

# A LIFT ON THE ROAD.

"Save you kindly, Keenan of Lismanay, and will you give me a ride to Cork?"

"And me, Martin?"  
"Strong" farmer as he was, Martin Keenan was none too ready to give away even the courtesy that cost him nothing.

"And who's to pay my trouble, then, and the mare's?" he said. He drew up his cart with a creak and a jerk, and looked hard at the two girls who had stopped him by the wayside a mile and a bit from Lismanay. Would they pay him for the lift? he wondered. Strangers to him both they were, but soft-voiced and very fair to see, and Martin Keenan looked at them long.

The fashion of their clothes was different and even so was the color of their hair, but themselves were as like as two sisters. The fair girl's gown was a red color and rich stuff, and the hood on her shining hair was of quilted silk, but the dark-haired girl went barefoot in a gown of ragged green, the red shawl cast over her head, faded and patched.

But it was to her of the bare feet that Martin Keenan spoke first.

"Wanting a ride down the Cork road, are you? and you knowing my name, colleen dhu? But up with ye first, and answer after, for it's tired ye look."

"Tired indeed I am this hot day, and footsore, too," said the dark girl, throwing back her shawl from her face that was as pale as a bramble flower. "And I thank you kindly for the lift; but it's empty-handed, too, I am, and I cannot pay you for it."

"Get up, empty-handed or full-handed," grunted the farmer, "and no more words about it, colleen dhu!" Then he turned to the fair girl, speaking ungraciously. "Come up with you, then, if you're after wanting a ride in earnest, and will pay for it, colleen dhu; for it's a beggar on the high road I'd be, if I gave two free rides in a day."

"O, I will pay for it, man, never fear. I am like you, for I also do nothing for nothing," she said smiling. "And like you, Martin Keenan, it's bitter and ugly and ill and cross I am to them that help me on the road. And like the wandering dust I am, and like the wind, since far have I gone, and I've farther yet to go."

He helped her into the cart sulkily enough, though even his eyes could not help but make open confession of her beauty.

"Sit fast then, and draw close the hood over the face of ye, for there's a power of dust on the road to-day, and the wind—bad cess to it!—blowing it up like gossip into our faces. And better would you have done to wait for the car, colleen dhu."

"I like better still to ride to Cork with you, friend," said she of the fair hair, composedly. "I wonder, now, how many angry men have ridden hot-foot down this same road to meet their sons and their sons' wives? How many before you, Martin Keenan?"

"I never told it," Keenan said, his florid face grown gray, "into the ear of living soul that my crazy lad had married that Madame Fine-airs of a Gracey Roche; nor yet that I and the mare were bound for Cork, to-day." Then edging nervously away from her, "And what are ye at all, at all, that know what I've never spoken?"

"Ah, what are we now, I wonder?" said the fair girl, openly laughing. "But," said the dark girl leaning forward, and whispering, "I know a thing, too, that you never let on to anyone—not even your own soul, when you and it kept company, Martin Keenan. I know that your wife Mary learned that you loved your money better than you loved her, body or soul; I know that she did not slip, gathering dulse on the Bull Rocks out yonder, but that it was her own good will she went to drown in the sea that drowned her father."

"Drive on, and trust our tongues to keep pace with you," said the fair girl, sharply. "Drive on while you bark to us. Drive on, and drive fast now." Mechanically the farmer obeyed, shortened the reins, and drove on, every nerve of him listening.

"I know, Martin Keenan," said the dark girl, whispering on, "how your son learned in a black and bitter school, and how there was never a kindly welcome for him to his own father's home."

"I know," murmured the fair girl, "the home he took Gracey Roche to, and the home he took her from. And I know, too, what man's shadow keeps the door of Gracey Keenan's small heart to-day, and his name is not Maurice; though he gave her only shame and Maurice gave her a ring." "And I know," said the dark girl, sighing and smiling, "that he knows she does not love him; but nevertheless he loves her greatly all the same. And I know that these nine wedded months have been dearer to him than the sixteen years that he spent in his father's house."

"You have his letter carried this minute in your breast, Martin Keenan," said the fair girl, leaning nearer to him, "and he does not write to you in sorrow. Let hunger break his pride a little smaller!"

