

THE LOVERS OF MARCHAID.

Dominic came riding down, sworded, straight, and splendid.
Drive his hilt against her door, hung a golden chain,
Said, "I'll teach your lips a song sweet as his that's ended,
Ere the white rose call the bee, the almond flower again."

But he only saw her head bent within the gloom
Over heaps of bridal thread bright as apple-bloom,
Silver silk like rain that spread across the driving loom.

Dreaming Fanch, the cobbler's son, took his tools and laces,
Wrought her shoes of scarlet dye, shoes as pale as snow.
"They shall lead her wild-rose feet all the fairy paces
Danced along the road of love, the road such feet should go."

But he only saw her eyes turning from his gitt,
Out toward the silver skies where the last sails lift,
Where the wild gyrfalcon flies, where the old wrecks drift.

Bran has built his homestead high where the hills may shield her,
Where the young bird waits the spring, where the dawns are fair,
Said, "I'll name my trees for her, since I may not yield her
Stars of morning for her feet, of evening for her hair."

But he did not see them ride, seven dim sail and more,
All along the harbor side, while from shore to shore,
Nor heard the voices of the tide crying at her door.

Jean-Marie has touched his pipe down beside the river,
When the young fox bends the fern, when the dawns are still,
Said, "I send her all the gifts that my love may give her—
Golden notes like golden birds to seek her at my will."

But he only found the waves, heard the sea gull's cry,
In and out the ocean caves, underneath the sky,
All above the wind-washed graves where dead seamen lie.
—From Harper's Magazine.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

By Emerson Bennett.

In the dusk of evening, two dusty, weary-looking foot travelers entered the little town of Donerale, in Ireland.

One was quite a young man, of medium size, with a fresh complexion, a quick, sharp eye, which seemed ever on the alert for danger.

The other was tall, had a commanding figure, and had he been dressed like a gentleman, might easily have passed for one.

His clothes, however, as well as those of his companion, were patched, and soiled, and such as were worn by mendicants, or laborers of the poorer class.

Beside this, the younger man had his face tied up, as if suffering from a toothache, and the elder wore a green patch over one eye.

Both kept a sharp lookout all around them, though they moved with firm steps and a careless swagger, as if they had nothing to fear.

"Satan take me if I like traveling on foot!" said the elder, in a complaining way.

"And Satan will take you, whichever way you travel," laughed the younger.

"And if he do, the consolation will be mine of having you for a companion," was the retort.

"Yes," returned the younger, with an affected sigh, "no doubt the devil will get us both in the end; but so the hangman doesn't get us first, is the most I care for now. It's a pity we had to leave Cork on foot, but there was no help for it. My horse had been ridden to death and when you sent for yours the stablekeeper wanted to see the owner. Which owner? Ha! ha! ha! You were too modest to even assume to be that wealthy individual, you know; and so here we are, not in the garb of lords, nor even high commissioners, but rather as mendicants."

"And lucky we were to procure these clothes, and bury our others!" said the elder.

"Well, where are we going to stop?"

"At the nearest inn we can find, I suppose."

"I'll lay you a bottle of wine, then, that mine host will not accept us for lodgers till we show him the color of our money."

"Done! And I hope you'll win."

"Why?"

"Because then we may not be taken for those two scapegoats who keep all the sheriffs and constables so busy looking out for them."

"I suppose our fame has preceded us even here?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Such are the troubles of distinction. Though I have longed for it in my time, I see now that it has its disagreeable side, especially when one wishes to pass unnoticed."

They made their way to a small, miserable inn; and, on asking if they could get something to eat and lodging there for the night, the innkeeper eyed them suspiciously, and in turn inquired if they had money enough to pay for what they wanted.

The younger glanced at the elder; and the elder with just a slight twinkle in his eye, grimly answered:

"We're not overburdened with money, 'cause we's two laboring chaps what's looking for work; but I guess as how we can scrape enough to pay you, if you don't charge too much."

"Well, I'd like to see the value of half a crown to begin with," said the cautious innkeeper.

