

## Woman's Sphere.

**The Mother.**  
Sometimes the little lips of him, all dewy wet and tender,  
Are laid against the lonely breast  
That never felt their kiss;  
The baby eyes look smiling up in all  
Their shining splendor—  
O, little son, my little son, that I  
Should mourn like this!  
Sometimes I see him comin' through  
The furze an' purple heather,  
An' O, the toddlin' feet of him that  
Never stepped the earth;  
An', when we're settin' quiet-like, him-  
self an' me together  
There's dimpled hands that beckon  
In the peat smoke on the hearth!  
The happy mother's child—sure  
They come an' lean beside me—  
An' their eyes so full of pity that  
My own deep tear drops start—  
An' Himself so kind an' watchful that  
No evil shall betide me—  
But nought can ease the weary ache  
Within my heart.  
O, Mary up in heaven, if my little son  
Be weepin'  
(Though heaven is grand, 'tis lonely,  
An' my babe is small, so small),  
O, take him on your mother's heart, an'  
Soothe him to sleepin'.  
Lest sobbin' through the long, long  
Night, he hears his mother's call.  
—Mabel Hillier Eastman.

### MAIDS AND MAIDENS FOLLOW CRAZE FOR JET.

Lends a Modish Touch and Even the  
Girls Must Have It.

Jet jewelry has become popular to a marked degree. Its growth in favor has come slowly. The notion that the jewelry is fit only for mourning or for the elderly women has been utterly routed. The youngest and gayest of her set must have her jet set.

"Nothing sets off the complexion so perfectly," is now the general verdict, save among those who possess a muddy complexion.

The modish touches of black seen on the new gowns have undoubtedly done much toward establishing the popularity of jet ornaments. They carry out the black note of the gowns.

All the favorite forms of jewelry now come in jet. For the hair come barrettes, fillets, combs, pins and ornaments of countless descriptions. The new big French barrette comes in jets in its largest dimensions.

The old-time idea that jet hair trimmings were for the brunettes is exploded. Blonde women know the beauty lying in the contrast of the glossy black to their tresses.

There are exquisite filigree of jet to wear in the hair. Each movement of the head sets the intricate spray trembling and twinkling. Well cut jet flashes like a diamond.

Earrings come in all the well liked fashions. The well-liked bead dog collar necklace is displayed in jet with support bars set with jet or with brilliants. In many models a carved jet ornament is placed in front of the collar.

Dog collars come in links of solid jet or in links studded with cut jet beads, usually star-shaped. A very elaborate link collar sparkling with tiny jet stars has a fringe of some dozen strands set with the stars that falls over the neck in front almost to the bust line.

Strands of graduated jet beads will be worn on silver or gold chains. There are purse chains, and the new neck chain with tasseled ends that ties about the neck is found in all its varied designs.

There is no end to the jet brooches. They come little and big. Among the large sizes are found lizards, butterflies, bows and feathers.

Among the jet hatpins there is much in evidence a pin with a round head covered with tiny beads. This head covering is seen in card cases and memorandum books. A shield of jet with brilliants or a mosaic in colored enamel is often the center ornament of the cover of card cases and books.

Carved jet instead of the more usual cut jet, is much used for card case covers and also for pendants. Though not restricted to mourning wear its dull finish makes it appropriate for mourning.

There are all sorts of narrow jet bangles and all widths of the old-fashioned link bracelet with links held together with a double row of elastics. When on the arm these elastic bracelets look like a solid ring of jet. The links in some are an inch and a half long.

**Will White Wigs Come In.**  
The revolutionary atmosphere in the world of fashion at the present makes the looker-on in the watch tower see faint signs of white wigs coming in fashion again. They have already been displayed at the great hair-dressing establishments in Paris for evening wear. Stranger things have happened than that they should be adopted!

Amid all the protest and hurrying of criticism from the male portion of the community, there comes the fact that all these things have been done before in dress by sane, sensible, womanly and brilliant women. Why shouldn't they be done again?

Are we any better than our ancestors, of whom we proudly boast, who lived during the revolution in America? Here is nothing to prove that our brains have grown more opposed to the frills and fopperies of dress. Our intellects have not soared above those of the women of the eighteenth century.

The only one thing against the universal wearing of the clothes that are thrust upon us is the fact of our enormous number of wage-earning women.

