Bure a terrible time I was out o' the way,
Over the sea, over the sea,
I'll I come back to Ireland one sunny day,
Betther for me, betther for me!
The first time me foot got the feel of the
ground,
I was sthrolling along in an Irish city
That hasn't its aguil the world around
For the air that is sweet, an' the girls that
are pretty.

Light on their feet now they passed me and

sped,
Give you me word, give you me word!
Every girl had a turn o' the head
Just like a bird, just like a bird.
An' the lashes so thick round their beautiful

eyes, Shinin' to tell ye 'twas fair time o' day wi' them; Back in me heart wit' a kind o' surprise, I think how the Irish girls has the way wi' them!

Och, man alive! but it's little ye know
That never was there, never was there—
Look where ye like for them, long may ye

What do I care? what do I care?
Plenty as blackberries where will ye find
Rare pretty girls, not by two nor by three
o' them?
Only just there where they grow, d'ye mind,
Still like the blackberries, more than ye
see o' them.

Sweeter than anythin' under the sun.
Och, but the Irish girls has the way wi'

HANNAH MATILDA'S WEDDING CAKE.

·····

"Yes, I was determined Hannah Mat Ida should have the best cake to be had!" said Mrs. Benson, as she opened the oven door and looked in at the beans. "Guess I may as well take 'em out," she continued; "some folks like their beans baked to a crisp; we like 'em brown but not overdone." "What?" "What?" "What?" "What?" "What?" "What?"

"I'm sure your beans are always most delicious, Mis' Benson," an-twered her visitor. "I like'em myself, but down to our house I most have to burn 'em to suit! I suppose your Hannah can turn her hand to most

anything in plain cooking?"
"Yes, indeed! there ain't nothing
in that line Hannah don't understand, in that line Hannan don't understand, plain or fancy; but a weddin' cake, why, that's kind o' different, you see, and me and Benson made up our minds that our only child should have the very best. It's going to be from a first-rate city confectioner's, and I don't feel any doubt but it'll more than suit."

Mrs. Prentice set her thin lips to-Mrs. Prentice set her thin lips together and made no answer for a minute or two, then she said: "Well, it ain't the first time it's been tried in these parts, a-makin' the wedding cake out o' the house! Some folks think it bad luck, and, though I'm no believer in such things myself, I shan't try it for Sarah."

liever in such things myself, I shan't try it for Sarah."

"Why, do tell!" exclaimed Mrs. Benson. "I didn't know Sarah was keepin' company with anyone. Hannah," to her daughter, who had just entered, "did you hear what Mis' Prentice said? Now, Mis' Prentice, do tell us all about it!"

"I don't know as I said Sarah was a-keepin' company with anyone. I said I should make her wedding cake

Well, but is she keeping company? And who's the fellow?" demanded Hannah, placing herself directly in front of Mrs. Prentice, with her arms akimbo.

The poor woman, who stung by jealousy, had implied more than she meant, sat silent. There was now no way out of her difficulty but to say that Sarah was not having any attention; and she would rather die than say that before that saucy Hannah Matilda

—Hannah, who had enticed Jerry Rogers away from Sarah, and who gloried in the deed. Sarah's sweet, delicate face, with its wistful blue eyes, rose up before her (so different from Hannah's), and she felt sure that if her daughter had been the only child of so rich a farmer as Benson, Rogers would never have left her.
"Well?" said Hannah, impatiently.

The thought of the Benson riches was uppermost in Mrs. Prentice's mind and again she spoke unavisedly. mind and again she spoke unavisedity.

'1 guess whatever young man is
showing my daughter attention, she
didn't have to use money to entice him
away from another girl!"

them. "Haunah Matilda: sue ed, "what can you be thinkin' of, this house?"

'Well, ma, why can't she answer, instead o' beatin' about the bush so? Now," to Mrs. Prentice, "is Sarah engaged or not?"

