SUNDAY, FEBRUARY PITTSBURG DISPATCH, 1890.

> used for driving the ball is also a very simnle affair. It is made of wood, and is about three test long. It is curved at one end and finitened so that there is a surface to meet

the ball when it strikes it. When he teams are drawn up ready to play the referee becomes the dictator of the game. He is, however, assisted by four others, two goal umpires and two field um-pires. The captains of the teams toss for believed index the field. The teams toss for thoice of sides of the field. Then the hurchoice of sides of the neut. Then the full-lers, standing, in line on the field opposite each other, advance, shake hands or catch hurlys, as the case may be, after which they re-tire into position. Then the referee, taking up a position at one end, tosses the ball between the lines of opposing players, takbetween the lines of opposing players, tak-ing care not to throw it higher than their heads. This is a signal for the game to begin. And from this time on there is a struggle, and when the teams are at all well matched it is always an exciting one. The game, as seen in America, is played under the rules of the Guelic Athletic Association, which, while simple, are strict in the tion, which, while simple, are strict in the sense that they thoroughly frown down all slugging, or rough or crooked playing. No player is allowed to eatch another with his hands, nor can there be any tripping, push-ing from behind or butting with the head, He is not allowed to butting with the head,

He is not allowed to bring his hurly into contact with another player's person, and it is in enforcing this rule that most trouble is had. Its enforcement is necessary, how-ever, for etherwise every game would be marked by broken heads.

empowered to act. He may disquality the guily player for the game. In hurling, the disqualification of a man means the loss of one to his side. In football, when a man is disqualified another may take his place, but this is not so in hurling, and the result is that team captains anxious to lose no men see to it that other.



Ready for a Free Play. be done by the referee or an umpire. The players must remain 30 feet from the until the ball is sgain thrown into the field

a

and has touched the ground, after which it again becomes a live ball. When a ball is driven over the goal line then the goalkeeper has a chance to distinguish himself, for he gets a chance to hit the hall at his own free will without molestation from the other players. To use the jargon of the game, he gets a free "puck" from goal into the field. In other words, he has a free hit of the ball on the fly, and no player on the opposite side can come nearer than the 21-yard line until the ball is struck, while none of the striker's side can be farther away

obliged to dispense with them on Sunday, no matter what the need or the haste. The constant advance in the line of reasonable from his own goal than the center of the breadth in the matter of Sunday is one of These free pucks are always followed wildest sort of scrimmages, and are the most hopeful signs of the times here. There has not been any especial advance in

cuse me, as my friend hasn't any dress-coat, and I have got to take mine CHURCH LIBERALITY coat, and I have got to take off before he can put it on to come Trinity of Boston Consents to Honor How in the face of such an introduction.

Mr. Field managed to come on at all is not the Memory of an Actress. HARVARD ADMITS NO EQUAL.

The decision of Harvard to confine its st-tention in athletics to disputing the cham-LIBRARIES TO BE OPEN SUNDAYS. pionship with Yale gives general satisfac-tion to the Harvard and Yale alumni here, and is commented upon by graduates from other colleges with a good deal of bitterness. An Electric Railroad Company's Unlucky Experience With a Jury. The series of ball games has been pro-visionally arranged to begin with a game at New Haven on May 17, but it is not un-

STORIES OF HUMORISTS AND ACTORS

likely that some of the dates announced may be changed. Harvard men-or more properly a certain set of Harvard men-say CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE! that they should be glad to lay Yale aside with the rest of the colleges, but that they Bosron, February 7 .- It is a poor week that does not see the beginning in Boston of some fresh and novel scheme of benevolence. The latest is one which looks toward bringing all the Commonwealth as nearly as possible up to the exalted intellectual level of Boston itself. It is in the form of a society which is to bring about the establishment in every town in the State of a public library. The State treasury is to be called upon to aid in this enterprise, but the utmost pains are to be taken to induce the towns to work out their own salvation in this as in other

matters. We have gone on the theory of universal education too long and too far to draw hack now and there is no other menns was with difficulty that they kept their foot draw back now, and there is no other means of pushing that idea forward which promises so much or in practice works so well as the country library. At the meeting held the other day to discuss the matter one of the speakers suggested that this might be the means to some degree of checking the the means, to some degree, of checking the steady movement of the young men of the country towns toward the city. It is possible that the furnishing of any sort of

amusement would have a tendency to make the country youth more contented ; but, on the other hand, books would open to him a new view of the possibilities of life, so that in the end things would hardly be much bettered in this respect.

THE CHURCH AND THE STAGE.

Another benevolent scheme which has just taken definite shape is one with which it seems to me that everybody must feel the heartlest sympathy. This is the establishment in connection with Trinity Church, of a hospital bearing the name of the late Mrs. J. R. Vincent, for so many years associated with William Warren upon the stage of the Boston Museum, and so well beloved by the theater-going public of Boston. A lady who was the warm personal friend of Mrs. Vincent wished to devote \$1,000 to a memorial of the actress, and other irlends of the dear old woman who have interest and influence in the councils of Trinity Church have brought it about that the money shall be used as a nucleus of a fund for the establishment of a hospital for women in connection with the charity work of the society. Mrs. Vincent was an attendant of Trinity, and one of the most kindly and lovable of women, so that there is a double appropri-ateness in this sort of a testimonial, while there is a delicious flavor in the association of the names of the Rev. Phillips Brooks and that of the dead actress which is de-

lightful. The church has not in every stage of its history been liberal enough to recog nize virtue in a player, and this same and catholic spirit is the more to be praised in that it has so little in the way of precedent behind it.

