www AN IRISH LOVE STORY. BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

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PART L

We went sailing on beautiful Lough Erin, one day during our stay in Ireland, and were becalmed for three or four hours of a misty September afternoon. Then it was that we heard an Irish love story, from the lips of our guide, philosopher and friend, Mr. Conrad Kane, whose personal experience is herein set forth.

If I live to be a hoondred I'll niver forget that night! I was lavin' Ailsie home a bit av the road, for I darm't go the lingth av her gate an' it was seldom, indade, I ventured beyant the bridge, but this time, however, it happened, I crossed to the odther side with her, an' we were well oop the the bend, houldin' aich odher's haan's, an' sthrolin' along, the stars comin' out like weeny white flowers in the sky above us, whin Ailsle gev a joomp, an' a bit av a screech, an' away with her, roonin' for the dear life, an' there was her fadher, stannin' forninst me, in the big black shadda av

"Good avenin' ti ye, Misther Conrad Kane," sez he, mekin' a sthep into the road, an' twirlin' a blackthorn he had in

"Good avenin' t'ye, Misther Brogan, sir." sez I, kapin' me eye on the sthick, for I knew him to be handy enoof with

"An' if it wasn't for the dacint fadher's son ye are," sez he "I'd bra'k this shillelagh over yer rascally young head." sez he.

'An' welkim," sez I, "for it's the dacint fadher's son I am, that wudn't lift a finger on ye if ye did."

Don't answer me, ye villin," sez he "How darr ye preshoome to spake up



AN' THERE WAS HE . FATHER STANIN' FORMIAST ME.

to my gairl," ser he, an' folly her about till the town's talkin' at her? What d'ye mane by it, I'm askin'?

"Sure, an' te know well what I mane by it, Misther Brogan," sez I. "It's a year since I toul ye me manin', plain." Ye brat, ye," sez he. "An' it's you that 'id marry Allsie, is it, 'idthout the roof to coover yez or a patch av petaties? Mebbe it's buy her a bag ye'd do, an' sind her out to beg? It's a pity but ye had her, 'nor, isn't it? Or mebee it's the bit av land yer thinkin' av, that'll go with her? Ah, thin, not a foot av it, an' not an inch av it. Di ye hear

"Me hearin's good, Misther Brogan," sez I, as cool as ye plaze, "an' no Kane iver wint beggin' yet. I hev me thrade's wages," sez I, "an' they're none the poorest, but I only toul ye like an honest to marry Ailsie; yis, an' me intention to marry Allsez I spakin' slow, that he'd hear it right-"but I wanted her fadher's word, that we'd wait awhile, till I could airn the roof an' the petatic patch, as many's the couple done before us," sez I, for I knew it was the case av the oul' fella himself-"an I'm steady an' sober, an'-Misther Brogan," sez I, "I loove the ground yer dawter walks an."

"Aw, be this an' be that," sez he. "Di ye think I'll listen to sich talk? Loove the ground? Thrade's wages, in-dade? An' is that what ye affer her? A fine look up i' the May rint. Me dawter's for yer betthers, young man."
"Faith, an' ye'll be thrubbled to find

them same, be her way uv thinkin,' sez I, for me blood was gettin' up. "I hev her promise," sez I, "an' she has mine, an' no man,fadher or else, 'll come betune us-an' good avenin' to ye. Misther Patrick Brogan," sez I, an' off I marched, me head in the air, expectin' ivery minnit to feel the weight av his thorn an the back av me sconce. Afther that it was long enoof obefore

I got anodther sight av Allsie. They sint her away to the aunt's at Killabege an' I haird aftherwords, there was the divole's own rumpus before she wint. Anny way, she wrut me wan or two letthers, an' I ondherstud she wasn't too well plazed with the way I spoke up to her fadher. "It was worse for her now, nor iver," she said, an' they watched her night an' day, an' she thought it betther I'd give over thryin' to see her for awhile an', an' let things take their coorse, "But Connie, dear, she said, in the letther, "it's not forgittin' the word that's passed betune us, an nivver will." Could I ever dhrame she wud forgit it, the lovin' harrt she hed?

