The Chatham Record.

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### The Phantom Ship.

The anchor's weighed, the harbor past,
Away! away! the ship flies fast.
The skipper's wife is at his side,
In fear she scans the darkening tide.
"Fear not," quoth he; "thou'rt safe with me,
Though the fiend himself should sail the sea!"
And merrily ho! the breezes blow,
Over the sea the ship doth go.

The sea grew black, the wind blew high;
"A ship! A ship!" the sailors cry;
Down sank the blood-red sun in flame,
But nearer still the vessel came.
She had no sails, no oars, no crew!
But nearer, nearer still she flew.
One lone, dark man on deck they see,
They can hear him laughing mockingly.

The skipper stood with frozen stare,
His men were white with wild despair;
The tempest shrieked, the sea was flame
And nearer still the strange ship came.
Down knelt the skipper's wife and prayed
"God of the sailors, send us aid."
Each stony sailor beat his knee:
"Save us, O Lord! we cry to Thee!"

Hurrah! Hurrah! the spell is done!
The phantom ship is gone, is gone!
The winds are fair, and fair the tide;
The skipper's wife is at his side.
He holds her hand, he cannot speak,
A tear rolls down his rugged cheek;
And merrily ho! the breezes blow,
Over the sea the ship doth go.

—*Frederick E. Weatherly.*

## Miss Lehman's Method.

A long stretch of white, sandy beach, dotted here and there with dark piles of shining sea-weed; a broad expanse of restless, heaving billows lapping with frothy tongues the gleaming shore, tempted Helen Lehman to pause and finally to sit down, even though it was the middle of the summer afternoon, and the sun was pouring down a scorching heat upon the unprotected rocks and glittering sand.

Miss Lehman had a broad-brimmed hat and sun umbrella, either of which was sufficient to protect her fair complexion, and if Harry Ashland was not thoughtful enough to likewise provide for his own comfort, he must suffer the consequences.

She had no heart—the world said so.

Had she seen the look of pain and disgust which, for a moment, played upon the gentleman's face it would have called forth no pity—not the slightest.

He was not obliged to remain with her.

There was the hotel, just above them, and he could find the coolest place on the broad, well-shaded piazzas, where he could be undisturbed all the afternoon.

It certainly seemed very foolish to make oneself so uncomfortable for a lady; but for Miss Lehman he would have sat for hours in these thin clothes on the hot rocks, and undergone tortures innumerable, provided she would smile upon him occasionally.

But Miss Lehman was very silent and grave that afternoon, and poor Ashland hitched about on his warm seat without drawing from her one smile or even a look of appreciation.

Getting tired of such thankless martyrdom, he burst forth, after several moments of silence, with:

"What is the matter, Miss Helen?"

"Matter? Nothing! Can't one think without having something the matter with them?" she asked, sharply.

The gentleman started at her earnestness, and meekly replied:

"Yes."

"Well, then, Mr. Ashland, what are you talking about? I was thinking. Would you like to hear my thoughts?"

"Oh, yes, above all things."

"I was thinking of that great body of water before us. It so reminds me of the lives of some people whom I have met—so full of restless yearning—always coming and going—never pausing, never tiring. Oh, it is so strange, yet so grand and beautiful!"

"Yes," murmured the martyr, moving uneasily, and thinking that it was indeed very strange, very grand, and very beautiful.

"And yet it ever tells the same, same, story—the 'something' for which it yearns never comes. So it is with life. We spend a life-time with an aching void in our hearts, and die still longing—"

"Yes."

Helen Lehman turned with an expression in her dark eyes, which spoke:

"What a stupid creature!"

She modified her meaning to:

"Mr. Ashland, you have not heard a word."

"Oh, 'pon my honor, Miss Helen, I heard every syllable! Don't you think that it is hot?"

"Hot? Very comfortable, I was thinking."

"Bless me, I am quite baked."

"Then let us go to the hotel."

The gentleman arose with alacrity, but as he walked along he felt uneasy, for he was not quite sure that he had pleased the lady, and rather than displease he would have willingly sat upon the hot rock for another hour and suffered without a murmur.

Mr. Ashland was in love with Miss Helen Lehman, and had been a perfect slave to her caprice all the summer.

