The Old Home.

It stands upon the hillside, with the tall elms bending o'er it,
The homestead, with the lilacs by the door,
And the quaint, old-fashioned garden, gently sloping down before it,
I see is just as in the days of yore.

I remember how the sunshine fell across the golden meadows,
Beyond the wooden doorstep old and worn;
And how the summer cloudlets cast their quickly fleeting shadows
On the distant fields of rustling, ripening corn

In the pleasant, roomy kitchen I see my father sitting,
With leather-covered Bible open wide;
While my sweet-faced mother listens, as she lays away her knitting,
And rocks the old red cradle by her side.

Three brown-eyed little children, with tangled golden tresses,
When evening prayer in simple words is said,
Come clinging round her neck with loving, soft caresses,
Then merrily go tripping off to bed.

O! happy years of childhood, with thoughts so true and loving,
And sweet and guileless days so full of rest,
Our old hearts love to linger, after all our years of roving,
And clasp fond mem'rys pictures to our breast.

Shall we ever in that country, the bright and glorious heaven,
Win back the simple innocence and bliss,
We knew, when in our childhood, in the dear old home at even,
We received our angel mother's good-night kiss? —*Emily G. Wetherbee.*

MONICA:

THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," AND OTHER POPULAR NOVELS.

"But perhaps she does; and I dare say he has money. Those English fellows generally have a reversion somewhere."

"Not a penny," says Mr. Kelly. "And, whether or no, I don't believe she would look at him."

"Not she," says Madam O'Connor.

"I don't know that. And, even allowing what you say to be true, women are not always to be won by wealth," with a faint sigh, "and he is a very good-looking fellow."

"Is he?" says Desmond speaking with an effort. "If flesh counts, of course he is. 'Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.' To look at Ryde, one would fancy he slept well, not only by night but by day."

"I feel as if I was going to be sorry for Ryde presently," says Mr. Kelly.

"Well, he's not the man for Monica," says Madam O'Connor with conviction. "See how sorrow grows upon her lovely face. For shame! Go and release her, some one, from her durance vile. Take heart of grace, go in boldly and win her against all odds."

"But if she will not be won?" says Desmond smiling, but yet with an anxious expression.

"'That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man if with his tongue he cannot win a woman,'" quotes Madam in a low voice, turning to Desmond with a broad smile of the liveliest encouragement, "and as for you, Desmond, if I were a girl, I'd be won by yours at once."

Desmond laughs.

"I'm sorry I'm beneath your notice now."

"Where's your uncle? Couldn't even my letter coax him here to-night?"

"Not even that. He has gone nowhere now for so many years that I think he is afraid to venture."

"Tut!" says Madam impatiently, "because he jilted a woman once is no reason why the rest of us should jilt him."

* * * * * * * * *

It is an hour later and all the guests have gone, except, indeed, Kit, who has been sent upstairs tired and sleepy to share Monica's room, and Terence and Brian Desmond, who with his friend Kelly are struggling into their top-coats in the hall. The rain is descending in torrents and they are regarding with rather rueful countenances the dog-cart awaiting them outside, in which they had driven over in the sunny morning that seems impossible, when Madam O'Connor sweeps down upon them.

"Take off those coats at once," she says. "What do you mean, Brian? I wouldn't have it on my conscience to send a rat out of my house on such a night as this, unless under cover." Her conscience is Madam's strong point. She excels in it. She oftimes swears by it. Her promise to Miss Priscilla that Desmond shall not sleep beneath her roof during Monica's stay is forgotten or laid aside, and finally, with a smile of satisfaction, she sees the two young men carried off by Ronayne for a final smoke before turning in.

"I don't feel a bit sleepy myself," says Monica, who is looking as fresh and sweet as if only now just risen.

"Neither do I," says Olga. "Come to my room, then, and talk to me for a minute or two."

They must have been long minutes, because it is quite an hour later when a little slender figure, clad in a pretty white dressing-gown, emerges on tiptoe from Mrs. Bohun's room and steals hurriedly along the deserted corridor.

Somebody else is hurrying along this corridor, too. Seeing the childish figure in the white gown, he pauses. Perhaps he thinks it is a ghost; but, if so, he is a doughty man, because he goes swiftly up to it with a glad smile upon his lips.

"My darling girl," he says in a subdued voice, "I thought you were in the middle of your first happy dream by this."

Monica smiles and leaves her hand in his.

"I am not such a lazy-bones as you evidently thought me," she says. "But I must hurry now, indeed. All the world is abed, I suppose; and if Kit wakes and finds me not yet come she will be frightened."

"Before you go, tell me you will meet me somewhere to-morrow. You," uncertainly, "are going home to-morrow, are you not?"

"Yes. But—but—how can I meet you? I have almost given my word to Aunt Priscilla to do nothing—clandestine—or that; and how shall I break it? You are always tempting me, and"—a soft glance stealing to him from beneath her lashes—"I should like to see you, of course, but so much duty I owe to her."

