## Dear Spots in Ireland.

Linger About It.

Pilgrims Always Kiss the Stone Made Famous by Poets-Sweet Belis of Shandon Which Wake Many Pleasant Memories.

Every one has heard of Blarney.

There is a stone that whoever kisses Sure he never misses to grow elo-

quent; Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber Or become a member of Parliament. A clever spouter he'll sure turn out or

An out and outer if left alone. Don't hope to hinder him or to bewilder

Sure, he's a pilgrim to the blarney stone.

And every recurring summer the pilgrims are more numerous, and though many times I have seen the old castle, I could not resist a look this time. And there I saw a quartet of prim, intelligent and handsome ladies from Boston engaged in the mad whirl of climbing 132 steps of a steep and rugged, even dangerous, stairway to indulge in the so-called fanciful Irish legend of kissing the stone and becoming handsomer even than they were, and at the same time obtaining a glib tongue. And besides those gentle denizens of the "Hub" were denizens of almost every climb. A jolly, fat Englishman was standing beside a plaid-girted feet, and one of the great Gallic race, with a Rhenish wife and three chilaren, was nervously waiting his turn

FARMERS ARE POOR. Blarney village itself looks not a whit. better or worse than the average town and hamlet in Ireland, and surrounded by a rich country, whose green toliage seems to indicate a freshness and fertility of finance as of the fair land itself, and yet there is nothing plentiful financially among the people and produce is cheap; milk and butter are very low: there is, in fact, no price for provisions of any kind, and so the farmer has all and more than he can do to pay the rent. With the farmer poor, all Ireland becomes impoverished, for the farmer is the keystone of progress. In other words there are no manufacturers to speak of.

The average American who comes to Ireland because of its beautiful aspect is almost sure to say: "I cannot understand why the Irish people are ocr," or "Why should an Irishman rek a fairer land?" Quite true, indeed, the land is fair and rich as the aperishable Davis wrote:

She is a rich and rare land. She is a fond and fair land, This native land of mine. No men than hers are braver. No woman than hers fairer. I'd freely die to save her, And think my lot divine,

But withal there is one other thing, so far imperishable unfortunately, and that is the landlord. Even a landlord who lives in Ireland is not half as bad land. The latter not only drains the purse of his tenants but spends it all elsewhere. The American sees the land erica only, makes and remembering the supposition I by the tiller that the land is Treland would fliereof. Were such is and conindeed become pr ywhere. But tentment would exiit is not the case, a of happiness am certain that the Emerald Isle. will not dawn for the THE SWEET BELLS OF SHANDON.

The drive from Blarney to Cork is and well worthy of a visit. It is a limestone roadway, with three nicely laid out pathways, each running between a continual bower of stately caks and spreading beech trees. a mile broad. On one side rise the hills of Shandon and on the other flows the majestic River Lee. It was of this scene that Father Prout wrote:

I have heard bells chiming Fully many a clime in,

Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine. While at a glib rate, Brass tongues would vibrate,

But all their music spoke not like thine.

For memory dwelling each fond swelling

Of thy belfry knelling its bold note free. Made the bells of Shandon

Sound far more grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

The bells still toll on, and the Lee rolls on also, but alas! poor Cork is no

longer the city of the past. It is in many respects beautiful, but, responsive to the country's throb, seems not the business pulse it should be-active, free and energetic.

The Queen's College and its grounds

are also beautiful, and the Good Shepherd convent and environs are certainly exquisite.

HISTORIC SPOTS. A fittle atween Cork and Blarney is The famous Waterloo Lake, wherefrom a white horse comes every Monday morning to browse for the nonce on the gentle slopes around, and hearing not the call to the war field of Ireland's victory returns back to his watery

home for another week. There are also on the road from Cork to Blarney the famous mud baths for curing rheumatism. Several private residences dot the landscape all around. and a tramway with its snorting, tiny engine lends a little novelty to the

scene. The lunatic asylum also is adjacent. but no one ever visits there. There is, however, every mark of comfort and care apparent.

