ON THE RIVER SHANNON.

AN OLD IRISH TOWN WHERE THE WOMEN ARE BEAUTIFUL.

The Legend of St. Mary's Bells, Whose Chimes Tolled Their Maker's Death—A Little Scene at the Station—Popularity of English Novels.

After Skibbereen and many of the West Cork towns it is delightful, indeed, to find one's self in pleasant Limerick. To the lover of the ancient and the modern the city offers equal attractions. In the English town, which is the oldest portion, the narrow streets are as quaint as any one could meet in Normandy. At one time this was the choicest residence quarter, and here, defended by high walls, the freemen of the city lived, and did all its business in dignified seclusion, apart from the more "Irishry," their neighbors, who, being neither Protestant nor "loyal," were religiously kept from all chances of money making in the unprosperous Irish town. Here all the wholesome bounds and restrictions which hedged in the Celtic inhabitants were devised, and from here at the outbreak of the American war three volunteer corps started to aid King George's army.

Now both sections are alike decayed. Fashion and business have forsaken them for Newton-Pery, a modern addition to the city, built within the last ninety years. It would be hard to find anywhere a finer street than its principal thoroughfare, George's street. Eked out by Patrick street and the Crescent, it extends for about a mile one long line of handsome buildings and well stocked, attractive shops. The women of Limerick are famous for their beauty, and in the crowded street we saw many in the rustic garb, as well as in fashionable attire, who bore testimony to the truth of that reputation.

THE SWEET CHIMING BELLS.

Wellesley bridge and Thomond bridge across the Shannon are noble structures, well worthy of the river they span, and besides these four other bridges connect various portions of the city divided by the Abbey stream. King John's castle, St. Mary's church and the treaty stone are the principal historical lions of Limerick, and very interesting they all are.

Of St. Mary's bells the lovely old legend is told that their maker, an Italian, because of the surpassing sweetness of their tone, had a love approaching worship for them. Being in need of money he was obliged to sell them to a convent, which in a troubled time was sacked and its inmates and belongings scattered. In his old age the maker of the bells, broken in fortune and health, and only longing once more to hear the beloved bells for which he had long and fruitlessly sought, found himself on the broad bosom of the Shannon in the vessel that had conveyed him from the south. It was evening. Limerick's towers rose before him in the sunset light, and the evening peace was on all things. Suddenly from St. Mary's belfry the evening chimes rang out, chimes that made his heart leap to hear—they were his long sought darling bells! Up the broad stream went the boat, the chimes still playing with tender music, the old man lying back with folded hands and a look of unutterable happiness on his face—dead!

At a little station outside Limerick a young lady got into our compartment. An affectionate party of friends were there to see her off, and while we remained beside the platform she and they were consumed with grief. One old lady interrupted her sobs every once in a while to remind the traveler of various articles in the shawl strap and lunch basket, which would be essential to her comfort during her journey—the shepherd's plaid shawl, the thick veil, the sandwiches and the sherry flask—but the girl sobbed on behind her handkerchief as if meat and drink would evermore be odious to her. The young man staring ruefully at her with his heart in his eyes, as they say here, was, I think, comforted by this last, and I was rather glad when, all the good-bys being over and the train well out of the station, he was not there to see how promptly she flung grief to the winds and settled herself comfortably for the journey with a novel of Ouida for beguilement up to Dublin.

HASTE TO THE WEDDING.

The sun was shining over a smiling country, already well awakened out of its winter sleep. On the wayside banks the glory of the furze bloom was like another sunshine, the brown of the plowed fields was in rich contrast with the deep green headlands, and here and there in the hollows there was the delicious fairy gold of tender primroses and the glow of dog violets. More than once we caught sight of a gay procession of "weddingers" dashing in the long procession of the "hauling home" up to the village church, where a curious crowd awaited them.

In the perfect spring day the sight of the gayly dressed merry makers headed by a tuneful piper, playing "Haste to the Wedding" in his liveliest style, was charmingly idyllic, and one willingly forgot for the time that after the wedding bells and the music it would be the same old round of scraping and delving and warring against overwhelming odds for those for whom the piper played so cheerily.

