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FREELAND, PA., MARCH 14, 1898.

A Disastrous Frank.

The frank of a minister's son at Bourbon, Ind., had a serious ending the other night. Rev. Mr. Akin, of the Bethel church, took for his text on that occasion "His Satanic Majesty," and being an eloquent man, he painted the arch fiend in vivid colors. At the climax of the description a being dressed to represent the devil, with large head and switching tail, ambled up the aisle, blowing smoke from its nostrils and bellowing: "I am the devil, and I want all of you." The audience became panic-stricken. Men, women and children were hurled to the floor and trampled upon in the mad rush for the door. In the confusion the stove was upset and the building caught fire. Before the horrified members regained their senses the fire had made such headway that all attempts to save the church were in vain. The next morning George Akin, son of the pastor, confessed that he, with the help of other boys, rigged up a devil suit, and, knowing the subject of his father's sermon, concealed himself behind a chair and awaited the arrival of the audience.

It is reported that about a month ago Mrs. Willis Folks, of Wellington, Kan., lost the ring which had been given her by Mr. Folks at the time they became engaged. She advertised for the trinket and offered rewards greatly in excess of its value, but with no result. A few days ago another lady of Wellington went into a store and commenced to try on kid gloves. Her surprise may be imagined when in removing a glove from her hand she found a strange gold ring upon one of her fingers. The ring was engraved "From Willis to Emma" and was at once recognized as the one lost by Mrs. Folks. She had been trying on gloves in the same store and left the ring in the glove when withdrawing her hand.

It costs less than seven cents a bushel to carry a bushel of grain by water from Lake Michigan to Liverpool, a distance of 4,400 miles. The cost of transporting a bushel of grain from St. Louis to New Orleans is six cents, though the distance by water is only one-third that to Liverpool. The entire length of the Mississippi from Lake Itasca to the mouth is but two-thirds the distance to the English coast. Moving grain on the Mississippi is three times as expensive per mile as on the lake or ocean. The people of the Mississippi valley can see that the business of river freighting is behind the times.

The war between cattle and sheep raisers goes merrily on in the other states as well as in Oregon. Wyoming and Utah sheep breeders seem determined to push their flocks over into western Colorado. The cattlemen now have possession of the ranges in that section. An endeavor is being made to get a few flocks into Routt county, Col., to be fed during the winter, and thus open the way for hundreds of thousands of grazing sheep next spring. Cattlemen intimate that this will not be permitted, and that force will be employed if persuasion does not prevail.

A New Jersey barkeeper recently testified in court that he did not know what intoxication was. His deposition recalls the statement of the duke of Argyll in some temperance discussion before the house of lords, that no Scotchman would admit another Scotchman to be drunk while he could lie still on the floor. The New Jersey barkeeper could never have seen the influence of six fingers of New Jersey applejack, or his testimony would have been quite different.

The most costly public work completed on the American continent in many years was the great drainage canal of Mexico, which was finished last week. This great ditch was made principally to drain the Mexican capital, which is in a valley, and therefore subject to diseases caused by accumulation of the waste matter peculiar to large cities. Poor though Mexico is supposed to be, and cheap though labor is down there, the drainage canal cost \$21,000,000.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S Favorite Remedy
The one sure cure for
The Kidneys, Liver and Blood

THE NORMAN EARL.

AN IRISH LEGEND BY J. HOUSTON BROWNE.



A dark and stormy night in the winter of 1833 two persons in the garb of wood kerns, or natives, quitted the postern gate of the priory of Hollywood, on the shore of the bay of Belfast, and took their way toward the

beach until they stood over a little creek in which a rude curragh, or boat of wickerwork covered with skin, lay moored in the shelter of the trees.

"Drag out the curragh, MacNial Oge," said one, "and see that there be no fowlers abroad on the beach. 'Twere ill for it to be known tomorrow that the priory servants had a part in the work of tonight."

"There is little of fowlers abroad in such a storm," said his companion. "It is bad shooting with a wet bowstring."

"Then steer for Carrickfergus," said the first speaker as he took his place in the boat which MacNial Oge had unmoored. "There shall be strange news ere the morning of the black De Bourgh."

