FROM

POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER VI.

Mary had been at the poorhouse about three weeks when Miss Grundy one day ordered her to tie on her sun-bonnet and run across the meadow and through the woods until she came to a rye stubble, then follow the footpath along the fence until she came to another strip of woods, with a brook running through it. "And just on the far edge of them woods," said she, "you'll see the men folks to work;" and do tell 'em to come to their dinner quick."

It was a mild September day, and Mary determined not to hurry. She had not gone far when she came suddenly upon a boy and two little girls, who seemed to be playing near the brook. In the features of the boy she recognized Henry Lincoln, and remembering what Billy had said of him, she was about turning away when the smallest of the girls espied her, and called out: "Look here, Rose, I reckon that's Mary Howard. I'm going to speak to her."

"Jenny Lincoln, you mustn't do any such thing. Mother won't like it," answered the girl called Rose.

But whether "mother would like it" or not, Jenny did not stop to think, and going toward Mary she said: "Have you come to play in the woods?"

"No," was Mary's reply. "I came to call the folks to dinner."

"Oh, it was you that screamed so loud. I couldn't think who it was, but it can't be dinner-time?"

"Yes, 'tis; it's noon."

"Well, we don't have dinner until 2, and we can stay here till that time. Won't you play with us?"

"No, I can't; I must go back and work," said Mary.

"Work!" repeated Jenny. "I think it's bad enough to have to live in that old house without working; but come and see our fish pond;" and taking Mary's hand, she led her to a wide part of the stream where the water had been dammed up until it was nearly two feet deep and clear as crystal. Looking in, Mary could see the pebbles on the bottom, while a fish occasionally darted out and then disappeared.

"I made this almost all myself," said Jenny. "Henry wouldn't help me because he's so ugly, and Rose was afraid of blacking her fingers. But I don't care. Mother says I'm a great—great—I've forgotten the word, but it means dirty and careless, and I guess I do look like a fright, don't I?"

Mary now for the first time noticed the appearance of her companion, and readily guessed that the word which she could not remember was "slattern." She was a fat, chubby little girl, with a round, sunny face and laughing blue eyes, while her brown hair hung around her forehead in short, tangled curls. Altogether she was just the kind of little girl which one often finds in the country swinging on gates and making mud pies.

Mary was naturally very neat; and in reply to Jenny's question as to whether she looked like a fright, she answered, "I like your face better than I do your dress," because it is clean."

"Why, so was my dress this morning," said Jenny, "but there can't anybody play in the mud and not get dirty."

Jenny drew nearer to Mary and said: "If you'll never tell anybody as long as you live and breathe, I'll tell you something."

Mary gave the required promise, and Jenny continued: "I shouldn't like to have my mother know it, for she scolds all the time now about my 'vulgar tastes,' though I'm sure Rose likes the same things that I do, except Billy Bender, and it's about him I was going to tell you. He was so pleasant I couldn't help loving him, if mother did say I mustn't. He used to talk to me about keeping clean, and once I tried a whole week, and I only dirtied four dresses in all that time. Oh! how handsome and funny his eyes looked when I told him about it. He took me in his lap, and said that was more than he thought a little girl ought to dirty. Did you ever see any boy you loved as well as you do Billy Bender?"

Mary hesitated a moment, for, much as she liked Billy, there was another whom she loved better, though he had never been one-half as kind to her as Billy had. After a time she answered: "Yes, I like, or I did like, George Moreland, but I shall never see him again;" and then she told Jenny of her home in England, of the long, dreary voyage to America, and of her father's death; but when she came to the sad night when her mother and Franky died, she could not go on, and laying her face in Jenny's lap she cried for a long time. Jenny's tears flowed, too, and she, softly caressing Mary, said: "Don't cry so, for I'll love you, and we'll have good times together, too. We live in Boston every winter, but it will be 'most six weeks before we go, and I mean to see you every day."

"In Boston?" said Mary, inquiringly. "George lives in Boston."

Jenny was silent a moment, and then suddenly clapping her hands together, she exclaimed: "I know George Moreland. He lives just opposite our house, and is Ida Seldon's cousin. Why, he's 'most as handsome as Billy Bender, only he teases you more. I'll tell him about you, for mother says he's got lots of money, and perhaps he'll give you some."

