

THEY THAT MOURN

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK

BUNN MARKET was over, its hurry and huddle. In corners and quiet spots of the big market-yard you saw men and women carefully counting their little stores of silver, testing the coins

with their teeth, knotting them firmly in red pocket handkerchiefs, finally stowing them away in their long, wide pockets cautiously as though every sixpence was a diamond. In the streets people were leisurely moving towards the shops, where tills were rattling and counters teeming, and trade for a few hours, flourishing, after its whole six days of blissful stagnation.

A cart laden with butter, chiefly in firkins, issued from the market-yard gate, a man between the shafts, one at either wheel, two pulking behind, all noisily endeavoring to keep the cart from running amuck down hill into the river. Close behind, like chief mourners after a hearse, one might fancy, came Tim Kerin and Nan, his wife—a battered, slow-footed couple, heavily burdened with the big load of their years, white-haired, both of them, and lean as greyhounds. Heavily they shuffled along in their clumsy boots; the man with one arm across his back, the other swinging limply; the woman holding up her skirt with one hand and gripping with the other the handle of a big, empty basket; both looking fixedly over the tail-board of the cart at the few pounds of butter for which they had slaved hard for weeks, and for which, after hours of haggling, they had just received a few most precious shillings. Fixedly they watched it, and mournfully, almost, as though they were bidding it a last farewell.

They passed through the gate, struggled across the footpath, and silently watched the cart zigzag down the street, run presently along the curb, and, amid great shouting, discharge its contents into the packing house. "Faith," said Tim across his shoulder, "twas cleverly done. I wonder, some day, they don't break their necks." He wagged his head dubiously; Nan tucked up her skirt; the two turned their faces up hill and set out to share their profits with the shops. The butter was gone, and sorrow go with it—twas a heartbreak.

Tim Kerin's share of the profits was a shining sixpence, reluctantly tendered to him by Nan, his wife, who now walked a couple of steps behind him, with eighteen-pence shut tight in her hand the remainder of the butter money (only a shilling or two) tied fast in a cotton bag and safely stowed away in the neck of her linsey-woolsey dress. Three-pence of Tim's sixpence was to buy tobacco, a penny might go in the purchase of a weekly newspaper, a penny would buy a pair of "whangs" (leather laces) for his boots; the penny remaining, when all those luxuries had been honestly paid for, would buy a whole tumblerful of frothing porter. A whole tumblerful! At sight of it, with his mind's eye, Tim's lips dried and his feet went quicker over the cobblestones.

Nan's lips were tight, her brow wrinkled. She was figuring. It would take her to be powerful 'cute to fill her basket with the value of eightpence. Och! the lot of things she wanted; tea, sugar, bacon, a herring for the Sunday's dinner, a bit of white bread, and—supposing there was a penny or two over (with knowing bargaining there might be), was it likely now that Mr. Murphy, the draper, would let her have a cheap yard of narrow, soiled lace to go around the border of her



"OCH, OCH, MRS. KERIN."

night caps? Twopence might do, three-pence would be sure to—Aw, glory be to goodness! did anybody ever hear of such romances, such extravagance; sure it was running wild her wits were! Three-pence for lace indeed!

A friend stepped from behind a cart and caught Nan by the arm. What was it, pass a neighbor like that Mrs. Kerin would do? Pass her oldest friend, Mrs. Brady, as if she was a milestone, and never pass the time of day, or tell how she sold her butter, or how the world was using herself!

"Och, och, Mrs. Kerin," moaned Mrs. Brady, "what have I done to ye, at all, at all?" Nan stopped and put out her hand, then volubly began explaining; sure, sorrow the sight of Mrs. Brady she had seen; sure, she never passed a neighbor without speaking; sure, 'twas walkin' along romancin' she was, figurin' in her head, seeing how far she could make the few shillings go. "An' how are you, ma'am?" asked Nan, when full pardon for her oversight had been generously given and gratefully received. "How are you, an' all your care?"

Swiftly the two heads bobbed together; ceaselessly their tongues began to wag; freely the full tide of their softly drawing speech flowed gurgling round the little nothings of their little world.

