

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

Military Scarf Pins—Women and the Ambulance Ship—General Lee's Parents—Linen Crash Gown—Etc., Etc.

MILITARY SCARF PINS.

All the girls who own sword pins and daggers can bring them out from their hiding places. They've come back into style. This time they are used exclusively as scarf pins. "But many of them are too big," you exclaim. No so at all. The bigger the better. Nothing looks more stunning in an Ascot tie than a beautiful jeweled dagger or sword pin with its sheath. It gives a feminine touch to the erstwhile masculine scarf, and it is the proper thing to wear.—New York Sun.

WOMEN AND THE AMBULANCE SHIP.

The ambulance ship Solace has been bountifully supplied by the women of the United States with many comforts that, as a rule, are lacking at sea. This ship has been fitted out in such a complete manner that she resembles a modern hospital. Around her white sides runs a dark stripe, and her Red Cross flag marks her to friend and foe as being on a mission of peace.

FEMININE ELECTRICIANS.

The success of Miss Glascock, the young and attractive daughter of A. R. Glascock, of Mayville, Ky., in practical electrical work is exciting the admiration and wonder of the fraternity. Miss Glascock has completed a plant at Morganfield, Ky., and will superintend the construction of one at Nicholasville in the same State. The Blue Grass State is justly proud of this talented daughter. There is no reason why the fair sex should not take up electrical work in all its phases as an employment, as enthusiasm and persistency are especially indicated in this especially fascinating industry.

GENERAL LEE'S PARENTS.

General Fitzhugh Lee's mother was Miss Anna Maria Mason, a daughter of John Mason of Virginia, and she was known in her girlhood as "beautiful Nannie Mason." After she married Lieut. Sydney Smith Lee the couple made their home in Washington. When President Buchanan gave a state dinner to the Prince of Wales Mrs. Lee was one of the guests, and went in on the arm of the Duke of Newcastle. After the war the family lived on their Virginia place, and Fitzhugh followed the plow with his two mules, John the Baptist and Rebecca at the Well. Mrs. Lee has been totally blind for some years, but is still cheerful and happy.—Chicago Record.

LINEN CRASH GOWNS.

A linen crash in a dingy dirt color is considered very smart with tucks embroidered in white linen threads, and the frock otherwise trimmed with a coarse Russian white linen lace. A white linen facing to the jockeys and a white linen belt, tucked, and buckled with a bit of Russian enamel, is in keeping. Apropos of such summer fallor gowns, white piques are so pretty trimmed with light blue French cambric, linen, it is called, and the buttons are covered with pique, or white cotton lacings with tasseled ends fasten the sailor blouse. The white muslin cravat is never omitted even with these semi-tailor yachting gowns, and the French light blue taffeta buckled in front with carved ivory, the hat tipped over the brows with a bow of the same taffeta under the brim behind. This is smart, too, carried out in straw and black velvet with a steel buckle.

A STYLISH HAT.

To be right in the tip of style every woman, old or young, should have at least one hat to be worn tied under the chin with broad strings, and the strings must not be all alike, either. One should be of broad satin ribbon and the other of chiffon, or one may be a long cream lace scarf, and the other of black velvet ribbon. These strings are confined chiefly to big white Leghorn flats turned up at the back and twisted into a sort of poke shape for the most part, though they are also used on smaller hats of colored straw. The average girl looks pretty enough under one of these big flowered hats without strings, but with strings carelessly knotted to the left side, over her heart, she is bewitching. A hat with strings invariably gives an undefinable look of demure coquettishness to a youthful face and makes the wrinkles in an older face less noticeable.—New York Sun.

SILK VISITES.

The very newest fad of the season is the revival of an old fashion—the silk visite which our grandmothers wore. It consists of a little coat made of taffeta, which can be worn with any skirt—not only of silk, but of other material as well. The prettiest model is made with the back in a basque shape; the fronts loose, but with long tabs; the sleeves very small, with a cap over the top, and a high turned-back collar faced with some bright color. The silk is covered with tiny cording or shirring put on in as fantastic a pattern as can be devised. It is not supposed to be lined, and is to be worn either over a thin shirt-waist or with a false front. It is held in place by a narrow belt which goes under the front pieces. It has not as yet appeared, excepting at the private dressmakers', but is already becoming a craze. For women who cannot wear shirt-waists there is nothing smarter or cooler. Of course it is not a very easy model to

make at home, but it is a possible one, and a very good one.—Harper's Bazar.

