

WM. McKINLEY WAS A REBEL

Kinsman of Late President Executed for Conspiracy.

Curiously, the Captain of His Majesty's Loyal Forces Who Arrested the Rebel, Was Named Hanna.

Few know that William McKinley, a brother of one of the late president's ancestors, was shot as a "rebel" at Coleraine in Ireland, in 1798, writes John De Morgan in the New York Post. The McKineys of Derovock, county Antrim, were a substantial family, having resided there for many generations. The present large and well-built farmhouse in Derovock, with walls solid as a fortress, and chimneys built so substantially that neither wind nor rain has troubled them, was erected about 1768, though the only basis for fixing upon that date is the stone set that still serves the visitors to rest upon by the front door, on which are carved the initials, "W. McK., 1768."

THE FOUR-SQUARE HOUSE AT DEROVOCK.

The house is built of stone, square and spacious. Until recently, the walls were of thatched layers of matted straw measuring full three feet through, but the march of modern improvement caused the owner to remove the thatch and substitute slate. The old people round about love to recall legends of the McKineys in the good old days when Shamus Oge, or James the Younger, settled upon the lands at Derovock in the reign of Charles II. Many a story clusters round the name, and songs have been sung about the loyalty of the McKineys to the Stuarts.

They were sturdy men, every one. In 1688 Shamus Oge received a contract to build a road along the shores of Lough Neagh, and no better road was ever made. His surface is as hard today as when Shamus McKinley fashioned it. A David McKinley was appointed collector of the "hearth-tax" in Antrim in 1709. From that tax collector to the present time the names of David and William are to be found in the McKinley family.

David had four sons—James, John, Peter and William. The eldest son, James, left his native land and sought prosperity in America, and from him descended the late president. The youngest son, William, inherited the Derovock estate from his junior branch of the family, some saying that it was because he also received the baptismal name of William. The house was then only 20 years old, and looked upon as new. It stood on the site previously occupied by a crumbling structure, and covered a larger space of ground.

THE FEVER OF REVOLUTION. William, youngest son of the tax collector and a close friend of Joy McCracken, leader of the Ulster "United Irishmen," and an ardent admirer of Wolfe Tone, the Emmets, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Shearsons, and the Orss. In the farmhouse at Derovock many a meeting of the patriots was held, and none was more ready and willing to help the cause than McKinley.

The people had seen the spectacle of the American colonies declaring their independence, and were animated by like spirit. France had promised to assist, not through love for Ireland, but hatred of England. On every hillside, in the homes, wherever the people could gather, there was a discussion of the rights of man, and the song went up:

They come, they come; see myriads come
Of Frenchmen to relieve us—
Seize, seize the pike, beat, beat the drum.

Then come, my friends, to save us;
Whilst trembling despots fly the land
To shun impending danger.

We stretch forth our fraternal hand,
To hail each welcome stranger.

The United Irishmen began to gather together what weapons they could, and a quantity of arms and ammunition lay concealed in Derovock House. One day a troop of soldiers came upon it by accident, and the stores were taken and the guardians arrested. William McKinley was not at home, but search was at once made for him, and a party of soldiers, commanded by a Capt. Hanna, found and arrested him, marching the young farmer to Coleraine.

SHORT SHIRTS FOR WILLIAM McKINLEY.

A short shirt was given to those

GOOD LIVING

Quite often results in bad health, because what is termed "good living" is usually the gratification of the palate without reference to nutrition of the body.

When the good liver is a business man and rises from a full meal to plunge at once into work requiring mental effort, the result is almost sure to be disastrous, because digestion draws upon the same nervous forces which are employed in thought.

In time the stomach becomes diseased, the processes of digestion are imperfectly performed and there is a physical breakdown.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It eliminates the effete poisonous matter which originates in the system as a consequence of imperfect digestion. It gives sound health to the whole body.

"I wish to say to the world that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has proved a great blessing to me," writes Mrs. Ellen R. Bacon, of Shutesbury, Franklin Co., Mass. "Prior to September, 1897, I had doctor for my stomach trouble for several years, going through a course of treatment without any real benefit."

September, 1898, I had very sick spells and grew worse; could eat but little. In December, 1899, I took Dr. Pierce's medicine, and in a short time I could eat and work. I have gained twenty pounds in two months."

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days; men were tried at drum-head court-martial and speedily executed; or else the criminal court was convened, and the trial, sentence and execution usually occupied but a portion of the day. William McKinley was hurried to the market-place in Coleraine, and a drum-head court-martial speedily summoned. In an hour, on the testimony of Capt. Hanna and three others were sentenced to death. The prisoners were taken across the market-place to an open field and at once shot. The body of McKinley was carried back to Derovock, where it was buried in the churchyard.

One hundred years after William McKinley, of Derovock, was shot for trying to establish a republic in Ireland, a descendant of his family, also named McKinley, was the actual president of the United States.

The connection of the name of Hanna with that of William McKinley in 1798 is a rather striking incident, when it is remembered that the closest friendship existed between another Hanna and the late president.

The Two Leaders.

When Luck and Pluck, one summer day, Went faring forth together,

Pluck wore a suit of homespun gray, Luck had a cap and feather;

A handsome, dashing fellow he, And full of careless pleasure.

"Come, follow me; I hold the key," He cried, "of boundless treasure."

He looked so gay, and bold, and strong, That listening ears were plenty;

His train of followers grew long, A dozen—fifteen—twenty—

A hundred—still they came, while Pluck Tramped on, with few behind him;

"Poor plodding fools!" cried laughing Luck, "A stupid guide you'll find him!"

Luck led his careless troop ahead With boasting and with revel,

The sun shone radiant overhead, The road was smooth and level;

But as the day wore on, behold! Athwart the way, a river,

Without a bridge, flowed deep and cold, A sight to make one shiver.

