

ST. PATRICK IN IRELAND.

So many there—so strange, God sent him, and he became the patron saint of the Irish people.

THE BLARNEY.

Oh! did you ever hear of the "Blarney?" That's found near the banks of Killarney!



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On the top of the wall, the "Blarney" stone is found, and it's said that who ever kisses it never forgets what he says.



Oh! say, would you find this name "Blarney?" There's a castle near the banks of Killarney.

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MYLES O'HANLON.

TRUE STORY OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

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T WAS St. Patrick's day at Ballinaspittle. The air was crisp and the day bright, and the little church was filled with overflowing devotion.

The good priest delivered an oration on their patron saint, and when the mass was over and the usual good intentions made the rosy cheeks, gaily dressed country girls and tall, broad shouldered young men, all decked in their best, streamed out of the village church and crowded the little chapel yard, forming a splendid grouping of the brown and beauty of the sons and daughters of St. Patrick.

Many passed out through the chapel gate and encountered the usual string of beggars who haunt the roads that lead to the churches on all holidays, but particularly on this one.

Among those who made such speedy exit was Myles O'Hanlon. He was not in excellent humor, in fact he was unusually morose and ill tempered, and he passed quickly through the throng and entered the public house of Terence Murphy. In the "taproom" there was no one but the lady of the house, and when Myles entered she looked at him searchingly.

"Wishal, Myles, an' it is asking to break your pledge, ye are?" she asked.

"Ye, ma'am," replied the visitor, "I'm not feelin' well, an' if ye please, I'll take a ten of whisky."

The old lady was not in a particular hurry to serve her customer; she was rather inclined for gossip, and asked: "Was Kate Connell at mass, Myles? They tell me ye're pulling a string together. But if I were you I'd go slow. Dan Connell is a hard man, an' the boy that gets Kate'll have to mind himself better than to break his pledge."

"Ye, Murphy," said Myles, "what's between me an' Kate is our own affair, an' ye'll oblige me by not mentionin' it agin. I'm not breakin' my pledge. But I have the colic an' want something to kill the pain. Sure Father Dunlea himself would forgive me for takin' a little medicine."

This appeal was irresistible; the landlady poured out the whisky and Myles, having taken the drink, returned to the chapel house, where a meeting of the athletic association was to be held when the priest had finished breakfast. And many an inquiry was made for him, for Myles was the president of the association.

Through the laneway that led to the priest's house Father Dunlea could now be seen coming towards the meeting, and still the president did not put in an appearance. The committee could not understand. They had seen him at mass. What had become of him? Boys were sent to his home at Garretstown, about a mile away, and through the village, and one member of the committee, knowing Myles' infatuation for pretty Kate Connell, hid him to her father's cottage with the hope of finding there the missing one. But all was unsuccessful, and the meeting began and ended without the presence of their popular president.

In the afternoon there were to be athletic sports on the beautiful strand at Garretstown. All the country side was to be there. But 3 o'clock came and passed, and he was still absent from his duties. His friends began to feel uneasy, and his old father, who came to the strand to see his boy win some of the prizes, was particularly anxious about him.

There were athletes from Kinsale and Timoleague and other towns and villages; and on the sandy beach, beside the frowning cliffs of Killoonah, sheltered by the picturesque wooded hills of Garretstown, and facing the ever heaving ocean, were gathered together thousands of Ireland's prettiest daughters and finest sons. There were there people of every class of society, from the popular landlord to the laboring man, from the parson to the priest's altar boy.

But where was Myles O'Hanlon? The question was on a thousand tongues; but it seemed to be unanswerable. He was considered to be the best

THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER.

What you saw him last, do you know where he is?

This question was a little too straight and Kate winced under the priest's keen gaze.

But he repeated it and she reluctantly answered, "He was sick today, sir, and maybe he went into Kinsale to see a doctor."

"I have been told that he was feeling unwell and what you say is quite possible; but what I want to know is this—do you know where he is now?"

Again the girl lowered her eyes and nervously rolled up and unrolled her apron string and kept silent. Again Father Dunlea repeated his question, and Kate, timidly, yet with determination, replied: "Yes, father, I do; but I can't tell you."

