

THE MAN OF GOD IN THE DUNEGAL HILLS.

Life of the Irish Priest as Lovingly Portrayed by Seumas Mac Manus.

He is the Most Important Man in the Neighborhood—His Word is Truly the Law of the Parish—This is Because He Has Endured Himself to the People in Many Ways—He is a Real Father to His Flock.

Devotion of His Parishioners to Religion—The Sealans or Mass Sheds of Other Days—The Priest's Sick Calls. Episcopals and Methodists. The clergyman is here interpreted Roman Catholic priest, for clergymen of other denominations (of which I shall deal further down) are very rare in our mountains, and their flocks exceedingly small. The priest is by far the most important man in our neighborhood. The autocrat of all the Russias is far from being vouchsafed the dutiful obedience paid the priest, and no prince or potentate ever got a title of the whole-souled love that is lavished on the darling priest, or, as we call him, the sagart arun.



The worshippers gathered before the mass shed.

lowers had constituted for his defense and voluntarily gave himself up. So, in every mountain parish, the priest's word is more truly the law than the enactments of the British Parliament. And because of this sacerdotalism, who know not the conditions of things, and know not the sentiments and feelings and the proper relations of priest and people, say that we are priest ridden. They say so because they know not, and do not seek to know, that the extraordinary obedience and respect paid to the priest's word is founded not in the remotest manner upon servility or fear (for our people never have been servile or afraid), but upon fond, filial love and the implicit faith which our mountain priests, by their priestly and fatherly qualities, have worthily engendered in the hearts of those who have never shirked their duty, which for sympathy, for help, for guidance and for protection.

"Sagart Arun." For the true sagart, when he takes charge of a mountain parish, takes upon his shoulders and upon his heart a great load. The sickness, the troubles, the sorrows and griefs of every household, of every child, in his domain are his personal sorrows, and their little joys are his joys. Not merely for the souls, but for the bodies of every one in his parish, responsibility weighs him down. He can not, he will not, shirk his traditional duty, which is truly to father his flock in all things—to brave any tyrant who would oppress them, or unjust one who would wrong them, to fight for them, to suffer for them, to lay down his life for them, if need be. Banish, in his lovely ballad, "Sagart Arun," (sawgarth aron), evokes a touching picture of the true feeling of the peasant for his priest:

"Loyal and brave to you, Sagart arun. Yet be not slave to you, Sagart arun. Nor, out of fear to you Stand up so near to you—Och! out of fear to you, Sagart arun!"

"Who, in the winter's night, Sagart arun—When the cold blast did bite, Sagart arun—Come to my cabin door, And on the earthen floor, Kneel by me, sick and poor, Sagart arun!"

"Who, on the marriage day, Sagart arun. Made my poor cabin gay, Sagart arun. Who did both laugh and sing, Making our glad hearts ring, At the poor christening, Sagart arun?"

knelt. I think God always heard the prayers of these people. About five years ago this sealan superseded by a chapel, built by money sent home for that purpose from servant girls and laboring boys in America. After mass the congregation join the priest in praying in turn for each person sick in the parish, and then for the repose of the souls who died during the week, each in specially announced and each getting a special prayer. Then follows the priest's discourse or exhortation, which, in our chapels, has a profoundly moving effect. The emotions which, rising and falling in waves, filled the building. Approaching Easter, and approaching Christmas, the priest begins "the stations"—that is, holding a confessional in each district of the parish. He announces from the altar on Sunday the name of each party in whose house he purposes holding a station on each day of the week following. Every woman who is done the honor of having a station called in her house goes to much expense to have the house and its surroundings fitted in a manner that will reflect credit on her and force a word of praise from Father Dan—and to have the most elaborate breakfast prepared for the company.

At the "Station House." The men and women and children of the townland dressed in their best, are collected at the station house when Father Dan arrives on his rickety jaunting car at 8 o'clock in the morning. The best room in the house has been prepared for him, and when, sitting there, he has lightened many oppressive burdens by his counsel, he says mass, administers holy communion and delivers to the sobbing penitents a gentle and touching homily. After breakfast, to which he sat down with the heads of the household and the schoolmaster, he collects his stipends, each father of a family with his dollar—some farmers more comfortably circumstanced than usual paying (voluntarily) a dollar and a half or two dollars. This at the Christmas stations—for the payment is made but once a year. Other fees which Father Dan receives are half a dollar (or more) at each christening and five dollars at a marriage. According to the circumstances of a parish, a priest receives from three hundred to seven hundred and fifty dollars a year.

