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The Relief Ship.

Within a cabin, where the thatch,
Bright yellow gold, fringed all the eaves;
Where solemn swallows loved to hatch,
Disdaining royal nest of leaves;
Where often in the summer time
The roses peep'd within the door,
And linnet's learned little rhyme
From happy children on the floor;
There knelt a woman pale and gaunt
By bedside of a dying child,
She might have been the slum of want,
From hope and happiness exiled.

"Look up, my lad," the mother said,
"Oh, do not close your eyes again!
Oh, do not ask me, dear, for food!
And then her eyes began to rain."
You know no bite nor sup have we,
The landlord had to have his rent;
The rich, ye know, must have their spree;
Oh, well, some day he may repent.

"Beside, ye know the year was wet
And cold, without a bit of shine.
I know you're weak, avourneen, let
Your hand rest in this breast of mine;
It often lay there in the days
Before yer father went away
To make a home across the sea,
In far-off dear America.

"If he had lived, we would have had
Enough to eat and something more;
For God's been good to them, my lad,
And given them a goodly store,
But sure we have no kith or kin
Beyond the sea to send us aid,
Don't doubt God's goodness! that's a sin;
His plans are often deeply laid.

"You say you'd like to see the sea,
Look down the way, your father went;
Here, lane on me, my child, that way,
You see my own strength's nearly spent.
Oh, here we are upon the rocks,
The sea is swirling in the sun.
What a sight, that my poor eyesight mocks!
A white-winged bird! Was that a gun?

"And what is that against the sky?
A bit of sunset in the air?
No, waving from a mast so high,
A foreign flag with dullest air,
And stars that gleam and bid us smile,
And tells us that within the west
They've heard the wail of this poor isle,
They've come in time? God's way is best!

"Look up, my lad! here's golden grain,
And money, too, to purchase more;
All men are kin in hour of pain.
See where the good ship strikes the shore
See where they come with heart and hand
To help poor Erin in the dust;
God bless the good and generous land!
You see, 'tis said in God to trust."

"And who will say it was not right,
That Ireland's need was not God's plan
To prove within the darkest night
The common brotherhood of man."
—Barclay Campbell.

AILEEN CLARY.

A STORY OF THE IRISH FAMILIE.

Morning in the "codd country." Just
as fair and sweet a morning as ever glad-
dened human eyes. The summer wind
sighed tremulously through the dewy
trees, as if shadowy night wept tears of
pain as she floated away to make room
for a visitant. In the east the horizon
seemed studded with bars of amethyst
and emerald, while film, arrowy streaks
of gold shot up and were lost in the blue
overhead. Then the sun gathered about
him his trailing garments of crimson
and purple and began his upward journey.

"Dance light, for my heart lies under
your feet, love," the blithe song floated
out through the lattice, which the next
moment was pushed open, and the fragrant
air, heavy with night dew that had
lain late for hours sleeping in bloom
and roses, rushed in and fanned with
odoriferous breath the face of Aileen Clary.
Soft tendrils curl'd that clung in
ebon rings around the low satin, smooth
forehead; eyes that sparkled like dewdrops
on a shamrock; cheeks of summer
bloom and lips of summer ripeness
made up a face that would have tempt-
ed an anchorite.

A smile rippled over the face of the
pretty Irish maiden as she caught sight
of a tall, young fellow slowly coming
toward the cottage.

"And sure, Neil," she called in a voice
like brook music, "you are rather an
early bird, are you now, for the sun is
hardly up yet," and going to the door
she gayly welcomed him, all the time
wondering what made him so sober, so
unlike the usually merry Neil O'Neale.

"Aileen, I am going to America," was
Neil's abrupt announcement.

"What!" uttered the maid, gazing up
into her companion's face, as the smile
faded from her own. "Going to Amer-
ica?"

"You surely do not mean to leave us,"
and the radiant light that had made her
face so enchanting a few moments be-
fore faded into ashiness.

"Yes, dear, I must go."

"No, no, Neil, you do not mean so.
Oh, if you go what shall I do! All the
long, long days to sit and cry because I
am so lonely. You will not, Neil, tell
me you will not go?"

She pleaded as one pleads for a life
and her hard, dry sobs strangled in her
throat, but her eyes were tearless and
her breath came in quick, painful gasps.

Neil gathered the trembling little
figure closely to his heart.

"Aileen, I have been thinking ever
since father died that poverty and sor-
row would always be our portion if we
should remain here where the rent
would eat up the little I could raise. If
I should go to America I could soon
earn enough to enable me to come back
after you, and together we would return
to that country where a home awaits
every man that is willing to work. So
dry your tears Aileen and bid me God-
speed, will you not, mavourneen?" he
said, in a low, assuring tone.

