

A MEMORY.

The night walked down the sky
With the moon in her hand
By the light of that yellow lantern
I saw you stand.

FARRAGH FLYNN
AND THE
REVENGEFUL LEPRECHAWN

MOLSH MOONEY was so intimate with the good people that she could turn herself into a hare any minute. She often said that Farragh Flynn would never come to a good end because ever and always he was making fun of the fairies. When Farragh heard it he burst out laughing and said: "The next time Molsh turns herself into a hare I'll get me gun."

"It's little I care for myself or his gun, then," sneered Molsh, when the story was brought to her. She knew well that when she was under the enchantment the only thing that could hurt her at all was a golden bullet, and sure gold was so scarce in Rath-Na-Gar to go shooting hares or rabbits with it.

Farragh Flynn lived alone, all by himself, on a farm of his own, and as there was a big whitethorn tree and a fairies' rath in the corner of his garden, every one in the village knew it wasn't right for him to be making game of the fairies.

Ab, he was the stubborn man entirely, and him a young man at that. He wouldn't believe that Dominick Dolan saw the ghost that disappeared in a flash of fire at cock-crow, and he even wouldn't give at that there was such a thing as a banshee, after all the village heard it the night before the big wind.

Well, it was had enough to be so unreasonable as to deny the evidence of the senses, you might say, but when Farragh dug up the big whitethorn bush and leveled out the fairies' rath at the end of his garden for a potato patch everybody held his breath, knowing the good people would soon have their revenge on him.

The whitethorn bush was as old as the cliffs of Rath-Na-Gar. No one knew when it began growing, and some thought maybe it never grew at all, but was built far back in the beginning of the world by the fairies for reasons best known to themselves. At any rate it was well known to be the meeting place of the good people, and it was at its foot they always went into their underworld and came out of it, too.

When Dominick Dolan's cow was bewitched, and he caught hold of her by the tail to keep her from the fairies, sure, didn't she disappear into that same rath of an evening, dragging Dominick with her into the finest country man ever laid eyes on. A small, pleasant-spoken man wanted to treat Dominick to a jarum of punch; but Dominick knew well that if he took food or drink he would never come back, and, greatly as he liked to be sociable, he put the temptation behind him, and that's why he came out of the place all right with his cow.

But the cow never was the same since. She wouldn't give a drop of milk except when the village piper would play "The Coolin'" or the "Cruiskeen Lawn." Now it was mighty unhandy to have to send for the piper every time Dominick Dolan's people wanted to milk their cow, and when the piper died not a drop more milk would she give. They tried Darby Fogarty's fute on her, but it was no use; nothing but the pipes would move her, and seeing there was no other piper to be had, she went dry.

But that was neither here nor there. It's Farragh Flynn I'm telling about. When Phelim Tighe, the fisherman, heard that Farragh turned the rath into a potato patch, he said: "It's meself that wouldn't like to ate wan o' them prattles that'll grow there."

"An', shure, what harm would it do you, father?" asked his daughter Kathleen, the prettiest girl in all the village. "No harm in the world, slannu," said Molsh Mooney, with a knowing wink; "for it isn't prattles that will grow there at all, but thistles."

"Maybe you don't like Farragh," says Kathleen, with a toss of her pretty head. "I'm sorry for them that does," and Molsh spoke as if she knew Kathleen's secret.

The lonely pillar of rock stands there yet, a hundred feet or so from the cliff, with the sea dashing between, to tell of the leprechawn's revenge on Farragh Flynn.—Ned Newcome, in the New York Times.

3000 Times More Valuable Than Gold.

The greatest wonder in the line of science just now is radium, the new substance discovered by a Paris professor and his wife. Radium looks like ordinary table salt, but it is worth about a million dollars a pound, and there is only a tablespoonful in existence.

"Radium is the rarest and most precious substance in the world," says Cleveland Moffett, in McClure's Magazine. It has so many mysterious powers that even its discoverers do not understand it. Some of the strange things that it can do are as follows:

- 1. It gives out heat without being consumed.
2. It gives out light. Two pounds of it would light up a room thirty feet square.
3. If it is held near the eyes it will cause blindness.
4. It destroys germs, plants and small animals like mice and rabbits. Professor Danysz says that a couple of pounds would destroy the whole population of Paris if they came within its influence.
5. It cures cancer and similar diseases.
6. It has a mysterious influence upon insects, killing some and prolonging the lives of others.
7. It can be used to produce new species of insects, birds and animals.
8. M. Curie and his wife, who discovered it, have had their hands and arms burned by the dangerous substance.
9. It is possible, they say, that radium may be cheaper, but at present it takes eight tons of material to produce enough radium to fill a salt spoon.

