

DEATH OF EX-SENATOR DAVIS.

An Old and Prominent Citizen of Illinois Breaches His Last.

Judge David Davis died at his home in Bloomington, Ill., on the 27th. He sank into a comatose state twelve hours before the end and passed peacefully away, surrounded by his family. The cause of Mr. Davis' death was Bright's disease of the kidneys, aggravated by a weakened condition of his system, dating from the time when he became affected with a carbuncle. The following brief biographical sketch of the deceased is from the Omaha Bee:

Judge David Davis was a prominent and distinguished figure in the politics of the country for the past twenty years. He was born in Cecil county, Maryland, March 9, 1815, was educated in Kenyon college, and studied law in the State of New York. He followed the tide of settlers to the west in 1830 and settled in Bloomington, Ill., which has ever since been his home. He was a member of the Illinois legislature in 1844-45, and a member of the constitutional convention which drafted the constitution of that state in 1847. The following year he was elected judge of the Eighth judicial district and was re-elected in 1855 and again in 1861. On the bench he displayed signal ability and impartiality, and was elevated to the United States supreme bench by President Lincoln in October, 1862. The anti-Grant movement which began in 1870 and culminated in the nomination of Horace Greely two years later, found in Judge Davis a strong supporter, and his admirers in both the independent republican and democratic parties strongly urged him for the empty chair in the Senate which fell to the founder of the New York Tribune. He, however, secured that year the nomination of the national labor reform party for the presidency. During the stirring and anxious days following the election of 1876-7, and before the result was determined by the decision of the electoral college, the republicans of Illinois quietly acquiesced in the movement to elect Judge Davis to the United States senate. This had a two-fold object—to retire him from the supreme bench and make certain the election of R. B. Hayes to the presidency. The plan worked successfully, he was elected in 1877, and Hayes was declared president. During his term in the senate that body was closely divided politically and on party questions the balance of power was held by Judge Davis. The republicans nominated him for president pro tem and he was elected over Thomas F. Bayard, the democratic nominee.

Judge Davis was married in 1833 to a lady many years his junior. He was remarkable for great mental powers and physical dimensions—weighing at one time over 400 pounds. He has been in poor health for the last two years, and he finally succumbed to a skeleton. His weight at the time of his death was not much over 150 pounds. He leaves an estate valued at about \$300,000.

A WEAPON AGAINST BOYCOTTERS.

Birmingham (N. Y.) dispatch: A new weapon against the boycott was brought out here today. John H. Dann, John Doyle, Edward Barnes and George Sauspaugh, cigar makers were arrested under the federal laws for boycotting Fred J. Hill, a cigar manufacturer. It is claimed that Hill, by paying his internal revenue tax, thereby acquired the right, under the internal revenue laws, to manufacture cigars and that the right so acquired is a right secured by the laws of the United States within the intent and meaning of section 5508, under which the action is brought. This section provides that if two or more persons "conspire to injure, oppress, threaten or intimidate any citizen of the United States in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the constitution or laws of the United States they are subject to an extreme penalty of \$5,000 fine and ten years imprisonment."

MR. SPARKS'S REPLY.

Commissioner Sparks, in reply to a request from the secretary of the interior for a recommendation in the matter of the application of the state of Kansas for a reconsideration of the previous decision of the interior department, upon the claim of the state of Kansas for additional lands under the agricultural college act of 1862, has recommended that the application be granted. Under this act the state claims the right to select 7,682 acres of land in addition to a like number selected in 1864, alleging that the lands were not legally conveyed to the double minimum price as fixed in the previous decision.

At Waterville, Maine, eleven men, employed by Norton & Purinton, partook of lunch for breakfast and were prostrated by violent purging and vomiting, exhibiting symptoms of poisoning. Their recovery is doubtful.

STANFORD AND MEISSONIER.

The Californian Gives the Painter Points on His Art.