Well, the weeks wint an, an' the months wint an, an' wurreked as constan as the days kem round, but the money was that slow a countin' up, that I was harrt-sick, manny's the time, an' seemed furdher away than iver from Allsie. An' whin she kem home again, she was afraid av her life to mate me, or to pass a civil word, neighbor-like an the road, for fear the oul' Turk would hear av it, an' rage like a haythen-so we didn't well know what to do, nor what would become av us at

But there was wan comfort I had through ivery thing, wan help that nivre failed me, an' that was me comrade b'y, Rafe O'Neil. He was far up in the world aboove me, with a fine growin' farrum av his own, and cattle to the fore, but some way, I was niver too low for his likin' an' we wint togither man an' b'y for fifteen years or more. I used to be thinkin' times back he was a trifle too fond av Alisie, an' she always had a coom, they began to laughin' word for him, but there was nothin' I could lay to haart, nor iver did perin' an' noddin'! against thim, till wan marnin' I remimber it as if it was visterday, an, the cap he had an' an' the roguish smile in his eyes whin he kem down to the forge-he knew it was an' idle day with an' stud lanin' at the dure, lookin'

"Come away up be the gap, Connie," sez he "I hev somethin' to tell ye." It was a gray marnin' with the mist risin' out o' the bogs, like big wallops av smoke, an' the taste av rain that was comin' in the air as plain as salt was comin' in the air as plain as the salt in the say. We crossed be Andy's med-da, and staarted along the road to the gup-Rafe had his arrum about me shouldher-a thrick he had since we

foine bit av news for ye-I'm bespoke in mariage," sez he "Betther late than niver," sez I, giv-

in' him the joke, for he was a year oldher than meself."An" I hope the bride'll

say the same."
"I hope whaever the bride'll say'll plaze ye," Connie; I hope it will," sez he, patthin' me sshouldher once or twice, friendly-like, "for there's no gairl in the town land ye think more av, an' none desarves it betther. The parents is agreed," sez he; "the whole clan-Jeffrey met a Sunday at Billy McCormick' an' talked it up an' down, unless some strange thin happens it'll be a match."

"An' sure, she'll be a lucky woman." sez I, lookin' arounn' at him, waikin' han'some an' sthrappin' beside me "An' I wish ye joy."

"Wait a bit-wait, Connie, sez he, with a quare sort av a laugh: must hear the bride's name first, be fore ye spake av joy. What would ye say to-Ailsie Brogan?

"Ailsle Brogan?" I stood still, starin' at him. "Not-not my Allsie?" "Yis, or-mebbe-mine! May the best man win," sez he. "It's five years ye've coorted her, an' what's to show for it' It's time the gairl was settled, her havn' no modher, an' the udhr gairls growin' up. An' why but she'd take her chance?" sez he. "Sure ye'd stand betune her an' a comfortable livin'," sez he, "an' if I can mek her happy, an' it she's willin', would ye thry to prevent it ?"

"Ye're jokin,' Rafe," sez I, but he wasn't, an' I knew it well! "Qdit, now, an' tell me what yer manin' is."

"Amn't I tellin' ye?" sez he. "I'm manin to engage mesilf to Ailsle Brogan, to be marrit afther Lint, if she's contint to give her word, but for oul friendship, Connie, I wouldn't do it unbeknownst. An' it's for her to choose betune us, man an' man. Isn't that fair?"

But I was that doomboundrhered I ouldn't spake. But Rafe wint on, rasinin' an' showin' me how wrong it was for Ailsle to be made to suffer, an' how it was long waitin for what might niver come. An' I knew he was rightnot a doubt av it! An' more an' above, it was three months that I hadn't got the sight av Ailsie, nor the scrape av a pen, but, for all that, it was hawd to mek me give in that he's spake to her. an' run his chance, but he at last, with the dint av his persuashins, I did consint, an' the next day he kem, smilin an' happy as a young prince, to say they were bespoken, an' it was left to the oul' folks to name the day.

Well, from that time forrit there was wurrek, an' enough to be done at the foorge, an' mesilf was glad o' that same. I was backward at meetin' the neighbors, for the whole town lan' was talkin' av me, an' Rafe, an' Ailsie, an' blamin' him, an' blamin' her an' pityin' me; but it was little they knew, when all was said. I kep' a good hoult av me tongue, an' except to give a civil answer I nayther made nor meddled, hopin' the talk would dhrop the sooner, for what must come will come, shmall matther who sez yis or no.

