

Wichita Daily Eagle

HOW IRISH POOR EAT POTATOES.

A Pathetic Christmas Incident in Which a Red Herring Was a Luxury.

The effort in this city to raise a fund for the relief of the Irish peasantry on account of the failure of the potato crop suggests a few facts which came under the notice of the writer while in the stricken district. Potatoes are absolutely the only reliance of the people.

As a rule the peasants eat only two meals a day, one about 9 o'clock in the morning and the other at 6 o'clock at night. From one-half to a bushel of potatoes are boiled. When done the potatoes are strained through what is called a "slib," which is made of small willows, and resembles somewhat the top of a champagne basket.

If the family is comparatively well off a bowl containing two inches in depth of milk is used by the children to dip the fragments of potato into to make the vegetable more palatable. When the meal is finished the potatoes are all gone. The skins, to which cling a large part of the vegetable, for the Irish children are not at all economical, are then gathered up and fed to the cow.

In the mountains of Ballycolman, a few miles from Youghal, one Christmas a poor family were gathered around a table in the center of which was a cooked herring upon a plate. Warm water had been poured upon the fish and allowed to stand until it had been tinged by the juices of the fish. Into this "dip," as it is called, the children put their potatoes, in order to heighten the flavor with at least a suggestion of fish.

The herring had already been used at two meals and there was nothing left of it. When he thought his mother was not looking he reached over and stole the head of the fish, hiding it under the table. His mother caught the guilty movement, and in a tone which was at once pathetic and reproachful she said:

"Jamey, me lad, would you take the best part of the fish from your father?"—Ernest Jarrold in New York Journal.

A Model Farm.

With Judge Hopkins the correspondent took a drive over Greenwood, the old Tom Jones homestead at Thomsville, Ga., now owned by S. R. Van Duzer, of Newburg-on-the-Hudson. The present wealthy owner of this princely estate has a taste for the antique, so he has restored the fine old mansion and some of the spacious out-houses, keeping them as their builder made them. The splendid flower garden, with rare specimens of flowers and trees, has been put in perfect trim.

Among the plants and trees is a camelia tree which produces annually a wagon load of blossoms, a Lady Bankshire rose vine, which has climbed to the top of an old cedar thirty feet high, and literally covers it in season with many thousands of the little white flowers. Mr. Van Duzer, who is also a great lover of flowers, and owns a \$75,000 conservatory at his summer home, says he would not for one moment entertain the thought of taking \$1,000 for this rose bush alone. When in full bloom it presents a rare and beautiful sight.

Without mentioning Mr. Van Duzer owns this vast estate, with a fine old brick house, now in perfect order, he prefers to live, when south, in a palatial modern structure built as near to the centre of Thomsville as he could get it.—Cor. Savannah News.

About the Books You Read.

Book likings follow life; they seldom lead it. Your choice of books is an index to your character, and if you change your index without changing your character you will gain only a lying index. Become modest, simple, thoughtful, and you will demand those qualities in your books. Develop an affectionate interest in your life and you will read the authors who have lived and you will come to like Shakespeare and history. Use your eyes, and you will require science.

So that one must live one's way into a love for good literature, and it must come gradually. Yet ever as it comes by a subtle reaction in the soul. Mr. Van Duzer, the helpful books stimulate the life, enlarge it, concentrate it, make it sincere and thorough and enjoyable. Book reviewers used to say that such a book was one "which every gentleman should have in his library." A book which every one should read. And there is a good time coming when the formula of highest praise will run, "It's a book which every one should like."—New York Ledger.

SOME CURIOUS BIRDS.

In New Guinea and certain outlying islands there are small "bat" birds, which sleep hanging by the feet, head downward. The flamingo in feeding, on account of the peculiar shape of its bill, is obliged to turn its head upside down in order to take in a fish.

Among the funniest birds known are the "umbrella bird," which has a crest like an umbrella, and the "whistling warbler," which has a voice like the tolling of a bell.

