

CONN COYLE'S ELDEST

By Charles Kennett Burrow.

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She slipped from Conn's knee after an embrace piteous with entreaty, kissed her mother and the uncle whom she already regarded with a kind of terror and went up quietly to bed. But a week before she would have accepted the proposed change, not indeed, without sorrow, but as part of the necessary road of life. Now it seemed an utter uprooting, terrible as the idea of death.

It was decided that Maggie should go. Frank Power when he made the offer knew it was inevitable and congratulated himself on the brilliant idea which had sent him to see Ellen's eldest girl. Her attractiveness was beyond his hopes; even in his eyes she was pretty, and he saw no more than the shell of her, the accidents of feature and of health. He advanced a meager sum toward the purchase of the necessary outfit, to be repaid, he said, when she was earning for herself.

Maggie's parting from James Phelan was a very simple matter after all. Her heart was too big for speech, and his, if not that, at least prompted him to say no more than might have been overheard with safety by any passer-by.

Mary Cregan, as he knew, had long ears and a longer tongue; it was well to be discreet. But Frank Power, who had a habit of silent prowling, both saw and heard. He said nothing, but that night his lean face looked leaner and his crafty eyes drew closer together under bent brows.

Conn's last words to Maggie were: "Be good, dearie, an' when ye come back we'll be proud av ye."

The change to Maggie from Ballycloher to Belfast was like moving from free air to a close room. Disappointment met her on the threshold of the new life, for the glorious shop which she had imagined, with its plated glass front and sumptuous display of millinery, far finer than anything in Carnore, proved to be a dark little place in a side street, with hardly more room than Mrs. MacDonogh's.

Maggie and a companion worked at one counter, Frank Power and his new partner at another facing it. The new partner was an amiable young man, content, it seemed, to work under his superior's direction and appearing to have no ideas of his own. Power ruled the place. He sat up late at night over his books, long after the household had gone to bed. Once when Maggie came down to fetch something she had forgotten, she found him in his little counting house poring over rows of figures like a man whose life depended on the solution of some fantastic puzzle.

At the sound of her step he rose, white and trembling. Then he cursed her for a plague and drain on him. Afterward he made a whispering apology, accompanied with frigid endearments, which the girl understood less than his rage.

She wrote to Jim, of course, but received no answer. This did not trouble her much, because she knew that he was handier with the tongue than with the pen. She heard from her parents at rare intervals, but in their letters there was naturally no reference to Jim, as she had told them nothing of that incident of her life. So the weeks passed until six months were over.

The expected payment did not begin from that date. She must wait, Power said, until trade was better. Six months or nine had been his words. She should think herself lucky for having clothes and free keep and a friend like his partner to show her the world. At the end of the nine months she asked again and was again put off. But Maggie's idea of a contract was very simple, and she had much too strong a spirit to give in tamely to a superior power.

She pressed, insisted. Power shuffled, wheedled and raged by turns. When she found that no advantage was gained, she determined to appeal to Rloridan.

One evening she had been to his mother's house to tea. Afterward he took her for a sail on the lough. It was as they walked back together that she spoke.

"Mr. Rloridan," she said, "may I ask ye a question?"

"To be sure, Maggie."

"It's nine months now since I ken here, an' at the end av six or nine I was promised some money."

"Quite right, an' haven't ye got it?"

"No," she said, "for ye an honest girl, an' I wish ye no shame."

"God bless ye for the word! Me uncle here wants to save himself, an' it was by that he thought to do it. Mr. Rloridan, will ye let 'im go?"

"He's done his worst for both av us, Maggie. Let the poor divil go an' welcome. There, take ye money an' go, too, child. Don't leave it there for the owld hawk."

She took the packet from the table and said goodby. Rloridan kissed her for the first and last time. For Frank Power she could summon neither word nor gesture of farewell.

She went straight to the station and found that a train left for the south in half an hour. To buy her ticket the packet had to be opened. She found, in addition to the money which Power had withheld, a five pound note. At the last moment she remembered that she had left the shawl behind.

When she reached Carnore, twilight was falling. The sight of the familiar white tower and the long, uphill stretch of the Ballycloher road brought back to her in full flood the long lost sense of freedom. As she walked, her hurried breath almost broke into happy sobbing. The only pause she made was by the wayside elm.

