

A SCENE IN IRELAND, SUMMER '98.

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

In the gathering dusk the King's soldiers charged down the hillside. All day long they had kept the heights against the gallant attacks of the insurgents; now they well knew that the ammunition of their foes had run out, and so, fearless of mere multitudes, they came cheering down to victory.

But they were forced to pause in their descent, for their daring foes would have met the bayonet charge at the point of the pike. So again and again they halted, primed and loaded their muskets—knelt—fired. At every volley the insurgents were forced to turn and flee since they could give no answering fire, but then the retreat would be checked, and they would face the English again with hoarse cries of rage and hate, and firmly planted pikes, till again the redcoats paused, and again the white cloud of smoke rolled forth and shed its deadly rain. Down, down to the plain they were pressed. Then from the village to the east of the hill a company of Hussars swept out upon them.

The insurgent captain saw that the day was lost. "Run men! save yourselves! To the woods!" he shouted. And away they scampered, leaping lightly, from tussock to tussock over the surface of the quaking bog, where the cavalry could not follow. On the far side of it was a line of woodland; they disappeared into the shelter of the trees, thick with their summer foliage. The last ray of sunlight illumined the blades of their weapons as they turned back to shake them in mockery at their pursuers.

The English colonel saw the line of flashing steel swallowed in the gloom of the wood. He ordered the signal for a halt. "The battle was over."

Then the victors sought their dead and wounded all along the slope where the bloody fight had raged. With grim joy they counted the number of the rebels slain, and cursed to find their own loss was heavy. The victory had cost them dear. When they came upon a badly wounded rebel they put him out of pain with a bayonet thrust. In this they were merciful, for in truth had they spared him it would have been only for the rope. On neither side were they accustomed to burden themselves with prisoners of war.

At length the pike-bearers, the last of the dead, went down into the village. It was held now for the King; the fruit of that day's fighting. Soon every street of it was noisy with sounds of revelry. Light streamed from the windows, and those of the inhabitants who had not fled to the insurgent camp, served food and drink to the unwelcome guests.

On the hill-top, too, there were camp fires and sentinels at outposts along the heights, keeping watch and ward lest the rebels should muster and come up for a night attack.

Night fell without moonlight, without starlight, upon the hill. Only the flare of the watch-fires, and the lights in the village, broke the overbrooding darkness. A woman, who had hidden for hours among the hay in a farmyard outside the village, crept trembling from her lair and stole by lane and hedge-way to the base of that waste hill which had been the field of battle. She had one thought, one desire—to fly. Where to, she scarcely knew. She was a homeless fugitive, whose two sons had fallen in the rising. Her husband was long dead, so having none to keep a home for, she could fly—fly for dear life, away from the deserted cottage. Loud-sounding English red-coats were sipping their wine, she feared them, hated them, would not stay to serve them or take their money for food, as other of the villagers had done. No—no, man like those had killed her boys, Michael, the tall, brave son so like his dead father, and young Francis, with the curly hair, whom she thought a boy, a child merely, till he kissed her good-bye and told her that he was a sworn man and must march with his brother. Oh, no, she could never give the meat and drink to English men, not to save her dear life. She knew she would weep if she met them face to face, guessed she might defy them and announce herself the mother of croppy-boys, and innocently thought, as a matter of course, she would be killed for that. So she hid before the soldiers came to her house, and now in the darkness was stealing away. What path should she take? Not that across the bog—she would stumble there into some hole and drown miserably. She must cross the hill where the fighting had been. Sure no matter! It was all over now. The soldiers had taken away their wounded and brought their dead to one place for burial. She was not afraid of dead corpses. As she stole along, now running lightly over short grass in shelter of high furze bushes, now more slowly wading the long bracken, she passed many a poor corpse, and said a prayer for the soul that had gone out of it, prayed God to be merciful and make the time of atonement short, for in life they had suffered.

She had gone more than half-way across the slope of that waste hill, when of a sudden there rose, as from the ground at her feet, an agonized groan. She stood trembling and listened, then came a choking sob, and a voice that cried faintly, "Mother!"

