

DUBLIN

VISITED AND DESCRIBED ONCE MORE.

"A Handsomer Town it is impossible to see on a Summers-Day."

O bay of Dublin! girded about with low, green hills, whose tops are swathed in mist, and whose gentle slopes ooze perpetually. How eagerly I watched for your undiscovered shores to shape themselves out of the great cloud that lay upon the face of the waters!

THE GREEN MANTLE;

and but for the prodigal rains, how would it keep its color? As for Dublin, the not too flattering Thackeray has said of it: "A handsomer town it is impossible to see on a summer's day."

OUT OF THE RAIN.

—chatting gaily with one another. Ah! what rare chatting there must have been in those days when there is so much of its palatable flavor left even to these times! My search was vain: I found only trim walks, under the sharp eyes of a half-score of officials, and a penitentiary order to refrain from smoking on the premises.

I FOUND THE NAME

of the gentleman who had but recently interred his mother-in-law. His comments were brief, but no doubt heartfelt; he wrote: "I am entirely satisfied with everything in this place!"

and a scarlet waistcoat, and stumpy pipe stuck in his hatband. Trinity College is large, stately and colorless, with bare quadrangles and a general air of nakedness that would make it an eyesore were it in Oxford or Cambridge.

HEAD AND FRONT OF OLD TRINITY;

and not a tutor in the land—nay, nor rector either—but may uncover as he passes. In the refectory at Trinity are portraits of distinguished Irishmen, each subject painted in the very attitude in which he distinguished himself—at least so it would appear.

THE FLEETING HOURS.

and the exiles of Erin who go into sunnier lands seeking health, and succeeding only in prolonging their misery! Would you believe it?—St. Patrick's Well, the very well wherein he baptized the first royal convert, is hidden under the pavement of a Protestant cathedral!

AND TANGLED COPSE.

It is as wild as nature, and much wilder than the deer that roam over it, feeding like sheep in flocks of a hundred or two together. You come upon small lakes as you wander, and now and again upon a stream nearly hidden in the dense brush.

through which you enter the pretty little village of the Strawberry Beds. This ravine is literally choked with garrulous beggars. They assail you the moment you alight from your carriage, and, in fact, long before: for their heads are thrust in at the windows—queer old heads, done up in clumsy, weather-stained hoods, with queer old faces buried two inches deep in ruffles.

MERELY ON ACCOUNT.

A long lane, winding under the steep slope of a hill and by the margin of a stream, is the sole thoroughfare of the famous Strawberry Beds. One-story stone cottages, whitewashed without and within, and having the small square windows full of geraniums and nasturtiums, line each side of the road.

BIICYCLE V. TIGER.

BY LAURA E. STARR.

I was always very fond of bicycling, and from the time when I was a small boy and labored for hours with a bone shaker to the days when I became the proud possessor of one of the first bicycles ever made.

A grand new bicycle was my father's parting present, and great was my delight at finding that another young "sub," in my regiment was also a bicyclist.

I could fill a book with the curious incidents and accidents which befell us going "up country." Our regiment was always on the move, and parties of one kind or another were very frequent on our bicycling excursions.

One evening after mess Fred and I signed articles to ride a ten-mile race. There was a grand native road within a short distance of our camp, running away for ten miles as flat as a drawing-board.

After a week of such trainings would make a modern athlete's hair stand on end—meat almost raw, chopped very finely; little drinks of neat brandy, etc.—we considered ourselves fit for the contest; and the adventure I am about to relate occurred the evening before the eventful day.

"Have you heard of the tiger, Harvie?" "No," I answered. "The natives have just brought word that some tiger is marked down in the jungle about ten miles from here; so don't go too far this evening."

I had not seen any large wild beast as yet, and my notion of a tiger was a thin, sleepy-looking animal, such as I had once seen in a travelling menagerie. Away I rode, my comrade's caution forgotten before I had gone a mile.

ing home. In about an hour I reached my usual halting place, ten miles from the camp; but this being the last night of my training I made up my mind to ride another couple of miles, and then do the whole distance back at my best pace.

I rode on, and in another ten minutes found myself in the jungle.

Now for the race home. Dismounting I oiled my machine, tightened up every screw, and then sat down on a boulder to rest and enjoy the prospect.

Above me rose the grand mountains, their snowy tops blushing crimson in the setting sun; here a waterfall, like a thread of gold and silver, flashing down the mountain side and twining in and out among the masses of trees and rocks; there a glimpse of fairyland through a jungle vista.

A post, or "tank," as they are called, surrounded by dense foliage, festooned by parasitical climbing plants, glowing with flowers of every imaginable hue; humming birds, like fiery gems, flashed hither and thither, darting in and out among the trees.

As I rose my eyes encountered something which made me start and nearly drop my bicycle. There, not forty yards off, was a tiger I knew the animal well enough; but how different he looked from the lean, half-starved little beast I had seen at home.

Was I frightened? Not a atom; I had my bicycle and a start of forty yards, so if I could not beat him it was a pity.