"Your first duty is to your husband," responds he gravely.

She turns to him with startled eyes.

"Who is that?" she asks.

"I am," boldly, "or, at least, I soon shall be: it is all the same."

"How sure you are of me!" she says with just the faintest touch of offence in her tone that quickens his pulses to fever heat.

"Sure!" he says with a melancholy raised by passion into something that is almost vehemence. "Was I ever so unsure of anything, I wonder? There is so little certainty connected with you in my mind that half my days are consumed by doubts that render me miserable! Yet I put my trust in you. Upon your sweetness I build my hope. I feel you would not willingly condemn any one to death, and what could I do but die if you now throw me over? But you won't, I think."

"No, no," says Monica impulsively, tears in her eyes and voice. Tremblingly she yields herself to him and lets him hold her to his heart in a close embrace. "How could you think that of me? Have you forgotten that I kissed you?"

Plainly she lays great stress upon that rash act committed the other night beneath the stars.

"Forget it!" says Desmond in a tone that leaves nothing to be desired. "You are mine, then, now—now and forever," he says presently.

"But there is always Aunt Priscilla," says Monica nervously. Her tone is full of affliction. "Oh, if she could only see me now!"

"Well, she can't, that's one comfort; not if she were the hundred-eyed Argus himself."

"I feel I am behaving very badly to her," says Monica dolorously. "I am, in spite of myself, deceiving her, and to-morrow, when it is all over, I——"

"It shan't be over," interrupts he with considerable vigor. "What a thing to say!"

"I shall feel so guilty when I get back to Moyne. Just as if I had been doing something dreadful. So I have, I think. How shall I ever be able to look her in the face again?"

"Don't you know? It is the simplest thing in the world. You have only to fix your eyes steadily on the tip of her nose and there you are."

This disgraceful frivolity on the part of her lover rouses quick reproach in Monica's eyes.

"I don't think it is a nice thing to laugh at one," she says, very justly incensed. "I wouldn't laugh at you if you were unhappy. You are not the least help to me. What am I to say to Aunt Priscilla?"

"'How d'ye do?' first, and then—in an airy tone, you know—'I am going to be married, as soon as time permits, to Brian Desmond.' No, no," penitently, catching a firmer hold of her as she makes a valiant but ineffectual effort to escape the shelter of his arms, "I didn't mean it. I am sorry, and I'll never do it again. I'll sympathize with anything you say, if you'll promise not to desert me."

"It is you," reproachfully, "who desert me and in my hour of need. I don't think," wistfully, "I am so very much to blame, am I? I didn't ask you to fall in love with me, and when you came here all this week to see Madam O'Connor I couldn't possibly have turned my back upon you, could I?"

"You could; but it would have brought you to the verge of suicide and murder. Because, as you turned I should have turned, too, on the chance of seeing your face, and so on and on, until vertigo set in and death ensued and we were both buried in one common grave. It sounds awful, does it? Well, and where, then, will you come to meet me to-morrow?"

"To the river, I suppose," says Monica.

"Do you know," says Desmond after a short pause, "I shall have to leave you soon? Not now; not until October, perhaps; but whenever I do go it will be for a month at least."

"A month?"

"Yes."

"A whole, long month!"

"The longest month I shall have ever known," sadly.

"I certainly didn't think you would go and do a thing like that," says his beloved with much severity.

"My darling, I can't help it; but we needn't talk about it just yet. Only it came into my head a moment ago that it would be very sweet to get a letter from you while I was away. A letter," softly, "a letter from my own wife to her husband."

Monica glances at him in a half-perplexed fashion and then, as though some thought has come to her for the first time and brought merriment in its train, her lips part and all her lovely face breaks into silent mirth.

"What is it?" asks he a little—just a very little—disconcerted.

"Oh, nothing; nothing, really. Only it does seem so funny to think I have got a husband," she says in a choked whisper, and then her mirth gets beyond her control, and but that Brian presses her head down on his chest, and so stifles it, they might have had Miss Fitzgerald out upon them in ten seconds.

"Hush!" whispers the embryo husband, giving her a little shake. But he is laughing, too.

"I don't feel as if I honored you a bit," says Miss Beresford, "and as to the 'obey,' I certainly shan't do that."

"As if I should ask you!" says Desmond.

"But what of the love, sweetheart?"

"Why, as it is yours, you ought to be the one to answer that question," retorts she prettily, a warm flush dyeing her face.

"But why must you leave me?" she says presently.

"The steward has written to me once or twice. Tenants, nowadays, are so troublesome. Of course, I could let the whole thing slide, and the property go to the dogs; but no man has a right to do that. I am talking of my own place now, you understand—yours, as it will be soon, I hope."

"And where is—our place?"

The hesitation is adorable, but still more adorable are the smile and blush that accompany them.

"In Westmeath," says Brian, when some necessary preliminaries have been gone through. "I hope you will like it. It is far prettier than Coole in every way."