AN ENGLISH COOKING SCHOOL.

Clever American women might profit by the experience of Mrs. A. B. Marshall, a handsome young English woman, with her frying-pan. Her income is large, and her establishment is one of the most important in London. A number of years since she laid the foundations of her present prosperity by opening a modest but very practical school of cooking. At first there were small classes of ladies, who gathered under Mrs. Marshall's personal instructions in a couple of small rooms, yet so ably did she teach them that her fame spread abroad, and women wishing regular employment as cooks went to her for instructions. The development of her calling gave her the idea of opening an establishment where every detail of the kitchen could be supplied to patrons with comfort and scientific consideration. The establishment is still called "Marshall's School of Cookery," but any woman who is fortunate enough to visit it realizes that this plucky woman has done something more than carry on a school. The department of instruction is maintained as vigorously as ever, but the business has a dozen equally valuable branches, one of the most important being the intelligence office, where the cooks registered are all trained and vouched for by the firm. When a woman graduates from the cooking school she is given a diploma. There are always in the office emergency cooks, cooks that prepare special dishes and cooks who are trained for invalids' needs. There is as well a supply bureau, from which customers are sold all varieties of dainties, canned, boxed and bottled goods, prepared by Mrs. Marshall. The firm publishes its own series of receipt books and an attractive monthly magazine. A specialty is also made of the latest improvements in kitchen utensils. In the spring and autumn the graduating classes are examined and show their prowess in an exhibition hall, and patrons are invited to taste new dishes of Mrs. Marshall's invention.

THE WOMEN OF CUBA.

Cuban women are pretty. Also they hold on to their beauty until they are long past the age when the fairness usually leaves. The chief features of this beauty are: Eyes as black as sloes, hair like the raven's wing, figures that are charming, a manner that is fascinating, a voice that is melodious, well-modulated, sweet and confident.

Cuban women are not all smokers. When the average man conjures up a vision of a Castilian or her sister in the Gem of the Antilles he usually places a cigarette in the mouth of the black-eyed beauty he has brought to his mental eye. He is mistaken. That is, as a rule he is. There are exceptions, however, and a good many. But the well-reared, dainty, charming Cuban girl does not smoke. Not any more than does the sister she is likely to have in the United States. What I mean is that it does not follow that because a girl is a Cuban she incessantly smokes.

The average Cuban girl is not as dark as a mulatto. She is more like a yankee girl who has passed all summer at a fashionable resort and has succeeded in accomplishing a tan that is just too cute for anything. And the best of it all is that this prettiness remains until she is very old. She, in fact, never does become really homely. She rather takes on a sort of an old bronze color, which is not at all objectionable.

Cuban women are not often seen in the streets after nightfall. Only rarely are they to be witnessed abroad in the daytime. And never without a chaperone—either parent, brother or husband. In the company of one of these the Cuban woman goes to the park in the evening and enjoys the band concert—when there is one. Or, in the same company, she visits the docks and looks at the arrival or departure of a steamer. If she has a friend or a relative on board, either coming from or going to the United States, the occasion of this visit is made quite a little event. The women are taken out to the ship in a small boat, and the gaudy dresses, the bright conversation and the pretty faces make a combination that is irresistible to the beholder.

The best time to see the Cuban woman is in the evening of a summer day. A walk through the home streets at this time will reveal her seated on the cool benches in the little gardens, or else inside the house, at a window, chatting with a friend or a relative and watching the passing curious ones. She is at her best at this time and place. The real Cuban girl or woman is, above all things, a home body. Her home is her castle in reality and she is never so much at her ease as when she is within its portals.

Tennis and croquet are the chief amusements of the girl who lives on the island that is to be set free by the force of arms. Of course, she dances, and is as much excited at the prospect of the great civic and military balls as is her sister all over the world. She goes to all that she can get to, and she goes home at the same time as other girls and she chatters all day about the ball and the handsome men and what somebody else wore—in fact, she is a girl.