"I told ye so," said the younger of the travelers, in a lugubrious tone, as he turned to the elder, with a long, solemn face. "I told ye he'd want to see the color of our money. Some people think innkeepers are fools," he continued, with a sly grin, which the landlord did not perceive; "but I don't. They all know something. I've never known one yet what was a out-and-out idiot."

"If I tell ye I've got money to pay for all we order, that'll do, won't it?" inquired the elder, addressing the landlord direct.

"Divil a bit will it do with Mike Callahan now!" answered the host.

"Well, then, hold your gab while I make a rummage!" returned the senior traveler, as he began feeling in his different pockets.

At last he fished up three shillings, which caused the landlord's eyes to

brighten and his manner to become more agreeable.

As the two wayfarers glanced around the taproom their eyes fell upon a printed poster, offering a large reward for the capture, dead or alive, of the two noted highwaymen, of John Doherty, alias Captain Thunderbolt, and John Martin, alias Captain Lightfoot, and describing the personal appearance of each very accurately.

"My eyes!" exclaimed the elder.

"Make it eye," interposed the younger, "since you've only got one."

"My eye, then!" coincided the other. "How I'd like to be the fellow to catch them two scoundrels and get all the money."

"Sure, an' there's more like ye," chimed in the landlord. "If I could catch them rascals, it's meself would become a rich man, so it is."

"I'm afraid there's no such good luck for poor bodies," sighed the elder traveler.

He then asked to be shown to his lodging room, and ordered some bread and cheese and brandy, remarking that he and his friend must keep within their means.

When the two were alone together in their room they decided to remain there and rest themselves through the night and the following day, and leave Donerale on the following night.

Nothing of importance occurred till the following day, when, the elder man being asleep on the bed and the younger one looking out of a window, a crowd of persons, among whom were several soldiers, was seen approaching the house.

The inn was on the outskirts of the village, and there was a large field back of it which extended to a heavy wood.

Hastening to his companion the younger man seized him by his wrist.

"Here, now, stop, ye thafe! Ye'll not lave here till ye pays me my scot!"

The fellow jerked himself loose in an instant, and with a sort of grim humor, as he raised his fist and knocked the innkeeper down, he said:

"All right, my friend I'll settle the scot by giving you my note for it."

The next moment he shot through the open door, with his companion close at his heels, and the two bounded away together across the open fields toward a distant wood.

Instantly loud cries and shouts were heard:

"There they go! There they go!"

"Stop thief! Stop thief!"

"Shoot them! Shoot them!"

"They are the great highwaymen, Thunderbolt and Lightfoot!"

"Shoot them! Shoot them!"

The soldiers at once drew up and fired at the fugitives; and then, finding the latter did not stop running, they set off in pursuit of them, being joined by a number of civilians, some of whom were eager because of the great reward.

The fugitives were several rods in advance of their nearest pursuers, and this distance the elder maintained for some time, without increasing it, as his fleet companion expected him to do.

"Why, captain, what's the matter with you?" he exclaimed, as he suddenly forged ahead a few paces and looked back. "Are you going to let those cursed drones overhaul you?"

"I'm doing my best, brother," answered Thunderbolt. "I'm hit."

"Good lord! Where?"

"In the calf of my leg."

"Ha, yes! I see the blood running; and you limp; is it painful?"

"Very!" panted the wounded man.

Lightfoot glanced at his companion's face and saw that it was deathly pale, covered with great drops of sweat, and corrugated with lines of suffering.

"Do you feel faint?" he anxiously questioned.

"Yes."

"For Heaven's sake, don't give way to it, or you are lost!"

"I know it."

"It is death to be taken."

"I know it."

"Can you hold out?"

"The Lord only knows. I will do my best."

"Here, lean somewhat on me—that may help you a little."

As Thunderbolt rested one arm on the shoulder of Lightfoot, the crowd behind, seeing the action and divining the cause, at once set up a wild shout, of anticipated triumph.

"He's been hit, and we'll soon have him," cried one.

"He can't hold out much longer!" exclaimed another.

"Load and fire again, soldiers, and make sure work of both!" chimed in a third.

While one yelled one thing and another another, the officer in command of the soldiers, finding that, encumbered with their muskets and knapsacks, they were not gaining on the fugitives at all, even though one of them was wounded and limping, ordered them to halt, load and fire at the escaping men, with the best aim they could, hoping thus to arrest their flight with some well-spiced bullet.

