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are offer

"None knew thee but to love thee, "None named thee but to praise."

It is singular that some of the most beautiful poetry ever written is exactly applicable to MONSOON CEYLON TEA, or Longfellow was not thinking of MONSOON TEA when he wrote these Hnes, but they describe this delicious beverage very accurately.

## The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

Lady Jeanette has, of course, proffered the services of her own woman-a hard-featured, consequential personage of fifty, until Miss Deane can please herself in an Irish attendant; but the very idea of ringing the bell for the stout, dignified person, who is in dress and demenor like a principal of a select school for young ladies at the hour away thousands of miles, and into of 6 a. m., is so alarming to Gil- bygone years, from Gillian; as the lain that she takes her bath and slender little white-robed figure in arranges her hair and puts on her the dainty lacquered shoes, and the soft white flannel dress with its dainty hat and long, black Swedish black ribbons and ruffles, with the gloves, goes on with soft, light footutmost quickness and a nervous idea haunting her that the stern person, whose name is "Lynch," will undress her and make her go back to bed like a naughty child, if she is not quick enough to be completely dressed and down stairs before Lynch makes her appearance.

The hall door stands wide open in the balmy stillness of the morning, and Gillian passes the housemaid-busy at her avocations, and with a pleasant, courteous greating, to which the housemaid responds with a pleased smile and cordial "Good-morning, miss"-the young lady goes down the door steps and looking first to the right and then to the left, takes the path to the left, which leads through a shrubbery of rhododendrons toward a white gate and a narrow shady road which disappears

young lady!" Kitty, the Irish house- country are gone away or dead?" maid, says to one of her colleagues A little natural timorousness once of the dustpan, gazing after Gil- or twice makes the London-bred girl lian admiringly.

year's end to year's end!"

"But, throth, Honora, I'm thinkin' listening to the gurgling of the get after him! I won't leave a whole a curious swelling pain of loneli- a vicious animal, who, when exthat things is goin' to be althered brook, which she can see rushing on bone in his skin!" round a young lady !"

Kitty says again, smiling more broad- the tossing plumes of the broom, and leave me all to myself!" ly-"but faix I'm afeard, Honora, he rush away through the woodland haven't much chance at all of her! with some mournful story of sor- tweed-covered arm, poor Gillian cries | wide valley to the rising green slopes | der place, and after a moment's Ho's a raal gentleman, Misther Ar- row and wrong; the lonely river so heartly in hysterical relief that and dark purple precipitous reflection he spoke up with the re- cle, was generally regarded as a concher is-though they sez quare things running on murmuring some ceaseabout him"-and a glance of deep in- less, melancholy tale to the driptelligence passes between the owners ping sedge on its banks, and of the dusters which are slowly rub- the wild, wailing note of the rooks | suit. bing the tables, "an' if one favors is like a human cry of desolation. him here, we knows another "It is very beautiful, but it makes

doesn't." Honora ahandons her duster as turning to go back, and taking out incompatible with oratory, and her watch at the same time. folding her arms, brings her head It wants but a quarter to eight, safe home again. How do you come | mountains are four miles away from impressively to one side, and forces for she has loitered on the way she to be out here at this hour alone?" you, Miss Deane, though they look so her arguments with a fluency that has come, which is not more than a impresses Kitty to drop her duster mile and a half, and with visions of walk," Gillian says, bursting into and stand at attention.

they says about him!" she says, guest flashing through Gillian's mind, just looking at my watch when the like to have missed it. What is that don't be too spry with your tongue." with a deliberate nod. "Mr. George she hurries on a few yards, and has man leaped down from the bushes up gray, castle-like building on the hill And Tom's brow lowered in gathered Archer has the blood of a gentle- entered the shadow of the trees | there, and asked me to tell him the | behind the village, Mr. Archer?" man, an' the sowl of a gentleman, again, when she hears a crashing time, and then asked me for money, an' the looks, and the eddication of sound of branches and a rush of earth and when I gave him half-a-crown view in any case, Miss Deane, as Mr. The next day the rumor went wild a gentleman, and what else d'ye an dpebbles as some one comes blun- he said he wanted his passage-money Damer would be sure to have shown through the camp that Tom was willwant? An' sure it wouldn't take dering down the clayey bank almost to America -- " neither the clark nor his riverence beside her, and an under-sized, to tell the raison me lady 'ad shut squarely-made man, in shabby ill- eagerly. "An! Would you recognize the beauties of the country round, gathered in from their work and disthe dure agin him!