Yes!" and for the first time in her life Mrs. Prentice had told a lie.
She sat, too overcome and dazed to

the beans that had fallen on the table into a dish and directed Hannah to sweep up those spilled over the floor. Fortunately for her, she was not called on to say much, as Mrs. Benson, morning the say that the say were the say the say that the say in the say much, as Mrs. Benson, morning the say that the say that the say the tified at Hannah's rude behavior tried to smooth things over by talking in-cessantly; and Hannah, anxious to show that she was not jealous of her rival, brought out various articles from her trousseau and displayed them proudly to Mrs. Prentice, advising her how to have this and that made for Sarah. Every word cut the poor woman to the heart, and the lie loomed woman to the heart, and the lie loomed up mo e black and fearful before her. Dimly she noticed the dainty embroideries and laces, and the marking (she remembered that marking afterwards), Hannah Matilda Rogers, not Benson. Mrs. Beuson paused for a moment in her preparations for supper. "Just notice that marking, will reason. I've been a-sittin' by this window steady ever since I came in, and Jerry Rogers ain't arrived yet! Look how handsome the R outline. Look now handsome the R is, with all those little flowers entwined around it! There, Matilda, that's your pa's step: go cut the cake and we'll have supper."

The guest's all started and looked at each other in amazement, then sought conference with her nearest neighbor.

"I shouldn't say it to others, Mis'

Mrs. Prentice rose and tottered to Prentice,"

Long, long away, an' no matther how far 'Tis the girls that I miss, girls that I

miss.

Women are roun' ye wherever ye are,
Not worth a kiss, not worth a kiss.
Over in Ireland many's the one—
Well do I know that has nothin' to say wi'
them—

them!
-Moira O'Neill, in Blackwood's Magazine.

BY DOROTHY LEONARD

"You ain't angry?"

"You ain't angry?"

"No, I don't mind anything; I'm a-goin' home." She opened the door and stepped out, bonnetiess and cloakless; but Mrs. Benson ran after her and caught her by the arm. "Mary Eliza Prentice' you'll catch your death, in this bleak March wind! You know Benson was goin' to drive you back after supper, but if you want to go now, come get your things on and sit and get warm while they hitch up." She allowed herself to be led back and seated by the stove, while Hannah seated by the stove, while Hannah ran to the bedroom for her wraps and Benson went out and gave orders to the hired man to harness as quickly

as possible.
"Can't you drink this cup o' tea?"
asked Mrs. Benson, anxiously. "Why
you're a-trembling all over! What is the matter?'

"It's nothing but a spell, Mis' Ben-"I can't take any tea—I must be get-tin' home." Haunau helped her on with her wraps and led her to the

It seemed years to Mrs. Prentice since she had crossed that same threshold, an honest, truthful woman, to spend the afternoon and take tea with her friend; she passed out now with the burden of a lie upon her

soul. "I guess I wouldn't try to make her I guess I wouldn't try to make her talk any, pa," said Benson's wife to him, "just drive her home as quick as you can."

4I can't make out what took her so

*I can't make out what took her so sudden," she said to her daughter as they went back into the house.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Hannah, "but I'm glad she was able to get home. It would have been dreadful awkward, with Jerry coming this evening, to have to keep her here."

By the time Mrs. Prentice reached bome she felt a little better. One can become accustomed to almost anything—even to telling lies. "There ain't any way out of it now," she kept saying to herself. "I've just got to bear it. Perhaps Sarah will get engaged to someone before the year is out and to someone before the year is out, and then they'll never suspect."

Benson helped her out carefully, and insisted on leaving his horse and going with her to the door. "Seems

to me you're a little smarter, Mis' Prentice, said he. "I guess the fresh air done you good."
"Yes, I guess it did," she answered, and as she said it felt a fresh pang—

didn't have to use money to entice him away from another girl!"

Hannah, who well knew that she could not compare with Sarah in looks, flushed crimson. "I understand!"
she exclaimed; "you're just pretending so that I won't think Sarah is dyin' of a broken heart!"

Mrs. Benson, whose attention since Hannah's entrance had been absorbed by the beaus, started and upset half of them. "Hannah Matilda!" she cried, "what can you be thinkin' of, to use such words to Mis' Prentice in this house;"

and as she said it felt a fresh pang—for it was not the truth.