THEY MEANT WELL.

Schoolboy errors in examinations are seldom open to the charge of commonplaceness. Here are a few good ones from England:

Women's suffrage is the state of suffering to which they were born.

Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the Invisible Armada.

Shakespeare founded "As You Like It" on a book previously written by Sir Oliver Lodge.

Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum."

King Edward IV. had no claim by geological right to the English throne.

George Elot left a wife and children to mourn his genial.

Henry I. died of eating palfreys.

Louis XVI. was gelled during the French Revolution.

The Rhine is boarded by wooden mountains.

An angle is a triangle with only two sides.

Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about.

Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels.

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way, and do not meet unless you bend them.

The whale is an amphibious animal because it lives on land and dies in the water.

A parallelogram is a figure made of four parallel straight lines.

Horse-power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

The press today is the mouth-organ of the people.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the pope lives.

Martin Harvey invented the circulation of the blood.

A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian.

The isles of Greece were always quarrelling as to which was the birthplace of Homer; Chaos has the most right to claim him.

kers, and, as he started up, ready for something desperate, the latter said:

"Quick, captain! There is no time to lose! Suspicious soldiers are heading this way, accompanied by a crowd of citizens."

With one bound the newly awakened sleeper reached the door and went crashing down some narrow, creaking stairs, closely followed by his companion.

The landlord, hearing the noise, and perhaps suspecting something of the truth, ran to the foot of the stairs and attempted to head off his escaping lodgers.

Catching hold of the big man as he was in the act of bounding past him to the rear door, he cried out:

By the time the order was executed, the freebooters were so far in advance of their military foes that either the distance, bad aim or inaccuracy of their weapons, the fear of hitting some of the citizens who were still vigorously keeping up the pursuit, or all these circumstances combined, rendered their several shots ineffectual; and the robbers still held on their course, the wounded man straining every nerve and his companion still urging and helping him forward.

In this manner the two outlaws reached the wood a fair distance in advance of the nearest pursuers, when Lightfoot turned with a shout of defiance and flourishing his pistol, sent a bullet so near to the head of

the foremost citizen that he actually jumped to one side as the ball whistled past him, and then came to an abrupt halt.

From the time of entering the wood the two daring highwaymen saw nothing of their pursuers; but, comprehending the danger of remaining in a locality where their presence was known, they still held on, over hill and valley, across streams and fields, and through belts of timber and brushwood for a distance of ten long, fatiguing miles; when at last as they plunged into a thick covert of bushes the strength of Thunderbolt gave out, and he suddenly fell down in a death-like swoon.

"Oh, Lord of mercy! He is either dying or dead!" cried his frightened companion, as he dropped down by his side and felt for his pulse and the beat of his heart. "Oh, captain, for the love of Heaven don't die now, just as we have reached a place of safety!" he wailed.

Thunderbolt was not dead, though his face had a ghastly look and his breath was suspended.

Lightfoot vigorously chafed his face and hands, all the time calling upon him in endearing terms to come back to life.

As if in answer to this prayer, the prostrate man presently revived a little, and said, in a faint, catching voice:

"Look—in—pocket—bottle."

Lightfoot rapidly passed his hands over his companion's ragged dress till he felt a hard substance that proved to be a small bottle, which he drew out and uncorked.

With an effort Thunderbolt took this in his hand, smelt of the liquid it contained, but a few drops on his tongue, and then, pouring some into his hand, rubbed it over his head.

"It is the elixir of life," he said with a reviving smile, "and I feel better and stronger already. Didn't we have a run for it, my boy? But that cursed bullet is in my calf yet, and it must be cut out. Come, my lad, let us see what kind of a surgeon you will make. Out with your knife and set to work."

"But I am no surgeon," returned Lightfoot, deprecatingly.

"I'll make you one, then. Don't be afraid, my boy! You're not going to carve a pulsing infant. You'll find me a doctor who understands his own case, and also a quiet patient to work on. Down with you—find the lead, cut as near to it as possible, and don't mind a little blood, I can afford to lose a good deal more than you'll draw."