Poisons From Meat and Fish.

Good Health says that meat owes its harmful properties chiefly to two things: First, the germs, or microbes, which may give rise to disease in the flesh which is eaten; and, second, poisons which may naturally exist in the flesh or which may have been produced in it by putrefaction. The germs are killed by cooking, but the poisonous substances found in meat either as the result of decay, as has frequently been observed in canned salmon, or as the result of ordinary tissue activity, are not destroyed by cooking. All flesh contains these poisonous substances. Uric acid is present in beefsteak in the proportion of fourteen grains to the pound; nineteen grains of the poison are found in a pound of liver, and seventy grains in a pound of sweet bread. The poisonous substances gradually accumulate in the body and give rise to rheumatism, Bright's disease, calculus and numerous other maladies. The poisons produced by putrefaction are often very rapidly deadly. Meat far advanced in decay is a condition frequently found in wild game and canned meats or fish, in which the putrefactive processes have begun, all contain poisons which are deadly in very small doses, and the cooking of such substances does not to any appreciable degree lessen their poisonous properties, as these poisons are not destroyed by heat.

What the Diet Fads May Accomplish.

Apròpos the diet craze of the last two or three years may not and does not perform all that it promises for those who listen to the voice of the medical or other faddist, but from its extravagances may come ultimate good and another generation may reap happily where we have sown. The time may come, a great continental doctor believes, when the science of dieting will be so perfected that they shall not merely be able, as we do now, to keep people alive much longer, but we shall likewise keep them in a useful condition. Octogenarians will retain their faculties to the full, senility will be avoided, and if, perhaps, grandfathers and grandmothers do not contrive to preserve their youthful appearance to the end, they will at least, so we are assured, be as clear-brained at seventy-seven as at twenty-seven, and thus with the advantage of ripe experience they will help on the work of more youthful brains and temper the follies of the rising generation.—London World.

No Race Suicide Among the Fishes.

Perhaps few people who eat fishballs and salmon salad know that if it were not for the persistent work of the Fisheries Commission both the cod and the salmon would be exterminated. In fact, constant battle is going on between the Fisheries Commission and the enemies of the cod and salmon. These two kinds of fish cannot reproduce themselves fast enough to survive and have to be protected by the United States Government. The latest report of the Fisheries Commission says that 44,000,000 salmon are hatched every year in the Government hatcheries, and more than 98,000,000 cod. Three steamships, "ix special cars and twenty-five hatcheries are now in use." It would take several books," says the Scientific American, "to tell the whole story of the work done by the Fisheries Commission." Some day, perhaps, the Government may do as much to help the tiny babies of the slums as it does now to protect young codfish.

Traveling to Missouri Old-Fashioned Way

Six families from Adair County passed through Glasgow Saturday afternoon on their way to Springfield, Mo. They were in four covered wagons, and had a full complement of camp utensils, besides food for themselves. Each of the wagons had a coop of chickens nailed on the side. One of the men who seemed to be the spokesman of the party said they expected to be on the road about four weeks. They camped Saturday night on the roadside at Gollows Hollow, one mile west of town, and left for Bowling Green Sunday morning.—Glasgow Times.

Walked on the Thames.

A middle-aged man in a white Jersey the other day performed the feat of walking along the Thames, going ashore near Waterloo Bridge. Two planks, painted white, and about three yards in length, were fixed to his feet. He carried a single oar, which he scarcely used.

ABOUT MOUND BUILDERS

Infinite Patience Required to Work the Flint They Used.

HILLICOTHE, Ohio.—No other part of the United States has proved such a treasure house of relics of mound builders and prehistoric man as Southern Ohio, and for this area the Scioto Valley is probably the richest. One of the unanswerable questions about the aborigines is, Why did they make so many implements of stone? And after they had made them at such a great expense of time and labor, why were they so careless with them? The great abundance of these relics is to many archeologists the greatest mystery about them. Fields which have been carefully fenced year after year still turn up fresh specimens after every plowing, while every meadow put into cultivation opens up a fresh source of supply.