The butter exchange, the Shandon Church and the corn market are also to be seen, besides the famous whisky distilleries, with their towering smoke tacks. Below on Patrick street is the statue of the sweet-face friar and apostle of temperance, Father Mathew, and above on the hillside are the military barracks. Then there is also the meat market, or "Shambles," as they are called; the court house, the jail and St. Fin Bar's Church. And there is another historic spot, the "coal quay," wherein the women "hucksters" sell anything and everything from a lace handkerchief to a head of cabtage. They will, despite their appearance, treat you politely, but please don't disturb their temper. Yet the American lady can ask any question and beget civility and kindness. Cork most certainly has a warm corner in its

### NOVELTIES IN TRUNKS.

heart for the American.

A novelty in trunks is the one whose trays may be drawn out from the front as drawers are drawn from the dressing case. When closed, the lid covers these drawers and their handles, and is locked near the bottom. The convenience of such an arrangement will be manifest to all who have had much experience with the large trunks and heavy trays.

At least the one who lighted us up about a month ago did not wait to avail himself of whatever increased heavy trays.

## How to Scare Burglars.

Blarney Castle and Legends Which A Few Neat Devices Somewhat Out of the Common Run.

> They May Happen to Scare People Who Are Not Burglars, but There is No Doubt but that They Are Calculated to Scare.

A little party of women, brought together one day last week by a family reunion over in Brooklyn, had under debate a communication recently printed in the Sun respecting domestic de vices to serve as burglar alarms.
"We believe in tin," said one. "John

cut a little groove like half an augur hole across the tops of the front and back doors, a few inches from the outer edge, and before we go to bed, we poke into one a stick supporting some tinware on the extreme end. A leaky watering pot, with some old tin cups inside, hangs on one, and on the other an old dish-pan, with a couple of baking tins tied to it. So long as the door stays shut, nothing happens; but if it is pushed open the least mite of a crack, down comes the tinware with a clatter fit to wake up everbybody in

the ward." "That's all well enough for your doors, but how about your windows? A thief can open one of these new-fangled catches by poking a table knife up between the sashes, as easy as you'd say scat."

"But that wouldn't open our windows. John has bored holes slanting in through the window casing, into the sashes, and put long iron pins in them. It is just as if every window was nailed fast, and a burglar, to get in, would have to cut away the whole sash." "Our windows are safe enough, except from burglars with wings, for we live in a flat, ever so high up," interpolated a young woman, "and we don't bother about the doors, because we keep a dog, a nervous little black-and-tan, that I don't believe ever had a sound sleep in her life. She just dozes, and anything wakes her. Talk about tin pans falling-why, they'd send her into a fit.

A shadow falling anywhere near her

would start Gyp up with a yelp." "Did any of you ever try newspapers?" added another. "No? Well, let me assure you, from my own experience, there is nothing better. Lay one or two dry newspaper sheets in the lower hall and pin a couple on the stairs. It is impossible to step on them with-out making a noise that, in the stillness of night, would surprise you if you never tried it before. And you can't pick them up or fold them or slide them out of the way or step over them without more noise. As for the ones on the stairs, they are simply the thief's despair. My husband laughed at me when I first put them down, but within a week, as it happened, their efficacy was proved. I was awakened one night by the rustling of paper in the hall below, and awoke my husband. We lay quiet and listened. Presently there was another rustle. Then a long silence: then more rustling, and as the sound of it died away we could hear somebody swearing in a whisper. It was so funny that my husband burst into a roar of