SUNDAY AND THE LIBRARIES.

Another sign of the advancing liberality of Boston thought is the opening of Bates

Hail in the public library on Sunday. The

general reading rooms have long been open, but the reference books have been unavail-

able, so that those who wished to work were

cannot do that without standing trium-phantly above her. This is, of course, not the general feeling, but it is one which is quite in keeping with the Harvard spirit of not liking to acknowledge that the Univer-

sity has equal or rival. A STORY OF TWO GREAT ACTORS. THEY CANNOT RISE.

Many an Ambitious Girl is Kept Down

by Lack of Opportunity.

THERE IS A WILL BUT NO WAY.

Toiler Takes Mrs. Leslie, Bessie Bramble

and Others to Task.

THE INFLUENCE OF A HAPPY MAND

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.]

some five or six years ago, caused an un-

known "Orphan Girl" to venture into the

untried field of journalism, or was it the

keen-sightedness of the managing editor of

a leading newspaper of the day in discover-

ing her espabilities in that direction, that

gave to America the courageous, indepen-

It is not the intention to make a Fourth

for good than words. Instead of a volume

of advice to "persevere and in time you may first journalistic triend proved the open-sesame to success, and the intent powers of the "Orphan Girl" were aroused into such

activity as is already known to the public.

That there are Nellie Blys innumerable-

perhaps not in her particular-sphere-but

girls of great force of character, fine seusi-

bilities, willing and anxious to engage in work adapted to their tastes and capabili-

ties who but a wait the aid of some one in

position to "lend a hand," cannot be de-denied; and I wonder if Frank Leslic, Ella

Wheeler Wilcox, Bessie Bramble and their kind have exhausted the subject of "woman"s

work." If from their gilted pens would

fall some practical suggestions as to the best methods of possible escape for a class of less

fortunate women, who from force of circum-

stances are not permitted to range through fields of their own choosing,

what an army of fettered sisters would arise and call them blessed

IT IS EASY TO TALE.

Bare indeed, exceptional we may say, are

the cases now-a-days in which women of the

class reterred to succeed in obtaining em-ployment suited to their taste and ability without the assistance of someone already

"at the top of the ladder," possessing influ-ence and heart enough to lend a helping hand. Trite, yet how true the saving: "The

standpoint changes the view." It is an easy matter for those who have reached the

'highest round," looking down upon a mass

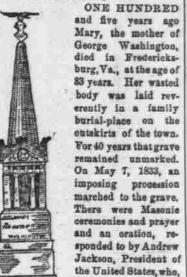
Was it the inspiration of a moment that,

dent, self-reliant Nellie Bly whom the press It is apropos of nothing whatever, but I found the incident rather amusing as it was told not long since by a Boston lawyer, who had enjoyed the friendship of both the actors. The story is to the effect that one icy night the last Obselution Content of the last of the last of the story of t of the entire country so enthusiastically sulogizes for having completed the circuit of the earth in less time than was ever before accomplished by man or woman? Five the late Charlotte Cushman and Lawrence Barrett came out of the theater together. years ago, when "Orphan Girl" was given an opportunity to test her capabilities for journalistic work, the fetters that held captive a restless, resolute spirit were sundered, ing at all. As they totteringly descended, the great actress said to her companion. quite in her Lady Macbeth manner: and from that liberty to do and dars has been evolved the Nellie Bly of whom America is talking to-day !

of July speech over this subject, but in reversing the method and going from effect and they reached the bottom in safety to to cause we have been, if possible, more gether. ARLO BATES. fully convinced that actions are more potent

WASHINGTON'S MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The Uncompleted and Neglected Monum is a National Disgrace.



in concluding his address, laid the cornerstone of "a monument The Design. to the memory of her who gave birth to the founder and preserver

of the Union." Mrs. Sigourney wrote a poem for this august ceremonial, beginning:

Long hast thou slept unnoted

of struggling workers, to say: "Do thus and so." "If you fail in literature and art for lack of means to perfect your chosen work, Tardy justice was done-so declared the press, and so believed the nation-to the go into the kitchen, where the culluary art, the literature of the latest approved cookmanes of a great and good woman. books, will afford wonderful scope for the To-day, 57 years subsequent to the date of the pageant, the tourist to the battle-fields of Fredericksburg strays