Mr. Stanford, of California, has a portrait of himself by Meissonier, painted in Paris when the senator was there a few years back, writes a Washington correspondent of *The Californian*. The price was \$10,000. It is not considered to be a good Irish likeness, and very few portraits of Americans by French artists are. That intuition for truth and the habit of getting at it which portrait painters of the British and American schools possess the French gives way to his artistic disquisitions; he is always searching for something which shall improve one's nature. I have often spoken of the American inventor in France who wanted some portraits made for a machine he was building to spin silk automatically. He went to the best pattern-makers in Paris, and not a pattern could he get precisely like his model, which all the French with whom he had little more about than he did. Finally he had to send to the United States for the pattern he desired to do in France. Mr. Stanford gave Meissonier a good many sittings, about three hours for each. A curious incident happened with regard to one of the most celebrated pictures of the artist. He had painted for Mr. Stewart, of New York, the dry goods man, one of his largest and most impressive pictures—a battle, where Napoleon is sending in his Guards, and as they go past him they salute him. Mr. Stanford, who had spent \$200 in photographing horses in motion. He observed, among other things, that when horses were in rapid motion, or galloping, they never struck on their toes, but on their heels firmly, because they would have fallen and broken their necks. He observed that the foremost figure of the officer, whose saber is up in the air, was going in such a way that his horse would strike on the toe. So, seeing the first drawing of this at Meissonier's studio, while the artist and sister were conversing on the subject of how the horses moved, Mr. Stanford said: "Will you bring that horse forward a few feet in the same action he is now making?" "I will," said Mr. Stanford, "certainly that the horse would not strike on his heel if he continued the action." Meissonier continued the movement, and in a moment he perceived that what the two men had been talking about convinced him, and his special forte was drawing horses; he had horse models with all their anatomy movable, especially about the legs and feet. He turned to his model and brought the animal forward, and he suddenly perceived that his great canvas had made an anatomical mistake. He put his hands on his hair and began to race around his studio like a man who had lost his wits.

POSTAL CLERKS ON THEIR EAR.

Reports That the Resignations of Several Hundred Will be Sent to Washington.

Indianapolis special: The opinion is general in this division of the postal service that several hundred postal clerks will go out next week. The executive committee will meet Friday, and there seems to be no doubt that the resignations in its keeping will be promptly forwarded to the postmaster general. All of the members of the brotherhood in this division feel especially bitter toward the chief head clerk in this city, and they are indulging in some pretty harsh criticisms, alleging that he wormed himself into their confidence, and used his position to betray them. This feeling led to a spirited scene at the depot between Head Clerk Wolfe, of the Pittsburg and Western, and the local chief head clerk, in which the former was out-poken in his opinion. Wolfe is a man of high standing in the ranks of the executive committee, and a majority of the dismission of the other day, and from this it is argued that there is no doubt that all the members will be ordered out. It is further stated that the head clerks have resolved not to "shoo" their boss to get out the breaks caused by the dismission, and this will probably precipitate a crisis, even if the executive committee is slow to act. It is believed that the postal authorities are contemplating a break for within the next few days. It is reported, several clerks who were approached with a proposition looking to their re-employment as clerks. Trouble of some kind may be anticipated in this division, also. The Sixth, and possibly it may extend where ever the secret organization exists.

A committee will be selected to visit Washington and wait on the postmaster general for the purpose of procuring from him a definite statement as to what the clerks may expect in future as to their official future. An officer of the brotherhood states that this committee will surely be sent, despite the action already taken by the department in removing clerks, and the intention of the organization will not be changed, even should further removals be made before the meeting of Friday.

THE STATEMENTS OF PARNELL.

Lord Salisbury Denounces Them as Utterly Untrue.

