish looking young fellow. Leaving Windsor, we drove directly down the "long walk," lined on either side with noble trees set so thickly that a complete wall hundreds of feet high is formed, which give cool shade on the hottest day; past the "model" farm, through the great park, over the "Victoria" and "Albert" bridge to quaint "old Windsor" and out to Eaton and Eaton School, where the boys were enjoying their noon recess in the cricket ground or hastening back in troops to the afternoon recitations. The ride to Stoke Pogis is lovely, through quiet lanes, lined with trees or thrifty hedgerows, and as we had not time to stop anywhere for luncheon we improved the occasion by laying in a store of the great, delicious English strawberries and current bun, which we lunched upon with appetite and shared with our driver. The most conspicuous objects upon the way were the carved stone lions at the entrance of the grounds and park, 1,000 acres in extent, of a fine country house, once intended as a home for the Prince of Wales, now owned and occupied by (according to our coachman) "Coleman's Mustard." This edifice is placarded in large letters throughout England, and we were quite glad to find out that its proprietor had not only a local habitation but so sumptuous a one.



STOKE POGIS CHURCH

The quiet graveyard at Stoke Pogis is distinguished by an imposing monument in shocking bad taste which some man with more money than brains was permitted to erect, but which stands there quite useless—a monument of his own stupidity—for the collective sense of the people would not permit the remains of the poet or the simple inscription on the wall of the church to be disturbed to satisfy the vulgar desire for reflected glory of one individual. So the poet still reposes in peace by the side of his mother under the old lateral tombstones, and the daisies and buttercups grow up about him and the ivy clings green about the walls of the little church that he loved and in the shadow of which he rests. "Gray's Elegy is one of the perfect poems in the English language. Its tone, sentiment and imagery are all in unison, and are unmarred by a single flaw in language or construction. It was formerly required of every child in English schools that they should acquire this poem by memory; and it says something for the literary taste of some American schools to-day that they make this exquisite work a principal lesson in English literature; the poem itself, be it understood, not somebody's talk about it and its author and his antecedents, of which so much of our present day 'literature' is composed. The last day of our stay in London eclipsed all previous experiences. We

went with an American friend, long resident abroad, to lunch at the old "Cheshire Cheese" tavern, Wine Office Court, Fleet street, the resort of Johnson, and even Shakespeare, where the old timbered doors, the settles, and deep-leaved diamond-paned windows remain, where you can sit in the very spot where the famous doctor took his pint of home brewed and Buswell got off his quaint epigram: "Each has no land nor land a town, I wish No town a house, or house a lord, like this. The authorship of this is unknown and may have been Boswell himself. Dr. Samuel Johnson's own house—with historic inscription—is just around



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE

the corner in Gough Square, a small court rather than square, and there is a triangle of courts and alleys and "yards" and narrow lanes and old cheap houses in the locality, so that it is difficult for even a London cabman to find the exact spot. But once found there is no mistaking it. Sala and others have described it, and an inscription by the door announces that it was rebuilt in 1667. It is still famous as ever for its "rumpsteak pudding," which is compounded of a crust made with suet, fresh cut steak, mushrooms, an oyster or two, a famous sauce piquante and a little pounded bit of butter; for its sturgeon chops, which must be cut from sheep grown on purpose; see its mustard and bread and cheese. It and its habits stick to the long clay pipes, several of which we brought away; and our admiration of the great Christmas pudding in which the rumpsteak pudding is made so won upon the presiding genius of the kitchen, which we were allowed to inspect, that she gave us a small, square tin—a square jelly cake in miniature—as the vegetable (with a twinkle) of some little tin in which Johnson had his cheese stewed. Joke or not, the "old Cheshire cheese" is an interesting and curious fact. And whether Shakespeare visited here or not, Goldsmith and Voltaire, Pope, Bolingbroke and Congreve, as well as rare Ben Jonson and his talky biographer, were certainly frequent guests. An old play, now in a well-known library in Edinburgh, contains the following references to this famous resort:

"Come to the cheese, good friends, come to the cheese.
There'll engage that thou shalt quickly find
The creature comforts that thou needest so
much.
Thy body's famished first for want of sack;
And next for lack of something good to eat.
Haste to the cheese, good friends, haste to the cheese."