exercise of your powers." Yes, the standpoint does change the view. We have due deference for the plucky little woman who redeemed her husband's financial affairs, bringing success and prosperity to a business threatened with disaster; we would not pluck a single laurel she has won. Hers was a courage, energy and fidelity to principle deserving high praise, but when that same little lady from her high social and financial position views a class struggling women possessing ability to fill avocations congenial to a naturally refined aste-when, we repeat, Mrs. Leslie not only advises but urges such to become "mistress of a kitchen"-even though that kitchen be the property of another-then she becomes ridiculous and our admiration diminishes correspondingly. AN INSTANCE OF PATIENT WAITING. No. no, dear reader, Mrs. Frank Leslie would no more enjoy a reign in Dinah's do-main than would her less formain than would her less lor-tunate sisters, who, owing to cir-cumstances which they are pow-erless to change, may not engage in work of their own choosing. We have in mind one who, possessing a refined and sensitive nature, has an intense longing for an avocation in lite more congenial to her taste and acquirements than the monotonous round of household drudgery which heretofore has een her lot. With untiring zeal and energy this little woman has struggled through life not an idle dreamer, languishing and re-pining over the "wight have been," but loing bravely and well the drudgery which falls to the lot of the commonest menial, yet not enjoying it-if I except the enjoyment derived from a sense of duty performed-a whit more than would Mrs. Leslie or Ella Wheeler Wilcox enjoy coming from their literary world, their poetry, painting and art. And this is but a single instance out by financial disaster. The sun shines upon no sadder ruin in the length and breadth of advice of these literary goddesses, smile advice of these hierary goodeses, same as they read, and naturally wonder why these queens of society and of the sanctum do not by personal experi-ence illustrate what may be the possibilities hidden within the realms of the "Kitchen Orner". The act undertand that we down Queen." Do not understand that we depreclass the value of thorough domestic train-ing, nor yet that we deem the work of the kitchen ignoble, but as all were not by na-ture endowed with the gift of poesy, the taste for literature and art, neither upon all were bestowed qualifications to insure ideal Bridgets, Sidney Smith says: "Be what na-ture intended you and you will succeed, but be anything else and you will be ten thon-sand times worse than nothing." THEY ARE NOT ALL BRIDGETS. If Bridget-good soul-finds her highest enjoyment in the domestic world, let her revel therein. She could not, according to the nature of things, be content in any other sphere. On the other hand, take a subject who in every particular is capable of filling a posi-tion conducive to the growth of intellect, culture and all the higher attributes of our nature, yet utterly unable to get beyond her inharmonious surroundings-place her with Bridget, and instead of the downright enjoyment the natural-born do-mestic finds in her work, the more delicate organism of our second subject from the very inmost recesses of her nature rebels against the fate which subjects her to the daily routine of dradgery to which she is in no way adapted. Some one may declare: "Where there's a will there's a way; true merit never fails to be recognized, etc., etc." But, my dear opponent, your keenness of observation in sadly deficient if yon claim that out of 20 worthy, energetic, capable women who ap-ply for positions above the place of a common servant, more than one succeeds in ob-taining a desirable situation unless aided by those already in power. If any one feels disposed to dispute this assertion, it is open for discussion. In the meantime let the Frack Leslies, the Ella Wheeler Wilcozes, the aggressive Bessie Brambles dip their pens and give some suggestions as to possi-ble methods for the emancipation of these fettered ones in whose interest this paper is writien.

"I hope she will survive it, I am sure," anid Geoffrey, laughing. "I suppose that your husband is going to

stay on at Mrs. Jones'," said the clergyman. Really, I don't know. What are you going to do, Geoffrey? Mrs. Jones' rooms are rather expensive for people in our im-poverished condition. Besides, I am sure that she cannot look after Effic. Just think, she has eight children of her own, poor old dear. And I must take Anne with me; she is Effie's French nurse, you know, a pertect treasure. I am going to stay in a big house, and my experience of those big houses is, that one never gets on at all unless one takes a maid. You see, what is everybody' business is pobody's business. I'm sure I don't know how you will get on with the child, Geoffrey; she takes such a lot of looking after."

'Oh, don't trouble about that, Honoria,' he answered. "I dare say that Effie and I will manage somehow." Here one of those peculiar gleams of in-

telligence which marked the advent of a new passed across Elizabeth's face. She was sitting next her tather, and bending, whispered to him. Beatrice saw it and made a motion as though to interpose, but before she could do so Mr. Granger spoke.

"Look here, Mr. Bingham," he said, "If you want to move, would you like a room Terms strictly moderate, but can't afford to put you up for nothing, you know, and living rough and ready. You'd have to take us as you find us; but there's a dressing room next to my room, where your little girl could sleer, and my daughters would look alter her between them, and be glad of the

Again Beatrice opened her lips as though to speak, but closed them without speaking. Thus do our opportunities pass before we realise they are at hand. Instinctively Geoffrey had glanced toward her. He did not know if this idea was

agreeable to her. He knew that her work was hard, and he did not wish to put extra trouble upon her, for he guessed that the burden of looking after Effie would ultimately fall upon her shoulders. But her face told him nothing; it was quite passive

and apparently indifferent. "You are very kind, Mr. Granger," he said, hesitating. "I don't want to go away said, hesitating. "I don't want to go away from Bryngelly just at present, and it would be a good plan in some ways, that is if the trouble to your daughters would not be too much.

"I am sure that it would be an excellent plan," broke in Lady Honoria, who feared est difficulties should arise as to her appropriation of Anne's services. "How lucky that I happened to mention it. There will be no trouble about our giving up the rooms at Mrs. Jones', because I know she has another application for them." "Very well," said Geoffrey, not liking to

raise objections to a scheme thus publicly advocated, although he would have preterred to take time to consider. Something warned him that Bryngelly Vicarage would prove a fateful abode for him. Then Elizaeth rose and asked Lady Honoria if she b cold like to see the rooms her husband and

off, followed by Mr. Granger fussing in the

"Don't you think that you will be a little dull here, Mr. Bingham?" said Beatrice.

Beatrice hesitated, and then spoke again. Had you not better think it over?"

"If you mean that you do not want me to come, I won't," he said bluntly, and next second felt that he had made a mistake.