LONDON, June 29.—Lord Salisbury has written for publication a letter denying in detail every assertion made by Mr. Parnell concerning the alleged negotiations made on behalf of the late conservative government to secure Irish support in return for the concession of home rule. He pronounces every one of the statements as "baseless fabrications." He says: "It is false that Mr. Parnell was given reason to believe that if the conservatives were in power after the general elections they would give him a statutory parliament. No body connected with the government gave any such indication. It is false that the cabinet were secretly leaning in favor of such a concession. It is false that Lord Carnarvon urged such a concession on the cabinet; it is therefore false that the cabinet did not refuse such a concession until the polls were against us. It is false that Lord Carnarvon urged a statutory parliament for six months; it is therefore false that he urged it without the cabinet opposing it to any extent. It is false that after the result of the polls were ascertained the cabinet swayed around because it never had the slightest inclination toward a statutory parliament. I need hardly add that the story that the land purchase bill was passed in defiance of a desperate and notified cabinet is simply impossible, because the bill had already passed the house of lords and the government had publicly pledged itself to the bill. The government resolved upon this course long before it entered office, a month before August 1."

A BLOODY RIOT.

PARIS, June 29.—Thirty thousand people went last night to witness the performance in the immense hall circus at Nimes on the departure of Gard. The entertainment had been extensively advertised to be given under electric lights.

The lights went out soon after the performance began, and owing to the defective apparatus could not be relit. The people became enraged and tore down the electric wires and made a bonfire in the arena of them and the furniture.

Troops had to be called to restore order, which they only succeeded in doing after a desperate and notified cabinet is simply impossible, because the bill had already passed the house of lords and the government had publicly pledged itself to the bill. The government resolved upon this course long before it entered office, a month before August 1."

PROSECUTING THE DRUGGISTS.

St. Louis City special, Judge Walker has taken the cases against druggists of this county for not complying with the requirements of the state liquor statutes under advisement. The court was occupied all day in hearing arguments on a motion of the defendants to dismiss the cases, and after a long and tedious hearing the judge has rendered his verdict. In connection with these cases it is certain that the temperance people are preparing to make an attack all along the line. Just what shape the prosecution will assume and under what leadership carried on does not yet appear.

BECKER AND GLADSTONE.

Liverpool dispatch: Henry Ward Beecher was interviewed last evening after the great liberal mass meeting and was asked by a reporter of the Liverpool Post what he thought of Mr. Gladstone's speech. He said: "Mr. Gladstone's speech was luminous and powerful. It delighted me. I told Mr. Gladstone I was too much overcome to express my appreciation of his speech, and that it had given me a greater insight into Irish affairs than I ever had before. Mr. Gladstone said in reply: 'I take that as a compliment, for you are as competent to judge as anybody.'"

NEGROES ON THEIR MURDER.

SAVANNAH, Ga., June 28.—The Coaches' Club, an organization of negro drivers, started on an excursion to Beaufort, S. C., today. While crossing Calhoun Sound, Griffin City, they shot and killed Bob Watts. In the fight that followed four negroes were badly cut, one Ben Chipp being seriously wounded. A question of jurisdiction is likely to arise, as it is not settled whether the steamer was in Georgia or South Carolina waters at the time of the killing. Devlin and three others are under arrest. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of wilful murder.

THE ARKANSAS DEMOCRATS.

The Arkansas democratic state convention met at Little Rock on the 30th. The convention nominated the following ticket: For governor, Hughes; treasurer, Woodruff; land commissioner, Cobbs; attorney general, Jones; judge of the supreme court, Battle; secretary of state, Moore, and superintendent of public instruction, Thompson.

A RECKLESS MAN JUGGED.

Ottumwa (Iowa) special: Kinsley Jordan, or as he is commonly known, "Stormy Jordan," the most notorious saloon keeper in the state, has just been jailed for violation of the prohibition law and will have to serve 300 days in jail. He kept the notorious saloon at the Ottumwa depot whose sign bore the legend, "The Road to Hell."

It is reported in London that Mr. W. E. Grant Duff, president of the Madras province of India, intends to resign as a protest against Gladstone's Irish policy.

CROCKER'S EYESORE.