He had not seen me yet, and I stood for another minute admiring the handsome creature and then quietly mounted (the tiger was directly on my right while the road stretched away in front of me).

Forty yards, however, I thought was quite near enough for safety. The tiger was in the road behind me now; so I pulled myself together and began to quicken my pace.

Would he stop disgusted after the first hundred yards, and give up the chase, or would he stick to it? I quite hoped he would follow me, and already pictured in my mind the graphic description I would write home of my race with a tiger.

Little did I think what a terrible race it was going to be. I looked behind me. By Jove! he was "sticking to it." I could not judge the distance, but at any rate I was not further from him than when we started.

The tiger was on my track, moving with a long swinging trot, and going quite as quickly as I was.

For the first time I began to feel anxious, and thought uneasily of the ten long miles which separated me from safety.

However, it was no good thinking now; it was my muscle and iron steed against the brute. I could only do my best and trust in Providence.

Now there was no doubt about the tiger's intentions; his blood was up, and on he came, occasionally giving vent to a roar which made the ground tremble.

I dashed my punch to the ground, hoping it would stop him for a few seconds; but he kept steadily on, and I felt it was then grim earnest.

I calculated we must be about seven miles from camp now, and before I could ride another four my pursuer, I knew, must reach me. Oh, the agony of those minutes, which seemed like long hours!

Another mile passed, then another. I could hear him behind me now, pad, pad, pad, quicker and quicker and quicker, louder and louder. I turned in my saddle for a moment, and saw there were not twenty yards separating us!

It was like some awful nightmare, and with a shudder I bent down over the handles and I flew on.

As I now sit quietly in my chair writing, I find it hard to analyze the crowd of memories that went crashing through my brain during that fearful ride. I saw long-forgotten events in which I had taken part rise up distinctly before me; and while every muscle was racked with my terrible exertion, my mind was clear and my life seemed to pass before me like one long panorama.

On, on, on! the slightest slip, I knew would be fatal; a sudden jolt, a screw giving, and I should be hurled to instant death.

Human strength could not stand much more; the prolonged strain had told upon me, and I felt it would soon be over. My breath came in thick sobs, a mist gathered before my eyes—I was stopping; my legs refused to move, and a thousand heads seemed to be flitting about me, holding me back, back! A weight like lead was on my chest; I was choking, I was dying. Then a few moments which seemed a life time, and then—crash—with a roar like thunder the tiger was on me, and I was crushed to the ground. Then I heard shots fired, a babel of men's voices, and all was blank.

After many days of unconsciousness and raging fever, reason gradually returned, and I learned the particulars of my deliverance.

A party of officers had started with a shikaree (or native hunter) to a trap

which had been prepared for the tiger. A goat was tethered on the outskirts of the jungle, and the sportsmen had started to take up positions in the trees near to wait for their game, which the bleat of the goat in the stillness of the night, would speedily have attracted.

They were talking of our coming bicycling race as they went along, and expecting every moment to meet me on my return journey. As they passed a clump of bushes I came in sight about a quarter of a mile in front of them whirling along in a cloud of dust, which had my terrible pursuer. They soon, however, saw my awful danger. The huge brute, mad with rage, hurled itself upon me just as we reached them.

My friends stood almost petrified with terror, and did not dare to fire; but the shikaree, a man of iron nerve, and accustomed to face sudden danger of all kinds in the hunting field, sprang quickly to within a yard of the tiger, and, putting his rifle almost to the animal's ear, fired twice and blew its brains out, just in time to save my life. I was drawn from under the palpitating body of my dead enemy, every one present believing it was all up with me.

Making a litter of boughs they carried me into the camp, where I lay for many weeks lingering between life and death.

ANTIQUITY OF CHILDREN'S GAMES.

"I Spy." Dates Back to the Second Century After Christ.

BUT every now and then in town one sees on summer nights the babies of the poor tucked away on friendly door-steps, while the elder children on the flag-stones dance and sing in magic rings. Such good times as they have, even without the meadows! They play the same games, too, and that is the wonderful part of it. For all over the world, and for hundreds of years, the very same games exactly have been played by little children. That is, in Norway, France, Germany, or New England, in Italy or Ireland, the same games have been played, though in different languages.

With all the rest of its fascinating verses. Now Froissart, who was born in 1337, played that game; and so did Rabelais, who was born about 1483. And the game has hardly been altered at all since their day. Some people say this game has its origin in some religious ceremony that was performed when the fields were planted.

Here is this game. "Marlow, Marlow, Marlow bright, How many miles to Babylon?" "Turoscore and ten?" "Can I get there by candlelight?" "Yes, if your feet are as long and light; But take care of the old witch by the roadside."

The maids of honor in the time of Queen Elizabeth played that game. How strange it seems! But the game was very fashionable among them, though nowadays only little children play it, and sometimes even they think themselves too grown up for it.

But "I spy" (pronounced Hee spy) children played that game in the second century after Christ. It makes one feel a certain importance—does it not?—to play a game with such a line of traditions behind it.