"Why should he be broken who has done no ill?" said the dark girl. "For he did a bit of God's work and lifted up a woman from the mud—one he knew when she was a slip of a child, and as clean of heart as the canna is clean of color. Now he and the woman have loved greatly, have lived

poorly, and lain hardly these many months, and held together closely; and because her trouble is near at hand he has written to you. Martin Keenan, there are so many mouths you have left unfed; feed these two who are flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone."

"Let them starve, why not?" the fair girl whispered in his ear. "Mary, his mother, died of a starved heart—why wouldn't he die, too? His will be but one mouth the fewer to keep and feed! And you'll spend your old age putting coin on coin, gold and copper with silver; and when you die the house will get no tenant, but your ghost will haunt empty Lismanay, and you'll watch your money still, Martin Keenan."

"Let Mary be—you of the bitter tongue!" Keenan said gruffly. "She's dead ten years back, and to-day the quarrel lies between me and her son." "The quarrel will die to-day, my sister Sheila," the dark girl said. "The fair girl broke into a scream of mocking laughter that put terror into Martin Keenan's face."

"Will it, Kathleen?" she cried. "Will it now? I think the quarrel will live, Martin; but I know Maurice Keenan will die to-night."

The same fore-knowledge came suddenly to Maurice Keenan himself, where he and his wife sat hungry and cold in their sky parlor, looking down on a by-street in the city of Cork. He turned his face to the wall, that Gracey might not see the heavy sorrow in his eyes; and then he roused himself from his own trouble of human love and fear, to touch his wife's hand, and to smile into the peevish face that stooped over her fine stitching.

"Gracey, put up your sewing, my colleen, and rest your pricked fingers, and take to me a while. I'm too tired to sleep, and there's time enough for that."

"How can I talk?" Gracey answered, wearily. "You'll not let me lay a rough tongue to your father's name; and it's I that have no more words to say, Maurice."

"I'll go out the morn's morning," her husband said restlessly, "and see if Mr. Donnell has any work that I can do. It's better I'll be the good to-morrow if the sun shines, maybe." "Never any more," Grace answered hopelessly. "Dr. Maginn said so yesterday, agra, and what will I do my lone? You'd better left me to Jimmy, after all."

"Don't talk so, my girl; it hurts," Maurice said in a sharpened voice. "You were too good for him, Gracey, and soon would he have grown tired; and you would have gone hungry to the pith of the streets, mavourneen!" "And are we not starving here?" Gracey cried.

"O, yes, there's a roof above us, sure, there is! and a brave roof, too! O, I wish—my grief! I wish you'd let me drown myself that night, Maurice. It wasn't kindly done to stop me—no, and it wasn't wise! For, wanting me, you'd be in your own home now."

"Gracey, dear, these are better days than the days at home," said Maurice Keenan, slowly crossing the room to the one small window, and looking down on the loud street below. Many's the day at Lismanay I went hungry, and the sharpest struggle now to me is the knowing that my girl's hungry, too."

Shamed color came up into Gracey's worn young face, and she laid her head on her husband's arm, with a sob. "O, it's the bitter woman I am," she said, "and you putting the food from your own hungry mouth into mine. It wasn't my heart spoke so, but the hunger, dear."

"Ah, Gracey, oge machree, sure, and there are two nungers; and the worst to bear of them is the heart-hunger, my girl. I know this of myself, for I've known them both."

Gracey sighed impatiently; she was not of the stuff whereof saints and martyrs are made, and she looked down enviously at the full-fed prosperous folk going and coming in the street.

"Who was that in the street below—that fine lady with her yellow hair, and in the grand silk hood? Sure, and ye saw her, Maurice, for she looked up here at you? And?" (jealously) "what's she to you that you'd look so strange at one another? Do ye know her then?"

"No—yes—the never a know do I know Gracey." Her husband's hands were on her shoulders now, resting there heavily. "Help me, mavourneen, will ye, now?"

"What is it, avick?" "I'm struck with death I'm thinking—and I'd rather die standing up, but you wouldn't be able to do with me afterwards. It's be too heavy for you. Better help me back to the bed, Gracey, dear. Thank you, my colleen."

He took his arm from Gracey's shoulders, and dropped down upon the bed turning his face to the wall, lest the drawn pain of it should frighten her.

"Maurice—"  
"Yes, pulse of my heart?"  
"Is it dying hard ye are?"  
He tried to smile at her. "Yes, machree."