The Fence Built by the Railroad Magnate About a Neighbor's Lot.

The stranger in San Francisco who goes about to view the dwellings of the rich is struck with wonder at a singular monument which rears its unsightly shape on Sacramento street, between Taylor and Jones. On all sides but one it looks like an overgrown ice house, and as it stands within the broad shadow of the palatial home of Charles Crocker, the observer who does not lack before appearances is disposed to view eternal admiration of a love for cooling beverages which manifests itself by the keeping of a sheltered ice-berg so near to one's door. This conclusion, however, is erroneous. The other side of the mysterious structure tells the story. It is entirely open to the street, and as the eye plunges into a genuine *cave-audience*, it also reflects the surprising fact that there is no roof overhead. The enclosure is no ice-house, but a mere pen, minus a gate. It is formed by a heavy, leaden-colored fence about twenty feet high, with a level and continuous coping on top, and strongly braced at short intervals on the outside. It encloses, in fact, a building lot, thirty-six feet wide by ninety long, in which a variety of exuberant weeds hold riotous sway the year round.

About nine years ago a house stood there, the property of a wealthy undertaker named Yung. When Charles Crocker had secured the whole of the square plot which his residence occupies, except this parallelogram, he was willing to pay dearly for it. Mr. Yung knew that the lot was worth a great deal more to his affluent and powerful neighbor than to any one else. When Mr. Crocker made him an offer he demanded a much higher sum. After a while the would-be-purchaser resolved to pay the price, when he found that it had again been raised. This experience was repeated several times. Mr. Crocker's final offer was \$20,000, but Yung wanted \$25,000. Then the millionaire found himself at the end of his patience, and he registered a solemn vow never to buy the lot from its then owner. Furthermore, as the presence of a dwelling so near his own mansion, into whose ample rooms it looked, was a cause of hourly annoyance, he gave orders to have a tall fence erected around the lot, shutting out all view on three sides of it. The lot was then a good deal lower than the grounds surrounding the Crocker mansion. The fence was built almost thirty feet high, and intercepted every ray of sunshine that did not descend almost vertically. Mr. Yung may have repented of his obduracy, but he made no sign. The vengeance of Mr. Crocker was comparatively complete. The enemy beyond the fence did not venture into litigation, and after a year or two the house, which has been put in blinders, as it were, was removed and the lot was left vacant. It was subsequently leveled up to the grade of the Crocker grounds. The fence was blown down, but a new one was erected a score of feet high.

It is still there. Charles Crocker professes the greatest indifference as to whether the lot ever becomes his or not. Intimate friends, however, confess that it has been a sort of thorn in his side, and it will probably, therefore, be good news to him to learn that there is at last a prospect of its being plucked out, and without it being necessary for him to break his vow. Mr. Yung, the undertaker, is dead, and his widow is well enough to do to disdain the consideration of a few thousand dollars as a hopeful incentive to the keeping of a persistent clutch upon a property that is to her useless. People on California street will be astonished about two weeks ago to see the sign "For sale" posted up in lofty conspicuousness on Mr. Crocker's dismal fence. The agents are a well-known firm on Montgomery street. Inquiry at their office revealed the fact that Mrs. Yung, the widow of the deceased undertaker, is far less exorbitant in her expectations than he was. She asks \$12,500 for the lot, which is equal to \$363 a front foot. It is understood, however, that these figures are far from being her ultimatum.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Advertise Your Town.

In this busy, bustling age, when everything goes at lightning speed, the man who sits supinely down and waits for the procession to catch up, is apt to find, when he wakes and rubs his eyes, that the procession has gone by while he slept, and that he must do some pretty tall running to overtake it. As with the individual, so it is with the city or town. To rely upon natural advantages is to allow those advantages to go unimproved, and to cultivate a large crop of lost opportunities and faded hopes. The man who undertakes to do business without advertising, in some sort, has leisure for much reverie and contemplation, and pleases the sheriff, who is sure, sooner or later, to form an attachment for him; but he does not create any sensation until the sheriff makes a public announcement at his expense, or the newspapers give him a free advertisement. The city that thinks it can grow and thrive without the aid of judicious and persistent advertisement, will find itself dropping back towards the rear of the procession.—*Texas Farm and Ranch*.