Mary felt that she wouldn't for the world have George know she was in the poorhouse, and she quickly answered, "No, no, you mustn't tell him a word about me. I don't want you to. Promise that you won't."

CHAPTER VII.

One afternoon about the middle of October Mary sat under an apple tree in the orchard, weeping bitterly. It was in vain that Alice, who was with her, and who by this time was able to stand alone, climbed up to her side, patting her cheeks and trying in various ways to win her attention. She still wept on, unmindful of the sound of rapid footsteps upon the grass, nor until twice repeated did she hear the words, "Why, Mary, what is the matter? What's happened?" Then looking up she saw Billy Bender, who raised her in his arms.

Laying her head on his shoulder, she sobbed out: "She's gone—she's gone, and there's nobody left but Sally. "Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Gone! Whose gone?" asked Billy.

"Jenny," was Mary's reply. "She's gone to Boston, and won't come back till next May; and I loved her so much."

"Oh, yes, I know," returned Billy. "I met them all on their way to the depot; but I wouldn't feel so badly. Jenny will come again, and besides that, I've got some real good news to tell you."

"About Ella?" said Mary.

"No, not about Ella, but about myself; I'm coming here to live with you."

"Coming here to live!" repeated Mary with astonishment. "What for? Are your folks all dead?"

Billy smiled and answered, "Not quite so bad as that. I went to school here two years ago, and I know I learned more than I ever did at home in two seasons. The boys, when Henry Lincoln is away, don't act half as badly as they do in the village; and then they usually have a lady teacher, because it's cheaper, I suppose, for they don't pay them half as much as they do gentlemen, and I think they are a great deal the best. Anyway, I can learn the most when I go to a woman."

"But what makes you come here, and what will your mother do?" asked Mary.

"She's got a sister come from the West to stay with her, and as I shall go home every Saturday night, she'll get along well enough. I heard Mr. Parker in the store one day inquiring for a boy to do chores. So after consulting mother I offered my services and was accepted. Won't we have real nice times going to school together?"

Three weeks from that time the winter school commenced, and Billy took up his abode at the poorhouse, greatly to the satisfaction of Sally and Mary and greatly to the annoyance of Miss Grundy.

"Smart idea!" said she, "to have that great lummox around to be waited on!" and when she saw how happy his presence seemed to make Mary, she vented her displeasure upon her in various ways, conjuring up all sorts of reasons why she should stay out of school as often as possible, and wondering "what the world was coming to, when young ones hardly out of the cradle begun to court! It wasn't so in her younger days, goodness knows!"

Much as Mary had learned to prize Sally's friendship, before winter was over she had cause to value it still more highly. Wretched and destitute as the poor crazed creature now was, she showed plainly that at some period or other of her life she had had rare advantages for education, which she now brought into use for Mary's benefit.

Each night Mary brought home her books, and the rapid improvement which she made in her studies was as much owing to Sally's useful hints and assistance as to her own untiring perseverance. One day when she returned from school Sally saw there was something the matter, for her eyes were red, and her cheeks were flushed as if with weeping. On inquiring of Billy, she learned that some of the girls had been teasing Mary about her teeth, calling them "tushes."

As it happened, one of the paupers was sick, and Dr. Gilbert was at that time in the house; to him Sal immediately went, and after laying the case before him asked him to extract the offending teeth. Sally was quite a favorite with the doctor, who readily consented, on condition that Mary was willing, which he much doubted, as such teeth came hard.

"Willing or not, she shall have them out. It's all that makes her so homely," said Sal, and, going in quest of Mary, she led her to the doctor, who asked to look in her mouth.

There was a fierce struggle, a scream, and then one of the teeth was lying upon the floor.

"Stand still," said Sal, more sternly than she had ever before spoken to Mary, who, half frightened out of her wits, stood still while the other one was extracted.

"There," said Sal, when the operation was finished, "you look a hundred per cent better."

For a time Mary cried, hardly knowing whether she relished the joke or not; but when Billy praised her improved looks, telling her that "her mouth was real pretty," and when she herself dried her eyes enough to see that it was a great improvement, she felt better, and wondered why she had never thought to have them out before.