commented an elderly woman. "He ought to be hurt somehow. Mr. B. them. Isn't that enough for you?" thinks so, too, and his 'warm welcome "No, I want all that and more to for the uninvited' is something that, as he says, 'just about fills the bill.' The bolts on our front door and the arc light before us free us of all apprehensions of attack from that direction, but twice our house was entered by petty thieves through the back which faces a dark garden, and is in the shadow of a vine-covered porch. The second time inspired Mr. B. with an idea. At one side of the door, about the height of a man's face, he fastened very beautiful in every way. The the height of a man's face, he fastened mardyke walk in itself is entrancing to the wall a springy bamboo cane, with a tin cup wired to its free end. During the day it can be turned up on the wall, out of the way, but at night, when he sets it for business, it is sprung out about a foot and a half one mile long and about an eighth of and held there by a short stick and a 'figure 4' trigger, so set tuat opening the door will trip it. The tin cup, I omitted to mention, holds a good ounce of cayenne pepper. For a month after Mr. B. rigged that contrivance up nothing happened, and he was getting low spirited over the neglect of the burglars to take note of his new invention. Then one night the sharp 'spang' of the cane against the wall rang sharply all through the house, and woke us up. That was followed immediately by language on the back porch fit to make your blood run cold. We got to the window in time to see two men in the garden, one leading the other, who was howling and swearing terribly. fancied that some of the pepper had got into his eyes. Before Mr. B. could

get his pistol they had disappeared in the shrubbery, and we have not been troubled since." "That trigger, set to go off, when the door was opened," remarked another woman, "reminds me of a horrid thing my husband brought home with him from a trip out west last year. It was like a pistol barrel, with a long serew on one side for fixing it to the door frame, and a long spring on the other to project over the edge of the door. little touch would make the spring fall hard on a cap and fire the thing off. The first night after Jack got home, when I was setting a chair upside down against the door, as I always did, he stopped me and put on his new contraption. When I got up first in the morning, as usual, I had forgotten all about that thing, which was down as low as my knees, and did not notice it when I went to go out. Then it sudden ly seemed to me as if the world had The thing had worked all exploded. right, and in addition to making a noise louder than the sunset gun at the fort, had riddled the vestibule wall with buckshot. Jack said 'it would have filled a burglar's legs with lead, wife has been dead for years, He's and I believed him, but I never would nothing like the guy you would make allow him to put it on the door again. One such scare is enough for a life-

have electric burglar alarm fixings put and had more than the usual difficulty to all the doors and windows. That in convincing the critics that his verses they would be very effective, if there was any occasion, I have no doubt, judging from the way they worked "And of course when cousin George came out to see us last summer. He didn't know what the fate!" consequences would be when he threw his window up for more air than came in through the half lowered upper sash. So it is putting it mildly to say he was surprised when an immense gong in the hall began clattering and another in our room turned loose, and in a few seconds my husband, revolver in hand, dashed into his room."

"We have a burglar alarm, too, an electric one, but it doesn't make a row like that," commented one of the listeners. "Our house is all wired for in-candescent lights. My husband has had a key so arranged that the opening of a door or window will turn the current into a lamp in every room and hall on the lower floor. One would think burglars would find it a convenience to be able to see what they are about, but it doesn't seem to strike them that

facilities our consideration had pro- framed, and, after exposing them to vided."

The flat dweller who trusted in terrier spoke again. "The moral force of light," she remarked, "seems to be deterrent for them. Even a little of it, judiciously placed, has a surprising effect sometimes. I have a friend, who lives in an up-town New York flat, and fancies herself sufficiently protected by a funnier burglar alarm than any you have mentioned, one that is really intended to be what its name purports, a thing to alarm the burglar, not- the first night. When Biddy saw the like all the others—to alarm the people in the house. She got two horrible big pictures of death's heads-skull and cross bones, you know-printed in that the hall. When that met her eye she queer sort of paint which absorbs light went down in a fit, and it was an hour during the day and becomes luminous before they in the darkness of night. She had them

on hooks in the private hall of her flat, one on the front, and the other on the back door. How they will affect a burglar's nerves she does not yet knov, but the liveliest hope is encouraged by their success in impressing the servant girl. She got a new Irish girl, who had not happened to run across the pictures during the day, and only saw them when she came in, at a pretty late hour, from a visit to her friends

one on the kitchen door she gave a whoop and ran, unluckily, straight toward the other at the opposite end of before they got her to her straight

made my flesh creep.

ye within, good wife?"

bitter!" it cried in a kind of

walls of the cot like mad things to the

music of the unearthly crooning song

I stepped within and found a red

peat fire upon the hearth and a black

pot hanging over it. I looked about for the person who had addressed me.