He had met her in the city during the preceeding winter, had seen her in all the glory of her ball-room dress, and had been awed into worship by the flash of her diamonds, and glorious dark eyes.

At the seaside she was not less beautiful in her robes of wondrous lace and silk, which caused so much envy among the ladies—costing a small fortune, they all said—and Ashland had become the lowliest worshiper at her shrine.

To cap the climax, there was a new arrival—a plainly-dressed, thoughtful-looking "nobody"—who stood upon the piazza—we used as a rendezvous—looking out seaward with an expression in his clear eyes very like that which had done in Helen Lehman's a few minutes before, and he wondered if his thoughts were the same.

"Who is that, Mr. Ashland?"

"Where?"

"Why, that fine-looking man on the piazza?"

"Don't know, never laid eyes on him before. Something new, I fancy."

"I hope so. I'm dying for a change," thought she.

"Shall I find out who he is?" asked the accommodating Ashland.

"Yes, do."

"Well, I will as soon as I can. I don't for a moment imagine that you'll care to know him, for really he doesn't appear to be anybody."

"True, but it won't hurt you to inquire."

"Oh, *certainly* not."

That very evening, in the large parlor Mr. Ashland edged along to where Mrs. Lehman sat talking, and whispered:

"Well, I found out a little concerning that fellow."

"Green, and tell me about him."

"He is nobody at all, Miss Helen. A poor artist, or something of that kind. Not worth a cent, Alden told me."

"Thank you for your trouble."

It was a puzzling thing how Miss Lehman after learning this could have made the acquaintance of Dodge Greyson and could treat him with such marked politeness.

It quite put poor Ashland, and he soon found himself in a painful position. The fellows began to banter him to excess, and call him a "stud" and other pretty names for thus allowing Miss Lehman to drive, sail, read poetry, and wander out upon the beach with this "poor wretch."

It was all very well to treat him politely, but where was the need of making so much of him? It would never do, and so he resolved to put a stop to it at once.

"We are not engaged, and so she thinks it no harm in flirting with Greyson. But I will settle matters at once."

It was easier said than done. Miss Lehman was serenes and strange that Ashland, confident as he was, never approached her without feeling timid and wonderfully "shaky."

But at last, one morning, after seeing Greyson's head very close to Miss Lehman's for a full hour without any apparent cause, he resolved to put on a bold face and propose.

"Miss Helen," he began, as soon as an opportunity presented itself, "I have been dying to speak to you for several days."

"Have you? Well that is rather unpleasant."

"Oh, no, thank you, not at all."

"What have you to say?"

"Oh, nothing—that is—yes—"

"Well, go on."

"The fact is, I am tired of single life, and want to get married at once."

"Very wise, indeed!"

"I think so. Well, of course, you understand that I have a great regard for you, and I think—I mean, are you—that is—will you have me?"

"Bless your heart, no."

"No!"

"Certainly not!"

"Oh, you're trying to tease me?"

"No, I am not."

"But consider—I have been so attentive, and all that, you know. Have you no reward to make me for all this?"

"None whatever."

"But, Miss Helen—"

"My dear Mr. Ashland, we may as well come to an understanding first as last. The truth is, I am already engaged."

"Engaged!"

"Yes, to Mr. Greyson. We are to be married in the fall."

"Oh!"

Mr. Ashland's moustache drooped pathetically, and his appearance, as he dragged himself up to the hotel, was rather of the sick chicken order.

"Poor fellow!"

Cupid chuckled in fiendish exhultation over another victim that night.

Ashland did not make his appearance until he was fully recovered, and able to answer one of the many inquiries in the following careless manner:

"We men of the world, my boy, get used to this sort of thing. We get toughened."

"Yes, I dare say, but it seems to me that I should like a milder process of toughening."

"It's all the same, I assure you."

"Perhaps so; but I think I should really prefer anything to Miss Lehman's method." *Little Gray.*

### Drinking a Tear.

"Boys, I won't drink without you take what I do," said old Josh Spillit in reply to an invitation. He was a leper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures down us. You are chief of the mixed drinkers, and I won't agree to your conditions."

"He wants to run us in on castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm *square*," replied Spillit. "Take my drink and I'm with you."

The boys agreed and stood along the bar. Every one turned to Spillit, and regarded him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said Spillit, "give me a glass of water."