### Velvet-Faced Fabrics.

Because of its soft and clinging characteristics, velvet and velveteens are suddenly coming into vogue, especially for the more elaborate order of tailormade, although they will be worn in short severe suits during the winter by girls who are within several years of making their initial bow to society. For afternoon reception costumes, those in chiffon and Lyons velvet will, of course, have the long

skirt slightly trimmed with chenille, jet or gold bullion, and coats of any length from 36 to 52 inches, usually bearing distinctive earmarks, and always with full-length sleeves. When velvet is employed solely as a material for a street suit, its trimming will be simpler and of the satin band or fancy braid order, as was the case last season with the comparatively few costumes worn of that fabric.

### To Glaze Collars and Cuffs.

A good glaze to add to the starch used for collars, cuffs, shirt-fronts, or other articles requiring a high gloss is obtained by boiling one-half pound of white card soap and two ounces of Japan wax in two quarts of water until thoroughly amalgamated. When it has cooled sufficiently for the hand to be able to bear the warmth add two ounces of powdered French chalk and eight drams of glycerine beaten to a froth. It should be used at the rate of one-quarter ounce to each one-half pound of starch. Use a rice starch, and see that the articles are very dry before you start to iron. Blistering is often caused by the underlining, owing to dampness, sticking to the lining-board. Use very hot irons.

### Origin of Muslin.

This favorite material of the "summer girl" derives its name from being first made at Mosul, or Mossul, a town in Turkish Asia. From there it was introduced into India, and first brought to England in 1670. A few years afterward it was manufactured in large quantities in France and England, and in the present day English made muslins rival in fineness the most delicate of gauzy muslins made in India.

### About Dark Hair.

Matrons with richly dark, luxuriant hair, let your front hair be combed back from your face softly in large, irregular wavings covering the top of the ears. A round cluster of coiled hair set out from the head some inches with a few loose curls—short ones—or a loosened puff or two. Bind a fillet of ribbon around the outside of this hair cluster, so as to show only from the sides and to open apart on the top.

### Placing Ostrich Feather.

The quills of plumage do not show this season. Because of the fondness for maribou, the plumes now start off from a little bed of it. The maribou is made into a fluffy rosette and is laid all over the quill part of the feather. It is a good trick and one that should be followed.

### A Good Combination.

A black broadcloth skirt, black velvet, satin or ottoman coat with Napoleonic collar and cuffs, embroidered plaited jabot and high neck, ruche with the towering hat, nodding with rich feathers, strike the high water mark of this season's styles.

### Blouse Situation.

The blouse en suite has to a great extent replaced the separate blouse in the cold weather wardrobe, and the silk waist in its old-time guise is hopelessly out of fashion, but many women sturdily cling to the separate blouse of white or cream color.

### To Have a Clear Skin.

A clear skin is one of the essentials of good health and beauty, and nothing conduces more to this end than frequent baths and brisk rubbings. They will do much to keep the skin soft and the whole body vigorous.

### Eat Moderately.

In order to be in perfect health one must be temperate in eating. The meals also should be regular. Regularity is one of the golden rules of a well-ordered life.

### Don't Neglect Your Sleep.

You can sleep yourself into good looks. A warm bath and a long nap will make any woman more attractive and lift years from her shoulders.

### FOL-DE-ROL.

Picturesque effects prevail among evening and daytime toilettes.

The separate coat of velvet will be one of the features of the winter.

The tendency for soft and clinging skirts now extends to children's wear.

There are lots of turndown collars fastened with horseshoes of rhinestones.

The plaid suit or kilted plaid skirt has been adopted by leaders of Paris fashion.

Hair ornaments are large, the newest barrettes being from two to three inches wide.

Unlined taffetas of standard colors in good qualities are the ones that bear washing.

More silk has appeared in the market as the foundation of some of the most exquisite hats.

The big Pierrot ruffe has completely fallen from grace at all of the smart watering places abroad.

Hat flowers, such as roses, poppies and pond lilies are made from gauze, tissues, satins, silks and velvets.

A color that is having great success is a beautiful light and rich brown that is classed among the suedes.

Dull colored linens with velvet, silk or kid collars and cuffs of darker hue will be worn well into the autumn.

The main characteristic of the gown of the present day is the silhouette of straight slender proportion and the high waist line.

