

Tenants' Fund and towards the promotion of Irish industries. Mr. Labouchere, M.P., also sends a contribution of twenty-five pounds for a similar purpose. Ireland, whatever betide, can never forget the action of such honest and generous Englishmen as these.

General Buller hardly raises himself in public estimation by the fact that his is one of the names attached to the latest proclamation of the League. He has been created a member of the Privy Council in Ireland, and his signature appears in the *Gazette* as one of the authorities ordering the suppression of that organisation which he not very long ago declared had been, in the belief of the people, their salvation. On the same occasion Sir Redvers Buller stated on his own account that the law was entirely administered for the benefit of the rich and against the poor; yet he feels no hesitation in himself taking a part in the administration of such partisan law. Therefore, he has condemned himself beforehand out of his own mouth.

A sneak thief would hardly, we venture to think, be guilty of the despicable act perpetrated, we suppose, in the name of the Local Government Board in Gweedore. On Friday last a quantity of wool belonging to the Donegal Industrial Fund, under the management of Mrs. Earnest Hart, was seized under a distress warrant for unpaid seed-rate, and put up for sale by the Head Constable of Dungloe. Father M'Fadden, who was present at the transaction, protested against it on the ground that the wool was the property of Mrs. Hart, but this did not avail to save it. An emergency skulker came forward, as no other bidder could be found, and carried off the sack of wool for a guinea. Thus, in all probability, many industrious hands will be kept in enforced idleness for some time. From the report of the sale which we have seen, it looks as though it were an illegal seizure as well as a pitiful and contemptible trick; and in that case the grabbers may have reason to regret their precipitancy.

Mr. John Ruskell, J.P., under-agent of the Earl of Wicklow, turned three labourers out of their employment and their homes because, having been selected by lot (as murderers are usually selected), they nobly refused to discharge the revolting task of emergency men at an impending eviction, and tear down their fellows' houses with crow-bars. The action meets the whole-souled and enthusiastic approval of Colonel King-Harman. He indignantly repudiated the suggestion of Mr. Sexton that it might be fairly described as boycotting. "No sir," he said, "I think an employer has a perfect right to demand those in his employment to do certain work, and if they refuse, to dismiss them." But if a farmer refused to employ a land-grabber or a member of the crowbar brigade; if a shopkeeper refused to deal with him, that would undoubtedly be boycotting, within the meaning of the Coercion Act, and would entitle the perpetrator to six months' imprisonment with hard labour. This is one of the subtle distinctions that no fellow can understand; but Colonel King-Harman says it is all right, and that must content us. If we had not Colonel King-Harman's word to the contrary, we would be disposed to think that a meaner and crueller piece of petty tyranny was never perpetrated than that of which the Earl of Wicklow and his agent were guilty.

Monsignor Persico, in continuation of his visit to the south, arrived in Cork last week ending September 17. On Monday he was the recipient of an address from the corporation. The address gave expression to the feelings of love for, and loyalty to, the Holy See so common among Catholic Irishmen. It recalled the memory of the occasions on which the occupant of the Chair of Peter made return, by cordial assistance and relief, in the hour of national emergency. A more than usually gratifying incident marked the proceedings. The Protestant members of the corporation were, of course, unable to subscribe to the very Catholic address of their brother-members; but a resolution of theirs was read by Alderman Dale, in which they expressed their desire to join with their Catholic brethren in welcoming the Papal Envoy in their midst. Such action on their part shows how little they are suspicious of Catholicity. The experience the toleration of Irish Catholicism, and fear and envy have both died out under its influence. It is only where hate is maintained by ignorance and misrepresentation that the old mistrust survives.

The *St. Louis Catholic World* says:—At the meeting of Ransom Post, Grand Army of the Republic Captain Jack Crawford, the poet-scout, told a thrilling story of his eventful life. Among other things he said that his father was a drunkard, and his dissolute manner of life prevented his son from obtaining any education whatever. He could neither read nor write, nor did he get an opportunity to learn until 1863. In one of the hottest battles of the war he was dangerously wounded. He was placed in the hospital, where he received the tenderest care at the hands of a Sister of Charity. The captain told this incident most touchingly, and he said that when he had recovered, she taught him the alphabet, and finally how to read and write. One of his famous western poems contains a pathetic allusion to the tender and beautiful soul who not only saved his life, but spared him from the darkness of ignorance. This is only one of the thousand tales that might be told of the noble Sisters of Charity.

Tobacco was first introduced into Western Europe in 1560 by Francisco Hernandez, who imported some tobacco-plants from North America into Spain. The tube, or pipe, in which the Spaniards smoked the imported weed was called *tobaco*, and hence came the name which is now so familiar to civilisation all over the world. In Spain it is still called *tobaco*; in Germany, Holland, and Russia, *tabak*; in France, *tabac*; and in England and the United States, "tobacco." Sir Walter Raleigh, fresh from one of his voyages to Virginia, was the first to make smoking fashionable in England, and even went so far as to induce Queen Elizabeth to try a few whiffs of the bewitching vegetable. "The Queen," says Colonel Bird, the founder of Richmond, in Virginia, "graciously accepted of it; but finding her stomach sicken, it was presently whispered by the Earl of Leicester's faction that Sir Walter had certainly poisoned her Majesty. So on recovering from her disorder, the Queen obliged the Countess of Nottingham and all her maidens of honour to smoke out a whole pipe amongst them."