"What, water?" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a new drink on me, I admit, and I expect it's a scarce article. Several days ago, as a parcel of us went fishing, we took a little drance of whiskey along, an' had a heap of fun. Along toward evenin' I got powerful drunk, an' crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey an' came back to town. They thought it was a good joke 'cause they'd left me out there drunk an' told it around town with a heighty liberter. My son got a hold of the report an' told it at home. Well, I laid under that tree all night, an' when I woke in the mornin' there set my wife right that by me. She didn't say a word when I woke up, but she setter turned her head away. I got up and looked at her. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see that she was chokin'.

"I wish I had sumthin to drink," says I.

Then she fetch a cup what she fetch with her, and went up to what a spring fetch up, an' dipped up a cuptful an' fetch it to me. As she was handin' it to me she leaned over to hide her eyes, and I saw a tear drap in the water. I took the cup an' drank the water and the tear, an' raisin' my hands I vowed that I would never after drink no wife's tears again, that I had been drinkin' them for the last twenty years an' that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was that left me drunk. You was all in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender." *Arkansaw Traveler.*

### A Persistent "Shadow."

A detective recently said to a New York reporter: "A man hired to shadow a party, or a shadow, as we call him, gets about $2 a day and expenses, and is paid for the time he works. A shadow is expected to watch a man from the time he gets up in the morning till he goes to bed. If it happens that a party must be shadowed night and day it requires two men to watch him. A shadow must watch his man closely without himself being seen or allowing the party to find out that he is being shadowed. I meet the shadow, for instance, and tell him that he must keep his eyes on a certain man whom I designate by brushing on the shoulder with my handkerchief. Then I enter a place, and as the man comes out I pretend to see a bug on his shoulder and brush it off. Then I go away, knowing that until I give the word that man will never be out of the sight of my shadow. The shadow takes him to dinner and back to his place of business. Then to his supper, and then down town in the evening. Then it is that his hardest work begins. He may have to suddenly hire a hack at a big expense and follow the man out on a carousing expedition. He finally takes him home at night, secures a cover and catches a little sleep himself. The securing of a cover is sometimes the most difficult part of the work, for your man may live in an aristocratic locality where there are no rooms for rent. I have known our man Boland to sleep night after night in a cool bank on the street when it was nipping cold. There are in New York certain banks and large corporations that every year along about the holidays have each of their men shadowed about a week. At the end of a week a full report of the man's habits, haunts, style of living, and even of his week's expenses, is given to his employer."

### LIGHTNING.

#### Its Effects Upon the Nervous System.

A short time ago an item was extensively published relating the circumstances of the death of a child from fright caused by a thunder storm. She was ten years of age, and having been roused from sleep by the thunder, implored permission to share her mother's bed till the storm was over. This was refused her and she grew so quiet that her parents went to see what was the matter. They reached the child's bedside just in time to see her die. Another incident of death from fear of lightning was reported from Cleveland recently. The victim was an elderly lady who lived alone. An unusually sharp and near clash, followed by an instant crash of thunder, so overcame her that she fell to the floor and died, as though the current had passed through her. While cases of such extreme terror caused by lightning are rare—even rarer than death from the shock itself, fear of lightning in a less intense form is by no means uncommon. It is a notable fact that courageous and healthy men are sometimes very unpleasantly affected, if not with fear, at all events with a sense of mere discomfort, not only after a sharp flash and instant explosion, but before a storm approaches. During the progress of the tempest their discomfort increases. Some complain of lassitude and headache, ascribed to a storm, due, doubtless, to the absence of ozone in the air; others, as the clouds gather more frequently, experience nausea, and sometimes an unpleasant quivering about the abdomen. These are symptoms that accompany acute terror sometimes, but the sense of fear is probably absent. How to account for the phenomenon is not easy. Supposing that its cause is purely subjective, why should some people suffer and others escape, or why should the same person suffer at one time and not at another. As a general thing children do not fear lightning or even thunder, and adults who have long suffered may overcome the dread in various ways. A mother who would take refuge in a closet during a storm, for instance, and give way to the most unreasoning terror, on being warned to master her fears for the sake of the wondering child may be entirely relieved of apprehension during a storm. Of course, reason tells us that the chance of being killed by lightning is so small as to be hardly appreciable. According to the state census of 1875, during that year eighteen people were killed by lightning, which forty were murdered, 194 committed suicide, 459 were drowned, 278 were killed by falling and 53 by kicks from horses and mules. Water, therefore, is twenty times as dangerous as lightning, and the horse and the mule are doubly deserving of the terror which a thunder storm produces. Moreover, it could be shown, no doubt, that ninety per cent of the deaths caused by lightning were due to foolish exposure, such as taking refuge beneath a tree or carrying an umbrella during a thunder storm. These facts, or these general inferences, are pretty well known, but they are powerless to prevent fright. One solution of the mystery is that nervous or tone and flaccid may be susceptible to subtle influences unfelt by healthy persons; another is that the dread comes from habit rather than anything else, and may be overcome by the exercise of will power. There is a current belief that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Blackmore, the brilliant English novelist, however, professes to have data to prove the contrary principle, so far as human beings are concerned, namely that a person who has once been struck invites a repetition of the blow, and is in greater danger than one who has never had that unpleasing experience. *Brooklyn Eagle.*