joins, more emphatically than ever, a very unpleasant smile in his keen lian says, with a shudder; "but I picnics." and drawing nearer her companion dark eyes, and on his long, long, hope I shall never see him. He frightin the absorbing interest of their coarse lips, hardly covered by a rag- ened me-so horribly -and-he was so gossip. "And sure they sez that ged moustache. Honora's duster suddenly rubbing in an insinuating tone; "would you at the quivering lips, and the rising I believe they generally have one that the conflict should come off with surprising dexterity. And Kitty is down on her knees polishing the central rail of a table the next instant, as Mrs. Lynch-Lady Jeannette's "confidential maid" and housekeeper-comes down stairs with

She stands at the white gate looking into the narrow lane, dark and cool in the close shadow of the trees over the dewy-wet earth, until the hot sunlight beating down on the pathway through the shrubbery, hedged high with foliage on each side, feels scorching on Gillian's white gypsy hat, with its ruffled black silk lining, and its wreath of black silk

wheat-ears. A golden lacing of summer glimmers here and there on the shaded road, and after a little timid hesitation and a backward glance at the sunny lawn and the open landscape behind her, Gillian pushes open the white gate and walks on. Miss Simms. the London maid's, opinion of Ireland has found no echo in her young mis- purpose, some of Miss Simms' stories of hor- though her lips are white and dry him chase. I might have had him by osiers on its banks, the snowy walls rible deeds which "friends" of hers with terror, when the man stays this time." have told her have happened in Ire- her hand as she tries to replace the days. have told her have happened in ire- her hand as she tries to replace of a phe and, and fleeting recollections of watch, and when she shrinks viotragedles which she has heard dis-broad, dirty hand on her white gazing at him anxiously. "I should burnished specks of brightness, on the beginning. The beast recled back, fully as all horrors have been kept sleeve, and retreats a step or never have forgiven myself." from her knowledge by her tender two, he follows her, placing himself mother's too watchful care, seem to | right in her way. in Gillian's memory this morning.

At this early hour everything is so still, so solemnly calm and still, there is not even a bird's note to break the silence, save the melancholy hoarse "caw" of a solitary rook winging his flight above the tree-

The world she has known, London, her former life, seems to have slipped steps over the moist moss-grown earth. By and by, as the trees grow sparser, and the road grows mossier, with quantities of beautiful ferns flourishing luxurantly in the sunlight, Gillian gets glimpses of the

country beyond the woodland. It is very lonely, bright, and calm, with the solemn grandeur of the dark purple mountains rising up to heaven on the horizon, and the furzegrown uplands, desolate and uncultivated, near at hand. The wild, sweet honey-scent of the sheets of golden blossom is wafted on the fresh morning air to her where she stands, and there is the soft, melancholy gurgle of the river running past the woodland, and the cry of the rooks, but no sound or sight of human life

"I feel as if I were walking in an enchanted land," Gillian says, with a little shiver. "I feel as if there were nobody in the world but myself. "Good luck to her! But she's a I wonder if all the poor Irish people nice young lady, an' a handsome who used to live in this part of the

"An' the soight av something she perseveres-wanting "to come to stretched hands." "The captin' never could hould a can- | She stands there listening, and | breathless and sobbing. his grand broad shoulders, an' his fine | lated building on the hill, until the | his quarry. long legs, is the grandest an' the unbroken solitude begins to op- "Please take me home, and don't

me sad," Gillian says, with a sigh,

made clothes, steps almost in front him again, Miss Deane?" "Beg yere pardon, miss," he says,

be so kind as to tell me the time?" color, under the white gypsy hat. or two every summer from Mount Os- the next Sunday afternoon. of his vulgar quasi-fashionable Deane?" clothes, that adds an element of the

vi lainous to his appearance. gold guard, glittering in the sunshine. kiss-he-"It is ten minutes to eight," she

throbbing wildly. For she sees plainly, in the wolfish of blackthorn syrup," he says, re- he liked me. greed of the man's eyes, the wol- gretfully eyeing the vicious-looking She gives one look back at the fair. fish twitches of the muscles of his knobby stick in his hand. "A beast landscape spread out below, shining face, that the sight of the watch like that should get a beast's treat- in the morning sunlight, the green has determined him in some evil ment, and have aches and pains to fields, the bright, gold patches of