She had been too distressed in the morning to think of sending any notice of her coming, so that as she neared the cottage no one was peering out to get the first sight of her. At the door she paused and listened. A single child's voice reached her—it was Barney, saying his prayers. A moment later she was overwhelmed with welcomes, the center of a chaos of laughter and tears.

When things had quieted down and she was sitting with Conn's arm round her neck and a couple of children on her lap, she said suddenly:

"Ach, let me feel the flure ag'in. Get down, dears, while I take me shoes an' stockings off. I niver liked them, an', sure, it'd be no holiday at all wid them things."

That night Rloridan returned with her to the shop, where Power was at his usual work with the books. Maggie went to bed and slept more happily than she had done since the world had changed for her. But all night in the little counting house Frank Power stood at bay, until at last, stripped bare of lying and subtlety, his partner saw him for what he was—a swindler and a thief. But Rloridan in his anger let slip a word of his love for Maggie.

After breakfast, just before the day's business commenced, Rloridan called her aside and slipped a packet into her hand.

"That's the money," he said. "Ye may go when ye like."

"An' when will I be back, Mr. Rloridan?"

"Ah, well, we'll think av that," He untied a parcel. It contained spin silk shawls, an unprofitable investment for that neighborhood.

"I'm thinkin'," he said, blushing to his hair, "that wan av these'd shute ye fine. Just choose wan, Maggie."

"Ah, ye're too good, Mr. Rloridan. What'd I do wid the like av that?"

"We'll see," he said. "Ye've owld stock," he added diffidently, "an' anyway something'll be saved if ye take it. We'll not be here much longer."

"Are ye goin' to lave the shop?"

"Aye, that's it. We've ended the partnership."

"I think mustn't I come back?"

"I think it's goodby, Maggie, whin ye go. But we'll see later."

He laid the shawl aside. "I'll parcel it up for ye," he said.

Before Maggie could answer her uncle's voice called to her from the little parlor behind the counting house. Power was leaning with his elbows on the table, where the breakfast things still remained.

"Sit down, Maggie," he said. She obeyed him. He lifted a cup as though to drink, then put it down again and moistened his lips with his tongue.

"I'm hard driven," he said, "an' it's ye can help me."

"Hard driven," he repeated. "An' me gettin' an owld man. I mean no harm, but the luck was dead ag'in me. I niver had a chance—a poor man's always kep' down."

"I thought ye were rich, uncle."

"Rich! I'm not worth the price av me funeral, an' prison's starin' me in the face."

"But ye've done nothin' wrong. They can't put ye away for bein' poor."

"But they can for stealin', child, an' that's what I was drove to, God help me! Aye, this mornin' I might be took!"

He shivered and drew a hand across his moist face.

"Ye a thief?"

"That's the word, an' ye may throw it at me," he wailed. "Maggie, there's only wan can save me, an' that's ye—self."

"Ye've only this," she said and put the packet Rloridan had given her on the table.

"That's no good!" he cried. "It's ye an' no money. It's me partner, John Rloridan, I've robbed, an' ye can save me name. If ye'd marry him, he'd forgive me an' not say a word."

"Can't," said Maggie. "He asked me last night, an' I said 'No,' for there's another I belong to."

"Ye said 'No,' God save us! Where's ye yinself? Let the other wan go."

"I can't."

"Ye must for the sake of the name! Would ye have yer own mother's brother put in jail?"

"Mr. Rloridan'll not be hard," she said.

"Would ye be so grateful?" cried Power, his tense nerves giving way to the press of anger. "Didn't I take ye from the dirt an' feed ye like me own child? Did I do it all for nothin'? An' who's the other ye fancy? The boy I saw ye wid wan night at Ballycloher?"

"Praps he'll be the wan av sint ye a letter that I'd be sint to stop."

"Ye did that?" she cried, "for face flannin'." "Ye dared to do that? Ach, ye coward! An' ye brought me here to kape ye out av jail? God forgive ye for a black hearted man!"

She disregarded Power's restraining gesture and ran into the shop. Rloridan had just finished wrapping up the shawl.

"Mr. Rloridan, come in here a mornin'," she said. He followed her. When the door was closed, she turned and faced him.

