Topics of the Times

The Brooklyn Museum has been closed to the museum by the New York board of education.

When enough incurable grouches can be got together to form an organization it takes the shape of a group of anarchists.

The Duchess of Marlborough denies that she has become a socialist, and it ought to be easy for her to get her denial believed.

A judge is cited who condemned a man to death while in a trance. We trust the accused also found the sentence entrancing.

Few husbands ever stop to think that in the years to come their sons will be talking about the pies their mother used to make.

After a man has paid the premiums on an accident policy for a few years he is more than half convinced that he is being flimflammed by fate.

It seems like old times to have Wu Ting Fang in our midst uttering his bland opinions and asking his innocently impertinent questions.

The mere fact that some men live to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary should be accepted as evidence that marriage is not always a failure.

Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, is reported to be drifting toward socialism. It is rather curious that the rich have never hit upon the scheme of making socialism unpopular by espousing it.

With 80,000 more women than men in Massachusetts, the bachelors in that State must be exercising unusual vigilance this year in the presence of a female with a determined gleam in her eye.

First one naval expert tells the Senate committee that the armor belt is not needed above the water line and then another one says it isn't needed below. Why not save compromise by not having any belt at all?

The American eagle has made up his mind to fly. Advertisements for bids for supplying the government with flying machines heavier than air brought forty-one replies, and contracts for three machines have been awarded.

Just when we are growing eloquent in our denunciations of foreign noblemen who marry wealthy American girls the raiding of some matrimonial bureau reveals that a considerable number of our countrymen have been playing the same game—with less success.

The young Connecticut man who called for a young lady with the intention of eloping with her and was received with a shower of hot water should cheer up. He might have found himself in hot water a little later anyhow if his plans had not miscarried.

Millions of tons of sand, flung on the seacoast by winds and waves, are carried back again in the undertow, but a New York man who owned property at Coney Island recently found a way to "put it where it would do the most good," and keep it there. He moored an old schooner near the beach. In eighteen months the sea built up behind it an area of one hundred thousand feet; and "little grains of sand" make "pleasant land" indeed at that spot, for the Coney Island beach is worth a dollar a square foot.

Raisuli, one of the professional politicians of Morocco, finds kidnaping profitable. He forced the Sultan, in 1904, not only to pay a big ransom for the release of Ion Perdicaris, an American citizen, but also to make him governor of a considerable province. Raisuli celebrated last Fourth of July by kidnaping Sir Harry Maclean, a British subject, who was serving as commander of the Sultan's bodyguard. Some weeks ago he received from the British government a hundred thousand dollars and a guarantee of protection in return for the release of Sir Harry. He has also held for ransom the Moroccan correspondent of the London Times, as well as other less noted persons. Nothing shows more clearly than the apparent freedom with which Raisuli carries on his trade how disorganized society and government are in Morocco.

A new piece of machinery for the assimilation of immigrants is the night school in labor camps. Like so many other useful agencies of the day, it has been carried to successful development by a woman, who has organized such schools among the unskilled laborers whom contractors employ. In most of the camps where these schools have been established, about one-third of the men usually attend. Instruction in English, which is the bait, has been given in a most unusual way. Instead of learning from primers that "this is a cat," the adult pupils learn from special text-books that "this is a pick," and discover the importance of understanding and knowing how to say, "Get out of the way," "Listen," "Here comes the train," and "Do you want a job?" Not the least interesting of the effects which these schools have had is the transforming of disorderly and dangerous camps into quiet and peaceful communities.