It had not escaped me up to this that in the book shops and at the railway stalls the fictional literature offered is almost entirely English, Ouida, Wilkie Collins, George Meredith, Miss Braddon, John Strange Winter, Rhoda Broughton, within substantial English dress. Tolstoi and Zola himself are the guides, philosophers, and friends of the Irish novel reading public just now. Women everywhere are the chief novel readers, and remembering how much of the morality of a race depends on the mothers the array of names just given cannot fail to strike an observer rather painfully.

"But what are we to do?" queried my companion, to whom I said something like this: "There is no Irish authors, male or female, writing novels now, and the old writers, Banim, Lever, Carleton and Lover, besides being vulgar, were not true."

"But, Griffin," I said, hotly, eager to defend him whose beautiful story and songs are of the very essence of the land that lost him all too soon.

"Oh, Griffin!" she cried, "but who wants to read a whole lot of old fashioned brogue and things when there are lovely modern novels, perfect in English, to be had in plenty?"

And so we left our young friend, with her Folle Farine and her flask of strong sherry as refreshments, for her six hours' journey.—Limerick Letter in Chicago Times.

Franklin and the Convention.

When the illustrious Franklin was in his eightieth year he found the duties of minister to Paris too great for his strength, and on March 10, 1785, asked to be recalled. Before leaving the French capital he concluded a consular convention with that government, which congress was unwilling to ratify on account of the extraordinary powers it conferred on consuls. Franklin's successor, Jefferson, endeavored to get the treaty modified, but without success, and congress at length reluctantly ratified the convention.—Philadelphia Times.

"Going, Going, Gone!"

The old time auctioneer is becoming a rare character. In the larger cities of the country time is too precious for him to flourish under the old style, where a sale was a gala occasion, and an entire day devoted to the disposition of a few hundred dollars' worth of property. In the hurry and scramble of the day a very little story telling and nonsense goes a long way, and the sale of thousands of dollars' worth of goods or property is accomplished with a celerity and absence of jest and long winded orations which would sadden the heart of the auctioneer of yore. The auctioneer will exist forever, but the jolly, story telling crier of public sales will soon be extinct.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"JES' A LITTLE GIRL."

On'y a little girl I know,
With golden hair an' bright blue eyes,
Jes' about three years old or so—
One o' the kind 'at never cries
When ye sez a cross word, but jes'
Looks at you so reproachful like
Ye feel ye'd rather die, I guess,
Than scold or lift yer hand ter strike.

Jes' a little thing 'at makes the love
Come surgin' up till it fills yer heart,
An' ye think an angel from above
Has made herself o' yer life a part.
A little thing with a tender way
An' a smile so sunny an' bright,
It drives all sorrow an' care away,
Like darkness 'fore the mornin' light.

That's all 'at she wuz ter me, sir—
Jes' a little girl, ez ye say;
An' perhaps I oughtn't to murmur
Because she was taken away
But it's hard to learn to be patient,
It's hard fur to bow down yer head,
Though ye know there's an angel above
A-praying 'at ye may be led.

—Theodore E. Milton.

Some Old Trees.

The old oak tree at Waltham, which so excellent an authority as Professor Alexander Agassiz said was seven hundred years of age, has been cut down. It has been dead for some time, and stood in the path of modern improvement. Part of the venerable tree will be preserved in the library. The great oak tree at Woodbridge, which was cut down a few weeks ago, after an existence reckoned at from fifteen hundred to two thousand years, is to be made into chairs for the members of the Quinnipiac club, of New Haven. This tree was doubtless the oldest along the Atlantic coast, although the authorities differ as to its age, and the largest oak in the world. Oliver Wendell Holmes said the tree was at least eighteen hundred years old, and Professor Abbott, of New York, who made a careful examination of the monster eighteen years ago, said it could not be less than two thousand years old, while Professor Eaton stands with these authorities by stating the age of the tree as ranging from fifteen hundred to two thousand years.—Boston Budget.

How Milk Should Be Kept.

Consumers of milk are too often indifferent to their ways of keeping milk after it reaches them. When delivered in cans, it is a common custom of many people to draw from the same as they need it, and possibly a can may not be emptied until a fresh supply is received. As soon as the milk is brought it should be poured into a glass or earthenware pitcher, and when this is emptied it should be made absolutely clean and then well aired. Those who have young children dependent upon milk food ought to receive a fresh supply of milk both morning and night, otherwise in the warm months it is extremely liable to become unwholesome. With but few in cities is this possible, and, therefore, in summer it will be well to scald the supply when received, to prevent its becoming sour.—Boston Journal of Health.