"If I said I'd marry ye," she cried, "would ye have me, knowin' well that I loved another man?"

"No," he said, "for ye an honest girl, an' I wish ye no shame."

"Let me take them aff!" shrieked Barney.

"Do, boy," said Conn. While Barney was at work Conn said, "We'd great times here yesterday, Maggie."

"What was it?"

"A weddin', sure."

"Who's married now, then?"

"James Phelan. He married Mary Cregan. They'd bin courtin' this six months."

"Maggie," said Barney, "show us the thrick wid yer toes."

"What's wrong, asthore?" asked Conn.

"Nothin'," she said; "but the flure feels cold. I'll soon be used to it."

"JUST MAKING BELIEVE."

One Way to Make This Dull Old World Seem Brighter.

There is many a failure on the part of "grown ups" to comprehend the mental processes of their imaginative superiors—the children. Some clumsy person calls the most charming device of fancy "another of those naughty fibs." By that condemnation he sets up a well nigh impassable barrier between himself and the childish dreamer.

Not long ago a grown up was accosted on the street by a dainty maiden of four, who added a bright good morning and then said, "Isn't there going to be a weddin' down there?" pointing across the square.

"I think not," said the obtuse adult. "I haven't heard of any weddin'."

"Are you sure? I think there's going to be one," persisted the little maiden.

"I don't see any flowers or carriages, and I guess you are mistaken," replied the champion of dull fact.

Then the tiny pleader drew nearer, and with an entreating touch of her hand and a voice lowered on account of the fairies she breathes:

"Please say there's going to be a weddin'. I'm just making believe."

Could the power of imagination go further? Could there be a simpler device for turning this dull world into a garden of flowers and sweet music than this same gentle "making believe?"

Imagination often proves to be the door that opens into a high philosophy of life. We all remember Dickens' brave little marchioness. "Did you ever taste orange peel and water?" she demanded of the exulting Scroogelike. He replied that he never had tasted that ardent beverage.

"If you make believe very much, it's very nice," said the small servant, "but if you don't, you know, it seems as if it would bear a little more seasoning certainly."

As long as life has its ups and downs it is by no means impossible that to us all, old as well as young, there may come a time when we shall be glad to have acquired the accomplishment of making believe very much.—Youth's Companion.

A Disappointed Kentuckian.

At the time when John G. Carlisle was senator from Kentucky his speeches were widely printed and attracted a great deal of attention. One day when the senate was in session a mountaineer from the wildest wilds of Kentucky presented himself at the door and asked to see Senator Carlisle.

The visitor wore homespun and leather boots and was travel stained and dusty. He explained that he had read Mr. Carlisle's speeches and considered them great, and had walked more than a hundred miles in order to see the senator from his state. Mr. Carlisle was busy at the time, and the clerk informed the visitor that he could not be disturbed. The farmer looked disappointed and seemed reluctant to depart. Finally he asked if he might be taken where he could just catch a glimpse of the great man he had walked so far to see.

The request was granted, and Mr. Carlisle was pointed out to him. After a brief scrutiny the farmer turned to the attendant:

"Rinds a heap better'n he looks," he remarked sentimentally, and prepared to walk back home.—New York Times.

The Electric Eel Is Very Old.

Certain species of electric fishes have been known from very early times. Occasionally we find people ascribing mysterious powers to them both of good and evil. It is certain that the Abyssinians knew an electric eel and used it "as a remedy for nervous diseases," and the Hindus and other nations of the east in times past were also conscious of its powers. Humboldt describes an old method of capturing this eel practiced by the East Indians, which consisted in driving horses into waters inhabited by the eel and allowing the eels to exhaust themselves by attacking the horses with their electric organs, when they were "easily harpooned by the Indians."

But subsequent travelers in the same parts where Humboldt says the custom was practiced have denied the report, and it is now not generally believed. However, the electric eel has been known to those people for centuries.

Wanted to Watch Them.

The czar of all the Russias has never felt safe or at home among his subjects. To show the feeling of insecurity which was entertained by the Emperor Nicholas I. Bismarck used to tell the following story, which is one of Poschinger's collected "Conversations With Prince Bismarck."

The court physician had prescribed massage for some ailment of the czar, who, however, was unable to find a single person in his household to whom he cared to intrust the task. At his wife's end, he at last applied to Frederick William IV. for a few non-commissioned officers of the Prussian guard.