"And I think Coole lovely, what I've seen of it," says Monica sweetly.

Here the lamp that has hitherto been lighting the corridor, thinking, doubtless (and very reasonably, too), that it has done its duty long enough, flickers and goes out. But no darkness follows its defection. Through the far window a pale burst of light rushes, illuminating in a cold and ghostly manner the spot on which they stand. "The meek-eyed morn, mother of dews," has come, and night has slipped away abashed with covered front.

Together they move to the window and look out upon the awakening world; and, even as they gaze enraptured at its fairness, the sun shoots up from yonder hill and a great blaze of glory is abroad.

Over the spangled grass
Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely light,
Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems.

"Oh, we have delayed too long," says Monica with a touch of awe engendered by the marvellous and mystic beauty of the hour. "Good-night, good-night!"

"Nay, rather a fair good morrow, my sweet love," says Desmond straining her to his heart.

CHAPTER XXV.

"By-the-bye," says old Mr. Desmond looking at his nephew across the remains of the dessert, "you've been a good deal at Aghyohillbeg of late; why?"

It is the next evening, and Monica being at Moyne and inaccessible, Brian is at Coole. Mr. Kelly is walking up and down on the gravelled walk outside, smoking a cigar.

"Because Miss Beresford was there," says Brian breaking a grape languidly from the bunch he holds in his hand.

"What?" says Mr. Desmond facing him.

"Because Miss Beresford was there."

"What am I to understand by that?"

"That she was there, I suppose," says Brian laughing, "and that I am head over ears in love with her."

"How dare you say such a thing as that to me?" says the Squire pushing back his chair and growing a lively purple. "Are you going to tell me next you mean to marry her?"

"I certainly do," says Brian, "and," with a glance of good-humored defiance at the Squire, "I'm the happiest man in the world to-day, because she last night told me she'd have me."

"You shan't do it!" says the Squire now almost apoplectic. "You shan't!—do you hear? I'm standing in your poor father's place, sir, and I forbid you to marry one of that blood. What! marry the daughter—of—of—" something in his throat masters him here, "the niece of Priscilla Blake, a woman with a tongue? Never!"

"My dear George, you wouldn't surely have me marry a woman without one?"

"I think all women would be better without them; and as for Priscilla Blake's, I tell you, sir, Xantippe was an angel to her. I insist on your giving up this idea at once."

"I certainly shan't give up Miss Beresford, if that is what you mean."

"Then I'll disinherit you!" roars the Squire. "I will, I swear it! I'll marry myself! I'll do something desperate!"

"No, you won't," says Brian laughing again, and, going over to the old man, he lays his hands upon his shoulders and pushes him gently back into his chair. "When you see her you will adore her, and she sent her love to you this morning, and this, too," laying a photograph of Monica before the Squire, who glances at it askance as though fearful it may be some serpent waiting to sting him for the second time; but, as he looks, his face clears.

"She is not like her mother," he says in a low tone.

"I never met such a remorseful old beggar," thinks Desmond with wonder, but just at this moment a servant enters with a message to the Squire; so the photograph is hastily withdrawn, and the conversation—or, rather, discussion—comes to an end.

"Two of the tenants are asking to see you, sir," says the butler confidentially.

"What two?"

"Donovan, from the East, and Moloney, from the Bog Road, sir."

"Very well; show Moloney into the library and tell Donovan to wait downstairs until I send for him."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Moloney, come to pay your rent?" says the Squire cheerfully, entering the library and gazing keenly at the man who is awaiting him there. He is a fellow of ordinary build, with a cringing, servile expression and a shifting eye. He smiles apologetically and shuffles uneasily from one foot to the other as he feels the Squire's eye upon him.

"No, sir; I can't bring it, sir. I'd be in dhread o' my life wid the boys to do it."

"I don't know who the gentlemen in question you designate as 'the boys' may be," says the Squire calmly. "I can only tell you that I expect my rent from you, and intend to get it."

"That's what I come to spake about, yer honor. But the Land League is a powerful body, an' secret, too; look at the murdher o' Mr. Herbert and that English Lord in Faynix Park, and the rewards an' all, an' what's come of it?"

"A good deal of hanging will come of it, I trust," says The Desmond hopefully. "In the meantime, I am not to be deterred from doing my duty by idle threats. I thought you, Moloney, were too respectable a man to mix yourself up with this movement."

"I'm only a poor man, sir, but my life is as good to me as another's; an' if I pay they'll murder me, an' what'll become o' me, then? An', besides, I haven't it, sir; 'tis thrue for me. How can I be up to time wid the crops so bad this year?"

"It is as good a year as I have ever known for crops," says Desmond. "I will have no excuses of that sort. Either you pay me or turn out. I am quite determined on this point."

"Ye wouldn't give me an abatement, yer honor?"