Ivery avenin' av me life was spint with Rafe an' Alisie. An' many's the time, walkin' through the Gap, an' roun' be Andrew's bank whin the moon was liftin' up out o' the bog mist, as roun' an' yalla like it was the sun had lost ts way-manys the tolme Rafe would walk the throw av a stone fornist us. me an Allsie, lavin' us to walk an' talk together through the fields an' places we used to walk, when we were swate-haarts! * * * We'd be chattin about the house Mister Porgan was buildin an' plenishin', in bein' part av the bride's fortune-besides a fine young heifer, an' the pigs-or mebbe, jokin' about the pots an' pans I was mekin' for her, down at the foorge. . .

The time wint on an' the bans was read in chapel, an' the day set, an' like pefore I cud turn roun' twice at me worruk, there was the weddin' mornin' As foine a day as ever ye saw—the birds singin' an' the grass that full av cowslips that ye cudn't step for thrampin thim, an' the sky shinin' an' not a cloud aist or wist. Nothin' wud do but that I must stand oop with Rafe-he was that wishful I cudn't find me haart to disappoint him. So, I wint boldly to the house, an' there the widdineeers was as sembled, sure enoof-all the young peo-



"NOT MY AILSIE?"

ple that knew us, Ailsle an' me, it was look. An' whin I shu'k han's with Ailsie, wan av the bridesmålds-God loove her for it-bu'st out cryin' an' roon out av the room.

There was a foine faste cookin' in the kitchen-turkies an' geese an' leg o' mutton, an' a big table spread an' the pest av the company ready for it.

We were to walk in cooples, twice roun' the town an' thin to the chapel. Oul' Roger, the fiddler, was tunin' an' squalin' up his fiddle, ready to march forminst us, an' ivery wan was as foine an' gintale as ye plaze, an' the bride, in white, settin' her lone near the dure, an' we were all waitin' for Rafe. He toul' me the night before he wud go first to the chapel, to his duty, an' mate me at Ailsie's an the sthroke av tin. But whin the sthroke was past, an' he didn't coom, they began to be onalsy an' go in an' out-watchin' the road and whis-

PART II.

I didn't like to be puttin' meself for rit, but at last I tuk me hat from the flure, an' mintioned that I'd stroll away down a bit to mate him, as bein' best man it was the laste I cud do. So I wint along a bit av the road an' an-odher bit, an' anodher, till I kem to the dure av his house, an' there wasn't a hilt nor hair av him to be found. His people had staarted away to the chapel, to be ready for the weddineers. I seen them sittin' in the pews whin I kem by

-but-no Rafe.
What cud I do but go back to the house, an' be this tolme it was more like a wake, nor a weddin'. The brides-"Connie," sez he, stoppin' in the mid- maids was cryin' an' lamentin', and the

but not a word, nor a tear from Allsie. a thravellin' bag in his han', at the haart on the hill beyant, an' there was The night before they wint, Rafe an' pits an' holes he might fall into, for the an' dead.

But in the middle av all the floory in

'An' he's away an' the coach with Tom him for what he done.

Oul' Brogan bruk the wafer, the letit rattlin', but sorra the word cud hear mek out, hed or tail. It was Craig the schoolmaster stud oop an' read it out as plain as a. b. c. "Rispicted Misther Brogan, Miss Bro-

gan an' kind friends all-"I pen these few lines to let ye know that saircumstances bein' such I can't marry the yoong leddy, an' wishin' her



IN THE MIDDLE AV ALL THE FLOORY IN KEM LITTLE DINNY QUIN ROONIN.