"You're forward to marrying you, the good father repeated; it was now his time to feel nervous; and he positively quailed before the superb beauty of this young girl as she stood there, in defiance of him, defending her lover's secret."

After a moment or two he said, "Kate, I do not think you are wise to withhold this from me. You know how I love that boy, and it was a pleasing thought for me, when I knew that ye were lovers, to be forwarded to marrying you. I was well aware that your father did not like Myles, because he has not a farm; but I hoped to be able to talk him into it. Now, my dear girl, please tell me where he is?"

The girl blushed furiously during this speech of Father Dunlea; but she had promised to keep her lover's secret, and she was in a quandary of nervousness as to what she should say.

At last her Irish genius came to her rescue and she said: "I cannot tell you where Myles is, your reverence. But he'll be back again in a couple of days, and then he'll tell you himself."

And as she said this a flush of positive triumph covered her face. Father Dunlea was satisfied. He had as implicit faith in Kate Connell as had in Myles O'Hanlon; and he went to his dinner party with a light heart.

The disappearance of O'Hanlon was almost the only topic of conversation in the parish of Curraige for three days. Rumors of all kinds filled the air. And among them was one that he had committed suicide "because old Connell would not give him his daughter." But a surprise was in store for them. On the morning of the third day Myles walked into the village hale and well, and looking as happy as a prince. There was with him a stranger—a foreign looking man—and they both at once proceeded to Father Dunlea's house.

In about an hour's time all three—the priest, the stranger and Myles—were seen walking across the lawn that divided the presbytery from the landlord's demesne, and the busy ones of the village could not understand what was on the tapis. Some time afterward Mr. C.—(the landlord), accompanied by Myles, the priest and the stranger, came down along the road towards the village, but stopped at the little laneway which led to James O'Brien's house.

The village was on the tip-top of excitement to learn what all this meant. Some said that perhaps the stranger was going to buy the farm, as O'Brien intended going to America.

But before evening they all knew what had happened. The farm was bought, but it was Myles who purchased it. It was the best farm in the parish, and everybody was secretly pleased that their favorite should "come into the place" when Jimmy O'Brien went to America. But everybody was anxious to know how or where Myles got the money to pay for it. Perhaps it had better tell it for him. His friend, Tom McCarthy, had been in America for several years, and had at the gold diggings accumulated a large fortune. He came home to see his parents, but they were both dead, and Myles was the only friend of his boyhood who remained.

"Well, Mary, you didn't do much business today?"

"No, your reverence; the boys were all down on the strand at the sports. Sorra the wan had a tint of whisky but Myles O'Hanlon."

The priest started painfully, and inquired: "Did he drink much, Mary?"

"Oh, no, your reverence. 'Twas just after mass he came in an' told me he had a colic—savin' yer presence—an' he only took it for physic."

"This allayed the pastor's fears a little; but he went straightway from Terence Murphy's into every public house in the village, and was relieved to learn that Myles had not been in any one of them that day."

But he learned something else that concerned him gravely and seemed to corroborate his first thoughts on hearing that Kate was not at the sports. Eddy Green, the keeper of the hotel, told him that when he was coming home from Kinsale, about 2 o'clock, he saw Myles and Kate at the cross near the Sandy-cove road, and that they seemed to be talking very earnestly about something. Quickly Father Dunlea went to Connell's house, but his surprise was as great as his joy when Kate herself opened the door.

"Ye're welcome, father," said the lovely girl, as she dusted a chair for the reverend gentleman. "I'll tell me father ye're here."

"O'Hanlon!"

"No, my child," interrupted her visitor, "I wish to speak with you. Now, Kate, I want you to tell me the plain truth. Did you refuse to marry Myles O'Hanlon last night?"

The girl blushed and the priest with her apron and stood before the tried looking sheepishly and silently at the ground.

"Did you answer me, Kate?"

"I did not refuse, father, but—"

"But what, Kate?"

"My father told him that he would never let me marry him, as he hadn't a farm, and he gave Moll Daly ten shillings to make a match for me with young Hurley, the butcher."