The relation of laborers and labor unions to national law has recently been defined by the Supreme Court in three important particulars. The law of last year holding railroad companies responsible for injuries to their employes has been declared invalid on the ground that it does not distinguish between persons engaged in interstate commerce—the only commerce over which Congress has jurisdiction—and those employed entirely within the States. The President has urged that the law be repassed with such changes as will confine its operation to employes engaged in interstate business. The act of 1898 which was passed after the great Chicago strike, which forbids the discharge of an employe for membership in a labor union, was declared invalid in an action growing out of a suit brought by a locomotive engineer who had been discharged because he was a member of such a union. The court decided that "It is not within the functions of government—at least in the absence of contract between the parties—to compel any person in the course of his business and against his will to accept or retain the personal services of another, or to compel any person against his will to perform personal services for another." The court has also decided that the provisions of the Sherman anti-trust law of 1890 apply to the acts of labor unions when those unions or their members enter into a combination to interfere with the business of a manufacturer who sells his goods in more than one State. This decision was reached in a suit for damages brought by a firm of Connecticut hat manufacturers against the Hatters' Union and the American Federation of Labor for boycotting their business. The opinion of the chief justice, concurred in unanimously by his colleagues, announces that "The combination charged falls within the class of restraints of trade aimed at compelling third parties and strangers involuntarily not to engage in the course of trade except on conditions that the combination imposes," and is therefore forbidden by law.

THE MASON REVOLUTION

Baby Made Unprejudiced Criticism After the Company Had Gone.

"I'm so sorry Cousin Helen's gone!" Marjory remarked, plaintively, as the family gathered at dinner time.

"Why, dear?" Anna asked. "Do you miss her so much?"

The child shook her head. "I don't mean that—I mean that we're so much politer when we have company."

The Masons looked at each other in consternation. "'Out of the mouths of babes!'" Portia murmured. Then she turned to Marjory. Portia had the kind of chin that meant determination. "How are we politer?" she asked.

Marjory's grave eyes traveled round the table as she thought it all out.

"Why, papa talks," she said, slowly. "Papa's real interesting when he talks to company. And mother fixes her hair prettier, and Jack passes things without being asked, and Anna laughs at the stories people tell, and you—"

"Yes?" Portia encouraged her resolutely. "What do I do, Marjory? What rare and elusive grace of mine appears only in the fostering atmosphere of 'company?'"

"I—don't know how to say it," Marjory replied, wrinkling her forehead in the effort. "You seem nice and soft, and not loud and quick and bangy, the way you are sometimes."

It was too much for the family, and laughter relieved the tension. Portia's mouth had a funny quirk as she repeated, gravely, "'Nice and soft.' Somehow the words do not present a particularly alluring ideal, but doubtless that is the fault of my dislike of the terms employed, not of the ideal. I call upon the family collectively to clear this matter. Am I too 'soft' in the presence of company?"

The reply was a prompt and unanimous "No."

Portia drew a long breath. "Then," she declared, "since I seem to be the greatest sufferer under this exceedingly clear and unprejudiced judgment, I move that hereafter the Masons amend their ways; that mother look her prettiest, that father entertain his family, that Anna show her graceful 'company' interest even in our old tales—splendid practice, Nan!—that Jack extend 'company' solicitude in the matter of passing things to his own people, that Portia—well, I'll promise to wrestle with Portia. In short, that we wear our prettiest manners every day to each other. Are you ready for the question? All in favor say aye."

"Aye!" cried the Masons.

"Contrary-minded—"

There was no response.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Portia announced, "the revolution is on."—Youth's Companion.

The First Moving Pictures.

The beginning of moving pictures was in this wise: Sir John Herschel after dinner in 1826 asked his friend Charles Babbage how he would show both sides of a shilling at once. Babbage replied by taking a shilling from his pocket and holding it to a mirror. This did not satisfy Sir John, who set the shilling spinning upon the dinner table, at the same time pointing out that if the eye is placed on a level with the rotating coin both sides can be seen at once. Babbage was so struck by the experiment that the next day he described it to a friend, Dr. Fitton, who immediately made a working model. On one side of a disk was drawn a bird, on the other side an empty bird cage; when the card was revolved on a silk thread the bird appeared to be in the cage. This model showed the persistence of vision upon which all moving pictures depend for their effect. The eye retains the image of the object seen for a fraction of a second after the object has been removed. This model was called the thaumotrope. Next came the zoetrope, or wheel of life. A cylinder was perforated with a series of slots and within the cylinder was placed a band of drawings of dancing men. On the apparatus being slowly rotated the figures seen through the slots appeared to be in motion. The first systematic photographs taken at regular intervals of men and animals were made by Muybridge in 1877.—Chicago Tribune.