She is not startled, therefore, What a pity you didn't let me give the white stones in its bed and the

start up with astonishing vividness "Couldn't a lady like you spare a lingly; "but as for hurting me, if we poor fellow a trifle?" he says, with had come to close quarters, I rather

ing into a grin, as he sees the fear | been hurt first." in the girl's eyes and the pale | "Is that what Irishmen light

something if you are in want,"

health with this!" he says, leering adds, rising, "and I'm sure if your it inside! What a beautiful site, at her with the ridiculous assumption | belief in this respect needed any too! just fit for a castle. What a of gentility in his vulgar voice and | confirmation, you have received it | grand old place it must be!" broad accent, that his slop-made, this morning! You have met one of "It is neither old nor grand," shabby clothes possess. "But I'm | the typical Irishmen who are such George Archer says, laughing heartvery hard up this morning, miss, an' a credit and blessing to their coun- lily, but at the same time coloring I want a trifle more from you." "You will get no more, and you folk, we are all badged and ticketed rassment. "It really was built in are very ungrateful," Gillian says, as one class, to be dealt with and the year eighteen hundred and two with trembling lips, trying to pass | regarded as all alike."

sure, and if you're the lady I thinks | instantly. ye, maybe you'll stan' me twinty

dollars." His unkempt beard is almost touching Gillian's face, and the girl strugand terror-to escape.

"How dare you! How dare you!" away from the grip of his fingers. "Be alsy, now, and don't put yourself in a bad timper," the fellow retorts, with his evil leer, holding her tighter. "I wanted that purty watch | eyes burn like stars. of yours, but 'pon me honor I never trouble you again."

"Begorra, but you must," he an- name in the land." swers, with a savage gleam in his hand, and with one leap springs down the bank into the brushwood covert helow the road, almost before Gillian is aware that she is rid of him, and that a tall, fair man in a ject, and anxious to be rid of his o brown knickerbocker suit, striding

hour, is within ten yards of her. CHAPTER VIII.

along at the rate of six miles an

He comes out of the shadow into Gillian can believe her glad eyes. falter in her lonely walk, but still swift, tottering steps and out- land even in that respect you see."

young, an' gay, an' handsome, is the end of it," as she tells herself "Oh, I'm so glad to see you! I'm walks on, thinking that, if she only wanted about this house if ever a | -until the shady woodland way so glad to see you!" poor Gillian cries, might, with propriety, she could in- Tom." He had won the nickname house wanted it!" rejoins the col- comes out on a barren hill-side with smiling, whilst the tears are rolling | troduce a subject of conversation | by reason of the terrific force with returned to Europe and consented league, gloomily. "Faix-what wid me a fox-cover of broom and furze down her face like rain. "A dreadful of which Mr. Archer would not so lauy-an what wil Miss O'Nell-an' above and below the road. The grass- man has frightened me so! He wanted soon grow weary. what wid Mrs. Lynch, there isn't a hoppers are whirring noisily in the to rob me, and he was so insolent!"

