

fuel that was forced upon him, why should not he proud aristocrat swear his only daughter by a dreadful oath to accomplish the death or ruin of the offending plebeian? And what more logical, or, at any rate, inevitable, than that the fair lady, in endeavoring to carry out her dire design, should fall desperately in love with her intended victim? At all events, that is precisely what happens, and the onward rush of the story, with its plots and counterplots, its secret meetings, its public arraignments, its swift condemnations and ingenious evasions, leaves the reader little opportunity to figure out the inconsistencies in the narrative.

LITERARY NOTES.

Some of the poems left by Thomas Hood are still in manuscript, though they are eminently worth publishing. They will appear for the first time in what may be truthfully said to be a complete edition of his poems—the forthcoming volume in the series of "Oxford Poets."

Miss Marjorie Bowen, the author of that lively story, "The Viper of Milan," has finished another novel, a tale of eighteenth century life. Most of its scenes are laid in England. It is to be brought out in the spring.

A book which once belonged to Ben Jonson, and in which he made notes and wrote his signature and motto, was sold in London the other day for \$500. The handwriting is minute and beautiful. It is a copy of Martial.

A memoir of the late Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie is to be prepared by Monsignor W. F. Brown. He was a friend of the novelist and is one of the three guardians of her son, her father and brother being the others.

Herr Ferdinand Hoesick's biography of Chopin—a biography which contains, it is said, much new and interesting information—is to be available in English, French and German. The first volume has just been printed in Poland.

Another book about Tennyson is on the way—this time a child's recollections. Its author is Mrs. Nicoll Ellison, a daughter of the late Dean of Westminster. There was a close intimacy between the Tennysons and the Bradleys.

It was when visiting the dean's family that the poet was asked to read aloud his poem, "The Grandmother." He refused, giving an odd reason. "I can't read 'The Grandmother' properly," he said, "except after breakfast when I am weak and tremulous; fortified by dinner and a glass of port, I am too vigorous." So he read "The Northern Farmer," in which dinner and the glass of port could be expressed.

Lord Rosebery asked the other day if the wave of sentiment for the Jacobite was yet exhausted. "Had not enough been done for the Jacobites of the eighteenth century?" Lord Rosebery believes there is a strong undying interest and sympathy with the Jacobites. This belief seems to be borne out by the coming of an exceedingly important contribution to Jacobite history. This is the "Narrative of Affairs of 1745-6," by David Wemyss, fourth Lord Elcho (1721-87). Quoted by Sir Walter Scott, and frequently referred to by late historians of Jacobite times, the bulk of this journal is quite unknown, having been preserved in the library of the Earl of Wemyss, who has now given his consent to its publication.

Were there once slaves in Scotland? A recently published volume on Scottish industrial and social history in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has some passages on the subject:

It shocks us very much to learn that the men, and even the women, who worked in the coal mines at that time (i. e., the eighteenth century) in Scotland still continued to be, as of old, little better than slaves. By a law passed by the Scottish Parliament, in 1696, every man who once went to work in a coal mine was bound to labor in it all his life as a "necessary servant." If he tried to run away, he was tried and punished as a thief; if the land was sold on which the coal pit stood in which he worked, he was sold with it like any of the machinery of the pit. . . . In 1775 an act of Parliament was passed which set free most of the pit workers, but it was not till the end of the century that this form of slavery was quite abolished.

There are various glimpses of Whistler in the reminiscences of the late Sir Wyke Bayliss, whilom president of the Society of British Artists. Here is an incident of "hanging day" while Whistler occupied the presidency:

A carpenter held in his hand a piece of wood, with which he was about to steady a heavy frame. It was a batten of yellow deal, with a large knot of lovely color, pitch brown and gold, running the whole length of the board. Seizing the board, I made the carpenter saw out of it a fragment to fit a frame which stood on the mantelpiece. At a little distance the thing assumed the appearance of a golden sunset seen across an open country, with a little hill or clump of trees against the luminous sky. The gradation of color was beautiful beyond description. At that moment the president entered. We pointed across the gallery to the new "harmy in gold and brown," and congratulated him on its loveliness. Mr. Whistler, hastily putting his eye-glass to his eye, exclaimed, "Eh, eh! What's that? Who lent that?" He was as much delighted as we were.