The wild African "honey bird" can always tell when the natives start to hunt for honey. It will fly in advance and lead them to a hive, and is invariably given a portion of the find.

Australia and New Guinea "mound fowls" construct for the reception of their eggs heaps of decayed leaves and other matter. The heat of the stuff hatches the eggs, and the young can fly as soon as they leave the shell.

There are birds in New Guinea called "hovers" which build play houses and decorate them outside by actually planting in the soil young shoots of growing things and seeds, which, springing up, are beautiful to see.

Most cranes and some grouse dance for amusement. They have regular gatherings for the purpose in open places, where they devote hours at a time to skipping about, chasing one another in circles and other picturesque figures.

The "crocodile bird" feeds on the ticks and leeches that infest the mouths of the crocodiles of the Nile. The great red heron lies on a bank with their mouths wide open and permit the bird to run about between their jaws and peck at its lists.

AT THE FIRESIDE.

Pile on the logs! The bright flames start, and up the roaring chimney rises the smoke. How grateful should we be, sweetheart, for just this little fireplace!

I said today that I was poor, and poor in some things I may be; but here a shelter—who needs more?—And two bright eyes to shine for me.

No sculptured busts, no paintings rare, Crowd the plain mantel and the shelf; Just make the only picture here, And that picture is—yourself.

No record old of ancient lore Straps wisdom to the place impart; In love's consent we ask no more Than just to read each other's hearts.

We have no idle dreams of fame, And all our worldly aims are few; What care for a laurel name we have, When I've the sweetest name in you!

Lean, golden head, upon my breast In wealth of wondrous beauty which Hath crowned my life and made me blest; And kiss me, dear, and make me kiss thee.—Exchange.

MARGUERITE BRAIDS.

The bright morning sunlight shot quivering little shafts of light through the tangled vines that slided the wide, cool piazza that ran along the side of Judge Bradford's luxurious country house, and cast fantastic shadows over the young girl seated in a low rocker busily engaged in sewing on a peasant's costume for a fancy dress ball.

A wonderfully pretty picture did this industrious little seamstress make as she sat in her lovely bower this perfect June day. Her complexion was the clear pinkish white, softly tinted, so often seen in New England's daughters, her features were delicate and regular, with a mouth of sensitive sweetness, as expressive of every emotion as her large violet blue eyes, that shined from deepest azure almost to purple, but her greatest beauty, her crowning glory, was her hair. It was not merely blonde hair, flaxen or yellow, but it was a pure golden tint that shone in each glittering thread like burnished gold. It waved in thick silken masses of from her broad, and her shapely little head in two great satin smooth braids that fell to her very knees.

Her figure as it bent over the swing was tall, slender and graceful in every curve and line, and she was as unconscious of her own beauty as the wind that sweeps over the meadow, so that there was any merit in the laborious, self denying life she led.

Beth Thornton's father had been a retired naval officer, whose half pay had barely sufficed to support himself and his wife and child without having any surplus for the inevitable "rainy day." The year before our story opens he had died, and with him his slender income, leaving his wife and daughter penniless, save for the tiny cottage in which they lived.

About this time Mrs. Thornton's sight began to fail her, and the awful prospect of losing it entirely without she submitted to a delicate and costly operation.

This double calamity was a hard blow to poor little Beth, then scarcely 15. Worst of all was the knowledge that the terrible misfortune which threatened her mother might also befall her, and she possessed the money to pay for the services of a skilled oculist, a sum that appeared almost hopeless for her to raise by her own exertions.

But Beth was a sensible little girl, who knew that tears and repinings would not remedy matters or keep the wolf from the door. She bravely set herself to work. All of her own girlish hopes and aspirations were resolutely put to one side, and not being able to find more congenial employment in the sleepy Berkshire village where she lived she began her battle of existence as a seamstress.

It was something of a trial and a humiliation to her proud spirit to work as a servant in families where she had formerly visited as an honored guest, but like the noble, truehearted girl that she was, Beth went about her duties cheerfully and uncomplainingly, and tried bravely to stifle all rebellious thoughts and regrets.