"No, not a penny. Not to men such as you, who come here to demand it as a right and are very well-to-do. There are others whose cases I shall consider; but that is my own affair, and I will not be dictated to. On Monday you will bring me your rent, or give up the land."

"I think ye're a bit unwise to press matthers just now," says the man slowly and with a sinister glance from under his knitted brows. "I don't want to say anything uncivil to ye, sir, but—I'd take care if I were you. The counthry is mad hot, an' now they think they've got Gladstone wid 'em, they wouldn't stick at a trifle."

"The trifle being my assassination," says old Desmond with a laugh. He draws himself up, and, in spite of his ugly face, looks almost princely. "Tut, man! Don't think, after all these years among you, I am to be intimidated. You should know me better."

The man cowers before the haughty glance the old Squire casts upon him, and retreats behind his cringing manner once again.

"I thought ye might take into considheration the fact that I'm of yer own religion," he says cunningly.

"That you are a Protestant does not weigh with me one inch. One tenant is as worthy of consideration as another; and, to tell the truth, I find your Roman Catholic brethren far easier to deal with. I will have no whining about differences of that sort. All I require is what is justly due to me; and that I shall expect on Monday. You understand?"

"Ye're a hard man," says Moloney with an evil glance.

"I expected you to say nothing else. All the kindness of years is forgotten because of one denial. How often have I let you off your rent entirely during these twenty years we have been landlord and tenant together! There, go! I have other business to attend to. But on Monday, remember."

"Ye won't see me that day or any other," says the fellow, insolently, sticking his hat on his head with a defiant gesture.

"Very good. That is your own lookout. You know the consequences of your non-arrival. Denis," to the footman, "show this man out, and send Donovan here."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Donovan, what is it?" says Desmond a few minutes later, as the library door again opens to admit the other malcontent. He is a stout, thick-set man, with fierce eyes and a lowering brow, and altogether a very "villainous countenance." He has mercifully escaped, however, the hypocritical meanness of the face that has just gone. There is a boldness, a reckless, determined daring about this man that stamps him as a leading spirit among men of evil minds.

"I've come here to spake to ye to-night, Misther Desmond, as man to man," he says with a somewhat swaggering air.

"With all my heart," says The Desmond, "but be as fair to me as I have ever been to you and yours, and we shall come to amicable terms soon enough."

"As to fairness," says the man, "I don't see how any landlord in Ireland can spake of it without a blush."

Strange to say, the aggressive insolence of this man fails to rouse in Mr. Desmond's breast the anger that the servile humility of the last comer had brought into active being.

"Look here, Donovan," he says, "I've been a good landlord to you, and I expect you, therefore, to be a good tenant to me. You hint that I, along with the rest, have dealt unfairly with my people; but can you prove it? You can lay to my charge no tales of harshness. In famine times and when potatoes failed, in times of misfortune and sickness, I have always stood your friend and the friend of every man, woman and child on my estate; yet now what harvest do I reap, save grossest ingratitude? Yet, what more can I hope for in this most unhappy time, when blood is unrighteously poured upon the land and the laws of God and my Queen are set at naught?"

There is a touch of passionate old-world grandeur in the Squire's face and manner that works a sense of admiration in Donovan's breast. But it quickly gives way to the carefully-cultivated sense of injury that has been growing within him for months.

"Ye can talk, there's no doubt," he mutters, "but words go for little, and the fact is, I've got no rent to pay ye."

His tone conveys the idea that he has the rent but deliberately refuses to pay it.

"You will bring it on Monday, or I shall evict you," says the Squire quietly. "You hear?"

"I hear," says the man with an evil frown. "But ye can't have it all yer own way now, Misther Desmond. There's others have a voice in the matther."

"I don't care for insendoes of that sort, or for any insolence whatever; I only mean you to fully know that I must live as well as you, and that, therefore, I must have my rents."

"I know well enough what ye mane," says the man with increasing insolence. "But I'd have you know this, that maybe before long ye'll whistle another tune. There's them I could mention as has their eye upon ye, an' will keep it there till justice is done."

"Meaning, until I give up Coole itself to the mob," says the Squire with a sneer.

"Ay, even that, it may be," says the man with unswerving defiance.

"You dare to threaten me?" says The Desmond throwing up his head haughtily and drawing some steps nearer to his tenant.

"I only say what is likely to prove truth before long," returns the man sturdily, not giving in an inch. "That we'll have no more tyranny, but will have a blow for our rights if we swing for it."

"You can shoot me when and where you like," says Desmond with a shrug, "but I am afraid it will do you no good."

"It will be a lesson to the others," says the man between his teeth.

"To you others—yes, because it will make my heir somewhat harder on you than I am. The Desmonds never forgive. However, that is more your lookout than mine. A last word, though: If you were not the consummate idiots this last revolt has proved you, you would see how you are being led astray by a few demagogues (a butcher's boy, perchance, or an attorney's clerk pushed by you from absolute obscurity into a Parliament ashamed to acknowledge them), who will save their skins at the expense of yours at the last, and who, meanwhile, thrive royally upon the moneys you subscribe!"