Not Above the Snow Line.

A bridegroom took his wife on a tour to Switzerland for the honeymoon, and when there induced her to attempt with him the ascent of the highest peak. The lady, who at home had never ascended a hill higher than a church, was much alarmed, and had to be carried by the guides with her eyes blindfolded, so as not to witness the horrors of the passage. The bridegroom walked close to her, expostulating respecting her fears. He spoke in "honeymoon whispers," but the rarefaction of the air was such that every word was audible. "You told me, Leonora, that you always felt happy, no matter where you were, so long as you were in my company. Then, why are you not happy now?" "Yes, Charles, I did," replied she, sobbing hysterically, "but I never meant above the snow line."—Ouida's Gossip.

A Triumph in Cookery.

"Talk about cooking birds," said George W. Cobb the other day, "when I was up in the Red lake country last year with the Indians, they would take the ducks we shot and roll them in clay, feathers and all, and throw them on the hot coals and ashes. After awhile, when the clay was baked, we would take the bricks, or whatever you may call them, out, break off the clay, and, with it, all the feathers, and find the naked duck done most elegantly. All the juices were retained and the meat was baked just about the third of an inch, leaving the inside as tender and delicious as any meat can be. There is no way of cooking game equal to this. It is the triumph of good cookery."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

He Didn't See the Point.

There is one story on Tim Campbell which he himself relates and which has not yet seen the light of day; a story the point of which Tim has probably not seen himself yet, for he tells it in an innocent way which, of course, adds much to its flavor.

Mr. Campbell has a strong appreciation of his dignity. It does not oppress—it sustains and comforts him. Not long ago he was walking through the corridors of the house wing of the Capitol when a woman spoke to him and said.

"Will you see if Mr. Glover is in the house?"

Mr. Campbell drew himself to his full height.

"Madame," said he, "there are gintlemen around here to do that thing;" and he emphasized his remark with a sweeping gesture, which included in its scope the entire force of house employes from the clerk to the doorkeepers.

The little woman looked up into Mr Campbell's face.

"I'm Mr. Glover's wife," she said.

"I thought you were," said Hon. "Tim" in a tone that showed that the fact did not impress him very seriously.

"You're Mr. Campbell, are you not?" said Mrs. Glover.

"I am," said the Hon. "Tim" in his most impressive way.

"I thought you were," said Mrs. Glover, quietly, as she turned and walked away.—Chicago Herald.

Nurse Maids a la Russe.

There is a "fad" in nursemaids, and literally will it be a "cold day" for the sharp eyed, keen witted "bonne," if the Russian maid, a new departure in service, meets with the favor she anticipates. The Russian nursemaid is already an imposing feature in more than one aristocratic household. To look at, she is all that is delightfully picturesque. She wears a long, loose garment of deep blue cloth, bordered with a band of crimson, and on her head is the veritable Russian headgear, a creation of much puffed white tulle, from which depend, all the way to the bottom of the skirt, two wide lengths of crimson moire ribbon. So looks the Russian maid; how acts the Russian maid remains to be further tested. So far, though, she has been found trustworthy and capable. Another fashion, "a la Russe," is that of dressing children for outdoor exercise entirely in white wool and white fur. The little ones, so arrayed, look like tiny wraiths as they speed along over the frozen ground through the crisp atmosphere.—Table Talk.

A Popular Courtesy Ignored.

"There are very few smokers who will hesitate to ask an utter stranger for a match, and men who might pass each other on the street every day for weeks without even a nod of recognition will exchange 'lights' in a smoking car without the slightest restraint." So spoke a young man to a group of friends the other day.

"But," he continued, "I met a man yesterday on the cars who was an exception to the rule. I was passing through the smoker with a cigar all ready to light, and felt in my pocket for a match. He gave me a cold stare and paid no attention to my request."

"Was he deaf?" asked one of the crowd.

"No, he was handcuffed, and I felt like a thief when I discovered it, too," was the sad reply.—Elmira Gazette.

BEAUTY MADE TO ORDER.

A PLACE WHERE AGE AND HOMELINESS ARE DISGUISED.