Rapidly and pleasantly to Mary that winter passed away, for the presence of Billy was in itself a sufficient reason why she should be happy. He was so affectionate and brother-like in his deportment toward her that she began questioning whether she did not love him as well, if not better, than she did her sister Ella, whom she seldom saw, though she heard that she had a governess from Worcester, and was taking music lessons on a grand piano, which had been bought a year before. Occasionally Billy called at Mrs. Campbell's, but Ella seemed shy and unwilling to speak of her sister.

"Why is there this difference?" he thought more than once, as he contrasted the situation of the two girls—the one petted, caressed and surrounded by every luxury, and the other forlorn, desolate, and the inmate of a poorhouse; and then he built castles of a future when, by the labor of his own head or hands, Mary, too, should be rich and happy.

CHAPTER VIII.

As spring advanced Alice began to droop, Sally's quick eye detected in her infallible signs of decay. But she would not tell it to Mary, whose life now seemed a comparatively happy one. Mr. and Mrs. Parker were kind to her. Uncle Peter petted her, and even Miss Grundy had more than once admitted that "she was about as good as young ones would average." Billy, too, had promised to remain and work for Mr. Parker during the summer, intending with the money thus earned to go the next fall and winter to the academy in Willbraham. Jenny was coming back ere long, and Mary's step was light and buoyant as she tripped, singing, about the house, unmindful of Mrs. Grundy's oft-expressed wish that "she would stop that clack," or of the anxious, pitying eyes Sal Furbush bent upon her, as day after day the faithful old creature rocked and tended little Alice.

At last Mary could no longer be deceived, and one day when Alice lay gasping in Sally's lap she said, "Aunt Sally, isn't Alice growing worse? She doesn't play now, nor try to walk."

Sally laid her hand on Mary's face and replied: "Poor child, you'll soon be all alone."

There was no outcry—no sudden gush of tears, but nervously clasping her hans upon her heart, as if the shock had entered there, Mary sat down upon her bed, and burying her face in the pillow, sat there for a long time. But she said nothing, and a careless observer might have thought that she cared nothing, as it became each day more and more evident that Alice was dying. But these knew not of the long nights when with untiring love she sat by her sister's cradle, listening to her irregular breathing, pressing her clammy hands and praying to be forgiven if ever, in thought or deed, she had wronged the little one now leaving her.

And all this time there came no kind word or message of love from Ella, who knew that Alice was dying, for Billy had told her so.

The end came peacefully. There was some talk of burying the child in the poorhouse inclosure, but Mary pleaded so earnestly to have her laid by her mother that her request was granted, and that night when the young spring moon came out it looked quietly down upon the grave of little Alice, who by her mother's side was sweetly sleeping.

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Three weeks had passed away since Alice's death, and affairs at the poorhouse were beginning to glide on as usual. Mary, who had resumed her post as dishwasher in the kitchen, was almost daily expecting Jenny; and one day when Billy came in to dinner he gave her the joyful intelligence that Jenny had returned and had been in the field to see him, bidding him tell Mary to meet her that afternoon in the woods by the brook.

Mary bounded joyfully away to the woods, where she found Jenny, who embraced her in a manner which showed that she had not been forgotten.

"Oh," said she, "I've got so much to tell you, and so much to hear, though I know all about dear little Alice's death—didn't you feel dreadfully?"

Mary's tears were a sufficient answer, and Jenny, as if suddenly discovering something new, exclaimed, "Why, what have you been doing? Who pulled your teeth?"

Mary explained the circumstances of the tooth-pulling and Jenny continued: "You look a great deal better, and if your cheeks were only a little fatter and your skin not quite so yellow, you'd be real handsome; but no matter about that. I saw George Moreland in Boston, and I wanted to tell him about you, but I'd promised not to; and then at first I felt afraid of him, for you can't think what a great big fellow he's got to be. Why, he's awful tall—and handsome, too. Rose likes him, and so do lots of the girls, but I don't believe he cares a bit for any of them except his cousin Ida, and I guess he does like her."

Here the chatterer was interrupted by Henry Lincoln, who directly in front of her leaped across the brook. He was evidently not much improved in his manners, for the moment he was safely landed on terra firma he approached Mary, and, seizing her round the waist, exclaimed, "Halloo, little pauper! You're glad to see me back, I dare say."