These were sent, and after the completion of the rubbing, cure returned to Berlin heavily laden with presents.

"So long as I can look my Russians in the face," said Nicholas, "all is well; but I will not risk letting them work away at my back."

The Cossack's Whip.

People who are unacquainted with Russia and who read of street disturbances being suppressed by the Cossacks with their whips have little idea of what formidable weapons these are. Made of hard leather and tapering to a fine point, they are triangular in shape, and the Cossack who knows how to bring the edge down upon his victim can inflict a wound that is not infrequently fatal. A favorite stroke is one by which the eye and a portion of the cheek are cut.

TRAINING OF HORSES

CAREFUL HANDLING TO FIT THEM FOR CIRCUS TRICKS.

The Candidate For Ring Honors Must Have Special Qualities Well Developed—Horses Can Be Coaxed, Like a Child, but Not Forced.

"A trainer must possess two qualifications before he can successfully educate a horse to do the tricks seen in a circus—he must possess kindness and perseverance."

"A veteran trainer selects his horses with as much care as a society woman plans a party given. The candidate for the future applause of the circus goes people of the world must be handsome in color, as near perfect as possible in conformation and possess an even temperament. His eyes must be large and devoid of the least trace of viciousness, he must hold his ears pointed slightly forward, and he must have a sensible looking head, broad between the eyes. Horses that lay back their ears at the approach of a man, who nip viciously at every passerby and whose eyes plainly demonstrate a mean disposition are discarded. A trainer will handle no animal of this kind."

"Once the candidate is selected he is shipped to the winter quarters of the circus and assigned to a comfortable stall in a large, clean, well ventilated barn tenanted by several hundred beauties of his kind. Good hay and oats are his in abundance, and for several days he is allowed to rest and become familiar with his surroundings. The trainer visits him daily and by speaking kindly and occasionally giving the animal a bit of sugar gains his confidence. After a time the horse begins to whinny at the approach of the trainer, and the bond of friendship is thus quickly cemented."

"Then comes the first lesson. The candidate is introduced to the training ring constructed near the barn and allowed to wander about at will. He smells the sawdust, the pedestals and the harness and ropes that will soon be buckled about his body and then, horse-like, lies down in the center of the ring and enjoys a good rest."

"If the horse refuses to obey, a quick pull on the rope draws his leg from under him, and he is forced to stop. Only a few demonstrations of this kind are necessary to show the horse that he must stop when the command is given."

"After these preliminaries are satisfactorily accomplished the equine pupil is taught to kneel first on one knee, then on the other and finally on both. All this is accomplished by drawing up the front legs, one at a time, thus forcing him down. His knees are padded to prevent injury, and every time he is forced down the command to kneel is given, and the animal is petted and reassured with kind words until finally he kneels at the word."

"It is in these preliminary lessons that a good performer is made or spoiled. The instructor must be firm and resolute, but kind, always kind. A horse is like a child; you may coax him, but you can't force without spoiling his disposition. The animal quickly notices any show of ill temper or roughness on the part of the instructor and resents it by becoming balky and obstinate. Blows or harsh punishment only make him worse. You frequently hear people assert that animals are beaten into submission in teaching their tricks. People who say this never saw the inside of the training quarters of a modern circus. A horse or any other animal conquered in this way is never reliable and is apt to spoil a performance by an outbreak of bad temper, besides being dangerous to handle."

"The next lesson for the horse is the art of lying down and remaining motionless until the word is given to rise. This information is imparted to the horse in a manner similar to the kneeling lesson. An ingenious harness makes it possible for the trainer to draw the horse down on a soft bed of hay without injuring him. When the horse willingly lies down at the word of command, he is taught to sit upon his haunches and then is gradually drilled into the other tricks that always draw applause from children and adults alike."

"It is usually an easy matter to teach a horse to stand upon a pedestal, to walk, rear on his hind legs and march in unison with equine companions after these simple lessons are thoroughly learned and the horse understands the trainer is his friend and not his enemy. The horse of average intelligence learns quickly as soon as he realizes what is required of him. The main requisite on the trainer's part is patience, and if a man hasn't got this, and lots of it, he had better get out of the business. If he gets excited or impatient and goes to hauling the horse about unnecessarily, the animal is sure to become uneasy and fretful, and a little experience of this kind will spoil him."