pltosther! She have a great fortune | below her down the course of the | And he emphasizes this agreeable entirely, they say sure; and sure we | wide valley toward the dark moun- | assurance by a rapid shifting of the | know the captain's here to the fore, | tains and the little white-walled | thick, knobby stick he carries, so that | easily walk to Mount Ossory in half an' a handsome grand young gentle- hamlet, more than a mile away; and, his sinewy hand grasps it about one- an hour," George Archer says, pausman like him won't be long comin' feeling the fresh mountain breeze, fourth of its length from the ferrule ing and looking back, "would you ound a young lady!' strong and exhibitanting as wing, end; whilst he runs fleetly along the like to walk as far as the bend of road, scanning the glen and the cover the road and see the view? The sour-tempered Honora rejoins curtly. | cate pink to the fair, white cheeks. | below, and Gillian runs after him, |

dle the best day he ever seen to gazing over the wastes of blossom- Oh don't !-don't mind him! Don't George Archer! The 'not' is in it ! ing furze and broom down over the leave me here, please, Mr. Archer!" but 'Sheorsha Ruah-'Red George,' valley, and its white-walled cabins | she pleads, half inarticulately, comas they calls him-wid his fine, fair, nestling among trees, and the little ing up to him just as George is pre-'foxy' hair, and his fine, fair skin, an' distant vi lage, and the gray castel- paring to plunge down the bank after

han'somest man in the barony!" press her. 'The morning breeze mind him!' she says, pitcously. "He lies-just below the dark cliffs-do "Thrue for ye" - good-tempered seems to sigh and whisper sadly over has frightened me so! Don't go away | you see?"

the big, bright tears, like drops in a heights of the mountain range bethunder-shower, very liberally be- | yond. "How beautiful they look in sprinkle Mr. Archer's knickerbocker | the morning light! And what is that |

"Well, there-there! I won't. Don't | Mr. Archer?" cry, now-don't cry!" George says, soothingly, but looking rather balked | Darragh," he answers, "and it is "I came out for a nice morning near in the clear atmosphere." breakfast kept waiting and Lady laughter, and looking up at George lian, enthusiastically. "I am so glad "I don't care a thraneen what Damer kept waiting for her eccentric Archer with wet eyes; "and I was you showed it to me! I should not

"Faix that's true!" Kitty re- of her, with his hand to his hat, and "Indeed I should, anywhere!" Gil-

"Ah !" George Archer says, looking | tains ?"

ing eyes, for she has a terrified in- the demand for his passage-money?" right if she fancies he will partake every inhabitant of the canyon and stinct that he does not want to know | "I said he should not have any of those aristocratic gayeties. "And the villages, that have since grown the time, and that his assumed civil- more, and then he caught hold of me," now, Miss Denne, I think we had bet- into Pomona and Pasadena, was asity is as false as his request, and Gillian says, crimsoning; "look at ter turn. Mount Ossory is only sembled in the little level spot just that he is a cunning. dis- the mark of his hand on my sleeve!- twenty minutes' walk for my long outside the limits of the camp. sipated-looking man, with a cer- and said he wanted my watch, but legs, but I doubt if you can do it in tain assumption of swagger in his he didn't like to deprive me of it." less than half an hour, and, besides, unkempt moustache, his dirty, "A considerate gentleman," George they may miss you and be alarmed flashy neck-scarf, and even the cut says, angrily laughing. "Well, Miss about you."

"So-then he said-he said--" Gillian says rather choking over her the thought of being questioned by cars, he watched his wary opponent Horner Paget was always one of the She takes out her beautiful little words, and looking down with a Lady Damer as to where and with with angry eyes. Suddenly Tom leapwatch, enameled and richly chased haughty, trembling lip, "he said if whom she has enjoyed this highly un- ed forward and landed a terrific kick as it is, with the thick, deep-yellow I would give him five pounds and a conventional morning ramble. "For I squarely on the junction of the neck

remember his transgressions by. blossoming furze, the dark river with

"He might have shot at me if he had a revolver," George says, slight-

the unpleasant smile rather widen- I thing my blackthorn would have

the shining, dark stick. Gillian says, drawing back again, and | "That is what Irishmen used to That is an Irish castle, Miss Deane speaking coldly and with dignity, fight with in the good old times," - though her knees were quivering be- George says, laughing—"that is a shillelagh, which is a tough oak thing I wanted to see particularly,' She takes out her purse and offers stick. But there is nothing to equal Gillian explains, reproachfully, the man half a crown, which he takes a blackthorn for smashing a man's turning back for another long look skull! We're a lot of brutes and of earnest admiration. "Oh, who "'Pon my sowl, but I'll dhrink your | savages, you know, Miss Deane," he lives there? I should so like to see try, that by discriminating English and speaking with a slight embar-