### A Gigantic Enterprise.

The East and West India Docks company of London has boldly embarked in a gigantic enterprise, for which some commercial prophets predict a failure. This is the construction of docks at Tilbury, on the Thames, opposite Gravesend, of such magnitude that the *Globe* says "on the whole, this dock extension promises to be the most remarkable that even London has ever witnessed, and will leave all other ports in the world far behind." They will have a tidal basin with a depth of forty-three feet, and the largest vessels afloat will go in and out without regard to the tide. The contracts call for four dry docks with a total length of 1750 feet, a floating derrick with a lifting capacity of 100 tons, special wharves and abbatoirs for the cattle traffic, 15,000 lineal feet of quay berths, from forty to fifty miles of permanent railroad tracks and a large hotel for the accommodation of passengers. "Tilbury is certainly at a considerable distance from London," says the [illegible] but with the railway facilities to be organized, a few miles more or less will really be a matter of no great importance, while it is moreover that, with the huge ships of the present day and they are seemingly indefinitely advancing in dimensions, the avoidance of a few miles of river navigation, with its windings and shallows and fogs, and the necessary cost of towage and pilotage, must be an immense advantage." The contracts call for the completion of the work within two years and a half, of which one year has already elapsed.

### TRUE ORIGIN.

#### The History of Some Common Food Plants.

The origin of vegetables is an interesting study, and in the pages of *Nature* will be found this account of where the food plants that we take as our own had their origin.

In a recently published investigation of the early agriculture of the temperate regions of Asia and Europe, De Candolle traces the origin of the turnip to northern Europe, and the cabbage to the western coasts of Europe, where its wild tech may still be found. Parsley, which is a feed plant, is thought to have originated in the marshy but known during the dark ages as a very troublesome weed, it spread with from the western Mediterranean to Europe. The celery was native to Asia. The celery seems to have become a cultivated plant in Greece. It was introduced into Europe by the Arians, perhaps from the region south of the Caspian. The cultivated beets have been found in the Swiss lake dwellings of the Roman age, and this plant was native to western Asia, Greece and Italy before its cultivation there. It was afterward carried to Egypt. The chickpea was carried from southwest Asia eastward and westward by the Aryans, to India and to Europe. The carrot is indigenous to the eastern Mediterranean, where the Greeks introduced it into Italy, and the Arabs into western Europe.

De Candolle regards all the cereals—kinds of wheat, as derivatives of the small grained kind found in the most ancient lake dwellings of western Switzerland. He inclines to the belief that the wild stock of this originated in Mesopotamia, where it may still exist. The origin of spelt is very doubtful, and it may possibly be an ancient cultivated derivative from wheat and rye. As to barley, the inhabitants of the Swiss lake dwellings cultivated both the two-rowed and the six-rowed kinds. The former is found spontaneous in the area between the Black sea and the Caspian, but nothing is known of the spontaneous occurrence of the latter or of its two-rowed kind. Oats, rye, millet, the three cereals of the Swiss lake dwellings, are probably native to southwestern Europe. The lake dwellers even of the great Bronze Age did not know it, but Pliny mentions its cultivation by the Gauls. De Candolle supposes that the Aryan migrations westward met in Europe and carried it onward. Oats seem also to have originated in southern Europe; they are found not earlier than the Bronze age in Switzerland. From Pliny's mention that the German tribes subsisted on it, it is concluded that it was not cultivated by the Romans.