Tarred Floors.

Some months ago the floors of many Austrian garrisons were painted with tar, and the results have proved so uniformly advantageous that the method is becoming greatly extended in its application. The collection of dust in cracks is thus prevented, and a consequent diminution in irritative diseases of the eye has been noticed. Cleaning of the rooms has been greatly facilitated, and parasites are almost completely excluded. The coating of tar is inexpensive, requires renewal but once yearly, and presents but one disadvantage, viz., its somber color.—*Medical News*.

A recent rain-storm in Texas is described as having been "a regular root-soaker and gully-washer."

GALWAY.

A Port Without Commerce Situated in a Wonderfully Picturesque Country.

An Ancient and Ivy-Clad Ruin that is Now and Then Haunted by a Wicked Druidess.

The Scenery of Achill.

A foreign enemy wishing to settle in Ireland could not select a better point than Galway bay, writes a correspondent of *The New York Times*. At the center of the island on the northwest coast it is within three days' march of Dublin, so that in the period before the railways the power which held these two cities out Ireland asunder, especially if Athlone on the Shannon were secured. By such a line Ulster and Connaught were separated from Leinster and Munster. The name Galway indicates that it was settled by foreigners, but it is uncertain whether the name was applied from early Norse settlers or the Welsh-Norman adventurers of the twelfth century. And as it is so central Galway is to-day the best place for effecting a peaceful landing, guide book in hand, from a transatlantic steamer. The line of steamers that once plied between New York and this old town was discontinued, owing to continual mishaps, occasioned, it is firmly believed in Ireland, by treacherous pilots in the pay of owners of rival lines at Liverpool. In consideration of the great saving of time to passengers by landing them here rather than in Liverpool the harbor of Galway was arranged for an extensive American commerce and a hotel built. But when a steamer was run on the rocks in broad daylight the company gave up, and Galway relapsed into a port without commerce. Yet there is hardly another place in Ireland noted so much beautiful scenery, so many old castles and abbeys, such a wealth of remains of the pagan and early Christian epochs. The Aran Islands lie before the mouth of the bay, and as one enters the marvelous tones of the Clare mountains develop themselves on the right. They recall the prowess of Clare's Horse on the losing side at the battles of Blenheim (1704) and Ramillies (1706), and the spirited song by Thomas Davis:

When on Ramillies' bloody field
The laddie French was forced to yield
The victor saxon backward reeled
Before the charge of Clare's dragons.
The flags we conquered in that fray
Look loose in Ypres' choir they say
We'll win them some company to-day.
Or bravely die like Clare's dragons.