"That's a damned lie for ye," says Donovan losing his temper altogether.

At this outbreak The Desmond rises slowly, and, ringing the bell, calmly pares his nails until a servant comes in answer to his summons.

"Ask Mr. Brian to come here for a moment," he says calmly, not lifting his eyes from the fourth finger of his left hand, upon the nail of which he is just now employed.

Brian lounging in in a few moments, his uncle pockets his penknife, and, waving his hand lightly in Donovan's direction, says gravely:

"This man, Donovan, will be one of your tenants, some time, Brian," plainly he has forgotten all about his determination to marry again and so dispossess his nephew of Coole and other things, or else one glance at Monica's portrait (in which she had appeared so unlike her mother) has done wonders, "it is, therefore, as well you should learn his sentiments towards his landlord, especially as he is apparently the mouthpiece of all the others. Oblige me, Donovan, by repeating to Mr. Brian all you have just said to me."

But the man is far too clever a lawyer to commit himself before a third party.

"I have nothing to say," he answers sullenly, "but this, that times are hard an' money scarce, an'——"

"We will pass over all that. It is an old story now; and, as you decline to speak, I will tell you again I intend to have my rent on Monday, and if I don't I shall evict you."

"Ay! As you evicted Ned Barry last month, throwing him on the open road, with his wife beside him and a baby not a month old!"

"Nonsense! The child was six months old and Barry was better able to pay than any tenant I have, and more willing, too, until this precious Land League tampered with him. He has proved he had the money since by paying a sum to Sullivan yonder for board and lodging that would have kept him in his own house for twice the length of time he has been there. I know all about it. I have made it my business to find it out."

"Ye're mighty well informed, entirely," says Donovan with a wicked sneer.

"If you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you had better leave this room," says Brian flashing darkly and making a step towards him.

"Who are you, to ordher me about?" says the man with a fierce glance. "Ye're not my master yet, I can tell ye, an' maybe ye never will be."

"Leave the room," says Brian white with rage, pointing imperiously to the door.

"Curse ye!" says the man; yet, warned by the expression on Brian's face, he moves in a rebellious manner to the door and so disappears.

* * * * * * * * *

"They are the most unpleasant peasantry in the world," says the Squire some hours later—the words coming like a dreary sigh through the clouds of tobacco smoke that curls upwards from his favorite meerschaum.

He and Brian and Owen Kelly are all sitting in the library, the scene of the late encounter, and have been meditating silently upon many matters, in which, perhaps, love has the largest share, considering his votaries are two to one, when the Squire most unexpectedly gives way to the speech aforesaid.

"The women are very handsome," says Mr. Kelly.

"Handsome is as handsome does," says the Squire with a grunt.

(To be continued)

Mourning in Corea.

In walking through the streets of Seoul one often meets with figures clothed from head to foot in a grayish-yellow sackcloth, with bright yellow hats—or rather broad-brimmed straw baskets—on their heads; men, moreover, who further disguise their identity by holding a strip of sackcloth stretched on pieces of stick in front of their faces. These are mourners. In the year 1882 a Japanese traveller who landed on the northeast coast found the officials and all the inhabitants in this lugubrious masquerade. They were in mourning for the Queen, who was supposed to have been murdered, but who, after the people had worn sackcloth half a year for her sake, emerged safe and sound from the hiding-place where she had taken refuge from the pursuit of her wicked father-in-law, Tai-on-Kun. For a queen it is customary to mourn twelve months, for parents and near kinsfolk three years. What a deep influence this prescriptive usage has upon the life of the people is illustrated by the following story of an aged bachelor who was asked why he had never taken a wife. "My parents, as well as myself," he said, "were desirous that I should marry, and a suitable young lady being found our betrothal took place. Then my future father-in-law died, and we had, of course, to wait three years. I had hardly put off my mourning when I had to bewail the loss of my own poor father; necessarily here was another term of three years' waiting. When these were up the mother of my future wife took sick and expired, and thus we were obliged to delay our marriage another three years. Lastly, I had the misfortune to lose my own dear mother, which naturally caused another adjournment. So that, as four times three makes twelve, that number of years had passed over our heads and made us both the older. At this time my betrothed fell ill, and as she was at death's door I went to pay her a last visit. My future brother-in-law met me at the door and said: 'Although you are not formally married, yet perhaps I may for this once look upon you as man and wife; come in and see her.' I had hardly entered and been face to face with my poor wife than she breathed her last. When I saw this all thoughts of marriage fled from me, and I have remained a bachelor ever since."

The Amenities of Travel.

Affable traveller to neighbor in railway car.—"Your name is very familiar to me, Mr.—er—ah— Quiet stranger.—"My name is Mootzomotskiest Korozzootoother. I am a Pole. Affable traveller—"Yes; er—it isn't your name so much as your face; I was about to say your face was very familiar to me." Quiet stranger—"Yes; I have been in Sing Sing Prison fourteen years. I was discharged this morning." (Affable traveller keeps on travelling, but quite affabling.) —*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Cause and the Effect.