her desarvin's av a betther paartner. The safreumstances is well known to Misther Brogan, av the mare not coomin' to the fore, an' the pigs bein' none av the best it's little I'm carin' for the valye, be it what it may, but no man'll say he met a fool in Rafe O'Neil. I'm givin' oop, an' willin' me own paart av the plenishin', not to mintion praties, an' turf an' odher things an' necessaries, an' it's well plazed I am to bestow thim an the young leddy, if she'll do me the unner to recaive the same an' little enoof for her thrubble, But, there's no harrum done, an' wishin' well to all, an' sorry to disappoint so much good company. There's as good fish in the say as iver was caught, so no more at prisint from your obadiant sairvant, Rafe O'Neil." The oul' man stud starin' about him

helpless-like, "I'll be rivinged," sez he, "an' the man that decaived me dawter-yis, decaived, the schamer! It was nayther the mare nor the pigs that stud in the way. The pigs were the pick o' the market, an' when he axed me to throw in the mare, it was laffin' an' jokin' he was, an' the more so, whin he got 'No' for an answer. But I'll be re-"Lave that to me," sex L facin' him an' spakin' up the way I niver thought I cud do. "Gim me the right to dale with the"-but the word sthuck in me

for wasn't he Rafe, me comrade an' me friend?" Then the neighbors kem about us. "Ah-h-that's the b'y. Don't ye know he'll do it? It's himsilf that will. An' wasn't he dyin' about the gairl, an' isn't he till this minnit? Don't go betune them, Patchy-don't!"

t'roat. I cudn't call him an ill name,

He stepped back a piece an' looked at me.

"Ye blackgard," sez he, "what's that yer sayin'?" sez he. "Yis," sez I, "blackgard or not, it's no sayerit. There's plinty prisint knows I coorted Ailsie, an' none betther than verself, that sint me packin', Now, sez I, "I hev nothin' to give her but the han' that'll worrak for her an' the haart that looves her, an' honest b'y's han' an' haart," sez I, "that's all I hev to offer, an if it's not yer dawter's, Misther Bro-

gan, it's for no wan else."
With that the weemin' began like as manny geese gabblin' on the common. They were all for takin' a modher's part to the gairl that hed no modher. "An' d'ye hear that, Misther Brogan, it's yer dawter is in luck this day. thankful the disgrace'll pass yer dure. An' ye hevn't the haart av a milestone in yer body, I dunno? Look at the modherless crayture, an' it was mesilf stud up wid you an' Peggy Rourke,"

"Wheest wid ye; wheest," sez he. "Di ye want to drive me crazy, out an' out? Lave me spake to me dawter. Ailsie, come forrit; ye're listin' to what's sayin', gairl?"

Ailsie walked over the flure, an' I niver seen her walk so proud, an' she stud there, forninst us all, as white as the slaive av the dhress she had an. "I'm listenin', fadher," sez she, "An' is it yer wish I'd marry Connie Kane? Sure, isn't it for you to say? An' are ye manin' to give yer blessin' to-Con-

"An' di ye think whin I'd give me consint the blessin' id be groodged?" "Say the word, me dawter, an' the weddin' 'll go an. We'll show the schoundhrel there's a betther man'll

take his place.

Allsie niver turned her face to look at me, but she put out both her weeny hands an' clootched oul' Patchy's arrum.

"Fadher," sez she, "fadher"-layin" down her purty head with the daark curls about it an his shouldher-"ye desarve a betther dawter-sure, an' ye do! but I ax yer paardon," sez she, "an' -God's paardon, an' it's only wid yer blessin', full an' free, that I'll marry Connie.

Well, an' so the weddin wint an an' it was like in a dhrame I was, with the spachin' an' dhrinkin', an' 'atin', yis, an' the bonfires, an' cheerin', for the whole town haird av what happened. But whin it was oll over, an' we were alone, at last, in our own little house, an' the dure shut betune us an' the worl', "Connie," sez she, "but it was the wicked shame to decaive the oul' man! Didn't I nearly oop an' tell him the schame from beginnin' to end, it was that haard to stan' an' hear the dacint b'y abused. Poor Rafe," sez she, with the tears in her eyes-"the Lord loove him. Was there iver such a friend?"

nin', anyhow," sez I. "Didn't he know well what wud be the resoolt?" "But I'm fearin'." sez she, ngain "I'm fearin', dear, it wasn't right to decaive the oul' man. I'll not rest alsy

"Twas he had the brains for plan-

till I tell him, dear," "Di' ye think ye'll rest alsy afther it?" sez I, laffin'; for in troth it tuk little to make me laff, at the same toime, "He'll raise ructions, high an' low, but we hev his blessin' anny how, an' he can't take that back. It'll be toime enoof to tell him, darlin', when Rafe comes home."