While resting from the fatigues of the ocean at Galway there is a choice of short excursions north and south which can be made with light luggage. If the weather be good the coast of Clare to the southward may be explored in a jaunty, car down to Killeek, where the scenery is magnificent. Thence the lower Shannon may be traversed to Limerick, which has a cathedral remarkable for its ponderous columns and ancient tomb inscriptions, a castle called King John's, and in its neighborhood various ruins worth seeing. Such a one is the picturesque Carrigrohane, about ten miles out of town, which has the merit of a ghost. A wicked Druidess lived there long ago, and used to light a candle (concoined) every night to the destruction of all who saw it, for this candle was a very basilisk for killing people. St. Patrick, however, put his come-hither over her, as the phrase goes in Ireland, and finding he could not convert her to Christianity, treated her like the serpents. The ghost, however, haunts the lovely ivy-clad rock and lights a spectral candle now and then, just to show people that paganism is not entirely dead and to put to utter confusion those scholars who maintain that Carrigrohane never meant "rock of the candle" at all, but "Connell's castle." From Limerick you can take a freight steamer up the Shannon to Athlone ("Linn's ford"), or the railway by Ennis to Athlone (Ford of the Kings) and so complete your little orbit back again to Galway. If you go up the Shannon there are points of interest all the way. Lough Deery is a fine expansion of the river—a Lappan Zee on a smaller scale—which offers at least one island of archeological importance, Ennis Cahira, and about ten miles before reaching Athlone there is the ancient monastery and cemetery of Cronmaconella (Meadow of the Son of Noss). Here are two specimens of the round tower in close proximity to religious buildings. They bear out the theory of Prof. W. K. Sullivan as to their purpose in Christian lands. Wherever a round tower stands the sound of a bell on its summit will be heard over the greatest amount of land. The early saints bargained with the kings of Ireland that they should have jurisdiction spiritual as far as the sound of their bell. Like the founder of Carthage, who cut the hide into strips, the early saints were canny; they always selected the meeting-places of a series of plains and raised as high a tower as they could afford, in order to claim as much territory as possible. This explains why round towers are almost never on hillslopes, like castles. Athlone has a curious old fortification and a big barracks, where several thousand soldiers are always quartered. An Irish regiment could not be kept here because the men hid themselves in the town and made riots when the guard came to arrest them. The English soldiers were assaulted at first because they insulted women on the streets, but there is no trouble now. In fact, between the English and Irish lower orders there is no real hatred.

The trouble has been that the ruling classes have incited them against each other for their own purposes. As democracy increases the people begin to see who are their true friends, and no longer play into the hands of the common enemy. A flight northward can be pleasantly managed from Galway as headquarters by taking a steamer up Lough Corrib to Cong, and driving over into Connemara. The lochs offers some very fine scenery in the course of thirty-five miles, with the ruins of a church on

Inchagoll ("Island of the foreigner") and a great profusion of other picturesque islets. Cong has an old abbey and a famous domain—that of Lord Ardilaun, once the Brewer Guinness. He took his title from a sterile island off the coast, whose Gaelic name means "Height of the sea-gulls." Though Lord Ardilaun has opened roads and given much employment to workmen at Cong he is unpopular there. I met his agent walking, followed by two well-appointed constables with their rifles. Ardilaun, it appears, has evicted tenants, and pays low rates to his laborers. Near Cong, on Lough Mask, is the sterile region where the Joyce family was murdered, and at least one innocent man hanged for it. Mask castle is a fine ruin; it overlooks the spot where the monks in the old time had a pleasant little monastery, leaving doorways with very curious capitals, and also the place where two balliffs were sunk in the water after being done to death by enraged tenants. The land looks incapable of supporting a population without any rents to pay. Cong is a good place to fish from, but its accommodations will not lure the traveler to stop.

From Cong the best way is to take an outside car round the head of Lough Corrib so as to meet the post, which runs twice a day the forty miles between Galway and Clifden. By so doing one sees the southern spur of the Partry mountains and a range in the heart of Connemara (Hound of the Sea) called the Mamurk, or Boar Pass hills. The driver will show you the spot at which poor old Lord Mountmorres was shot, and if the day be as dreary as when I passed, the uninhabited manse of that victim of an assassin's mistake will seem particularly tragic and a fit home for ghosts. The wind would burst downward on the isle dotted lochs, driving the water here in a long line of white upright figures of spray, there where the foam spectres round and round like a horrible dance of banshees foretelling death. But, as if to console us for the horror of the scene, a hillside, which suddenly opened on the view, was one solid mass of yellow blossoms. The fuzzy is always beautiful, but I never saw it so resplendent as just there, with the gray islands of Corrib half seen through the sheet and the milky dews of Mountmorres' park swaying about the abandoned house. Let it rain or sleet or snow, the bright flowers of this weed do not shrink, but teach a lesson of cheerfulness whatever may befall. As we toiled up the zig-zag road away from the lochs the scenery became more and more Alpine—nothing but brown moors banded with peat bits, knobs of gray stone houses here and there, which were more like burrows than dwellings, having neither chimney nor barn, nor potato-patch—human habitations upon which one might walk inadvertently, taking them for slightly steeper hillocks on the mountain side. Long before the Cross roads were reached the driving rain turned to sleet, then to snow. All the mountain tops were white, and we had the pleasure of undergoing a frightful winter storm in mid-May. Buffeted first from one direction, then from another, at times the slight vehicle and patient nag seemed about to be blown from the road. Lake Cullin (Holly lake) is the loneliest of waters, and bears the worst reputation among the boatmen who come up to it from Corrib, as we could imagine well enough, seeing the riot of squalls and howling winds that danced about its only building of note, a ruined keep on Inish Kerk. Most of these lands belong to Lord Ardilaun. At the Cross roads, a desolate house on a moor filled with wind-swept pools, where those who hunt property, where those who can pay for it and their invited friends shoot hare, grouse, and other small game.

