

BURIAL OF A PARROT

WHOLESALE MOURNING OVER A MUCH LOVED HOUSEHOLD PET.

The Unfortunate Creature Said "By By, Lora, By By," and Yielded Up the Ghost—The Funeral Was a Large One and the Furnishings Were Gorgeous.

There was a strange scene in Noe Valley, away out Castro street, on Thursday, and those who witnessed it will not soon tire talking of it. To most of those who took part in it the occasion was fraught with more of curiosity than of deeper interest, but it was not so with all. In a little front parlor at 1414 1/2 Castro street stands a big empty birdcage. Rising from the top of the cage a staff on which a flag, hoisted half mast high, tells the visitor that the one time occupant is dead. All around the little doorway where she fluttered in and out bits of black and white still further emphasize the fatal fact, and bouquets of flowers fitted into feeding and drinking cups and hanging from the swinging perch where Polly used to swing are tokens to her memory.

It was only a parrot, this recent dweller within those walls of wire, but seldom has a bird left more sincere mourners behind it, and many a man or woman would be proud to think that such an elaborate funeral was in store for him or her. Less than two years ago this poor parrot was hatched out in the wilderness of Panama. John Stranaghan, an honest sailor lad, came into possession of the bird on one of his coastwise trips and brought it to his uncle's home in Noe Valley. Just one year ago it was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Tache, and in their pretty little home on Castro street the bird really began to live the life that has now so suddenly ended. The parrot's name was Loretta, but owing to the difficulty parrots find in pronouncing the letter "t" she called herself Lora, and those who knew her and loved her learned to accept the abbreviation. Lora was the pet of the entire neighborhood, but she was the apple of Mrs. Tache's eye.

There were tears in both of Mrs. Tache's eyes last evening as she related stories illustrating the genius and accomplishments of poor Lora. In appearance the bird had been quite like any other green parrot with gold trimmings. Her size was roughly but kindly stated by Mr. Tache, who is a carpenter. "She just fitted into a box 12 by 3 inches," said he. And there stood the box on a pedestal just in front of the empty "cottage." It was a dainty box, more like a young lady's glove box than a coffin, covered with blue silk and lined with the same in quilted squares. Yet in it poor Lora had been laid out. By the silken handles on either side the pallbearers had carried it to the graveyard, and there in the darkened parlor it now stands with the other evidences of a woman's strange devotion to the memory of a dead bird.

The lessons that Lora learned in her home on Castro street seem all to have been good ones. She could not only talk and whistle like other parrots, but as a singer she had an enviable record. Her singing of the chorus of "Auld Lang Syne" is said to have made many of the residents of Noe Valley weep copiously, and Mrs. Tache herself was very much overcome last evening in endeavoring to give the reporter an idea of Lora's rendition of "Amid the Raging of Sea." "She had a sweet and lovely voice," said this fond mistress of a pretty pet, but Mr. Tache did not seem to agree with her. There was also a slight difference of opinion as to the cause of Lora's demise. Both agreed that the parrot died of cholera morbus, but Mrs. Tache declared that the disease was due to Mr. Tache feeding the bird on watermelon, while the latter contended that death had been due to too frequent bathing at the hands of Mrs. Tache.

Whatever the cause, poor Lora was taken ill on Monday last. She was "off her feed," as Mr. Tache puts it, all the afternoon, and when night came she could muster up no words from her voluminous vocabulary save "Poor Lora! Poor, poor Lora." It should be mentioned here that she never referred to herself as Polly, and never made the stereotyped suggestion regarding the proverbial cracker. Just as Monday was turning into Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Tache, snugly stowed away in the adjoining bedroom, heard a terrible scream. They knew at once that Lora was on her last legs. Mrs. Tache promptly got out of bed and went to the rescue. She also did what a mother would have done for a dying child. She took the bird to her bosom and sat with it on her own bed. Poor Lora lived but a short hour longer. After the one shrill scream there came but these words, "By by, Lora, by by!" They were the last words indeed.