But it was five years, out an' out afore we saw the b'y again. Thin he kem back from Ameriky an' a wife be his side; a a fine slip av a Brooklyn gairl, as slendher as a sally rod, with ankles like die av a lilt he was whistlin'. "I've a 'oul' weemin was shakin' their heads, goat, an' lips as thin as a sixpence, an'

her as full av fun an' divolment as a Wan neighbor hed it to say that Rafe comb is full of honey, an' as swate. She was seen goin' through the gap with bewithched us all with her pretty talk an' ways, an' she took Ailsie an' the clearin' o' day, and anodher was ready | child like they were her own kith an' to swear he watched him, not one hour kin' an' its sorry, indade, we were whin ago, skairtin' down be Relpie's bog, for they gev us good-by and sailed back to An Interesting Article on the Royal Em-

me took a danther over beyant the gap. surest foot is niver sure crossin' a bog, an' a look about at the oul fields and an' mebee the poor b'y was sunk deep | places, him not knowin' but mebbe he'd see them no more, an' we were spakin' av many a scrape an' frolic we hed, an' kem little Dinny Quinn roonin' with a how he brought it about for Ailsie an' letther in his fist. Oop he goes to the me to be married an' the fine weddin we had, an' all, an' it was in me haart "Rafe O'Neil gev me this," sez he. to tell him how thankful we'd been to

We were walkin' in the duskin's down the bend av Andhrew's bank, his arrum ther shakin' in his han' till ye cud hear hangin' roun' me neck like two b'ys idlin' home from school together as often we kem an' wint by the same way.

mouth, "don't be thankin' me.

half av it. It's over now, an' I hev as good a wife as iver fell to the wish av man, so it's mebbe no harrum to spake. Ye niver guessed it, Connie, ye omadhan, an' no more did she, but there was only wan woman in God's worl' for me the manny's the year, an' that wastwo stud in shoe leather. I niver was the fool to dhrame it-but wasn't it haard, di' ye think, to ask her for me bride, that another man 'ud get her! An' whin the day kem, was there no temptation, I'm askin' ye, to take the place beside her, an' put the ring an her fingher, for she wasn't the gairl to go conthrary to her fadher an' her friends. An' I knew as well as I was livin' that she endn't sthruggle nor stand agin them all. What cud aither av ye do if haarted villin? So, all was settled whin ver and colors. The design was as fol-I ruz from me knees, an' I wasn't lows: The beaner of Wales, the red listen to me, Connie," sez he, standin' an' will ye gimme yer word?" It was long we talked, but av coorse

I gev him the promise he asked, an' I



DIDN'T I NEARLY OOP AND TELL HIM?"

niver braithed the word to Ailsie, but, somehow, it's often since I thought she

THE END. APHORISMS AND AXIOMS.

Confidence is often preferable to clever-

Pit eleverness against character; charcter wins. We are all prisoners and are all senenced to death. Talk if you wish to make enemies; if

ou wish to make friends, listen, Life is like a little picture surrounded by an intolerable deal of margin. Knowledge is always dissatisfied; conentment is the privilege of ignorance. Men generally love gold for the evil that hey can do with it: seldom for the good. Much heart and little brains is alm rnicious as much brains and little heart. Thinkers are the pioneers; they go before o prepare the way for those that are to

Never mind the world, it floats with the stream; it is the duty of man to swim against the stream. Each one of us is hemmed in by the horizon of his own times; imagination alone

can penetrate beyond it. In youth it is passion more than vanity which make a man wish to win woman; in middle age it is vanity more than pas-

Good manners frequently conceal the absence of good nature, and ill manners frequently conegal the presence of good na-

There are three classes of literary neaole in this county; the first is obtrusive, the second obscene, and the third is ob-

This is the key-note of philosophy; to tant, and the importance of being unin-portant.