The post road to Clifden takes one past several lakes of no little beauty, of which Glendalough (Valley of the Two Lakes) and Ballynahinch (Valley of the Island) are the most notable. The latter has a ruin on an island which never could have been a village, showing that Ballynahinch was sometimes used in a narrower sense. Inishlackan (Isle of Stones, perhaps of Cromlech) is an island off the coast thereabout which used to afford great quantities of sea-weed, but no longer does so. Among people so wretchedly poor the failure of this crop has contributed not a little to the recent distress. While war remains chronic here much has been done in Ireland and elsewhere to supply the Achill men and others on the coast with seed potatoes and stores. The population is too large for the barren land, and seems unable to wrest from the sea a means of the livelihood. The rain was still falling when Ballynahinch was left behind; but on the moor to the left two witchlike figures were seen, their heads wrapped in plaid shawls, their limbs showing through wet, short skirts, and their small red feet and legs flying from tuft to tuft of the moss. They were native girls driving the small coal-black cattle of these wild uplands, and the sight of the driver, an ancient friend, put them in the wildest spirits. They swooped down on the car and were soon seated, laughing and singing, brushing the wet from their tangled hair and the hair from their red cheeks, but not forgetting to smooth the skirts of rough homespun modestly about their bare extremities. They were red dent of peat smoke, like the potent they brew here in spite of all the constables; of good health, good humor, and all that indescribable fragrance which comes from living almost completely out of doors. Presently we drew up before their own home. They seized various parcels coming to them from Galway, and in a twinkling they plunged into a comfortable-looking cabin of large size like a brace of colts, with a flourish from their red heads. The men and boys of the family wore shoes; doubtless on Sunday these same head-long lasses turn out as well shod as any in Connemara. A few years hence these girls will be in the United States puzzling an American mistress by their ignorance on some points and unnatural eunateness on others. If she could see the interiors of some of these cabins she would only wonder how they ever learn to use the resources of "modern improvements." Much is being done in Ireland to give all children a good schooling in the elements of book-wisdom, but there is no provision for the training of servant girls, wherefore

there is much wailing in American households, great misunderstanding, and many chances of profitable places lost to this class of emigrants. For this reason it is to be feared that our young friends when better clothed, fed, and housed than they are now, will be no longer so jolly and devil-may-care.

From Clifden as a starting point there are various trips to make among the islands, such as the Aran group, which contains many ancient fortifications dear to the antiquarian soul, as well as many remains of Christian occupation. The inhabitants still use the corraic, or skin boat, with framework of osier, but tarred canvas is now cheaper than leather. Here are the famous "bee hive" stone huts of early monks, by which architects set great store as elementary in the study of building, and a Teampull Benan, or church of St. Benan, supposed to be of the sixth century, the whole structure as large as a drawing-room in an ordinary New York house. The Aran group alone will occupy a week if the tourist be an archeologist, for its antiquities are as numerous as its islands are original. The scenery of Achill is very bold, and it has its own antiquities. Clew Bay, the islands Turk (boat), Boffin, and Clare, the town of Westport, and thence by rail Killala, where the French landed in 1798, are but a part of the places which call for examination. Ireland is indeed so wonderfully rich in spots worth seeing that one needs a separate guide-book for a comparatively poor region like Connemara alone.