Old gentleman (to small boy smoking a cigarette)—Little boy, don't you know that a great many people die from smoking cigarettes?

Small boy—Yes (puff), but many people puff) die who (puff) don't smoke 'em.—*New York Times.*

You can never depend upon proverbs. One says, "silence is golden;" another "money talks."

A CARDINAL'S COSTUME.

Dress and Ornaments Worn by these High Dignitaries of the Catholic Church.

(Baltimore Sun.)

The color of a cardinal's dress is red, unless he belongs to a religious Order, in which case he retains that of his habit, but uses the same shape of dress as the others. The red hat and the berretta or red cap are the most widely known distinctions of the Order. A good anecdote is told in connection with the red cap. Pope Gregory XVI. was a great admirer of a certain abbot in Rome, whose habit was white, and rumor ran that he would certainly be made a cardinal. Some time before the next consistory the Pope, with a considerable retinue, went to visit the monastery of the learned monk. When trays of delicious pyramidal iced creams were brought in as refreshments the Pope deliberately took one of the white ones and handed it to the abbot, and then took a red one for himself. No one, of course, began eating until Gregory had tasted first, and while all eyes were on him he took the top off his own iced cream and put it on the abbot's, saying with a smile as he looked around him, "How well, gentlemen, the red caps the white!" The abbot was so elated at the subtle suggestion that he bought a cardinal's outfit at once. When the news of the abbot's precipitancy reached the Pope he was so displeased that he scratched the abbot's name from the list.

One of the ornaments of a cardinal is a gold ring set with a sapphire, and engraved on the metal surface of the inside with the arms of the Pope who has created him. The Pope himself places it upon the cardinal's finger. The actual value of this ring is only $25, but for many centuries the newly elected cardinal has been expected to give a large sum of money for some pious purpose. For a long time the sum was larger than at present, and was paid in gold, but in consideration of the general distress in the early part of this century the amount was reduced to about $750. The last cardinal who gave the full sum before the reduction was Della Somaglia, in 1795.

The Roman ceremonial shows the singular importance of the cardinalate by the disposition ordered to be made of its members after death. It is prescribed that when life has departed a veil shall be thrown over the face, and that the body, dressed in chasuble, if bishop or priest, shall lie in state. The hat used in his creation must be deposited at his feet, and after his funeral be suspended over his tomb. His body must be laid in a cypress-wood coffin, in the presence of a notary and his official family, a member of which lays at his feet a little case containing a scroll of parchment, on which has been written a brief account of the more important events of his life. Then the first coffin is inclosed in another of lead, and the two together in a third one of some kind of hard wood, each coffin having been sealed with the seals of the dead cardinal and the living notary. Before the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government the obsequies were very solemn and impressive. The body was born by night with funeral pomp of carriages and torches, and a long array of chanting friars to the church of requiem, where it remained until the day appointed for the mass, at which cardinals and the Pope were present, the latter giving the final absolution.

Statistics of Ireland.

The London *Graphic* has caused the following statistics of Ireland to be prepared. They are of interest in connection with the Home Rule movement. According to the census of 1881 the population of Ireland was distributed as follows: Leinster, 1,278,989; Munster, 1,331,115; Ulster, 1,743,075; Connaught, 821,657. The proportion per cent. of population in each Province engaged in or supported by agriculture according to the census of 1881: Leinster, 50.8; Munster, 66.4; Ulster, 67.7; Connaught, 87.7; proportion for Ireland, 66. The values of cereals and other crops were in 1885 the following: Leinster, £8,092,030; Munster, £7,651,243; Ulster, £11,623,757; Connaught, £4,406,903. Of cattle, sheep and pigs: Leinster, £16,938,867; Munster, £20,048,949; Ulster, £15,667,364; Connaught, £10,857,097. Horses for the four Provinces, £11,950,210. Proportion per cent. in 1881 in each Province of persons 5 years old and upwards who can neither read nor write: Leinster, males, 19.9; females, 20.6; total, 20.3; Munster, 26.1, 31.1, and 28.5; Ulster, 19.3, 21.1, and 20.3; Connaught, 35.3, 40.5, and 37.9; total Ireland, 23.8, 26.5, 25.2. Numbers of persons engaged in 1884 in principal occupations throughout Ireland: Agriculture, 3,417,877; manufactures, 691,509; trade and commerce, 72,245; professions, 198,684; domestic, 426,161; no occupation, 368,360. The centres of manufacturing interests are Belfast, Dublin, Limerick and Cork. Rateable valuation in 1884 and income tax assessments of each Province; Leinster, £4,745,319 and £13,272,202; Munster, £3,419,908 and £7,980,086; Ulster, £4,327,209 and £9,952,289; Connaught, £1,366,705 and £2,995,438. Religion in 1881: Leinster, Roman Catholics, 1,094,825; Protestants, 184,164; percentage of Roman Catholics, 85.6; Munster, 1,249,384, 81,731, 93.8; Ulster, 833,566, 809,509, 47.8; Connaught, 783,116, 38,541, 95.3. Pauperism in 1884: Leinster, poor relief expenditures, £334,197; persons relieved, 153,969; percentage of relieved, 12; Munster, £328,195, 142,046, 10.5; Ulster, £171,157, 79,946, 4.6; Connaught, £112,381, 41,021, 5. Agrarian offences in 1885: Leinster, 156; Munster, 568; Ulster, 67; Connaught, 153.