When married women sit and stare at the fire, what are they thinking about? They usually have such an odd look around the corners of their mouths, and so many wrinkles in their foreheads, it can't be anything very pleasant.

We would like to personally know a milliner who was on good terms with another milliner, or a singer who could run across another singer's name in the paper without turning up her nose.

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY

A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER X.

During the months which Ezra Girdlestone had spent in Africa the affairs of the firm in Fenchurch street had been exceedingly prosperous. Trade upon the coast had been brisker than usual, and three of the company's ships had come in at short intervals with excellent cargoes. Among these was the Black Eagle, which, to the astonishment of Captain Hamilton Biggs and the disgust of his employer, had weathered a severe gale in the Channel, and had arrived safe and sound once more. This run of luck, supplemented by the business capacity of the old merchant and the indomitable energy of young Dimsdale, made the concern look so flourishing that the former felt more than ever convinced that if he could but stave off the immediate danger things would soon right themselves. Hence he read with delight the letters from Africa, in which his son narrated the success of the conspiracy and the manner in which the miners had been hoodwinked. The old man's figure grew straighter and his step more firm as the conviction grew upon him that the company would soon return once again to its former condition of affluence.

It may be imagined, therefore, that when the rumors of a bona fide diamond find in the Orange Free State came to his ears John Girdlestone was much agitated and distressed. On the same day that he saw the announcement in the papers he received a letter from his son announcing the failure of their enterprise. After narrating the robbery, the pursuit, the death of Farintosh and the announcement of the new discovery, it gave an account of his subsequent movements.

"As to our speculation, the letter said, it is, of course, all up. Even when the Russian business proves to be a hoax, the price of stones will remain very low on account of these new fields. It is possible that we may sell our lot at some small profit, but it won't be the royal road to a fortune that you prophesied, nor will it help the firm out of the rut into which you have shoved it. My only regret in leaving Africa like this is that Williams will have no one to prosecute him."

This letter was a rude shock to the African merchant. Within a week of the receipt of it his son Ezra, gloomy and travel stained, walked into the sanctum at Fenchurch street and confirmed all the evil tidings by word of mouth. The old man was of too tough a fiber to break down completely, but his bony hands closed convulsively upon the arms of the chair, and a cold perspiration broke out upon his wrinkled forehead as he listened to such details as his son vouchsafed to afford him.

"You have your stones all safe, though?" he stammered out at last.

"They are in my box at home," said Ezra, gloomy and morose, leaning against the white marble mantelpiece. "We'll be lucky if we clear as much as they cost and a margin for my expenses and Langworthy's. A broken head is all that I have got from your fine scheme."

"Who could foresee such a thing?" the old man said, plaintively. "The fall in prices is sure to be permanent?"

"It will last for some years, anyway," Ezra answered. "The Jagersfontein gravel is very rich, and there seems to be plenty of it."

"And within a few months we must repay both capital and interest. We are ruined!" The old merchant spoke in a broken voice, and his head sank upon his breast. "When that day comes," he continued, "the firm which has been for thirty years above reproach, and a model to the whole city, will be proclaimed as a bankrupt concern. Worse still, it will be shown to have been kept afloat for years by means which will be deemed fraudulent. I tell you, my dear son, that if any means could be devised which would avert this—any means—I should not hesitate to adopt them. I am a frail old man, and I feel that the short balance of my life would be a small thing for me to give in return for the assurance that the work which I have built up should not be altogether thrown away."

"Your life cannot affect the matter one way or the other unless it were more heavily insured than it is," Ezra said, callously, though somewhat moved by his father's intensity of manner. "Perhaps there is some way out of the wood yet," he added, in a more cheerful tone.

"It's so paying, so prosperous—that's what goes to my heart. If it had ruined itself it would be easier to bear it, but it is sacrificed to outside speculations—my wretched, wretched speculations. That is what makes it so hard." He touched the bell, and Gilray answered the summons. "Listen to this, Ezra. What was our turn over last month, Gilray?"

"Fifteen thousand pounds, sir," said the little clerk, bobbing up and down like a buoy in a gale in his delight at seeing the junior partner once again.