And, above all things, the Cuban woman is a patriot. She is true to her island home, to its sons and warriors. She has given her aid and often her life to the cause of freedom. She has shared the privation, shame, terror and the humiliations that have been the lot of the courageous insurgents who have been true to the little flag that is so soon to be enrolled as the banner of a new nation. She has taken the field in many instances, and she

has proved to the satisfaction of all her admirers that she is that jewel above all price—a true, noble, courageous and patriotic woman.—Chicago Times-Herald.

NEWEST IN HATS AND BONNETS.

Soft hats will take the place of the derby for wheel wear.

A black hat covered with two shades of poppies is most appropriate for young girls.

The English walking hat still holds a place in fashion, and is often profusely trimmed with pumes and jet.

Among summer hats a chip with white mousseline de soie and sweet peas will be a chic headdress for young women.

A pretty hat now popular is a white leghorn with yellow plumes, white duchess lace trimming and long streamers.

Sailors will be worn with low crowns and narrow brims this season. A fashionable trimming will be a folded scarf wound around the crown and tied at the left side.

A small bonnet of framework, covered with burnt orange roses, with an aigrette of black jet and a white lace wing, is a most attractive headdress for elderly women.

ONE OF THE MYSTERIES OF SLEEP.

No Man Knows When the Moment of Unconsciousness Comes.

There is a remarkable fact connected with sleep which must not be overlooked. The sleep of a human being, if we were not too busy to attend to the matter, always evokes a certain feeling of awe. Go into a room where a person is sleeping, and it is difficult to resist the sense that one is in the presence of the central mystery of existence. People who remember how constantly they see old Jones asleep in the club library will smile at this, but look quietly and alone even at old Jones and the sense of mystery will soon develop.

It is no good to say that sleep is only "moving" because it looks like death. The person who is breathing so loudly as to take away all thought of death causes the sense of awe quite as easily as the silent sleeper who hardly seems to breathe.

We see death seldom, but were it more familiar we doubt if a corpse would inspire so much awe as the unconscious and sleeping figure—a smiling, irresponsible doll, flesh and blood, but a doll to whom in a second may be called a proud, active, controlling conscience which will ride his bodily and mental horse with a hand of iron, which will force that body to endure toil and misery and will make that mind now wandering in paths of fantastic folly grapple with some great problem or throw all its force into the ruling, the saving, or the destruction of mankind. The corpse is only so much bone, muscle, and tissue. The sleeping body is the house, which a quick and eager master has only left for an hour or so.

Let any one who thinks sleep is not a mystery try to observe in himself the process by which sleep comes and to notice how and when and under what conditions he loses consciousness. He will, of course, utterly fail to put his finger on the moment of sleep-coming, but in striving to get as close as he can to the phenomena of sleep he will realize how great the mystery which he is trying to fathom.

English Board Schools.

The English "board school" system, which corresponds to our public school is as yet far inferior in most essentials. The board schools are not, to begin with free. Tuition fees, varying from six to twelve cents a week, according to the location of the schools, are exacted from pupils, and parents who are unable or unwilling to pay get into very serious trouble.

The teaching is primitive indeed. Little boys are set at sewing or knitting, to keep them quiet. Sir John Lubbock has just made widely public the fact that thousands of youngsters pass through the curriculum of the London School Board without learning one lot of geography, except as a special subject. History is no better; and English is practically non-existent.

Germany sends over to England every year hundreds of young men who can hold their own in commerce, and who are thoroughly well equipped in the subjects that might be taught in the board schools.

Some Englishmen are beginning to think that the strides Germany is making in trade are mainly due to superior intelligence and better general education of her people.—New York World.

Way to Kill Mosquitoes.

Two and one-half hours are required for a mosquito to develop from its first stage, a speck resembling cholera bacteria, to its active and venomous maturity. The insect in all its phases may be instantly killed by contact with minute quantities of permanganate of potassium. It is claimed that one part of this substance in 15000 of solution distributed in mosquito marshes will render the development of larvae impossible; that a handful of permanganate will oxidize a ten-acre swamp, kill its embryo insects, and keep it free from organic matter for thirty days at a cost of twenty-five cents; that with care a whole State may be kept free of insect pests at a small cost. An efficacious method is to scatter a few crystals widely apart. A single pinch of permanganate has killed all the germs in a thousand-gallon tank.—The Public Health Journal.

In Hungary there are thousands of villages and hundreds of small towns without a doctor within ten miles.