At this the young girl burst into tears, and the good priest soothed her as best he could. When she had grown comparatively calm he said to her:

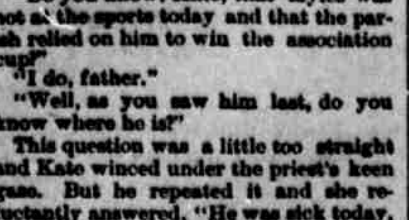
"Did you see Myles today?"

"Yes, father; I met him after mass and we took a walk."

The girl was answering his questions truthfully, he believed; but he was now

AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY.

Female warriors with whom the French soldiers must fight.



Alanna, fair, your light brown hair beads dripping on your neck as you run. Our Irish skin are in your eyes, My Ellen ope Macrae.

Never for I've had or from, With me, for ay, ahlan one thought, That God, from out his heart of love, For me a joy has wrought.

Alanna, dear, you've ever near; You bring me hope, and love, and cheer, My Irish eye, my bloom of May, My Ellen ope Macrae.

Where'er I stray, by night or day, I know God's angels watch your sleep, And Ireland's fairies throoping round Sweet virgils ever bring.

THE IRISH OF CAROLINA.

JACKSONS, COLQUHOUNS, M'DUFFIES, M'KEMYS AND ADAIRS.

How a Foolish King Accidentally Did a Wise Thing to the Benefit of Ireland and America—The Blood of Two Races Combined to Make a Splendid Third.

King James II, of doubtful memory, did at least one very good thing, though some writers assert that it was done by accident and because he was just then angry with his noblemen. The wars of Tirlagh O'Neill and other chieftains of the north against Queen Elizabeth and the horrible retribution exacted had left Ulster almost an uninhabited waste. King James refused to grant the abandoned lands to royal favorites and great soldiers as his predecessors had done, or to discarded mistresses and court sycophants as William of Orange afterwards did. (See Macaulay's account of the latter.) King James declared he would have the country settled with men, and that the cultivator should own the land or have some permanent tenure.

It was a perfect success. Some tracts were settled entirely with English and Scotch, others with enterprising Irish, but still more with a mixture of the two. Each race supplied what the other lacked, and the result is the Scotch-Irish race. There is a theory that the true Irish came originally from a southern land and retain many of the faults and virtues of a southern people. The Highland Scotchman, on the other hand, was almost totally destitute of wit and humor; poetry he had in rude abundance, but very little appreciation of art. His contribution to the common stock was the habit of unending industry. Both races agreed in undying opposition to tyranny.

What a pity there was not in England wisdom enough to allow two such races to blend in peace—a pity for Ireland, but her loss has been America's gain.

"Their factions," says Sir Walter Scott, "have been so long envenomed, and they have such a narrow ground to do their battle in, that they are like people fighting with daggers in a hophed."

In Ireland their disposition to contend for what they believe right was turned into a curse; in America their soon made common cause against their common oppressor. And the "how it is" one of the most curious things in history.

If any one had said in 1693 that a British parliament could succeed in exiling 300,000 Protestant Irish and perhaps an equal number of Catholic Irish in such a way as to make them fight side by side with Catholic Frenchmen and non-Catholic

tarian colonists against the United Kingdom, he would have been denounced as a fool. The wise men would have told him that legislative folly might do wonders, but that it could not work miracles. Yet that is just what parliament accomplished; for scarcely was the ink dry on the treaty of Limerick (which provided that Catholics should enjoy in Ireland "such rights as they had enjoyed in the reign of Charles II"), when it was violated by a series of laws that now make honest Englishmen blush. It is needless to repeat the black details. Says one British writer: "The laws were so many and so atrocious that an Irishman could scarcely draw a full breath without breaking in law."

At the same time they fell upon the Presbyterians of the north, declaring their marriages illegal and arresting ministers for "living in adultery"—with their own wives! On top of this came statutes forbidding Catholic or Protestant manufacture or export to any other country than England. The result was a general flight of the bravest and best—"the wild geese," as they were called, from the south to France and Spain (where such names as O'Donnogh, O'Donnell and MacMahon still attest their worth and valor), and the men of the north to New England and Pennsylvania, where such local names as Antrim and Derry, Sligo, Tyrone and Belfast show the origin of their families.