## A SPARROW'S NEST.

(By MARY E. WILKINS in *Good Cheer*.)

"THERE'S no use talking, I know the rent isn't paid."  
 "Now, mother, don't worry; everything will turn out all right."  
 "That's what you say. I don't see myself what's to hinder our being turned out on the street if the rent isn't paid in two weeks."  
 "Why, mother, you know Mr. King wouldn't do such a thing as that. He would wait a little while. He has always been real kind."  
 "People can't wait for ever."  
 "Now, mother, don't sit here and worry about that all day."  
 "I can't help it. It's nothing but worry all the time, as far as I can see."

"Well, there isn't any use in it. Perhaps I shall get the Elliott School, who knows?" Sarah said, laughingly.  
 "You won't. You might have if Florence Benton thought as much of you as she pretended to once. Judge Benton could get the place for you by lifting his little finger. But that's always the way, the poorer anyone is and the more she needs it, the less she has done for her."

"You're all discouraged his morning, mother. Now, don't sit here and fret, and make yourself sick. I've left everything where you can get it, and I'll come home early and bring something nice for supper. What do you want?"

"I don't want anything," sighed her mother. Sarah Mayhew stooped and kissed her; then she hurried away. It was high time that she did. She had a mile to walk to her school, and it was already half-past eight.

It was raining very hard when she stepped out of doors. All the green trees boughs tossed in a mist, and the grasses bent over, they were so heavy with rain drops. The moment that she opened the door, she could hear the great roar of the river at the east. It was very high.

When she came to the Elliott Schoolhouse she looked at it longingly. It was a noble brick building, and accommodated several graded schools. There was shortly to be a vacancy in the corps of instructors; the assistant principal of the grammar school had resigned, the resignation to take effect at the close of the present term. Sarah had resolved to apply for the position, which meant six hundred dollars a year, and the ability to hire a pretty little tenement for herself and mother which stood vacant near the schoolhouse.

Just after she passed the Elliott School she met Florence Benton. There was a strange young lady with her, probably some school friend, she thought to herself. She knew that Florence was home on a vacation; she attended a boarding school in a neighbouring city.

The two girls in their pretty gray waterproofs came tripping along, laughing and talking in the rain. They held a silk umbrella between them airily. Florence's cheeks were a lovely pink from the damp fresh wind; her dark eyes were radiant. She nodded in a gay, careless way to Sarah, as they passed, and did not stop talking to her friend.

Sarah plodded on, damp and shabby, her resolute face pale. This was the first time she had seen Florence since her return from school; they had been gradually drifting apart for two years, but this was the farthest drift of all. Florence had always stopped and greeted her pleasantly, although she rarely visited her nowadays. Sarah had told herself many a time, that it was all natural enough, and that Florence was not to blame. They had been almost like sisters when they attended the village school together. Sarah had been at home in Florence's house, and Florence in hers; but now, of course it must be different. Florence was in a city boarding-school. She was forming new acquaintances with girls who were of her own social standing. She could not have much in common with Sarah Mayhew, and Sarah Mayhew ought not to expect it nor feel hurt.

As she went on, the roar of the river grew louder; the road curved more and more in its direction. Sarah's little schoolhouse, which was in an outlying district of the village, was peculiarly situated. It stood in a meadow in an angle formed by the junction of a brook known as "Stony Brook," with the river. The brook was an inconsiderable stream, although it worked a grist mill, and boasted of a dam two miles above. However, the flood of to-day would swell the tiniest rill, and Sarah, as she drew near her schoolhouse could hear the little angry song of the brook beside the roar of the river.

She doubted if she would find a pupil there, the nearest lived half a mile away; but eight had assembled, five boys and three girls. The oldest boy was nine, the youngest girl five. Her name was Beattie Morton; she was a pretty, black-eyed little thing. She had come under the guardianship of her older brother, but Sarah wondered how her mother had happened to let her.

Sarah built a fire in the little box stove so the children could dry their clothes, then she began the usual exercises of the school. It seemed almost a farce with this number of pupils, but Sarah was punctilious in the discharge of her duties; and, moreover, the school committee and the parents of this district were somewhat exacting. Sarah knew that if they sent their children to school they would expect them to be regularly and faithfully taught.

It was half an hour before noon. Sarah was about to call the scholars out on the floor to spell, when suddenly they began whispering excitedly. She thumped her ruler upon the desk, but they paid no attention. A boy near the window had risen and was looking out, and gesticulating wildly. All at once the other children left their seats and rushed towards him, pressing wildly up to the window.

Sarah brought her ruler down on the desk again.  
 "Children!" she cried out, sternly, "what does this mean?"  
 They answered her with a piteous cry: "O teacher, teacher! Come here, come here, quick! Just look! The water, the water! It's all around the schoolhouse!"

Sarah went quickly to the nearest window, and saw that the meadow was flooded. The water was up to the sill of the first story windows.

The children clustered around her, clinging to her dress and crying. "O, teacher!" they sobbed, "what is it? What shall we do? How are we going to get home?"