Then drawing her head over so that he could look into her face, he continued, "Had your tusks out, haven't you? Well, it's quite an improvement, so much so that I'll venture to kiss you."

Mary struggled, and Jenny scolded, while Henry said, "Don't kick and flounce so, my little beauty. If there's anything I hate it's seeing girls make believe they're modest. That clodhopper Bill kisses you every day, I'll warrant."

(To be continued.)

ALL MUST SERVE IN ARMY.

Swiss Citizens Cannot Escape Doing Full Military Duty.

By law every Swiss adult is liable to serve personally, but the physical test is so strict that nearly 50 per cent are, in fact, rejected. These pay instead a yearly tax of 5 shillings per head, with an income tax of 4 pence in the pound. In practice this tax is not exacted from the very poorest. The man who in his twentieth year passes the test is called out to do his "recruit school" in the barracks for a period varying from six weeks (infantry) to three months (cavalry). By this short training he at once fulfills one-quarter of the whole military duties to which he will ever be liable, except, of course, in case of actual invasion. For the first thirteen years of his service he belongs to the "elite" and is called out every other year for a "course of repetition," varying, according to the arm, from fourteen to eighteen days. The cavalary alone are called out every year, but only ten days. In his intermediate years the soldier shoots at his own time and place, but under strict government conditions, forty rounds per annum at his own expense and at the time and place fixed by the authorities for a "shooting school" of three days.

With the beginning of the thirty-third year the soldier passes for twelve years into the "landwehr," or first reserve. Here he is called out every fourth year only, for from eight to eleven days at a time; during the other years he shoots his forty yearly rounds as before. With his forty-fifth year he passes into the "landstrum," or second reserve, which is composed of the whole body of citizens between 17 and 50 (except, of course, the elite, the landwehr and the actual halt and maimed). This body is partly armed, partly sorted into clerks, porters, etc.; it is never to be called out except in cases of invasion or similar great emergencies. At 50 the citizen retires altogether. The enormous majority serve in the infantry and have, therefore, at this age devoted a sum total of not quite half a year—less than the hundredth part, that is, of their lives—to the duty of contributing to that military security and prosperity of their country. And not a duty only, but to most a real pleasure also. It is the rejected candidate who is pitied in Switzerland. Typical of the sentiments which one may hear everywhere are those which were expressed to me by a banker, no military fanatic, but simply a public-spirited citizen: "Next to the pain I felt when one of my sons was rejected for the army, one of the saddest moments of my life was when the time came for my own superannuation."—National Review.

Church Property in Spain.

Spain now boasts of possessing more convents, more monasteries and more Jesuit colleges, seminaries and establishments of all kinds than at any time under the houses of Bourbon and Austria. The last census, in 1897, showed 28,549 nuns, 45,328 monks and priests, 1,200 Jesuits, nine archbishops, fifty-one bishops, fifty-five deans and 1,213 canons in the country. The religious houses of every kind exceed two thousand. It is not possible to ascertain their real wealth or the value of their movable property. They pay no duties on their real property and none on their workshops, as they are not enrolled on the registers of ratepayers, only having to pay on capital invested in stock.

An Effect Spoiled.

"After the ceremony the bride wept."

"Grief at leaving her home?"

"No; she forgot herself, and held up her beautiful long satin train going down the aisle."

THE PASSING ARMY.

The Irresistible Conqueror Is Thinning the Ranks of the Veterans of the Civil War.

IT is now thirty-six years since the first flowers were strewn upon the graves of the men who gave their lives that the nation might live. Observed at first in a small way by isolated communities, this decoration of the grassy mounds has come to be recognized as an established custom and Memorial Day has long had a fixed place in the calendar. With each successive anniversary the day has gained a wider observance and has been made the occasion for many appeals to the patriotism of the people. The verdure of each returning spring covers more deeply the scars of battle which once seamed the hillsides and valleys of the sunny South. On this day of precious memories it is well to recall the sacrifices of bygone years, and it is also fitting to express the hope that those who are now charged with the guidance of our national destinies will pvform their duties patriotically and well.