Gerard Fowke, one of the best authorities to-day, considers this abundance of aboriginal stone implements a most perplexing puzzle. Did the aborigines have such a disregard of work and time that they preferred to make a new implement rather than hunt for a lost one? Or did they have a superstitious fear of using what had belonged to a previous generation? Does this abundance imply a population so numerous that the loss of even this great number of specimens was considered a trivial matter? Does it mean that the users were forced to migrate so unexpectedly that they were unable to take their possessions along with them, or did they gradually become extinct in the neighborhood where these remains are found? And, in either event, what led to this result? Was it famine? Was it plague? Was it the sudden encroachment of an overwhelming force of implacable enemies?

These are questions which it is thought may never be answered with any certainty and they certainly cannot be in the present state of knowledge regarding the aborigines. Certain questions concerning them can, however, be answered. It can be told where they received their material, and—most interesting of all—how they fashioned it into the shape they desired.

This portion of the Scioto Valley was particularly rich in the stones most coveted. When a hard, tough, heavy stone was needed, the nearest gravel pit on the shores of the nearest stream would yield a piece of granite or diorite. The searcher had only to select a piece which approached in shade the article he wished to make. Slate for ornaments and pipes could be found in the glacial drifts; but for the great bulk of his implements, especially for his cutting ones, the early relic maker used a material known as "flint," and which, as thus used, embraces a whole wide range of allied rock agate, chalcedony, brownstone and chert. The chert varies from almost crystal clearness to mottled black, through all the shades of red, blue, green, yellow and brown.

The primeval man soon learned that it was difficult to work such flint as was found on the surface, because when dry it would shatter into fragments at a blow. Hence he quarried down after it, and the great excavations he left behind him show what a tremendous amount of stone he used. The quarrying was accomplished by the aid of fire, which caused the rock to shatter, water probably being thrown on to hasten the work. From the appearance of the trenches it is evident that this work was sometimes carried along continuously for several hundred years, and the vast quantities of chips, broken arrow points, knives, etc., found in the vicinity of the flint beds indicate that most of the material was worked up on the spot.

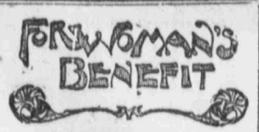
The amount of labor involved in this dressing down process is staggering. Day after day the workman must have chipped off scales of stone with his hammer until the implement approached the desired shape. Let one try to-day, with the best tools at command, to get out even one flake, and you will appreciate what a task it was. And yet, thousands and thousands of such pieces were made and scattered carelessly over the countryside.

Indeed, so difficult seems this work that many persons have a fixed belief that the finer relics, at least, could have been made only with metal tools, and their abundance is held to prove that primeval man knew of some metal much harder and of better temper than anything known to-day. It is argued that not even a file, the hardest of modern tools, will make any impression on some of these flints; therefore they must have been made with something much harder than the best steel. Some persons even assert that primeval man had discovered a way of hardening copper to the necessary degree, and say that they have seen pieces of copper so treated.

As a matter of fact, as Mr. Fowke himself points out, this is in direct opposition to the evidence, for the great abundance of stone implements is proof that the makers of them knew nothing whatever of the economic use of metals. If they could have made one such thing, they would have made more, and, having them, they would not waste time in making articles much less serviceable than the tools themselves. So it is evident that in working stone primeval man must have used tools of the same material.

How did he do it? Doubtless his methods were much the same as those of the modern Indian. In making a large or heavy article, such as an axe or pestle, he used a hard, tough pebble to knock off chips until he had brought the implement as nearly as possible to the required shape. Then he would grind away the marks of the hammer with a piece of gritty sandstone. Ornaments and pipes were usually fashioned entirely by rubbing, and it is easy to imagine what a tedious task this must have been.

When he wanted to drill a hole, as in a pipe or ornament, he used a smooth, straight stick or piece of bone, and revolved it by simply holding it between his hands and rubbing them back and forth, a slight depression being pecked where the perforation was



WOMAN'S BENEFIT

A Cotton Wedding.

The first wedding anniversary is an important occasion to a young married couple. Because they know so little about it, they think they have settled down into the condition of "old married people" and are entirely unaccustomed to their dual life. To show this clearly they feel it desirable to have some sort of celebration of the fact that they have actually been husband and wife for a year.