She sank on her knees and stretched her arms out through the fern, calling for the sufferer.

prayer; but as she prayed with closed eyes the clouds had rent apart over there in the east, the dawnlight glowed red behind them, and the whole landscape blossomed out of the grey shapes and black shadows into exquisite faint tints that glowed brighter with the widening day. The whole bog was seamed with lines of gold. But Oh God of heaven! what color was this that the light brought forth from the darkness. The prayer froze upon the woman's lips. With a cry of horror she threw up her hands, and that earnest of the dying brow. 'Twas an English soldier she had held to her heart, wept hot tears for, she knew it now by his scarlet 'coats seen first in the pale cold rays of dawn.

"Surely it was the good God to whom she had been praying who sent her the gentle thought. She did not push aside the poor throbbing head that rested on her knee. Oh no; but she was near doing it, only God's name had been that minute on her lips. That stopped her. She sat there rigid with horror, her heart full of hate, looking down on that white face, with the closed eyes, the parted lips, through which the breath came in gasps. She thought of her dead boys, big Michael and Francis of the curly head. She had been far, far away from them in their agony, and here was she, sheltering in her arms a mere Englishman, maybe the very one who had stabbed the cold bayonet into her youngest one, her darling. She lifted a wild face to Heaven. God was mocking her, mocking a poor, tired mother, to keep her there in the wet and the dark and in danger of her life to tend an enemy of her country."

"Oh, och!" she cried shrilly, "'tis the fool woman I am out an' out." Her voice reached him at the verge of the dark border and in danger of her life to tend an enemy of her country. "Oh, och!" she cried shrilly, "'tis the fool woman I am out an' out." Her voice reached him at the verge of the dark border and in danger of her life to tend an enemy of her country.

"Water! water!" he cried. "Not a drop all day—not one, only the musket fire and the blazing sun. I'm burning; burning!"

She slipped his head from her knee and made a pillow for her shawl for it, then ran away towards the marsh. Unfastening her linen apron she drenched it in a pool. "It is cool any way," she thought, "it not tasty for 'drinking'."

She returned, running breathlessly up the hill, and wrung it out upon the sufferer's lips; then cooled his brow and head with the damp linen when no more drops of the precious liquid could be squeezed out. Thrice she made the journey, though her poor limbs were weary and aching, till time she thought for a while she had lost her way to him.

"Oh God help me!" she almost wept, and when she found him again, "God and all the saints be praised," she said. The dying man, who was almost beyond hoping anything, was so conscious of the soothing presence, the gentle arms around him. He had cried like a child, to find himself deserted, lying alone upon the hill, with the awful darkness of the heaven above, and as quick-gloom of death about to envelop him. The touch of that human hand that had come feeling for his hand through the bracken rescued his soul from the solifude; he could be brave now and not cry out in his pain. He had not sense to wonder how she (his own mother he deemed her) could have come to him when he cried.

His mind was wandering and he took it all for granted. He had cried for her; she had come, and as quick-gloom of death about to envelop him. The touch of that human hand that had come feeling for his hand through the bracken rescued his soul from the solifude; he could be brave now and not cry out in his pain. He had not sense to wonder how she (his own mother he deemed her) could have come to him when he cried.

Household Notes.

Housekeeping.—The Chicago Institute, which has been organized for the study of domestic affairs, is in full swing, an exchange in referring to the Institute says:

Practice will not be neglected, and to make the school entirely realistic a large flat has been rented. Pupils in the domestic science class will find themselves confronting the same troubles they face at home. They will be given lessons in taking care of the woodwork and furniture of a

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is not her purpose to suggest preparations and remedies and how to use them. She will teach the underlying principles, so that women will recognize the kind of wood they are taking care of and will know the effect of different substances upon the various finishes which are given woodwork. In the kitchen the same principles will be followed out. There will be a real cooking school, where the preparation of special dishes will be taught, but the students will work on food-stuffs to learn their properties and discover the chemical effects of mixing various ingredients. In this connection Mrs. Norton is working on experiments with yeast. She thinks the proper yeast for bread has probably not yet been discovered. "Distillers' yeast is commonly used," said Mrs. Norton, "but there seems great probability it is not the right kind. Bakers have found that the flavor and quality of their bread depended largely upon the yeast used; and they will not use the distillers' yeast. I have discovered that by getting yeast absolutely free from microbes, the bread will not sour. There is perhaps a different culture of yeast that will produce a better quality of bread than has been found."