When the gray-haired veterans of the great war for the Union meet together in annual observance of Memorial Day, few will bear in mind that the day itself, as a part of the national life, is the result of the inspiration of one of the greatest of all the volunteer soldiers who fought for the flag—the late Gen. John A. Logan of Illinois. Few, indeed, of those not associated with the organization of old soldiers will remember this. The soldier-statesman who won his spurs in actual fight and refused to accept peaceful honors while the war was still on—one of the first, if not the first, of the list of honored comrades who headed this organization—was the originator of the day of sorrowful remembrance of the bravery and virtues of those who fell in battle or who have crossed the dark river since the conflict ended.

The apple tree of Appomattox never blossomed so full and so fair as to-day. Its flowers and its fruit were never so fine and fragrant. The Union which Appamattox established and cemented was never so strong and glorious. Its sacred bonds have been welded, not merely by the mutual pledges of devotion, but by the fire of heroic service, side by side, under the common flag, on a distant soil, and they never before bound up so much of national pride and hope and high aspiration.

The great chieftains—Grant and Lee, illustrious products of the same national school at West Point—met at Appomattox with mutual respect and honor, and in their generous and chivalrous coming together typified the spirit of a reunited country. That historic hour dates a new Union, which is now a true union of hearts and hands that none can sever.

So long as the flag remains unfurled Memorial Day cannot cease to be a great and tender memory. Each anniversary becomes more pathetic from the fact that many of the "boys in blue" are passing away to join the vast army in the silent land. Every year the ranks of the veterans on this side the river grow thinner, and the steps of the marchers slower. Within twenty-five years nearly all will have joined their regiments on the other side. But their deeds can never die. Future generations will read them, deep cut, defying the tooth of time, on the marble of the country's greatness. They will blaze on the pillars of the Union and in the springtime of each year a grateful people, bearing choicest flowers—nature's sweetest emblem of love and affection—will decorate their graves; for those grassy mounds will be known as shrines forever more; shrines so long as the republic shall endure; shrines where patriot knees will bend and patriot eyes will weep so long as freedom has a worshiper and equality of rights a devotee.

Grant and Lee are no more, and Sherman and Stuart, and Jackson and Hooker, McClellan and Hill, Early and Meade—all are gone, and the great spirit of change broods over the scenes of their former activities. The grass grows green on the deserted battlefields, and all is quiet along the banks of the Potomac. The James and the Chickahominy, the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, wind their course to the sea undisturbed by war's rude alarms. The former turns the earth in the fertile valleys which drank the blood of the flower of American chivalry; the feathered songsters of the wood make melody in the tangled thickets of the Wilderness; but the great captains and many of their devoted followers have departed. They pitch their tents on other camping grounds—not beneath the stars that shine on Southern scenes, but above the stars on the fair fields of Elysia. There they commune and there they hold sweet intercourse. We may not know their employments there; we may not conceive the rapturous delights that attend them in that blissful station; but of this we may be assured; they are not unmindful of the comrades who tarry here, and they have no higher joy than the realization that the peace they set up at Appamattox has grown into a perfect peace—a peace that has overcome all obstacles and the doubts and perplexities which first attended it—a peace whose blessings fall to-day upon our land like the rain upon the mown grass and like the dew upon the mountains of Lebanon.

And so it is that in the decoration of the graves of the heroic dead human hands and human hearts have reached a solution of the vexed problem that baffled human will and human thought for three decades. Sturdy sons of the South have said to their brothers of the North that the people of the South long since accepted the arbitrament of the sword to which they had appealed. And likewise the oft-repeated message has gone forth from the North that peace and good will reigned, and that the wounds of civil dissension were but sacred memories.

The contest that followed the end of argument between two great civilizations was, while it lasted, the greatest and bloodiest of equal duration in the authenticated annals of the race and the most destructive ever waged by men. It lasted four years; it annihilated six billions of property; it overthrew the rebellious governments of thirteen States; it called four millions of men to arms; it was fought on 2,300 recorded fields; it filled 700,000 graves from the sword and shot and shell and pestilence; the silent sleepers went down on mountain side and in tangled wood, in dismal swamp and on sunny plain; where the rivers rolled and the wide-waved ocean stretched they found sepulcher; and at last one civilization, with its garments rolled in blood, passed away to the shades forever; the other, victorious, raised a spotless ensign in the sky, its stars washed brighter with the glad tears of rejoicing humanity that the greater government of and for and by the people had not perished from the earth.