"I!" she answered, opening her eyes. have no wishes in the matter. The fact is smallest rebuff from a woman, and he had

brought this on himself. Beatrice saw it and releated.

think the Welsh 'squire in luck; Miss

Granger is a remarkable woman." "Too remarkable by half," said Lady Honoria, dryly. "Here we are, and there is Effic, skipping about like a wild thing, as usual. I think that child is demented." On the following morning—it was Friday —Lady Honoria, accompanied by Anne, departed in the very best of tempera. For the next three weeks, at any rate, she would the next three weeks, at any rate, she would be free from the galling associations of straitened means—free to enjoy the lux-ury and refined comiort to which her soul yearned with a fierce longing that would be incomprehensible to tolk of a simpler mind. Everybody has his or her ideal heaven, it. Some would choose a sublimated intellectual leisure, made happy by all the best literature of all the planets; some a model State (with them-selves as Presidents), in which the latest radical notions could actually (through their beneficent efforts) be got to work to everybody's satisfaction; others a happy hunting ground, where the game enjoyed the fun as much as they did; and so on, ad

infinitum. Lady Honoria was even more modest. Give her a well-appointed town and country house, a few powdered tootmen, plenty of seising their caps, ran forth this way and that, welcoming the free air. When they were all gone, and not till then, Beatrice turned suddebly round. "How do you do, Mr. Davies?" she said. He started visibly "I did not hnow that carriages and other needful things, includ-ing, of course, the entree to the upper celes-tial ten, and she would ask no more from age to sge. Let us hope that she will get it one day. It would burt nobody, and she is He started visibly. "I did not know that you had seen me," he answered. "Oh, yes, I saw you Mr. Davies, only I could not stop the song to say how do you do. By the way, I have to thank you for coming to inquire after ma."

her husband with a chestened warmth, and went, a pious prayer upon her lips, that she might never set eyes upon Bryngelly again. It will not be necessary for us to follow Lady Honoria in her travels. That afternoon Effie and her inther had great fun. They packed up. Geoffrey, who was rapidly recovering from his stiffness, pushed the things into the portmanteaus and Effic jumped on them. Those which would not go in they bundled loose into the fiy, till that which backed illows and the fiy, till that vehicle looked like an old clothes shop.

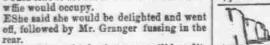
of a mile, stopping on their way to the beautiful castle, in one corner of which

to live in. Why don't you, daddy?" "Haven't got the money, dear," he

daddy?

himself.

said Effie, sagely.



"On the contrary," he answered. "Why should I be dull? I cannot be so dull as I should be by myself."

"We are a curious family, Mr. Bingham; you may have seen as much this atternoon.

that we are poor, and let longings-that is what it comes to. If you think they will suit you, you are quite right to take them." Geoffrey colored. He was a man who rould not bear to lay himself open to the

her breast. make the children sing some simple song before they broke up. She stood in front of

the fun as much as they did; and so on, ad.

sure to find plenty of people of her own way of thinking-that is, if this world supplies the raw material. She embraced Effic with enthusiasm, and

Then, as there was no room left for them in-side, they walked down to the vicarage by the beach, a distance of about three-quarters admire

Owen Davies lived and moved. "Oh, daddy," said the child, "I wish you would buy a house like that for you and me

answered. Will you ever have the money,

"I don't know, dear; herhaps one day-when I am too old to enjoy it," he added to

But to get to the vicarage she must pass along the cliff, where there were few people, and this she did not wish to do. To be "It would take a great many pennies to buy a house like that, wouldn't it, daddy?" frauk, she feared lest Mr. Davies should take the opportunity to make that offer of his hand and heart which hung over her

"Yes, dear, more than you can count," he answered, and the conversation dropped. Presently they came to a boat-shed, placed opposite the village and close to high-water



Mending the Canoe. thinking, he wanted to say something, but he did not know how to say it. They were "Of course, Mr. Bingham, so far as I am mark. Here a man-it was old Edwardwas engaged in mending a cano at the bead of the cliff now, and 11 he glanced at it and saw that it was the identical canoe out of which he had so nearly been drowned strained voice.

ANOTHER IRISH GAME her calm, deep eyes upon the wasted horror-stricken face till the child grew quiet again, and shivering, sobbed herself to sheep upon

THE

upon her like the eyes of one who dreams, and his slow, heavy face faintly lit with the

glow of strong emotion. The song ended, the children at a word

from their mistress filed past her, headed by

the pupil teachers, and then with a shout,

"Not at all, Miss Beatrice, not at all; it was a most dreadful accident. I cannot tell you how thankful I am-I can't, indeed."

"It is very good of you to take so much interest in me," said Beatrice, "Not at all, Miss Beatrice, not at all, Who-who could help taking interest in

you? I have brought you some books-the Life of Darwin-it is in two volumes. I

think that I have heard you say that Dar-

"Yes, thank you very much. Have you

"No, but I have cut it. Darwin doesn't interest me, you know. I think that he was

a rather misgaided person. May I carry the books home for you?" "Thank you, but I am not going straight

home; I am going to old Edward's shed to see my canoe."

As a matter of fact this was true, but the

idea was only that moment born in her mind. Beatrice had been going home, as she wanted to see that all things were duly pre-

pared for Geoffrey and his little daughter.

like a nightmare. Now the way to Ed-ward's shed lay through the village and

down the cliff, and she knew that he

would never propose in the village. It was very foolish of her, no doubt, thus to seek to postpone the evil day, but the strongest minded women have their weak difference. Sho

points, and this was one of Beatrice's. She

hated the idea of this scepe. She knew that

when it did come there would be a scene.

