(Copyright, 1909, by W. A. Chapman, The loveliest, most beloved of Irish writers-the one that best knew our people, and felt for, and felt with, our people, and who accordingly found their hearts-was undoubtedly Charles Kickham; and his beautiful novel of homely Irish life, "Knocknagow, or the Homes of Tipperary," is the most dearly-prized story in Ireland.

Finding myself in the south of Ireland I must needs make pi grimage to the Kickham country And that was why, on a beautiful Sanday afternoon of May, I bowled along a road, passing a half-acre field which is popularly supposed to be in no county, though three counties run up to its three fences. The sight of a big, bare, gaunt building, with roof broken and windowless, grinning like a death's head at the passer-by, soon afterwards arrested my career.

"What is it?" I asked of a country "Tis a house, sir, that was built by

a chap from America five-and twenty years ago."

"And did he desert it?" "Faith, he had to!"

Well, he built the house upon gentle (fairy) ground, and from the day the roof went on it, it was crammed full o' thim lads." He accompanied by and sincerely replied: "No, your the reference to "thim lads" with a reverence, there isn't any." jerk of his thumb over shoulder. "An' they neither give him paice, night nor

"And he went back to America again?

"No, then-he went to the divil." Mullinahone, a quiet, out-of-the-world village where Charles Kickham spent almost all his life, was entered by a of having had all haunted houses, for of them windowless, presenting a lng in the morning?" most melancholy appearance.

All the house owners on this street I found, later, had been evicted almost a quarter of a century ago, because, in the Land league days, mak- ly village, where one might easily pic than themselves, they gave their ad- and all the warm-heartedness of Kick herence to the "No Rent" manifesto, ham's "Knocknagow" still flourishing adopting the plan of campaign, they in the breasts of this kindly people. were summarily bundled out by the I went through Kickham's old house, life they had known ere, for principle's as he thought out his plots; and I sacrifice, which, an object lesson to wont to sit in meditation. the landlords of Ireland, showed them what the Irish tenants were prepared to do-brought landlords to their hearing that an admirer of Charlie's knees, and saved tens of thousands. aye, hundreds of thousands of their messages to come and see him, all rack-rented fellows throughout the land. It was their action, too, that forced from the British government fresh land acts and left their happier fellows in easier and cheaper possession of the land. These evicted tenants-bands of whom are to be found in various part of Ireland-nobly staked their all in defense of the cause -and lost. Yet they suffered, and of sorrow shone in his eye. suffered in silence like the brave men they were, and it was their triumph to see that though they lost, all Ire-

land won. "Is it do I know Charlie Kick?" said a young man upon the street to whom I put a question. "Well," reflectively. with a loving shake of his head. "I think I did. 'Tis many's the time when I was a litt'e bare-footed gorsoon, meself an' the other little lads, when we were playing hide-and-seek, would go in and out under the table he was writin' on in the garden." His eye kindled when he heard from my lips the name beloved. And I observed the same when I mentioned Kickham's name to any other of the villagers. Howsoever indifferent they might be in answering questions on other subjects, I had but to mention Kickham and they opened their hearts

to me. When I went to the chapel-yard to visit the grave of the poet and novelist I was followed by a few of his old Fenian comrades and disciples who had got wind that a stranger, much interested in "Charlie Kick," had arrived in the village. They shook me warmly by the hand, and one of them whose head was frosted by 70 winters and more, but who was still of erect carriage and bright eye, showed plainly that his heart glowed, since a stranger had journeyed from afar to pay homage to the memory of his hero and leader. These men took off their hats and knelt by the graveside with for him whom they had honored and loved-him who, his hopes for Ireland unfulfilled, his yearnings unsatisfied, his long and trying struggle uncrowned with success, at length laid his bones to moulder under this green sod. These men, who now put up to God a prayer above his grave, had taken from Charles Kickham the oath when they see a La-dy.

prison and then by death.

'hat was reared above the patriot's will need you swn!" Kearney by dangling before him the Mullinahone. prospect of being shown "a thrishe's

of Mullinahone-a Kilkenny womantold me an incident that happened in her youth. A simple herd boy of her father's, who hailed from Mullinahone, presented himself for confirmation at He quotes one of Kickham's intimate their parish chapel, but the poor boy made such a hopelessly bad showing when the little ones tried to talk to when tested on his religious knowl- him on their fingers, and he was most edge that Father Mat, impatiently patient in teaching them." Children jumping from his seat cried out: "Is there a God at all in Mullinahone?" To which the poor boy, anxious to be

The reply would have done credit to subject-if I may still wander-I cannot forbear setting down here a more that, at the Dublin exhibition in '64, recent confirmation story which I then heard, and which was also truly Wattletoes like:

"Billy Kirwan," said Father Tom, quoting a question from "The Prin- but "because it was so like an old cow street that presented the appearance cipies of Christian Doctrine," on which he was examining the class, "what is most of them were roofless, and all the first thing you should do upon ris-

"Tackle the donkey, father," replied Billy, "an' drive to the craimery."