"Oh, no! Not gentlemen, surely!" of soldiers was kept there for years The ruffianly fellow burst into a Gillian says, deprecatingly, with after the rising of ninety-eight. It laugh, glad to have roused her anger. shy, girlish admiration and parti- is a big, damp, draughty, dreary "Begorra, me darlin', if you wasn't sanship in the kindling brilliancy of place, with huge empty rooms, and such a purty young woman, I would her eyes as they glance at the walls six feet thick and drill-yards not be coaxin' ye!" he says, rudely goodly form, the handsome face— and courtyards, with walls twenty clutching Gillian with his arm and brave and strong and honest-of the feet high, with spikes on the top; pinioning her. "But I wants me pas- man who is standing beside her. He and that is Darrigh Castle, Miss sidge to 'Merica, miss; and I only glances at her in return, and his Deane." came home to see me poor old mother keen, blue eyes read her thoughts "Who lives there?" Gillian

tocracy or the land-owners tains inside that great enclosure I - the well-bred, well-born men," can see." gles desperately-in disgust and rage, George says deliberately, his firm "I dare say," he says, deliberatelips relaxing in the lines of a cold ly, "if the owner or tenant could smile. "I was speaking of the people, spend three or four thousand pounds she pants, trying to tear her sleeve Miss Deane, of my own class, in on it." whom naturally I feel the greatest "And he cannot, I suppose?" Gilinterest."

smooth, rose-white brow, and her would, Miss Deane," George Archwouldn't like to be afther deprivin' 'the people?' she asks, gravely, in the tenant could not.' you ov it, miss! So if you'll give me spite of that shy blush and the girl- "Is he so poor?" Gillian asks, hast-

five pound an' a kiss, me jewel, I'll ish enthusiasm shining in her eyes. ily. "Take your hand away," Gillian there are a great many," he ans- a few thousands on adorning his says, sternly, looking with despair- wers directly to the generous light abode?" he questions, sarcasticaling eyes backward and forward, and glow in the pure eyes; "but ly. "Strange as it may appear to "Take your hand off my arm this in- that does not make a man of ob- Miss Deane, he is. I am the tenant stant, or I will not give you a shil- scure birth and no position an equal of Darragh Castle, and I regret to of men who have a place and a state that my hat generally covers

He speaks very quietly and se- er says, laughing. eyes, grasping her with both his dately, but Gillian notices the cloud | "You !-you live in that beautibrawny arms, when suddenly the that falls over the bright, gay face, ful old castle?" Gillian exclaims, grasp relaxes, he makes a fierce but the sombre shadow of the blue eyes, amazed. ineffectual snatch at the purse in her | the hard, proud look that settles over the strong, large features. "Do you feel able to walk home more, as if anxious to turn the sub-

charge, Gillian thinks. "Yes, oh yes," she says hurriedly; "I should have gone before. It is

past 8 o'clock "You are keeping English time, Miss Deane," he says, smiling once to eight by Irish time. The Saxon Canyon mining boom, in the seven- priest. He resided here for many the sunshine of the open road before | more. "It wants nearly a quarter And then she runs to him with has the advantage of poor Ire- ties, a large-boned and gigantic the Jesuit College, at Worcester, Gillian laughs at the jest, but

If she could have talked to him haporth o' fun or divarshin in it from hot sunshine amongst the dry grass, | "Which way did he go?" George of the dark-haired woman who is and Gilian stands just at the en- Archer demands, his blue eyes lurid his sweetheart, George Archer into camp a Mexican burro, which erican College, in Rome, Cardinal "Thrue for ye," the good-tempered trance of the wood listening to them, with rage, and his close-shut teeth | would not so soon have tired of housemaid says, smiling hopefully. wondering earnestly what they are, showing under moustache. "Let me her society. And she thinks it with

ness or sorrow or envy. spare, Miss Deane, and you can morning is so clear that you can see the spurs of the mountains up subject of universal conversation as far as Lough Ceimanech."

once, and with a look of great interest. "Lough Ceimanech," he repeats, smilingly. "That dark hollow there to the left, where the white mist

"Oh, yes, I see," Gillian answers, replied one of his companions. And chinging to Mr. Archer's brown gazing eagerly down the long, village at the foot of the mountains, lence.