MacNial Oge shoved off from the shore and pulled lustily at the oars, while his companion held the rudder. In this manner they toiled against the wind and the rising tide, the storm every moment becoming fiercer and the lightning beginning to sweep through the atmosphere. At length the blue forked brand swept past almost before the eyes of the rowers, followed by a long, sharp roll of thunder.

"Jesu Maria! Con O'Hanlon," said MacNial, "will thou not turn from this attempt tonight, when the Virgin her-



FOUND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED. self seems to be against us? There are those in the castle of Carrickfergus who will do their work all the better without our presence."

"'Tis lest their work should be done too well that I am here to join them," replied O'Hanlon. "Thinkest thou, man, that I should now be tossing on Garmoyne in a crazy curragh, with the blue lightning sweeping about mine ears, without a good cause for my journey?"

His companion made no reply, but took again to his oars. William, earl of Ulster, whom O'Hanlon denominated "the black De Bourgh," was at the period of which we write the principal enemy with whom the northern Irish chieftains had to contend. The failure of the expedition of Edward Bruce, brother of King Robert of Scotland, had left a large portion of Antrim debatable ground, and De Bourgh, earl of Ulster, had seized upon Carrickfergus. Many attempts had been made to dislodge the Saxon settlers by the O'Kanes, MacQuillans and O'Neills, but without success. The earl had his residence in the castle of Carrickfergus, where his countess and only child resided with him. He was a brave and warlike man and brought both superior skill and weapons to defend his colony against the assaults of the natives. The natural consequence of his being hemmed in upon all sides by the Irish, however, was that his followers became intermingled with them by marriages and other ties, and at length some of his own domestics leaned strongly toward the neighboring chiefs in their affection, although outwardly they owed their fealty to the earl. To suborn these to the interests of O'Kane of Doon-y-even, or Dungiven, was found to be a matter of comparatively easy performance, and accordingly a conspiracy was set on foot in his own household.

Con O'Hanlon, who with his companion made his way across the bay toward Carrickfergus, was a young chieftain who held his lands from the holy brotherhood of Hollywood priory on the condition of doing battle for their rights when they were assailed, an event of frequent occurrence in Ireland in the fourteenth century.

O'Hanlon had succeeded his father in the lands of the monks, and being brought up in the neighborhood of the priory the fathers had imparted to him such an education as comported with the lay condition to know. He was consequently superior to his fellow chieftains in many respects and possessed a chivalrous spirit known to few of the Irish at that early period. It happened that O'Hanlon had been one evening fishing in the bay some months before the night on which our story opens, when his companions described a party, among which were women, leaving De Bourgh's castle and straying along the beach. The careless group had no sooner been discovered by the Irish than it was resolved to intercept them should they allow the twilight to set in during their walk. With this intention they lay upon their oars

and watched their intended victims leave gradually behind them the protecting presence of the strong castle of De Bourgh.

The English, unconscious of their danger, continued their walk until the growing darkness warned them that they should return to the castle. They retraced their steps for some distance accordingly and had almost half way returned when a low whistle was given upon the beach and they found themselves surrounded with armed men. The fishing party had cautiously approached the shore and succeeded in their design of intercepting them. When they first made their appearance to the affrighted group, three of De Bourgh's soldiers, who had accompanied his lady and her attendants, attempted to give battle, but the number of their opponents was too great and after a short struggle the whole party were made prisoners. Nothing could exceed the joy of the Irish at the success of their design, and many projects for the conveyance of the prisoners in their limited number of boats were mooted by different members of their rude council. Each, however, was liable to some fatal objection, until at length one of the savage kerns suggested murder. O'Hanlon held a short paddle in his hand, which he had been recently using in the boat, and a stroke from that weapon which felled him to the earth was the only reply that greeted the author of the proposal.

The three soldiers were left bound hand and foot on the beach, and the females embarked in the curraghs. O'Hanlon assisted in rowing the one which contained the countess and had given instructions to his companion in an undertone at the moment of their leaving the shore. The effect of these instructions was soon visible, for as the night advanced and the darkness grew more intense the distance betwixt the curragh of O'Hanlon and those of his fellows became wider and wider, until at length by some secret and preconcerted signal both rowers at once lay upon their oars, and the strong breeze drifted them swiftly up the bay.