At first I could see him nowhere, but

as my eyes grew accustomed to the

light I saw the queerest being, the sight

of whom made my heart grow cold and

my hand steal to the little pocket Bible,

bound in two halves, that was in my

dled up at the far side of the fire.

Upon his head there was a turban, like those the travelers into the lands of

the False Prophets tell us of. But this

turban was of black bull hide, and the

beast's dull eyes looked out with a hell-

fish suggestion. The figure was squat

like a toad, and sitting thus sank down

upon itself. It seemed to be wholly

destitute of feet and legs. But a great pair of hairy arms lay sometimes out

upon the hearth and sometimes clawed

together the flery red peats, as though

they had been casten and were being

strangers," said the thing of the un-canny look. "I am nane bonny, truth

to tell, but I'm nocht to my mither.

It's a braw thing that ye are no to meet

wi' her the nicht. She has gane ower by to gather the Black Herb by the

licht o' the oval mune. When the mune

faas ower on his back like a sheep that

canna rise, then is the time to gather

the bonny wolf's-bane, the bit wi' the

berries by the waterside that nane

kens whaur to seek, and the mandrake

that cries like a murdered bairn when

you pu' it frae the moss. See ye here,

there's three dead bairns aneath that

hearthstane. I hae seen the banes. She

didna pit me there, for the deil's wife

has aye a warm side to the dell's bairn.

an' heartsome to see a face at Willie's

After the first horrid surprise of com-

ing in upon such a place I saw that the

thing was human-an idiot, or natural,

of a night wind in a keyhole. But

thought it best to sit down on a sext

as he bade me, and so I drew a creepie

stool nearer to me carelessly with one

"Na," dinna sit on that-that's a stool

that naebody can sit on but my

And when I looked at the thing in

the red fire-light, for it felt strange to

my hand, lo! it was formed of three

skulls set close together, and the legs

of it were of men's leg bones.

Then I knew that I had chanced on

the house of Corp-licht Kate, the witch

wife of the Star, that for many years

dwelt alone on the flow of the Eglin,

"Na," said the object, "nane can sit

on that creepie but the minnie o' me-

Corp-licht Kate o' the Star. It's weel

for me an' it's weel for you that my

minnie's no here the nicht. But sit ye

I rose to fiee, but the monstrous fig-

ure by the red fire waved me down.

And I declare that as I looked at him

he seemed to swell and glow with a

kind of brightness like morn through

mist. He waved his arms, and imme-

diately about me there began the most

affrighting turmoil. Black forms that

had been crouching in the corners

came out and began to circle round us,

as it were, skimming round the house

breast high, without touching the floor

or the walls. They seemed like a black

and monstrous army of cats, all fly-

ing in mid-air, screeching and cater-

wauling as at a witch's festival. I be-

tcad-like thing squatted there by the

fire were the black master of witches

himself, to whom, for my sins, I had

been delivered in the flesh before my

But with a wave of his hand the idiot

stilled the turmoil, and the fluttering

demons came to the ground as a dozen

or so of cats, black and horrid, with

arched tails and flery eyes-as wild to

look at as though they had wandered

in from the moor. They retreated into

the dark corners of the room, whence

we could hear them purring and spitting

and see their eyes set on us in a circle out o' the gloom, which was black as

night everywhere, save immediately about them.—From "The Men of the

THE BRUTE.

Papa-My daughter tells me, sir, that

Harry-I'm sure nobody regrets the

you kissed her forcibly last night.

Papa and daughter together-Sir!

What have you to say for yourself?

occurrence more than I do.

Moss-Hags."

gan to wonder if the foul, human-h

with only her idiot son with her.

doun and tak' your rest."

shiel in the howe o' the Eglin.

hand.

mither.

'Come awa' ben. Ye are welcome,

fitted upon the moss.

A small square object was sat hud-

which I heard from within.

still place.

pecket.

### Corp-Licht Kate. Heart's Desires.

"Couldn't you wait for me?" asked the boy eagerly.