If you desire to be popular, pretend to see others as they would wish you to see them. See them as they are and they will detest you. There is much good in the world, and there is much that is evil; but we frequently find evil where we expect to find good, and good where we expect to find

"A TARIFF FOR REVENUE ONLY" The official record of the entire twenty-

evil.

as follows: Receipts, Expenditures, Deficit, 1894. Sept. \$22,621,228 \$30,323,015 \$7,701,789 Oct. 49,139,240 32,713,039 13,573,859

	Nov	19,411,401	28,477,188	9,065,785
	Dec	21,866,136	27,135,100	5,200,324
	1895.			
	Jan	27,801,300	34,723,447	6,719,947
	Feb	221,838,657	25,686,035	2,807,975
	March	25,470,575	25,716,967	210,092
	April	24,247,836	32,990,676	8,742,809
H	May	25/272,078	28,568,213	2,286,196
l	June	25,615,474	21.683,029	*3,932,445
	July	29,009,697	28,548,062	9,478,395
	Aug	28,952,696	32,588,181	3,605,488
	Sept	27,549,678	24,320,481	*2,229,196
	Oct	27,901,748	34,500,425	6,654,577
	Nov	25,986,503	27, 199, 283	1,212,780
	Dec	26,288,937	25,814,017	*471,620
	1896,		100	Parties and
	Jan	29,237,670	32,006,800	3,459,159
	Feb	26,659,223	29,749,959	620,725
l	March '	26,041,149	27,211,000	1,302,851
	April	24,282,893	28,595,819	4,312,650
	May	24,613,717	28,426,592	3,782,875
	Lune	97, 794, 919	95, 144, 759	er 219 430

Totals ..\$558,144,559 \$639,048,546 **\$80,903,977

*Surplus. **Net deficit.

ROYAL EMBLEMS GWLAD Y BRYNIAU

blems of Wales.

THE LITERATURE OF THE CYMRY

'Lord Snowdon" Is the Welsh Title of the Prince of Wates .- The Aucient Arras of Wates as Borne by Queen Elizabeth.

In the deed of appointment of the Prince of Wales to the office of chancellor of the University of Wales he is entitled to one important title which his Royal Highness has a right by custom "Connie," sez he, the minnit I begin since the time of Liewelyn, "Sovereign to spake, and stoppin' the words in me Prince of Wales," viz.: "Lord of Snowdon," Prince Llewelyn kept Snowdon niver knew what I done for ye, nor the (Eryri) as his own territory, and was thus addressed.

Carnhuanawc suggested the very ancient prophecy which may allude to the present royal line, the translation of which is: "The Druids said that liberty should be restored in the lineage Alisie. Oh, yis, yis! Me haart was of the Eagles of Snowdon, and points sore an' heavy for her, but I knew well out that her majesty, Queen Victoria, is I had no chance as long as yer six foot as much Queen of Wales by blood and descent, as she is of England and Scotland.

> Dywawd Derwyddon Dadeni Haelion O hil Eryrn O Eryri. gymro teg, mae'r gwaed d**u**

Yn naturiaeth-Victoria." -Eben Vardd, in his awdl

"Maes Bosworth," WELSH ROYAL EMBLEMS. In the "Literary Remains of Carnhuthe divel was that sthrong in me that anawe" we find a very interesting nar-I'd demand me bride, seein' it was ration of the efforts made in Wales to the funerals of those who perished, Mr known I bed her promise an' her fad- attract the attention of her Malesty to Edwards has dealt exhaustively on the her's word? I spint the night an me the royal bearings, emblems, etc., of knees, Connie, prayin' for what kem at Wales, which the Cymry were most across the channel, and his comparilast. It was on'y at the brack o' day eager to have displayed on the occasion sions of the Bretons with the Britons I could boul up me head an' look at of the christening of their prince. The who inhabit Wales are remarkably meself for an annest man. Whin the party concerned seemed to be in a fog striking. He experienced little or no light begin to come over the hills be- as to the best way to approach her difficulty in making himself understood yant, where we used to go, in the airly majesty for none of them were of sufmornin', afther the hares an' rabbits, ficient rank to address her majesty. At di' ye mind? a couple av wild gossoons, that time few of the real old blood of while such names as Castell Newydd, an' that fond av odher, it was haard to Cambria were to be found in high Corlan, Pantwern, Caerdu, Pontslas, paart us for the lingth av a day; the re- places, and the question was asked over membrance kem over me like it was a and over again what was to be done, for tell, cannot fail to be recognized. There big river, flowin' an' carryin' iverything it was felt that it was useless to try to before it. I knew I looved Ailsie from Instil patriotism into the higher orders the crown ay her purty head to the sole in Wales, who were at time, by some of her purty foot, but didn't I loove me strange and unfortunate fatality, dead comrade, too? Wasn't there times whin or antagonistic to the natural sympa-I thought i wud die for him, an wasn't thies and feelings of their own countryone loove as good as another? It was, Connie, dear, an' betther. For av I wint by me loove for Ailsie an' tuk her written on the finest veilum in black from ye, what 'ud I be but a black- letters, emblazoned with gold and sil-

