A BOSTONIAN IN IRELAND. ance, covered with that beautiful tint

Shaman's Impressions of the Country and its People.

Mr. A. Shuman, well known as one of our leading merchants in the clothing business, has spent the summer abroad. During his trip he made an especial study of Irish matters, and the result of his observation was lately printed in the Pilot. His views are of interest and value. He said: "Ireland, as viewed from an American standpoint, is a perfect revelation; instead of finding a poor looking country, it impressed us as marvelously beautiful. One cannot help having a favorable opinion of the county as he enters Queenstown harbor with its green shores, a harbor that is sheltered on all but the western side, and is roomy enough for the combined navies of the world to ride at anchor in."

"Do the people appear to be poor?" "As we spent our time principally in the southern part of Ireland, we can only speak of that section, and while we found, in an evening stroll through Cork, here and there people applying for charity, and also in passing through the Gap of Dunloe, we were besieged by hundreds of beggars (and here it seems to be more professional than from actual necessity), yet, on the whole, the masses did not appear to us in that extremity of poverty we had been led to suppose. In our conversation with the people generally, about the condition of the inhabitants. we were told there was a great deal of poverty and suffering through the country, and when we asked why, the reply was: 'We don't own the lands; the landlords advance the rents as last as we make improvements and when unable to make it profitable at the advanced prices, or pay the required rent, we are evicted from the farms, so that the average farmer becomes disheartened, and rather than work and make improvements for some one else, becomes an idler and consequent sufferer.' We were impressed with this fact as, traveling through the country, we saw vast tracts of country unoccupied, with here and there a castle, though many miles apart. On visiting Blarney Castle, about six miles out of Cork, the residence of the owner, Sir George St. John Colthurst, was pointed out to us and we were told that it cost £47,-000, or about \$230,000, to build, and had not been occupied for three years. the proprietor living in Paris during that time; and the great estate is lying idle and uncultivated, except in the immediate grounds about the house, cared for by a hired farmer.

"On our ride to Blarney in an Irish jaunting car with its seats facing outward, we found thatched roof cottages in abundanc, whose exteriors and surroundings appeared extremely clean. They looked as if all was new-ly whitewashed, and as if a friendly whiskers, to 'widen his face;' the other that a round-faced fat man should rivalry existed among neighbors as to favor long chin whiskers, 'to lengthen who should have the neatest and his face.' Both are adopted on the whitest dwelling."

which gives the land its just and familiar name, 'The Emerald Isle. "And now, Mr. Reporter, before clos-

ing this interview, I might say a word. by way of comparison between Ireland and say, Holland, which we visited after our departure from Ireland. Now there is Holland, with a population of over 4,000,000 and an area of about 12,000 square miles, with land redeemed from the sea after patient toil, and which has to be constantly trenched, rich and prosperous, while Ireland, with a population of only about 5,000,000, although nearly three times the size of Holland (32,-000 square miles) with its rich natural soil and beautiful climate, is poor and depressed. The reason is obvi-ous. In the former country the inhabitants own their lands, and their welfare is wrapt up in the husbanding of their resources, while in the latter country, under the present system, the fields lie idle and the people have lost their interest from oppressive rentals and unequal ownership."

New York's "Swell" Chinaman.

Tom Leo is the most eminent Mongolian, except the consul, in New York City. Says the Sun: He is a tall, well-built, copper-colored man of about forty-seven years, with short, crisp, black hair and a suggestion of a mustache in the form of sixteen jet-black wire like hairs. He is not only an eminent Chinaman, he is also a great New Yorker. He runs a restaurant where the dinner begins with candy, followed by preserves, and making through a long range of amazing dishes that taste of bay leaves, terminates in soup. He also owns a cigar store, where Chinamen buy nothing cheaper than fifteen-cent cigars, but are popularly supposed to smoke only on holidays. He is also the proprietor of a grocery store near by, where he sells meats, fish, fruits, and vegetables, dried and shipped from China. He owns two houses and lots in New York, and a rice plantation in China. He is a deputy sheriff, a Christian, and the father of a baby or two, the gifts of his Caucasian wife. He speaks English, but only in the way that Chinamen do so-that is, if he wants to he can talk like a Yankee book agent, and if he doesn't want to he can be as reticent as a log of wood, and quite as unable to comprehend any but his mother tongue. He acts as the spokesman for his compatriots when they are in trouble, or want anything from the police or the politicians

Th' W Quotion.