"Then I'll draw the pillow from under your head, agra, stuffed with straw it is, but there might be a pigeon's feather in it, anyhow." She dragged the thin pillow from under her husband's head, and then sat down on the edge of the poor bed, waiting, with folded hands, till Maurice Keenan should have lost his last battle.

When it was nearly ended the door opened suddenly, and Martin Keenan came in, with a wild, gray face. His heavy step roused Maurice from the drowsiness of death, and he held peace at arm's length from him for a minute's breathing-space, while he drew Gracey down to him and held her fast. At first the boy and girl clung silently together; then Gracey took fire and spoke.

"You'd best go home, Keenan, for it's little we want of you to-day, though we wanted food last night."  
"Maurice," Martin Keenan faltered, "Maurice boy, won't you speak to me?"

Is it the tongue of her hate talking to me or a worse thing? Is what she says truth or a lie? Is it bare food you've wanted for, and I eating mate and strabour and drinking mead at Lismanay?"

"Yes, father," Maurice whispered, keeping his face half-hidden from sight on his wife's heaving breast.

"God forgive me for it," his father said hoarsely, "but there's time for me to make it up yet to you—and Gracey here—and the child that's coming. And ye'll have good doctoring Maurice agra, and ye'll see your child yet, place God! Gracey, tell him we want him back at Lismanay?"

"O, his mother wants him most," Gracey sobbed, as Maurice's head grew heavier on her bosom. O my grief! my grief; and she has him now. O Maurice, agra, and why shouldn't you take me, too? the worlds so could a place for us women."

"Hush, hush now! Gracey, my woman."  
"Why would I hush?" Gracey wailed, "and my heart breaking in two with the weight that he's put off, my man lying here!"

"For God's love don't cry so," said Martin Keenan. "Sure, I'll take up the weight myself, Gracey, and you shall never carry any more sorrow. Maurice, agra, do ye hear? Maybe he did; for the smile on the dead face was so satisfied and tender that it made Gracey hush her useless tears, and put her hand into Martin Keenan's and with it full forgiveness."

"What use was it for you to strive so hard with me for him, my sister?" the fair girl said to the dark girl as they stood among the blackberry bushes, watching Martin Keenan and Gracey drive slowly home to Lismanay. "What use? For the yellow-haired boy, died, and the man's heart is black still, Kathleen."

"Black with sorrow Sheila, but not black with sin."

"And he will count up his gold again; I lay the doom upon him," answered the fair girl, frowning heavily in the shadow of her hood.

"But I lay it upon him, sister, that he shall spend it too."

"I lay it upon the child unborn to be as woman-souled as his father Maurice, and to die heart-hungry, even as he died," cried the fair girl, angrily.

"I lay the same fret upon him, colleen dhu," said the dark girl, with smiling lips and eyes shining none the less for tears, "but, as a blessing sure, and not as a curse."

"But I lay it upon him to live hungry as well as die hungry," said the fair girl.

"I lay the same fret upon him," said the dark girl, smiling still; "for the satisfied soul is a rotten kernel in a fair husk; and therefore shall the child suffer hunger and thirst and shall not be sufficed by the fruits of Tir na n'Og and the mead of Flath-Innis, but he shall feed the hunger and quench the thirst of other mouths than his."

"He shall not be the better for any woman's love, Kathleen, however long he lives."

"Not the worse for any man's hate, Sheila O'Gara."

"Nevertheless, here and there a man shall hate him, Kathleen. And here and there a woman shall love him, but not the one woman that shall be his star."

"You have the power to give him all these sorrows," said the dark girl; "but I have power to promise him comfort in the love of the Gentle People, our kindred. And I promise him, too, that before he dies he shall see the Gentle People, thrice; and he shall see you, Sheila, my sister, and love you for your beauty's sake."

"But I shall not love him, Kathleen, said the fair girl, "because in a dream once his father saw my face, and he did not love me."

"Other men have seen you, loved you, and died for you, Sheila, my sister."

"But this one man would not love me."

"Let time judge between you, Sheila! Our doom lies on him, meanwhile, and we two are agreed."

"We are agreed, Kathleen; and the fret lies upon him, and upon us."

Then a little wind pushed and nuzzled its petulant way through the blackberry bushes, and found neither dark woman nor fair; but far away up the darkening hill-slopes and through their wet ferns quested a black hound and a white.