"And the expenses?"

"Nine thousand three hundred. Uncommon brown you look, Mr. Ezra, to be sure, uncommon brown and well. I hopes as you enjoyed yourself in Africa, sir, and was too much for them Hottentots and Boars." With this profound ethnological remark Mr. Gilray bobbed himself out of the room and went back radiantly to his ink-stained desk.

"Look at that," the old man said, when the click of the outer door showed that the clerk was out of earshot. "Over five thousand profit in a month. Is it not terrible that such a business should go to ruin? What a fortune it would have been for you!"

"It must be saved!" cried Ezra with meditative brows and hands plunged deep in his trouser pockets. "There is that girl's money. Could we not get the temporary use of it?"

"Impossible!" his father answered with a sigh. "It is so tied up in the will that she cannot sign it away herself until she comes of age. There is no way of touching it except by her marriage—or by her death."

"Then we must have it by the only means open to us."

"And that is?"

"I must marry her."

"You will?"

"I shall. Here is my hand on it."

"Then we are saved," cried the old man, throwing up his tremulous hands. "Girdlestone & Son will weather the storm yet."

"But Girdlestone becomes a sleeping partner," said Ezra. "It's for my own sake I do it and not for yours;" with which frank remark he drew his hat down over his brows and set off for Eccleston square.

* * * * * * *

One day, as Thomas Dimsdale was making his way cityward at a rather earlier hour than was customary with him, he missed the usual apparition at the [illegible] window. Doubly in search of some explanation of this absence, he perceived in the garden a pretty white bonnet which glinted among the leaves, and on closed inspection a pair of bright eyes, which surveyed him merrily from underneath it. The gate was open. It may be imagined that he was somewhat late at the office that morning and on many subsequent mornings, until the clerks began to think that their new employer was losing the enthusiasm for business which had possessed him.

It chanced that one morning the interview between the lovers had lasted rather longer than usual, and had been concluded by Kate's returning to the house, while Tom remained sitting upon the garden seat lost in such a reverie as affects men in his position. While thus pleasantly employed, his thoughts were suddenly recalled to earth by the appearance of a dark shadow on the gravel in front of him, and looking up he saw the senior partner standing a short distance away and regarding him with anything but an amiable expression upon his face. He had himself been having a morning stroll in the garden, and had overseen the whole of the recent interview without the preoccupied lovers being aware of his presence.

"Are you coming to the office?" he asked sternly, "if so, we can go together."

Tom rose and followed him out of the gardens without a word. He knew from the other's expression that all was known to him, and in his heart he was not sorry. His only fear was that the old man's anger might fall upon his ward, and this he determined to prevent. They walked side by side as far as the station in complete silence, but on reaching Fenchurch street Girdlestone asked his young partner to step into his private sanctum.

"Now, sir," he said, as he closed the door behind him, "I think that I have a right to inquire what the meaning may be of the scene of which I was an involuntary witness this morning?"

"It means," Tom answered firmly but gently, "that I am engaged to Miss Harston, and have been for some time."

"Oh, indeed," Girdlestone answered coldly, sitting down at his desk and turning over the pile of letters.

During the long silent walk the merchant had been revolving in his mind what course he should pursue, and he had come to the conclusion that it was more easy to guide this impetuous stream of youth than to attempt to stem it. He did not realize the strength of the tie that bound these two young people together, and imagined that with judgment and patience it might yet be snapped. It was, therefore, with as good an imitation of geniality as his angular visage would permit of that he answered his companion's confession.

"You can hardly wonder at my being surprised," he said. "Such a thing never entered my mind for a moment. You would have done better to have confided in me before."

"I must ask your pardon for not having done so."

"As far as you are concerned," said John Girdlestone affably, "I believe you to be hardworking and right principled. Your conduct since you joined the firm has been everything that I could desire."

Tom bowed his acknowledements, much pleased by the preamble.

"With regard to my ward," continued the senior partner, speaking very slowly and evidently weighing his words, "I could not wish for her to have a better husband. In considering such a question I have, however, as you may imagine, to consult above everything else the wishes of my dead friend, Mr. John Harston, the father of the young lady to whom you say you are engaged. A trust has been reposed in me, and that trust must, of course, be fulfilled to the letter."