"Two fallacies are in vogue regarding the whisker question," says the Cincinnati Graphic-News; "one is that that a round-faced fat man should counteraction antidote principle, but "In the large cities that we visited, especially Dublin, Cork and Belfast, appears this is suite of the P appears thin in spite of his Burnsides. And a moon-faced man gives himself a humorous and clownish appearance by wearing a long, sharp tuft on his chin. The principle of conformity should be observed, or a wholesale whiskers at all, or a full beard. He no more looks well with side whiskers and a peaked chin than he would to stuff his chest and not his cheeks or his calves. To look well he must be uniformly and consistently thin, or he may modify it by a complete beard. A fat man should be smooth-faced or wear universal whiskers pretty closely cropped. The well proportioned and moderately full-faced man may vary the style and quantity of his whiskers with impunity so far as the thin or broad appearance is concerned. A very short beard gives an animal look; if very large it indicates vauity or

"OUIDA ON WOMEN."

"The Great Female Sovelist Dissects Her Sex Mercilessly. North American Review.

As we again and again see the woman expecting from her son the purity of manners of a maiden, and making no account, because she ignores them entirely, of the imperious necessities of sex; so we should see her in matters of national or universal import similarly disregarding or ignoring all facts of which she chose to take note. Science, indeed, presumes that in educating her it would strengthen her reasoning powers and widen her mind into the acceptance of true liberty. But what proof is there that science would do anything of the sort? It has never yet showed any true liberality itself. The woman is the enemy of freedom. Give her power and she is at once despotic. The enormous pretensions to the monopoly of a man's life which women put forward in marriage are born of the desire to tyranize. The rage and amazement displayed by the woman when a man, whether her lover or husband, proves inconstant to her, comes from that tenacity over the man as a property which wholly blinds her to her own faults or lack of charm or power to keep him. A very clever woman never blames a man for inconstancy to her; she may perhaps blame herself. Women as a rule attach far too great a value to themselves. A virtuous woman is above rubies, has said Solomon; but this depends very much on the quality of the virtue; and the idea prevailing among women that they are valuable, admirable and almost divine, merely because they are women, is one of the most misch'evous fallacies born of human vanity and accepted without analysis.

In marriage, moreover, the influence of the woman, wherever popular prejudices plead to the contrary, is constantly belittling and injurious to the intelligence of the man. How many great artists since the days of Andrea del Sarto have cursed the woman who has made them barter their heritage of genius for the pottage of worldly affluence

A lady very much given to gadding was suddenly taken ill at home and sent her husband in great haste for the doctor. The obedient man ran part of the way, then returned to put his important query: "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?" We have no sympathy with women like this, who are never "at home" except on their invitation cards; nevertheless, we can but see that, if husbands need vacations, so do wives. We do not agree with the old writer who said that a woman should only leave home three times in her life-to be christened, mar-ried and buried. Doctors tell us that more women break down mentally than men, and they also tell us that this is because they have more ares to carry, and have to carry them continuously. When a man's work is done, he can lock it up in his office and put the key in his pocket. But a wife never locks her work up till sleep comes and turns the key upon it. Her work is never done, and if she does not want an occasional holiday, who does? And she cannot get it at home. The more quiet and restful the home is to her family, the more evidence that is a care, if not a burden to her. A housekeeper can no more take a vacation in her bome than a merchant in his counting-room or a Prime Minister in his Council Chamber. Husbands, then, should occasionally try and induce their wives (if they are good ones it will not be easily done) to take a short holiday away from home, where they can have the luxury of not knowing what is for dinner before they see it, and go to sleep without listening with one ear for the crying of the children. Without going so far as Lucordaire, who, in his letters to young people fixes the age of seven as the period of weaning a boy from the delights of home life, we still think with him that a time does come when he should proscente his studies and meet the trials of life away from home. The shelter of the parental roof, if never quitted, becomes enervating. Boys are too much at home who never meet their equals or encounter rivals and hard struggles. Some mothers believe that they are exhibiting the proper "maternal feelings" in keeping their children at home when they should send them forth in the world, where they can be taught the virtue of self-dependence. Nothing is better for a young man than to love his home; but if by staying too much at home his activity and enterprise are checked, then one of the greatest of life's blessings has become a curse.



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there was a general air of thrift and onterprise, a well dressed and healthy population, fine retail stores, well displayed wares, with a dash of shrewdness on the part of the attendants that confirmed the impression that change made. A thin man, for in-Irish salesmen are considered among stance, should wear chin whiskers, no the best if not the best in the United Kingdom."