At the Top.

On Memorial Day the flag flies at half-mast, because it is a day of commemoration of the dead. It is not uncommon for some person appointed to hoist the flag to run it up to the peak, forgetting the funereal custom; then some veteran arrives, and causes the banner to be dropped to half-mast.

This custom preserves the early sentiment of the day, when it was more a day of mourning than it is at present. Lately many veterans have advised the abandonment of the custom, and the issue of an order directing that the flag should hereafter always be raised to the peak on Memorial Day.

This was the expressed view and wish of Gen. Grant. It was his opinion that while the day ought not to lose, and had not lost, its significance and solemnity, it was nevertheless not a day of mourning, but one for the commemoration of and rejoicing in the noble deeds of soldiers. On such a day it was fitting that the flag should fly at the highest point on the staff on which it is placed.

The matter received much attention at last year's observance of Memorial Day, and it is possible that the demand will find recognition, before the day comes around again, in orders by some at least of the department commanders for the full-masting of the flag.

THE SEXTON OF THE SEA.

You scatter flowers on the grassy mound
That marks the spot where your loved ones be;
You bring them emblems with never a thought
For the dead beneath the sea.

For every ship that the hands of men
Have builded with chart and wheel,
The bones of men in a hundredfold
Are laid beneath its keel.

A canvas shroud and an iron bar
At the weary head and the wasted feet,
And lo! from the deck they move away,
From the hearts that throb and beat!

Soldiers and sailors and captains grand,
—Babes with a mother's breast
Wet with the lips that will touch no more,
Come down in my arms to rest.

And I lay them gently alone to sleep,
Where the bed of the sand is clear;
And none may wander, and none shall stray;
For I keep them, oh, so dear!

And hark! When the bell-buoy tolls at night,
Above the wave where the fishes swim,
You may know that I keep my Father's watch,
For the day I shall give them back to him!
—Leslie's Weekly.

Where Coffee Came From.

There is extant a tale of the discovery of coffee, a story which might have suggested to Charles Lamb the idea for his "Dissertation on Roast Pig." This is the legend:

Toward the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was traveling in Abyssinia, and finding himself weak and weary from fatigue he stopped near a grove. Then, being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree, which happened to be full of dead berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that the half-burned berries were very fragrant. Collecting a number of these and crushing them with a stone, he found that their aroma had increased to a great extent. While wondering at this he accidentally let fall the substance into a can which contained his scant supply of water. Lo, what a miracle! The almost putrid liquid was instantly purified. He brought it to his lips; it was fresh, agreeable, and in a moment after the traveler had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and, having arrived at Ardan, in Arabia, he informed the mufti of his discovery. This worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the effects of that poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries and was so delighted at the recovery of his own vigor that, in gratitude to the tree he called it cabuah, which in Arabic signifies force.

Cultured.

"She's from Boston."

"I thought you told me you never saw her before this minute?"

"True, but I just now heard her call those mountains in Asia the Ha-molyaws."—Judge.

Potatoes, parsnips, carrots, turnips and artichokes are highly nutritious, but not so digestible as some vegetables. Potatoes are the most nourishing and are fattening for nervous people.

END OF FAMOUS HOSTELRY.

Hotel Where Parnell Drew Up Irish Campaign Plan.

Morrison's Hotel, one of the old landmarks of Dublin, is being razed to the ground to afford a site for offices for an insurance company. The building has historic associations for Irishmen, and was once among the best patronized and most popular hotels in Dublin. It was famous as Parnell's resort.

It was originally one of the town houses of the Fitzgerald family, who owned a great deal of property in the vicinity, including the famous Leinster house. Over the door of the hotel at the present day are the Fitzgerald arms, and in the supports are prominent figures of two monkeys, in commemoration of a striking family incident.

When old Kilkee Castle, one of the seats of the Fitzgeralds, took fire, the heir to the estate was saved by a monkey, which took the infant in his arms and clambered from point to point with its precious burden, finally reaching the ground with it in safety.