Later there was a combined movement of Celt and Saxon Irishman, Catholic, Quaker and Presbyterian to South Carolina; and of all colonies sent out by the prolific life this probably contained the largest proportion of talent, courage and persistent energy. At any rate it may challenge comparison with any other. It is scarcely possible to make a list of the names of the emigrants to South Carolina in 1750-70 without its seeming to be a partial list of America's eminent patriots—Jackson, Calhoun, O'Kelly, McDuffie, Polk, Crockett, Houston, Adair, McKenry, McWhorter, O'Farrell, O'Grady, McNary. All these are of Irish extraction, and still some of them Americanized by dropping the O' or Mc (as denoted the annals of their states or the nation).

In 1765 a shilshold of emigrants left



Carriacou for Charleston, and it is claimed that every family in it has since been represented, and some of them many times, in the congress of the United States. On this ship were Andrew Jackson, his wife and two sons, and two years after their location at the Waxhaw settlement, and after the father's death was born a third son, named for his father, who was destined to humble British pride at New Orleans, and to slaughter (and that it must be so!) hundreds of his father's countrymen who were in the ranks of the invaders.

AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY.

Female warriors with whom the French soldiers must fight.

They are trained to arms, and form the Principal Part of Their Women's Army. The Status Rules with Which Their Lives Are Surrounded.

Here, indeed, is a novel state of affairs. France is at war with Dahomey, and the chivalrous savages and trillieurs of a nation noted for its politeness and deference to woman are to march inland from the west coast of Africa with the intention of carrying Agbome by storm. Agbome is the capital of Dahomey, the residence of the king, and is defended by an army of 4,000 amazons. It will become necessary in the ensuing conflict for the French soldier to fight and fight hard, for the foe he is to meet, although belonging to what is known as the weaker sex, has as far as possible been kept from any knowledge of the foibles and frailties of femininity.

The amazons of Dahomey have a history and a record. Something like a century and a half ago the king of the country fled to his capital after sustaining defeat by a powerful enemy. His warriors were slain, his allies dispersed and the situation seemed utterly desperate.

As a last resource the monarch armed 3,000 women and sent them out to do battle with the enemy. The female legion retrieved the fortunes of their king by the display of a valor which the men had not shown, and since the eventful day on which they swept as victors through the dismayed ranks of Dahomey's invaders the amazons of the household guard have been the chief reliance of the potentates who have succeeded King Agaja on the throne.

The corps of amazons consists of 4,000 women who are sworn to chastity. No female of the country can marry until she has the king's consent, and if, upon view, he decides that she is better suited for war than for wedlock, her engagement is annulled, and she is entered on the roll of soldiers. From that on till the day of her death she is more closely guarded from temptation than the fairest bud in the highest social circles of civilization. It is death for her to violate any of the rules to which she is subjected, and she is more isolated from the other sex than a nun. The man who dares keep the road when a squad of amazons approaches, does so at the peril of his life. The tinkle of the amazon bell warns all males to retreat or dodge down some byway until the warrior women have passed on. Only the favored few who are allowed to carry the lion attack of the king dare meet his majesty's body guard face to face.

Although the amazons can never wed, married women who enter the regiments are allowed to keep up their domestic relations, but all their female children are amazons from birth, and the only future before them is the celibate life of the soldier.

Although it is a capital crime to approach or covet a member of this famous guard of Dahomey's monarch, love is the same there as elsewhere, and hangs like locusts on the most dreadful penalties. Not long ago the king learned that 150 of his amazons had entered into matrimonial relations in violation of the laws and without his consent. All the guilty women were killed at Agbome, and their husbands shared their fate.

On their march inland the French will find themselves much troubled by the lack of water. It is scarcer and generally worse than the rain, being half mud. If they catch the king of the country they will secure a man who has a long string of titles. He is described as "bigness with no way of lifting;" "a rock the finger nail cannot scratch;" "the lion of lions."

In the French chamber of deputies recently M. Etienne stated the cause of the disagreement between the two nations. He said that the king of Dahomey had refused to recognize the French protectorate over the slave coast, and had invaded that territory, but had been repulsed. He also said that if the king refused to satisfy the demands of France it would be necessary to take vigorous measures, not with a view to the conquest of Dahomey, but for purpose of giving a salutary lesson to the king and people.

The Coming Census.