A Fashionable Craze—Female Complexions Made to Order—Peach Colored Cheeks Seem to Be Most in Demand—How the Transformation Is Made.

On one of the busiest of the uptown thoroughfares in this city is a store that has more interest for many women than any other business place in New York. It is a shop where women are beautified, where under the skilled manipulations of hairdressers and lotion mixers wrinkles are smoothed out freckles are covered over and gray hairs are changed to yellow, brown or black, as the prevailing taste of society may be.

The usual throng of ladies in search of having their complexions rejuvenated by artificial means has steadily increased of late by the acquisition of numerous converts to the ranks of this fashionable craze, and skilled labor has been called into play to aid the devotees of the fashion. All the best artists in that line are naturally concentrated in New York, and the pilgrimage to the shrine where beautifying the face has reached the highest standard of perfection includes the young as well as the old. The latter are in quest of the extermination of troublesome wrinkles, while society belles long for anything that will help them to apparently retain their pristine fire and luster.

As a general thing these manipulations in the interest of artificial beauty are not conducted with any great amount of secrecy, and a complete transformation and pleasing rejuvenation can usually be secured in the various establishments devoted to the dressing of ladies' hair. In fact, the general outfit is not considered complete unless the bangs, etc., have been trimmed in the prevailing fashion.

A VEILED ARRIVAL.

One day last week a well appointed brougham, with running gear of conventional lake color, and drawn by two spirited bays, was driven up in front of a modest store. The well groomed footman opened the door for a lady richly attired in velvet and sable. It was impossible to judge whether she was young or old, for she was closely veiled, and passed quickly through the swinging doors of the establishment. Although now shielded from public gaze, her courage still deserted her, and, approaching one of the young saleladies, she timidly said: "I would like to see you, miss, in private on a matter of some importance."

The young woman turned for a moment her well poised head, and, catching the eye of another associate, a little more mature, said: "Eugenie, I think this lady would like to see you."

An earnest but subdued conversation then took place between the two women, and then the young lady, who is possessed of a fluent tongue and well versed in her calling, addressed the stranger, who had then removed her veil. "Oh, to be sure, madam, what you wish can be easily done."

This explanation was apparently sufficient, for a moment later the stranger was conducted to the rear of the store and shown into a private room fitted up with velvet lounges and chairs. It was one of a series of similar rooms, each separated from the other by heavy, olive colored portieres.

The lady, having given herself up to the intricacies of the beautifying establishment, was placed in a high revolving chair; her outer garments and bonnet were removed and an apron deftly adjusted around her neck; the face was first washed off with luke-warm water, and care was taken to remove any other deleterious compounds of rival establishments that might have been applied by the hand of an amateur. The skin was then bathed and saturated with a rich liquid resembling cream.

It is the foundation of the whole treatment, and when it had become thoroughly soaked into the pores of the skin its surface was carefully burnished with a piece of chamois leather and the veins painted a deep blue. A peculiar concoction of liquid paint was then introduced, and the tops of the eyes, fleshy parts of each cheek, the tips of the ears and crown of the chin artistically rouged. A fine powder, selected to suit the tint of the lady, was dusted over all. Then followed more polishing. The beautifying artists next turned their attention to the penciling of the eyebrows and lashes.

A CONFIDENTIAL CHAT.

This is the most delicate phase of the entire manipulation, and usually necessitates a consultation with the forewoman as to the peculiar requirements of the case. In this case a selection was made from the grease that was mixed on a porcelain saucer, which contained the fundamental colors of black, brown and blonde, and whose ingredients were said to have been a secret of and held in the highest esteem by the Indian princesses before the Sepoy mutiny. The mixture was applied by a sharp stencil to the eyebrows and lashes, and after another pencil with a chamois point had been drawn under the eyelids to make the contour uniform the transformation was complete. The lady looked at least ten years younger than she did an hour before.

While the beautifying process of the elderly customer was going on a clerk, who was talking to another special visitor who had not yet become a prey to these worldly vagaries, broke into a friendly and confidential vein of conversation, and explained the reason of the old lady's visit.

"You see," she said, "that lady who is undergoing private treatment is probably 60 years old, and when she comes out of this parlor she will not look over 40. We are sure of our premises and the results attained, and so we make no charge for the application, but if the widow has a well filled pocketbook we are certain to relieve her of a goodly sum in the necessary outlay that we will recommend, in the shape of half a dozen bottles of liquid, two boxes of rouge and a full assortment of powders and the magical grease for the eyebrows, together with a corresponding accompaniment of brushes, chamois skins and polishers."