I strolled through the few streets of Mullinahone, a quiet, lovely, homeing a bold stand for the sake of other ture all the fun and all the sympathy, landlord and their houses wrecked. I now inhabited by a Mr. Norton, one of spoke to one of them who, fortune fa- the evicted tenants referred to, and voring, had managed to acquire a one who very kindly showed me about shop in another part of the village and told me of Kickham's haunts and the customary directions: and to prosper again. He told me that habits. I sat by the freside where almost all of the evicted tenants were the gentle poet and hot revolutionist still living, or trying to live, in or had had his eyesight impaired, and far around Mullinahone, and were expect- more seriously, his hearing, by a powing soon to be reinstated in their der explosion; and I walked in the property, and to resume the happy garden where the novelist had walked sake, they were cast upon the world, sat in the shady bower where he had These brave fellows, and many an sat while he penned them; and I other band like them in other parts of journeyed to the three ash trees be-Ireland, are crippled heroes of the yond the town to which Kickham land war. It was their readiness to journeyed every evening; and I sat sacrifice themselves, and their actual in the fork of the trees where he was

The white-haired tailor, who lived opposite to Charles Kickham's house. had come to town, sent me pressing impatient to talk of his old friend whom he loved and admired. When I visited him he particularly pressed upon me in order that I might take a copy from it a faded portrait of the patriot which had been presented to him by the patriot's brother. On his hero's shining qualities the old tailor lovingly dwelt, while the moist gleam

To the poor of Mullinahone Charles

to answer their country's call, and gree, giving them food, stothing were to have stood side by side with money—their own clothes, while still him in the gap of danger when free- they were unworn. Charles Kick dom's toesin sounded the call to arms. ham's father was an anti-emigration But ere their fond dream could be ac- ist. "Stay at home," he would say to complished they were fated to see the Mullinahone boy who came to bid their hero claimed, first by a British him good-bye. "Stay at home and I'll find something for you to do. Maybe," As I looked up to the Celtic cross he would add significantly, "Ireland"

grave I noticed some straws sticking All the Kickhams bravely strove to out from the circle which bound the bring nigh the hour when Ireland arms, and, climbing aloft to satisfy should call to them and all her sons myself, discovered that there a black- to give for her their lives. All of "the bird had built a nest in which two Kicks" were equally patriotic, but lovely black-spotted, green eggs lay Charles, the idol, was able to give his innocently, it touched me to find that patriotism undying expression. He the beautiful songster of our giens was, and is, a prophet in his own had rejosed her londest trust thus in country, and in remote corners of Irethe arm of the dead patriot's cross, land; and, indeed, in far corners of And I instantly recalled, too, that 'he world wherever exiled Irishmen charming incident in his most charm- nave strayed, hearts beat that know ing novel, where "Wattletoes" wheed and love him well and fondly as do les the slice of plumcake from Willie those dear ones in his own beloved

When his lawyer announced to the nest with five young wans-feathered Felon Kickham in the dock of Green an' all," when Christmas snows were street courthouse, on the evening of a on the ground. The blackbird that dark January day of '66, that the nobuilt her nest and laid her eggs above torious Judge Kehoe had just ordered Charles Kickham's grave did him a him 14 years' penal servitude for the greater honor even than the loved crime of loyalty to his country and ones who lifted over him the beautiful disloyalty to his country's enemies, it is recorded that he heard the sen-I was curiously reminded of our old tence with a smile. On being afterfriend "Wattletoes," when a lady, who wards asked what he missed most in spoke with affection of Kickham and jail, Kickham replied: "Children, and women, and fires."

Father Mat Russell tells how very fond he was of little children, and how well he knew to win their hearts. friends as saying: "It delighted him who loved him were playing about his feet in the sunshine when the stroke of paralysis fell on him. This testimony agrees well with that of Martin Bolger, who had told me how the table in the garden on which the novelist was writing had often served 'Wattletoes." Apropos of the same him as a covering in the game of hideand-seek. Father Russell tells us how Kickham lingered long before a painting-"The Head of a Cow," by one of the old masters-not on account of any subtle genius he discovered in it, in Mullinahone." Self-revealed in that one little sentence stands the lover, poet, and patriot, Charles Kickham -may whose soul rest in the garden

SUDDENLY DAWNED ON HIM

Took Scotsman Some Time, but He Finally Saw the Joke, or Thought He Did.