The count of people in the United States will be made for a certain day in midsummer, probably July 1, and experts are already giving some ingenious estimates of the result. They vary from 64,000,000 to 68,000,000. One part of the latter estimate is of great interest. It is as follows: Since 1880 the number of immigrants in any one year has only twice fallen below 400,000, and that but a trifle, while it has risen as high as 788,992 in 1889. The registered immigration for the ten years is certainly above 5,990,000. Add the unregistered, and the total cannot fall below 5,500,000, of whom at least 3,000,000 were between the ages of 10 and 40.

Of so many of the marrying ages (for a child of 10 in 1881 is now aged 19) there must have been at least 1,000,000 marriages, averaging five years duration each; and previous censuses show that of such newly formed families of foreigners the average is two children each living at the end of five years. Add, therefore, 3,990,000 for the native children of newly arrived foreigners. Total, 7,990,000 added by foreigners alone. Deducting their deaths—and the great mass of them come in the prime of life and health—the total would still remain above 6,000,000. It is assumed that the increase of the 50,000,000 and odd of 1880 has been at least 25 per cent., while some put it as high as 35 per cent. Thus they make the total 67,000,000 or 68,000,000. It will be interesting to see how the facts decide.

A PLUCKY TELEGRAPHER.

SOME OF THE ADVENTURES OF GEORGE KENNAN.

Three Years Beyond the Pale of Civilization—How the Catastrophe to the Log Cabin and His Command of the Jeannette Expedition Might Have Been Averted.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, March 13.—So much attention has been attracted of late to the subject of Siberia and the Russian exile system by the writings and lectures of Mr. George Kennan, and there being a movement on foot in America to ameliorate if possible the condition of the unfortunate victims of Russian rule, that it seemed to me recently an interview with the now famous traveler might unearth some bits of his personal experience that are not known to the general public.

Mr. Kennan is apparently between forty and forty-five years of age, but possesses that peculiar elasticity of movement, such as to say temperament, which makes him appear much younger. His figure is slight but sinewy, indicating a good deal of reserve power mingled with that peculiar nervous force that is often found in journalists and telegraphers (he belongs, by the way, to the latter school), and his face is strongly marked with the resolution that has carried him through so many difficulties. Withal, he is evidently a keen observer, retentive in his memory, exact in his facts and admirably descriptive in his style of narrative.

I asked him to give me off hand a brief story of his life and how as a young American he became so much interested in Russian travel. Plunging into the subject, in medias res, as the lawyers say, he answered:

My father is probably the oldest living telegrapher in the United States, being now 87 years of age. As the manager of an office on the Waco, Speed and O'Reilly line in Newark, O., where I was born—the first line built in the west—he taught me the Morse alphabet, and on my sixth birthday, before I was able to read manuscript, I sent my first dispatch. At the age of 13 I was regularly employed in a telegraph office. At the outbreak of the war, though but a mere boy, I went to Wheeling, Columbus, and finally to Cincinnati, being all the time anxiously getting into the telegraph corps as the front, Steager, during the control of Gen. Steager, an old acquaintance of my father. In this, however, I failed.

Mr. Perry Macdonald Collins meanwhile had projected an overland line from America to Europe by way of British Columbia, Behring straits and Alaska to Siberia, the object being to obtain communication with Europe without employing the ocean cable, which at that time was not working with regularity. After surveying the route he came back, interested the Western Union company, and an agreement was made with the Russian authorities to construct a line to California, thence to Behring straits, up through Alaska and on to the mouth of the Amoor river. Here the Russian government was to meet us with its lines from St. Petersburg. This enterprise attracting my attention, I wrote to Gen. Steager asking for a position in one of the exploring parties to be sent out. He did not reply to the letter, but one night came to the instrument in his office and, being a practical operator, inquired for me. I answered over the wire. He asked: "Can you get ready to start for Alaska in two weeks?" "Yes," I replied, "I can get ready in two hours."

You may guess the message that came back. I was then 18 years of age, not working for a position in one of the exploring parties of the expedition, I remained there until July, 1865, when with three others I started on a small trading vessel for Kanchatka, landing on its peninsula after a tedious voyage of forty-seven days. Then began a life of adventure and hardship which lasted two years, and took me over Siberia from Behring straits down to the Okhotsk sea, our object being to locate the shortest working route to the mouth of the Amoor river. During this period I traveled six or eight thousand miles on dog and reindeer sledges, horseback and in canoes, frequently camping out of doors six weeks at a time in winter.