Written by the afflicted mistress these words are still pinned to the wires of the empty birdcage. The writer and her husband are as subdued in their grief as if a child had been taken away. The funeral took place at 4 p. m. on Thursday. The neighbors turned out in goodly numbers. The house at 1414 1/2 Castro street was crowded, and there were more flowers than city officials have sometimes been honored with. But the most unique feature of the occasion was the hearse. The son of a neighboring grocerman offered the services of his goat wagon. Certainly nothing could have been better suited to such a service. The goat was a well trained animal and did not run away. Two little girls, Gay Spencer and Maggie Delmore, carried the casket out of the house and placed it in the little wagon. Then taking their places, one on each side, and the other children walking two by two behind them, they led the way up Castro street to Clipper, where in the garden of Mr. Stranaghan, at 484, a grave had been dug to receive all that remained of Lora. The older people stood by when the blue casket was exchanged for a coarser one, and when the earth was filled in above the lowered coffin there was more than one genuine sob and sigh.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE VALUE OF DUST.

Its Particles Form Free Surfaces for the Collection of Vapor.

How can invisible particles be brought within the range of our vision? That was one of the first of the many marvelous discoveries of Mr. John Asken, F. R. S., Falkirk, a distinguished physicist, whose remarkable work has revolutionized a branch of meteorology. He showed that without dust in the air there could be no fogs, no mist, no cloud and probably no rain. The particles of dust are the free surfaces, which, under certain conditions, attract the water vapor of the atmosphere to form fog. Invisible before, they become visible when clothed all over with the moisture; unseen as dust, they become distinct as fog particles.

This can be easily verified. If ordinary air be forced through a filter of cotton wool into a glass receiver, it is deprived of all its dust particles. Let steam be introduced into this receiver from a boiler, no change will be observed; the vessel is quite transparent. But if a jet of steam be introduced into a similar vessel containing ordinary air, it will be seen rising in a dense cloud; then a beautiful fog will be formed, so dense that it cannot be seen through. In the former case, when there was no dust in suspension, the air remained clear; in the latter case, when the ordinary atmospheric dust was in the vessel, fog at once appeared. The invisible dust then is detected by the introduction of water vapor.

Until very lately it was thought that particles of water vapor combined with each other to form a cloud particle, but it is now found that some solid body, however small, is required for this formation. In fact, when there are no dust particles on which the water vapor at a proper temperature and pressure can condense, there is at present no knowledge as to the point at which the change will take place. But the fine particles of dust in the air act as free surfaces on which the water vapor condenses into fog. When there is abundance of dust in the air and little water vapor present there is an overproportion of dust particles, and the fog particles are in consequence closely packed, but light in form and small in size, and take the lighter appearance of fog. Accordingly, if the dust is increased in the air, there is a proportionate increase of fog.

But on the other hand if the dust particles are fewer in proportion to the number of molecules of water vapor, each particle soon gets weighted, springs into visible existence as if by a creative hand, and falls in mist or rain. If the water vapor had no dust at all on which to settle, it would use the objects on the surface of the ground for the same end, as the grass, leaves, tree branches or house projections. Moisture would then be ever dripping. The occasional genial rain, though at times lashed up to a biting storm of sleet, would require to give place to a constant wetness on the roads and grass.

Umbrellas would not be needed, but india rubber protectors for the feet and legs would be in constant requisition. Even the irritable housekeeper, ever annoyed at the unaccountable appearance of dust in rooms which she left for clean, would prefer the old necessary evil in this dry dust form than see the walls dripping and the floor wet.—Good Words.

A Singular Method of Treatment.

A peculiar case of poisoning by a physician was that of Dr. Stephen Eotvos, in Hungary, about twenty-five years ago. Eotvos undertook to hasten the death of patients whose cases he considered hopeless by putting them out of their misery, as he termed it, with fatal drugs. He encountered no opposition to his peculiar methods of benevolence while he practiced them on people of no particular standing. But when the doctor hastened the death of a well known land proprietor named Slavy, the relatives of the dead man presented a violent protest and demanded the prosecution of Eotvos.

