DERRY.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER IV.

A little attention to his person and apparel had wrought such a change in Magrath's appearance, that there seemed to be but slight hazard of recognition, even should he meet his original captors. He was, indeed a fine, manly fellow, with an air of independence about him that bespoke a habit of thinking and acting for himself. He soon became an especial favorite with the younger Mrs. M'Alister, who found his ready ways invaluable, as a household assistant; while his perfect good humor, tempered with deep respect, won the partiality of the two girls. The Lady regarded him with a more anxious interest, concerned for his spiritual darkness, and longing to see some indication of a willingness to receive the truth. But Magrath baffled all her attempts to engage his notice, and wrapped himself up occasionally in a reserve so chilling, or else betrayed such manifest impatience to get out of hearing, that Shane often lost his temper, and indulged in hard speeches at his nephew's expense. Sometimes the old man was thoroughly bent on his conversion, making violent attacks on his religious creed, more conspicuous for the zeal that inspired, than the knowledge which supported them. To these Magrath generally opposed that dry and irritating sarcasm which never failed to put his uncle completely off his guard; so that the Irish language, rich as it is in variety of expression, could scarcely furnish the old man with phraseology sufficiently copious for his purposes of invective and contradiction. Often did the Lady of M'Alister interpose her authority, and many a private admonition Shane received; but his irascibility surmounted everything except the stoical endurance of his nephew, who, with elbows on his knees, and chin propped on the palms of his hands, seated on a low stool, would gaze, and listen as if to an agreeable narrative, while Shane exhausted all his strength of lungs, all his treasury of tropes, figures and denunciations, against the "monsthrous, barefaced tricks of shaven priests; and the jabbering nonsense of prayers only fit to be squeezed out of a rebelly throat at the foot of the gallows." So invariably did Shane identify popery with treason; still embodying all loyal and patriotic virtues in the expressive term of "a real Protestant."

And if Shane had lived to number a hundred and forty years from the siege of Derry, would he have incurred the charge of singularity by repeating this assertion? It may be feared, that even among those of a far higher grade, both in rank and learning, a kindred spirit would be found extensively spread abroad, impressing men's minds with a similar conviction, while the true nature of real Protestantism remained as little understood as it was by old O'Connogher. It must be observed, that in the midst of his invectives against the Romish faith, he never questioned the safety of their souls who lived and died under its influence, providing always that they were untainted by rebellion against a Protestant ruler. Shane never viewed that faith in its more awful character of treason against the King of kings, a homage rendered to the antichristian usurper, who, assuming a royal priesthood, yea, even to reign an enthroned priest over both priests and kings, lays claim to that prerogative which belongs to Jesus Christ alone; "so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God" * in his own estimation, while he receives the worship which is a robbery of the true God, and therefore branded in Scripture as bringing into eternal perdition those who continue in its practice. A change of opinion was that on which Shane hoped to build a change of his nephew's character; while the enlightened christians of the household well knew that such a fabric could not rest on any other foundation than a change of heart. To show him the evil of his nature, and the peril in which he stood as a helpless sinner, was the necessary prelude to humbling him before the Lord in prayer for that renewing process which God the Spirit can alone create; and whosoever has seriously tried this experiment with a member of the church of Rome, must bear testimony, that, until her bulwarks be levelled, the task is hopeless. The transgressor may be convinced, deeply convinced of guilt; but humbled he cannot be, so long as he believes that his own doings and sufferings can atone for the sin which oppresses him. Seeking wherewith he shall appear before the Lord, the inquirer is met by a host of deceptive helpers, absolutions, prayers, penances, alms-deeds, imaginary mediators, and purchaseable merits; and, should all fail on this side the grave, he is assured of purifying fires beyond its boundary, and efficacious masses to expedite their work. Alike welcome to carnal pride and to spiritual sloth, he is presented with a scheme which offers him a self-righteous plea on one hand, and on the other dispenses with that sanctification which God has pronounced indispensable. And can it be that any person, taught of the Holy Spirit, should attempt to pour into these bottles of rotten leather the new wine of unadulterated truth—should essay to patch his worn and perishing garment of rags with the firm fabric of gospel doctrine—should flatter himself that Christ will deign to rule in a temple where every species of idolatrous abomination is to cluster round His footstool, to obscure His kingly glory, to intrude upon His priestly prerogative, to falsify His prophetical mandate, and, only as chief among many Saviours, to yield Him the worthless homage of divided praise?