Usually she was very successful in her efforts to keep down the unhappy memories, but this glorious June morning as she sat diligently sewing on Edith Bradford's Marguerite costume for the grand masquerade ball at the Casino she had dashed the pearls down—wandered across the valley where the gray stone turrets and gables of Buchcroft, Philip Courtenay's magnificent home, rose in stately grandeur above the lofty tree tops.

Edith Bradford received an invitation to Mrs. Courtenay's masquerade ball, which was to be given in honor of her son's return from Europe, where he had been for the past few years completing his education by study and travel. It was not often that she cared about going to the neighborhood parties to which she had been invited, even had it been possible for her to have done so, but this one she did long to attend most earnestly.

Could it be on account of handsome Philip Courtenay? Beth asked herself in sudden terror. And the thought made her eyes—there was somehow he had made them do more than once during those past few weeks since his return—and he Edith Bradford's lover!

Just at that moment Miss Bradford herself came up the piazza steps, looking so fair and elegant in her pearl gray tailor made riding suit and her jaunty English toque, with the blue plume curling over her golden hair, which was the exact shade of Beth's long plaits.

"Isn't it too provoking!" she cried, a little frown of impatient displeasure in her pretty face, as she sat down in a willow rocker beside Beth. "Even Gaillard cannot match my hair for those Marguerite braids! What on earth shall I do about it? Give up my character or stay at home?"

Beth was instantly relieved of the sharp little touch of the recollection of Philip Courtenay had given her by the sound of Edith's voice.

laughed. "You have seen yourself what a devoted friend he is, Beth. He is splendid, isn't he? And rich! Well, papa's fortune is an insignificant one beside Philip Courtenay's. Yes, his wife will be a blessed woman."

"Such a sick, faint pain was tugging at the girl's heart, yet she was so brave, so game, that little country girl, all untutored in the ways of the world.

"But about my hair," said Edith irrelevantly. "Unless I can make it so as to wear it in two long plaits down my back like Marguerite—you know I have no little hair of my own—I shall certainly not go to Buchcroft, and then—"

Beth looked up inquiringly. "Then what?"

"Mr. Courtenay will be so disappointed, because, you see, he is a great admirer of a beautiful head of hair. He was the one who first suggested the idea to me of going in the character of Marguerite. It was the other afternoon when he was calling here, and as you left the room he spoke about your magnificent plaits and said you were an ideal Marguerite. Then he asked me why I didn't wear my hair like yours. Of course men know nothing about the fashion, but I promised him I would go to the ball with my hair in braids, and also prevent you to accompany me at his urgent request. Aren't you a little flattered?"

A sudden agitation sprang to Beth's face—swift, vivid flash she could not restrain—and then came a quick, new lightness to her sweet blue eyes.

Philip had requested she should go! How sweet it was! How her girlish heart thrilled with the new thought! Then she smiled and shook her head in such a matter of fact way that Edith never could have guessed, in a thousand chances, the storm of emotion that had rolled over her.

"Mr. Courtenay is very kind and thoughtful; but you know I have no intention whatever of going. I would like to go, but—"

"Yes, I understand—the 'old, old story,' that Miss McFleming can sing so well. That should not stand in your way, Beth; because, if my memory serves me right, you have a pale green crepe that you got before your father died. It would do admirably for Edith, and with your magnificent golden hair floating loose over your shoulders, you would look the character of the life."

A little ecstatic delight showed on Beth's face as she cried, eagerly: "I do believe I can wear it, and I am afraid I do want to go."

And just that very minute, for the first time, it occurred to Miss Bradford that perhaps the attraction for Ruth Thornton was—Philip Courtenay!

A look of jealous anger darkened on her handsome face; for this courtesan, such an admirer of female beauty and luxuriant tresses, in particular, ever came to fall in love with Beth Thornton after she had given her such a prison crop.—C. F. B. in Buffalo Evening News.