"How did the people's spirit strike you?"

"We found the people very hopeful and imbued with the one idea uppermost in their minds, and that is if they could have home rule, their own government, and a chance to till the soil for themselves, they would be as happy and prosperous as any people could be on the face of the globe."

"What do you think of the national struggle?" "I think the idea of home rule is the

leading purpose and hope in the hearts of the Irish people, and that the strug crankiness. gle will go on until its success is assured. The woman in Queenstown, the porter in Cork, and the shopkeeper in Dublin, with whom we talked, were all of one accord: 'Give us home rule, let us take care of our own affairs, and we will get along and ask no mayor of Dublin, a highly intelli-gent and thoroughly well-informed gen-tleman, and he was confident that it was only a question of time when home rule would be established. During our journey we fell in with an Irish Protestant clergyman; he even seemed to lean toward home rule, but only feared that the Catholics, being largely in the majority, would, in event of national success, oppress the Protcetants; and when we pointed to the fact that in the United States all creeds and doctrines flourished under the same government, and that patriotism for Ireland should overcome religious prejudice, especially as Parnell and other leaders are themseves Protestants, he finally admitted the hope-fulness of self-government in Ireland." "Were you impressed by the beauty

or natural richness of the country?"

"As you travel through the country you are at once impressed by the beautiful green and tertile lands that can be seen on all sides, as far as the eye can reach. The beautiful characteristic scenery of Ireland cannot be realized without seeing it. The moisture of the climate seems to be particularly favorable to growth and vegetation, giving the thick, green turf a luxurious and velvety appearence and a rich color rarely seen in any other place. In fact, you hardly see a fence or stone but is clad with verdure. It ms as if all that is necessary, instead of putting a premium upon idlenesse by the present system of eviction.is various respects, chiefly, perhaps, in to encourage the tilling of the soil, which that one had written on the fly-leal appears rich enough, if properly culti-vated, to support more than four or five times the number of inhabitants man, then chaplain of a regiment at that now dwell in the section of the country we passed through. Every-where we saw green fields and lovely dales and vast acres of land, where vestation flourished in wid luxuri-

A Base Plot.

Detroit Free Press.

The other day as two well known citizens were standing together in the **lavor.'** It was our pleasure to have a lengthy conversation with Hon. T. D. Sullivan, lord in the fingers of the other was directed corridor of the postoffice one happento the holder.

> "Why how does this come?" was asked. "Do you writeletters to your self?

"In this case, yes," was the answer. "That's funny."

"Well, not so very. See the other side.

He held it up and the other read: Brother Blank: There will be a meeting of the I. O. O. S. B., No. 387, at the hal on the evening of Oct. 10 to transact gen-oral business. Members not present will be fined \$15.

J. CAREY, Secretary. "Yes, but I don't exactly catch on,"

protested the innocent. "Oh, you don't! Well, I got the cards printed myself. The society is all a myth. When I want to get out of an evening I address one of these postals to my house. When I reach home my wife hands it to me with a sigh. I offer to stay at home and stand the fine of \$15, but she won't have it that way. That's all my friend-except that the same scheme is worked by hundreds of others, and our poor, deluded wives haven't tumbled to the racket yet."

At the October meeting of the Bos

tonian Society two bibles and a velvet suit once belonging to John Hancock were among the treasures on exhibition. The bibles were curious in various respects, chiefly, perhaps, in a formal contract providing for its safe return, it being loaned to a clergyman, then chaplain of a regiment at during his stay at the island in that capacity. The other had on its fly-leaf the written inscription, "Thou

Death by Slow Paralysis,

Deacon Amos P. Kendall, of Palmer, Mass., died recently of a curious discase that had caused the death of his grandfather, father and two brothers. In effect it was paralysis, and yet it came on very gradually, without any shock. Less than a year ago Deacon Kendall noticed a lameness in a finger on his left hand. The disorder developed gradually, until about five months ago the left hand beca de helpless and dangled from the wrist. Next the calves of his legs were attacked, and a couple of months more he was forced to stop walking, and soon after he was unable to move his left leg at all. His mouth and throat were then approached, the muscles controlling the salivary glands weakened, which caused a ceaseless flow of saliva. After that the progress of the disease was rapid, and at the time of his death he had lost his speech save a few gutteral sounds, was unable to swallow or to move any member save one arm slightly and turn his head somewhat. The paral yzed portions retained the sense of touch, and his mind was periectly , clear to the last.