afeared to face the suun in the sky-nor dragon of Cadwaladr, King of Britain. frind, nor neighbor afther that. But on a field of white and green, the colors of the royal house of Tudor, as borne still in a ridge, "niver, for yer life, tell by VII, at the battle of Bosworth Field, Allsie this. Di' ye mind what I'm sayin' and in honor of which royal ancient bearing and of Welsh valor Henry VII. established the heraldic office of Rouge Dragon. 2. The ancient arms of Wales. as borne by Queen Elizabeth, 2, The triple harp, the national instrument of houses and of drinks both numerous Wales, 4. The leek, the national em- and various. Nor will the most lenient blem of Wales, of which Shakespeare | reader dissent from the proposition that says; "It is worn for a memorable a programme should not be so stocked trophy of his great valor." 5. The crown and feathers of Arthur, Prince troublesome to discover the day's do-

of Wales, son of Henry VIII. 6. St. ings. Cannot the authorities afford to David, the patron saint of Wales, and abandon the old system, and to besse an archbishop of the ancient British church in the sixth century, bearing a which makes the handbook resemble a cross of the ancient British form enclosed in a circle. The address was worded thus:

sion of devotion of a large portion of rank nor riches by which they can procure the means to lay themselves at your feet, nor any patron on whom to depend as a faithful organ of their hopes and their congratulations, and 7 of the Brecon Congregational Memorwere they not certain that their virtuous sovereign and her royal consort will not reject the true loyalty and affection of the lowest of her subjects they could not thus dare to address their royal son, without express permission, to offer their humble declaration of their enthusiastic attachment to their prince, descendant of their an-

cient and revered Monarch Cadwaldr Vendigald.-Obld 63, "Fearing that the poor efforts of skill of natives of Wales, which are intended in some sort to adorn the simple tribute, may be considered as unmeaning devices, not calculated to convey any ideas to your royal highness's mind, worthy of so illustrious a prince there is appended an explanation of every figure therein depicted, which will be found worthy to engage your royal highness's attention, inasmuch as they relate solely to the honours which belong to your august mother, and to your royal highness, through your re nowned British ancestors, and to events traditionary or historical in the records of your royal highness's inheritance,

the principality of Wales. That your royal highness's life may equal in glory that of the far-famed King Arthur, in wisdom that of the eminent legislator, Howell Dda, and in patriotism that your royal highness may resemble the Owens and Llewelyns, who so nobly maintained the rights and privileges of their country, is the heartfelt prayer of your royal highness's faithful, humble and devoted Cambrians."

MEMORIAL SENT. TO WINDSOR CASTLE.

The memorial was sent enclosed in an oak coffer to the royal secretary of Windsor Castle, but no more is known of it except that the precious freight. which had caused so much thought to some Welsh heads and labor to Welsh hands, must have arrived at Windsor about the date her majesty was announced to arrive there from Clearmount before the christening of the Prince of Wales. The chief object in the composition was to recall to memtwo months of the Gorman Tariff shows ory the various claims of Wales, with a deficiency of \$80,963,977. The details are an act of duty to the prince, and the latest hope that some Cambria name might be bestowed upon the royal heir of Britain.