Thus urged by his brave comrade, Lightfoot set to work, and, finding his friend did not flinch, he proceeded to cut away the flesh from around the bullet, till at last he extracted it.

"Bravo!" said Thunderbolt. "I knew you could do it. Now I will dress the wound myself."

This he did; but he was not able to walk another step that day.

"I must have rest," he said, "and do without food till the inflammatory stage is over."

Lightfoot cut down some bushes, made his friend a bed in the thicket, and remained by his side, without anything to eat or drink, for more than twenty-four hours.

The second night Lightfoot went in search of food and returned with a couple of turkeys which he had stolen from a fowl-house.

With his pistol he started a fire, roasted one of the fowls, and ate ravenously himself; but he could not prevail upon Thunderbolt to touch a morsel.

"I'm nearly starved," said the self-denying highwayman, "but if the richest banquet in the world spread before me I would not indulge in even a taste, knowing, as I do that total abstinence is the shortest road to convalescence."

They remained at this place for two days more, and then Thunderbolt found himself able to walk a little, with Lightfoot's assistance.

Subsequently, Lightfoot left his companion concealed in a wood, while he alone proceeded to a small village where from an apothecary he procured such medicines as Thunderbolt directed him to get.

After this the two highwaymen kept themselves concealed and almost starving for two or three weeks, by which time Thunderbolt had so far recovered that he could walk briskly with a slight limp.

The two rascals now considered themselves in good condition for new adventures, and went plunging forward into new exploits and crimes, as if they knew themselves possessed of charmed lives.—New York Weekly.

The Shamrock.

While a small variety of the common clover has been adopted as St. Patrick's shamrock, the real shamrock is not that plant, since the common clover has only lately been introduced into Ireland, and is not a native of that island. The true shamrock is the delicate little wood-sorrel, Oxalis acetosella, which has a beautifully formed three-split or trefoil leaf of the most vivid green color, and a white flower like that of a geranium. It is called "fairy-bell" by the Welsh, and was believed to ring chimes for the elfin folk. It was also greatly esteemed for its acid flavor and various reputed medicinal and magical properties by the Druids and among the early inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland. Pliny says it never shelters a snake, and is an antidote for the poison of serpents and scorpions.

A man feels drowsy after a hearty dinner because a large part of the blood in the system goes to the stomach to aid the digestion and leaves the brain poorly supplied.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Boys over 14 and girls over 12 are allowed to marry in Scotland.

It is possible to accommodate comfortably 306,000 persons in the New York hotels at one time.

A white handkerchief floating from the window of a room in Italy indicates that the housekeeper has rooms for rent.

No city in the world has grown as rapidly as New York. Since 1861 it has added 17,300 persons to its population each year.

Of the 88,000,000 of population of the United States, one-third, speaking in round numbers, are found in the 13 original states.

Cats are subject to a form of influenza, which is communicable to human beings, and they can catch it from man just as readily.

Cigar boxes of glass are coming more and more into use. They are cheaper than the wooden boxes, and keep the cigars fresh a longer time.

New York theatre managers estimate that the nightly attendance at the city's places of amusements is 2600 more than it was one year ago.

The amount of blast furnace gas power lost each year approximates 2,000,000 horse power, although this is being reduced by the installation of gas engines to utilize the power.

According to the United States census tables, based on the present growth, the population of New York City will be 9,000,000 in 1930. Manhattan Island will then have 4,000,000.

During the fall and winter season of 1908-09, which ended March 21, 221 persons perished by shipwreck and 59 vessels met with disaster off the New England and British North American coasts.

It requires many hands to clothe the New York women and some women outside of the city, for there are 95,162 employes in the metropolis working on women's clothing and their yearly output is valued at \$261,049,287.

Hoatho, a Chinese physician, who lived in the third century, gave his patients a preparation of hemp, whereby they were rendered insensible during surgical operations. The soporific effects of mandrake are mentioned by Shakespeare.

The megaphone has been used at some western army posts for the purpose of amplifying the volume of the bugle, where it is desired that the calls shall be heard at a distance greater than the sound will carry under ordinary circumstances.