As the days passed by, Mrs. Prentice was struck with Sarah's cheerful manuer. She went frequently to the woods for mayflowers and came back with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. "She certainly doesn't care any more about Jerry Rogers," thought her mother; "there may be some one else she's a-thinkin' of, or I don't see how she's a-thinkin' of, to use such words to Mis' Prentice in this house;"

The wedding day came at last, and

The wedding day came at last, and like one in a dream, Mrs. Prentice found herself seated in the Bensons' parlor, near the window, waiting for the minister. She had been among the first to arrive, for she knew that Jerry's desertion of Sarah would be the principal theme of conversation if her back were turned. Sarah, of Sarah, or course, was not present; but she had begged her mother to go, and Mrs. Prentice was sure that she had seen tears in her eyes when she bade her goodby. "I'm so afraid she does care atter all," she said to herself. "I'm just glad I did tell Hannah Matilda that lie!" The past week had hardened Mrs. The past week had hardened Mrs. Prentice, and she looked her neighbors boldly in the face and talked volably about Hannah's trousseau. The minister arrived promptly at 2 o'clock, but still the guests sat waiting.

"I guess it's a-goin' to be something out of the ordinary," said one woman at last. "Do you know, I jest went into the other room to look at

window steady ever since I came in, stitch o' that herself; an' you see it's the French style, not that Keusington No one can make me believe he has."

The guests all started and looked teach other in amazement, then

neighbor.

"I shouldn't say it to others, Mis'
Prentice," whispered the one who
had spoken last, leaning over and lay-

ing a black-mitted hand on Mrs. Prentice's arm, 'but I don't feel ing a black-mitted hand on Mrs. Prentice's arm, "but I don't feel no confidence that he intends to turn up. I always thought Hannah caught him arainst his will, and he ain't the kind that can say no to a body's face." Mrs. Prentice turned a white, scared countenance upon her. "You don't think, you don't mean—" she said, below her breath, but she never finished the sentence, for the door burst open, and Hannah Matilda stood, in all the splendor of bridal array, before them. Her veil was thrown back (showing her large, plain features, white as marble), and her hands, in their tight white gloves, clutched nervously at the folds of her rich satin skirt—almost as if seeking support under some new horror. Her eyes scanned the, frightened faces before her, one by one, until they fell on the group in the bay window; then singling out Mrs. Prentice she screamed: "Oh, you wicked, deceitful woman! I wanted to know whether you had dared to come here, before I asked my guests to come out and try my wedding cake. Here," extending one dared to come here, before I asked my guests to come out and try my wedding cake. Here," extending one hand with a crumpled paper toward her, "yes, you'd better take and read it, though you already know it well enough. And I just blame you more 'an I do Sarah—yes, I do! To come sneaking here the other day, pretending sick!" Her voice rose to a scream, and the minister forced his way through the growd of women, some of through the crowd of women, some of whom were sobbing with fright, and laid his hand upon her arm. "Miss Hannah," he said, kindly but firmly, "you forget yourself in speaking so to this good woman."

this good woman."

Hannah Matilda turned toward him Hannan Matilda turned toward him like a child with no idea of concealment. "See!" she said, her lip beginning to tremble, "this note's just been left at the back door. It's from Jerry Rogers, and he and Sarah Prentice left on the 2.30 train for Boston, cause he couldn't speak out plain to a body's face. And that woman knew and planned it all; that's what I mind." The strain she had put upon herself had been already too much, and the last words were hardly above a whis-per. All eyes were turned toward her, and Mrs. Prentice was quite forgotten. She now tottered forward, stretching out her trembling hands. 'It's that lie I told! It's that lie! Oh, if I'd never told it, she wouldn't think I had known! Oh," she went on, catching her breath, "I told you, Hannah Matilda, as Sarah was a-keeping was a salah w company cause I was so jealous and, oh, what I've suffered this week! wouldn't live through it again for And. ob.

any money."

Haunah turned her eyes upon Mrs. Prentice, and her expression seemed to soften a little, but she made no reply. For a few seconds there was a breathless silence, then Hannah turned toward the others, "I want you all to come out and have a slice of my wedding cake," she said, adding with some spirit, "it came from a first rate city confectioner's, and it'll taste just as good as if there were a dozen weddings." dings.