"Smiling through tears at his hopeful
words, Aileen soon became almost re-
conciled at the thought of bidding him
good-bye.

"But two years is such a long time,
Neil. I tremble for fear that you will
not come back," said Aileen, in a voice
that sounded as if it came through
waves of tears.

"Aileen, you know that I could not
forget you."

"I know it, Neil. But something
tells me in this parting hour that after
you are gone that dark-faced agent,
Morris Leinster, will trouble me. I re-
fused him, you know, and at the time
he frightened me, he was so very
angry."

Could the girl have perceived the
effect of her words on the listener
crouched behind the lattice, she would
have screamed from very fear.

A blaze of jealous, white heat spread
over the dark face of the spy; his eyes
darkened with a fierce and evil light;
his lips compressed with bitter hatred,
and he ground his teeth together as he
muttered to himself:

"You may well fear Morris Leinster
my fine lady, for the day will come
when you, a peasant farmer's daughter,
will rue that you slighted the head of
the rich agent for the sake of that beard-
less son of poverty."

The agent crouched behind the lattice
until he became aware that the young
couple were coming to the door. Then
he hastily hid himself in a clump of
bushes that grew close by the cottage.
And there he stood, with his livid face,
compressed lips and eyes gleaming like
a basilisk's, while Aileen gave her lover
the promised, cheerful Godspeed, then
silently left the vicinity of the Clary
cottage with a terrible unspoken vow
written on the evil face.

"Break! break! We are starving!"
The cry arose, first low, tremulous,
as from a sea of tears, then deepened
and swelled into a great misere going
up before the throne of the Eternal
Spirit. It crossed the ocean and vi-
brated over the sentient heart-strings
of all those who heard, for it told them
that the "Jewel of the Atlantic" was
holding out imploring hands, and pray-
ing for life—that over the beautiful
island stalked the grim skeleton of
famine, converting it into a vast win-
nery, though the crimson, cooling fluid
was not wine, but blood, from those
who are among the noblest of the sons of
earth.

"Starving!" We who live in a land
of plenty with its immense storehouses,
its great granaries filled to overflowing
with golden grain, hardly know the
meaning of the word, and God grant
that the hunger wolf may never step
over our thresholds—that we may never
be obliged to refuse the demands of hun-
ger till it screeches, withers even the
great passions of life by its incessant
calls for food.

And famine forgot not the Lome of
the Clarys. The rounded form of Aileen
grew thin and wasted; besides a gray
pallor her face had a wan, pinched look;
the lips, always so brilliant and laugh-
ing, became rigid and ashen hued, and
every feature bore the trace of intense
suffering, but not a word escaped her,
for the pain of witnessing the agony of
her parents as they saw their children
wasting to skeletons, as they beheld the
younger children, begging vainly,
mute, with little, claw-like hands for
food that they had no strength to ask
for, numbed even the pangs of hunger.

Then, in those days of wretchedness
and woe, came a new trial to the brave-
hearted girl. She never forgot the thrill
of terror that caused her heart to beat
with great frightened bounds, as she be-
held the dark face of the agent in the
doorway one cold morning. He came
into the cold room, laughed triumph-
antly at the evidences of want about
him, took a cool survey of the face over
which settled a shadow of fear, and
said in a sneering tone:

"So, my dear Aileen, you haven't slip-
ped out of my hands as easy as you
thought for."

Then he taunted the family of their
poverty—goaded her father almost to
frenzy by threatening to turn his starv-
ing family out in the snow to die. At
last he said, tantalizingly:

"Keep your temper, Mr. Clary! I
merely called to tell you of a way by
which your family could be lifted above
want."

"How?" eagerly, imploringly asked
Clary.

"I will provide a way if Miss Aileen
will consent to become my wife," and
his eyes rested glistening on the shud-
dering girl.

He said it in a loud tone and at the
conclusion of the sentence every mem-

ber of the family turned an eager, fam-
ishing look upon Aileen. She could not
bear their intolerable gaze, and with a
sight cry she threw up her hands and
covered her face. But she said, firmly:
"No, no; I cannot be so false."

Not another word was said until the
agent, laughing scornfully, left the cot-
tage. He knew that the faces and forms
about Aileen would be more eloquent in
his behalf than any plea or threat that
he could make.

"Aileen" groaned her father, "is
your heart turning to stone? Have
you no compassion on those who are
dying?"

"Aileen" moaned her mother, "how
could you say so, when you see the
children starving before your eyes?" and
a feeble cry arose from the children that
went to the very heart-core of the suf-
fering true hearted Aileen. She arose,
crossed the door unsteadily and opened
the door. A woman staggered up bear-
ing a babe in her arms.

"Bread!" she gasped, "my child and
I are dying, dying for food."

The despairing look in Aileen's face
told the woman that her prayer could
not be answered. The woman gave a
cry of anguish.