DIET FOR BRAIN WORKERS.

A person whose work is chiefly mental requires as food, according to an expert, much less carbon than an other. Beef, mutton, poultry, and game are recommended. Sugar and starch in excess should not be eaten. Rice is a better form of starch than potatoes. For breakfast a little subacid fruit, a cereal, if it is liked, a soft-boiled egg, and a cup of coffee made in the French way and taken without sugar or cream, or at least without cream. At noon a bowl of cream soup, with some pieces of pulled bread, and at six, when the day's work is over, a good, simple dinner—a soup, a broiled steak or chop or a roast, and two vegetables, one starchy, the other a green vegetable, a salad with French dressing, and a little cheese, and a wafer or a few nuts, with a seeded raisin or two. The breakfast may be varied with a chop or a little piece of broiled fresh fish instead of the egg.

PICKLES.—A correspondent gives this recipe for mustard pickle. Mrs. Lincoln's calls for one quart each of small, whole cucumbers, large cucumbers sliced, green tomatoes sliced, small button onions, one large cauliflower divided into flowerets, and four green peppers cut fine. Make a brine of water, salt, and vinegar, one pint of salt, pour it over the mixture of vegetables, and let it soak twenty-four hours. Heat just enough to scald it, and turn into a colander to drain. Mix one cup of flour, six tablespoons of ground mustard and one tablespoonful of onion seed with enough cold vinegar to make a smooth paste; then add one cupful of sugar, and sufficient vinegar to make two quarts in all. Boil this mixture until it thickens and is smooth, stirring all the time. Break up the cucumbers and cook until well heated through.

THE BREAD BOX.—That time honored custom of the good housekeeper, the semi-weekly airing of the family bread box, has latterly fallen under condemnation as offering special facilities for the lodgment of microbes. Flying dust is apt to carry germs of mold which grow on and contaminate the bread. After the boxes have been thoroughly scalded they should be immediately dried and closed. A method of keeping bread approved by Mrs. Rohrer is to slip it into clean unbleached muslin bags and hang it in a dry closet. These bags must be washed and scalded after each using. Bread should never be kept in the cellar nor in a wood or stone receptacle.

POINTERS.—Wood ashes put in a wooden bag and placed in the water will make hard water soft. There is no nearer finish for sheets than the hemstitched edge which divides favor with buttonhole scallops. Wooden skewers are convenient to clean any dust out of hairbrushes; also to loosen the dirt which sometimes gets caked in the corners of floors or window sills. If dishes become discolored from fruit or tea stains, take a little fine ashes on a cloth and rub off. See to it that there is not a stain of dust and dishwater where the handle joins the cup. To clean a carpet take a pailful of cold water and add to it three gills of oxgall. Rub this into the carpet with a soft brush. It will make a lather which must be removed with clear cold water, and the carpet should then be rubbed dry with a clean cloth. Probably few housekeepers know that an ordinary cork may be made as serviceable as a glass-bottle stopper by steeping it in hot sweet oil. Heat the oil in a little basin on the stove, drop in the corks and, drawing the basin back from the fire, let the corks lie in the oil for a few minutes. For broiled tomatoes, select large, firm ones, and do not peel them. Slice half an inch thick and broil upon an oyster gridiron for a few moments. Have ready some hot butter seasoned with salt, a little sugar and half a teaspoonful of made mustard. Dip each piece in this mixture and serve on a hot dish.

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Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vice, P. G. Shannon; 2nd Vice, T. J. O'Neill; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording Secretary, S. Cross, residence 55 Cathcart street.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday at 4 p.m., and on the third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of each month. President Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Stacia Mack; Financial Secretary, Mary McMahon; Treasurer, Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Lizzie Howland, 383 Wellington street.—Application forms may be had from members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239, Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernian street, — to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: — J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthar and J. Cavanagh.

A. O. H., DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1883 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Aid. D. Gallery, president; T. McCarthy, vice-president; E. J. Devlin, recording secretary, 1635 Ontario street; John Hughes, financial secretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; J. Fennel, chairman of Standing Committee; marshal, M. Stafford.

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ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Struan C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; W. P. Doyle, Secretary, 220 St. Martin street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1883.)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership on any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers:—Jas. J. Costigan, Recording Secretary; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jas. H. Maiden, Treasurer.

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