"Oh, my child, my child," sobbed Mrs. Benson, who had crept up behind her, "don't talk so!" Hannah paid no attention to her, but tarned and led the way to the dining room followed by all except Mrs. Prentice and the minister, who saw that he was no longer needed.
"I think the best thing for you and

me, Mrs. Prentice," said he kindly, "is to be getting home. My buggy is waiting for me, and I can leave you on my way."

She allowed herself to be led out

and helped in without a word, and the minister had unfastened his horse and minister had unlastened the was was just climbing in when he was startled by a cry: "Wait! wait!" He startled by a cry: "Wait! wait!" He turned quickly and saw Hannah Ma-tilda running down to the gate, her ample train over her arm. "Here!" she gasped. "Here, Mis' Prentice!" and she thrust a parcel, wrapped in a napkin, into her lap. "It's some of the wedding cake," she added softly, "and there's a piece in there for Sarah." She turned and hurried back as abruptly as she had come, and the minister saw her tall figure disappearing in at the door as he drove away.—Atlanta Constitution.

Hiding Places for Money.

Our grandparents were wont to utilize the old china teapots and milk pitchers for the safe keeping of money. and the habit has come down to many of our old farmers, for the same old, broken and otherwise useless ware can be seen to this day up in the further corner of the top shelf of the cupboard. Feather beds and mat-resses have been used for secreting money and are still so used, but the old woman who put her wealth in the toe of an old shoe, which she left in careless fashion on the floor of the closet in her bedroom and then permitted her ten year-old grandson to play there, found, when too late, that while old shoes are safe banks for savings, boys always have an inquisitive turn of mind. A man some time ago found silver bars in the run of an old slave ship which he was breaking up. - New York Press.

Fun With a Stereopticon

A new game was inaugurated by two clever young men at a recent social gathering with the aid of a stereopti-

When the regular stock slides when the regular stock sindes seemed to pall on the company the en-tertainers began to write with India ink on the clear glass imaginary elec-tion bulletins concerning people who were present. These were interwere present. These were inter-spersed by hastily drawn cartoons of a very personal nature. Needless to say these efforts were greeted with roars of merriment. This with roars of merriment. This form of entertainment is called an "election night," and bids fair to be-come quite popular with those who possess magic lanterns. — Chinago News

DR. TALMAGES SERMON

SUNDAY DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

DIVINE.

SUNDAY DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

DIVINE.

SUPPLY THE CONTROL OF THE

bothers you when you want to feel the best. Pernaps it is a sick headcake which each can be best. Pernaps it is a table headcake with the point some occasion of mith or sociality or usefulness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the car and the forehead in the shape of any many the same and the forehead in the shape of a sympathize with it, but just at the time when you want your intellect clearest and your disposition brightest you feel a shape, keen, disconcerting thrust. "The Lord sent the hornet," the parior and the kitchen don talways harmonize. To get good service and keep it is one of the great questions of the same and the continuation. The parior and the kitchen don talways harmonize. To get good service and keep it is one of the great questions of the same and the same of the same and the same and the continuation. The parior and the kitchen don talways harmonize. To get good service and keep it is one of the great questions of the same and the same of the same and the carcasses of men slain by issect annoyances whighing their way out from the culinost the carcasses of men slain by issect annoyances whighing their way out from the culinost the carcasses of the same the same part of the s

times has a family of 20,000 wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God, to-day I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalist tells us they are very important in the world's economy. They kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere. And I treally believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to wake us up from our lethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed ef everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to cultivate our patience. In the gymnastium you find upright parallel bars with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast take a peg in each hand, and he begins to climb, one inch at a time or two inches, and getting his strength cultivated reaches after awhile the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worrimest a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher

I saw the other day a mouse-trap so artuily and pleasantly contrived that, if I had been a member of that small fraternity, I quite believe I should have entered and taken possession. The iron wires were so neat and elegant, the room inside so commodious, the little hook from which the cheese hung so convenient for a mouse's housekeeping, and the toasted cheese itself so delicious, that it must have been a very strong-minded mouse indeed who could have withstood the temptation of the various attractions. The entrance, too, was made so easy—the door stood just a little bit open, as if to invite the wanderer to become a guest; but when once the mouse entered, the door closed behind him, and if, after eating the savory morsel, he turned to go out, he found himself an unwilling prisoner, with all the terrors of starvation before him; for his new abode had no larder, and in one "glorious supper" he had exhausted the whole stock of provisions. He now disliked this dreadful little house as much as he before admired it. The bars was so strong, the hook hurt his head, and the cheese—why even that became nauseous to the palate when only remembered and not enjoyed. Poor mousy! a prisoner indeed.

It is just so with the beings God created

became nauseous to the palate when only remembered and not enjoyed. Poor mousy! a prisoner indeed.

It is just so with the beings God created in His image, endowed with souls, who are made victims by entering the trap-doors prepared by wicked men.

Children, do you know what I mean?

I can scarcely walk a block or turn a corner wathout encountering a trap-door. In some we see bright lights and pictures within, while the sounds of music come stealing out upon the air. Others are not so inviting; but the bait inside of all is of the same nature, and the effect on the purso inviting; but the bait inside of all is of the same nature, and the effect on the par-taker the same. Oh! beware, dear chil-dren; never enter one of these trap-doors opening into a liquor saloon. The mouse paid no entrance fee, but he found inside the trap an expensive place for him. It cost him his liberty.

These saloons costs far more than that, and often the soul's eternal happiness.— Temperance Advocate.

Drink and Heredity.

Drink and Heredity.

In opening a discussion the other day at the Society for the Study of Inebriety. Professor Sims Woodhead drew attention to the bearing of modern theories rearding heredity upon the drink question. The two hypotheses which he especially set himself to controvert were, first, that the taste for drink is transmitted from father to son—in other words, that children are born with such an innate tendency to drink that they are hardly to be held accountable when in later years they become drunkards; second, that a drinking nation gradually develops a sort of immunity to drink, so that, bad as may be the effects of alcohol on the present generation, the drunkenness of today does but lead to the temperance of tomorrow, and to the gradual development of a race which will not only be immune to the effects of alcohol, but indifferent to its charas.

the enects of atomor, but have a charms.

We do not say how far the views of Professor Sims Woodhead will meet with general acceptance. So far as concerns the impracticability, nay, the undestrability, of driving away the taste for alcohol by independent of the control of the uring the tissues to its effects, w uring the tissues to its effects, we are en-tirely at one with him; but when it becomes a matter of measuring up the responsibility of the individual there seems but little to choose, so far as the "patient" is concerned, between an inherited taste for alcohol and an inherited weakness which makes it dif-ficult to keep away from it.—The Hospital.

British Soldiers and Total Abstinence.

British Soldiers and Total Abstinence. At the annual meeting of the Army Femperance Association, recently held in London, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the War Secretary, in speaking of the spread of total abstinence in the army, swid:
"In the last twenty years the number of courts-martial, minor punishments and fines for drunkenness had approximately diminished by one-half." The figures which show the relative proportions of offences committed by the abstaining men and the non-abstainers indicate a much greater difference than this.

What the Man Votes For.

What the Man Votes For.
We license a rumseller to make men drunk; we pay policemen whom the rumseler may call in to remove the drunken man to jall; we pay the officers of court high fees to sit on the prisoner; we pay a big salary to a judge to sentence him; and if he committed crime we pay the expenses of a penttentiary to shut him up for years. The man who votes for license votes for all this.—The American Issue.

The Crusade in Brief.

Drink buries sorrow that rises increased

If you want a cool head and a clear brain keep clear of the saloon.

keep clear of the saloon.

The saloon makes more criminals than the church makes converts.

The drink-seller fattens on the destruc-tion of public health and virtue.

The saloon is the devil's polishing room, where the finishing touches are given. Man is then ready for any crime.

What is the difference between swamps and saloons? Only this, that the saloon poisons both body and soul, and has a Government licensu.