A purple colored mouseline gown had a lining of mouse gray taffeta veiled with the same toned chiffon. A gray hat trimmed with crimson coxcombs went with it.

Blue and white printed Chinese cotton crepe is used for gowns trimmed with bands of plain blue cotton crepe thickly touched in white and studded with white cotton tassels.

For simple house frock batiste and challis are desirable materials. The former comes in plain and shadow check weaves in a variety of shades,

the challis showing the most delightful printings.

The white gumpie with plain school frock is familiar, but a little newer is the idea of a dress of plain color worn over a plaid gumpie. This gives a pleasing variety to the supply of school dresses.

### SUNFLOWER PHILOSOPHY.

Common sense is really uncommon sense.

Somehow the styles never change in ordinary clothes.

No man ever seems to be willing to compromise before the fight.

Boys don't cry like a baby. And men don't cry like a baby either.

What a man does in politics should not be remembered against him.

How many thousands of years is it since you heard a real good story?

You can make the average man happy by referring to him as a leading citizen.

A man who has no poor kin thinks it would be a pleasure to help them.

Carelessness causes more men trouble than laziness and wickedness combined.

There are many occasions to say human nature should be changed, but you can't change it.

Give a woman a rocking chair and a handkerchief and she is prepared to cry for the whole land.

The swaggar of a pretty girl is very often like the swaggar of a fighter who thinks he can whip anybody.

As soon as yellow shoes quit squeaking they begin to look as though Noah had worn them in the ark.

Another thing to the credit of Mother Dear: It never takes her more than five minutes to "do" her hair.

"The men," you will always hear some women say, in every crowd, "are all alike." And this is not intended as a compliment, either.

Your opinions are like a good many other things you possess. Of no value to any one but the owner.

There is one thing that should be said to the credit of the boys: they never pretend to like people they dislike.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who spanked her boy because he was also spanked at school?

After a man passes 50 he should watch himself with great care. Nearly every man does something ruinous after he is 50.

What is the matter with the women, anyhow? Women don't like to work for women, and women don't like women boarders.

Our idea of a haughty man is one who can carry a cigar around showing in his pocket, and hold people so distant that no one will take it.

There is a good deal of surplus sympathy going around, but the man who has to carve never gets his share.

You all know the magazine woman: the woman who does everything by rules she has read in the magazines.

And she is not popular; she is not liked as well as the natural woman.

An old bachelor in Coolidge is in love with an Ancient Maiden of 47. He is very enthusiastic about her, and recently said to a friend: "It is surprising how much there is left to a woman of 47."

An automobile is a good deal like a woman. An automobile will run along for a while, and seem the greatest invention in the world. Then it will sulk and no one can tell what is the matter with it.

You occasionally hear a man abused for a lack of gallantry; a single man. And a married man is accused of being a flirt because he possesses the quality. A man has a hard time giving satisfaction.

It is said that if you swallow a single slug in eating a watermelon you will have it. There is nothing in it. We will bet that a boy can eat all the seeds in a watermelon, in addition to the rind and the vine, and never mind it.

Occasionally we meet a man who can't find work. We don't amount to much, but we have always managed to have a job. We have worked since we were 7 years old, and have no idea what it would be like to have nothing to do.

We saw something the other day that we never saw before: praise of a man who had been dead six months.

After such a lapse of time, a man's name seldom appears in a paper, except in a final settlement notice or an announcement that his widow is contemplating marriage.

When a fashionable dinner is served in some house, the table is set four or five covers deep, a cover being removed with each course. In the majority of cases, however, when there are two table cloths on a table, it means that there are holes in the one on top, and the under one is put on so that the holes won't show.

When you go into a house between now and Christmas and find a cross, tired-looking woman viciously putting her needle in and out of a dainty piece of work you may know that the joyous Christmas tide is at hand and the stormy faced woman is working on her Christmas presents.

"I like him," we heard a man say, speaking of an acquaintance, "because he is not a practical joker." No one likes a practical joker, but everybody admires a man who attends to his business, whatever it may be.

In the event that a domestic sleuth is employed by the city at large to run down borrowed stepladders and meat choppers, as suggested recently, his scope should be widened to include borrowed books. Everything that is borrowed "for a few minutes" will also be included, for the articles borrowed "for a few minutes" are always the ones that are gone a year.