An American and a Scotsman were on a walking tour. One afternoon they came upon a rural, finger-post bearing the following words beneath

This intimation appealed strongly to the American's sense of humor, and and their teeth blackened. To this is he chuckled delightedly.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded his companion.

So the American drew attention to the notice. The Scotsman read it gravely two or three times, and finally observed that it was very thoughtful of some one to have put it there, but he quite failed to see why it should call for any great outburst of merriment.

His friend laughed all the more at this, and the Scot, feeling that he had missed something, became engrossed in thought.

Soon afterward the travelers reached their destination, and, having supped, retired to their respective rooms. But somewhere in the small hours of the morning the American was aroused from his slumbers by a loud knock at his door, and in walked the grave-faced Scot.

"I feel obleeged to tell you that I Kickham and all the Kickham family can see that joke the noo! Why, o' were charitable in remarkable de- course, the blacksmith might be oot!"

CHILLIDIRIEN OF BENGUIET TRUBIES



PRACTICING WITH BOW AND ARROW PO

MUST write of some of the char-joxen in America, are brought by their acteristics and peculiar customs owners to the market. of the natives in certain parts of

the mountains of the Benguet capital, is the home of the igorrotes. They remind one in their appearance of the lower caste of negro to be found in the swamp districts of Louisiana or the mountain districts of North | keep the money of the bouse. Carolina and Tennessee, writes J. Hamilton Lewis, in Chicago Evening

Of medium height, black and dark brown color, with short, matty black bair, balf-flatted nose, stocky of figure and erect of stature, such are the outlines of these natives. The men wear little crowns for hats, composed of anything that dazzles, and all the tassels that can sway in the breeze. This adornment is set on the back of the A shirt of any fabric, as gaudy as can be obtained, comes only to the middle. ple. and there is met with the belt that is the only remaining garment. This is tight-fitting and held only by a string.

In these mountains the cold becomes great at times. Frost and particles of Indians. They go barefoot, save that of late a form of sardal is assumed for perfect dress. This covers only the toes and is worn with no sock.

Often one may see anachronisms of the way of the blacksmith at the cor- stretched so large as to wear a spool -the usual spool on which thread is wound-in their ears as adornments, arded a shirt or blue army cloth with brass buttons, like a soldier's jacket: a hat or derby of straw, depending on what has been traded the wearers; a sword in the shape of an American bayonet, for which they have exchanged their head ax, an instrument they carry to cleave off heads of people they meet and dislike, or use in assaults in war.

With this military accouterment they are adorned above the waist; below, as was Adam, if we trust the description of the Bible; "naked to his enemies," in the language of Cardinal Wolsey. This Igorrote is a sight for the gods-of photography.

The women reverse the process. skirt adorns or flounders about their legs. This is made of a material looking like jute bagging. Sometimes there flowing cloth, fluttering at the ends. him. of most flaming color when obtainable. From the waist up "abreast the tides of wind naked to the breeze," in a Walt Whitman spectacle. There is not a cloth or covering until the head is reached. Then possibly a shawl or wrap which is a lately assumed display of fashion upon occa-

Sunday is their market day. So Commissioner Worcester, the most claims for itself to be inerrant and inlearned man in the east on the natives, provided a building for them. To this they come on Sundays, quiet, unperturbed, with no curiosity as to the toreigner. They affect the superiority of attitude characteristic of the indian; that is, to overlook superciliously the fact that a white person is about, so insignificant to them are such unimportant intrusions.

At this market are brought all the dogs to be had. For dogs are the chief object of trade. As it is cattle at our stockyards, or chickens in our market, or turkeys in Spain, so it is dogs in the Igorrote country. The dog is the animal of food. He is to the Igorrote as the pig to the Chinaman. But mark -it is the fat pig which the Chinese seeks, and the fat rat. The igorrote must have only a thin, poor, wasted dog. The thinner, the poorer, the more emaciated the animal is, the more in demand and the higher in price is it

Thus, as geese are fattened in the Italian Tyrol and in France to prepare the pate de tois gras, so in the igorrote country the dog is tamished to the point of starvation so as to keep it thin, poor and with bones barely covered. This is to make the animai tough. It thus serves as a chewing cud, like unto dry or strong beef in America.