"We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed: forsake her," saith the prophet. The Lord, indeed, has pronounced her incurable, and the only deliverance is found in obeying the summons, "Come out of her, my people; be ye not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues." God has a people, even in the iron furnace of her spiritual despotism, and He alone can bring them forth, and gather them into His fold; but ours is the task to proclaim deliverance, and woe be to us if we dilute the awful word, rendering void the testimony of God by our traditional delusions, miscalled charity.

We may naturally suppose that such a character as Magrath, so singularly brought among them, must have excited uncommon interest in the bosoms of a christian family; and anxiously did they, particularly Bryan and the Lady, labor to make known to him the way of escape; but Shane's injudicious proceedings, intrenched in the strongholds of his vernacular tongue, appeared to counteract all their efforts. The partial knowledge acquired by the young people was totally inadequate to follow Shane and Magrath in their rapid enunciation; neither could they command terms wherewith to express themselves on spiritual or intellectual subjects. "I can manage pretty well," observed Ellen, "so long as I keep to what is passing around us every day; but to reason in that tongue is out of the question. I cannot think in Irish."

"You are right, my love," said her grandmother; "and you have unconsciously described the one insurmountable bar to my country's peace; her children, the native race, cannot think in English: and therefore the instruction offered to them in any language other than their own, finds no entrance to their understanding or their heart. Oh, but to see one of the days of Bedell, whose hands so indefatigably labored in their cause; his patient mind surmounting every obstacle until he had mastered the language, and had transferred into it the word of life, leaving his name embalmed in many a heart which bleeds in secret over my country's desolation!"

It may appear a bold assertion, though more easily to be contradicted than confuted, that even the lowest orders of native Irish—by which we always understand the race whose ancestors possessed the soil prior to the English invasion—are decidedly a more intellectual people than any who occupy a similar station in other countries. Disgraced as Ireland has been by intestine wars, rebellions, massacres, and almost interminable insurrections, accompanied with deeds of aggravated atrocity, we are more disposed to combine the idea of brutal force, animal courage, and inherent cruelty, with that of an Irish peasant, than to concede to him an elevated station in the grades of mental capability In this we err; at least in concluding that with the latter distinction the former characteristics are irreconcilable. The simple fact is, that we have taken infinite pains to incapacitate ourselves from forming any right judgment concerning the race, by renouncing the only key to their thoughts and feelings. We have refused to explore the mind of national intellect buried under what it pleases us to call a barbarous tongue; and just looking upon the rugged surface, we avert an eye of scorn, perchance of disgust, incredulous that precious metal lies deeply imbedded in the soil. And yet, in the face of all this prejudice, I assert—disprove it who can—that the native Irish, generally speaking, are richly stored with mental powers, keenly sensitive, highly imaginative, delighting in the play of fancy, and marked by an inquiring spirit, not terminating in the present gratification of vague curiosity, but capable of seizing, investigating, developing, and feeding upon those subjects which call into fullest activity the reasoning faculties of man. Withheld by the fetters of a darkening delusion from expatiating where immortal beings find a congenial element, the craving appetite turns earthward, and feasts on poisonous garbage; yet were an Englishman of cultivated mind, well versed in the vernacular tongue, to become the unsuspecting witness when a party of Irish peasants rest from their toil, he might often hear such tales of Ireland's ancient glory, such legends of her warlike kings, and such foreshowings of imaginary triumph, gleaned from prophetic lays and traditionary oracles, as would fix him in astonishment; and prompt the secret query whether that is a wise policy which, by locking from this artless people the stories of useful, sobering information, indissolubly weds them to those exciting retrospections—those meteors of anticipated glory, too often leading them forward in the path of mental destruction.