"Oh, girl you cannot let my baby die!
See how pale and thin he is!"

Aileen started back in horror as a lit-
tle dead face was placed close to hers,
and then for the first time she noticed
that the fires of insanity blazed in the
woman's hollow eyes. The poor crea-
ture turned and staggered off, leaving
Aileen to make a resolve that she im-
mediately carried out.

She left the cottage and started in the
direction of the house in which the
agent lived. She walked slowly, for
aside from hunger-woman's a sickening
agony sped through every pulse, and
her very limbs seemed chilled with an-
guish. She reached the house at last
and rapped feebly. A servant admitted
her and led the way into the agent's sit-
ting room. An evil leer disfigured the
face of Morris Leinster, as he said:

"Ah! how do you do, my dear? Will
you please be seated?"

Aileen dropped into a chair without a
word. Her torture was too intense for
words at the first moment.

At last, through lips that quivered
pitifully, came the faintly uttered
words:

"Mr. Leinster I have called to inform
you—that that I have changed my de-
cision. I consent to become your wife
if you will keep my family from starv-
ing."

How utterly dreary and despairing
was the pathos of her voice! But Morris
Leinster did not mind her, but smiling
said:

"Very well, Aileen! I will bring a
priest over to your house this afternoon
to perform the ceremony. Good-bye,
for a very little time, my dear little wife
to be."

He put his arm around the shrinking
girl and drew her toward him. Aileen
saw the horrible light in his eyes as he
bent his head toward her, and with a
scream she dashed his arm away and
left the house. Leinster stood before
the window and watched Aileen till her
flagging steps told him that her mo-
mentary strength had departed, and
then he turned away, rubbing his hands
and chuckling to himself.

"It is of as much use to beat against
the bars of fate as it is to thwart one of
my plans. Ah! my dainty Aileen, your
discipline has just begun."

Aileen walked on, unheeding whither
she went. She only longed to get away
from even the sight of the house in
which she had spent fifteen wretched
moments. On, on, until her strength
utterly failed, and it seemed as if she
never could reach her home. But at last
she reached it and told her family
what she had done. Their fervent
thanks fell on ears that heard nothing.

"Oh, Neil! Neil!" was Aileen's smother-
ed cry. "What can I do? I hate
Morris Leinster, I loathe even the very
sight of him, and how can I endure to
become his wife?" But a knowledge
that an external breakdown would be
agonizing to the whole family prevented
her from giving expression to the in-
ward anguish that was torturing her
with inquisitorial pain.

Quickly, oh, so quickly, the hours
sped away. She counted every moment
as a miser counts his gold. But she
knew that Morris Leinster would keep
his word, and she was not unpre-
pared when the agent and a strange priest
entered the cottage. Her father greeted
them and then turned toward Aileen.
Mechanically she arose and placed an ice
cold hand on the agent's.

Slowly the ceremony began. Why
did Aileen neglect to answer the ques-
tion of the priest? She bent toward
the door in a listening attitude, then
smothering away her hand, she disap-
peared through the door, hastily pulled
open. Nothing was said, for astonish-
ment sealed their lips. They were not
less amazed to see a bronzed and
bearded man enter the still open door,
carrying in his arms a senseless burden.
Neil O'Neale's quick wit gave a solu-
tion to the scene that met his eyes. He
pointed to the door and his eyes gleamed
like blue steel, as he said in a stern,
imperative tone, "Go, and bear in mind

that if you cross the pathway of Aileen
Clary again you take your life in your
hands." Filled, the cowering agent
slunk away. The priest, at a motion
of Neil's, remained. Soon Aileen had
so far recovered, as to be able to place
the no longer reluctant hand in Neil's,
and say the words that bound her to
him forever.

If blessings could make a man happy,
surely Neil O'Neale must have been the
happiest man in Ireland, as he distrib-
uted with generous hand, among the
starving people of the little village, the
bountiful supply that his forethought
had provided.

Before the Clary family separated
that night Neil told them why he had
come back before the two years had ex-
pired.

"I arrived all right in America and
found everyone talking about some
wonderful mines that had lately been
discovered, and I joined a party that
was going to the Black Hills. Well, to
make a long story short, luck followed
me and I had a snug sum when I started
for New York. There I heard that Ire-
land was in sorrow and I sailed as soon
as possible for the old country."

Soon Neil and the Clary family emi-
grated for America, but the last words
they heard, as they left the shores of
Ireland, was the wail that still crosses
the ocean, "Bread! Bread! We are
starving!"—Bangor Commercial.

A Human Trait.