Meanwhile, Tim, his sixpence hot in his palm, had taken a turn through the throng of the streets, had questioned his neighbors about sales and prices (just as though he were a man of stomach and capital), had spelt out the time

his feet clattering loosely on the pavement, his old face turning here and there, watching for his wife; "it's from Padeen, sure as ever was!" Aw! but he was glad. Aw! but Nan would be glad. So long it was, ages and ages ago, since they heard from him. 'Twasn't Padeen's hand-write—naw! but sure it might have altered; everything altered in the Big Country. Ay! 'twas only poor ould Ireland that kept the same—never any worse, never any better. But where was Nan? Sure, she ought to be in the shops. He was dying to find her. Up and down he went; at last he found her, still bobbing heads at the top of Bridge street with her friend Mrs. Brady.

"Aw, it's here ye are, Nan?" he said, coming up. "An' me huntin' the town for ye. It's yourself is well, Mrs. Brady. I'm hopin'?" That's right, that's right. His voice came strangely broken and shrill; his eyes danced like a child's; still his hand gripped the letter in his pocket.

"What's the matter, Tim?" whispered Nan. "Ha' ye heard news?"

and the envelope fluttered down. For a while they stood there silent, dread stricken. At last Nan spoke.

"Read, Tim," she said. "Read."

"I—I can't."

"Ye must, Tim; it's better. Let us know the worst, for God's sake!"

"I—I—" Tim began; then quickly opened the sheet. "It's—it's too dark here," he mumbled. "I—I want me specs."

"Read what ye can, Tim, an' quick, for God's sake!"

So Tim, still with his face to the wall, raised the letter to catch the light, and began to read:

"Chicago City, U. S. A.
"Dear—dear Mister Kerin—It is my—my sad duty to in-form you that your son Patrick died" ("Aw, Padeen, Padeen!") "of ty—typhus here on the 2d of this month at 12 o'clock a. m." ("God's mercy!" cried Nan.) "As his oldest friend, I was with him at the end. He died in peace. He was buried, at his request, in—Cemetery. I—I send you something to—keep. . . ."

"Aw, I can read no more," said Tim, with a groan; "it's too dark. I can read no more. Me poor ould Padeen!"

Nan turned and looked vacantly across at the busy street, dry-eyed and gray-faced. Ah! her poor Padeen, dead and buried away among the strangers, dead and buried, and never, never would she see him again, never hear his voice, never grip his hand! Dead, dead! her big, handsome, noble son. She turned to Tim and caught him by the sleeve.

"Come away, Tim," she said. "Come away w' me."

"Aw! Nan, Nan," he said, as the big tears sprang to his eyes. "Nan, me girl, but it's hard."

"Aw, yis," said she, and lifted her



"AW, I CAN READ NO MORE," SAID TIM, WITH A GROAN, "IT'S TOO DARK."

on the big market-house clock as he stood by the town pump listening to the hoarse drone of a ballad-singer; and now, on the sidewalk of Main street, stood dreamily looking through a shop window at a pile of newspapers which stood precariously among an array of tobacco pipes and sweet bottles. If he bought a paper, Tim was thinking, he would have a whole week's diversion of nights; if he didn't buy it, he would save the price of another tumblerful o'—A heavy hand fell on his shoulder.

"Hello, Tim," said his neighbor, Shan Grogan; "havin' a wee squint at the sugarsticks, is it ye are?"

"Aw, ay," answered Tim, turning; "aw, ay! I was just lookin' at the papers there, an' wonderin' what an ojus lot o' news they give us nowadays for a penny. Enough to keep one gain' for a week."

"Yis," said Shan, "it's a wonderful world. But alsy, Tim; ha' ye been to the Post lately?"

"Naw," said Tim.

"Well, look in there if you're passin', me son. The lassie that sells the stamps asked me to tell ye. Gwan quick; mebbe she'll give ye news for nothin'."

"Now, now," answered Tim; "I'm obliged to ye, Shan, I'm obliged to ye. Now, now," he repeated to himself, as he shuffled off along the pavement; "now, now. Is Shan havin' a wee joke I wonder?" he said, and, coming to the postoffice, doubtfully sidled in.

"Me name is Kerin, miss," he said to the clerk, very humbly as to one of the representatives of mighty government itself; "Tim, for Christian; an' they tell me ye'd mebbe be havin' somethin' for me?"