"Well, well," cried Luck, "we'll sit and wait,

It may run dry tomorrow, Or we'll see coming, soon or late,

Some boat that we can borrow!" So down they sat—and there they stayed

To wait and hope at leisure, While Luck assured them, undismayed,

They still would reach the treasure.

But Pluck, with those who tramped behind, His sturdy figure, waited

No moment on the bank, to find Whether the stream abated;

They plunged, they swam, they fought their way, The shore in safety gaining.

And theirs the treasure is today, While Luck looks on, complaining!

—Frisella Leonard.

OUR MOTTO:

"Accuracy, Care and Attention."

Our continued success in business is the best proof that we enjoy the unbounded confidence of the public. We dispense drugs with the greatest possible accuracy, care and attention!

Our stock of toilet preparations is always up to date, and our perfumes the finest and cheapest.

ALL RANKS AND CONDITIONS of our people are now using Paine's Celery Compound, the great health restorer. No other medicine in the world has such a record of cures to its credit.

It makes new, fresh blood, corrects digestion, gives energy to body, nerves and brain. If you feel unwell, give Paine's Celery Compound a trial.

J. CALLARD, Druggist, London, Ont. 96th-ty

About Glass Eyes.

[New York Sun.]

"One of the strangest things I have noticed since I've been in this business," said an optician, is that very few women can tell what kind of noses their husbands wear. That woman that you met as you were coming in, for instance. She has brought in her husband's glasses to be fixed so they would stay on. I asked her if his nose was small or large, betting myself a cigar she couldn't tell. She said she hadn't noticed, but would do so when he came home.

"And men are no better. They can't tell offhand whether their wives have classic Cyranos or the kind that tilt upward. I often ask just to say if they can tell, but it's a question that teases every one."

"It's the same about ears. Ears play an important role in the fitting of spectacles, as it's necessary to shape the bows according to the way the ears grow. Sometimes one ear is an inch and a half higher than the other, though no one would ever suspect it, unless they saw both ears at once. You seldom see both ears at once, that's why. Few can tell everything about the ears of their nearest relatives and friends."

As he talked the optician began to do something to a glass eye he held in his hand. Starting up from the show-case were hundreds of eyes of every tint and size.

"Are there many of these worn?" asked the reporter, indicating the counterfeits.

"Within two years I have sold 300. We have about 200 steady customers."

"Steady customers?"

"Yes. An eye wears out in two years; gets dull, you know; or perhaps it breaks."

"The price of one? About \$5, unless made to order, then it is \$15 or \$20. A few years ago they were all \$15 or \$20, but now a great many customers think \$6 an outrageous price to pay for an eye. It's a difficult thing to make them fit and match. There is a great difference in the expression of glass eyes. There are also rights and lefts."

When a person has the stump of the eye left the glass eye put on over it may be moved around quite naturally."

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.

"Emily," said the absent-minded professor, "what shall we have for our Christmas dinner this year?"

"Oh, you goose!" replied his wife. "You needn't worry about that."

"All right, my dear," he said, only partially understanding her. "We will have a goose this time, then."

ONE FOR GEORGE.

She (enthusiastically)—Oh, George, don't you think the greatest joy in life is the pursuit of the good, the true and the beautiful?

He—Sure thing! That's why I'm here tonight.

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MODERN FABLE BY GEORGE ADE.

A Story of the Transference of the Family Scepter.

Concerning Hiram and His Giddy Wife Who Thought Treasury Notes Grew on the Trees.

[Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.]

Once there was a staid Business Man who was hooked up with a hoop-la-hoop-la. It was often remarked that Hiram's Wife seemed to take it for granted that Treasury Notes grew on Trees. She wore those long, loose, shaped Rings that blind the Spectator on every Day in the Week and a Diamond Tarara that made the other Women sizzle with Envy. She was a trailing Worth Gown that kept coming into the Room long after she had entered.

Now and then she would give a Party at which \$80 worth of Spinach would be hung on the Chandeliers. The highest priced Caterer in Town would deal out the sparkling Conversation Water as if Brut and Buttermilk cost about the same.

She was, in very Sooth, among the highest of the Rollers, but Hiram stood for Fear that she might come into the House and throw a Whimper. He was proud to be the Husband of the Lady Ki-Bosh of the Local Knickerbockers.

He never pranced into the Ring himself for he might interfere or throw a Shoe, but he sat back in Section A and rooted for the Missus. Every time she was awarded a Blue Ribbon for another Social Triumph he was pleased to compare.

Hiram was a Child of Nature, and he never had been able to outgrow his Birthright. Even when he was attired in his \$138 Evening Clothes, and could tell by looking at him that he knew how to milk a Cow. He had more Hands and Feet than he could dispose of at one Time.

Hiram could not comb his Hair so it would stay, and, although he had been in the City for thirty years, he never contrived to get the Hang of a tie-it-yourself Bow Tie, so he used the kind that fastened behind with a little Buckle. It was even said that Hiram was unable to put the Studs in his Shirt without getting Finger Marks on the Bosom.

Hiram's Wife or Daughter, Jessie, always had to go to his Room and look him and turn him around a couple of times before she dared to lead him out where the Company could see him.

When there was a talk between the Hiram and Jessie, as to avoid spoiling the Picture and at the same time keep the Draft away from the other People, at a Dinner Party was usually put in between two gabby Girls who had tacit Instructions to keep him elbowed into the Background.

And yet, withal, Hiram was a Man of Sterling Worth and many a Quality. He was the Family Gibraltar, while his Wife and Jessie were supposed to be mere Floral Ornaments. Best of all, Hiram was known to be a Star at getting the Coin.