He Tied Up the Gas.

"They almost always want to blow out the gas," said a Chicago hotel clerk the other day, "but that old fellow," pointing to an old gentleman sitting in the window, "was smart enough to know that that was not necessary. When he woke up this morning about 5 o'clock he opened his door and began calling for the porter. One of the bell-boys went to him and was told to bring up a piece of a rag. The boy procured it, and, anxious to know what the old man wanted, he hung around the door. There was a very faint odor of gas pervading the premises, and as the boy looked through the keyhole he saw the old man mount a chair and unwind a home-knit woolen sock from the gas-burner and then wind the rag tightly around it in place of the sock. "Sorry to trouble you," he said, when he came down, "but the pesky thing was leaking and I wanted to use my sock. I guess I'd been smothered if I hadn't kinder traced the smell to that thing and then struck the idea of stopping it by winding something around it." He was taken up-stairs and shown how the "pesky thing" worked, but was not satisfied and insisted that it was "a durned sight safer to tie the thing up."

He Was a Boodle.

"Are you a boodle?" asked a small boy of his sister's new husband.

"I don't know what that is," responded the happy man, patting the boy on the head.

"You must be," persisted the small boy.

"I don't know what you mean exactly."

"You are my sister's husband, ain't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, then, you are a boodle, 'cause sister said a boodle husband would catch her every time."—*Washington Critic.*

"That reminds me of the way Johnnie thanked his papa for taking him to the circus," said Warsaw. "Now, Johnnie, you had a real nice time this afternoon, didn't you?" "Yes, pa." "Well what do you say to papa for taking you?" "L-l-let's go again, pa."

THE HISTORY OF ICE-CREAM.

First Discovered in Northern Pennsylvania.

There is considerable difference between the ice-cream of the present day and that which would have been eaten by the pilgrim fathers, had they had any, as the art of making the cooling and refreshing dish has made a surprising advancement since the early days of its manufacture. Ice-cream, so the history of it goes, is not an invention, but a discovery, like many of the best things which have fallen to the use of man; and, strange to say, it was discovered almost simultaneously with the discovery of this great continent, and, stranger still, it was made by an Indian woman of one of the tribes in northern Pennsylvania. The aborigines in that part of the State used the milk of the cow elk, and they kept their milk in jugs hewn out of stone. The milk frequently froze and was generally thrown away as useless; but one of the squaws took to eating it and found it good, and she took to freezing it regularly, until her red skinned lord made a vigorous kick on the extravagance of her using up all the milk, but every time the buck went on a hunting trip she had her frozen milk, which was the real predecessor of ice-cream, and many of the squaws of her tribe followed her example, until it become quite a custom. When sugar was brought among them the Indians took to sweetening their frozen milk. The white settlers took to the new dish, and the avidity with which it was consumed led to the regular establishment of it among the trade. The primitive method of making ice-cream by the confectioner of the revolutionary days was vastly different from the way it is made now. First the sweetened milk was simply congealed and then broken up with a laddle. Then it was found that cream alone made a better dish, and also that an egg or two added to its richness and body, and that if the air was beaten into it the cream increased nearly twice in quantity. The trade fell entirely into the hands of bakers and confectioners, and the first work at which the baker's apprentice was put in those days was beating up ice-cream with a wooden paddle. The ice-cream season had no pleasures for him, for he spent his days, and frequently his nights, agitating the frozen sweetness with his wooden paddle, while his companions, with their girls, helped to eat the fruit of his labors. As the demand for the delectable dish increased the old paddle method was found to be too slow, and machinery was devised by which the work could be done by steam, water and horse power, and now the beaters revolve within the closed can, while revolving blades cut the frozen cream from the sides of the vessel. The growth and development of the trade have brought so much machinery into use that upon it depends a vast number of people for a livelihood. Thousands are engaged in the making of the different appliances for its manufacture; thousands more are employed exclusively in the making of it, and thousands are indirectly supplied with work through it. Even doctors and lawyers owe many a fee to it—the doctors earning theirs in prescribing for colic brought on by over-indulgence in it, and the lawyers getting, if not earning, theirs by means of suits for breach of promise made over the love-inspiring and seductive dish.—*Philadelphia News.*

Why Bachelors Abound in Mexico.