After the successful laying of the second Atlantic cable, I received notice in the autumn of 1867 that our enterprise had been abandoned. As the circumstances have not been published, they may be of interest. We had a large force of men at work, and were cut off from communications from the civilized world. Occasionally, however, a vessel would come into the Okhotsk sea, and every spring we would go down to the coast to watch the horizon for the smoke that rose while the crew were trying out their whale oil, hoping to get news from the civilized world. We had a whale boat in which we could go on a short distance to sea, and, in the summer of 1867, observing in the far distance a welcome cloud that indicated the presence of a vessel, we manned our little craft and started to board her.

As we approached the captain paid little or no attention to us, thinking we were only a party of natives. Finally, however, we succeeded in climbing on deck, and when I said to the captain: "Good day, sir! What is the name of your vessel?" You never saw a man look more astonished, for, being dressed in the costume of the country, he did not expect to find in me one of his own race, or hear his own tongue spoken. As soon as he could catch his breath he exclaimed: "Good Lord! Has the universal Yankee got up here? Where did you come from? How did you get here? What are you doing? And then followed a welcome the warmth of which you must imagine. His name was Capt. Hamilton, and his bark the Sea Breeze, from New Bedford. On parting the captain gave us a bundle of newspapers, some of them a year old, and presented us with a liberal supply of provisions. As soon as we reached shore we built a camp fire and sat down to renew our acquaintance with the outside world. In the course of an hour or two one of the party stumbled upon a paragraph in a San Francisco journal naming the consequences of the success of the second ocean cable, all work on the Russian-American telegraph had been abandoned. This was the first notification that our duties were at an end. During the following September one of our company's vessels arrived with orders for our return to the United States.

There being still some hope that the Russian government might be induced to build a line clear up the Behring straits, in which case we thought the American company would go on, I was left in Siberia, meanwhile collecting and shipping to San Francisco the vast mass of material then on hand.

About the beginning of winter I received orders to return to the United States through Siberia, and with another American named Price made the journey to St. Petersburg, a distance of nearly six thousand miles, using sleighs and reindeer, and traveling the last four thousand miles night and day. In that city we learned that the enterprise had been entirely abandoned, and accordingly returned to the United States, reaching home in March, 1868.

During these two years and a half I

A MERRY WEDDING WAS CELEBRATED.

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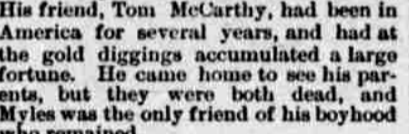
And so it happened that old Connell's objections were removed; a merry wedding was celebrated by Father Dunlea; and Tom McCarthy's wedding present to Myles and Kate was the lease of O'Brien's farm.

ROBERT F. WALSH.

BOOTHERED BY AMERICAN BASTES.

"Sure an' thim American bastes do bother me," said a newly arrived Hibernian, "specially the feathered koids. The first was I seen of the kind was a forkerkin' (goatskin). I trod him under a hay stack an' shot him wid a barn shovl. The first time I shot him I missed him, an' the next time I hit him I hit him in the same place I missed him before."

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A TOWN TWELVE HOURS OLD.

The historic Hudson is to be spanned by a new bridge. It is to be located a short distance north of Peckskill, N. Y., and in crossing the river will extend to the site of old Fort Clinton, on the west bank. Both places are high promontories of solid rock. The distance between the piers at the water's edge is 1,620 feet, which will be crossed by a single span in length 23 feet greater than that of the Brooklyn bridge. The structure will stand 163 feet above high water mark.

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This bridge is intended to be used chiefly for railway traffic, and the chief item of transportation will be coal for New England consumers. It will be completed in about two years.

Despite the fact that his first air ship went to wreck, no one knows more about that than the inventor Professor Hagan, the Michigan aeronaut, Professor P. G. Campbell has constructed a new vessel for navigating the air, and in which he has so much confidence that he will make the trial trip himself. It is to be inflated with natural gas and will leave the earth at Niagara Falls. Where it will come down is problematical.