## FOR SAVING LIFE AT SEA.

A New English Invention That is Considered Very Good.

Inventions for the saving of life at sea are almost as numerous as the wrecks that prove them useless. Probably many have not as much forethought and simplicity to recommend them as that which has been patented in England under the title of the Victorian life-saving apparatus. It is a collapsible canvas-colored cylinder, seven feet long, expanded by means of screws working on the bamboo rods at the side.

At either end is an air-tight metal compartment to keep it afloat, and the center is a water-tight compartment of India rubber. It is obvious that there is no danger of swamping—an important consideration in case of a storm and rough water. The castaways may mount astride of the contrivance or hang onto the handles on the rods at the side till a more convenient occasion. The apparatus supporting ten men. Nor are they left to drift helplessly. Paddles are fastened to the cylinder, to be detached for use; and there is even a flag and flagstaff for attracting the attention of possible rescuers. Concentrated foods of all kinds, fresh water and sprits may be stored away in safety in the waterproof compartments inserted in the metal ends.

## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

Only About One in Every Thousand Missiles Finds a Human Target.

It is certainly a crumb of comfort to a man about to fight for his country to know that in battle not more than one in every 1,000 projectiles of all descriptions and weight takes effect, says the London Mail.

Competent authorities state that on the average it takes a ton of shot to kill one man. For instance, it has been estimated that in the Crimean war the British and French troops fired between them the enormous amount of 45,000,000 projectiles, resulting in the death of only 51,000 Russians, while on their side, the Czar's adherents killed some 46,000 of the allies, with an expenditure of over 50,000,000 projectiles, this representing a death for every 1,087 shots fired.

The American Civil War returns, which were got out with very great care, showed that the loss to both the Federals and Confederates was about 7 per cent. of the forces engaged, to bring about which involved the expenditure of nearly twenty-two hundred weight of ammunition per man.

At the siege of Metz, in the Franco-German war, the Prussians threw no fewer than 1,700,000 projectiles into the ill-fated town, but, strange to say,

## LESS THAN 100 PERSONS

were killed by them. Then at Trouville, two persons only were killed after some 27,000 odd shells had been discharged. At Sedan, however, the aim of both the German and the French, showed a marked improvement, for after 240,000 projectiles had been fired nearly 3,000 French and Prussians were killed.

For the Spanish-American war the returns showed a tremendous amount of shot and shell fired for very meagre results. Of course, in this case, although the mortality was not great, the damage to earthwork, fortifications, and government buildings generally was enormous, and there can be little doubt that if the Spaniards had not made themselves scarce the death roll would have been appalling.

Again, when the American marines landed at Santiago, during a rain-storm upon the enemy, lasting two nights, the machine guns and rifles alone accounted for the consumption of over 25,000 rounds of ammunition. Sixty-eight dead Spaniards were found as a result of this enormous expenditure of ammunition.

Our own experience in our "little wars," has been very little, if any, better than the results just recorded. Take, for instance, the Chartered Company's expedition into Matabeleland. Everyone will remember how the warriors of Lobengula were mowed down by the Maxim guns.

## LIKE SKITTLES,

but even in this instance, which, perhaps, is the most effective on record, as the imp advanced on the British lines in solid masses, it would have puzzled a blind man to have missed shooting some of them. The mortality was very small considering the vast number of cartridges expended, but this is accounted for by the fact that on examination some of the dead bodies contained more than fifty bullets in each. On another occasion an attack on a laager some twenty miles south of Bulawayo 14,000 rounds of ammunition were disposed of, with a result of 346 dead Matabele.

Military authorities now regard rapidly of fire as being more essential than range and precision, and content themselves with giving general orders to aim low, and thus, perhaps, accounts for the fact that most wounds are inflicted on the enemy's lower extremities, statistics showing that on an average 45 per cent. of wounds occur in the legs, 33 per cent. in the abdomen, 21 per cent. in the arms and chest, and only 1 per cent. in the head.

It will be interesting to learn how many Boer bullets it takes to kill a British soldier, and vice versa, if only for the sake of really ascertaining whether the Transvaal burghers' abilities as crack shots have not been considerably overrated.