"Wait for you! What an absurd idea!" laughed the girl. "Why, you are only 16. It will be ten years at least before you are able to marry, and in ten years I shall be quite old. You see," continued the girl sagely, "I am old enough to be married now, and that is where the difference comes in. And I am going to be presented and go to parties and wear lovely frocks-I do hate those shabby old things-and then I shall marry somebody rich and great and live in the world. I'm so tired of this little poky place, which nothing but lessons and Sunday school children and rheumatic old women"-when suddenly looking down at the goldenhaired lad stretched at her feetof course, I shall miss you, Herbert. That is all very well for you, but what is to become of me? I want to marry for love, and how can I if you

the boy plaintively.
"It is quite easy," answered the girl, as she plucked a stem of flowering grass, then gravely counted, "This year, next year, some time, never, this year; think of that! You must, of course, fall in love with somebody who isn't married. You can't really be in love with me, I think, because you are so young, and I am not in love with you. I am almost the only girl you know, and you are used to me. like brother and sister, but that isn't

go and marry somebody else?" said

"How do you know?" asked the boy jealously. "Are you in love? Old Tomp-kins is the only man about here."

"Don't be cross. Old Tompkins! A bald head, spectacles and a perpetual sniffle. No, Herbert, I'm not in love wth a man at all. I'm in love with life and wealth and power. If you'd always worn hideous old frocks that didn't fit and had been kept home all your life with stupid governesses, because it is no good spending money on a girl until it will pay from a marrying point of view, you would know what I feel like. But you have your ambitions laughter, and the fellow down stairs too. You want to be a great poet; you jerked the front door open and fied." want all the world to see the rocks "I don't think searing a burglar and woods and the ever-changing sea away is enough punishment for him," as you see them, and to hear the sky-"He lark and the nightingale as you hear

"No, I want all that and more too. Oh, Meg, can't you see that you have been the inspiration of all my poetry, that it is for you I've written the songs the birds sing to me and painted the pictures our eyes have seen together? This beautiful place will all be empty and drear when you are gone. Must you go? Stay here as we have been until get some money. If you go I cannot come after you, and what am I to do

The girl's face grew troubled and her eyes wandered out to sea, where a white sail had just appeared above the horizon.

"Who does she say she is " "She's the widow of Lord Hardworth. He was fabulously rich and held some position in the last Cabinet, but he was an awful skin-flint and not exactly what he should have been in other respects. He's been dead about two years. But she Splendid woman, isn't she? looks as though she had not found life all beer and skittles."

"I believe I know something of her then. Wasn's she Sir John Houghton's

only daughter?" "Yes, and an uncommonly pretty Directly she came out she carried off the prize of the season-at least so my mother said, and she was pretty sure to know the quality of the goods upon the market, because my second sister came out that same spring. "Look, she's speaking to that curious

looking little man with the red hair who turned up at table d'hote yesterday. He looks like a musician or an artist. Dear me, how she has bright-What will you bet he isn't ened up! an old lover. She doesn't look more than 20, with that pretty blush and the smile, and to think of their being thrown away on that withered specimen of humanity. They are strolling into the pine wood. If that isn't the last chapter of a romance in real life, I'll venture to eat my hat. I must find out who the fellow is.'

"You need not trouble, my dear chap, You're ridiculously behind-hand, or you'd know that that is our only poet, Herbert Blaxtone."

"That Herbert Blaxtone! Well, I'd never have thought it. I always did say that geniuses and poets in particular should conceal their personality. It's so disillusioning to know that your favorite sonnet was written by a scarecrow. But there's no accounting for the tastes of women, and I dare say the fair widow thinks him an Adonis. A bachelor, isn't he?"

"A widower, I fancy. Anyway his out. You are jealous, old man, bewe live in the country, you know," said the sister of the last speaker, "a good way from any neighbors, and my husband has thought it prodont in convincing the critics that his verses weren't twaddle. But he's a tremend-

"And of course my lady is beginning to look out for No. 2. Kismet, it is

"And you went into the world and found your heart's desire?" said the "Yes, I married, and got it in a fash-

ion," answered the woman. "And it wasn't quite all your fancy painted it?" asked the man. "Things never turn out exactly as one imagines. There is usually something one does not calculate upon."

