

A STRANGE BURIAL PLACE.

Founder of Naples and His Dog Buried in a Church.

In the small town of Naples, situated on the coast near Santa Barbara, is a substantially built stone church that has never been used for any other purpose than as a sepulchre for a man and a dog.

This Church is Erected to the Glory of God and His Son, Jesus Christ, and in Memory of the Founder of Naples, John H. Williams.

Naples had been without a church ever since it was founded and the lack was a source of considerable regret to a number of its citizens.

Williams did not leave any directions regarding the furtherance of his plans nor state what disposition should be made of his remains.

This church, she said, shall never be used as a place of worship. It shall stand just as it is—a monument to my dead husband.

And she caused the dog to be buried with him, for his love for the animal had amounted almost to a passion.

There is no sexton or keeper in charge of the church and it has consequently been neglected, forlorn appearance, although it has been standing only since 1877.

The mausoleum is kept in better shape. Festoons of fresh flowers are frequently hung over the grating, on one side of which is a carved head of the honored dog.

Following the example of Mrs. Stanford Mrs. Williams has reserved for herself a place beside her husband.

Rumor has it that Mrs. Williams is on the point of changing her plan in regard to keeping the church closed.

Chinese newspapers have published a report that Chinese capitalists have subscribed the capital for building a railroad from Peking northwest to Kalgan.

The Remedy Is Now a Nuisance. Some twenty-five years ago mungoose were imported into Barbados to drive away the rats which ate the sugar canes.

Word from Br'er Williams. "Some folks sez de devil is a gentleman," said Brother Williams.

Wanted It at Once. "I disown you," cried the angry parent; "I shall cut you off with a shilling!"

When Chloe Was Crowned

BY STEPHEN COLEMAN

It was all owing to the fact that Chloe (real name Matilda Washington) had yielded to the Afro-American yearning for a gold-capped tooth, that Bert Clarges became Billy Matthews' servant girl.

Now, I'll have to call it off," said Billy, miserably, as the ambulance swung around the corner with the faintly interne hanging from the rear.

Clarges was as good a cook as he was an architect, and the dinner he prepared was a triumph.

Billy, all unknowing had given rein to fancy and told wild tales of unfortunate club men he had known who had turned their culinary skill to good use.

He smoked his after-dinner cigar in the parlor, with Mabel sitting happily on one side and Mrs. Worden on the other, engrossed with their talk of the future.

She went straight back to the dining room; Bert was just clearing up the table; there would be a light supper, perhaps, if they could be induced to stay late enough for chafing dishes, and he wanted to leave things in good shape.

"I knew you the moment I saw you," said Marion simply, as she held out her hand.

"Your pride!" he said quickly, "what had your pride to do with it?"

"And you can't be accused of marrying me for my money?" he helped her out.

"Come, I will show you her picture." With a compelling arm on her shoulders he led her into the stuffy kitchen and up to a cheap type in its primrose colored mat.

Mrs. Worden gasped when they found her with the cook's arm about her neck and her fluffy head upon his breast.

Chloe's teeth have been gold-plated now with the 14-karat metal, and only the dentist's flat refusal has prevented them from being engraved.

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Reddy Mahoney's Romance

By Grace Mac Gowán Cooke

Reddy Mahoney's face was a lugubrious sight to look up; and that countenance was made for smiles, not for woe.

"You've been quarrelling with your wife again," said Father MacNeill's accusing voice from the vestry door.

The reverend father came down the aisle. He might know little about women but he knew much about just and his caretaker's brush flourished with renewed energy.

"Mahoney," he began in those winning tones which Reddy had learned could convey as sound a reproof as the bishop's rasping bass.

"I'm fixed," he announced importantly. "Mrs. Worden whispered to me after the salad that she thought I was a Bohemian."

"Oh, your reverence," she cried, in tones bubbling with joy.

"Yes, your reverence," Katy rippled on sweetly. "I felt my heart in my bosom like lead to deceive poor Reddy; but I couldn't tell him of the man—now could I?"

"Oh, your reverence, you know the man that says my poor Reddy took something that didn't belong to him—a ring to give me when I was his sweetheart."

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Misses Louise F. Harrington and Anna Conlin and Mrs. B. Leary of this village left on Friday for New York City, where they will spend fifteen days in sightseeing.

The following ladies went to Le Roy on Thursday last to visit Miss Mary A. Conron and Mrs. M. Davis.

Mrs. D. J. Dolan of Philadelphia is visiting at the home of James Dolan in this village.

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Mrs. Walter Smith of Buffalo and Miss Ellen Coleman of Erie, Pa., visited friends here this week.

Isidor Hughes and John O'Neill of Rochester, were guests of Rev. A. A. Hughes, the latter part of last week.

Miss Ella Fitzgerald of Rochester is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. C. Piper.

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