Not that her resolution to refuse the man had ever faltered. But it would be painful

and in the end it must reach the ears of her

father and Elizabeth that she actually re-

jected Mr. Owen Davies, and then what would ber life be worth? She had never

suspected, it had never entered her mind to

vexed enough, nothing on this earth would

suspect that, though her father might be

more delight the heart of Elizabeth. Presently, having fetched her hat, Ben-trice, accompanied by her admirer, bearing the "Life of Darwin" under his arm, started

to walk down to the beach. They went in silence, Beatrice just a little ahead. She

rentured some remark about the weather,

but Owen Davies made no reply; he was

you going out walking next Sunday after-

rain." "But if it does not rain-please tell me. You generally do walk on the beach on Sun-day. Miss Beatrice, I want to speak to you.

I hope you will allow me, I do indeed." Then suddenly she came to a decision

This kind of thing was unendurable; it

would be better to get it over. Turning round so suddenly that Owen started, she

"If you wish to speak to me, Mr. Davies,

I shall be in the Amphitheater, opposite the Red Rocks, at 4 o'clock on Sunday after-

noon, but I had much rather that you did

"I shall come," he answered doggedly, and they went down the steps to the boat-

shed. "Oh, look, daddy," said Effie, "here

comes the lady who was drowned with you, and a gentleman," and to Beatrice's great

relief the child ran forward and met them. "Ahl" thought Geoffrey to himself, "that

is the man Honoria said she was engaged to. Well, I don't think very much of her

In another minute they had arrived.

Geoffrey shook hands with Beatrice, and was introduced to Owen Davies, who murmured

something in reply and promptly took his

They examined the canoe together and

then walked slowly up to the vicarage, Beatrice holding Effic by the hand. Opposite the reef they halted for a minute. "There is the Table Rock on which we were thrown, Mr. Bingham," said Beatrice,

"and here is where they carried us ashore. The sea does not look as though it would drown any one to-night, does it? See"-and she threw a stone into it-"the ripples

run as evenly as they do on a pond." She spoke idly and Geoffrey answered her

idly, for neither were thinking of their words. Rather were they thinking of the strange chance that had brought them to-

gether in an hour of deadly peril and now

left them together in an hour of peace. Per-

haps, too, they were wondering to what end

ists or believers, are we not, most of us, fa-

(To be continued next Sunday.)

HAD LOST THE COEPSE.

Curious Cause of a Delay at a Funeral in a

Maine Village.

There is still some towns in Maine which

neither the railroad not the summer visitor

has invaded. In such a town the greatest

event is a wedding or a funeral. In a little

village on the Upper Peuobscot the monot-

ony of a long winter was broken by the

funeral of the year old child of one of the

church descons. The whole town poured

out to the funeral services. They were

ushered into the parlor, and there sat with

an air of sorrowful expectancy, waiting for

"My friends, excuse this unseemly delay.

After much trouble the object of their search was found. The little coffin had been placed on a table in the hall where it

had been forgotten by the bereaved family.

and the guests as they entered had thrown

off their wraps upon the table, and thus the oversight was caused. The corpse being found, the services proceeded as usual.

She Takes Sonp Shots.

Bescon Hill-Reject me, if you will, bui

d at the door. His face was long as

had come about. For, agnostics, athe-

not come. I can say no more."

said:

departure.

talists at heart?

New York Sun.1

the ceremonies to begin.

We have mislaid the corpsel"

said:

LINETON TITLES. 7

"How can I tell, Mr. Davies? It may

coming to inquire after me."

win interests you?"

read it?

Sam Crane, the New York Ball And so it was with all the children: her power over them was almost absolute. They loved her and she loved them all. And now the schooling was almost done for the day. It was Beatrice's enstom to Twirler, Writes About Hurling.

MAY GROW POPULAR IN AMERICA. The Rules Are Simple, the Paraphernalia

Cheap and Sport Rare.

MANY ADVANTAGES OVER FOOTBALL

come quite popular with our athletes.

be, national. They were kept up until the

end of the eighth century, when Ireland suf-fered from the Angio-Norman invasion, when they languished. The Tailten games were the forerunners of the Irish sthletic

games of to-day, and some of them were

very similar-wrestling, weight-throwing, running, horse racing and the like. In some

respects the old games were more refined than those of our own times, for in addition

to trials of skill and strength, there were

also contests in music, poetry, chess playing

ning to get a fair foothold, but the outlook

for it seems to be particularly good. In a

way, it has been known to Americans for a

way, is more than the American school-boy's game of "shinny" is in reality but a form of hurling. However, playing the

game scientifically with regular teams, as it is played in Ireland, England and Scot-

EFFORTS TO POPULARIZE IT.

The company of all-around athletes who

came to the United States from Ireland

about a year ago played the game in various

cities while here and did a good deal to pop-ularize it. John Boyle O'Reilly and other

prominent Irish-Americans who have been

prominent Irish-Americans who have been seeking to revive interest in Irish games have also belped to give hurling a lift. The New York Gaelic Society now has two regular hurling teams; there are several more in Philadelphia and Boston, and there are others in a other siling.

land, has been but lately attempted here.

and such innocent pastimes. In America the game is but just begin

(IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCEL!

For any breach of these rules the referee t g a m e n o w known to the world that is older than the

THE PENALTIES PROVIDED.