NOVEL COAST DEFENSE.

An Experimental Fort of Railroad Iron to be Built.

The War Department for more than a year past has been quietly working on a new method of protecting gun emplacements that promises to revolutionize structural methods in this branch of the coast defense system. In brief, it is to substitute a heavy shield or palisade of railroad iron for a large part of the masonry and concrete that heretofore has gone into these structures, thereby increasing the effectiveness and decreasing the cost of these works and, incidentally finding a use for the old rails which hitherto have been a drug on the market. The plan is said to have originated with Gen. Miles, who proposed it to the fortification board almost two years ago.

It was discussed at the time, but nothing definite was done until within the past year. Then calculations were made and plans drafted, but in work of this sort thumb rule and mathematics count for comparatively little; and when the present crisis made it plain that such works might be wanted, and wanted suddenly, work was begun on an experimental emplacement at Fort Washington, within range of some of the big guns that constitute a part of the river defenses at that point.

The work is not yet finished, but when it is, the big ten-inch guns of the new Fort Washington will be loaded on the new iron emplacement, and if it stands the test, steps will be taken to introduce the new works along our coast.

Gun emplacements, as they are now built, are expensive affairs. There is first a heavy foundation of masonry and concrete to sustain the immense weight of the guns themselves and the greater shock of their recoil in firing. Then there is an even heavier wall of mere masonry and more concrete to protect the guns and the gunners from the enemy's fire, and finally, on the outside of the protective wall, there is piled a small mountain of earth and sand, thirty feet in minimum thickness, to receive the first shock of the enemy's shells, and reduce their speed before they are finally brought to rest against the solid rock-core of the fort.

It has been found by observation that when a shell hits the big earth cushion outside the real fort, it is deflected upward in the line of least resistance. The new railroad iron design contemplates a thin shell of inner masonry, with a moderately thick earth cushion, and outside of this a turtle-back structure of railroad iron several layers thick, set at such an angle as to shed the shot, which will have already been deflected somewhat on entering a much thicker earth cushion that will constitute the outside layer of this composite fort. The experimental emplacement now being built will consist of various sections, in which the iron shield will be arranged at varying angles, and in which the latticework of rails will be built up in various ways and joined by various methods of binding.—Washington Post.

Physical Points of a Soldier.

The average volunteer rejected on his "physical" these days is a very much astonished person. He has been accustomed to consider himself as representing, pretty nearly at all events, the best ideal of manhood, and his surprise is great when a cold-eyed military surgeon picks out flaws all over him. He is too tall, perhaps. Not that six feet and a bit over is an objectionable stature, but very tall men are apt to lack in depth of chest, which is a quality indispensable in a soldier. Depth of chest means lung capacity, which implies endurance, marching ability, etc.

The surgeon inspects the teeth of the would-be recruit, as if he were a horse, and turns him down if they are bad. Good teeth are required for the proper chewing of food; defective ones mean dyspepsia. If it is true that an army "travels on its stomach," the individual fighting man is handicapped by trouble with his digestive apparatus. May be the volunteer is too short or too fat. Plumpness is well enough, but the War Department wants no fat men, because they lack strength, endurance and activity. Besides, fat is a symptom of physical degeneracy, and is apt to mean weakness of the heart.

The volunteer "fit" in other respects, is likely to be amazed at finding himself rejected because his feet are excessively flat; yet the requirements are carried to such an extreme as this. It seems that a very flat-footed soldier does not make a satisfactory infantryman, because he cannot march well. Negroes, of course, are extremely flat-footed, but data are lacking to show how their marching powers compare with those of whites. During the Civil War they did some pretty good marching, certainly. Necessarily the recruit must have proper feet, and even his toes must answer to certain specifications. An ingrowing nail, or even a corn, will count seriously against him. Bow-legged and knock-kneed men are objectionable, partly because they do not look well. The military art has its aesthetic side.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Timely Information.

