

A NIGHT IN AN IRISH CABIN.

The Tale of Sickness and Cruel Eviction.

LORD LANDSDOWNE'S ESTATE.

A Woman's Pitiful Tale of a Wretched Life—An American's Experience With a Nobleman's Unfortunate Tenants.

Blakely Hall, writing to the New York Sun from Glengarriff, Ireland, under date of January 28, says: This is a remote, desolate, and cheerless spot, humanized by two houses and an inn. I arrived last night after a drive of many hours in the rain from Bantry, where the railroad comes to an end miles beyond the mountains. After I had put on dry attire and eaten heroically, I wandered out under the portico of the inn.

It was dusk. Not a human being was in sight. The gale swept along, lashing the waters of the bay and the sea over the rocks with a sound like the continual hiss of escaping steam, dignified at times by the sullen roar of the larger waves. Rain clouds seudded down the mountains that towered aloft on nearly every side, drenched the inn with spray, and were swept away again by counter blasts that left the road in front of the door comparatively clear. It was cold. Mud was everywhere.

A blanket-hooded head drifted by about 8 o'clock—the first man I had seen in two hours. He came to the door when I hailed him, and remarked cheerfully: "It's a bad night, sur."

"Worse than usual?" "Oh, yes, that all nights is stormy here at this time o' year."

"Have you a stable here?" "We have, sur."

"I want you to drive me over to Lord Lansdowne's estate to-night—"

"To-night?" "And leave me at the door of one of his cabins."

"I make myself comfortable by the door." "The wind was cold, but worse than that, stifling from the lack of ventilation. But even then I could not help being impressed by the simple but superb hospitality of the poor people, who, amid all their dismal adversity, were yet willing to share their beds, with a stranger stumbling in on them at midnight."

The driver withdrew with another benediction, and resigned myself to a night of dreary waiting. I felt a hand clasp my coat, and reaching down found that it was cold, small, and hardened with toil. It drew me gently to the side of the bed—a pallet of straw and moss on a low frame.

"Faith don't be standin' there," said Mrs. McCormick in a tone of remonstrance as she pulled me along. "Gilt th' bit at yer back, wid yer hair, wid yer back against th' wall. How wet y' ar, sur."

I fixed up a rude seat and leaned back. The floor was of mud. There was no fire, of course. Such a luxury was out of the question for the poor. I had to be sold to meet Lord Lansdowne's demands. I thought of his income from this one of his many estates—estimated at \$80,000 a year—and contrasted it with the lives of my hosts that night. Then I fell to analyzing my own sufferings.

"Will it soon be day?" asked the woman by my side, in a droning voice. "No, sur, six hours yet. Are you sleepy?" "Indade I'm not. How could I slape wid what's before me?"

"You are to be turned out, I'm told." "We are. To-morrow, too."

"How many horses?" "Three, yer honor: wan's an ass, th' other's a cow, and a pig. They come Feb'y, an' th' ass, th' cow, th' pig, th' mare."

"I want you to drive me over to Lord Lansdowne's estate to-night—"

"Slowly, workin' be the roadside when he can git work, starvin' when he can't. His wife an' children scatterin' his life wrecked. They raised his son. Hard times came. He could do nothin'."

He was evicted in '78. No one would take the farm at the rent asked, an' Dan wuz allowed back to take care of the farm. In 1888, he was summoned 'rith' possession. He had no money, an' four of them were lyin' sick wid th' measles. The wife went to the earl and begged him in th' name of God not t' turn them out in winter an' while th' children wuz sick. No mercy. Th' bailiffs went to th' house, threw th' furniture out, lifted up th' bed by th' four corners on which th' sick children lay all covered up a red coat of th' measles carried it out an' dropped it in th' cow yard. Thin they boarded up th' house an' went back t' th' earl of the house, threw th' furniture out, lifted up th' bed by th' four corners on which th' sick children lay all covered up a red coat of th' measles carried it out an' dropped it in th' cow yard.

"Faith don't be standin' there," said Mrs. McCormick in a tone of remonstrance as she pulled me along. "Gilt th' bit at yer back, wid yer hair, wid yer back against th' wall. How wet y' ar, sur."

"Will it soon be day?" asked the woman by my side, in a droning voice. "No, sur, six hours yet. Are you sleepy?" "Indade I'm not. How could I slape wid what's before me?"

"You are to be turned out, I'm told." "We are. To-morrow, too."

"How many horses?" "Three, yer honor: wan's an ass, th' other's a cow, and a pig. They come Feb'y, an' th' ass, th' cow, th' pig, th' mare."

"I want you to drive me over to Lord Lansdowne's estate to-night—"

"To-night?" "And leave me at the door of one of his cabins."

he open his mouth. Then in a very loud voice: "The red his face is. He feels disgraced."

This remark, being perfectly audible to the C. K. did not make him any paler. When the sick wire woman began her antics, he asked: "That's the way the long pole for?"

"Oh, yes, I know. Pa tells us about the ballet."

"By this time the mother had sunk into a kind of 'Oh-don't-please-don't' kind of helplessness. "When will the snake-man come wiggling out, ma, like on the bills?"

"Pshaw! He ain't no snake-man. I don't believe he's even a professor. Is he a professor? Why ain't I limber like that?"

"I suppose it runs in the family."

"Perhaps his great-great-great-great-grandfather was the snake-man that fooled Adam and Eve. Was he, ma?"

"Gracious! How you talk. You make me sick. Can't you let me be? The Queens of the Equestrian Ring" came out, the boy explained:

"They're twins, you know, because they're nearly the same age. The prettier isn't so good as the other. That's why she's the one, so she can make it up by showing off."

Just here the little girl, who had not uttered a sound since she came into the building, burst into a roar of crying, followed by a scream of "Oh, he's dead! He's dead!" as she gazed with horror in her two big eyes on the woman and her two trick donkeys.

"What you need is a medicine which is simply a placebo, and which will try it yourself."

HIDDEN TREASURES. A Story of the Existence of Fabulous Wealth in Abandoned Missouri Mines.

Stories of "lost mines" containing untold wealth have been current in southwestern Missouri for some time. A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat at Dexter, Mo., writes: That such mines ever existed until the present time was only a superstition, and popularly attributed to them are founded principally on legendary tales that have gained circulation.

Peace on Earth awaits that countless army of martyrs, whose ranks are constantly recruited from the victims of nervousness and nervous diseases. The price of the boon is a systematic course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest and most genial of tonic nervines, pursued with reasonable persistence.

JOHNNY GOES TO THE CIRCUS. How He Made It Interesting For His Mother.

New York Tribune: A small boy and girl, with beaming faces, led by a neatly dressed woman, wore a look of untold anxiety, as if she had already passed through deep waters in getting them as far as the door, entered the winter circus yesterday.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. Omaha, Council Bluffs and Chicago.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. Omaha, Council Bluffs and Chicago.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. Omaha, Council Bluffs and Chicago.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. Omaha, Council Bluffs and Chicago.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. Omaha, Council Bluffs and Chicago.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. Omaha, Council Bluffs and Chicago.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. Omaha, Council Bluffs and Chicago.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. Omaha, Council Bluffs and Chicago.

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY. Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Carriages and Buggies.

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY. Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Carriages and Buggies.

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY. Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Carriages and Buggies.

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY. Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Carriages and Buggies.

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY. Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Carriages and Buggies.

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY. Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Carriages and Buggies.

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY. Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Carriages and Buggies.

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY. Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Carriages and Buggies.