In this most delightful of books Mr. Nowell gives the history of all these games; and you may think this even better, he gives the games themselves, and those fascinating verses children all loved so well in my day. With what despair we used to be filled when some one learnt a new one and would not tell! Here is one that used to bother us at first:

Intery, mintery, cutery corn. Apple seed and apple thorn. Wire brier, humber-lock. Five miles in a flock. Catch him, Jack! Hold him, Tom! Blow the bellows, Old man out.

I wonder if any of you count your apple seeds now? And do you ever play this game?

He knocks at the door and picks up a pin, And asks if Miss is in. She neither is, he neither is out. She is in the garret a-walking about. Down she comes as white as milk. A rose in her bosom as soft as silk. She takes off her glove, and shows me a ring. To-morrow, to-morrow, the wedding begins.

They all seem very absurd set down here in black and white, but how serious we used to get over them! I can remember the voices, and remember the faces, too, so well of the boys and girls who used to sing:

A. B. so they say, Aes-ouring night and day. Sword and pistol by his side, And — to be his bride. Takes her by the lip-white hand, And leads her o'er the water. Here's a kiss, and there's a kiss For Mr. —'s daughter.

A USEFUL HINT

For Country Girls Who Sigh for the Attractions of City Life.

I received a letter the other day in which the writer said: "Amber, I want to come to the city and earn my living. Can you help me to secure something to do?" I felt like posting back the quick answer, "Stay where you are," but upon second thought I didn't. The child is bound to come, and advice is thrown away on moths, sea-gulls and head-strong girls. The light attracts them, and out of the dew, the calm spaces of the sky and the shelter of humble homes, they fly to certain destruction. Heaven may intervene in the case of this girl, but she has about an even chance with the moths and the gulls. She will drift into a third-rate boarding house, perhaps, here in the city, than which if there is anything meaner let us pray! The "masher" and the rat share alike in pre-empting a claim upon everything fresh and appetizing that enters the portal of that door. If she is pretty, her knowledge of the world will have to take a sudden boom to keep her out of the snare of the evil one. If she is homely she will find the doors of opportunity doubly closed against her. If she is smart she may succeed in earning enough to pay her board bill and have sufficient margin left to buy an occasional paper of American pins! Chicago is over-full already. There are five dozen claimants for every place. Did you ever see anyone throw a handful of corn into a poultry yard full of hungry chickens? A flutter, a flash, a cyclone of feathers, one universal gulp—and where is the corn? Is there one chicken out of forty who can contentedly fold its wings and say, "I am satisfied?" There may be one, but how about the other thirty-nine? The kernels don't begin to go round, my dear, and even if they did, what does one kerne' amount to in nourishing a hungry chicken? Stay where you are, girls, if possible. Be content to gain an occasional trout in the home brook, without setting out to cruise for whales in a frozen sea. A big city is a cruel place for young lives. The living that is earned at the expense of innocence, happiness and faith comes dear. I would rather be a hired girl in a town where somebody knows me and takes an interest in me than the "slesady" in a store, or typewriter and stenographer where they don't pay enough salary for my indifferer work to keep me in shoe buttons. Of course, all this applies to girls who are not fitted either by native gifts or education to do first-class work. There is generally a moderately good demand for good work, but there are comparatively few applicants for the top places. And yet, I happen to know a young artist whose brush is a fairy brush, whose dreams are ideal dreams and whose ability is first-class, who has nearly starved to death right here in Chicago in the endeavor to support herself by painting pictures. Her roses lack nothing but perfume and the ability to take root, but they don't sell. God pity us all, to what are we coming if the mills don't shut down! What with open gates of emigration and the terrible ratio of increase in population, the country is doomed to the curse that follows the blight of overproduction. Close the gates, somebody, and shut down the mills.—AMBER in Chicago Herald.

The Difference. The following story appeared in the columns of the Spectator: An Irish peasant brought a litter of kittens to a Protestant vicar in a certain town in county Wicklow, requesting him to purchase them. The vicar declined. "Your reverence, they are good Protestant kittens," urged the man, but his reverence remained obdurate. A few days after, the Catholic priest (who had meanwhile been informed of the offer to his brother clergyman) was approached, and on his refusing to make a purchase, the would-be seller urged a sale: "Sure, father dear, they are good Catholic kittens," "But how is this, my man?" replied the priest: you said a day or two ago they were good Protestant kittens." "And so they were," said the peasant, "but their eyes weren't opened." This recalls to mind the old story of the Irishman who held the position of gardener at a Protestant rectory. The clergyman one day attacked him about the devotion shown by Catholics to the Blessed Virgin: "You know my man," he said, "that she was only a woman and a creature of God just like my mother." "A right well, I know it," replied he, "but may even your reverence would allow, meaning no offence to your honor, that there was a mighty difference in the sons."

Endavour to always be patient of the faults and imperfections of others, for thou hast many faults and imperfections of thine own that require a reciprocation of forbearance. If thou art not able to make thyself that which thou wishest to be, how must thou expect to mould another in conformity to thy will?—Thomas A Kempis.

NO CATHOLIC FAMILY

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