They were soon in the still water, beneath the castle of De Bourgh, and pulling lightly and silently to the shore, and the moment the boat touched the sand O'Hanlon told its fair occupants that they were at liberty and assisted them to the land. He then pushed off without staying for speech and made way quickly along the beach, till running at length upon the shore he struck his sword through the wickerwork and hid of which the curragh was composed. The water gurgled up through the breach, and she quickly filled and sank.

The two Irish were now without the means of taking again to the bay and stood deliberating with each other how to proceed. De Bourgh's followers, they knew, must ere now have marked the delay of the countess' party and were, no doubt, scouring the country in all directions in pursuit. Their chief care, then, was to keep clear of any of these searching parties, and with this purpose they determined to take the most unfrequented paths through the woods. They had scarcely started, however, through the forest with this determination when the moon, which had been for some hours struggling with a heavy atmosphere, burst brightly through and revealed the face of the bay, the dark pine covered mountains and the castle of Carrickfergus in the distance. And it revealed more than these. A party of the followers of De Bourgh had marked the approach of the curragh to the beach, and the moment they could recognize in the moonlight the Irish garb of its late occupants a shower of arrows saluted them, one of which lodged in the arm of MacNial Oge. The fugitives had no time to think of how they should act, for the English had no sooner discharged their arrows than they rushed in upon them, and as O'Hanlon and his followers attempted to defend themselves they were struck down from behind and made prisoners and lodged in the keep of De Bourgh's castle.

The lady De Bourgh slept that night for but a short space, and when the morning broke the prisoners were gone. The rage of the lord of the castle was beyond all control, but his only remedy was to slay the sentinels and to digest his grief.

Return we now to the night on which O'Hanlon and MacNial Oge tossed upon the bay on their way to Carrickfergus castle. In spite of the storm and lightning hard pulling at the oars gave the light bark through the water. Their progress was slow and only achieved with great toil, but their efforts were crowned at length by success, as the curragh about two hours after midnight ran into the creek at which O'Hanlon had liberated the countess some months before. The darkness of the night had been favorable to their approach to the castle, for, although four warders paced its battlements, no alarm had been given of their approach. O'Hanlon on reaching the creek did not land, but putting MacNial Oge on shore and telling him to "keep a watchful ward" he pulled slowly and silently into the spot where the deep, still water washed the dark walls of the castle.

On the day preceding that particular evening an Irish senach, or harper, had arrived at the castle on a journey throughout the district wherein he exercised his musical vocation. His visit was a welcome one to the inmates of the mansion, and especially to such as were of the native Irish tribes, and the earl himself had permitted him to be brought into the banquet hall after the fashion of the native chiefs. The capacious apartment which formed the banquet hall of De Bourgh's castle presented a cheerful appearance about the hour at which O'Hanlon shot his boat under the shadow of the walls. The English earl had relaxed from the pride which marked the Norman race, of which he sprung, and gave a loose to the reveling of his Irish retainers. Seated at the head of the old oak table, with his casque and corselet laid aside and stent blade leaning against the wainscot, he sent round the usenetough and sack with an air of

hospitality that would not have disgraced a descendant of Milesius. The harper had not been allowed much cessation from his labors, and his extemporaneous ballads had been recited both in praise of the Norman and the Irish nobles. As the night advanced and the revelry became more tumultuous, however, he reverted more frequently to the latter theme, singing of

Nial of the pledges nine
and all his warlike successors, the sons of Heremon and Ir. At length, when the revel was at its height, the earl himself demanded a legendary song. The old senach took the harp, and casting a meaning glance toward the circle of wood kerns, who had gathered around him, he bent over the instrument, and, striking its chords, sang of Norman tyranny, ending with this stanza:
In exile or in bondage foul,
The chain is on each neck,
And servants to De Lacy we,
Or the De Bourgh black!

EXPRESSED BY THE POETS.

Polly's Handkerchief.
In a pretty little box,
Nicerly folded where they lay,
Polly had six handkerchiefs,
Given her on Christmas day;
Now the box is emptied quite,
Polly can't imagine how,
One she sights and sadly asks:
"Were is all my handkerchief now?"

Two were pinned upon the dolls,
One was tied upon the cat,
Fido found one in the porch,
And he straightway buried that;
When my Polly pricked her thumb,
One she used as a bandage;
And the last small handkerchief
Polly took to wipe the ink.