Formerly the priest went to the house to perform the baptismal and matrimonial services, and remained to share in the merriment. But now he is enjoined to perform both ceremonies in the chapel. The most trying duty of the priest is the sick call. He is never sure of a night's quiet. At any moment he expects a thundering at the door, which may order him off post haste, in rain, hail or storm, over half a dozen or half a score hands, and his summonser leading the way with a torch, bends him to the mountain path. If at the wearied end of the journey he finds that the nervous old woman, who, in a scare, sent for him at dead of night, is already sitting in the chimney corner and treating herself to a rousing bowl of tea, he is, perhaps, not to be too harshly judged if he do not give earnest of much joy at her sudden recovery. And such a case is far from being exceptional. Only a Few Protestants. Episcopals and Methodists are only occasionally met with in our mountains, living in small communities, in a valley or on a hillside richer than the remainder of the county. The lands which they occupy were given to their forefathers at

a time when the Celts were hunted from their homes by the hounds of war. Out of a general sustentation fund their clergymen are paid an income of about £70 a year. Into these funds the Methodist parishioners are expected to pay 25 cents every quarter year, each member of the family; and the head of each Episcopalian family to pay a yearly sum of about \$1—but when their circumstances are above the average they pay higher sums. By means of these general funds the larger and richer congregations in Ireland are made to aid the smaller. There is no baptismal fee in either church. The matrimonial fee is voluntary. Five dollars or more is usually paid.

Formerly the Episcopalian clergymen was a rich aristocrat, being paid tithes by Catholic as well as Protestant. But the Roman Catholics eventually made a bold stand against the injustice. Regular battles were fought by the poor, unarmed people against the police and military forces who came to enforce the law, but resulted with little effect, for the justice of the cause triumphed over all the powers of the crown, and to-day the Protestant clergyman in the Irish mountains is no better off than his Catholic brother. The minister collected his tithes in harvest; the priest his stipend at Christmas. In those days there was a clever wit in my parish, who, one day, meeting the priest and parson, was asked by them, and, to afford them some fun, asked: "Now, Ned, we have been disputing whether, if you had a son, you would make a priest of him or a parson—and we want you to decide upon it." "If I had a son," said Ned, "I'll tell ye what I'd have him, I'd have him a parson. Harvest an' a priest at Christmas." — Seumas Mac Manus.

A STUDY IN SKIRTS.

Balmorals May Come Into Fashion Once More.

From the New York Press. I hear that balmorals are coming into vogue again. Heavens! In the fifties, sixties and seventies they were the rage—red wool petticoats with horizontal black stripes. Queen Victoria got the idea from John Brown, her faithful Scotch body-ser-

vant at Balmoral Castle and elsewhere. John's kilts were red and black, and Her Majesty did the bonny Highlander in similar honor when she donned something similar. Our mothers, wives and sisters, and our cousins and aunts have worn them and called them bal-moor-als, sharp accent on the bal and rals and none at all on the mo. We learned from a visiting Scot that the name was taken from the royal castle, Aberdein, and that the correct pronunciation is bal-moor-als, all the accent on the moor.

Even old fellows never get tired of looking at pretty petticoats. I have in mind a famous photographer of this city who entertains twice a year an old schoolmate who now is a resident of Kansas City. When the latter visits New York the two chums spend a large part of their time promenading Fourteenth street, Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, forward and back, forward and back. "We are just looking 'em over," they explain when challenged by a friend. One is 63, the other 69. They are familiar with the latest styles, and can "size up" a woman at a glance. Their appreciation of the prevailing silk ruffled petticoat of many colors is high, and when diamonds flash they are in raptures. Old fools! Possils?