But again we must return to Derry, and view the progressive troubles of her augmenting population, for she soon became the last refuge of all the terrified northern Protestants; and while the garrison received a welcome accession of strength, the influx of many helpless fugitives, incapable of yielding any assistance in defending the town, created additional embarrassment. Still was the compassionate sympathy of the inhabitants unbounded; and they cheerfully concurred in submitting to every privation, rather than reject the pleadings of those persecuted wanderers. The Irish army, as it was called, under a commander devoted to James Stuart and Tyrconnel, gradually approached this northern extremity; and it was evident that the bloodless blockade would, ere long, be converted into a sanguinary siege.

The presence of Lundy within the walls, however, constituted a more serious cause for inquietude than the prospect of assailants without. He was closely; and the doublings of his crooked policy made manifest to many. Ross had become the most intemperate of these; and his irritation frequently showed itself in bursts that all the calm reasoning of his friends could scarcely repress. It was on one of these occasions that, after a sweeping denunciation, which included both principals and inferiors, all of every class attached to popery and King James, he concluded by a comparison between the native Irish and all other inhabitants of the British Isles, thanking the fates that he derived his lineage from a very different race, and hoping that he might never have to do with the bloodthirsty traitors of the soil.

The very peculiar expression that curled Magrath's lips, as he turned to his uncle, caught the eye of Ross; which the other perceiving, dropped the native language, and continued in English a remark just commenced, that it was a pity they ever risked their "nate persons among 'em."

"What are you saying, sir?" demanded Ross, sternly.

"I am saying, sir," answered the other, fixing on him the full gaze of calm defiance, "that it's out and out true for you, your forefathers had better have let us be aisy in our own land."

"Your land! the land is ours by conquest, and it is only by our weak sufferance that a tribe of you exist."

"Conquest!" ejaculated Magrath, starting to his feet, while impassioned energy swelled every feature, and fired his action into vehemence. "'Tis false; ye invaded the land, ye overran it, ye parcelled it out; but conquer it ye didn't, nor ye couldn't. Och! but maybe we'll be after forgetting when Malachy scoured the land of them heathenish Danes; and our own Bryan Boromy led his Dalcais to Dublin gates, and showed how Irishmen wouldn't be conquered. And we'll be forgetting——"

"Hush, Magrath!" said the Lady of M'Alister, kindly smiling on the vehement orator; then turning to Ross, she continued, "The way to conquer the Irish, my young friend, is to conquer their hearts."

Till this moment it had never occurred to the angry youth that his intemperate philippic had touched the venerable lady as nearly as her more humble guest. He manifested no little embarrassment, while Magrath's countenance brightened into ten-fold animation.

"Good luck to your Ladyship, and long life, and honor, and glory!—that belongs to the O'Neill, anyhow. And poor Larry Magrath is bound to love the green sod that your honor walks over, barrin' that it isn't in Deery the grass will grow. And, your Ladyship, wasn't the O'Neill the very mischief among 'em, marching up and down like a mad cat at their tails? And you'll remember your glory, when Finn M'Coul, in the pride of his heart——"

How far Magrath's reminiscences might have carried him, or how many more epithets of affectionate reverence he might have bestowed on the Lady, cannot be ascertained; for Bryan, pitying his friend's confusion, good-humoredly interposed, saying, 'Come, let me negotiate a peace between the contending powers. Confess the truth, Ross, you have very little blood in your veins that is not Irish; and therefore you could not intend seriously to decry the race. You, Magrath, have certainly lost sight of the respect due to a gentleman—to your joint-protector—to my friend."