Parnell's first arrest was effected at Morrison's Hotel on Oct. 13, 1881. Parnell was thence taken to Kilmainham jail, where he was confined as a "suspect" until the following May. It was at this hotel that Parnell's friend, the late Dr. J. E. Kenny, discovered Parnell's extraordinary superstition. Going into his writing-room one day, Parnell saw a green cloth on the table. He at once had it removed, and the same evening he refused to enter another room in the hotel in which three candles were burning. Three candlesticks are supposed in the minds of superstitious people to mean death, and a green tablecloth foretells disaster. Parnell more than once said that the Irish cause would never prosper until the Irish people discarded green as their national color for the older blue.

When in Dublin Parnell always stayed at Morrison's up to the time of his death. It was there he outlined the national program and the agrarian movements in Ireland.—London Mail.

CHINESE PEANUTS.

They Are an American Product, but Receive Oriental Treatment.

The trans-American railways have their agents in all parts of the world—commercial agents, industrial agents, tourist agents, live-stock agents, car-service agents, and Oriental agents, as well as the regular assortment and variety of freight and passenger agents. The Oriental agent of the Great Northern Railway in this city is Moy Wu Yen, a highly interesting Chinaman, who carries in his pockets a handful of Chinese peanuts with which, from time to time, he regales his friends. In the midst of business he suddenly conceals his hand beneath his blouse and asks, "Will you try a Chinese peanut?" The hand, soft as that a of gentle maiden, reappears with the nuts, and you are tempted. You yield with pleasure, accepting one. It resembles the native "goober," which ex-Governor Campbell failed to corner, but is the most delicious morsel in the nut shape that you ever tasted.

Mr. Moy laughingly tells you, when you ask where more nuts can be had, that they are not Chinese peanuts at all, but the familiar old Virginia "goober" prepared in the Chinese fashion. "We take the raw nut," he explains, "and dry it perfectly in the sun, leaving it many days on the house top. Then we soak it in salt water—brine you call it—for three days, after which we again dry it thoroughly. This may take a week. Then we put it in an oven in a pan of very hot sand, and continually stir until it is cooked well done. That is all. Nothing could be more simple. The peanuts the Italians roast in their sheet-iron cylinders—no Chinaman would touch one! We say Chinese peanuts to have fun with our friends. There are no Chinese peanuts."—New York Press.

Conjuring the Sharks.

In the Persian gulf the divers have a curious way of opening the season. They depend implicitly upon the shark conjurers, and will not descend without their presence. To meet this difficulty the government is obliged to hire the charmers to divert the attention of the sharks from the fleet. As the season approaches vast numbers of natives gather along the shore and erect huts and tents and bazaars. At the opportune moment—usually at midnight, so as to reach the oyster banks at sunrise—the fleet, to the number of eighty or 100 boats, put out to sea. Each of these boats carries two divers, a steersman and a shark charmer and is manned by eight or ten rowers. Other conjurers remain on shore, twisting their bodies and mumbling incantations to divert the sharks.

In case a man-eater is perverse enough to disregard the charm and attack a diver, an alarm is given, and no other diver will descend on that day. The power of the conjurer is believed to be hereditary and the efficacy of his incantations to be wholly independent of his religious faith.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Dry Bath.

A Scotchman was once advised to take showerbaths. A friend explained to him how to fit one up by the use of a cistern and a colander, and Sandy accordingly set to work and had the thing done at once. Subsequently he was met by the friend who had given him the advice, and, being asked how he enjoyed the bath, "Man," he said, "it was fine! I liked it rale weel, and kept myself quite dry, too." Being asked how he managed to take the shower and yet remain dry, he replied: "Dod, ye dinna surely think I was sae daft as stand below the water without an umbrella?"—London Tit-Bits.

Chinese Rosaries.

Some Chinese rosaries are made of wooden beads, with leather tassels, on which are small brass rings, and are finished at the ends with brass ornaments and tags of leather.

Women Workers of Britain.

In proportion to its population, the United Kingdom has a greater number of women workers than any country, and among them no fewer than 616,000 are set down as dressmakers.

Most girls can play the piano just enough to spoil them for housework.