Pick them out and take them down,
Grimy, scrubby little things,
To the Land of Make-it-Right,
Where the laundress works and sings;
Washed and rinsed and aired and pressed,
Here they are, all fresh and clear,
Nicerly folded in the box.
Try again, my Polly dear!
—Eleanor W. F. Bates, in Chicago Advertiser.

Be Glad.
What does it matter? the world is bright,
And all about it thrives with a glorious light,
The insects sing, the birds are gay,
The blossoms are thronging our onward way,
An incense goes up from the fragrant sod,
Returning the smile of a loving God.
'Tis a craven soul that returns no cheer
For the bounties of love that are crowding
'Tis a palmed taste that can sip no sweet
From the honeyed cells we everywhere meet.
Shall the sea refuse, the hills be glad,
And you alone, oh, soul, be sad?

The teacher that lures with a loving heart
Has made you a guest in halls of art;
You may see on her glorious canvas here
A foretaste of heavenly life appear:
In garments of praise, then, oh, soul, be glad,
And the song of your heart will always be glad.
—Mrs. M. O. Page, in Union Signal.

A Long Way Round.
He was born in Massachusetts and traveled half his life
To find a fitting lady whom he could make his wife.
He went to California one summer in great haste,
But returned because he could not find one suited to his taste.

One winter he went 'way down south and met some beauties there,
Who, if what he declared was true, were fairest of the fair;
But when he got back home again his neighbors only sighed,
Because he did not bring with him a young and blushing bride.
He journeyed north to Halifax, and then crossed over to France,
Where women are so beautiful they all the men entrance.
He traveled next through England and when his trip was o'er,
He came back and was wedded to a girl who lived next door.
—Boston Globe.

Sweetly Take the Cross.
Sum up the joys and not the pains,
Should fortune frown;
Dwell not on losses, but on gains—
Be not cast down.
Think not this world a world of rest;
So trim your bark,
And sail her ever at your best
When skies grow dark.

Aye! oils are more than all one's blows
On life's rude sea;
And good or bad you know God knows,
What'er it be.
Thus sweetly should you take the cross,
With soul resigned,
And hold as gain what seems a loss,
With constant mind.

Then pearls long hid from human sight
May come along,
And hold as gain what seems a loss,
To meet each wrong.
—Fred G. Sibley, in Minneapolis House-keeper.

My Little Lassie.
There's a maiden I know
Scarcely up to my knee—
All she bothers me so,
This maiden I know;
To the attic I go
From her wiles to be free—
There's a maiden I know
Scarcely up to my knee!
She is dimpled and fat
And brown as a berry;
No sickness in that—
She is dimpled and fat;
In her little sun-hat
So winsome and merry—
She is dimpled and fat;
And brown as a berry!

Ah! would that she could
A lassie remain,
So happy and good—
Ah! would that she could;
And her sweet babyhood
Unblemished retain—
Ah! would that she could
A lassie remain.
—Chicago Post.

Quits.
Said a young and tactless husband
To his inexperienced wife:
'If you would but give up leading
Such a fashionable life
And devote more time to cooking—
How to mix and when to bake—
Then perhaps you might make pastry
Such as mother used to make.'
—Brooklyn Life.

The Clock.
Our little clock, mamma's and mine,
High on her mantel dwells;
And when one knows just how it goes
Such pleasant things it tells.
Thus when it points for tea at four
It says to us: 'Just two hours more.'
Gladly at five it chimes this song:
'One hour is not so very long.'
We understand its ticks,
Then settling in the window-seat
We hark for footsteps on the street,
For father comes at six.
—Mrs. Elbert F. Baldwin, in N. Y. Independent.

The Miraculous Cure.
My darling's eyes are dull,
Her head aches all day long;
The doctor's ordered her to rest,
Because she isn't strong.
She mustn't sew a stitch,
She mustn't play or paint;
To think of sweeping is enough,
Almost to make her faint.
But when the auction man,
With rags and things to sell,
Hazes out his flag, my darling gets
Miraculously well.
Her strength returns at once,
She stands through the throng,
And shows upon her feet and bids
And is happy all day long.
—Cleveland Leader.

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Aye! oils are more than all one's blows
On life's rude sea;
And good or bad you know God knows,
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