"Certainly," said Tom, wondering in his own mind how he could ever have brought himself for one moment to think evil of this kindly old man.

"It was one of Mr. Harston's most clearly expressed wishes that no words or even thoughts of such matters should be allowed to come in his daughter's way until she had attained maturity, by which he meant the age of one-and-twenty."

"But he could not foresee the circumstances," Tom pleaded. "I am sure that a year or so will make no difference in her sentiments in this matter."

"My duty is to carry out his instructions to the letter. I won't say, however," continued Mr. Girdlestone, "that circumstances might not arise which might induce me to short-a this probationary period. If my further acquaintance with you confirms the high impression which I now have of your commercial ability, that of course would have weight with me; and again, if I find that Miss Harston's mind is made up upon the point, that also would influence my judgment."

"And what are we to do in the meantime?" asked the junior partner anxiously.

"In the meantime neither you nor your people must write to her, or speak to her, or hold any communication with her whatever. If I find you or them doing so, I shall be compelled, in justice to Mr. Harston's last request, to send her to some establishment abroad where she shall be entirely out of your way. My mind is irrevocably made up upon that point. It is not a matter of personal inclination, but of conscience."

"And how long is this to last?" cried Tom.

"It will depend upon yourselves. If you prove yourself to be a man of honor in this matter I may be inclined to sanction your addresses. In the meantime, you must give me your word to let it rest, and neither to attempt to speak to Miss Harston nor to see her, nor to allow your parents to communicate with her. The last condition may seem to you to be hard, but, in my eyes, it is a very important one. Unless you can bring yourself to promise all this, my duty will compel me to remove my ward entirely out of your reach, a course which would be painful to her and inconvenient to myself."

"But I must let her know of this arrangement. I must tell her that you hold out hopes to us on condition that we keep apart for a time."

"It would be cruel not to allow you to do that," Girdlestone answered. "You may send her one letter, but, remember, there shall be no reply to it."

"Thank you, sir; thank you!" Tom cried, fervently. "I have something to live for now. This separation will but make our hearts grow fonder. What change can time make in either of us?"

"Quite so," said John Girdlestone, with a smile. "Remember, there must be no more walking through the square. You must remain absolutely apart if you wish to gain my consent."

"It is hard, very, very hard. But I will promise to do it. What would I not promise which would lead to our earlier union?"

"That is settled then. In the meantime, I should be obliged if you would go down to the docks and look after the loading of the transferable corrugated iron houses for New Calabar."

"All right, sir, and thank you for your kindness," said Tom, bowing himself out. He hardly knew whether to be pleased or grieved over the result of his interview; but on the whole satisfaction prevailed, since at the worst it was but to wait for a year or so, while there seemed to be some hopes of gaining the guardian's consent before that. On the other hand, he had pledged himself to separate from Kate, but that would, he reflected, only make their reunion the sweeter.

When the hour of luncheon arrived no thought of food was in the lad's head, but, burying himself in the back parlor of a little Blackwall public house, he called for pen, ink and paper, and proceeded to indite a letter to his sweetheart. Never was so much love and comfort and advice and hope compressed into the limits of four sheets of paper or contained in the narrow boundary of a single envelope. Tom read it over after he had finished, and felt that it feebly expressed his his thoughts; but then, what lover ever yet did succeed in getting his thoughts satisfactorily represented upon paper. Having posted this effusion, in which he had carefully explained the conditions imposed upon him, Tom felt considerably more light-hearted, and returned with renewed vigor to the loading of the corrugated iron. He would hardly have felt so satisfied had he seen John Girdlestone receiving that same letter from the hands of the footman, and reading it afterwards in the privacy of his bedroom with a sardonic smile upon his face. Still less contented would he have been had he beheld the merchant tearing it into small fragments and making a bonfire of it in his capacious grate. Next morning Kate looked in vain out of the accustomed window, and was sore at heart when no tall figure appeared in sight, and no friendly hand waved a morning salutation.