Burdette, the Burlington Hawkeye
humorist, while on a recent lecturing
tour, spent an idle hour in the woods
at Bloomville, Ohio. There were only
three idle creatures in the woods, he
says. I was the biggest, the oldest and
the feeblest of the three. A club of a
boy, about six or seven years old, was
the next, and a black and tan dog, that
had tamed a squirrel, was the next. I
was so pleased with the boy's idle com-
panionship that I paid him a quarter
for it, and advised him to stick to it,
and never work until he had to, and
then, feeling the same community of
sentiment for the dog, I went and helped
him bark at the squirrel.

The tree was about two hundred feet
high. The dog would probably stand
about thirteen inches from the floor. He
tried to climb that tree. He barked as
though his throat was all the rams'
horns of Jericho. He was after that
squirrel which was just as far out of his
reach as the clouds. And the squirrel
wasn't paying any attention to the dog,
and, indeed didn't know what he was
barking at. I am not positive that it
had not gone off into another tree an
hour ago, and was away off in another
part of the woods, down near the coun-
try line. So I patted the dog's head as I
came away, and said to him:

"Carlo, keep it up. It seems to do
you a heap of good, and it doesn't bother
the squirrel a particle. So keep it up.
You can never climb the tree; you will
never catch the squirrel; when he wants
to come down he will come down some
other way, and you will not see him
he will live just as long and be just as
happy with your noise as without it.
It occupies your mind and it doesn't dis-
tract him. And it shows a very human
trait in you, Carlo. I have known men
just like you; men who spent their lives
doing just what you are doing—barking
at the people who were out of their
reach. Keep it up, Carlo, good dog."

Jumping One Hundred Feet.

Thomas Boyd, a young man about
twenty-eight years of age, has accom-
plished the feat of jumping from the
bridge which spans the Ohio at Louis-
ville, Ky., into the falls below, a dis-
tance of about one hundred feet. About
three Sundays previous he jumped off
in presence of a few friends, and when
he claimed to have performed the feat
the public were loth to believe him; so
about two weeks afterward he an-
nounced his intention of making the
leap, and was on hand at the appointed
time, as was a large crowd, but the
bridge authorities objected, and the
police interfered. He then determined
to jump off in privacy and let only the
reporters and a few personal friends
know the time. At 3:30 o'clock he and
a favored few, about fifteen in all, pro-
ceeded to the bridge. A skiff was in
waiting a short distance below the
bridge, and at four o'clock, everything
being in readiness, Boyd, dressed only
in trousers and shirt, stepped up the
railing and leaped into the rapids be-
low. He turned one somersault and
had hardly turned the second when he
struck feet first, and after being under a
few seconds appeared on the surface.
The boatmen caught him and he was
brought to shore. The fall did not
hurt him in the least. There was nine
feet and eight inches of water where he
jumped. Although young in years, he
is an old river, and has jumped off a
number of bridges in the United States,
among which are the Guyandotte, near
Huntington, Ohio, and a bridge at De-
catur, Ala. His last leap he considers
the highest and most brilliant of all.
He was born in Belfast, Ireland, and
has passed most of his years on the
ocean.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Victor Hugo, the greatest of living
French authors, is reported to be in-
veterately fond of coffee, taking it not
only after each meal but at intervals
during the day. He works only during
the morning, never after the midday
meal. He writes on large-sized Holland
paper, made expressly for him, and
works standing before a high desk.
When he gets tired he paces up and
down his study, swallowing now and
then a little coffee or sugared water, but
never by any chance sitting down. His
evening's work is nearly always devoted to
guests, whom he takes great pains to
entertain.

William Smoak is a veritable patri-
arch. He lives in Charleston county,
S. C., and has just entered his ninety-
seventh year. The old man and his
wife, who died a year ago, raised thir-
teen children, ten now living. They
had first six sons, then two daughters,
then three sons, and the last two daugh-
ters. The eldest is seventy-five years
of age, the youngest fifty. The Charle-
ston News publishes a tabular statement
of descendants of the thirteen children,
which shows that the old man has ten
living children, 104 grandchildren, 391
great-grandchildren, making in all 575
living descendants and 116 dead. The
most remarkable feature of this family
is the fact that both the old people lived
to see their youngest and thirteenth
child a grandmother.

A few months ago several peasants
were tried at Novgorod, Russia, for
burning alive a woman, upon the pre-
text that she had bewitched their cattle
and cast spells upon their children.
These ruffians were acquitted on the
ground that they had acted conscien-
tiously and in accordance with the
Scriptural ordinance: "Thou shalt
not suffer a witch to live!" The tri-
bunal of Ustush, in Russia, has recently,
however, taken a somewhat more en-
lightened view of a witchcraft case
brought before it. One Ivan Alexieff
and six women of his village prosecuted
a peasant's wife named Charlamoff for
having, as they alleged upon oath,
injured their health by the practice of
sorcery. To their surprise and discom-
ture the court acquitted Charlamoff
and denounced