

Once Belle of the Ball

Traits and Events in the Life of Delia Tudor Stewart Parnell—A Woman With a Charmed Life—Mother of Charles Stewart Parnell. Gifted, Odd, and Poor—Family Characteristics—"Old Ironsides."

Mrs. Delia T. S. Parnell of Bordentown, N. J., has been of sympathetic interest to the people of two continents during the last ten days, and there are new and interesting facts in connection with the woman and the murderous assault.

"She comes from tough stock," said Edward Tudor of Boston, who is her cousin, standing on the wide porch of historical "Old Ironsides" the other night, when the household of strangers were rejoicing over the possibility of her recovering. "She is a woman with a charmed life," was the observation of Dr. W. H. Shipp, her physician, who was among the last to admit that she was on the mend.

Here is a woman of eighty, who had lived in contempt of routine and conventionalities, either enjoying a feast or experiencing a famine, who survives a blow that would have killed an ordinary woman. The bulldog tenacity of her distinguished father, Rear Admiral Stewart, shows itself in his remarkable daughter. She survives the blow, but it is doubtful whether she will ever tell the story of the crime. It is believed that her speech will be impaired and her memory defective.

Few women in the country have had so many events crowded into their lives as Mrs. Parnell. She has lived eighty years of tension and excitement and until a few hours before the assault as bright as at any time in the days when she was called in Washington and Boston "charming Delia Tudor Stewart of New Jersey."

It was sad to see the belle of the inaugural ball of William Henry Harrison and the mother of the "uncrowned King of Ireland" stretched on a cot in a humble farmer's cottage, unconscious, with scarred face and battered head. The woman had of herself the evidence of poverty, and her immediate environments were distressing.

It cannot be said that they are so much improved in the "Old Ironsides" mansion itself, with its wide walls and 22 spacious chambers. It was in days gone by the finest residence in New Jersey, and was good enough for the residence during two summers of Iturbide, the Emperor of Mexico, who, after leaving here, was shot on the steps of the imperial palace. There is a harsh blending of the old and the new in the decorations and furniture of the house. The bric-a-brac, paintings, and interesting bits of furniture were sold or given away. The farm has 200 acres in it. It is fast going to decay. It is now being farmed by a local canning establishment.

Mrs. Parnell, although not born in the State of New Jersey, was brought to "Old Ironsides" when 2 years old. Her father, Commodore Stewart, took possession of the estate in 1816, and died in 1869. Here Mrs. Parnell passed her girlhood. She was given an education of greater breadth and character than that of young women in that day and generation. She had mastered languages and sciences, and was well read in literature. She was an essayist and a poet. She wrote much that was published, and during her lonely and dark hours at "Old Ironsides" she continued to write verses and dissertations. She has several trunks full of her own manuscripts.

Mrs. Parnell was well known in society in Philadelphia and New York, but it was in Washington and Boston where her gifts were most appreciated and where she shone with unusual brilliancy. Her mother was a Tudor, and they were of good New England stock. She had relatives in Washington also, and she was a central figure at every State function. She came back to Bordentown at the close of each season to rest. She met John Henry Parnell in 1842. He was an attaché of the English Legation. They were introduced to each other at the Harrison inaugural ball, and a courtship of a year transplanted the Jersey flower to Irish soil.

They lived on the Parnell estate, at Avondale, County Wicklow, Ireland, for six years. This place was made famous by Tom Moore's poem, "Sweet Vale of Avoca." In 1847, during the famine in Ireland, she did much to relieve the distress among the poor. It was not until 1869 that she inherited "Old Ironsides." Her father died in that year. The day of the commodore's funeral was a general holiday. After the commodore's death, Mrs. Parnell, who was a widow, and her daughter Fanny, became the sole occupants of the estate. Fanny Parnell was a poet as well as a lecturer and devoted to the interests of her brother. She spent much time in this country organizing Land Leagues and preparing literature in the interest of Irish home rule. After the death of Fanny, Mrs. Parnell took up the Irish League work and left "Old Ironsides" to the weeds and the tramps.