The girl handed him a letter bearing the Chicago postmark, stamped in one of its bottom corners, and carrying its address thence right up to the top of the envelope. Tim bore it tenderly to the door and carefully inspected it, then took it back to the counter.

"Whose countersign might that be, miss, if ye please?" he asked, and placed his thumb over the postmark. Humbly he asked; curtsy he was answered.

"Chicago?" said Tim. "Ay, ay! I'm obliged to ye, miss—I'm obliged to ye. May the Lord be good to ye an' send ye a duke for a husband! Good day to ye, miss," said he, then stepped out into the street with his hand deep in his pocket and the letter in his hand, and went off in search of Nan.

"It's from Padeen," he kept thinking to himself, as he walked joyfully along,

"Ay, ay," he said. "Come away till I tell ye; come away."

He turned, and, with Nan at his heels, set off almost at a run down-hill toward the river. Aw, but his heart was thumpin'. "Alsy, Tim," cried Nan behind him; "aisy man, or me breathin' me breath—"

Without answering or slackening his pace Tim went on, turned through the butter market gate, crossed the empty yard, came to the furthestmost corner of one of the long, low sheds, and there halted, with his face to the wall. Aw, but his heart was thumpin'. Presently Nan came to him, panting and hurried.

"What is it, Tim?" she asked; "what is it?"

Slowly Tim brought out his letter, and holding it by both hands, let his wife look at it.

"It's—it's from Padeen!" cried she; "it's from Padeen!"

"Yis," said Tim. "It's not his hand-write, but it must be from him."

"Aw, glory be to God!" cried Nan. "Glory to God! Sure, it's ages since we heard from the boy, ages!"

She put down her basket, and, with her head between Tim's shoulder and the wall, looked fixedly at the envelope. Aw! but she was glad to see it. Such a time it was since they had heard from Padeen! A whole two years it was, come Christmas, since the last letter came, with that money-order in it, an' the beautiful picture of Padeen himself, dressed out in his grand clothes, with a gold chain across his waistcoat, and a gold ring on his finger. A whole two years almost. And now maybe—

"Aw, Tim, open it quick," she panted; "open it quick!"

"Mebbe," said Tim, "we'd better wait till we get home. The light's bad, an'—"

"No, no, Tim; no, no; it'd kill me to wait."

"Ay," said Tim, then slowly drew his knife from his pocket and tenderly cut open the top of the envelope. His fingers trembled greatly as he fumbled with the inclosure. Nan's hand went quick to her heart.

"Aw, quick, Tim!" she cried. "Quick, quick!"

"Don't—don't foolster me, woman," said Tim. "I can't—can't—" The next moment his shaking old fingers held a sheet of notepaper, and a black-edged card on which glared out a long silver cross, and beneath it, in large letters, the words: Patrick Kerin.

Nan fell back a step; her fingers clutched at her dress over her heart. Tim's knife clattered upon the stones,

basket; "but come away, Tim, come away. Home's the best place for us."

"Yis," said Tim, wiping his eyes with his hand. "Yis, Nan," then, Nan leading the way, and Tim shuffling after, the two old people (mourners now in real earnest) crossed the yard; and at the gate Nan halted.

"I think," said she, as Tim came up, "I think we can manage this week w'out the bits o' groceries. Sure, they're only luxuries, anyway. I'll go an' see if Mr. Murphy can find me a bit o' crape for me bonnet."

"Do," said Tim. "Do, Nan; an' when you're about it," he said, taking his six-pence from his pocket and handing it to her, "ye may as well get me a bit

for me hat. Ay! sure I can do w'out me tobacco for one week. Aw, yis! Away quick, Nan; an' hurry back, me girl."

So Nan turned up towards the market-house; but Tim went down-hill towards the bridge; and when, presently, Nan came to him, carrying her little packet of crape in her big basket, Tim's head was bowed over the parapet, and he was mumbling tearfully, "Aw, me poor Padeen!"

Nan plucked at his sleeve.

"Come away home, Tim," she said, "come away." And at the word Tim raised his head, dried his eyes, and set off slowly after Nan up the long, dusty road that wearily led towards home.