But it is not enough to make the celebration a mere gathering together of their friends to spend an evening contemplating a spectacle of mutual fidelity. There must be something done to entertain them. And since the first anniversary is, by common consent, the cotton wedding, the party must be of an appropriate character. A rather unusual method of bringing this about is a sheet and pillow-case party, which is also a domino party. This should not be of the old-fashioned kind, in which the costumes were awkward and unbecoming, but one in which the accepted dress is arranged in graceful fashion. For both men and women the sheets may be put on in the same way. The width is passed around the body just below the armpits, the two corners brought to the back, crossed, then each drawn up over the shoulder, and secured in front with a pin. The length of the sheet falls straight all around. If it is too long, part of it may be folded below the chest. Rather large sheets should be chosen, that there may be plenty of fullness and a certain degree of grace. After the sheet is on, the women may use what they choose in the way of flowers or ribbons for ornamentation. The men—poor creatures!—must content themselves with simply the plain dress.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Remarkable Girl Athlete.

Miss Lydia Carpenter, a pretty fifteen-year-old girl of Pittsburg, N. Y., besides being one of a family of twenty-one children, has proved a record smasher in athletic sports. On May 13, this young woman took the American mile running high jump record from Vassar by a jump of four feet three and three-tenths inches. The jump was made in the final gymnastic exhibition of the State Normal School, in the presence of Director Angell and others assembled to witness the events. Miss Carpenter's achievement was not the result of a happy accident. She is a fond of athletics as most girls are of flirting. She is a sprinter, and on the horizontal bar is fearless and clever. Miss Carpenter is not of the masculine type, but a frolicsome, girlish young woman, with the irresistible charms of dimples and pink cheeks. She weighs 118 pounds, and is five feet two and one-half inches high, promising greater height as she grows older. On the basket-ball team of the college she played center, and with her aid the team won the championship of northern New York. Miss Carpenter's career as an athlete has just begun. She intends, she says, to keep on with her gymnastic and athletic work until she has qualified herself to the best of her ability. Then, unless "something happens" (the quotations are ours) she aspires to become a full-fledged physical directress. As it now stands, unless some more fortunate young woman appears on the athletic horizon, Miss Carpenter's name will go down to fame as the best girl jumper living.—Outing.

Factory Girls Will Not Do Housework.

Miss Ida Jackson, a Wisconsin factory inspector, tells, in Harper's Bazar, why factory girls refuse to do housework. She has interviewed 700 factory girls and gives their opinions. Sixty-nine of the girls preferred housework, but did not know how to cook. The others said that they would rather do any kind of factory work than to be house servants. "Factory work gives me my evenings and Sundays free," was the principal reason given by the girls. "We are treated better in the factory," said others. "We have regular hours for work, and only a certain number of things to do. If we do extra work we get extra pay. We are more independent, and we can live at home. Good mistresses are rare. Most of them do not know what a day's work is. Servants are too often treated as if they were made of wood." Some of the girls who were interviewed are packing shingles in lumber mills, washing bottles in breweries, soldering cans in tinshops and laboring in the dust and noise of foundries.

The Perfume of Flowers.

Recent investigations have shown that the perfume of flowers is often increased by growing under colored glass, that some plants are fragrant only at night and others only in hot sunshine, and that the seasons affect the colors and that temperate climates are more favorable than tropical ones. These perfumes powerfully affect the human organism, often producing a kind of intoxication, and sometimes even giving rise to serious nervous troubles. The vapor of most essences—such as cinnamon, lavender and eucalyptus—have proven powerful antiseptics, and flowers of delicate perfumes quiet the nerves of invalids. Flowers harmful to the sick, on the other hand, are the violet, lily of the valley and carnation.

Hungry Mule Ate Letters.

During recent maneuvers of ships of the British Navy some of them called at Lagos, Portugal, for their mail. Soon it was discovered that something had gone wrong with it. One young sub-lieutenant received his sweetheart's letter in a condition of pulp, with the two top sides of each page intact, while another officer, who knew that his heart's delight would not have failed him in the matter of letter writing, received nothing at all. The explanation, though hardly soiling, was simple enough. It seems that the last twenty miles of the Lagos mail journey is performed by mule diligence and a hungry mule had endeavored to satisfy the cravings of an empty stomach with the outpourings of loving hearts.

When the Shah's Wives Strive.

The Shah of Persia does not wish the public to feast their eyes on the beauty of his wives. When his numerous spouses go out for a ride or a stroll a troop of attendants precedes them at a distance of a few hundred feet, shouting, "Run and hide yourself!" Pedestrians and all others then scamp indoors.

at eighteen will be effaced at twenty; and she must have changed but little to leave those of twenty uneffaced at twenty-five.