A second mention in the same work is to the following effect:
"Heaven bless the cheese and all its goodly
fare.
I would to Jove I could go daily there.
Then fill a bumper up my good friend, please;
May fortune ever bless the 'Cheshire cheese.'"
The left hand room upon entering the "Cheshire," and the table at the right, with the wooden settle on one side and the window at the end, was the table occupied by Johnson and his friends almost uniformly. This table and the room are as Johnson and his friends left them in their time. Johnson's seat was at the end, his back to the window; Goldsmith sat at his left hand. The latter is buried on the opposite side of Fleet street from the Cheese, in Temple Churchyard. The following is the inscription upon the stone:

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Born 10th of November, 1730.
Died 4th of April, 1774.

Goldsmith, it is said, lived and died at 2 Brick Court Temple, in the same building where Blackstone wrote his Commentaries. JENNIE JUNE.

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Jennie June

Marrying for Money.

I had a conversation recently with a very clever and attractive New York lady, who, among other misfortunes, was afflicted with \$2,000,000. She said she would never marry, because she would not believe that any man wanted her for any other reason than her gold. "And what," I asked, "do you lose thereby? If a gentleman takes you because you are so pretty, the small-pox, a fall from a horse, any accident may destroy your beauty, and where will his love be if it is for that reason only he took you? If another one falls in love with you because you are so fresh, so young, so lively, time is safe to destroy all that, and your hold on him is lost. But if he takes you for your money, you need only beware of dangerous speculations, and you will always keep the charm that brought him to your feet, and you have nothing to fear." "That is one way of looking at it," she said; and so completely did she embrace my opinion that barely a year after I received an invitation to her wedding with an English nobleman.—Temple Bar.

Might he have some good.
"You ought to go; I am sure the
year."
"No, I don't think I shall go the
side this year," inquired the other.
"Are you going to the sea?"
"Why not?"
"Because you are still too fresh."
"How fresh?"
"Good."
"You are good in the water, but I am
satisfied in the water, because I think
you are good."
"I can't go; but I am glad
you would be beneficial. It always
does me good."
"You ought to go; I am sure the
year."
"No, I don't think I shall go the
side this year," inquired the other.
"Are you going to the sea?"
"Why not?"
"Because you are still too fresh."
"How fresh?"
"Good."
"You are good in the water, but I am
satisfied in the water, because I think
you are good."

A TROPICAL TORNADO.
An Ex-Navy Officer's Account of His Experience in a Japanese Typhoon.
The tornado of Monday last was a vivid illustration of what the wind can do when it gets a good ready-on," said John B. Robinson, member of assembly from Delaware county and for eleven years an officer in the United States navy. "I was over yesterday to see the effects of the blow in Camden, and the destruction is similar to that caused by a hurricane in the tropics, or an East India typhoon. No one can ever believe the wind could exert such unearthly force until he has experienced it himself. I was in a typhoon once on the 11th day of August, 1871, in the United States storeship, Idahio, in Yokohama harbor, Japan. I never want another such experience. We had had a long spell of intensely hot weather. The day before the typhoon part of the 10th British regiment and royal marines, exchanged to go home, were transferred to a transport, and to avoid the heat moved in the early morning. Five of the men were sun-struck when the sun was not three degrees high. We had about twenty-four hours' notice of the coming of the typhoon by the fall of the barometer, the shifting of the wind, and increasing moisture of the atmosphere. A few hours before the center of the storm passed, the sky became filled with inky black clouds, gyrating around in the most confused manner; the wind blew a steadily-increasing gale, finally, as the storm-center was on us, assuming hurricane violence.