So hundreds and hundreds of dogs of every stripe and color, kind and bred, yoked together as may be seen

Here the sellers bargain and trade, the islands of the Philippines in always to the point of getting the most for the thinnest dog, which is approvince at Beguio, the summer parently the toughest. The women sit in silence, a virtue of the igorrote woman, or in soft tones bargain bits of cloth and smoke big black cigars as they trade and prattle. The women

In the distance just beyond is the settlement of more than a thousand years of existence which Prof. Frederick Starr of Chicago has attractively described. Here the natives have had for years and years the practice and creed of trial marriage, just as shown in the Balkans, in one of the Russian provinces. Here can be seen in system and discipline the trial marriage of which George Meredith wrote. Others who lately have surhead, as a fez is worn by the Turk. feited our yearning on this point could have learned much from this exam-

These people say that the Chinese Malay of a thousand years ago taught them this method, and that it came from Israel and Greece. The method is this: The woman chooses the man; snow are often seen, and at night it is the man can bid, but he cannot force always cold, yet these men never his acceptance. If the woman is satiswear covering and sleep in huts and fied, she keeps him, and then he does tents, as did the primitive American no work. If children come he contributes, but in nowise maintains the household. Should she conclude to reject him, he must go elsewhere, but before departing she takes every vestige of money or property he ever poscivilization in these igorrotes; flat- sessed. Should be try to hide any of headed, their ears pierced through or it the disclosure of such fact deprives "Those who can't read can inquire the lower part pulled down and him of the hope of any other woman

The children are at the sole disposition of the mother. Never but by her consent can a child go to the father, or but by the child running away and swearing on the ax to take the new mother. Then the real mother cuts it out of her heart by gashing her breast with a knife.

It is reported that not more than ten out of 500 trial marriages result in any disadvantage to either contracting party or to children. In most instances the marriage following the trial has proved eminently satisfactory. The husband has been carefully supported and has no complaint with the manner in which his affairs are directed by his wife. If he works as a pastime it is quickly disclosed that it is only for his amusement or for obtaining a little provision with which he can obtain a new wife or be in demand by a new applicant in event of the death of his spouse-or his diis a sandal on the foot, at the waist a vorcing her for failure to support

AS ABBOTT SEES THE BIBLE

Distinguished Clergyman Refuses to Declare Book is Inerrant and Infallible.

I do not believe that the Bible is inerrant and infallible. It never fellible, and I decline to claim for it what it does not claim for itself. One of my correspondents asks me whether we shall teach our children that the Bible is like the "Arabian Nights." My answer is, we should teach our children that the Bible is a collection of literature which contains some history, some law, some poetry and drama fiction. We should teach our children the difference between fact and truth, and enable them to see clearly that fiction may be and often is as valuable a vehicle for truth as

Thus, as the value of the story of the prodigal son does not depend upon the question whether there ever were such a father and two such boys, so the value of the story of the garden of Eden does not depend upon the question whether there ever was a tree the fruit of which would give knowledge of good and evil, or a taiking serpent tempting a woman. The real value of the Book of Jonat. has been aimost wholly lost to most readers in the hot debate of the question whether a whale can swallow a man!-From an Editorial in The Outlook, by Lyman Abbott.

Just Suited Him. "I'm told there is no bridge whist in Bermuda."

"Good-by." Where are you going?" "I'm off to Bermuda."

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An Inward Conviction. Tommy, having disposed of three beipings of sausages and doughnuts sat mournfully regarding his empty

Observing his pensive expression, Aunt Sarah kindly asked: "Tommy, won't you have some more dough-

"No'm!" the poor lad replied, with feeling emphasis, "I don't want them I got now!"-Harper's Magazine.

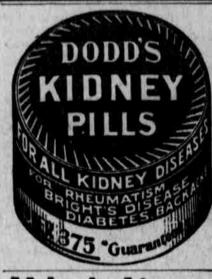
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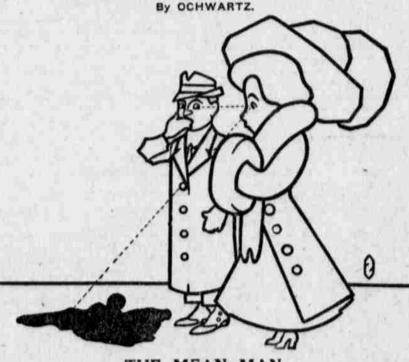




PATENT NOT I GEN. II JOHN HER AND

transport und Thompson's Eye Water

A PRIMER LESSON By OCHWARTZ.



THE MEAN MAN

Mud Pud-dle.

La-dy. See the Man. See the La-dy. And oh, see the Mud Pud-dle. Why me and prayed still another prayer does not the Zob lay his Coat down so the la-dy can step on it? Because his Name is Jinks and not Sir Walter Raleigh. And then too he has just coughed up 15 Bucks for the Wrap-per and he has on-ly a Plugged Beer Check left. And Mr. Jinks knows that he can-not buy an-oth-er Coat with the Plugged Beer Check. So he lets the La-dy Swim.

Mr. Jinks is a Mean Man. Children should al-ways throw their Coats in-to a Mud Pud-dle