

BOYS' AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

MAKING FRIENDS. The first time I ever saw Emily May...

And just then I happened to go for a walk...

Then, in a few minutes I said I must go...

She's been my most dearest and jolliest friend...

From the reception hall came the sound of merry voices...

"Really, Mary, I wish Agnes had more independence...

Mrs. Holmes looked up at the hard, bitter lines in her sister's face...

"I do not think Agnes lacks spirit. You know how she used to resent a slight..."

"Stop, Aunt!" cried Agnes, putting her fingers in her ears...

"Why not?" A moment's silence. Then a brave face was lifted to the stern one above it...

"You remember, mamma, at the seashore last summer, what a time I had learning to swim..."

"So, aunt, if I listen to all the gossip afloat, I am sure to go down with it and come up spluttering..."

"Umph!" said her aunt; but her silks actually rustled a little more softly...

STREET ETIQUETTE. A manly boy walks with his head up, his chest well raised and a quick firm step...

A proud, silly girl stares around, tosses her head, talks and laughs loudly on the street in order to attract attention of others...

Do not stare into an open door or window. Boys should remove their hats and girls bow their heads on meeting a superior or acquaintance on the street...

It is proper and becoming to assist a blind or elderly person across the street. In a car or public conveyance, a gentlemanly boy will never allow a lady to stand, but will offer his seat and when thanked, will raise his hat in acknowledgment...

BREAKING THE BARRIER. When it was announced that the Girls' Aid Society would meet at the house of Miss Johnson on Wednesday afternoon, two hearts beat a trifle faster...

It was the first time in weeks that the society had met at Grace Johnson's. Not that this was any reason for Grace's heart to flutter so absurdly, but there was one particular girl in the society with whom Grace was not on friendly terms...

They had been friends for years. Then came some hastily spoken words, anger on both sides, and a childish coolness sprang up between them. Times innumerable Grace had passed Ellen Courtney by on the street, giving the most distant bows...

"If Grace would only smile!" thought Ellen. And all the time in Grace's heart these words were burning: "If Ellen would only speak one word!"

And so through pride, the falsest of false pride, these two true friends were kept apart. And all the time the barrier was so slight that a sunny smile or a cheerful word would have broken it...

And now the question which Grace asked herself over and over again, was this: "Will Ellen attend the meeting at my house?"

And the question which Ellen asked herself was: "Why should I not go? The pastor said he especially wished a large attendance. Then, too, the society is working to help the kingdom of God. And if I do not go when I am able, can I still call myself an 'Aid Girl'?"

But through all this, vain pride kept whispering to her: "Do not go. Do not be the first to give in. If you do, you lack spirit!"

And so with these contending thoughts, Monday passed away. Tuesday came, bringing no decision, but a more dissatisfied spirit.

"For every one that asketh, receiveth." Ellen said that to herself Tuesday evening, and the prayer she prayed so earnestly was that the pride in her heart might be driven away. She made up her mind to go to Grace's. But as if to test her purpose, Wednesday came clad in a mist of fog and rain. A cold autumn wind whistled about and the dead leaves scampered wildly through the yard...

But if there was no peace outside Ellen had peace in her heart. All the while she had been quarrelling, she walked towards Grace's home. Several of the other girls joined her on the way, so quite a group waited on Grace's porch for the door to be opened.

"How will Grace act?" thought Ellen. But if she had imagined coldness on her friend's part, she was happily mistaken. Grace's conscience had not been idle since Sunday. She, too, had battled and prayed—and had won.

Ellen was the last to enter the house, and so the others did not notice and she whispered something in her ear. But Ellen heard the low-spoken "Forgive me," and her answering "I should be the one to say that," came to Grace as the sweetest words she had ever heard. No more was said. What more was needed. The other "Aid Girls" did not dream how much had been done that afternoon to promote the kingdom of Christ.

"How well our meeting did get along to-day!" said one of the girls to Ellen. "And wasn't Grace pleasant! She does so many little things..."

"Yes," said Ellen warmly, "she is the kindest and most forgiving girl I ever saw."

And Ellen did not know as she spoke that Grace was just saying to her mother: "I am so glad the Aid Girls met here this week! It has proved to me that Ellen is the dearest girl in the world."

The Romance of an Irish Town.

(Continued from Page 6.)

wooded spurs of the Comeragh mountains, in which Michael Doheny, John O'Mahoney and other leaders of the insurrection of 1848 remained for a long time in hiding after the failure of the movement. Slieve-na-mona, a solitary conical mountain, here rises to the height of more than twenty-three hundred feet. Legends tell of the renowned hunting matches by the Fenians in far off ages on this mountain.

CLONMEL THE CAPITAL OF "THE BANNER COUNTY." Clonmel, the capital of the "Banner County," Tipperary, is situated on both sides of the river Suir, which is spanned by a bridge of arches. The origin of the name is fancifully attributed to the Tuatha-de-Dannans, a primitive Irish race who were said to have been guided in the selection of a settlement by a swarm of bees, which for the purpose. The bees rested at a given point, and there they travelled built a baile, or circular fort, and the place received the significant name of Cluainmealla, or the "Plain of the Honey."

A castle and fortifications were afterwards erected there and the place figured largely in the fights between the Cromwellians and Confederates, Cromwell sustaining there the fiercest repulse he met with in Ireland. It is said that its defenders failing in ammunition were compelled to use the buttons on their clothing for that purpose, and that the "Protector" having decided to raise the siege, renewed the attack on finding a silver bullet which impressed him with the belief that the garrison was so driven to straits that it would soon be compelled to surrender.