Love Making on the Rail. The car was filled with excursionists returning from the exposition. Every seat contained a pair of Buckeye lovers. The last bed pair in Ohio some time ago, but the art of hugging has survived. It was not long before the car was filled with the softest of sighs, and the air was thick with the perfume of love. A young man and a young woman were one of the many who sat alone in the half seat by the unlighted stove. He looked down at the young man and noticed that apparently all the young men were one armed, at least, but one arm of each was very low, however, and that may account for the phenomenon.

Lovers like twilight. If Adam and Eve did not sing "In the Gloaming," it was because they knew a fresher song. And it was twilight in that car, for all three double lamps were turned down very low, and before the train was out of the Allegheny yards, the flame in one of them had sputtered, fired a moment and expired. Of course, every girl in the car was alarmed when the gloom deepened. Every girl got a little closer to her partner, and a few show signs of collapse—the flame leaping up frantically, as if afraid to die—about a dozen pianissimo screams came from as many feminine throats.

The conductor opened the door a few minutes later and the dimly finished lamp glimmered. This left one lamp alight at the rear end of the car. How anxiously it was observed! Would it go out? It looked consumptive, but there was no draught to expedite its decease. At last the train whistled for the first stop, and the light was restored. The conductor, by the stove to alight. He had been a bachelor once, and he remembered it as he laid his hand on the door knob. The train had not stopped, but he opened the door and immediately a gust of wind rushed in, and a few minutes later he was a widower. He had been a bachelor once, and he remembered it as he laid his hand on the door knob. The train had not stopped, but he opened the door and immediately a gust of wind rushed in, and a few minutes later he was a widower. He had been a bachelor once, and he remembered it as he laid his hand on the door knob.

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The Italian using it can easily conceal the gun in his coat or trousers, effectually hiding it. When it is ready for use he opens it and he has a single barreled weapon, which will shoot further and better than a revolver. This is loaded to the muzzle with rough shells, which scatter in firing, and which tear the victim badly. Nearly all of the men killed by the Stogappers have been killed by this weapon, from six to ten fatal wounds.—Philadelphia Press.

away from her all thought of Philip Courtenay's bold, handsome eyes. While that gentleman, securely disguised in his magnificent costume of "Sir Laurence," was making his way toward a tall, graceful Marguerite whose long, glittering plaits he was sure never grew on any other head than that of sweet, gentle Beth Thornton, what was his surprise as he drew nearer to hear a fragment of conversation looking sovrete in red slippers and gay ribbons.

"Aren't the braids magnificent?" came from Marguerite, but in a voice which he instantly recognized as Edith Bradford's. "And you'd never guess where in the world I cut them from the head of Beth Thornton, the village seamstress, who has been making my costume. I was determined to appear tonight as Marguerite, and as I haven't enough hair of my own to make decent looking braids, I tried to match it in Boston, but failed—some of the hair dressers and sent you were an ideal Marguerite. Then he asked me why I didn't wear my hair like yours. Of course men know nothing about the fashion, but I promised him I would go to the ball with my hair in braids, and also prevent you to accompany me at his urgent request. Aren't you a little flattered?"

The little red slipped girl was in ecstasies. "They are superb, Edith! Mr. Courtenay's heart will be tangled in their silken meshes, for of course he will never imagine but what they are all your own. Honor bright—tell me, aren't you two engaged or is it all?"

That was all Mr. Courtenay heard—all he wanted to hear, for this story of Beth Thornton's noble sacrifice had opened his eyes to the fact that she was the dearest girl in all the world for him. Therefore, while Edith Bradford was flaunting her Marguerite braids proudly, and watching with painful anxiety the coming of her knight, that gentleman was sitting in the parlor of Mrs. Thornton's modest cottage, with feathered cap on his head and his eyes on the girl who had given her such a prison crop.—C. F. B. in Buffalo Evening News.

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She Did and She Didn't. Mabel—I don't agree with you at all. Alfred—On the contrary, my dear, you agree with me better than anything else in the world.—Boston Courier.

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DENVER

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