The Sketch.

"AND SEND YE A DUKE FOR A HUSBAND."

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Literary and News Notes.

A new edition of Chaucer, published in England, costs \$610. The old English bard was not much of a speller, but his poetry is worth all that is asked when compared with the verse of the present laureate.

The "splendid isolation of England" is a favorite phrase of the day in British newspapers. All the same English diplomatists are displaying intense activity in trying to escape from this form of brilliant conspiracy.

A census of the entire world is proposed for the year 1900. The United States had a population of 5,398,483 in the year 1890, and will have not far from 80,000,000 in 1900. Those who question the success of a republican form of government should consider these figures.

Europe still possesses considerable land in America. England owns 3,634,782 square miles, France 48,040, Denmark 86,614, and Holland 46,463, with an aggregate population of over 7,000,000. Spain also has some real estate left in the western world, but would find it difficult to give possession except in the immediate vicinity of Havana.

A number of the leading physiologists of Boston who have been interviewed on the electric illumination of the interior of the human frame think that the new form of photography will be chiefly useful in the discovery of tumors and the location of foreign substances in the body. If it assists in keeping the verminiform appendix in subjection mankind will cheerfully acknowledge that the Roentgen light is a boon.

While the now unknown quantity photographing through solids is called a light, it is invisible to the eye, and is known only by the record of its power to penetrate flesh, wood and paper, and partially through bone and metal. As a matter of fact, scientists have discovered by accident a property of light in connection with electricity, the existence of which has never been suspected, and so the world has a new mystery to deal with by experiment, and no choice except to wait patiently for the investigation.

The public are deeply indebted to Mr. Fitzsimmons for having put a quietus on Mr. Maher by a well delivered blow on the chin. There could not have been a more appropriate place upon which to inflict long deserved punishment. If Mr. Fitzsimmons will in like excellent manner attend to that particular part of the anatomy of Mr. Corbett and the other pugilists, and in so effective a manner that further talking upon their part, by long distance telephone or otherwise, will be impossible, he will earn the everlasting gratitude of a very weary public.

The reason Great Britain has occupied the small, rocky island of Trinidad off the coast of Brazil, and which for more than a century has been regarded as the property of Portugal, and, later of Brazil, is given in parliament by the under secretary for foreign affairs.

Mr. Curzon says Great Britain occupied Trinidad in 1781, but abandoned it in 1782 on the representations of Portugal. The secretary adds that his government "reoccupied the island because it had been abandoned for a century." Given a little more in detail the case of Great Britain in regard to the island is that she attempted to take it 115 years ago, but was prevented from doing so by the claims set up by Portugal, which were admitted, and she surrendered the island to that country.

When Brazil became independent of Portugal this island fell to the possession of the new empire and has remained so ever since. One hundred and thirteen years after the surrender of the island Great Britain again seized it because it had been abandoned "for a century," but whether it was because Great Britain had abandoned it for a century or whether Portugal and Brazil had abandoned it for that period does not appear from the secretary's declaration. It must be the former, because Brazil claims that it has never given up or ceased to control the island. Great Britain abandoned that portion of this continent south of the great lakes about a century ago, and possibly she may, for that reason, desire again to assume control of it, which might constitute as good a claim to the thirteen colonies as Great Britain now has for the possession of Trinidad. She gave up the colonies as she gave up the island—because her tenure was rather insecure—but that surrender, if it can be revoked as to the island, may perhaps be revoked as to the colonies.

The doctors of astronomy are not in complete accord as to the possible consequences of a collision of our planet with a comet. Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, of New York, is of opinion that nothing serious would happen. He observes that so far as we know a comet is made up of minute particles and is comparable to a dust cloud. Our atmosphere, he says, is practically impervious to such a body. Even at a distance of seventy or eighty miles above the earth the atmosphere, though extremely rare, is still dense enough to disintegrate and destroy a body like a comet. "The particles would become infinitely fine, no larger than the ultimate atoms of matter." He admits, however, that if a comet were made of solid chunks of matter the result would be different. A ton chunk, for instance, might burn a hole as big as the State of New York. And that would be a pretty serious matter. But he asserts—