During the last few years Mrs. Parnell has been land poor. Whenever she did obtain money, instead of improving her land, she invested it. She and Fanny both had a mania for Wall street, and they frequently went with

out the necessities of life to indulge themselves.

Those who know the Parnells declare that their chief trait is to wander and live abroad. They never knew or even cared for a family tree, and "Old Ironsides" seems to bear witness to this peculiarity. When Annie and Fanny Parnell came over to America to work up the Land League sentiment, Mrs. Parnell chose to remain entirely at her home. No sooner had Annie returned to Ireland and Fanny to "Old Ironsides" than Mrs. Parnell found it comfortable to be in New York. After Fanny died her mother became a wanderer, accepting the hospitality of any home that was opened to her.

John Parnell, who is now in Ireland lived for some years on a small plantation in the southwestern part of Georgia. He was a bachelor who cared more for chess and mathematics than for money. Mrs. Parnell's daughter Annie is now Mrs. McDermott, and lives in County Wicklow, Ireland. Frederick Tudor is her first cousin. There are many Tudors in Boston and vicinity who are related to her, but there has been little or no exchange of relationship between them.

Edward Stewart, the half brother, is a Newark business man. He has been in litigation at times with his sister over property in Philadelphia and at Bordentown, but relations are friendly now. Mrs. Parnell preferred to live among strangers. Those called to her bedside when she was first injured were Mrs. Knaud of New York, an Irish League worker, and Mrs. William Stull of Trenton, who was the associate of Fanny Parnell. Her relatives know little or nothing about her affairs. Her confidences were always given to strangers.

Mrs. Parnell has many eccentricities she inherited from her father. At regular intervals she imagined that she was going to die of starvation, and would not hesitate to throw herself on public charity. She was almost penniless just before the assault was made. In answer to Mrs. Knaud's invitation to go to New York, she wrote that she had but 10 cents, and was living on bread and coffee. The next day she received the check for \$10, for part of which she was assaulted. Her relatives are now in control, and are looking after her wants. The kindly offer of assistance from Land Leagues and Irish associations all over the United States are appreciated, but not needed.

There is scarcely an old inhabitant of Bordentown but relates some interesting reminiscence of Mrs. Parnell or her father. The old lady was a quaint figure on the streets of the town. She was always poorly clad, and she was conscious of it, for one day Mrs. Stull who was with her often, said:

"Ma, ain't you afraid to go up and down the roads alone? The tramps may rob you."

"No, dear girl, the tramps will never bother me, for I look too much like one myself."

There were times when she would "spruce up," as she termed it. She then wore a bonnet trimmed with green ribbon, and a brown dress, and would go visiting. She would harness an old white horse to a rickety chaise, a quarter of a century old, leave Land Leagues and speculations at home, and treat her friends in Bordentown to a delightful call, when she would discuss her favorite authors and relate anecdotes about the great men she had met, and be once more the charming Delia Tudor Stewart of many days gone by.

We Are A Large Family.

A German scientist tells us the following interesting facts about the great family to which we all belong, the human family:

"The great human family living on earth to-day consists of 1,450,000,000 souls—not fewer, probably more. These are distributed literally all over the earth's surface, there being no considerable spot on the globe where man has not found a foothold."

"In Asia, the so-called 'cradle of the human race,' there are now about 800,000,000 people, densely crowded, on an average of about 120 to every square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded as Asia, but everywhere dense, and in many places overpopulated. In Africa there are, approximately, 210,000,000, and in the Americas—North, South and Central—110,000,000, these latter, of course, relatively thinly scattered over broad areas. On the islands, large and small, there are probably 10,000,000 more."

"The extremes of the blacks and the whites are as 5 to 3, the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate, brown, yellow and tawny in color. Of the entire race 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, they wear garments of some kind that will cover nakedness; 250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover the middle parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, the remaining 250,000,000 virtually having no place to lay their heads."

The Story of a Parson and a Pig.

The Rev. S. Baring Gould, writing in the Sunday Magazine on "Country Remedies," tells the following excellent story as to a parson and a pig:

A poor woman came to the parson of the parish with the request: "Please, pass'n! my old sow be took cruel bad. I wish now you'd be so good as to come and say a prayer over her."