What was it in your case?" persisted the man. The woman's pale face flushed.
"My heart is dead. It died of starvaticn. And you? Did the girl come?"

"And you married for love?" He nodded. "And what then?" He turned so that she could scarcely

hear his words. "My wife died-she died of starva-

# Origin of Odd Styles

Some of Them Brought About Quite Curiously.

The Queen Wished to Hide a Bandaged Fcot, and So Long Skirts Became the Vogue.

The late Charles Worth left a large accumulation of most interesting papers, which will eventually be published. The origin of this or that inscru-

table decree of Dame Pashion has often

appeared incomprehensible to the uninitlated, but it has generally been found that simple accident is responsible for The Japanese claim-and not without some freak on her part which has reason-that nine-tenths of what has achieved a more or less fleeting reign been published about the sweet daughof popularity, and been all the rage ters of Nippon is absolutely untrue, and until replaced by something newer. was written by men who know but did not create fashions, only followed of its women. them, and that many changes had I remember arisen from an unforeseen combination had on the subject with one of the of circumstances, so that no one can Just at the turning of the Eglin Lane pronounce confidently from whence a and deep in the howe of the glen I came on the strangest kind of cothouse. It was piled together of the rough bowlder It is not universally known that stones of the country, their edges un-Queen Victoria's desire to hide a bandressed and gaping, the spaces between them filled with faggots of heather, and plastered with stiff clay from the burnsides. The roof was of long branches of the fir tree buried in the moss,

daged foot brought in longer skirts than had previously been worn, nor about us. So much full Arnold! Ah! how the frantic craze for yellow which how the frantic craze for yellow which how the frantic craze for yellow which Ah!—it is more than droll." once obtained in Paris was brought about. A poor woman came to Rachel one day with a length of yellow material which the great tragedienne pro-nounced "impossible," yet bought out and was thatched with heather. There was an opening in the middle from which the smoke arose. I heard a sound like singing from within-a sound that I went to the door and with my came the famous yellow gown which every one raved over and made haste nuckles knocked, as is our fashion in that part of the country, crying, "Are to imitate. Much more recent is another incident related by Worth. A lady who was making only a tempor-The strangest unearthly voice answered to me, as it were some one reading in the Bible and laughing at the same ary stay in the capital wished to attend the races, but had no suitable time-a horrid thing to hear in that gown unpacked. At the last moment she contrived to furbish up an old "The waters of the Meribah-the waters of the Meribah-for they were black dress, and completed her toilet with a brilliant red parasol, which she has told would enhance the effect of her simple gown. To her boundless astonishment, Paris went mad over the "Come ben and hae some brose." And then the thing laughed.

I took courage to look within, and because it was dark I saw nothing. The flaming sunshade, and no other color was really chic for a long while after. whole interior was full of the smoor of The most extraordinary and hideous objects often served to inspire some reek, and strange things sped around, crossing each other and passing the exquisitely lovely creation, but in such door continually, like the staves and cases no one will deny that the credit of orignal discovery belonged to the man whose fertile brain could transbuckets of a water mill running round. "Come awa' ben," again commanded the voice. "Doon, Badrona. Peace, Grimalkin!" The command was adform them and adapt them to his own Worth always made a note of any dressed to a number of monstrous black incident which struck him as interestcats, which had been speeding round the ing, and there should be enough mater-

#### MORTGAGING HIS FAMILY.

ial among his papers to supply a valu-

able book of memoirs.

