

June, repaired to the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Portland Avenue in the city of Chicago, and there dug from the street a limestone paving block about 18 inches by 8 inches by 10 inches in dimensions. They carried it to the village and placed it in a case which had been received that day in bond—Case No. 97, serial 4,099—addressed to Thomas Baker, Irish Industrial Village. This case contained a model of "The Bells of Shandon." Invitations were issued to the representatives of the Chicago papers and to Mayor Harrison, the latter accepting the invitation to officiate at the opening of the case containing the famous "Blarney stone." On the day set aside for the ceremonies Mayor Harrison could not be present, and Customs Inspector E. W. Matlock was sent for to open the case. The inspector arrived with the invoice for Case No. 97, serial 4,099, which stated that the case contained a model of the "Bells of Shandon," valued at \$25. He opened the case and found it checked "one stone over." After properly labelling both model and stone, he made his return on the invoice: "One stone over, estimated \$500." This stone was then placed in the walls of the castle, where it remained during the balance of the Fair, and was kissed by at least 25,000 people, a fee of 10 cents being charged. At the close of the Fair the manager of the village desired to take the stone and exhibit it in a store in the city of Chicago, but was informed that he could not do so unless he made a consumption entry on same and paid the duty. This was done, and on November 24, 1893, I delivered the stone on a duty paid permit. Both the inspector in charge of the village and myself remained in ignorance of the history of the "Blarney stone" until January 23, 1894, believing up to that time that it was imported in "Case No. 97, serial 4,099." The invoice on which consumption entry was paid read as follows: "One piece of stone from Blarney, County Cork, Ireland, value \$500."

As having slight bearing on the Sunday Closing Act, I might refer to a quaint incident which recently took place in the little kingdom of Samoa, where the people were called on to step back a day in their reckoning of time. Their Mondays were really Sundays, and their Sundays more correctly Saturdays, and all the time since they have begun to taste of civilization they were keeping dates all wrong together. And so the King, by royal proclamation, called the kingdom back a day, and it stepped back accordingly. The reason of it was doubtless all a mystery to the people, and, indeed, it was for fear of the disturbing influence it might have on the morals of the people that the change was so long deferred. The reason of the error was simple enough. Samoa is on one side of the 180 degree of east longitude, the spot at which each day and night might be described as beginning. And as its civilization came to it from the Australian colonies, the missionaries carried with them the Australian day. And ever since, when vessels touched there from America or elsewhere in the same longitudinal hemisphere, the conflict of days was embarrassing, and sometimes irritating to a degree. For be-

ing a religious people and strict observers of the Sabbath, the natives were shocked by their visitors telling them when at work on the Monday that they were violating the sanctity of Sunday, and ships arriving on Saturday were inconvenienced by finding all work suspended and the people strictly engaged in the performance of their Sunday duties. It required all the tact of the missionaries to protect the people from the demoralizing doubt; and by a sort of pardonable conspiracy of deception, the clergy of both Protestant and Catholic churches agreed to maintain the original error of reckoning, for fear of the spiritual shock it would give them if the natives realized the fact they had been Sabbath-breakers all their lives. At last the people were brought to make the plunge, and it will be interesting to watch the results on the morals and spiritual condition of the Samoans.

Singular to say, the news of the death of Baron Hannen, one of the Behring Sea commissioners, came just about the same time as did that of the introduction into the British Parliament of a Bill to legalize the proposed Behring Sea regulations. A local sealer, who was much disgusted with the idea of the regulations coming into force this season, said that it appeared to him that Baron Hannen's death looked like a judgment of Providence; which he thought might well have gone into effect with regard to the whole Board before their decision was promulgated. He admitted that there were able men among them; but they were old fossils, who looked at the question from the point of view of at least a century ago.

Among comparatively recent deaths in England, was that of Abel Heywood, at one time mayor of Manchester, which he also represented in Parliament, who was a great admirer of Oliver Cromwell, and, in proof of this sentiment, presented to the city two statues of the Protector, that were erected in most prominent positions. He was, moreover, a sort of modern John Hampden, who was prepared to resist anything which appeared to him a species of tyranny. One of his efforts in this direction was his protracted endeavors to sell newspapers without the Government stamp which was formerly affixed and was a source of considerable revenue. He went to prison for what some called his insane effort, but the result was that the stamp law was killed and the papers reached the public without having been forced to contribute directly to the national exchequer. Abel and his brother John were both great reformers, who did much for the enlightenment of the lower classes; both were publishers and both were men on whom their fellow citizens conferred high honors, for the public is not ungrateful.

David Belasco is well-known on this coast, particularly in San Francisco, where he started on his career as a dramatic adapter, previous to which time he was a tonsonal artist in the Bay City. The late Henry de Mille, who collaborated with Belasco in a number of plays, used to tell this story: I once had an opportunity in a play Dave and I had written, to

make use of the third verse of Psalm xciv. "Lord, how long shall the wicked how long shall the wicked triumph The actor who had this to speak came me at rehearsal, one day, and objected the line, which he considered very weak. He concluded his objections by asking I was "stuck" on the line. I said I rather liked the line, but had no personal interest in it, as in this instance I was only an adapter, the line being David's. "David eh?" exclaimed the actor; "that's just what I thought. Any one could spot that for some of Dave Belasco's bad English."

This brings to my mind an incident which once occurred to Fanny Davenport. She was playing a tragic part at a provincial theatre, when a very drunken man staggered down the aisle to a front seat in the orchestra. He watched the actress attentively, so that she caught his eye several times, and as she pronounced these words: "I can love you no longer," the man rose, put on his hat, bowed profoundly to Miss Davenport, and said with much drunken gravity: "That settles it," and left the theatre.

It is rather funny to witness the endeavors of the Washington Government to put a stop to issuance of United States dollars by speculators, who, finding that they can buy more silver for less than fifty cents than is contained in a Government dollar, have undertaken to issue imitations of precisely the same weight and of exactly the same intrinsic value. The Government dollar is only worth a dollar because the Government have placed that official estimate upon it. The authorities are trying to put a stop to this illicit money, which they denounce as counterfeit; but it is said that in many cases it is impossible to swear which is the real thing and which its counterfeit presentment. What will our neighbors on the other side do about it? Will they inaugurate something like a new system of repudiation? The Americans have proved themselves to be equal to almost any situation, and can turn a sharp corner with the utmost facility. There has been in their history a certain amount of repudiation. Will they bring down the "dollar of our daddies" to fifty cents or what will they do? The silver speculators are thus far ahead of them, and have, it is said, succeeded in getting out a perfect counterfeit presentment, of which, if only age is required to make it pass current, they will find some means of supplying the trade.

Some months ago, THE HOME JOURNAL ventured the hope that Mr. Alex. Begg, the author of the short stories which have recently appeared in the *Times*, would write a history of the Northwest, basing the remark on the fact that that gentleman was without one single exception the best posted person living on the incidents which constitute the early history of the "Great Lone Land." I do not know whether or not Mr. Begg is acting on that suggestion, but he writes me from Winnipeg that in May next he will publish "Winnipeg Past and Present;" in April, "Tales of the Northwest," and sometime during the summer "History of the Northwest" in four volumes. Those who have