This appeal seemed to fail of its effect until the last word was uttered, when Magrath, fixing on him a look of respectful firmness, answered, "Sir, any offence against the friend of O'Neill couldn't come from my heart, and I ask your pardon." Then, without noticing Ross, he turned to his uncle, and impatiently exclaimed in Irish, "By the battles of Conn! only for the O'Neill I would not shelter my head under this roof another night."

(To be Continued.)

* 2 Thess. ii, 4.

You should all remember that C. F. Shaw, 518 S. 16th St., has always on hand, Vegetable, in season; also a full line of Staple Groceries. Do not forget us when down town.

CONFESSION OF A JESUIT.

The Seal of the Confessional May Be Broken.

Graf Paul Von Ascasbruch became a member of the jesuit order at the age of 26, and remained in it for thirteen years. During that time he has written several treaties in defense of jesuitism. The fact that he has formally withdrawn from the order has created a great sensation, especially in Germany, where, at this time, an attempt is made to repeal the jesuit expulsion act. It is charged that the Ultramontanists in the reichstag have agreed to vote for the army bill on condition that the jesuit exclusion act be repealed.

In the *Preussisce Jehrbucher*, of Berlin, for May, he says, (and we commend the closing paragraph to little Tom Sherman):

"*Jesuitism undermines, in a certain degree even destroys, the character and individuality of its members.* This is the most clearly proved by the method used in educating the novices. The daily routine of the novitiate is a continual attack upon the development of individual energy. Not only from hour to hour, nay, for every quarter of an hour, distinct rules regulate his life. The free will, the inclination to any particular occupation, is blunted by such treatment. The novice thinks: What I do now is only for the time being, and the interruption may come at any moment. Thus he learns gradually to do what is commanded without the slightest emotion. Everything is regulated. The walk, the carriage of head and hands, the look, the motion of the body—literally nothing is left to the free choice of the novice. If he wants a drink of water he must ask permission to take it; the same if he would make use of paper and pen. Every novice is given a 'guardian angel'—that is to say, two novices are bound by the rules to point to each other their faults. This is aggravated by the so-called 'stoning' (*lapidatio* which occurs several times a year. The novices kneel down (each one by turn) and the others criticize them. Thus, one will say: 'N. N. walks too quickly,' another 'he walks too slowly,' 'talks too loudly,' or 'not loud enough,' and similar remarks. The quintessence of this system is the so-called rule of modesty, which contains the following regulations: 'The forehead should not be wrinkled, still less the nose; the lips should not be compressed, nor should they be parted; in conversation never look another straight in the eyes, but rather look before you. The hands should always be at rest. Never laugh loudly, do not move your hands, and avoid all show of emotion in your face.'

"The religious exercises are in a like manner directed against all individuality. On the whole, *a pious Catholic sees in the confessional a divine ordinance*, and in confessing he submits to the will of the Almighty. *Besides, the knowledge that the secret lies hidden under the seal of the holy sacrament takes away the deluctance to confess.* With the jesuit this is quite different. Not only has he no certainty that his confession will be kept a secret, he knows that the contents of his confession will influence his future life, the work for which he will be used, the place to which he will be sent. God requires only that man should confess his greatest and worst sins; but the jesuit prior requires of the novice a written declaration and description of his whole past life. Not only must he speak again of things which have been forgiven long ago in the holy confessional—nay, even his innermost thoughts must be made known! Nor is this all. When the novice has thus once 'balanced the accounts of his conscience,' he continues this kind of work by a written confession once a week, and a resume at the end of each month. When the novitiate is past, and the lay brother becomes a 'scholasticus,' this confession is no longer obligetory, but still very advisable. The jesuit general, Claudius Aquaria, goes so far as to say that *secrets told in the sacramental confession must be revealed to the prior, and may be used by him 'for the good of the order.'* Thus the divine seal of secrecy is broken for the sake of a human institution.