"Some queer things used to happen in the old slave days in Missouri," said Representative John Tafsney lately to a reporter of the Washington Star. "The condition of the slave was never a very burdensome one in Missouri. The farm country and the nearness of the Iowa line prevented anything like those ca that the morals over there are very plantation cruelties of which sometimes low. It is undoubtedly due to the read. In fact, I should judge that some ridiculous and most unreliable stories of the Missouri slaves had as

time as their masters. "In iflustration I mght tell a queer story, which had its scene in Independence, Mo. Old Banker Sawyer, of Independence, carried on the same Sawyer Bank that exists today away back in the sixties, when Independence, as the eastern end of the Santa Fe trail, was the great outfitting point for those daring and misguided people who meditated a flight across the plains. Among other chattels of Banker Sawyer was a big black negro named Dustun. Dustun was a great mechanic, and had vast fame all over the western country is the maker of that fashion of wagon known as the 'prairie schooner.' Sawyer had besides his bank a wagon shop at Independence, and his negro Dustun run the wagon shop. The wagon shop did a good trade, and Sawyer said

to Dustun one day:
"You make a lot of money working overtime, Dustun; why don't you buy and own yourself? Why do you continue in slavery? You've got \$500 or

\$600 down in my bank now. "And it was true. Dustun had laid up quite a little store of money, and the fact of a slave with money on deposit in the bank of his master is of itself illustrative of the lax condition of the Sit ye doon an' bide a wee. It's braw

institution in Missouri. 'What'll you take me for?' asked Dustun.

"'Seeing it's you,' said Sawyer, I'll sell out cheap. If you want to buy your-self, I'll take \$1,500, while you're easily as I judged, with a monstrous twisted worth \$3,000. body and strange voice like the crying "Dustun bought himself, paid \$500

down, and took the rest of himself on credit. Sawyer made out his freedom papers, and Dustun made a mortgage on himself to Sawyer for the \$1,000. Then he went to work. In a year he paid himself free. In two years more he bought his wife and little girl. Then he began to make money. But he hadn't proceeded far nor laid up much ahead, when one night a fire started, and the next morning found Dustun's wagon shop in ashes. Shop, tools, stock, and everything was burned up as clean as a whistle, and with the lack of forethought of his race, Dustun had no insurance.

"It was a plain, hard, bitter case begin again with Dustun. He thought situation over and then went to his old master, Sawyer. After ten minutes talk Sawyer lent Dustun \$1,000 and took a mortgage on his wife and young one. Dustun rebuilt his shop and opened up anew. He kept his old trade and added to it. It finally became very unfashionable to start across the plain in anything but one of Dustun's prairie schooners. Within a year Dustun again had a clear title of his wife and fam-

"Life went easy after that with the old wagonmaker. He died about ten years ago at Independence, worth fair-\$50,000 The daughter whom he brought from Sawyer, and then mortgaged, and cleared the title to again, was for a long time, and is, I b now, a teacher in the colored public schools at Kansas City. Old Dustun's memory in Independence is to this day highly respected."

### SURE SIGN OF HEALTH. Worry is a curse and a source of

much unhappiness. It seams the face with lines and furrows, and has a most depressing effect upon that super-sen-sitive organ, the stomach, which at such times becomes a most unwilling and laggard servant. Indeed, it is safe to say that, unless encouraged by a cheerful temper and bright, or, at least, hopeful thoughts, the stomach will play truant or sulk, and do no good work. The explanation of this is the close alliance of the great sympathetic nerves, which are worse than the telegraph for carrying bad news; the worry and anxiety which depresses the brain produce simultaneously a semiparalysis of the nerves of the stomach One sign of mental health is serenity of temper and a self-control that enables us to bear with equanimity the petty trials and jars of life, especially those arising from contact with scolding, irascible, irritating persons,

## About Japanese

They Are Said to Be Good and Charming.

And Have Been Sadly Misrepresented by Travelers Who Mave Had Only a Superficial Knowledge.

(A. de Guerville in Illustrated America can.)

Nothing in Japan appeals more charmingly to the stranger-man or woman-than the sweet and graceful maidens in their beautiful and picturesque costumes of bright-colored silks. Worth once modestly asserted that he very little of Japan and nothing at all

I remember a long conversation I prettiest and most charming ladies in Tokio, Countess Inouye, whose fatherfashion came, nor how. In one of these in-law is one of the great statesmen of papers he gives some interesting ex- Japan, the conversation having turned upon the subject of Japanese women, she exclaimed:

"Oh, you foreigners are really too amusing when speaking and writing about us. So much fun I had reading

"Of what do you reproach them?" "Reproach them? Why, to be talking of what they know absolutely nothing. upon the stuff some time after, she had a gown made of it to wear in one of her favorite roles, and thus it had earth-and who after that goes and writes books about 'Japanese women.'
The worst is that foreigners reading these books will come to the conclusion that we are all like Mme Chrysantheme.'