I think the women should practice with their dresses before going out in the street, or anywhere in public. It amuses me to see old, middle-aged and young ladies trying to get the knack of lifting their skirts in the proper way to just the right height to display, not immode-ly, their high-colored ruffles or flounces. A fat but lovely creature, whose husband is a big bug in the Stock Exchange, entertained and instructed scores of men in Wall street the other day with her efforts to produce the most catching effect in her dress. She stood near the entrance to the exchange, with her bustle toward the street, and for half an hour, as she chatted with hubby, arranged, rearranged, readjusted, lifted, re-lifted, dropped, re-dropped, switched, re-switched, jerked and hauled her fawn-colored skirt to show that which was ruffled and flounced beneath. Why not wear a skirt to toy with, what would lovely woman do with her hands?

Women invent mysterious devices their wondrous to perform. In the matter of lifting their skirts that little trick of buttons and strings is a boon to the unpracticed and untaught. As I understand it, two buttons are sewed on the inside at just about the point where the finger tips reach when the arm is hanging at full length, and a little to the right of the seam, if there be a seam. From these buttons strings diverge to the bottom of the skirt, so that when the buttons are grasped (through the goods, of course) the upward motion lifts the garment in graceful loops and folds. The arrangement is the same on both sides, so that either hand may be used. It is unnecessary to make dozen attempts to get the knack of the thing, to twist and stop over to see if there is a proper effect. Mothers neglect to educate their daughters in this regard, though sometimes we see tots of 7 or 8, well dressed to their gowns, going to school in the art of lifting. They are as cute as little pigs fighting.

The people of Joplin, Mo., which is the commercial center of the Missouri-Kansas zinc and lead district, are talking of holding a great mineral exposition in the near future. Mining engineers and metallurgists in various parts of the country have offered to co-operate in the project.

In October of every year upward of three million geese are driven to market at Warsaw, Poland, to be sold, and most of them are exported to Germany. The geese often come from remote provinces, and have to travel long distances over rough roads. In order to protect their feet they use "goosewhizz," a peculiar process. First they are driven through tar poured upon the ground, and then through sand. After the operation has been repeated several times the feet of the geese become covered with a hard crust which effectively protects them.

Watched With Special Interest. Many times in the past few months these records have been watched by members with special interest. On the morning of April 11 the members from Colorado and Idaho made early trips to the capital. The night had been cool and frosty at Washington and these men were interested in the fruit crop in their respective states. Representative Bell of Colorado stood close behind the weather man, who, with his report sheet in one hand and a piece of chalk in the other, was entering the 8 o'clock temperatures. Over Cheyenne he wrote: "Six above and snowing."

"Goosewhizz," exclaimed Mr. Bell. "That's getting pretty close to the fruit belt." "Denver, 8 above and snowing," came next. The face of the Populist congressman lengthened perceptibly.

Advertisement for Wine of Cardui. Features a woman's portrait and text: '1,000,000 WOMEN RELIEVED'. Text describes the wine's benefits for women's health, particularly for menstrual issues and general weakness. Includes a testimonial from Mrs. Willie Mitchell.

CONGRESSMEN WHO STUDY THE DAILY WEATHER MAPS.

Those Posted in the Capital at Washington Are Big and Covered With Ground Glass.

Changes in Temperature and Rainfall Are Closely Watched—Some Statesmen Who Direct Their Home Business by Wire From the Data Displayed on the Maps, Which Receive the Attention of Nearly All Members of the Houses—Tornado Conditions Which Were Not Quite Perfect—The Zero Line—Where It Is Hottest and Where It Is Coldest.

Washington, June 2.—The large glass maps upon which are daily displayed the data gathered by the weather bureau from points throughout the country, are among the most interesting features of the capitol. The guides always show them to visitors, and, just before the daily sessions of Congress convene, crowds of members may be seen consulting the maps and commenting upon the weather at their homes.

There are two of these maps. Each is of the regulation government map size and is made of ground glass. One is framed upon the corridor wall in the rear of the Senate; the other is in the House corridor. The names of all the government weather stations are painted in their appropriate places, and over them a representative of the weather bureau, armed with chalk of different colors, writes the weather data received by wire each morning up to 8 o'clock. There are 119 observers in the United States and 23 in Canada who report daily to Wash-

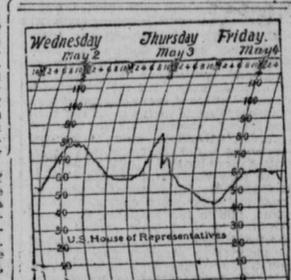
ington by wire, and after the figures from the reports are placed upon the map, the isotherms and isobars are drawn, connecting points of like temperature and of equal barometric pressure. Arrows drawn over the names of the stations indicate the direction of the wind, while fair or stormy weather, rain or snow, is indicated by the color of the chalk used in making the entries. In one corner of the map is placed the official forecast for the twenty-four hours following.