"A prayer! Goodness preserve us! I cannot come and pray over a pig—a pig, my dear Sally—that is not possible."

"Her be cruel bad, groaning and won't eat her meat. If her dies, pass'n—whativer shall we do? I'll winter w'out bacon sides, and ham? Oh dear! Do y'now, pass'n, come and say a prayer over my old sow."

"I really, really must not degrade my sacred office, Sally! indeed I must not."

"Oh, pass'n! do y'now!" and the good creature began to sob.

The parson was a tender-hearted man, and tears were too much. He agreed to go to the cottage, see the pig, and do what he could.

Accordingly, he visited the patient, which lay groaning in the sty.

The woman gazed wistfully at the pastor, and waited for the prayer. Then the clergyman raised his right hand, pointed with one finger at the sow, and said solemnly: "If thou livest, O pig! then thou livest. If thou diest, O pig! then thou diest."

Singularly enough the sow was better that same evening, and ate a little wash. She was well and had recovered her appetite wholly next day.

Now it happened, some months after this, that the rector fell very ill, with a quinsy that nearly choked him. He could not swallow, he could hardly breathe. His life was in imminent danger.

Sally was a visitor every day at the rectory, and was urgent to see the sick man. She was refused admission, but pressed so vehemently, that finally she was suffered—just to see him, but she was warned not to speak to him or expect him to speak, as he was unable to utter a word.

She was conducted to the sick room, and the door thrown open. There she beheld her pastor lying in bed, groaning, almost in extremities.

Raising her hand, she pointed at him with one finger and said: "If thou livest, O pass'n! then thou livest! If thou diest, O pass'n! then thou diest."

The effect on the sick man was—an explosion of laughter that burst the quinsy, and his recovery.

The Use of Words.

Voluminous as the dictionaries of the present day are, it is surprising how limited the variety of words is which are to be found in the productions of the masters of English composition. If one were to count the different words used in that "weil of English undefiled," the Bible, he would be astonished at the smallness of their number. The same is true of Shakespeare's plays and sonnets, of Addison's essays, of Dean Swift's writings and of other specimens of English prose or verse. The secret of the purity, grace or strength of the diction of these productions lay not so much in the possession of an extensive vocabulary on the part of the writers as in the varying and proper arrangement of a limited number of words.

These observations are suggested by the inquiry of a correspondent, signing himself "Law Student," who desires to know how he can enlarge his vocabulary. "The question is not one that can be answered off-hand, but as a prerequisite to fluency we unhesitatingly say to him, 'Enlarge your stock of ideas.' Words can never be made a substitute for want of invention or knowledge. Many noted orators have made a thorough study of dictionaries in order to obtain a greater command of language. Chatham did this. So did the younger Pitt. So did Rufus Choate. But this practice would have been futile had their brains not teemed with ideas. Words are but the vehicle of thought, and as a rule a person who thinks clearly and feels earnestly is pretty sure to have little difficulty in expressing himself in suitable language."

OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms: Head-

ache, loss of appetite furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parnee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler says: "The time to save people from drinking intoxicants is before they begin. The time to teach the simple A B C of abstinence from deadly drinks is in childhood and youth. A whole generation is coming on the stage who must be saved now if they are ever saved at all. And you are the persons who can do this if you have the heart and the will to undertake the labor of love. Many boys in our public schools learn nothing about the nature or the danger of alcoholic beverages in their own homes."

A SHORT ROAD to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' ELECTRIC OIL.

HORACE GREELY'S HANDWRITING.

A Good Story of Bad Calligraphy—How the Printer Was Caught at Last.