"But Sir Edwin Arnold speaks in & very different manner." "Oh, yes, but he does not know much He only knows half a dozen more. charming little ladies, and he is too much of a poet to judge them as a man. He loves them as he loves nature, and would not possibly speak of them in every-day prose. He drapes them in the veils of poesy, and dreams he is in heaven surrounded by angels. It seems so foolish to us."

Every writer on the subject seems to have a different opinion—so different, in fact, that one would be inclined to think that there are several Japans in this world. There is but one, but contains several classes of women whose conditions are very different.

We laugh at Japanese women dressing in foreign clothes. Certainly they are not as graceful as in their own costumes, for they do not know how to wear the occidental dresses. The wearing of unfamiliar garments cannot be learned in a day. Let the American girls try on the Japanese dresses without the help of a competent costumer, and see what they will look like-to Japanese eyes.

And now a few words about the morals of Japanese women. It is generally believed in Europe and in Ameritheir friends. There is not in the world a more moral people than the Japanese. globe trotters know absolutely nothing of the Japanese women of the middle or upper classes, and during the few weeks they spend in Japan they only meet the geisha girls, whose business it is to sing and dance and sell their smiles. But such a class of women is to be found in every country, and they are far less degraded in Japan than they are in Paris, Lon-

don, New York, or San Francisco. Japanese women do not care much for love-passionate love-as it exists in our country. In fact, it seems un-known to them, and I have come to the conclusion that it's on account of all of them having uniformly dark skin and hair. It is a well known fact that a man with light hair will most naturally fall in love with a brunette, but seldom with a blonde, and vice

versa In spite of the many stories circulated in their clubs and other places by men who have left a great deal of money in Japan, I can affirm that the women of that country thoroughly dislike foreigners, and have never heard yet of one of them being in love with

one of us. Strange as it may appear, a kiss is an unknown thing in Japan-not unknown to the gay maidens of Yokohama, Kobe or Nagasaki, who have so much to do for the amusement of coreigners—but unknown to the Japanese in general. A lover never kisses is sweetheart-a mother never kisses her child. He made a great mistake, the man who wrote that "a kiss is nature's Volapuk, the universal language of love." You can kiss any Japanese girl. She will not object for she cannot possibly understand what you mean. She will only think, "What queer peo-But ple these foreigners are."

Japanese women have three recreations—smoking, singing and dancing. They smoke most gracefully, as they do everything. This habit duced into Japan by the Spainards some 150 years ago. Japanese girls, however, do not smoke cigarettes like tifully ornamented, and holding just enough tobacco for one or two puffs.

And now what of that reputation for beauty which the Japanese women are enjoying—again thanks to the stories of globe trotters? The fact is that there are fewer pretty girls there than in America, and I have not seen one that was beautiful. The most one can say of a Japanese beauty is: "How pretty she is!" or "How cute!" could never think of saying: "What a

beautiful woman!" And yet the Japanese girl charms everyone. She does not charm by her so-called beauty, but by her origin-ality, her gracefulness, her gentleness, her kindness, her sweetness. She is the best-natured woman in the world, the most affable, the most polite and the most amiable

JUST A GENTLE HINT.

Tom-I feel like having a good time; can't we celebrate something?
Kitty-Why, yes; today would have been the anniversary of our wedding f we had been married just a year ago. Let's celebrate that.

## RSS FOR MANAGEMENT COM

Persons who have sufficient interest in knowing what the experience of life insurance companies that have kept abstainers and non-abstainers in separate classes has been, to send a postal card to the manager of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company at Toronto, Ont., stating their desire to get this information can have it by a return mail