All these bits of information regarding the weather are displayed before 11 o'clock each morning, and many members would as soon think of going without their morning papers at breakfast as to miss consulting this map as they pass to their daily duties in the halls of Congress.

Studying Cold Waves. The progress of cold waves and storms across the continent is watched by a certain class of congressman as closely as they would follow a favorite bill buffeted about by an unfriendly committee or enduring vivisection at the hands of an adverse majority in the House. Many Western and Southern congressmen are accustomed to direct their business at home by wire after consulting the weather map each morning. During the early spring a large number of additional reports were received from the cotton belt, and from the sugar, rice, corn and wheat regions, and the figures were eagerly studied and analyzed by the representatives from those sections.

When the wet weather of spring came on the members from the Mississippi and Ohio valleys were much interested in the reports of the rainfall. April 6 the map showed 4 1/2 inches of rain at San Antonio, Tex. This was the first flood in that region. April 17 the rainfall at Natchez, Miss., was given at 13 inches for the week, while at Meridian the record for twenty-four hours was 3 3/4 inches of rain. Later on came the third flood, and this time the Texas people were especially reported. On April 23, 5 1/4 inches were reported at Temple, and 4 1/4 inches at Waco. The press dispatches supplemented the weather reports with detail of serious floods, but the maps were watched for later data continually.

Not only do the members consult the weather map regularly, but they also avail themselves of the information given by the bulletins showing the condition of the growing crop. Pleasure trips are frequently planned or abandoned according to the advice given upon this map. The records made by the automatic instruments indicate strange atmospheric freaks occasionally. One of the most interesting as showing a visual record of perhaps as sudden a fall of temperature as has ever been recorded, was the thermogram for Thursday, May 3, 1900. The temperature had been slowly rising during the forenoon, when at 2 p. m., a dark cloud came suddenly from over the Yosemite on the opposite side of the Potomac. The wind, which blew from the southwest, increased in velocity from 5 miles an hour to 35 miles, and in an instant the storm broke through the half-circle wind then veered through the half-circle below, was given at 13 inches for the week, while at Meridian the record for twenty-four hours was 3 3/4 inches of rain. Later on came the third flood, and this time the Texas people were especially reported. On April 23, 5 1/4 inches were reported at Temple, and 4 1/4 inches at Waco. The press dispatches supplemented the weather reports with detail of serious floods, but the maps were watched for later data continually.



Thermogram, showing remarkable fall of temperature of 29 degrees in fifteen minutes, at Washington, May 3, 1900.

from southwest to northwest and the mercury fell 29 degrees in less than fifteen minutes. The fall was so rapid that the automatic pen which traced the thermogram made an almost vertical straight line instead of a curve. Then followed a rise in temperature for five degrees which was so rapid that the pen retraced the falling line for that distance. The next fifteen minutes showed a fall of 2 degrees, succeeded by a slight rise and then a steady fall which continued until 6 o'clock the next morning, when a mark of 42 degrees was reached. This was dangerously close to tornado conditions; in fact, the thermogram for the day which is given herewith, is a fairly good visual representation of a tornado.

The Zero Line.

Among the important records which are



The zero line.

shown by the weather bureau at the Capitol is a map giving the lowest temperatures recorded at various points in the United States from the date of establishment of the bureau in 1871 to the end of February, 1899, a period of twenty-eight years. The coldest weather recorded in that time by the weather service was 33 degrees below zero in Northern Montana, and 64 degrees below, was reached as far south as Lander, Wyo. The lowest temperature recorded at Minneapolis was below zero, at Duith 41, at Milwaukee 25, at Chicago 23, at New York 6, at Boston 12, at Washington 15, at St. Louis 22, at Sacramento, Cal., 19 above, at San Francisco 29 above, at Los Angeles 28 above, at San Diego 23 above, at New Orleans 7 above, at Key West 41 above.