When a Mexican lady is widowed, says a correspondent of the *Kansas City Journal*, a family council is immediately called, her male relatives and those of her husband charging themselves with the education of her sons, and the care of herself and daughters quite as a matter of course. Though the widow and her grown-up daughters may be accomplished as well as poor, nobody dreams of the possibility of their doing anything toward supporting themselves, and the proffered aid is calmly accepted as an hereditary right. Even if the widowed mother is healthy, she can by no means be independent. Custom, which here rules with iron hand, prescribes that the entire superintendence of her property and the education of her children shall be delegated to her male kindred, and unless she is really an aged woman, she must reside with her relatives. So thoroughly are Mexican gentlemen imbued with this idea of womanly dependence that they do not regard the care of any number of bereaved families as an unjust burden, but, on the contrary, when a man marries he virtually contracts to befriend all the female kindred of his lady love, and to provide for them, if need be. This sort of knightly courtesy makes matrimony a serious matter, and, perhaps, accounts for the number of eligible bachelors with which Mexico abounds; but, badinage apart, it is a beautiful custom and a strong proof of the innate chivalry of Mexican gentlemen is found in the fact that the estates of widows and orphans are invariably administered with scrupulous honesty.

Building Ships for Oil.

A new departure in British shipbuilding is the attempt to construct vessels for carrying oil in bulk. A well-accredited nautical authority anticipates that if the experiment proves successful considerable work will be given to the shipbuilding yards, and at least a share in a branch of business which at present appears to be monopolized by Continental competitors will be secured for British owners. Ship owners are beginning to regard petroleum oil as a promising cargo. Originally the oil was carried in casks, but with the development of the trade the vessels engaged in it have been fitted up with square or circular tanks. Steamers have been engaged on the Caspian Sea in the trade, and also in carrying the oil from the Black Sea to Antwerp and other ports. The methods of carrying, however, have not been so economical as could be wished. A special steamer for carrying the oil literally in bulk is now being built on the Tyne. The machinery is placed aft, in order to avoid proximity to the cargo, and other special arrangements for preventing the shifting of cargo, explosion, or fire are being introduced. When casks or tanks are used there is a loss of freights on empties and additional risk of leakage. It is argued, also, that when the oil is carried in bulk there will be less danger of the accumulation of gas or vapor in the unoccupied parts of holds.

The Moon's Influence

Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's," and no other.

She was an Indefatigable Worker.

Discontented Wife—If I had known that I should have to work so hard after I was married I should have remained single.

Husband—I thought you liked to work, the way you worked to get me.—*Rambler.*

Stephen Kelly, of Philadelphia, a member of the G. A. R., was mustered into the United States Service on April 21st, 1861, and mustered out with an honorable discharge in 1864, and is a hearty man now, yet the official records and Bates's History show that he was killed in the war and buried at Gettysburg. His grave is there, and he has often had the pleasure of decorating it on Memorial Day. Kelly says that he has tried to get the cemetery officials to acknowledge that he is alive, but they will not do it. No one has any idea what poor fellow was buried in Kelly's grave.

A LINK WITH THE PAST.

Death of a Daughter of the Poet Burns.

The following letter appears in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Saturday week: It will surprise many, and may interest a few, of your readers to learn that there died at Moffat, on the 13th of last month, a veritable, though illegitimate daughter of the poet Burns. The old lady in question, Helen Armstrong by name, who was 97 or 98 years of age, resided for many years in Moffat, in the same little back street in which she was born somewhere about the year 1788. The fact of her relationship to Burns was well known in Moffat and the neighborhood. Her mother, Nelly Hyslop, was a beauty in her day, and Burns was for some time a devoted admirer of hers. Helen is said to have borne a strong resemblance to Burns in her earlier days, and, indeed, the likeness to the portraits of Burns was traceable to the last in the contour of the face and in the dark bright eyes, dimmed as they were by age and sickness. Nor was the likeness confined to physical points; in her mental powers Helen showed a strain of the poetic blood. A few years ago her conversational powers and her quickness of repartee were most amusing and attractive. Even a few months since, when well enough to talk, her conversation was highly interesting. She went to service at a very early age—7, I think. She belonged to that genus of Scotch servants, still extant though rather rare, who remain years in one "place," and identify their employers' interests with their own. She was thirty years in one situation at Buccleuch Arms Inn at Thornhill, with a family named Glendinning. I believe she lived there till all the family had died out. Thornhill, as every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, is close to Drumlanrig Castle, one of the ducal palaces of the Buccleuch family. Helen told me she once saw Sir Walter Scott at the old inn on his way to visit the Duke of Drumlanrig. He came into the kitchen and shook hands with the cook in his bright and genial way, and stepping up to the fire, where hung a huge pot of shiny potatoes, he lifted up the lid, took out a potato, and proceeded leisurely to eat it without the aid of knife or fork. The cook, who was very proud of her kitchen, had