In 1848 we find the loyal heart of Mr. Price beating with peculiar exultation at a triennial eisteddfod of the Cymreigyddion y Fenni, on account of it being held by her majesty's gracious permission, and for the time under the patronage of his roya highness the Prince of Wales. It was at this eistedd for the best essay on the history of the language and literature of Wales, from the time of Cruffydd ab Cynon and Mellyr to that of Sir Gruffydd Llwyd and Gwilym Ddu. It will be news to some to know that it was the Prince of Wales, who visited Wales a few weks ago, gave that prize, which was won by the late Tom Stephens, of Merthyr, which was subsequently published under the title of the "Literature of the Cywry" at the charge of the good and generous the late Sir John Gaest, of Merthyr. Will Aneurni

Vardd, the great Weish pessimist, please deny this?

"WELSH SAINTS."

The Cardiff eisteddfod, held in 1854, is rendered memorable by its giving the incentive to the valuable essay of Professor Reese, of Lampeter, William, Reese, of Llandovery, entitled, "The Welsh Saints." The reward was but a silver medal, value fifteen dollars, with a premium of fifty dollars.

MEDALS.

The following Welsh triad defines very clearly how medals are to be worn, and the subjects they were awarded for: "Tri thiws carald neu arianaid y sydd i wyr wrth gerdd; cadair aur neu ariau i'r goreu o brydydd neu wr wrth gerdd dafawd; Telyn aur neu arian i'r goreu o delynwyr, a thafawd aur neu arian I'r goreu gyfarwydd, sef hyny datgeiniad; a gwisgo'r olysau hyn ar yr ysgwydd neu'r fraich ddeheu, yn warant gradd o Bencerdd Graddawl ag Athraw ar y Celfyddyd, aur nas dylai amgen fod yn athraw."

Trioedd Liegell Bhison, o lyfr Mr.

Davies, o Benygroes,

EPITAPH.

At the Leangollen cisteddfod, 1858, Islavn was awarded the prize for the best epitaph on Prince Llewelyn, which is as follows:

Tra thyper advot ac all ymofyn Hydd llu Iwylo uwch ben bedd Liwelyn I'm rhyddid dirfawr mae'n arwydd terfyr Dwys; trwy y dalaeth dystawa' delyn; Gwna Breinau fil ei chilye-i'w feddrod Yn ei waelod cydorphywys a wnelyn,

NOTES.

Interest in Mr. Owen M. Edwards

charming little volume entitled, "Tro

yn Llydaw," and dedicated to the late Master of Baliol-Professor Jowettwill be greatly enhanced in consequence of the sad fate of the Drunmond Castle and the kindly treatment measured out by the Bretons to the survivors and their intensely sympathetic conduct of predominant tracts of our "cousins" in Websh Place-names in Brittany have striking resemcance to Welsh, Maespant, Tymawr Coedmawr, Treeasare several pinces bearing the name of Daulais, which, of course, is only an-

other name for Dowlais. In speaking of the programme of the national eisteddfod, the vernacular press of Wales is very severe. Many of the newspapers very naturally ask if it is not about time the programm were transformed into a decent looking publication? It is the system that is wrong; not any of the publishers. So long as the right of publication is sold to the highest bidder, it is a necessity that the buyer should make all he can out of the book. Yet there is a degree of disgrace about a programme which puts soan and pills into as much evidence as the item of the national cele bration, "What feast of reason and flow of soul" may be offered is sadly with extraneous matter as to make it official programme free from addenda cattle show guide? These suggestion are applicable to our own eisteddfedical

committees. "May it please your royal highness to The many friends of the Rev. J. A. eccive graciously the humble expreswith Baptist college, will be glad to the inhabitants of your royal highness's know that he has been honored by principality of Wales, who have neither the William Jewell University with the

Mr. Charles Morley, M. P., for Brees mshire, has accepted the post of chairman of the committee for the year 1896al college.

WHO WILL BE BENEFITED?

From the Times-Herald. If we abandon the gold standard and dopt the sliver standard every sliver dol-

far now worth 100 cents on the gold standed will be worth 50 cents on the silver But the free silver advocate says give

us free coinage of silver and we will dou-ble the number of silver dollars in circu-ate prices.

Suppose you do? Will anybody get the other silver dollar except in payment for labor or other commodity? Then who will be benefited by free colunge of silver on ellver standard? The men who own uncoined silver and or whom the government is asked to coin

free. Their number is few compara-vely, but their Voice is loud, and the letims would be all who have anything to sell or to buy in the United States,

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