"Nor is the scientific education of the jesuits adapted to foster individual charter. In phisological and mathematical studies, greaten freedom is allowed than in other studies, because the subjects treated of are not very inductive to individualism. This is, perhaps, the reason that the jesuits have numbered so many great mathematicians and astronomers in their ranks. But doubly strict is the supervision in philosophy, theology and literature. Thus it happens that after seven years of study, the young jesuit has his mind stuffed with the systems and works of men who, in reality, wield no influence, *But his teachers have left him in entire ignorance of the modern giants of thought, whose works he is not allowed to examine*, and whose names he never hears. If the jesuit wishes to extend his knowledge, he cannot, like others, make use of a library at his discretion. If he wishes to read any book, he must first ask permission of his superiors, and they will determine whether his desire is harmful to the order or not.

"*The thing which dissatisfied me most is the destruction of all patriotism.* The jesuit is educated to look upon all countries and climes alike. Europe or Asia, German or French, republic or monarchy, it is all the same to him. Such an international community, formed out of so many heterogeneous national elements, cannot but destroy the national preference of its members, whether republican or monarchical. I felt this more than other, perhaps, as a German, a Prussian, and a member of an old family which has always been true to the institutions of the country."—*Literary Digest.*

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Hiram Bowling, aged 76, and partially deaf, was killed by the limited mail at Van Wert, O.

William King, a 3-year-old child, fell in a bucket of lye at Brazil, Ind., and was so badly eaten that it will die.

William Ross, a driver in mine No. 6, belonging to Brazil, Ind., Block Coal company, was chrushed to death by falling slate.

The Cerneau northern jurisdiction Masonic litigation pending for some time in the Ohio supreme court has been dropped, the seven Cerneau Masons who were pushing it asking that it be dismissed.

Miller P. Long, a Napoleon, O., farmer, died from the effects of a stab wound inflicted by his 16-year-old son Napoleon, who was arrested. The father had reprimanded the son for not going to work.

William Rapply shot himself in St. Louis because a woman had jilted him. He will probably die.

Postmaster Thomas, the new Democratic incumbent at Topeka, Kan., discharged 17 Republican carriers and gave their places to Democrats.

Car accountants from all parts of the United States, Mexico and Canada attended the 18th annual convention of the International association at Indianapolis.

Burglars chloroformed and robbed Henry Post of Venice, Ills., Sunday night, securing 11 watches.

The Adams county, Ia., train robbers were taken to Council Bluffs, where they will be tried July 8.

The supreme court of Missouri decided that the law permitting the sale of vaggrants is unconstitutional.

Eldrige G. Eames and his wife were run over by a fast train on the Chicago and Rock Island railroad Sunday night near Carbon Cliff, Ills.

Mrs. Sarah Lagro of Elkhart, Ind., has brought suit for $20,000 against Dr. G. W. Spohr of that city for alleged defamation of character.

Frederick Love of Minneapolis was arrested, charged with stealing goods from his employer, T. M. Roberts, a hardware dealer, to the amount of $5,000.

Frank Sulek, a prominent Bohemian politician of Iowa City, Ia., became insane recenty over financial troubles and killed himself by jumping from a train.

William Collins, a clerk on the Missouri Pacific railroad at Fort Scott, Kan., was arrested on the charge of drawing money from the company on fictitious names kept on the pay roll.

Western Passenger Agents.

DENVER, June 21.—The general passenger agents of the Western association continued their session, most of the time being taken up in going over the rules adopted in Chicago, and making such modifications and changes as apply to the association.

The Cowboy Race.

SIOUX CITY, June 21.—Doc Middleton was compelled to drop out of the cowboy race here. The other riders have all passed this city.

National League Tuesday's Games.

At Pittsburg—									R.	H.	E.
Pittsburg	2	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	1— 6	10	3
Cleveland	3	1	0	0	2	4	0	0	*—10	14	6

Ehret, Miller and Stenzel; Clarkson and Zimmer. Umpire, Gaffney.

At Philadelphia—									R.	H.	E.
Phil'd'lp'a	0	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	0— 10		
Baltimore	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0— 2	10	2

Weyhing and Cross; McNabb and Clarke. Umpire, Lynch.