The physician declared on trial he was actuated by humane motives and had merely eased the journey of his victim to the inevitable goal. This defense was not accepted by the court. Eotvos was acquitted of malice, but found guilty of homicide without malice, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.—Pittsburg Leader.

Choosing His Own Name.

There are no better stories than those of the clergy, even if the young person does not have to be sent away from the table. It is significant that marriage is rarely mirth provoking, while the rite of baptism and the text furnish no end of good stories.

One of the stock baptismal anecdotes is that of the lipping woman who presented her child at the font.

"What is its name?" whispered the preacher.

"Lucy, thir," whispered back the woman.

"Lucifer! My good woman, that is no name for a Christian child," exclaimed the horrified minister, then roared, "James Robinson, I baptize thee, etc."—New York Evening Sun.

The Russian's Faith.

The Russian peasant is like a child, ignorant of the practical bearings of events and utterly unable to cope with them. Yet he never loses his faith in God. During the famine, when the peasantry were living, or rather dying, on bread made of pigweed, chaff and other equally nutritious and more noxious articles, they endured in submission. "God's will is at the bottom of it," said they. "He gave and he takes away."—Youth's Companion.

A Giant Nearly Twenty Feet High.

A giant exhibited in Europe—particularly in Rouen, where he was before the public every day for fourteen months—in the early part of the eighteenth century lacked but an inch and five-eighths of being eighteen feet high.—Million.

An Opera Season in the North.

Remarkable differences occur in the seasons of the arctic regions, so that at certain times, as happened last year, all the channels of the northern seas are filled and choked with floating ice at the breaking up of winter, while at other times the same channels are comparatively free, and but little ice is seen along the tracks of the transatlantic steamers.

It is a most interesting fact that similar vicissitudes evidently occur in the arctic and antarctic regions of the planet Mars. The telescope shows that vast fields of snow exist around the poles of Mars, extending when it is winter at either of those poles and contracting when it is summer there. But the polar snows of Mars appear to be noticeably less extensive in some winter seasons than in others, so that we might fairly expect to find there, if we could visit that planet, corresponding differences in the amount of ice carried toward the equator at the end of successive winters.

Our arctic navigators take advantage of such open seasons as the present appears to be whenever they can to penetrate farther toward the north pole. It is perhaps fortunate for the increase of our knowledge of the arctic regions that Lieutenant Peary and his party, who started for northern Greenland last year, are now in the far north. They may bring back most interesting accounts of the condition of things there, and perhaps be able to throw some light upon the cause of the remarkable variations in the quantity of icebergs and icefields that come floating out of those mysterious regions in different seasons.—Youth's Companion.

The Dog Got Away.

The dogs of Paris are giving a good deal of trouble to the police as well as to their owners, who scarcely dare let them go out of their sight lest they should be pounced upon and taken off to the Fouriers to be forthwith destroyed. There can be no question that in the very hot weather stray dogs constitute a certain danger. It appears, however, from all that is said on the subject, that the new police regulations concerning dogs are rather heedlessly severe, the consequence being frequent collisions between dog owners and the police. The other day, for instance, an almost serious scuffle occurred in Paris, the cause of which was a dog. The animal was noticed by a policeman in the street to be without the regulation muzzle, and was at once "arrested," if the expression may be used.

A woman claimed the animal as her property in presence of a crowd of 500 people. The affair took such a lively turn that the police officers were compelled to draw their sword bayonets in their own defense. The upshot of the matter was that one of the officers was rather severely injured, and that had it not been for the arrival of a party of constables on the scene it is probable there would have been serious fighting. In the course of the scuffle the dog, the original cause of it, escaped.—Levant Herald.

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A Genuine Bargain,

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