"I was navigating officer, and part of my duty was to watch the barometer and syzygiometer, which I marked every ten and five minutes. The mercury fell in regular jumps toward the last, as if the bottom was out of the tube, halting at 27.46. For the half hour preceding this the situation was perfectly awful. We were at anchor in the harbor, the two best bows down and veered to ninety fathoms of chain on each. The harbor was full of craft, large and small. Admiral Keppel's flagship, a Clyde-built steamer, was on one side of us, the Pacific Mail steamer America, Capt. Warsaw, on the other, and a Norwegian bark, near astern, and the steamers kept full head of steam on and could ease up their cables. Our vessel and the other sailing craft had to trust to their cables. "The danger of fouling was imminent, the bark drifted all around us, fortunately not striking. Had she done so both vessels would have been ground to pieces. The wind at its height was simply indescribable, the noise like that of ten thousand devils yelling in the air. There was no sea while the wind blew at its greatest velocity, as it cut the tops of the waves like a knife and the air was filled with blinding salt mist. We could not show our hands above the rail. To look to windward or hold your head up against the wind was impossible. When the barometer ceased falling the wind fell and a dead calm, awful in its stillness, succeeded for about fifteen minutes. We were then in the vortex of the storm and, as we afterward calculated, four miles from the actual center. As the wind lulled the sea rose and came piling in the harbor in tumultuous waves, running in all directions, topping up over our decks and filling them with tons of water. Our hatches were battened down and everything was fast, of course, but our most serious danger was just then, as we were loaded deep and rolled so that we actually thought at one time we'd turn clear over, but we came through it all right but heavily shaken up.

"The wind came out from the opposite quarter, in a few minutes blew the sea down again and raged with demonic force and decreasing velocity for an hour or so, the barometer jumped up to near thirty inches again, the sky cleared until there was not a cloud to be seen and the typhoon was past; but it left its wreck behind. Numbers of small craft and several large steamers were on the beach in pieces no bigger than a yardstick. The harbor was full of tea-boxes for days from the wrecked vessels. As there the view was like that in Camden yesterday, only the swath far wider. I have been five times across the Atlantic, in some heavy wintry gales on that treacherous ocean, was in a cyclone off Hatteras in the frigate Macedonia, have scudded two thousand miles before the 'brave westerly winds' on one parallel, off Cape of Good Hope when going out to India, but I have never seen the wind blow so hard as in that typhoon. Indeed, I never believed it could blow so, and used to joke at the mess-table with the executive officer, who had been in a typhoon prior to this one and would yarn about it. During the height of the typhoon he was standing alongside of me under the break of the poop. Capt. J. Crittenden Watson was in the cabin praying, he leaned down close to my ear, and yelling with all his power, otherwise I could not have heard him for the shrieking of the wind, said: 'Now, d—n you, don't you believe it can blow.' My reply was an affirmative nod of the head, as I registered the next jump of the barometer."

"Is there no way of escaping or mitigating the dangers of these violent tornadoes?"
"None that science has yet discovered. Outside, with sea room, you can run out on them if you are warned soon enough, as the captain of the Twilight tried to do last Monday, but if caught in the track of one all you can do is to make everything snug about decks, batten down your hatches, bend your storm-sails, furl your square-sails, and double lash them, run lifelines along the decks, and put your trust in providence."—Philadelphia Times.

During the season of one hundred days last year our Marlboro hotel paid a market bill of \$125,000. Among the items were 20,000 pounds of beef, 13,000 pounds of mutton, 20,000 pounds of lamb, 7,000 pounds of veal, 15,000 pounds of pork, 60,000 pounds of chicken, 10,000 pounds of game, 10 dozen squabs, 25,000 pounds of fish, 6,000 pounds of salmon, 22,000 pounds of butter, 24,000 dozen eggs, 25,000 quarts of milk and 10,000 quarts of cream.

The Maxwell-Preller Murder Case.