The power of modern guns of heavy caliber is such that every projectile which does not hit a thickly mounted part, or strike at a very acute angle, must cause frightful destruction in the interior of a vessel. But as the heavy armor covers hardly more than a third of all parts visible above water line, it is more likely that an unarmored part is hit than that armor will be struck. One lucky shot can disable a ship, a few lucky shots may decide a battle. It is this consideration which causes the Germans to be so specially careful in the training of their marine

artillery. But it is not very likely that the percentage of hits will increase in future. The increased speed of the vessel prevents that. Ships armed with the heaviest ordnance can begin to fire at a distance of 6,000 to 7,000 meters (3½ to 4½ miles); with guns of a somewhat lighter caliber, at 5,000, to 6,000 meters. The heavy guns, indeed, carry much farther; but it would be useless waste of ammunition to fire at a ship more than three or four miles away, and a modern ship cannot afford to waste its ammunition any more than its coal. With modern facilities for loading, a battle ship could fire away its entire stock of ammunition in less than an hour, and who can say that it will be quickly replenished?

Ancient Porto Rico's Charms.

San Juan del Porto Rico, with the exception of San Domingo, is the oldest city in America. The pious Spaniards by whom it was founded called it the Rich Port of John the Baptist, and to Spain it has been a source of great profit continually for 387 years. Ponce de Leon is the larger city, having about 35,000 inhabitants, and lying in the midst of the sugar district. San Juan has about 25,000 population, and its great advantage is a commodious and protected harbor. The city lies upon an island connected with the mainland by a bridge and a causeway. The streets are narrow, the houses are low, mostly of a single story, and are built in the old-fashioned Spanish style, with thick walls around the courtyard. The fronts are ugly and are painted all sorts of brilliant colors, pink, blue, purple, and yellow. They wear heavy shutters in the windows, for protection, but there is not a pane of glass or a chimney in the town. Behind the gloomy walls are glorious gardens and patios, with splashing fountains shaded by that most beautiful of all trees, the royal palm, whose plumes nod in the breeze like those of a bird of paradise. There is a cathedral, a theater, a city hall, the Governor General's palace, and several notable churches, and in the center is a park covering about the same area as one of our city squares, with concrete walks lined with seats and stately palms, but not a spear of turf.

Around this park the market women gather every morning, selling poultry, eggs, vegetables and flowers, and in the evening it is filled with the higher classes of the population, listening to the music of a military band. The young women are beautiful, particularly those of mixed blood, but they conceal their attractions so far as possible by the excessive use of face powder, which makes them look as if they plunged their heads into a flour barrel.—Chicago Record.

"Manning the Yards."

When Commodore Schley took formal command of the flying squadron the other day the "yards" of the flagship Brooklyn were manned by the bluejackets, and on deck all involuntarily joined in the shout of applause. In the old navy, when United States ships were actually ships with yards, the boat's mate's call, "All hands cheer ship!" was followed by much more picturesque ceremony than is possible now, when the vessels of the navy are fitted with but a single yard, and that only used for signaling. At the word of command "Man the yards" there was an amount of acrobatic scurrying on the main decks of the old ships that was calculated to make the ship-looker hold his breath, the thing looked so dangerous. The men fairly leap up the rope ladders, and alive by the time the echoes of the command had died away every yard on each mast would support scores of men and boys, all standing erect, most of them only held up by the crossed arms of the men beside them. This representation of a cross was held by all of the men, and it was their business to stand thus with absolute statuesque firmness. Then the command "Cheer ship" would be bawled out upon deck by the chief boat's mate, and there would be a yell from cat-head to mizzen that couldn't help but warm the blood of everybody within hearing of it. When the men manned the yards with all sail except top'sls and stuns'ls set, such a picture was really beautiful, the men's uniform of blue standing out in sapphire-like contrast to the cameo whiteness of the shrouds. This was a ceremony on all former occasions, such as the visit aboard the old ships of distinguished men. And man the yards and cheer ship were commands always given when one of the old clippers of the United States navy was either departing for or arriving from a foreign station.—Washington Star.

A Dangerous Diet.

A box containing wheat saturated with strychnine was recently placed in the hands of a scientist for examination because of the curious fact that a number of insects had been found there, all of which were busily engaged in devouring the poisoned grain. So remarkable did this appear that studies have been made of the tastes and poison-resisting qualities of some of these small creatures. It is ascertained that the weevil will grow and flourish on grain mingled with strychnine. This is destructive to almost all insects but the weevil seems to prefer it to other food. Samples of the same poisoned grain were given to a number of varieties of insect pests, and in every instance they died almost immediately. In this same line of research it may be said that almost every poison plant has its parasite, and from it some form of life derives its subsistence.—New York Ledger.