### The Result.

"How will you have your eggs?" asked the girl behind the lunch counter.

"With as brief an interval of time," answered the absent-minded professor, "as possible intervening between the deposition of the oval spheroid in the nidificated receptacle by the female representative of the common or barnyard variety of domestic fowl and the subsequent appearance of the same in the marts of commerce where congregate the

"All right," interrupted the girl, "I think I understand. Scramble three!"

Hope is the dream of the man awake.—Plato.

### THE PRESIDENT AND CALLERS.

Ease With Which Mr. Roosevelt Disposes of a Waiting "Bunch."

One o'clock in the executive office adjoining the White House. Ten men are waiting in the small reception room, says a writer in Public Opinion, for the President has been engaged for an hour or longer with two members of the cabinet. He has an appointment, too, with several friends from a distance for luncheon at the White House. A tall, military man has just entered the reception room when "bing" the door to the President's private office flies open, and Mr. Roosevelt steps out.

"Your name, please," he exclaims as he comes squarely against the big military man.

This expression has the same effect on the visitor as "attention." He straightens up another inch or two, and without the slightest tremor replies: "I am the deputy chief of constabulary of the Philippine Islands."

"Ah," exclaimed the President, "I am glad to see you. But I am fearfully busy and have not a minute now. I have some ideas about your work over there and I want to see you. When are you going away?"

"I must leave early tomorrow morning for 'Frisco' to catch the transport back," is the reply.

"I see. Well—I will not have a minute today. See here, can you come to the White House tonight at 10:30? We can have an hour's talk then undisturbed. Come right to the front door and tell them who you are. I will leave word that I am to see you."

"Certainly," says the grim visitor. "Remember—10:30 tonight," is the President's last word to him.

"How are you?" he exclaims, for now he is grasping the hand of a magazine editor who has been his friend for many years.

"And you?" to a third from the south. "I was going to write to you. I have found that you were right about that fellow. He is not the kind of man I want and he cannot get that appointment."

"Hello! I know what you want," to another from New York. "You want me to go to that dinner of your club. Now, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be with the boys, as you know, but really I cannot go. I have declined twenty invitations to dinners in two days."

Smiling all the time, but decisive and brusque, the President disposes of all ten visitors in ten minutes. Then he goes to luncheon and discusses questions of State or administration policies with his friends as they dine with him and Mrs. Roosevelt.

### Information Wanted.

Mrs. Neurich (entering studio)—You are the artist who paints miniature portraits I believe.

De Auber—Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Neurich—Well, what'll you charge for painting a life size miniature of my daughter?—Chicago News.

### Transfer Solution.

A combination of a lump of soap of the size of a hickory nut, a pint of boiling water, and four tablespoons of turpentine is the solution used to transfer newspaper cuts to another piece of paper or to cloth.

### Too Much for Him.

Giles—The man who makes these moving pictures humped up against his first failure today.

Miles—How's that?

Giles—He tried to make a moving picture of two men playing a game of chess.—Chicago News.

### An Undesirable Position.

"There is always room at the top, you know!"

The friend of an artist cried.

Said the painter, "That's where they mostly go."

But I don't like my pictures gilded!—Lippincott's Magazine.

### Glass Top Desks.

Much valuable time can be saved by covering a desk top with plate glass under which data may be spread for ready reference. It also makes a surface that is easily cleaned.

### The Auto Typewriter.

"The typewriter people are certainly slow."

"In what respect?"

"To cling to the bell. Why don't they introduce a machine that will honk at the end of a line?"

### Well Battered.

A Frenchman can claim more accidents than perhaps any other man. He commenced by injuring both hands in a circular saw; then in turn he broke both shins, fractured two ribs, broke both arms, crushed one foot and fractured his skull.

### The Tower of Babel.

The tower of Babel is said by some early writers to have been twelve miles in height. Other "authorities" agree that it was four miles high. Strabo says its height was 600 feet. And there were no elevators.

### Called His Bluff.

Xerxes sent messengers to the Spartan king at Thermopylae, saying, "Go and tell those madmen to deliver up their arms." Leonidas replied, "Go and tell Xerxes to come and take them."