somewhat too dogmatically, perhaps—that there are no large particles in the make-up of a comet. On the other hand, our own Professor H. Burnham is not quite so cocksure. He says he doesn't think he would like to be at the place of impact. "There might be no danger, and there might." However, he is willing to take the chances. He would like to see Perrine's comet strike the earth. "You see," says the professor, "we have no exact data on such matters, and science would be benefited by the collision." So it would, if there should happen to be any scientific person left after the event. But that, as the learned doctors are forced to admit, after all, is just what we don't certainly know. We do know that comets must be composed of the most part of very attenuated and greatly dispersed matter, because when they have made close approaches to planets they have exerted no perceptible influence upon the latter. But it does not follow that there are no solid masses about a comet. It is admitted that an iron mass weighing a ton traveling, like Perrine's comet, at the rate of 1,700,000 miles a day, or over 1,180 miles a minute, would knock a hole in the earth—or, rather, burn a hole—as big as the State of New York. But a mass of a thousand tons would not avert such a planet as Jupiter very far from its course, while such a mass, or a thousand such masses, striking the earth at such a high velocity would make things very hot. In fact, they might not leave many astronomers to enrich themselves with scientific knowledge after the collision. As Professor Burnham says, the comet might hurt or it might not. But, as he doesn't say, the most of us would prefer not to take the chances. We can worry along without exact scientific knowledge on this subject, and we would not invite collision even with an extremely light traveler jogging along at the rate of nearly 1,200 miles a minute. It affords us some satisfaction to know that the chances are a good many millions to one against a collision. It is not much more rational to bother our heads about the possible consequences than it would be to enter upon a serious consideration of the probability that all the angry war bluster with which we have been regaled during the last few months has been caused by the approach of Perrine's comet.

PROGRESS IN GERMANY, TOO.

Provision for the Higher Education of Women Will Be Made Soon.

The semi-official Hamburgische Correspondenz to-day calls attention to the increasing interest shown in Germany in the question of the rights of women. It says:

"The woman's rights agitation, now vigorously going on in England, is being watched with the keenest interest in Germany, where also the question is a burning one. As regards the establishment of a German university for women, the well-known Berlin professor of law, Dr. Dernburg, holds that women who have the requisite capacity for academic study have also a right to it, but that it is quite another question whether it would be wise to admit both sexes indiscriminately to the German universities. He thinks it would be better to reserve one of the universities mainly for women—Gießen, for instance, which is beautifully situated in the middle of the empire."

I may mention that Frau Emilie Kempin, doctor juris and private lecturer (privat docent) on English and American law in Zurich University, was admitted as an expert at the bar of one of the Berlin law courts at the beginning of the present year. The grand duke of Hesse-Darmstadt will probably be the first of the German states to try the experiment of female factory inspectors. The Prussian government last session also promised to try it, admitting the necessity of such officials, considering the large number of women and girls employed in factories. Hitherto, however, it is only a project.

Many women all over Germany are drawing up strenuous protests against the attempt made in the new German civil code (in contrast to the criminal code) to assign to women a position different from that of men, and especially to burden them with all the duties of responsible persons without granting them the rights of such. The protest is aimed chiefly against the laws regarding property proposed in the new code, which are stigmatized as "a positive retrogression," and points to the English "married women's property act" of 1882 in proof of the reproach.—London Standard.

Be Patient—Wait.

The bishop of Manchester, England, in an address to young men, advised them to learn the hardest lesson in the world, the art of being patient. He said:

Do your duty, and leave success to take care of itself, and then you will see the wisdom of the proverb, "Everything comes to the man that can wait." You know, for instance, how hard it is to learn a difficult subject. All the ideas are unfamiliar, all the words are unfamiliar. We go on laboring, and seem to make no way.

Now that disheartens nine students out of ten—the nine out of ten that will always be obscure people—but the tenth man goes on.

He works harder and harder, he lets his mind play around the subject, he lets the ideas of that subject soak into his brain, he is determined that nothing can possibly resist persistent effort, and one fine day a great flood of light comes in; he suddenly sees all about it; his work is easy, his joy is delightful.

Everybody says of him: "What an amazing amount of ability that young man has!" No, it was not ability, it was patient perseverance. The man had learned to labor and to wait.