The number of foreigners in Japan last year was only 8,246, including 3,642 Chinese, 1,878 English, 1,022 Americans, 493 Germans, 391 French, 222 Russians, 127 Portuguese, 80 Dutch

NO SAILOR PRESIDENTS.

Did Farewell to Political Ambitions at the Water's Edge.

England has had a "sailor king" within the recollection of many of our older readers. When did the United States ever have a sailor President? When, at any time, was a sailor seriously talked of by the politicians and newspapers for that office?

It's really worth thinking about—this discrimination against our laureled victors whose victories are won on the water. Our wars have made many Presidents. The revolution gave the country President Washington. The War of 1812 gave it President Jackson. The Indian wars gave it the first President Harrison. The Mexican campaign gave it President Taylor. The Civil War gave it President Grant. Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison and William McKinley were helped toward the White House by their war records. Every man of them did his fighting on land.

In the early years of the republic the "stout old commodores" contributed much more glorious pages to its history than the generals, and a good many more of them. Yet, which one of the commodores ever got within seeing distance of the White House? Which one of them, for that matter, so much as dreamed of casting an ambitious glance in that direction? Farragut, the Admiral, was as illustrious a figure as Grant, the General. He had a far more striking and picturesque personality. His fame is no less immortal. The people wondered delightedly at his wonderful exploits—the river fight, the bay fight. They honored him in their hearts as he deserved to be honored. But they never even thought of making him President, nor did he ever dream that they would. The man who goes into the American Navy for life bids an everlasting farewell to political ambition at the water's edge. Why it should be so the reader can puzzle out for himself at his leisure. That it is so cannot be disputed.

Who is the most popular of living Americans just now—the man whom we are all talking about and hugging in our hearts? Does any of us expect ever to hear George Dewey's name mentioned for the Presidency in a national convention? If he had won a victory of corresponding import and brilliancy on land, that would have been a different matter.—Hartford Journal.

Some Odd Signs of Respect.

The people of different races have ways of their own of greeting one another. Some of these ways are queer—to us. For instance: When an Esquimaux wishes to show admiration and devotion to another man he pulls the man's nose. That being the case, it would seem that a man who placed much value on his proboscis would not strive to become popular. Some tribes of Hindoostan show respect by stretching out the arm and placing the tip of the thumb on the other's nose. In South Africa a man turns his back to his superiors. As a general thing South Sea Islanders sit down when speaking to a person of higher rank than their own—which is just the opposite of our rules of etiquette. A Chinaman's idea of showing respect is to put on his hat where we would take it off. Another thing worth noting is this: That most common method by which our relatives express their affection when meeting—namely, kissing—is looked upon as sure evidence of heatheism by many people—as native Australians, New Zealanders, Papuans and Esquimaux, for instance. They never think of such a thing. Their laws of propriety don't allow it. If a mother over there should kiss her little boy or girl she would be regarded as a "crank" and excluded from good society.—Chicago Record.

A Novel Barber's Comb.

For many years the best barbers in New York bought the combs used in cutting hair from several Germans who lived in the lower east side and devoted their time to the manufacture of these articles. The Germans made the combs from bone, and to the unprofessional observer the combs showed no marked difference from those bought anywhere. In reality they possessed a merit which made them highly valued by the barbers. They were so shaped that as they were run through the hair it was held up in a way that exhibited the slightest irregularity in length. It was this particular quality that made them valuable. Within the last few years several of the comb makers have died, and to-day only one is left to carry on the manufacture. As a consequence the combs have greatly increased in price, and the old man who still supplies them finds his work more profitable than it ever was before. Nobody else has learned the secret of making them, and so the art seems likely to die with the man who makes them now.—New York Sun.

Swiss Funerals.

Swiss funeral customs are most peculiar. At the death of a person the family inserts a formal, black-edged announcement in the papers asking for sympathy, and stating that "the mourning urn" will be exhibited during certain hours on a special day. In the front of the house where the person died there is placed a little black table covered with black cloth, on which a black jar stands. Into this friends and acquaintances of the family drop little, black-margined visiting cards—sometimes with a few words of sympathy on them. The urn is put on the table on the day of the funeral. Only men ever go to the churchyard and they generally follow the horse on foot.