"That is Darragh-the village and impatient. "Sit down here and nearly two miles from the nearest Indianian. "Then he can have the rest a few minutes, and I'll see you mountain - Slieve-na-Mor. Those

> "This is beautiful!" repeats Gil-"You would not have missed the jest, and the crowd dispersed.

suppose,'" Gillian argues with herself, and head. "What?" George Archer exclaims, her pulses heating quicker-"she does says, faltering, though she tries his own color rising through his clear not know anything of the attachhard to speak calmly, with her heart | sun-tanned skin. "The cowardly ruf- | ment between him and Miss O'Neil, fian. What a pity he escaped a dose so she might think it was-was as if

> of the distant hamlet, the grand height behind the village.

> "You did not tell me what that gray, castle-like place was," she says,

inquiringly. "It looks very grand and

"Distance lends enchantment to with?" Gillian says, curlously touch- it," he says, smiling and walking on. I will give you ing the hard spines and knobs of "It isn't very grand or imposing when you are in it, I assure you. -Darragh Castle.'

"An old Irish castle! The very for military barracks. A detachment

mands, with incressing interest. "It "Oh! we were not speaking of could be made such a splendid place, the men of the aris- with gardens and terraces and foun-

lian says, regretfully. Gillian colors vividly up to the "I don't think the owner could or er replies, with a slight smile, but "Are there no gentlemen amongst looking at her curiously-"I am sure

"In conduct and character I hope | "So poor as not to be able to spend all my worldly wealth," George Arch-

(To be Continued.)

#### KICKING MATCH— MAN VS. MULE.

000000000000000000000000000000 In the days of the San Gabriel Indianian, was known to his rough Mass., took out naturalization pabut kindly associates as "Kicking Pers. which he could launch his great, to accept the "red hat" he still resinewy foot against an opposing ob- tained and proudly proclaimed his alject. One day a miner brought soon obtained a wide celebrity as | Masella, speaking in perfect Engcited, would attack man or beast "If you have a few minutes to with desperate fury. Several moun- bonor for American institutions and nearly lost his life by the savage heels of the brute. So exciting had become the record of the jack's achievements that they became the and inquiry among the miners. Sit-"Where?" Gillian asks, turning at ting in their cabins they spun wonderful tales of what he had done and was capable of doing.

"He is the liveliest kicker going," said one. "You are right, old man. That beast can kick the hair off a man's head without touching the skin,'

That was touching Tom in a ten-"He can't outkick me." The obser-

vation was received with amazed simeat of you in a minute." "Would he?" replied the athletic

chance. I'm ready to kick for \$100, and may the best man win." "Or the best jack," interposed a

companion.

Ready to Wager. "I mean what I say, old man, so anger. His friend apologized for the

it to you," George Archer answers, ing to kick the burro for a wager. "Oh! did he?" George interrupts. | carelessly. "You will have to 'do' all | In the dusk of the evening the miners you know; Slieve-na-Mor and Lough | cussed the subject in all its bearings. Ceimanech are favorite places for Opinion as to the match was about evenly divided. If anything, Tom was "On, how beautiful!" Gillian says, the favorite. Under these circumwith eyes of innocent gladness. "Do stances a mill for \$100 a side was you often have picnics to the moun- easily arranged between the beast and the man, and it was decided

Gillian looks at the man with dilat- "What did you say when he made sory," he answers, coldly, setting her Promptly at the appointed hour

Tom Landed First.

The preliminaries were quickly arranged and the fight began. The "I hope not," Gillian says, her heart | beast seemed to take in the situation beginning to beat uncomfortably at a glance, and, laying back his

> The brute reeled before the force of the blow, but, recovering on the fearful kick on the burro's neck.

and with a convulsive quiver, fell order that it may not be stolen. days he was as spry as ever.