THE SCENE OF O'BRIEN'S CONVICTION. The town claims to be the birthplace of Laurence Sterne, the humorous divine. It was in Clonmel that William Smith O'Brien was tried on a charge of high treason and sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered in 1848, because of his connection with the rising of that year. It was there, too, that the Italian, Bianconi, established himself in business early in the last century, and started the elaborate system of stage coach travelling, with which his name became linked and which exists to such a large extent to this day in Ireland. There are some delightful sylvan walks beside Clonmel, the situation of which is extremely picturesque, the Suir at that point being a broad and rapid stream, and the surrounding country is a blending of Alpine and pastoral scenery.

THE OLD WALLED TOWN OF FETHARD. Six miles to the north of Clonmel and close to Slieve-na-mona, is the ancient town of Fethard, an old walled town, which defined the Cromwellians, and surrendered finally with all the honors of war. After a treaty and terms had been agreed upon, the Roundheads found that what they had mistaken as gaping mouths of cannon on the fortress were nothing more dangerous than innocent chimes placed in positions of pretence, not defence. The town was built in the time of King John and its fortifications and castles and gateways are in an excellent state of preservation. Before the Union the town was represented in the Irish Parliament, the patronage being in the O'Callaghan family, and its ambition is exhibited in its being governed by a sovereign, twelve chief burgesses, of freemen, assisted by a town recorder, town clerk, sergeant-at-mace and other officers.

Galih is eleven miles further on to the northwest than Clonmel. Its ivy-clad castle was originally built in 1142 by Connor, King of Thomond. It was taken by the Earl of Essex in 1599, by O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin, better known in Irish history by the name of "Murrough, the Burner," because of his destroying by fire everything he could reach; it was captured again by Clonwell in 1650. A few miles north is the famous Rook of Cashel. The railroad line passes through Bansha, the scene of the humorous Irish ballad known as "The Peeler and the Goat," the betwixt of the Irish policeman, and further on through the town of Tipperary, the scene of one of the fiercest struggles in the land movement of the past quarter of a century.

THE SCENE OF WHOLESALE EVICTIONS. The majority of the townspeople of Tipperary were driven from their homes by the present Lord Barrymore, then Smith Barry, in the late 80's. They practically built a new town in the effort to defeat him. The railroad after crossing the main line of the Great Southern and Western Railway at Limerick junction, runs directly through a rich pastoral country for about thirty-five miles to the city of Limerick. In any story of Irish topography the old city of the "Violated Treaty" will warrant special treatment of its own.

Travelling from Waterford by the more southern route to Cork, the view is equally entrancing. The railroad line, which has become much more important than formerly within the past three or four years, because of the opening of the new cross-channel line of steamers between Rosslare in Wexford and Fishguard in Wales, leads through Killmacothomas and Dunganen to Cappoquin. The entrance to Dunganen Harbor is guarded by Helwick Head, around which the Fenian bark, the "Erin's Hope," dodged for some considerable time before making a land-

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A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE. The run from Dunganen to Cappoquin by railroad is little more than half an hour through the most interesting country. At Cappoquin the course of the river Blackwater forms a right angle; after flowing some seventy-five or a hundred miles to the east, almost from the boundary line of Cork and Kerry, it turns sharply to the south at Cappoquin, and emptying into the Atlantic at Youghal, drains a landscape the superior of which is not to be found even in Ireland. The railroad continued to the west along the valley of the Blackwater to Mallow. It passes through Lismore, one of the most ancient of the schools of learning of ancient Ireland. Lismore Castle is owned, though seldom occupied by the present Duke of Devonshire. He was better known to the Irishmen of a generation ago under the name of the Marquis of Hartington. His brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish, lost his life some years ago, in Phoenix Park, Dublin.

A FAMOUS UNIVERSITY OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY. On the site on which Lismore Castle now stands, in ancient times stood one of the foremost Irish universities. It will probably be news for students of modern universities to learn that as many as four thousand students once thronged the cloistered halls of Lismore, among them the English monarch, known to modern history as Alfred the Great, and St. Carthage likewise. As far back as the seventh century it was rated as a "university" of numerous monastic houses, was resorted to by students and men of piety all over the then known world; but with the austerity that characterized the religious men of those days, half the institution was an asylum, which no woman was permitted to enter.

Only slightly modified in this respect even at this day are the rules of the Trappist monks, whose head house is at Mount Mellary, County Waterford, some three miles distant from and overlooking the town of Lismore. After the expulsion of the religious at the Revolution, the Trappists established a house at Mount Mellary on the southern slope of Knockmealdown Mountain, in 1830. Three hundreds of acres of primitive land, growing only the wild heather and furze, have been reclaimed by the monks until the mountain has been made to blossom almost like a rose, and it has been done under the perpetual vow of silence, which membership in the Trappist Order enforces.

THE BLIGHT OF ABSENTEE LANDLORDISM. Lismore suffers, only perhaps to a greater extent than usual, from the same blight which absentee landlordism in the past has inflicted on Ireland. The lord of the soil does not see the place once in a half score of years. Indeed, he has not visited it half a dozen times since as Chief Secretary for Ireland forty years ago he directed a bayonet charge on the citizens of Dublin for asserting the right of public meeting in their own city.

The run by railroad from Lismore to Mallow, about thirty miles, is made within sight of the River Blackwater the entire distance, sometimes almost within a stone's throw from the train, before reaching Fermoy, the traveller can catch a glimpse of the house in which the late Mayor Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, was born, a couple of miles east of the town of Fermoy, at Ballynahauna. Eight or ten miles to the north at the same point are the remarkable caves of Mitchelstown, an immense natural underground cavity, which has been the wonder of travellers for generations. They are entered by what is practically a hole in the side of the hill, and in extent would compare pretty well with the interior of a large government building in this country. They are on the south side of the Galtee Mountain, about four miles north-

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