This conversation was interrupted by a dozen ladies jostling against each other to catch the next trip of the elevator. The elevator has been constantly plying up and down all morning, carrying a motley crowd of patrons, who have previously supplied themselves with a fifty cent check and who desired to reach the first floor, where the cutting, trimming and curling of hair are done.

On entering the room it is nothing but a commodious hair dressing saloon, in charge of ten male artists who are all supposed to have been imported direct from Paris, but who revel in the more pronounceable titles of Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith, Mr. Murphy, etc. It differs little from a man's fashionable barber shop, except that it is more crowded and the Babel of tongues, clatter, "scrimmage" and angry looks are more incessant from a long row of some fifty ladies who are waiting their turn.—New York Star.

About Floras.

The flora of Europe embraces about 10,000 species. India has about 15,000. The British possessions in North America, though with an area nearly as large as Europe, has only about 5,000 species. One of the richest floras is that of the Cape of Good Hope and Natal, which figures up about 10,000 species. Australia also is rich in species, about 10,000 being already known. In the West Indies and Guiana there are 4,000.—New Orleans Picayune.

They Like Them Now.

Horse car or "tram" lines are as profitable in London as elsewhere. Dividends are paid by them of from 6 to 8 per cent. annually, and the managers of some of the lines propose to still further increase the profit by substituting electricity for the horses now used. It will be remembered that George Francis Train first introduced tram cars into London, in the face of bitter opposition.—San Francisco Chronicle.

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Directory, Ashland.

SISKIYOU CHAPTER, No. 21, R. A. M.

Regular convocations on the Thursday next after the full moon.

W. H. ATKINSON, H. P.
E B Myer, Sec'y. [9-56

ASHLAND LODGE NO. 23, A. F. & A. M.

Stated communication on the Thursday of or before the full moon.

E. V. MILLS, W. M.
Wm R Lawson, Secretary.

ALPHA CHAPTER NO. 1, O. E. S.

Stated meetings on 1st and 3d Tuesday in each month.

Mrs J D Crocker, W. M.
Miss KATE CHITWOOD, Secretary.

ASHLAND LODGE No. 45.

I. O. O. F.,

Hold regular meetings every Saturday evening at their hall in Ashland. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

D. HIGH, N. G.
W C Roberts, Secretary.

PILOT ROCK ENCAMPMENT NO 16, I O O F

Meets in Odd Fellows's Hall every 2d and 4th Monday in each month. Members in good standing cordially invited to attend.

ROBT TAYLOR, C. P.
N A Jacobs, Scribe.

HOPE REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 14

Meets on the 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month in Odd Fellows's Hall, Ashland.

MRS ANNIE LONG, N. G.
John May, Sec'y.

Ashland Lodge, A. O. U. W

Meets in lodge room in Odd Fellow's Hall every FIRST and THIRD Wednesday in each month. Present hour of meeting 7:00 P. M. All Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

WM. PATTERSON, M. W.
T. W. LYNCH, Recorder.

Knights of Pythias.

GRANITE LODGE, NO. 23, Knights of Pythias, Ashland, Oregon, meets every Friday evening. Visiting Knights in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

W. R. MILLION, C. C.
H. T. CHITWOOD, K. of R. & S.

G. A. R. Burnside Post, No. 23, meets in Masonic Hall on the 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month. Visiting comrades cordially welcomed.

MAX PRACHT, Commander.
J. R. CASEY, Adjutant.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

☞ DUNKARD CHURCH, GRANITE street, Ashland. Preaching every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.

☞ M. E. CHURCH—H P SATCHWELL, Pastor. Services Sabbath School, 9:30. Preaching at 10 A. M., and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 P. M.

☞ FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Ashland, Oregon. Rev. F. G. Strange, pastor. Sabbath services: Preaching morning and evening. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. Young people's meeting at 3 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday evening.

☞ THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL church of Ashland, Rev. G. J. Webster, pastor, corner of Main street and Siskiyou avenue. Morning hour, 10:30; evening hour, 7:30; Sunday school, 12 m.; prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7:30. All are ordially invited to be present.

ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, ETC