If any player drives the ball over the side

game of hurling, which seems about to beline of the field, and it does not rebound, no player can follow and return it. This must Chronology has it that Hercules first cele-Chronology has it that Hercules mist cele-brated the Olympian games in the year 1218 B. C. At about the same time, according to the historians, the early colonists of Ire-land founded what were known as the Tail-ten games, which were held annually in Meath and which were, as far as they could be satisfied. They were head in an unit the

HERE is probably no athletic Outgame now

concerned I shall be the gainer if you do come I do not meet so many people with whom I care to associate, and from whom I can learn, that I wish to throw a chance BWAY.

"I think you misunderstood me a little," he said; I only meant that perhaps you would not wish to be bothered with Effle, Miss Granger.

She laughed, "Why, I love children. It will be a great pleasure to me to look after her so far as I have time."

Just then the others returned, and their conversation came to an end. "It's quite delightful, Geoffrey-such

fanny ol tashioned rooms. I really envy you." (If there was one thing in the world that Lady Honoria hated it was an old-fashioned room.) "Well, and now we must (If there was one thing in the world be going. Oh! you poor creature, I forgot that you were so knocked about. I am sure Mr. Granger will give you his arm."

Mr. Granger ambled forward, and Geoffrey having made his adieus, and borrowed a elerical hat (Mr. Granger's concession to enstom, for in most other respects he dressed Hke an ordinary farmer), was safely conveyed to the fit And so ended Geoffr-y's first day at Bryn-

gelly Vicarage.

CHAPTER XI.

REATRICE MAKES AN APPOINTMENT. Lady Honoria leaned back in the cab and sighed a sigh of satisfaction.

"That is a capital idea," she said. "I was wondering what arrangements you could of the ratepayers, but as yet they yearned in make for the next three weeks. It is vain. The school was supported by volun-ridiculaus to pay three guineas a week for tary contributions, and, thanks to Bestrice's rooms just for you and Effie. The old gentleman only wants that for board and lodging together, for I asked him."

"I daresay it will do," said Geoffrey. "When are we to shift?"

"To-morrow, in time for dinner, or rather empper; these barbariaus eat supper, you know. I go by the morning train, you see, so as to reach Garsington by ten-time. I daresay you will find it rather dull, but you like being dull. The old elergyman is a eldest daughter, Elizabeth, she's too awful -she reminds me of a rat. But Beatrice is haudsome enough, though I think her horrid, too, You'll have to console vourself with her, and I daresay you will suit each other.

"Why do you think her horrid, Honoria?

'Oh, I don't know; she's clever and odd, and I have odd women. Why can't they be like other people? Think of her being strong enough to save your life like that, too. She must have the muscle of an Amanon-it's downright unwomanly. But there's no doubt about her beauty. She is as nearly perfect as any girl I ever saw, though too independent looking. It only one had a daughter like that, how one might marry her. I wouldn't look at anything under £20,000 a year. She is too good tor that lumbering Welsh squire she's engaged tothe man who lives in the castle -though they say he's fairly rich

"Engaged," said Geoffrey, "how do you know that she is engaged.?"

"Ob, I don't know it at all, but I suppose she is. If she isn't, she soon will be, for a girl in that position is not likely to throw such a chance away. At any rate, he's head over cars in love with her. I saw that last night. He was hanging about for hours in the rain, outside the door, with a face like a ghost, till he knew whether she was dead or alive, and he's been there twice to inquire this morning. Mr. Granger told me. But she's too good for him trom a business point She might marry anybody, if only of view. she were put in the way of it."

Somebow, Geoffrey's lively interest in Bentrice sensibly declined on the receipt of

this is one of its methods of sell-assertion, "Well," he said, "I'm glad to hear she is in such a good way; she deserves it. I the poor thin hands in hers, and gase with an amateur photographer.

"Look, Effie," said he, "that is the boat out of which I was upset." Effic opened her gull; it nearly knocked my hat off." wide eyes and stared at the frail craft. "It is a horrid boat," she said; "I don't guil. "Miss Beatrice," he said again, "are

want to look at it." 'You're quite right, little miss," said old Edward, touching his cap. "It ain't safe, and somebody will be drowned out of it one of these days. I wish it had gone to the bot-tom, I do; but Miss Beatrice, she is that foolbardy there ain't no doing nothing with

"I fancy that she has learned a lesson,"

said Geoffrey. "May be, may be," grumbled the old man, "but women folk are hard to teach; they never learn nothing till it's too late, they don't, and then when they've been and done

it they're sorry, but what's the good o' Meanwhile another conversation was in progress not more than a quarter of a mile away. On the brow of the cliff stood the

village of Bryngelly, and at the back of the village was a school, a plain whitewashed building, roofed with stone, which, though amply sufficient and suitable to the wants of the place, was little short of an abomina-tion in the eyes of Her Majesty's lordly

school inspectors, who from time to time de-scended upon Bryngelly for purposes of ex-amination and fault-finding. They yearned to see a stately red brick edifice, with all the latest improvements, erected at the expense

energy and good teaching, the dreaded board, with its tads and extravagance, had not yet clutched it. Beatrice had returned to her duties that

afternoon, for a night's rest had brought back its vigor to her strong young frame. She had been greeted with enthusiasm by the children, who loved her, as well they might, for she was very gentle and sweet with them, though none dared disobey her. Besides, her beauty impressed them, though they did not know it. Beauty of a certain sort has perlike being dull. The old elergyman is a haps more effect on children than any other low stamp of man, and a bore, and as for the class, heedless and selfish as they o ten seem to be. They feel its power; it is the outward expression of the thoughts and dreams that bud in their unknowing hearts, and is some-how mixed up with their ideas of God and heaven. Thus there was in Bryngelly a little girl o/ 10, a very clever and highly excitable child, Jane Llewellyn by name, born of par-ents of strict Calvinistic views. As it