The zero line, south and east and west of which zero temperature has never been recorded, starts from the Atlantic coast about 20 miles south of Cape May, and runs almost parallel to the Atlantic ocean and the Gulf of New Mexico, passing just north of Augusta and Macon, Ga., touching Mobile, Ala., where a temperature of 1 below zero has been recorded, and then crossing the continent, passing just below El Paso, Tex., whose lowest temperature was 5 below, and then running north nearly parallel with the Pacific coast, passing a few miles north of Tucson and Phoenix, Ariz., then touching Independence, Cal., passing east of Sacramento and Red Bluff, then just west of Portland, Ore., where a temperature of 2 below is recorded at Victoria, Tacoma has had 2 below, and Seattle 12

below. It must not be understood that these low temperatures were all reported at one time. They are the lowest temperatures reported in the 28 years.

Another map shows the highest temperatures ever recorded at these stations. Washington gets credit for 104 above; Boston, Fenwick, Mobile, Vicksburg, La Crosse, Wis., Dubuque, Ia., and a few other points show 101 above. Omaha, St. Louis, Mo., Concordia, Kan., 106 above. A number of places have had 105 above, among them Bismarck, N. Dak., Augusta and Charleston, S. C., Matamoros, Tex., Little Rock, Ark., Denver, Col., and Keosau, Cal. Sacramento reached 108 above, Los Angeles 109, Yuma, 118, Phoenix 119. This last is the highest record reached, since the weather service was established although Walla Walla, Wash., is a close second with 115 degrees to its credit. Athens, Tex., reached 110, Miles City, Mont., 104, Jupiter, Fla., on the other hand, has only reached 91. Tampa 96, Miami 99, New Orleans 99, and Galveston and Corpus Christi 98. Alpena, Mich., and Green Bay, Wis., reached 98, while the top record in the West was 99, at St. Paul 96. Round about Cape Cod the high temperatures ranged from 88 at Block Island and 87 at Nantucket to 93 at Vineyard Haven.

In addition to these maps there are others which show the mean minimum and mean maximum temperatures for the different months of the year; the normal per month, and for the year and the barometric pressure monthly and yearly. Each of these different maps are given close attention by those who are interested in weather lore and few of the members fail to watch them as they appear day by day. Julian Richards.

ORIGIN OF OUR VEGETABLES.

Countries to Which We Are Indebted for Many of the Common Varieties.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. It is difficult to imagine that 300 years ago a boiled potato or a dish of mashed turnips was not to be had in Europe. In those days people lived chiefly on bread and meat and beer, and the bread and meat were, as a rule, of such quality as would cause a riot in the workhouse of to-day.

But they did have—at least, the upper classes had them. Henry VII, was fond of beans and had a Dutch gardener over, who found English soil would grow broad beans every bit as well as Dutch. They rather sneered at peas in the year 1500. Such as were eaten were imported from Holland. "It daten were ladies; they came so far and cost so dear," says one writer. But another country was more highly cultivated from early times. Last year, in the Isle of Bute, a splendid crop of peas was raised from seed, which was at least 2,000, and probably nearly 3,000, years old. This seed came from an Egyptian tomb. The flower had a beautiful red center, surrounded by white petals, and the peas were well up to the modern market garden standard. Cabbage has always been a pot vegetable of the Dutch. We got it from them in 1550, and in 1590 we still use thousands of pounds of Dutch cabbage seed. And the extraordinary part of it is that cabbage is in reality a native of Great Britain. All our garden vegetables are many types improved by long cultivation of wild species. The wild cabbage is common enough in places by the sea, but is of no use for food in its wild state. Indeed, it will take a botanist to tell you it was cabbage at all. Scotland owes the cabbage to Cromwell's soldiers. The cauliflower is but a cultivated improvement on the cabbage. It was brought to perfection in Cyprus and was little known until about a century ago. The parsnip is another native of this country. You may find it along almost any hedgerow, but it is small and intensely bitter in its wild state. Parsnips were first raised in Ireland, than elsewhere. In Ulster a sort of beer is made from the root.

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