(To be continued.)

COMMON MISNOMERS.

German "Silver" from China—Term of "Turkish Bath."

Apropos of the assertion that panama hats do not come from Panama, it is interesting to see how often things are called by names to which they have no relation, says the London P. T. O. For example, kid gloves are not made of kid, but of lambskin or sheepskin. When we refer to the dish known as Irish stew, most of us lose sight of the fact that it is unknown in Ireland, while German silver is not silver at all, nor of German origin. It has been used in China many centuries. The term "Turkish bath" is ludicrous; this bath is unknown to the Turks, and so are most other kinds of baths, for in Turkey cleanliness does not rank next to godliness. Milton, again, says in Paradise Lost:"

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa."

There are no leaves in Vallambrosa; most of the trees are pines.

The list of misapplied terms might be prolonged almost indefinitely. Catgut, for instance, is sheepgut; and why should blind worms be so called when they can see quite well? Take a glance at a map of northeastern America, and you will see that Baffin bay is anything but a bay. One might just as well suppose that rice paper was made from the rice plant as that Dutch clocks are manufactured in Holland. As a matter of fact, rice paper is made in China from a tree peculiar to the island of Formosa and Dutch clocks come from Germany. The shrewmouse just escapes from being a mouse by the merest chance, but there is not the slightest justification for the word "titmouse" as applied to a bird. Custom and usage have reconciled us to the use of the word "slave" in the sense of one who is subservient, but it is a striking example of the misapplication of words. The Slavi were a tribe which once dwelt on the banks of the Dnieper, and derived their name from "Slav," which means noble and illustrious. In the later days of the Roman empire vast numbers of them spread over Europe in the condition of captive servants, and thus the name of the tribe came to mean the very antithesis of its original sense.

A Case of Bluff.

"Talking about bluffing," said the horseman, "there was a chap who thought blacksmithing looked simple and easy, and so, being out of work, he decided to have a try at it. He went to a smith and asked for a job.

"'Well,' said the smith, 'you are a strong, likely looking young fellow. What experience have you had?'

"'Eleven years,' was the prompt answer.

"'All right. I'll try you,' said the blacksmith. 'Shoe that mare while I go home to dinner.'

"The smith on his return from dinner frowned and said to the new hand:

"'What! Haven't you got that mare shod yet?'

"The bluffer bit his lip, flushed and replied:

"'I can't get her confounded foot in the vise.'"

Had Reformed.

Askitt—What kind of a man is Hyker?

Noitt—Oh, I guess he's all right now, but he was engaged in a shady business a few years ago.

Askitt—What was the nature of the business?

Noitt—He manufactured awnings.

Helpful Suggestion.

Miss May Dupp—I just can't bear to walk out in the wind; it roughens my complexion so.

Miss Pert—Mabe your complexion's too thick; if you'd put it on thinner it might not do that.

If They Did.

"Twould be a blessing without price
The lesson thus to teach,
If all the folks who give advice
Would practice what they preach.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pa's Classification.

Little Willie—Say, pa, is it proper to refer to an airship as an aerial greyhound?

Pa—No, my son; the airship is in the sky-terrier class.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Historic Shrine, Which Was the Scene of an Awful Massacre.