The vine is indigenous in western Asia, whence its use was carried to various countries by both Aryan and Semitic races; but it did not reach Gaul before 122 B. C. The almond, though native to the shores of Mediterranean countries, seems to be a native of western Asia and perhaps Greece. As late as the time of Pliny the fruits were known to the Romans as Nuces graecae. The wild stocks of our pears and apples seem to have been indigenous to southern Europe and western Asia before the Aryan invasion, then remains absent in the Swiss lake dwellings. The quince is a native of North Persia, and seems to have been introduced into eastern Europe in pre-Hellenic times. Remains of a form of the pomegranate have been found in the strata of the pleistocene age in southern France by Saporta, but it died out and was reintroduced from countries adjoining Persia in prehistoric times into the Mediterranean region, of which it is now so characteristic a feature. The primitive home of the olive was apparently the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, where the Greeks discovered the useful qualities, the Romans learning them later. The fig has left its remains in quaternary rocks in France, along with the teeth of Elephas primigenius, but its prehistoric home must be sought in the southern Mediterranean shores and lands, where it survived after probably perishing in France.

### SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Incandescent electric lamps are used in the carriage lamps of Baron Rothschild, of Vienna. Storage batteries placed under the coachman's seat are said to be capable of carrying a charge of electricity sufficient to feed the lamps for one hundred hours.

M. Charles Montigny, of Brussels, has noticed that not only does the aurora borealis increase the scintillation of stars—as other observers have noted—but that magnetic disturbances produce the same effect even when accompanied by no visible aurora. The influence is strongest for stars in the north.

Recently one man was taken very ill and another died from the effects of handling poisoned hides. There is no reason why hides should not convey serious and fatal diseases like clothing. "Some years ago," says the *Scientific American*, "an importer of hides in New York died from the effects of a bite or sting of a fly which inhabited the hide where his hides were stored."

There are reports from several parts of Sweden of a hitherto unknown and very destructive kind of caterpillar which is giving a great deal of trouble to the farmers and anxiety to the whole population. It is gray-brown, with deep gray stripes; its appearance is most common after rain. Its work on the crops has been so serious as to demand the assistance of the government.

The opinion is said to be gaining ground among metallurgists that whatever mechanical strength is desirable, an alloy is preferable to pure metal. One of the greatest objections to the mechanical value of iron is its tendency to crystallize, the result being the same whether the article is a monster gun or a ship's cable. But this tendency of iron to crystallize may be prevented by the admixture of other metals.

Prof. Proctor asserts that the moon has grown old as times go fast as the earth, a comparison of the masses and relating surfaces of the two bodies making it evident that the earth's internal heat was originally sufficient to last six times as long as the moon's supply. On the very moderate assumption, therefore, that only twelve millions of years have passed since the earth and the moon were in the same stage of planetary life, this astronomer shows us that sixty millions of years must elapse before the earth will have reached the stage of life through which the moon is now passing.

### Japanese Object Teaching.

The teachers at the school for the sons of Japanese nobles in Tokio appears to have hit upon a notable method of teaching physical geography. In the court behind the school building is a physical map of the country, between 200 and 300 feet long. It is made of turf and rock and is bordered with pebbles, which look at a little distance much like water. Every inlet, river and mountain is reproduced in this model with a fidelity to detail which is wonderful. Latitude and longitude are indicated by telegraph wires, and tablets show the position of the cities. Ingenious devices are employed in illustrating volcanic studies also. For example the pine is illustrated by a picture showing the cone, leaf and dissected flower, set in a frame which shows the bark and longitudinal and transverse sections of the wood. *Nature.*

### Half Worm and Half Snake.

The mountains furnish many strange forms of life which the dry, hot valleys never develop. Old rotten pine logs seem to be the favorite rest of a hideous creature, which is half way between a worm and a snake. It is usually about long and nearly an inch in diameter, with a head like a snake, and a clumsy, blunt tail. It is of a dead color, between a dirty green and a brown, without spots or stripes. It is slow of movement, cold and clammy to the touch, and seems to be more of a jelly than bone and muscle. It is regarded as harmless, and the woodsmen pick it up and handle it carelessly. *Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

Around Gainesville, Fla., the raising and shipping of the turbine squash has become an industry. It finds a ready sale at Boston, and is used almost exclusively for making pies. In shape it resembles a turbine wheel, whence it takes its name. It has the color of the pumpkin and looks like a kershaw, but is finer and of a more delicate flavor. The vines bear heavily, and continue bearing until about the 1st of August. The prices vary from $4.50 to $5 per barrel.