chanced, some months before the opening of this story, a tub thumper, of high renown and considerable oratorical force, visited the place, and treated his hearers to a lively disourse on the horrors of hell. In the very front row, her eyes wide with

fear, sat this poor little child between her parents, who listened to the minister with much satisfaction, and a little way back sat Beatrice, who had come out of curiosity. Presently the preacher, having dealt sufficiently in territying generalities, went on

to practical illustrations, for, a'ter the man-ner of his class, he was delivering an ex-temporary oration. "Look at that child," he said, pointing to the little girl; "she looks innocent, does she not? but if she does not find salvation, my brethren, I tell you that she is damued. If she dies to-night, not having found salvation, she will go to hell. Her delicate little body will be tormented

forever and ever-Here the unfortunate child fell forward with a shrick.

Something had gone wrong, and the guests grew impatient. Finally the descon "You ought to be ashamed of yourself sir," said Beatrice aloud.

She had been listening to all this illjudged rant with growing indignation, and now, in her excitement, entirely forgot that she was in a place of worship. Then she ran forward to the child, who had swooned. Beatrice sensibly declined on the receipt of this intelligence. Of course it was nothing the shock. When she came to herself, it this intentingence. Of course is was nothing the shock, when she came to hersell, it was inducted he was glad to hear that she was in the way of such a comiortable settle-ment, but it is uniortunately a fact that one of imbedility. But her imbedility was not indexelling and lovely lady who is the potential sionate terror would seize upon her. She

property of a "lumbering Welsh 'squire," as in one who belongs to hersel. The old Adam still survives in most men, however right thinking they may be, and don't add insult to injury! Your cousin

he weather, ly; he was icthing, but They were they were Hurling as a game is simple enough. The goal keeper culbair, and the hurly or stick used in the game was called caman. To the an unused to the game it seems at first to partake of some of the qualities of football, hockey, lacrosse and to speak he must do so quickly. "Miss. Bestrice," he said in a somewhat polo. It is exciting, too, for it is a game that calls forth great activity, and when "Yes, Mr. Davies-oh, look at that sea

are others in other cities.

played by two full teams there are about But he was not to be put off with the sea-

- atte

Toying With a High Ball.

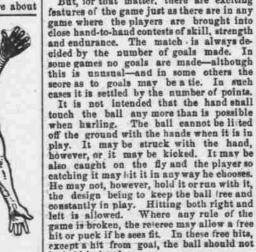
THE

23

be required.

ordinarily is exciting enough. THE EXCITING FEATURES. But for that matter, there are exciting

field.



be held in hand. It will be seen at once that the game is exceedingly simple and that the rules allow the players a wide latitude when playing. At the same time it involves as much exer cize as either football or heroase without being especially dangerous. However, comparisons aside, hurling has its own excelleucies, and as a winter game on the ground or on the ice it has no superior. SHOULD BECOME POPULAR.

On a crisp, cold day there is nothing that will stir up the blood, liven up the muscles and invigorate one generally in a more complete manuer than a good, lively game of

twice as many men engaged as there are in a matched game of football, and when these get mixed up in a melee over the small ball get mixed up in a make over the small built used the thing is likely to become exciting. There are opportanities for some preity rough play, too. In the game of tootball the most the hot-headed players can do when they get excited is to slug with their fists. In hurling each player is armed with a stick three feet or more long with a curve on one end. The possibilities that these hold forth to players who do not care to control their

Putcher Grane.

hurling. The game is played in an hour with a short rest in the middle of the game, so there is no danger of anyone in ordinarily

To become an expert harler no peculiar qualifications are required. A small man can play as well as a big one, all other

hurling is hardly likely to become popular, but among gentleman amateurs it, ought for many reasons, to become a favorite game.

the freedom which takes the form of riotone always an exciting feature of a game that demonstrations, but steadily do the means of passing the day in a rational manner make their way. Boston long ago ceased to

THE ELECTRIC WIRE SCARE.

The shocking fires of last Sunday have made a deep impression upon the com-munity, and although it is pretty well es-tablished that they were not caused by elec-

tricity, the electric wire scare is once more

brought to the fore. In the minds of the

common people it has taken on something of

to come and view the spot at which the acci-dent occurred, to see for themselves how im-

THE EFFECT ON THE JURY.

splt of the expedition was not considered a

brilliant success by the company, and it is

said that particular pains was taken to keep

the affair out of the papers here; which may

BILL NYE AND BUGENE FIELD.

The parting asunder of Bill Nye and J.

Whitcomb Riley of which the newspapers have had extensive notice within the past week recalled to one who knew it the story

of an incident connected with an appear-ance of Eugene Field in the company of

those two humorists. I tell the tale as it was told, without vouching for it. Once

when Nye and Eliey were to read some-where in the neighborhood of Chicago, they persuaded Mr. Field to try his luck by joining the combination for the evening.

When the evening came Mr. Field was to

follow some recitation of Nye's, and that gentleman, having responded to one recall answered a second by coming forward to say

that he must beg them to excuse him for

or may not be true.

ing:

be orthodox in the old fashioned sense of that term, and she steadily becomes more sensible in her treatment of the ques which orthodoxy made so perplexing. The persons present last Sunday were largely just the class for whose benefit the change was made. They were skilled artisans who could ill afford the time during the week to come to the library to consult the books which yet they need in their work. This was shown, too, by the character of the works called for. Hand-books upon scientific subjects and especially upon applied science made up the bulk of those used; a fact which is interesting as showing the exact use of the Sunday opening.