"The better bred a horse is the more intelligence it has and the more apt it is to make a good performer, provided it has been handled properly from colthood. All high bred horses, however, are nervous and require kind treatment in order to insure good results."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

People who are unacquainted with Russia and who read of street disturbances being suppressed by the Cossacks with their whips have little idea of what formidable weapons these are. Made of hard leather and tapering to a fine point, they are triangular in shape, and the Cossack who knows how to bring the edge down upon his victim can inflict a wound that is not infrequently fatal. A favorite stroke is one by which the eye and a portion of the cheek are cut.

BIRTH OF AN ICEBERG.

The Dramatic Experience of Two Antarctic Explorers.

Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink, commander of the antarctic expedition of 1898, nearly lost his life by an accident of a nature so peculiar that it is probable no other man could duplicate the experience. At the foot of Mount Terror in February, 1890, he landed from his ship with Captain Jensen and three other men. Then, wishing to take a picture of the shore, he sent his boat back to the vessel to get a camera, and he and Captain Jensen were left alone on the rough beach. Before the boat returned a strange and awful thing happened. Mr. Borchgrevink told the story in the Outlook:

"A roar and a rush, with tremendous explosions, shook the beach. The thought came to us that the perpendicular rocks above us were falling. Then we realized what was taking place. The mighty glacier immediately to the west of us was giving birth to an iceberg."

"Millions of tons of ice plunged into the ocean. We could see nothing but an immense cloud of rolling snow. The water rose from the plunge of this antarctic monarch. I sang out to Jensen, 'Now we shall have to face the wave!'"

"We rushed to the highest point of our limited beach, four feet above the sea. We saw advancing on us a dark green ridge with a white crest. I called to Jensen to struggle for dear life. We clutched the uneven rocks, with our backs toward the advancing wave. Although it could not have taken more than seven minutes the time seemed long before the water closed over our heads."

"Floating upward, scurrying upon the rocks, I tore the nails from my flesh in my endeavor to keep from being dragged out. After the second wave we again felt the rocks under our feet."

"At the place where Jensen and I first stood the rock was wet twenty feet above our heads. It was somewhat lower when it struck us. Where the wave had struck with full force the face of the rock had been altered, and rocks were still falling when the three men in the boat found us, bleeding and torn."

"Two facts had saved us. To our right a small peninsula of ice protruded some five feet from the rock, and the rock itself bent toward the west. From the moment it struck the curve of the mountain rock to the west of us the wave took a course more easterly than where Jensen and I stood."

APHORISMS.

When in doubt, tell the truth.—Samuel Clemens.

What makes life dreary is want of motive.—George Eliot.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—Charles Lamb.

He is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted.—Gladstone.

If you will be cherished when you are old, be courteous when you are young.—John Lyly.

If you would hit the target, aim a little above it. Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.—Longfellow.

There is nothing so powerful as example. We put others straight by walking straight ourselves.—Mme. Swetchine.

Have a purpose in life, and having it throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.—Carlyle.

Formerly we were guided by the wisdom of our ancestors. Now we are hurried along by the wisdom of our descendants.—Horne.

Faith.

A mother in one of the suburbs of New York, wishing to prepare the minds of her two children for a coming event of great importance, told them that if they would like to have a little brother or sister she thought if they prayed earnestly every night and morning God would send them one.

In due time the desired baby arrived, to the children's great delight and evidently to the strengthening of their faith, for the next day the father came into his wife's room, saying:

"Look here, Lizzie, this thing has got to stop. I just went into the parlor and found both those children on their knees praying as hard as they could for goats!"—New York Times.

Airy Persiflage at Sea.

The ship groaned.

But the elderly young thing who was talking to the captain was a good sailor and didn't mind a bit of rough weather.

"Doesn't it seem unnecessarily cruel, captain," she said, "to box a compass?"

"Not any more so, miss," he replied grimly, "than to paddle a canoe."

And the ship groaned some more.—Chicago Tribune.

The Lacking Stroke.

"Do you think it would improve my style?" inquired the variety man who had got into the crew through favoritism, "if I were to acquire a faster stroke?"