Montana is paying great attention to boring artesian wells.

### Sometime.

Sometime I think you will be glad to know
That I once kept your beauty in my heart,
And that your heart's true home was really there,
Although to-day we wander far apart.

Some hour, when you have slipped away from care,
And are left to dreaming of the past,
And softly think of all your life has missed,
You will remember my true heart at last.

Or it may come to pass, some dreary night,
After a day that has been hard to bear,
When you are weary, heart-sick and forlorn,
And there is none to comfort nor to care,

That you will close your tired eyes, to dream
Of jewels brighter than silk and light,
Of soft hands smoothing back your hair,
And voices sweet spoken for your heart's delight.

Or, maybe you will remember, and be glad
That I once kept you really in my heart,
And that your heart's true home was really there,
Although to-day we wander far apart.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A hard case—The oyster's.

The key-note—"Wilt let me in?"

A revival meeting—A camphor bottle and a fainting woman's nose.

A citizen of Rochester calls his stomach "Hades," because it is the place of departed spirits.

Paper mill models were not the first aquatic craft that were constructed of that material. Paper cutters were made years and years ago.

The Concord school of philosophy has not yet determined how a woman should act when her hands are in the dough pan and an aggressive fly alights on her nose.

A New England physician says that if every family would keep a box of mustard in the house one-half of the doctors would starve. We suggest that every family keep two boxes.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. T., as she caught sight of the camelopard, "just look at that beast, what a long neck!" "Yes," replied Figgs, "the most remarkable case of sore throat I ever saw."

"Never would call a boy of mine 'Alfred,' said Mrs. Jones, of Huntsville, Ala. "If I had a hundred to name. Men by that name is allus either sprigs, Hicks, Alec Thompson, Alec Williams, Alec the Nightharsh, all been took up for stealin'."

A small boy was asked where the exhibit was. He replied: "The spot in the heavens directly over one's head." To test his knowledge further the teacher asked, "Can two persons have the same exhibit at the same time?" "They can." "How?" "If one should stand on the other's head."

### A Terrible Religion.

Baron Eckel contributes to the Paris *Figaro* a strange history under the title of "Among the Dead." The lead, in this case, are living women who regard themselves as dead to the world. They are, in fact, the little known order of the Barefooted Clares. These ladies possess a cloister in Paris, in which there are eighteen nuns, and a few laysisters who act as their servants. Fourteen of the present staff of nuns are under twenty-three years of age. The reason of this, according to Baron Eckel, is terrible enough to justify the intervention of the state. The rule of the Clares is so excessively severe that nearly all the professed inmates die young. They wear a rough woolen dress with a rope as girdle; they go barefooted on the cold stone flooring. They never warm themselves at a fire, even the kitchen fire is place of legend than a mass. They eat meat only once a year, on Christmas day; they sleep on a narrow board; they must spend ten hours every day upon their knees; they are only allowed to speak to one another on rare occasions; they live entirely on alms. The abbess, through a grating, assured him that more than one of her nuns, through cultivation of the grace of silence, had actually lost the power of forming a sentence. We doubt if Mr. Carlyle himself would have approved of so prodigious a development of the axiom that "speech is silver, silence is golden." The Baron does not seem to have suspected that the abbess might be keeping the credulous man of the world. When these ladies were "in the World," they probably had more than enough idle and purposeless chatter, for they were all members of aristocratic families, and have thus passed from one extreme to the other. Each inmate is only allowed to be visited by her parents once in the year, and the interview must take place at the iron grating where the Baron learned the details which he publishes. When a nun dies she is buried by her sister nuns. The Baron regrets that a physician of repute cannot undertake the autopsy of one of the deceased Clares, as he thinks the results would be profitable to science.