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POSSIBLE AMERICAN POPE

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The recent consistories held at the Vatican call attention afresh to the fact that the reign of the present head of the Roman Catholic Church is fast nearing its close. The strength of the venerable Pontiff, in spite of the many distracting crises through which he has passed, seems almost miraculous. For many a day the passing of His Holiness has been prepared for. Speculation is widely indulged in as to his probable successor when the in-

evitable end shall have come.

Who may succeed Pope Leo XIII. in the chair of St. Peter? It will undoubtedly be an Italian, because of the preponderance of Italian Cardinals in the Sacred College. Several times when the Pope has had weak spells and the rumor has been tain newspapers have hinted at the possibility of there being an American Pope, in view of the conspicuous ability and universally recognized popularity of Cardinal Gibbons. These attempts to suggest an American Pope are interestings There is, indeed, reason to believe that a citizen of the United States might be the next Sovereign Pontiff, but it would not be the distinguished Archbishop of Baltimore. Cardinal Gibbons is not the only American citizen in the College of Cardinals, Cardinal Gaetane Aloist-Masella, of the Society of Jesus, is an American citizen, and, besides, he fulfils that essential condition for

election to the Papacy-he is an Italian by birth. This Cardinal is one of the most learned men in the Roman Catholia Church. He was born in Pontecarvo, was educated and ordained in his native land, but came to the United States when comparatively a young

When, in obedience to the commands of the head of the Order, he legiance to the United States. Some years ago, at a banquet in the Am-

lish, thus declared himself "Years ago I became an American citizen, because of my profound tain ponies had been kicked to death | my love for the country and its peoby him and more than one man had ple. To-day, living on this other side of the world, my loyalty to the United States is even greater, if possible, than it was then. Therefore I shall live and die what I am proud to be, an American. And possibly this Cardinal may be

### GLADSTONE-PAGET

the successor of Leo. XIII.

Coming Union Two of Prominent English Families.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, whose matrimonial engagement has just been made public, says the London Chronifirmed bachelor, which is scarcely surprising, because his tale of years is not far short of half a century. "Lord, Ton. Why, he'd make mince. For over twenty years he has sat in the House of Commons, but thanks to his devotion of physical culture, those years have passed very lightly over his head, and his figure is still quite youthful. Overshadowed as it is by the memory of a great historical figure, he could scarcely expect to achieve much in politics, but he has proved himself a useful administrator, and showed a certain amount of originality in accepting the post of Chief Whip, after he had served as First Commissioner of Works. Mr. Akers-Douglas, on the other side of the House, precisely reversed this

procedure.

The Paget family into which Mr. Herbert Gladstone is about to marry is one of those English commoner families which are too proud to claim any connection with the ennobled Pagets, whose head is the Marquis of Anglesey. Sir Richard Horner Paget, Mr. Gladstone's future fatherin-law, is a Somerset 'Squire pure and simple. He sat for something like thirty years as a Somersetshire member in the House of Commons, and when he retired in 1895, he was made a Privy Councillor. He had been made previously a baronet, and owns a fair amount of land for a baronet, some 4,000 acres among the Mendip Hills, where the famous Cranmore Tower is a mark for miles around. The marriage between Mr. Gladstone and Miss Paget is one more proof of the amenities of English politics. The Right Hon. Sir Richard "Old Gang," and got his reward for services to the party which his future son-in-law spends his life in

Among the many wedding presents which are preparing will be one instant, he wheeled and launched from the Byron Society. The society both heels at his antagonist. The has arranged to receive subscriptions man leaped aside, and as quick as at its branches in Athens and Vienna, lightning responded with another as well as in London. Mr. Herbert Gladstone was one of the founders And so the conflict raged. Some- of the society, the object of which times the lack would get in a savage is not, as so many people seem to blow on his opponent, but oftener the | think, to promote the study of Byman had the best of it; and at last, | ron, but to carry on the poet's policy putting forth all of his wonderful for reviving among the Greek nation strength, he landed a kick with the the arts and letters of its ancient

The summer girl steels her heart in over. Tom was terribly bruised, but It is not what we see, but what we no bones were broken, and in a few remember perfectly that helps to widen our mental vistas.