Mr. W. J. Locke, the author of "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" and of a new novel, "The Beloved Vagabond," belongs in a measure on this side of the Atlantic, since he is a man of Barbados, and gained his early education at Queen's Royal College, Trinidad. He was graduated at Cambridge University, and after some experience as a tutor he became editor of a London journal connected with architecture, and later secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

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STATUE TO STUDENTS OF YALE WHO OPPOSED THE BRITISH AT NEW HAVEN. James Edward Kelly, sculptor.

WITCH HANGING.

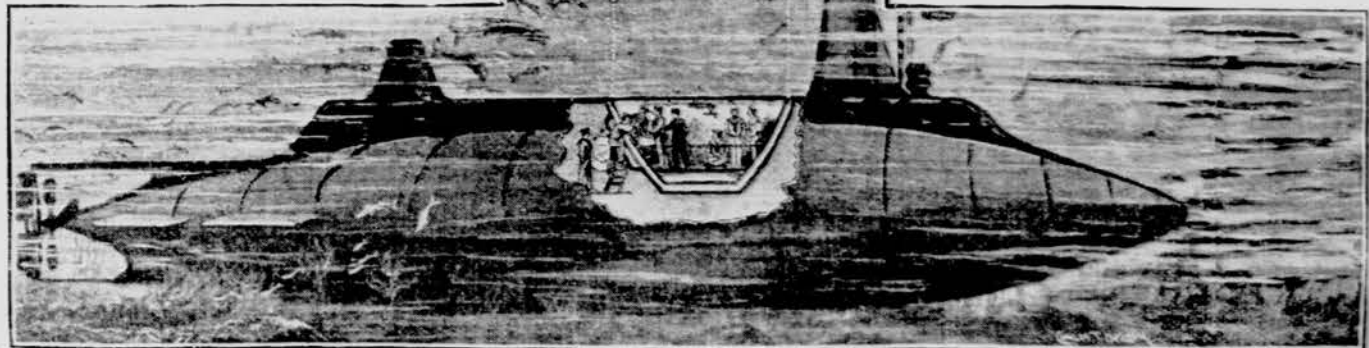
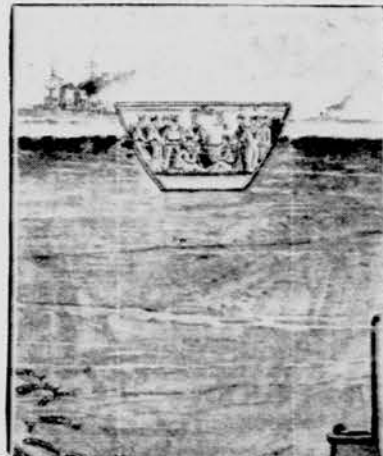
Home of One of the Victims May Change Owners.

There is not in all New England a house having sadder associations than those that cluster around the old Rebecca Nourse house, in Danvers, Mass., twenty miles from Boston. One cannot read any extended account of the terrible witchcraft days in Massachusetts without finding some account of Rebecca Nourse, who was taken from this house to die because she was supposed to be a witch.

The Nourse house is one of the oldest houses in New England. The exact date of its erection is not known, but it is believed that it was built as early as the year 1635. The builder was a man named Bishop, and he sold it to Francis Nourse, Rebecca Nourse was the wife of Francis Nourse. She was arrested in this house on the charge of being a witch, on March 23, 1692. Of course, the poor woman protested her inno-

the memory of Rebecca Nourse on the old homestead, and now the Danvers Historical Society purposes to buy the old house to use as a home for the society.

The house stands a short distance from Salem's famous Witch Hill. It was on this hill



ESCAPE FROM SUNKEN SUBMARINES.