Coming up on the deck of the Minnehaha, on a crossing to England a few years ago, the writer was surprised at finding all of the lifeboats swinging free on their davits and provisioned. The vessel was in the English channel and proceeding cautiously. Officers explained that this was regular procedure and not by any means a mere matter of form.

Many times they were nearer to danger on this part of the voyage than passengers were aware.

Capt. John Robinson was at that time commander of the Minnehaha. No fiercer man ever sailed the seas. It was an inspiration to see him on the bridge as well as to hear him read the service on Sunday morning. Not only was he a splendid skipper but he had rare ability as an artist, and some of his pictures received high praise from critics. He was retired a short time ago because of failing eyesight.—New York Mail.

The last statement of the interest bearing debt of the United States makes the total \$897,253,990, while the gross bonded indebtedness of New York City at its last statement was \$905,260,115. The metropolis is carrying \$8,006,125 greater debt than the nation.

Caution in the Channel.

Each year there are deaths and injuries due to carelessness exceeding those of any year in the late bloody Civil War. It is estimated that almost 500,000 deaths and injuries take place each year in the ordinary course of business which are due either to the carelessness of some employe or the worse than carelessness of the employer. Human life is less safeguarded in this country than in any other in the civilized world. It is a terrible indictment, and, unfortunately, it is undeniable.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Careless of Life.

To permit a motorist to explore the dark corners of his car with a light and yet leave his hands free, there has been invented an incandescent lamp and reflector to fasten to the forehead.

The Whole Seat Hog.

The end seat hog has changed his name since the advent of the new type of street car. He is now the whole seat hog, and the enhanced market value of his humble prototype of the farm adds nothing to his attractiveness or his respectability.

He tries to spread his disgusting bulk over the space intended for two persons, and if you gently intimate a desire to share the seat he grudgingly gives up about one-fourth of it, compelling you to project half of your anatomy into the aisle, thus adding to the discomfort of the unfortunate still standing there. His companion of the opposite sex is occasionally found in the same car. Would that it were possible to tie them together and sink them forever in the lowest depths of the oubliette!—Chicago Tribune.

An Enthusiastic Gardener.

"I suppose you are going to do some gardening this summer."

"I am replied Mr. Crosslots. "I'm going to visit every roof garden that I run across in my vacation route."

Washington Star.

One of the novelties in the field of aviation is a triplane, invented by an Englishman, who guides it from a seat suspended between two sets of three planes each.

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SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
ONE SIZE ONLY. REGULAR PRICE 50¢ A BOTTLE.

The Indianapolis "News," a newspaper which we had hitherto regarded as actuated by good motives, the other day printed a recipe for string bean salad where out wife saw it.—Ohio State Journal.

Saved Old Lady's Hair.

"My mother used to have a very bad humor on her head which the doctors called an eczema, and for it I had two different doctors. Her head was very sore and her hair nearly all fell out in spite of what they both did. One day her niece came in and they were speaking of how her hair was falling out and the doctors did it no good. She says, 'Aunt, why don't you try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment?' Mother did, and they helped her. In six months' time the itching, burning and scaling of her head was over and her hair began growing. To-day she feels much in debt to Cuticura Soap and Ointment for the fine head of hair she has for an old lady of seventy-four."

"My own case was an eczema in my feet. As soon as the cold weather came my feet would itch and burn and then they would crack open and bleed. Then I thought I would flee to my mother's friends, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I did for four or five winters, and now my feet are as smooth as any one's. Ellsworth Dunham, Hiram, Me., Sept. 30, 1909."

College graduates are wanted by the United States War Department for the Philippine constabulary.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

Telescope of Galileo.

Very few people are aware that the first practical telescope—the one which Galileo used in discovering the satellites of Jupiter, in January, 1610—is still in existence and preserved at the Museum of Physics and Natural History in Florence. It is about 300 years ago since this instrument was first turned toward the heavens. Unlike the present astronomical type, it had a concave instead of a convex eye-piece, just like the opera glasses now in use. When Galileo first exhibited his new telescope to the dogs and an enthusiastic assembly on the tower of St. Mark's, in Venice, he was overwhelmed with honors, because it was thought that the instrument would give the soldiers and sailors of the republic a great advantage over their enemies.—Strand Magazine.

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