### Wedding Anniversaries.

The fifth wedding anniversary is the "wooden" wedding; the tenth, "tin"; the fifteenth, "crystal"; twenty-fifth, "silver"; thirtieth, "pearl"; fortieth, "gold"; seventy-fifth, "diamond."

### What Hurts.

"I suppose your pa feels very bad about being defeated at the polls?"

"Yes, but that doesn't bother him half as much as does the other fellow who told him that he knew all along he was going to be."—Detroit Free Press.

### Precisely So.

"There are ten million microbes constantly preying upon your system."

"Then no wonder I feel bad at times. The competition must be something fierce."—Pittsburg Post.

## Days of the Press Gang.

THE TALE OF AN AWFUL MIDNIGHT HOUR IN  
— THE STEEPLE OF THE KELDON CHURCH —

In the bell-chamber of Keldon parish church Kit Cowley lay in hiding. A press gang, under Lieut. Fairbrother, had been scouring all that part of the country for nearly a week and the capture of a young fellow like Kit who had just returned from his first experience of the sea, would have improved the quality of a rather lubberly lot of pressed men. But Kit had seen enough of the sea, though he was a stout enough fellow in his way. At any rate he had no liking for the press and at the first rumor of the press gang's appearance he had sought a hiding place. His aged father was the sexton of the church and knew every nook and cranny of it. There was no better hiding place if only Kit could be smuggled into it without the suspicions of a few long-tongued, busy-bodies being aroused. So Kit shouldered his stick and his bundle, bade an affectionate good-bye to the old folks and trudged off in the direction of the nearest sea-board. But at dead of night he crept stealthily back to the old church, clambered in at a little vestry window carefully unfastened and took up his residence for a time among the great bells in that chamber of the winds.

He had been there several days and no one had any suspicion of the fact. The old folks had little difficulty in bringing him something to eat and drink and they told him the news of the little town and country side—dull, personal, commonplace gossip for a man who had seen something of the world, and had run the gauntlet of storm and sword. The last incident which had excited the good people of Keldon was the mysterious disappearance of young Hawkesbury, the only child of Sir Godfrey Hawkesbury of Hawkesbury Park. He was a rather small and delicate lad, about 13 or 14 years of age and chiefly remarkable for the fact that an attack of paralysis, when he was a child, had slightly distorted his features and deprived him of his powers of speech. On this account his father was extraordinary solicitous of his welfare, and this anxiety was to a certain extent shared by all those who came in touch with the Hawkesbury family. There was, therefore, widespread alarm and anxiety at the disappearance of the unfortunate youth.

But Kit Cowley up in the belfry was out of this little world and though he knew the dumb young squire well enough, the incident was not very important. It was of more moment to him just then that the ringers would be in the left that evening and for an hour or more the belfry would be a veritable pandemonium of clang and clatter.

Fortunately for him there was a means of mitigating the annoyance to some extent. The bell chamber was the uppermost part of the church tower and was in fact a somewhat smaller story rising from the center of the stouter part of the tower below. There was a narrow stone platform round the outside of the bell chamber, and this was protected by a rather deep embattled parapet. Kit Cowley had several times broken the monotony of his close confinement by creeping out upon the platform and scanning the wide and beautiful prospect of a fertile landscape, while he breathed the cool crisp air of that lofty eyrie, which reminded him of the masthead.

As the shades of evening dimmed the landscape, Kit slipped through the door which opened on the parapet and crept on all fours to an angle of the platform and there sat himself down, with his back against the parapet. When the ringing commenced he stopped his ears as well as he could, and tried to be indifferent to the din, which seemed to make the old tower fairly pulsate. But in spite of all his efforts the noise worried him, and when at last it ceased, the peaceful hush which succeeded it seemed doubly soothing.

As he rubbed his eyes he thought he heard some faint unusual sound. He took little heed of it at first, for he thought that he was still half dreaming. But he heard it again, the unmistakable sound of some one moving in the bell chamber, and in a moment he was intensely alert. What was it? His first thought was that the press gang had hunted him out. But down below all was quiet. There was not a sign of uproar or commotion. He crept stealthily and silently he crept back to the door of the bell chamber and peered through a chink of the old and ill-fitting woodwork. There was a dark lantern set on the floor by the side of the open trap door giving access from the ringer's loft. The light of the lantern illuminated all the remote side of the bell chamber, and though the nearer side was in shadow there was sufficient reflected light to show him that there was no one in the chamber.