A Prayer for Vengeance Answered.

A strange occurrence has lately come to light in this country that presents some rather interesting features, writes a Carthage, Tenn., correspondent of *The Nashville American*. It has had the effect to cause many who have heard the facts to believe in special acts of Providence, and is as strange as some remarkable faith-cures. On Deafened creek, near Montrose, about eight miles from this place, there lived until lately an old man named William Hewitt, who for several years has lived a wandering life from place to place, having no settled home. A few years ago the old man made a purchase of a tract of land, and together with two small boys paid a portion of the purchase money. From some shrewd manipulation, however, one of his eldest sons, Jack Hewitt, of balance of the purchase money was so paid as to place him in possession of the property with the deed to himself, while the old man lost his home. The old gentleman considered himself most wrongfully mistreated, and he was so disturbed over the affair that he quit the premises entirely and led the erratic life spoken of, having nothing to do with his people. This went on for several years, when recently the old man was taken sick, and after very considerable persuasion from friends he consented to go back to his sons. For several weeks he lingered in his sickness, but saw that he must die. Even in his weakened condition there was one prayer which was always on the old man's lips day after day, and that was that as soon as he would die every house on the place should be burned up. The strange prayer was very little heeded by his relatives and friends and was looked upon only as an evidence of childishness and old age. On last Friday the old gentleman died, and was laid out in the house, a corpse, waiting to be buried. A number of the neighbors and relatives went in to remain with the body and render any assistance necessary. It was a few hours after the old man died when someone discovered the kitchen, which sat off from the main building, to be on fire. Immediately the company ran to the scene, carrying a quantity of water. Considerable effort was made to quench the flames, but as related by eye-witnesses, whenever the water was poured on the burning house the flames would flash up as though the water had been oil. Nothing could be done with the angry flames, and soon they spread to the main building. The corpse was taken out and set down in the yard and every effort made to stop the flames, but to no avail. The two houses were burned to the ground, and as these were the only houses on the place the old man's prayer had strangely been answered. These facts are vouched for by eye-witnesses and responsible parties who know all the particulars.

An Enterprising Journalist.

"I was snowed in once at Bristol, a little station on the Northern Pacific," said a man from Cincinnati to a writer in *The St. Paul Globe*. "It was in the winter of 1885. We were there for about five days. We had plenty to eat, such as it was, but were all anxious to get something to read. The large majority of passengers on the train were men, and we all wanted a late daily paper, but we could not get it for love nor money."

"There was a little weekly paper published in Bristol, and it tried to fill the want. The first day of the snow blockade the weekly paper was issued, and nearly everyone on the train took one. I suppose the paper had a larger circulation at that time than it has had since or ever had before. The editor, proprietor, and reporter, all in one, was a wide-awake fellow. He saw that there was a demand for a daily paper, so he got one out every day during our stay. He came down and got our names and residences, and published them. This, of course, made the paper sell. The next day he got something of our histories and wrote them up. The next day he wrote up how we passed the time. By this time he had exhausted all his white paper."

"He didn't give up. Not much. You don't find a newspaper man in the northwest that will give up for such little trifles as that. He went out and got some brown paper, used in tying up bundles at the grocery store, and printed his edition on that. He got all the brown paper and wrapping paper in town, and then he went for the wall paper and printed his last edition on that. We bought them every day; more as little souvenirs of the snow blockade than for anything else, although I think I read everything that was printed, from a recipe on cookies to the legal notices about pre-emption of certain tracts of land. When we got out of town he resumed his weekly issue."