

SWAT. So long as the name of the Swat Valley, where England occasionally has wars, comes with humorous sound to English-speaking ears (if ears speak) people will be glad to read over now and then the sweet lines which the late G. T. Lanigan composed upon the death of a potentate of that region in 1876:

A THRENODY.

What, what, what,
 What's the news from Swat?
 Sad news,
 Bad news,
 Comes by the cable led
 Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
 Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
 Sea and the Med-
 Iterranean — he's dead;
 The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,
 Who wouldn't?
 He strove to disregard the message
 stern,
 But he Ahkoondn't.
 Dead, dead, dead;
 (Sorrow, Swats!)
 Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
 Swats whom he hath often led
 Onward to a gory bed,
 Or to victory,
 As the case might be,
 Sorrow, Swats!

Tears shed,
 Shed tears like water;
 Your great Ahkoond is dead!
 That Swat's the matter.

Though earthy walls his frame surround
 (Forever hallowed be the ground!)
 And skeptics mock the lowly mound
 And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
 His soul is in the skies—
 The azure skies that bend above his loved
 Metropolis of Swat.
 He sees with larger, other eyes
 Athwart all earthly mysteries—
 He knows what Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
 With a noise of mourning and of la-
 mentation!

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
 With the noise of the mourning of the
 Swattish nation.

Fallen is at length
 Its tower of strength,
 Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
 Dead lies the great Ahkoond.
 The great Ahkoond of Swat
 Is not!

THE BLESSED HAND.

BY SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS, OF THE MARY-
 LAND BAR.

(Copied from private reprint, London, June, 1894, published for personal circulation by the late Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, U. S. Minister to England. This verse was written by the late Mr. Wallis in aid of the Southern Fair, held in Baltimore, in the autumn of the year 1865, to alleviate the want and distress in the Southern states at the close of the Civil War.)

[There is a legend of an English monk who died at the Monastery of Aremberg, where he had copied and illuminated many books, hoping to be rewarded in heaven. Long after his death his tomb was opened, and nothing could be seen of his remains but the right hand with which he had done his pious work, and which had been miraculously preserved from decay.]

For you and me, who love the light
 Of God's uncloistered day,
 It were, indeed, a dreary lot
 To shut ourselves away

From every glad and sunny thing
 And pleasant sight and sound,
 And pass, from out a silent cell,
 Into the silent ground.

Not so the good monk Anselm thought,
 For in his cloister's shade,
 The cheerful faith that lit his heart
 Its own sweet sunshine made;
 And in its glow he prayed and wrote,
 From matin song till even,
 And trusted, in the Book of Life,
 To read his name in Heaven.

What holy books his gentle art
 Filled full of saintly lore!
 What pages, brightened by his hand,
 The splendid missals bore!
 What blossoms, almost fragrant, twined
 Around each blessed name,
 And how his Saviour's cross and crown
 Shone out from cloud and flame!

But, unto clerk as unto clown,
 One summons comes alway,
 And Brother Anselm heard the call
 At vesper time one day.

His busy pen was in his hand,
 His parchment by his side—
 He bent him o'er the half-writ prayer,
 Kissed Jesu's name and died!

They laid him where a window's blaze
 Flashed o'er the graven stone,
 And seemed to touch his simple name
 With pencil like his own;
 And there he slept, and, one by one,
 His brothers died the while,
 And trooping years went by and trod
 His name from off the aisle.

And lifting up the pavement, then,
 An Abbott's couch to spread,
 They let the jewelled sunlight in
 Where once lay Anselm's head.
 No crumbling bone was there, no trace
 Of human dust that told,
 But, all alone, a warm right hand
 Lay, fresh, upon the mould.

It was not stiff, as dead men's are,
 But, with a tender clasp,
 It seemed to hold an unseen hand
 Within its living grasp;
 And ere the trembling monks could turn
 To hide their dazzled eyes,
 It rose as with the sound of wings
 Right up into the skies.

Oh, loving, open hands that give!
 Soft hands the tear that dry!
 Oh, patient hands that toil to bless!
 How can ye ever die?
 Ten thousand vows from yearning hearts
 To Heaven's own gates shall soar,
 And bear you up, as Anselm's hand,
 Those unseen angels bore.

Kind hands! oh never near to you
 May come the woes ye heal!
 Oh, never may the hearts ye guard
 The griefs ye comfort feel!
 May He in whose sweet name ye build
 So crown the work ye rear.
 That ye may never clasped be
 In one unanswered prayer!

The bridge that connects New York City with other countries is found to have been damaged by excessive strains. As your real New Yorker is too contented on his island to care to leave it, this pressure must have come from Brooklyn people hurrying back to the United States.

The stamp-collectors are a harmless people, and it appears that there is method in their madness. At a Birmingham show of such wares a Paris amateur exhibits two stamps for which he could get \$10,500, if he chose to sell.

The Affairs of Europe

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