Present Condition of Monument.

upon a neglected inclosure, without the gray upon a neglected inclosure, whilede the gray walls of which is the unfinished memorial sketched for this paper. Cattle graze about the base; it is discolored by time and weath-er; the relic hunter's hammer has been basy with the chiseled edges; the stately shart that should bear aloft the bust of the sleep-

er's august son and the national emblem, lies prone and half buried in the earth. It is needless to discuss here the reasons why the patriotic or ambitious individual who began to build was not able to finish. the form of a superstitions fear, and more intelligent persons are hardly less terrified; perhaps, indeed, from a greater realization

According to one tradition, bis ardor was quenched by disappointment in love; others assert that this plous design was threatened of the danger they are more atraid of it. A droll incident, which might have been tragic enough, happened not long since in connection with the electric street cars of the West End Land Company. One of the cars ran into a team, and the owner thereof not uonaturally brought a suit to recover our land; winter snows cannot cloak this dis-grace to our nation, the ghastly satire upon damages. Of course the West End Land Company had the best of legal talent to dethe gratitude of republics. Associations of ladies have been formed to

fend it, and a truly touching picture was presented to the jury of the almost paternal right this wrong, and just now Marion Har-land, the friend and helper of women everycare with which the company watches over the welfare of the public, and the extraorwhere, is appealing to the public for funds. Her address is 19 West Twenty-second dinary caution with which the cars feel their way along. The jury were then asked street, New York.

SHAKESPEARE'S TABLE.

A Belle of Elizabethan Time Backed by an Old Man's Oath.

Antiquarian relies of literary biography demand strict scrutiny before we admit

them to be genuine articles; this little round oak table, with its stout central leg standing on three crasy toes, may or may not be of The jury allowed themselves to be es-Elizabethan date, and Shakespeare may or the jury anowed themester to be ex-corted to an especial car prepared for their accommodation, and away they glided to-ward Brighton where the accident upon the responsibility for which they were to demay not have used it among the furniture of his house at Stratford-on-Avon. All we know, at present, is that John Wheeler, aged 80, late an inmate of the Warwick Union



who seems at sometime to have cut his inwho seems at sometime to have cut his in-itials irreverently on the sacred relia, has deposed on oath before a Justice of the Peace that it was long the property of his family, and known among them, at least, as "Shakespeare's table;" and that he remembered hearing his grandmother say that she purchased it from a woman who had bought it at a sale at Shakespeare's house in Hen-ley street. This evidence will satisfy those who like to believe in it, and will amuse those who do not.

The Boston Way of Putting It.

going on any further just then as he wished their attention for a friend who was to make oston Courier.] his first appearance on this evening. He praised the stranger's powers, said he was extremely diffident and wound up by say-A woman may dress and pose as a bolle, And gracefully flutter a Japanese fan; But a stone at a hen she cannot propal For she isn't constructed upon that plan. "And I shall have to ask you to ex-

Use for the Trailing Skirt. Boston Times.]

Scientists tell us that the came was to vented in order that a man might have no cupation for his hands. If the same need was ever felt by women-well, that would was ever felt by women-well, that would explain the origin of the trailing skirtl Watching passers-by it involuntarily occurs to one that it she had no dress to hald up a woman would look-and feel-as nwkward and ancomfortable as the gilded youth who has mislaid his stick!

the same and the famous wedge movement of the Princeton football team has often be-fore now been brought into play on the hurling field. The main qualifications for huring field. The main qualifications for player are activity, pluck, quickness of sight and good judgment of distance. When played by full teams the hurling ground should be 196 yards long by 140 yards wide. The ground should be clearly marked off as in football. At each end of the faild stend to and mate and then for the field stand two goal posts, and there is a cross-bar 101/2 feet from the ground. The object of the game is to drive the ball be-

tween these posts and under the cross-bar. This counts a goal. If driven over the good health suffering from over-exertion. cross-bar it counts but a point. The same cross-part it counts but a point. The same count is made it the ball goes over the goal line within 21 jest of either goal post. The arrangement of the men is not altogether like that of the football team.

can play as well as a big one, all other things being equal. Activity is the main thing, combined with quickness of sight and good judgment, which enables the player to use his hurly with more accuracy and effect.

Among professional athletes the game of other seven are variously placed to guard various points and to rush and tackle, or perform any other duty for which they may PARAPHERNALIA OF THE GAME.

The goal keepers stand near to and in front of the goal, and two men govern the "points." Four others are posted a few yards in advance as pickets. In the center of the field seven players are ranged in a straight line, like a football rush line. The

To business men and men of sedentary hab-its it furnishes rare facilities for keeping in good physical condition, the exercise being sufficient for this without being too severe The paraphernalis of the game is simple in the extreme. The ball used should weigh from seven to ten somces, and should be made of cork and woolen thread, covered with leather. The hurly or stick which is



RULES OF THE GAME. Hurling, when played by two full teams, engages 42 men. It may, however, be played by as few as 15 men on a side, but should be played by no fewer. When two teams complete face each other they are not unlike football teams in formation. Beside goalkeepers each has half-backs, right point covers, left point covers, wing men, centers and rushers. Sometimes, too, the tactics used are not unlike those of the football men. The rushing and tackling are much the same and the famous wedge movement

temper can be readily understood. RULES OF THE GAME.