"It would improve the crew," replied the candid trainer, "if you got a paralytic stroke."—Tit-Bits.

Too High.

"He has such high ideals!" she told her father.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "that's the trouble. Why couldn't you have been satisfied with a less expensive husband?"—Detroit Free Press.

If you are of a more grateful disposition than your neighbor, don't take credit to yourself. It may be that you are older.—Aitchison Globe.

Blessings Born of Sorrows.

The world's greatest blessings have come out of its greater sorrows. Said Goethe, "I never had an affliction which did not turn into a poem." No doubt the best music and poetry in all literature had a like origin, if we could only know its whole story. It is universally true that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song." Nothing really worth while in life's lessons comes easily and without pain and cost.

A Terrible Death Punishment.

In England during the reign of Henry VIII, the public mind became greatly excited through several cases of poisoning, and parliament enacted a law making boiling to death the penalty. This law was on the statute books about sixteen years. It was made retroactive, so as to take in a case that chiefly prompted its enactment—that of Richard Rosse, otherwise Coke, the bishop of Rochester's cook, who poisoned seventeen persons, two of whom died. Coke was boiled at Rochester. The infliction was attended with peculiar cruelty, as Coke was put into a cauldron of cold water and gradually cooked to death.

A few years later, in March, 1542, a young woman named Margaret Davy was punished in a similar way on conviction of poisoning. The public were not satisfied as to her guilt, and, notwithstanding the comparatively slow travel of news in those days, the story of Margaret Davy's trial and punishment soon spread through the kingdom and aroused universal horror. Boiling to death remained on the statute books, however, as long as Henry reigned, perhaps because the monarch himself had a dread of being poisoned. Immediately after his death parliament repealed the law.

Consular Clerks.

The law provides for thirteen consular clerks and fixes their pay for the first five years of service at \$1,000, but allows them actual expenses when traveling or serving in foreign lands, which is usually the case. They are appointed by the president and serve practically for life. The statute governing their tenure provides that a consular clerk "shall not be removed from office except for cause, stated in writing, which shall be submitted to congress at the session first following such removal." This is the only instance in the history of the United States where the house of representatives has a direct interest in an office in the executive branch of the government. In practically all presidential appointments the concurrence of the senate is essential, but this is the only case where congress as a body has an interest.—Washington Star.

The Legend of Roquefort Cheese.

Roquefort cheese, like many other unique food productions, has its legend of accidental origin. A shepherd lad, having for once more lunched than he could eat, while tending his flock of sheep, laid a large portion of his bread and cheese upon a natural shelf in one of the cavernous nooks. Boylike, he forgot all about it until several months later on returning to that cavern he found his luncheon. The cheese, instead of being dried up or rotten, was rich, moist and creamy and streaked with greenish blue veins of mold, the remains of the bread which had lain on or under it. He probably told his mother of his discovery and shared his piece of cheese with others. The villagers were quick to recognize the improved texture and quality of the cheese, and henceforth all their cheeses were taken to these caves to ripen.

The caves are owned by a joint stock company, who employ about six hundred women to tend the cheese. Oak shelves on which the cheeses are placed and so arranged that each cheese may have one side next the cold wall of the cave give over 65,000 square yards of storing room.

Shooting Stars.

The shooting stars are small bodies, weighing at most a few pounds and consisting mainly of iron and carbon. They traverse space in swarms and also revolve around the sun in long, elliptical courses, like the comets. When these little bodies enter the earth's orbit, they are deflected toward the earth, and great numbers are seen in a single night.

Mosquitoes and Strawberries.

Mosquitoes and strawberries make a queer combination certainly, but that is what the people in the neighborhood of Mount St. Elias can boast of in a region of perpetual ice and snow. Along the edge of the glacier, it is said, is a strip of luxuriant vegetation, where strawberry vines cover the ground for miles.

A Domestic Jar.

"My brain is on fire!" tragically exclaimed Mrs. Bob as she threw herself down upon the sofa.

"Why don't you blow it out?" absent-mindedly replied Bob, deeply absorbed in the newspapers. And then he dodged a flying hairbrush.

An Honest Horse Trade.

"I'll have you arrested for making false representations. I bought that horse of you only because you told me he had a record."

"Very true,