Wives Complain of Golf.

Judging from the number of complaints and confessions made by wives which appear every week in an English sporting paper, golfers must be ranked among the most neglectful of husbands. Golf, we are told, has paralyzed the enterprise and energy of many breadwinners. Every moment which at one time was given by the golfer to the companionship of his wife and family is spent on the links. His conversation is confined to mere club-room gossip. He has no interest in any literature save that in the golfing papers and magazines. The neglected wives complain bitterly that they have sunk to the level of mere housekeepers since their husbands have become golf maniacs.

When an Actress puts on Her Hat.

When an actress on the stage goes up to a looking glass to pin on her hat every feminine eye in the house watches her with great interest. No doubt many masculine eyes do so, too, but we women know that she will ruffle up her hair just where the hat presses it down, and that she will probably coax some little pet curl into position, and we watch for our forecast to come true. I suppose that if we were not all so very liable to be mistaken we should not feel the same pleasure in proving ourselves right.—London Truth.

Remarkable Crystal Frock.

If you should be on a friendly footing with a certain shopkeeper in New York City, she might show you what she calls "the grandest dress ever brought to this country." It is a gown of crystal—a mass of white glass beads. These beads are pear shaped and cut admirably. They swing from the bosom line and the skirt is trimmed with flounces of the crystal drops, and a deep fringe of glass beads. The crystal gown is a masterpiece, and under electric lights the glass trimming glitters like diamonds.

What Women Do in Britain.

In England and Wales alone, we are told, there are 44,000 women bootmakers, 3320 rope makers, 4720 saddle makers; 3850 butchers. But it is a hopeful sign that 5140 women earn their living by gardening. There are 3000 cycle makers, 117,640 tailors, who are women; there are 270 undertakers, 12 shepherds, and almost every trade has at least one woman representative in it, even the dock laborers and road workers.

A Shower of Rose Leaves.

Rice throwing at weddings, says London Lady, is evidently becoming decidedly unpopular. People are now using delightful little "good luck" silver slippers and horseshoes, made out of the softest silver paper, and at Mr. Rupert Guinness' marriage to Lady Gwendolen Onslow large baskets of sweet-scented and dried rose-leaves were brought down to the hall, as the bride and bridegroom left, to be scattered in showers after them.

Monograms on Women's Waists.

The fashion of having monograms and crests on men's shirt sleeves has extended to women's shirt and silk waists. The wearer's set of arms, crest or monogram is embroidered on the left sleeve, between the cuff and the elbow. Some stores and dress-makers now employ hands on embroidery work exclusively, since the existing demand for sleeve initials.—New York Sun.

The Lace Collar.

The lace collar upon the fur coat gives the long shoulder effect and so preserves the roundness which is now considered so desirable in Dame Fashion.



Pretty Things to Wear.

Two-tone laces go the one color sort one better.

Plated kit belts are as novel as they are effective.

Deep chenille fringe is certainly a stunning trimming.

Rings done in wool are clustered up on some lovely dresses.

Hand stitchery in wool is a smart feature in a cloth dress.

Mole as a trimming for Poupelian red is strikingly effective.

More trimming is used upon this season's furs than for years past.

Braiding and passementerie are much liked garnitures for street gowns.

Handsome fur pieces add materially to the effect of winter street gowns.

Flat stoles or pelarines, with very large—almost huge—muffs to match, are mode.

Insets of fur, the joinings concealed with lace, are offered as trimming features for very exclusive street gowns.

Fancy waistcoats, with very handsome braiding and embroidery, are noticeably prominent on handsome street gowns.

Colored hats for street wear not only to match costumes, but with black gowns as well, will be fashionable this winter.

Deep fringe, buttons of all kinds, cast-steel, rhinestone, enamel, etc., cloth bands, lace and chiffon are all in high favor for adorning swager furs.

The large flat empire or cushion muff is first favorite; then the huge barrel or granny shape, and then any of the new effects in fancy bag-shaped muffs are in favor.

No matter how the exaggeratedly long coats seem to have struck the popular fancy, there are exaggeratedly short jackets equally smart and really far more exclusive.

Seemingly the last extreme in fashion has been reached in a seal-skin jacket intended as an accompaniment of a cloth skirt for street wear—trimmed in cream-colored cloth and enamel buttons.

Several styles of street gowns are fashionable, the most severely plain with a walking skirt to those of light materials to be elaborately embellished as to be only rarely fit for house or carriage wear.