But even while he was making these observations the head of a man appeared through the trap door and a tall and well built supple figure climbed slowly up from below, bearing a large sack upon his shoulders. The man's face was masked. He wore a slouched hat, a riding coat buttoned back, and was booted and spurred, and well bespattered with mud. In short, a typical highwayman fresh from a midnight adventure.

He put down his sack in front of the lantern, opened wide its mouth and gradually rolled it inside out, disclosing to Kit's horrified glance a human creature tightly doubled up and bound. As he undid a few of the larger bandages, and the figure straightened itself out, Kit recognized the young squire of Hawkesbury. He was tightly gagged, since he was able to utter some low guttural and inarticulate sounds, which might have betrayed his presence; but now in the grim isolation of the belfry, where there was none to hear, there was no need for a gag, and the highwayman stripped it away at one hasty snatch and cast it on the floor. Then he set the terrified lad, still bound hand and foot, with his back against a huge beam which formed part of the bell, and stood back to contemplate with grim satisfaction the results of his work.

"And now," he said after a short pause, "let us have one last talk. You and Sir Godfrey, they say, are the last of the Hawkesburies. But I know another, and Hawkesbury Park, and all that goes with it, will be his, when you and your father are gone. Sir Godfrey cheated my father years ago and tonight I will have my revenge. You will never leave here alive."

He stayed a moment to enjoy the anguish which was plainly visible on the young lad's face, which twitched hideously in his vain efforts to speak. Kit puzzled his brain to know what he should do. Should he shout for help? The little town was wrapped in its slumbers and ere he could rouse it and obtain help, there was ample time for the highwayman to commit his foul deed and effect his escape. Should Kit attack him? He was unfortunately quite unarmed and a mere stripling by the side of the powerful man, in whose belt there were both pistol and dagger.

"I have planned my revenge a long time," the man resumed. "When you are gone Sir Godfrey will not last long and then by every proof of the law the estate will be mine. But it would mar all if the murderer were discovered or even suspected. So I have brought you here. Suspicion may perhaps fall upon the old sexton, or upon one of the old bell ringers, or upon anyone—I care not whom. I wish, indeed, I could have made it fall more closely upon some victim. But it is enough—I have caught you, and got you here."

He laughed hideously, a mocking, maniacal laugh. There was no fear, no remorse, no hesitation in his manner. His hands itched for their work, and he sprang forward eagerly, and gripped the young squire's throat in exultant gloe.

Kit Cowley felt the strength of a mad fury as he burst open the door of the window, and sprang into the bell chamber. At the first sound of the rising latch the highwayman released his grip and turned towards the intruder. His first expression was one of blank surprise, which gave place to one of demoniacal joy when he had taken the measure of his antagonist and seen that he was unarmed.

Suddenly a shrill, piercing shriek, followed by loud cries for help, rang through the bell chamber. The dumb lad had suddenly regained his voice by a last gigantic effort in this moment of excitement.

Kit and the highwayman stood aghast, and for the first time the latter lost his composure. His face turned deadly pale and like a hunted animal brought to bay and attacked on every side, he swept a furtive glance behind him, and in his effort to ward off the sudden attack the highwayman tripped and fell sprawling on the nearest bell.

In an instant Kit was kneeling on his chest, and gripping at his throat. By one strenuous effort he got the man's left arm doubled across his chest and under his own knee and both his hands were free to pin the villain's neck against the floor.

A movement of the highwayman's leg brought Kit's foot against the rim of the bell. Tightening his grip he felt with his foot for the swinging tongue of the bell and gave it a vigorous kick. The bell uttered two sonorous notes which sounded singularly weird to Kit. As the sounds died away, he heard cries of excitement and alarm in the streets below and presently the creaking of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not till he heard foot-steps on the steps leading to the bell chamber did he relax his hold, and even then he kept his fingers where they were ready to grip once more if the struggle should be renewed.

But the strong man was broken and helpless now, and when at last the startled townsfolk clambered into the bell chamber the light of their lanterns fell upon the vivid features of a dead man.

A few days later when the inquest had been made into the manner and circumstances of his death, they buried him as quietly as the occasion would permit in the family vaults of the Hawkesburies. Kit received much commendation for his sturdy valor, but the one thing that gave him the greatest satisfaction was to see