A detachable boat, manned and raised to the surface. This device has been patented by J. Frupp, of Catford, England. The deck of the boat lies flush with the back of the submarine. Its lid is bolted to the body of the submarine by four bars, which can be released by a single turn of a screw. Between the boat and its containing chamber is a space of three inches, which can be filled with water from sea cocks after the crew has taken refuge. Thus, when the bolts are shot, the inrush of the water will cause the boat to swing outward, right itself and ascend. In the chamber wall is the hatch, or port of entrance, and opposite that, in the side of the boat, is a similar port. Both these have strongly clamped hinged doors. When the boat reaches the surface another hatch can be opened on the deck, and thus the men may escape or obtain air until they are picked up. From the containing chamber rises at the same time a flat buoy fastened to the submarine by a fine line. This is left floating to mark the position of the wreck. The white dotted lines in the large picture show the track of the boat's ascent to the surface. In the lower position it is being manned by the escaping crew. —Illustrated London News.

cence, but this did not keep the justice before whom she was tried in the nearby town of Salem from committing her to the Salem jail. This jail is still standing, and is now a part of the residence of Abner Goodell, of Salem.

Poor Rebecca Nourse remained a prisoner in the Salem jail, with others accused of witchcraft, until April 11, when she and her unfortunate companions were taken to Boston for trial. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, but the witchcraft delusion was at fever heat at that time, and a violent protest was made against the verdict of the jury. The mob in and out of the courtroom became so violent and made such threats that the jury withdrew and soon returned with a verdict of guilty.

Rebecca Nourse was then taken back to jail, and on July 3 following she was led in chains down the aisle of the First Church of Salem, and was solemnly excommunicated from the Church of which she had been a faithful member. On July 19 she was led out to Gallows Hill, in Salem, and hanged as a witch, amid the hootings and execrations of the crowd that had assembled to witness the aged and infirm woman die for crimes it was impossible that she or any one else could have committed.

Hundreds and thousands of strangers have visited the old Nourse house, but it was not until the year 1885 that anything was done to place a permanent mark on the spot. Then the Nourse Monument Association erected a monument to

that eight supposed witches were executed at one time, and the Rev. Nicholas Noyes said, as the poor creatures hung in the air: "What a sad thing it is to see eight fire-brands of hell hanging there!"

The Rev. Nicholas seems to have enjoyed the spectacle, and when he twitted one of the women with being a witch she turned on him and said, with pardonable fury: "You are a liar! I am no more a witch than you are a wizard; and if you take away my life God will give you blood to drink!"



THE REBECCA NOURSE HOUSE. A memento of the famous witch hanging days in New England. It may soon be purchased by an historical society.

YALE HEROES HONORED.

Statue to Commemorate Their Fight with the British.

"The heroic defence of New Haven by the students of Yale College, an almost forgotten page of American history," says "Army and Navy Life," "is to be thrown into the national limelight by the unveiling of a unique piece of statuary. The group is now in process of completion in the studio of James Edward Kelly. The unveiling will take place on July 5, 1907, the anniversary of the defence of New Haven.

"The statue represents three figures, in the costume of the college boys of Colonial times, operating a piece of field artillery. The stirring affair that the statue will commemorate occurred on July 5, 1779. The British planned to cause Washington to weaken his forces at West Point in order to defend the Connecticut coast. New Haven, then a town of 1,800 inhabitants, was to be the object of the British attack. President Stiles, from the steeple of Yale College, saw the British fleet preparing to sail from West Haven, and called out the students for the defence of the town.

"Under General Garth the British forced a landing, hotly opposed by the Yale boys and the patriots, and proceeded to plunder and destroy. A pitched battle was fought at the northwest corner of Broadway, and the defenders were eventually overwhelmed by superior numbers. Meanwhile the British had landed 1,500 men at Lighthouse Point and advanced from the east, with the intention of forming a junction with those in the town and crushing all opposition, while Sir George Collier bombarded the town from the warships in the harbor.

"By this time, however, the entire countryside was aroused, and the patriots gathered in such numbers that the British withdrew and burned Fairfield. The heroic students of Old Eli were therefore left in possession of the college town. It is this fight, lost in the pages of history, that the group so beautifully delineated is to immortalize."

THEY WERE HIS OWN.

Miss May Sutton, the tennis player, was talking one day in Boston about an early defeat.

"I had been so sure of winning," she said, "and that made my disappointment all the greater when I failed."

She smiled.

"I was as disappointed," she said, "as a huckster who used to live in Los Angeles. This huckster, coming out of a patron's house one day, saw a little boy feeding apples to his horse. Pleased to see the animal getting an excellent meal at no cost to himself, the man patted the boy on the head and said:

"That's right; always be good to animals. And where did you buy those nice apples?" "I didn't buy them," the boy answered. "I took them out of your wagon."

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