## DOLL KINDERGARTEN.

Over in Germany there are 5,000 children in one district alone who are employed to dress dolls and help in the manufacture of various kinds of toys. All the children who do this work are under 12 years of age. They are taught the art of dressing a doll at the tender age of 4. At the same time, according to the compulsory education law, they are obliged to go to kindergarten for at least one year, and that term is devoted to such things as the making of dolls and dressing them, doing everything in fact, excepting molding the heads, which is done by men expert at it. After that the German children have three or four years of study, when they are allowed to go into the doll and toy factories to add to the family's income to the extent of a few cents a day.

The children who go to the kindergarten have lots of fun making clothes for the dollies, and so fond do they get of some of the little waxen-faced creatures that they are often sore at heart when the matron comes around and collects them all, to be sent abroad many to America, where more fortunate little girls may buy them and keep them for their own.

## NEW MILITARY SCHEME.

ADDITION OF 30,000 MEN TO THE REGULAR ARMY.

50,000 to the Auxiliaries—The Central Idea is the Establishment of Three Army Corps.

The following is the Imperial Government's military programme outlined by Mr. Wyndham in the House of Commons, as summarized by the London Daily Telegraph:—

FORCES AT HOME AT PRESENT MOMENT.

Regulars.	98,000
Reservists.	12,000
Yeomanry.	7,000
Militia.	77,000
Volunteers.	215,000

Total. . . . . 409,000

NEW REGULAR FORCES TO BE RAISED.

Line.	12 Battalions
Line, reserve emergy.	17 Battalions.
Field Artillery.	56 Batteries.
Horse Artillery.	7 Batteries.
Cavalry.	4 Regiments.

ROYAL ARTILLERY, ARMY SERVICE CORPS, AND ENGINEERS.

Sufficient to be raised for two more army corps.

## MILITIA.

Pay to be put on a par with that of the regulars.

The whole force to be embodied for three or four months, instead of one. Increased facilities for target practice.

Greater transport accommodation.

## YEOMANRY.

Each regiment to be invited to go under canvas for a month. Pay correspondingly increased.

Each regiment to be invited to give a troop apiece to form a brigade of mounted infantry for this year.

## VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.

To be provided with new guns, and to be encouraged to train up to three months annually.

## VOLUNTEERS.

To be armed with the most modern weapons. Any volunteer battalion may enlist up to 1,000.

Where in excess of or approximately 1,000 a second battalion may be formed.

Increased capitulation grant. The whole force to be encouraged to train under canvas for a month annually.

More ranges to be made available. Hired transport to be paid for by Government.

A mounted infantry detachment of each battalion to be encouraged, where it will not interfere with yeomanry recruiting.

## OFFICERS.

Commissions in the army to be offered to militia officers, the colonies, the universities, and some Public schools. Officers to be taken from the reserve.

## MEN.

A larger proportion to be taken on three years engagements.

## NET RESULT IN FIGURES.

Additions to regular army.	30,000
Additions to Auxiliary Forces.	50,000
Total.	80,000

## TO SEAT ONE'S SELF AT TABLE.

With good table manners one may pass unchallenged in the best society. Delicacy, inborn refinement or frank vulgarity is inadvertently displayed while eating, and nothing so marks one as his manners at table.

There are a great many rules on this subject which one can follow with propriety. You might boil them all down to this: "Be dainty and unostentatious."

Before she learns how to eat properly or place her napkin or manage an ice, the wise woman makes it a point to see that she knows how to seat herself at the table. This may seem a simple task, yet many have found, to their discomfort, that it is difficult.

To take a seat at table when there is no servant standing ready to assist, demands practice and experience. Many a debutante at her first dinner has been confronted with this problem without having prepared for it.

Never grasp both sides of the chair back at once, and standing in front of the chair, in a half-sitting posture, "hitch" the chair into place. This is decidedly awkward and vulgar. Go about it deliberately. Gather your dress evenly to one side, out of the way of the chair legs, and grasping the top of the chair with one hand, gently slide it into place. After a little practice this can be done gracefully and with ease.

In rising from the table slip out of your chair rather than push it back. If it is pushed back the effect is awkward, and the disagreeable grating sound produced by the chair legs being rubbed against the floor will draw attention to you.

## RIFLES DEADLIER THAN CANNON.

It is generally supposed that more men are killed by artillery than infantry fire. This is a totally erroneous notion, as from medical reports, it would appear that the rifle is responsible for nearly 90 per cent. of the British killed. In the Franco-German war it is estimated that 6,969 Germans were killed by rifle bullets, and only 895 by artillery fire.