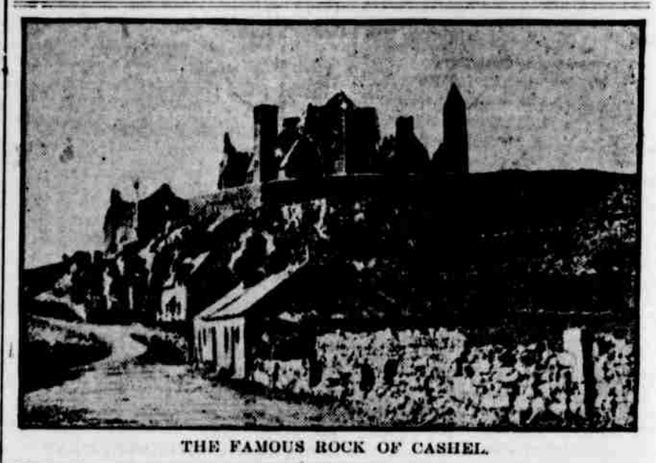
Few, if any, ecclesiastical ruins in Ireland are more interesting than those which crown the far-famed Rock of Cashel. The rock itself is one of the most conspicuous landmarks in the south of Ireland and towers like another Gibraltar above the Golden Vale of Tipperary. For more than five years Cashel was the seat of the Kings of Munster and in the very days of St. Patrick the famous rock served the purposes of religion. In the middle of the fifth century a synod was held there, attended by St. Patrick, St. Ailbe and St. Declan, and it was then that King Aengus, who had been baptized by the great Irish apostle, commemorated his conversion from paganism to Catholicity by erecting a church upon the rock. Other buildings devoted to religious purposes were subsequently erected, the ruins of which still remain. These ruins comprise Cormac's Chapel, the erection of which is attributed to Cormac MacCulinan, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel, who fell in battle in 908; a cathedral, built by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, in 1169; a hall for the vicars of the choral, built by Archbishop O'Hedian in 1421; an old episcopal palace, which was originally a strong castle; the remains of an abbey, founded by David MacCarvill in 1260, and a mysterious round tower, 56 feet in circumference and 90 feet high. There still exist several portions of the ancient wall by which the whole was formerly surrounded. Architecturally, Cormac's Chapel is the most graceful of all the buildings, exhibiting high finish of workmanship, and is proof of the high civilization in the arts which Ireland had reached at that period.

The ruins of the Rock of Cashel, like other ecclesiastical relics in Ireland, could tell many a tale of tragedy and many a glorious story of martyrdom. None is more thrilling than the dreadful massacre under the Irish Attilla, Morough O'Brien, Baron Inchiquin. It occurred during the wars which raged in Britain and Ireland between the Parliamentarians and Royalists, with the Catholics in Ireland forming at one time a distinct party.

O'Brien was a product of his times—the victim of an execrable English law inflicted upon the Irish people. This law constituted what is known as a Court of Wards, an institution created for the purpose of seizing the infant children of the Irish Catholic nobility and rearing them in hatred and horror of the faith of their fathers. O'Brien had been seized as a child and reared in this manner, but it cannot be said that he was taught to exemplify any of the virtues of Christianity.

O'Brien threw in his lot with the parliamentary forces, fighting against King Charles of England, who afterward lost his head at Whitehall, and received the command of the anti-royalist forces in Munster, with the title of president. He fought with fanatical zeal against the Catholics and royalist troops, burning and ravaging his way through Munster like a second Attila. But the crowning act of his career was the massacre of Cashel. He besieged and stormed the city and then attacked the cathedral, in which women and children and others of the inhabitants had taken refuge. His soldiers were ordered to give no quarter and mercilessly they carried out the command. When the doors and windows had been riddled with volleys of musket balls the troopers were sent in to finish with pike and saber the work which the bullets had left incomplete. The floor of the cathedral was piled high with the bodies of the dead and twenty priests, who had sought shelter under the altar, were dragged out and slain. O'Brien reflected "credit" that day upon the Court of Wards.

Gone are the horrors of these times, but their memories endure. The peasantry of Tipperary still tell stories of Murrough of the Burnings, so called because of the towns and villages and humble homes he consigned to the flames. And before them rises the Rock of Cashel, hallowed in song and story and made sacred by martyrdom, to remind them of the dark and painful valley out of which their church has emerged triumphant.



THE FAMOUS ROCK OF CASHEL.

AN ISOLATED HOSPITAL.

Mother Would Persist in Telling of Her Children's Sicknesses.

Mrs. Warren had seven children. Her new acquaintance at the seaside hotel had reason to know the fact. A genial, sympathetic spinster, without even nephews and nieces, was a godsend to the talkative and doting mother. She poured into the patient ears of the tolerant old maid the life-story of each of the seven little Warrens.

The differing temperaments of the children, the problems of getting their education, the arrangements for the coming-out of the oldest daughter, and for the camping-out of the youngest son—the conscientious scruples of Bessie and the lawlessness of Clara—all these made the substance of the conversation during the first days of July. Still, by skilful management on the part of Miss Spinster, these questions could sometimes be used as introduction to larger, abstract considerations of life and discipline and character.