At Cincinnati—									R.	H.	E.
Cincinnati	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0— 1	7	1
Louisville	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0— 3	9	0

Sullivan and Vaughn; Hemming and Weaver. Umpire Seward.

At New York—									R.	H.	E.
New York	0	3	0	0	1	1	2	0	1— 8	9	8
Washington	0	8	0	0	9	0	5	2	1—16	14	8

Umpire, McLaughlin.

At Boston—									R.	H.	E.
Boston	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4— 5	1	
Brooklyn	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0— 2	3	0

Kennedy and Daily; Nichols and Ganzel. Umpire, Hurst.

LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCE.

South Omaha Live Stock.

UNION STOCK YARDS, SOUTH OMAHA, June 20.

CATTLE—Receipts, 2,400 head; 1300 to 1500 lbs., $4.40@4.85; 1100 to 1300 lbs., $4.15@4.50; 900 to 1100 lbs., $3.65@4.10; choice cows, $3.25@3.90; common cows, $1.50@3.00; good feeders, $3.50@4.00; common feeders, $2.75@3.40. Market 10c lower.

HOGS—Receipts, 10,600 head; light, $5.85@6.00; mixed, $5.85@5.90; heavy, $5.80@5.95. Market 10c lower.

SHEEP—Receipts, 700 head; muttons, $4.00@5.25; lambs, $4.50@6.25. Market 10c lower.

Chicago Live Stock.

UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO, June 20.

The cattle market was unchanged today. It was not more active than on the preceding half dozen days, nor were prices perceptibly firmer. The tone appeared to be a little better and that was the extent of the improvement. With less than half the hogs offered yesterday, the market was weak, and unevenly lower today. The weak condition was ascribed to the continued hot weather and the fact that eastern buyers were out of the market. The early trading was close to yesterday's quotations, while the close was 10c off and dull. The sheep trade was no worse than before—it couldn't well be. The demand was unimproved and so were prices. There was only a very limited local demand and scarcely inquiry for shipment on the hoof.

CATTLE—Receipts, 5,500 head; common to extra, $3.90@5.60; stockers and feeders, $2.50@4.30; cows and heifers, $1.40@4.00.

HOGS—Receipts, 13,000 head; heavy, $6.30@6.40; mixed and medium, $6.25@6.55; light, $6.30@6.50.

SHEEP—Receipts, 10,000 head; poor to choice, $2.95@5.00; lambs, $4.25@6.25.

Chicago Grain and Provisions.

CHICAGO, June 20.—The close in wheat was ¾@1c lower than last night. Corn closed ½@¾c lower than yesterday. Oats were quiet and lower, due principally to lack of buying orders.

WHEAT—June, 64¾c; July, 65⅝c; September, 70⅝c.

CORN—June, 41⅝c; July, 41⅞c; September, 43⅝c.

OATS—June, 30⅛c; July, 30c; September, 26⅞c.

PORK—July, $20.10; September, $20.65.

LARD—June, $9.70; July, $9.80; September, $10.40.

RIBS—June, $8.90; July, $9.00; September, $9.32½.

A Story About Tin Foil.

Some years ago a tobacconist discovered the utility of tin foil for wrapping chewing tobacco. Theretofore paper had been exclusively used for the purpose, but it did not serve to keep the moisture of the atmosphere away from the tobacco nor preserve the natural moisture of the tobacco from the effects of a dry or heated atmosphere. Paper also absorbed the aroma of the weed and was not sufficiently lasting. Therefore tin foil was used for wrappers. But it became costly and could only be rolled to a certain thickness or thinness beyond which the ingenuity of man seemed to find it impossible to go. The fact was that no rollers could be made to sustain the pressure necessary to mashing the tin foil to a leaf sufficiently thin to suit the manufacturer.