Lennox Maxwell, the alleged murderer of Preller, has arrived at St. Louis, the scene of the awful crime. The horrible method employed in concealing the murder, the flight of the murderer and his arrest at far-off Auckland, have conspired to throw around the crime and the criminal a deep and unusual interest. Maxwell, since his arrest, has conducted himself coolly and carelessly. He claims that he is innocent and that at the right time his innocence will be fully established. But this claim is probably nothing more than a defiance, an effort to arouse public sympathy in his behalf as a persecuted man. His real defense has probably been made public in the tentative suggestions that Maxwell has a weak mind, and is even crazy; therefore, if guilty, not responsible for his crime. Another line of defense has been shadowed in the announcement that the supposed murder was not murder but an attempt at an insurance fraud. It is not probable that this latter defense will be attempted. The father and brother of Preller, engaged in business on Wood street, near Gullhall, London, have been interviewed by a New York Herald representative and they say that this story of Maxwell's about an insurance fraud is "too monstrously improbable to be considered for one moment as possibly true." They further state that the murdered Preller was a young man of excellent habits and quiet tastes. He had good prospects in life, a fine salary, and no money difficulties. He had nothing to gain by destroying his identity for the paltry insurance of \$5,000—all he had on his life. Besides, he could not have profited by such a fraud except through his father and brother.

Neither Mr. Preller nor his son will attend the trial at St. Louis, but it is a very important thing that the father says: "The identification of my son's body is most complete, as in addition to the identification by the hotel people and personal friends, a cut in his thumb made by a barber in New York was found on the corpse." This statement is well calculated to bring alarm to Maxwell and his attorneys. It explodes the "insurance fraud" defense, and throws the case upon different ground; and to render Maxwell's situation more dangerous it is further stated that a great surprise is in store for the people in the shape of the testimony in the hands of the coroner and the prosecuting attorney. What the evidence is will not be made public until the prisoner is arraigned. The opening of the case will be watched for with a great deal of interest. A curious people will want to know what line of defense will be adopted in the effort to prove the accused innocent of one of the most heinous of modern crimes.—Kansas City Times.

The Undertaker's Bill.

Washington special: Undertaker Merritt, it is reported, thinks his bill for the Grant funeral will reach \$30,000. In his opinion it will be paid in full by the United States government. It is probable that congress will take some action relative to the payment of the expense of the sickness and burial of General Grant, but Undertaker Merritt should not have too good an opinion of the liberality of the government in making out his bill, or he may be disappointed. Undertaker Spears of this city has not yet received his pay for services rendered at the Garfield funeral. Like Undertaker Merritt, he paid \$10 apiece for carriages that formed the procession from the railway station to the capitol when the body was brought from Long Branch and the same again when it was escorted back to the railroad station before starting for Cleveland. He furnished sashes for the congressional delegation and the pall-bearers, etc., his whole bill amounting to something like \$1,900, but the board of audit created by law to adjust the claims on account of the funeral thought that no more than the usual price for carriages should be paid by Spears, and they refused to allow such an amount. They never took into account the fact that on the day of the Garfield funeral in Washington carriages could only be obtained with the greatest difficulty even at \$10. The board told Spears that they would allow him only about a third of his bill, and they would not pay him that until he agreed to sign a release of all further claim and give a receipt in full for his account. He declined to do this, and he has never received a cent. He hopes, however, that congress will do something in the premises. It may not be generally known that if congress does not settle with Mr. Spears he can sue the Garfield estate for the amount of his claim. His experiences may be of interest to Undertaker Merritt when he goes to collect the amount of his claim for the Grant funeral.

The Use of Sunflowers.

This plant is a vigorous grower, and has been extolled as a preventive of malarial diseases. The seed affords excellent food for hens and also for horses. It is said that there is no kind of feed that will keep horses in health, give them a sleek appearance and make them lively and spirited like the seed of the sunflower, feeding half a pint night and morning. It is particularly recommended for giving a horse power of endurance, being fed half a pint night and morning with other feed. The stalks and heads, after the seed is worked out, also make good material for fires, and are especially convenient in summer, when a quick fire is desired and an enduring heat is not wanted. In their growth they make a showy appearance about dwellings and give an agreeable fragrance to the air. The latest direction in the line of utilization of the sunflower is the planting of a seed in a place at the proper distance, so that the stalks as they grow will serve as bean-poles. We have seen them started in that way this season, and as they grow their leaves are removed, thus forming an excellent stalk for the beans, but what the effect will be upon them remains to be seen. The roots must tax the feeding capacity of the soil quite heavily.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Use of Sunflowers.

The entire wool crop of the Puget Sound counties amounts this season to 350,000 lbs.