But close upon these confidences followed the tale of the seven sets of illnesses to which the Warrens had fallen victims. It was surprising how many crises they had passed, considering their present condition of healthy boisterousness. In the talk of their mother, scarlet fever, boils, diphtheria, adenoids, flatfoot, misplaced teeth, mumps and appendicitis rioted in a sort of grim festival.

The stories of these experiences led nowhere. The mother had suffered the suspense of operations upon her children, but she had no interest in the marvels of modern surgery except so far as they concerned her own nursery. Child-study suggested to her only Mary's nervous temperament and Harry's slow acquirement of the multiplication table.

After a month of daily intimacy with the health of the Warren children, viewed through the medium of their mother's absorption in them, Miss Spinster left the seaside. She was not as much benefited as usual by her stay there, and when some one asked her why not, she replied rather quizzically:

"Because the place was not supplied with one of the essentials of decent modern life—an isolated hospital for the diseases from which other people's children have recovered!"—Youth's Companion.

SLANG IN THE NAVY.

There Is a Name for Almost Everything the Sailor Sees.

The navy, like every other profession, has its own pet slang, and the "argot" of those who serve under the white ensign is perhaps richer and more varied than that of any other calling, says the Pittsburg Bulletin.

Tinned beef is invariably referred to as the "accident." This is a somewhat suggestive name for the food in question and proves that the sea is conducive to the sense of humor. The "atmospherics" are the wireless telegraph operators, while "blue lights" stand for the gunner. "'Bow lights' is the name given to any man who sports spectacles, while the signalman is known as the "bunting-tosser." A sailor's cap is described by the slangy seaman as a "chafink grummet," and if a man is an habitual boaster it is said of him that he is always "chawing his fat."

The "chief buffer" is the chief boatswain's mate, "chippy" is the carpenter, while the latter's mate and assistants are unkindly referred to as "wood-spoilers."

The hard-worked stoker has many names, being called among other things the "clinker" and the "clinker-knocker." Marines are called "jerines," while the first lieutenant is usually referred to as "Jimmy-the-One." The master-at-arms rejoices in the mysterious title of "Jonty."

When a sailor says he is "dining out" he means that he will be prevented by punishment from joining his messmates at a meal. The rum and water dispensed on certain days to Jack is affectionately referred to as "Fanny," the preserved mutton which he eats at dinner being called "Fanny Adams." The spoon with which he stirs his tea or coffee is called a "gibby."

A marine is contemptuously entitled a "leatherneck,' a hammock is a "kipsey," and a sailor is a "flatfoot." A seaman under the age of 20 is mysteriously referred to as a "Nordenfelt," while a sailor with an unusually large cranium is called "nutty."

When a man is going on leave he announces that he is "on gens" (on general leave). A lazy fellow is known as a "proper pheasant," while "raggie" is a term of endearment, since to be "raggie" or "brass rags" with a man (that is, to keep cleaning rags in the same bag as his) is to be sworn chums with that person.

If a sailor has a second helping at mess he calls it "rounding the buoy" and if, after overeating himself, he desires the official as the "poultice mixer." This name is also applied to the sick-boy attendants.

If a sailor is given to indulging in sentimental outbursts he is said to have his "sniveling valves" open; if he is dong a night watch on the quarter deck he is described as "studying astronomy" and if he has drunk not wisely but too well, he is called "tin hatted."

Threw Babies to Explorers.

Many strange adventurers were encountered by Boyd Alexander in his journeyings in Africa. In one famine-stricken village young girls were offered to the party for food. Elsewhere the people, fleeing before him, threw down babies in the hope of staying their hunger and so stopping the white men's advance.

Serious, Indeed!

To the principal of a school for poor boys in London the father of one of the lads wrote the following note in explanation of his son's absence from school: "Sir: Please excuse John for being away, as he has been very bad with information on the inside."

Some way a country girl looks worse with her cheeks painted than a town girl.

People too easily get in the habit of having troubles.