In Harper's Magazine for April, Mr. Hayde Carruth tells a good story of the handwriting of Horace Greely. That great journalist was notorious as producing the most absolutely decipherable handwriting that any man has been known to put on paper. In the Tribune office most of the copy was set by one man named Larkway, who boasted that he could read Greely's copy at three yards with one eye shut. He was so proud of his ability in this respect that the whole composing staff longed to humble him. An attempt was made on a famous occasion, and resulted in total failure. It came about in this wise. Someone had given Mr. Greely two young cockerels—or roosters, as the prudish Americans say—of a breed so remarkable, that it was determined to bring them up in the printing office. There they were fat on printer's ink and paste; but their tempers did not improve, for they took to fighting badly. The story then proceeds as follows:

After they had been with us a couple of weeks, the boy one day left the ink-roller of the proof-press on the floor. One of the roosters walked over it, and then across a piece of white paper. The foreman saw him, and a great light burst in upon his mind, which nearly stunned him. He slapped his leg with his hand hard enough to break it, and shut his jaws together like a vice to keep from breaking out in a volcano of laughter. He walked to his desk as if in a trance, keeping his eyes on Larkway. Before he went home he spoke to the proof-reader and one or two others, and they fractured their legs with their hands; and then they all went off to the hospital for the night.

The next afternoon they were back at the office two hours before the usual time. The foreman caught one rooster and the proof-reader the other, and they took them over in the corner behind the imposing stones. They had previously sent the devil down to Mr. Greely's room to get a dozen sheets of the paper he always wrote on. These they spread on the floor in the form of a square, carefully inked the feet of the roosters, and set them to fighting on the copy paper. They had just had a meal of cockroaches, and they went at each other savagely. Every two or three minutes the men would take them off, ink the bottoms of their feet, and toss them into the ring again. At the end of twenty minutes every sheet of the paper was covered with their tracks, and the foreman gathered up the pages, numbered them, and scrawled a head on the first one, "The Plain Duty of Congress," in imitation of Greely's hand, marked the whole "Breiter—Double Lead," and hung it on the copy-hook.

Pretty soon the men began to drop in, but they had all heard of the game that was on, and picked round the article. After a while Larkway came lumbering along. He had just made a new pipe out of the biggest ear of corn ever raised in Cayuga County, and a particularly crooked pig's tail from Brattleboro, Vermont, and seemed unusually pert. He started the conflagration in his pipe, put on his spectacles, and walked to the hook.

"Hey? You fellows still soldiering, ain't you?" he cried. "Still afraid of the old man's stuff, hey? Can't rattle it, can you? Had to leave it for old Larkway, didn't you? Well, that's all right; I like it. You do me a favor when you leave it for me."

He took it, walked over and slammed it down on his upper case, planted a handful of leads on the bottom of it, and picked up his stick. Every man in the room held his sides, and watched to see the old fossil flabbergasted; but, by the Goddess of Truth, he began to set it!

Yes, Larkway started to set it. At the end of the second line he began to look a little troubled, laid down his stick, and we thought our moment of victory had come; but he only swore a little, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, refilled it, lit it with a husk stripped from the outside, picked up his stick and went on. You could have packed every one of us in a hat-box. The old cave-dweller worked on and never looked up again until he got almost to the bottom of the last page. Here he stuck, on a place where one of the roosters had slapped down the edge of his wing, also inky. Larkway studied over it for a long time, when he said to the foreman:

"Say the best of us get hung up on a word once in a while. What's that down there?"

"Don't ask me," said the foreman. "You know I can't read the stuff. Go down and ask the old man himself."

Larkway shuffled out with a long face, carrying his pipe in one hand and the copy in the other. He went into the chief's room, and said, in a low tone: "Mr. Greely, I'm stuck. What is that word?"

Greely snatched the sheet from his hand impatiently, studied it a moment, then squeaked in his highest voice:

"'Unconstitutional,' sir! Great Jehoshaphat! it seems to me sometimes as if this office was full of pesky college graduates, and after I've given the janitor strict orders not to allow one of 'em in the building!"

One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man.

Literary Competition.

Three Hundred Dollars Offered in Prizes,

By the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

The Above Amount Will Be Divided Among the Writers of the Best Five Original Stories—The Competition Open to all Bona Fide Residents of Canada.

With a view to assisting in the development of literary talent in Canada, The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., will award prizes of \$300 among the writers of the best five short original stories submitted in the competition as follows:

For the story pronounced the best \$100 will be given.

For the second best \$75.

For the third best \$60.