Many ingenious inventors struggled with the proposition for months and gave up the problem as unsolvable, when a simple workman about the shop one day, after rolling two sheets to the customary thinness, put the two sheets together into the rollers and made both halves as thin as one was before. This was as simple as standing an egg on end, but it created a revolution in the manufacture of tin foil for tobacconists' use and made a mint of money for the boss of the discoverer. The man had struck upon the idea by accident, but the discovery was as great and as profitable as if he had been a great inventor and spent years of his valuable life over the question.—Boston Herald.

A Church Usher's Humor.

Even a church usher can show a keen sense of humor in the pursuit of his duties. Not long ago a prominent young business man of Rochester promised his little daughter that she might have a party on her birthday. The birthday happened to come on the Sunday before Easter, and the little girl came up to her father the day before to remind him of his promise. Her father told her that of course he could not let her have a party on Sunday, but that he would take her to church instead. As the father himself was little given to church going, and the daughter had never been but once, the idea struck her as absolutely unique and absolutely delightful, so she accepted the alternative eagerly—much to her father's regret.

They went down to church together in the morning—Mr. Robinson and little May—and by dint of careful examining of charts Mr. R. located his pew. He had hardly seated himself when up came an usher with a humorous twinkle in his eye and wonder in his countenance at the unexpected appearance of Mr. R. at church. Him did the usher make straight for, and leaning over he whispered in a loud stage whisper:

"I beg your pardon Mr. Robinson, but haven't you made a mistake? Next Sunday's Easter!"—Quips.

An Odd Love Letter.

A lady has written the life of the Archduke Carl Salvator, the brother of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who died suddenly about a year ago. A letter now published, sent by the king of Naples' sister, Maria Immaculata, to the archduke, then 20 years old, who had honored her with an offer of marriage, is worth reading. The princess, who was 15, and became the archduke's wife two years later, wrote: "My Dear Cousin—Your honored letter gave me all the more joy because I see from it that you have for a long time entertained the idea of marrying me. I hope that God and the Holy Virgin will give me grace, that I may satisfy you in everything; that I may make you happy all your life long and be devoted, obedient and respectful to your parents. I ask them to receive me as their daughter. I thank you also for the photograph you sent, and hoping soon to see you in Rome remain ever your devoted cousin, Maria Immaculata." It would be interesting to know what governess or tutor was responsible for this composition.—London News.

The Personality of Arabi Pasha.

Clement Scott relates in a London journal an interview he had with Arabi Pasha, the exiled Egyptian leader, at his home in Ceylon. Arabi was then at Kandy, and with him was Ali Fehmey, another exiled pasha, once a general in the Turkish army. "I found Arabi a tall, well set up, grave faced and eminently soldierly man," says Mr. Scott. "He is only 51 years of age, but he looks 10 or 15 years older. His hair and beard are completely gray and rapidly turning to white. His face wears an expression of resignation and sadness, and his eyes are dimmed and filmed with impending cataract. The form is not bowed or bent, but still firm and erect, and it did not require two glances to see that he was a man of strong determination. I could not help smiling as he took out his watch when I arrived and gravely complimented me on my military punctuality."

Toasts at Temperance Meetings.

Is there not something perverse and contrary to nature about having toasts at temperance banquets and drinking them in water out of goblets? Water is unquestionably the best drink in the world, but not for toasts. It is right and proper that our temperance friends should eat together and that their souls should flow, but they ought to get up a new apparatus for the exploitation of their after dinner remarks. The livery of Silenus is not adapted to the service of Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Frances Willard. Twist or turn as you will, it does not fit.—Harper's Weekly.

Wouldn't Pay For Illumination.

One day this week a fellow with the worst kind of a toothache crept timidly into a certain Lewiston dentist's office.

"What do you ask for pulling a tooth?" queried he, holding on to his face.

"Fifty cents without gas, a dollar with gas," replied he of the forceps.

The fellow started as if he was shot.

And what do you suppose he said?

"If you can't pull my tooth in broad daylight without gas, I'll go somewhere where they can!"—Lewiston Journal.