For the fourth best \$40.

For the fifth best \$25.

The competition is open to residents of the Dominion of Canada, who have never won a cash prize in a story competition, and is subject to the following rules:

Each story to contain not more than three thousand words.

The writer of the story shall affix a pen name, initial or motto to his or her manuscript, and shall send with the manuscript a sealed envelope bearing on the outside the pen name, initial or motto attached to the story, and containing inside it the full name and address of the writer thereof.

We impose no limitations whatever as to the nature of the story need not necessarily be laid in Canada, although competitors must be residents of Canada, as above stated.

Stories entered in the competition must be written on one side of the paper only, and when possible should be typewritten.

Manuscripts to be sent flat or folded—NOT ROLLED.

All stories for competition must reach the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., on or before the first day of July, 1895, and should be marked, "For Literary Competition."

Decision will be made as follows: All stories submitted will be referred to a competent committee, who will decide which are the best five stories. These stories will then be published in pamphlet form, which pamphlets will be distributed throughout the Dominion, and each will contain a voting paper, upon which readers will be invited to express their preference. The story obtaining the highest number of votes will be awarded the first prize. The one obtaining the second highest number will be awarded second prize, and so on until the five prizes are awarded.

The voting will close on the first day of December, 1895, and the committee will then publish the names of the successful competitors and the order of merit.

Unsuccessful manuscripts will be returned when stamps are sent for postage.

The five stories selected are to become the absolute property of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, with their copyright in perpetuity.

The decision of the committee and the counting of votes to be absolute and final, and all persons entering the competition agree, by doing so, to accept the decisions of the committee and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company as final on all points whatsoever.

Correspondence in regard to unsuccessful MSS. declined, even when stamped envelopes are sent; any stamps so sent (for other purpose than the return of the MSS. at the time of first sending) will be put in the poor box.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company will take all precautions to safeguard MSS. entrusted to their care but in no case do they assume any responsibility for loss, theft, or loss of manuscript.

MS. Authors are therefore advised to keep copies.

The stories must be original. Any one sending copied matter will be liable to punishment for fraud, and a prize of \$25 is offered to the first person who points out the fact that any story passed by the committee is otherwise than original, in the unlikely event of such an oversight occurring.

Correspondence entered in the competition must be addressed to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and marked on the envelope, "For Literary Competition."

A Story of Spurgeon.

The Rev. Arthur Mursell tells, in the New Age, that during a time of great domestic affliction Spurgeon was glad to get a friend to go with him for a few hours into the country. Sometimes he would call for Mr. Mursell. "The first time he did so," adds Mr. Mursell, "I said, 'I will come with you if you won't talk good to me.' 'What do you mean?' asked Spurgeon. 'Mr. Brock tells me,' I replied, 'that when you and he go out into the country and get into a pretty spot you begin a little prayer-meeting; not that I don't like prayer-meetings, but that it would not be natural to me,' I added. 'Don't you bother,' replied Spurgeon; 'I don't throw my pearls'—and then he stopped. 'All right,' I replied; 'I will go out with you on those terms.' We then went to Boxhill, and he talked in the raciest way and avoided anything serious."

Popular Books.

Some interesting figures of the sales of popular books are given in the London Telegraph. Of Hall Caine's "The Manxman" 50,000 copies have been sold so far in England; of Stanley J. Weyman's "Gentlemen of France, 49-000; of S. R. Crockett's "The Raiders," 30,000; and of "The Stick Minister," 20,000. Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush" has reached 40,000 copies, Edna Lyall's "Do-reen," 39,000; Conan Doyle's "The Refugees," 22,000; "The Heavenly Twins," 47,000; "The Yellow Aster," 28,000; "The Story of an African Farm," 78,000. Twenty thousand copies of Drummond's "Ascent of Man" have been sold. Marie Corelli's "Barabbas" has reached the fifteenth edition and has been translated into French, German, Swedish, Hindustani, and Gujarati. "Dodo" is in its fourteenth edition, "Marcella" in its twelfth and "Tribby" in its seventh three-volume edition. Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" has had a very large sale, but the figures could not be obtained.

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