

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.

[CONTINUED.]

There was no worker on the farm that could yet have been spared quite as well as Prince. How many steps he saved tired feet! Every night he would go to the distant pasture for the cows, never missing one, although the hills in the vicinity are very high and the valleys are very deep. And even the cattle came to know him as a friend. You may be sure that for all this faithful service Prince received many a kind return. Indeed, he was regarded almost as a member of the family.

say, some of the sweetness went from his temper. All were forced to admit that the farm work required a younger hand. But what was to be done with Prince? It was well known that he would never stand the giving of his honored place to another. It had been tried, but made trouble at once. Prince took it as an insult. He grew insaniely jealous. In fact, he seemed to recover some of his lost youth in his determination to remain at his post. He was too nearly human not to resent being superseded.

Prince was a silent listener to this arrangement, and, as events proved, was doing some serious thinking. When the farmer was ready to leave for home he looked about in vain for Prince. The dog was nowhere to be seen. He went back to all the places he had visited, and finally to the hotel stable, where he had left the team; but Prince was not to be found.

But, as has been said, a younger dog was a necessity on the farm, and in the course of time one was found and installed as Prince's successor. But old Prince made this young dog's life very miserable. On every occasion he would snap at him, and otherwise manifest the bitterest animosity. Although the veteran's teeth were nearly gone, he was in physical strength far superior to the little fellow, and he bullied him relentlessly.

Poor Prince! We all know the story of the Welshman who erected a splendid monument to the memory of his faithful dog, as told in the poem *Bele Gerlert*: "Gayford's Grave." I think that dear old Prince, too, deserved a monument.

IRISH NEWS.

At the meeting of the Boyne Commissioners in Drogheda, the Mayor, S. Jordan presiding, the demand of the laborers for an increase of from 10s to 12s per week was granted.

At a meeting of the Athlone Board of Guardians a few days ago, D. J. Kelly presiding, Peter Keogh was for the second time elected as master of the workhouse by 28 against 3.

Margaret Devereux, relict of the late William Devereux, died August 1, at the residence of her son, 72 Lower Doiset street, Dublin. She was 75 years of age. The remains were interred in Glasnevin cemetery.

Joseph P. Fagan, son of Thomas Fagan of Athboy, was recently sworn in and admitted a licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons and also of the King and Queen's College of Physicians under the conjoint scheme.

Father John P. Kehoe, from Ardoyne, Tullow, who was ordained in Carlow College on May 31st last, left home Saturday, July 20th, en route for Kingston, Canada, to join his mission there.

At the second professional examination held at the Royal College of Surgeons and Physicians, Edinburgh, Thomas Edward Wagner, of the Queen's College, Cork, was among the successful candidates.

P. E. O'Donnell, son of P. O'Donnell, Esq., of Killeedy, Ashford, has been sworn in a solicitor of the Supreme Court before the Lord Chancellor. Mr. O'Donnell served his apprenticeship to Mr. Thomas H. Kenny, solicitor, George Street, Limerick, and intends to practice in Limerick.

John E. O'Mahoney has just brought out a new Nationalist paper in Gloucest. The New Tipperary and Waterford Champion. The paper looks extremely well, and advocates the popular cause with all that vigor for which Mr. O'Mahoney is distinguished. The paper is a bi-weekly, and, will, no doubt, receive large support in Tipperary and Waterford.

Friday, August 1, the evictions on the Smith-Barry estate were renewed, and all the tenants against whom decrees were granted at the recent petty sessions were dispossessed before the eviction brigade retired. A large force of police was present under the control of District Inspector Wynne, and the landlord was represented by Mr. Spinner, of the firm of Hussy & Townsend. There was no resistance offered to the Sheriff or his party.

Dr. Stephen Miles MacSwiney died at his residence, Upper Merriou street. He had been ailing for a considerable time, and the end was anticipated. Dr. MacSwiney was a distinguished member of his profession. He was M. D. of St. Andrews, and Fellow of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland. He was also Fellow and Examiner of Medicine in the Royal University, Senior Physician in the Jarvis street Hospital, and Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Catholic University. He was also the author of a number of very valuable professional works.

Never use a net when using a fly pole. When a bass is hooked attempt to haul him out as though he were a small sunfish. If you use a net you might possibly catch him and destroy the tail of the big one you hooked, but which escaped."

Fish with a pole as thick as a man's arm, use a mason's cord, the largest hook manufactured and tie a ten-pound weight to the end of the line. The weight makes a big "splash" when cast into the water and may attract the attention of the bass.

For good fishing always select a "slough" away from the creek, and anchor your line firmly. Fish might bite at the bait and destroy it if it were submerged in the Brandywine.

Never go "fishin'."—West Chester News.

Exploration just made of a cavern on the Stewart farm, about two miles from Hamersburg, Armstrong county, has revealed subterranean passages of a somewhat remarkable character. The entrance is a perpendicular opening about 20 feet in depth. At the bottom the place had the appearance of an inverted cone, with about one-third of the apex and part of the side cut off, and measuring about 24 feet at the base. The walls are of a dark gray color, rather smooth. From here a corridor about 4 feet wide and 8 feet high leads for several yards to a room where the light reveals a scene of grandeur. Stalagmites and stalactites are in profusion, and in shapes and forms to almost equal those of the Mammoth cave.

The chamber is about 65 feet long by 30 feet wide, and the furthest end terminates in a deep pool of water. This pond is perhaps 10 feet wide. The water is pure as crystal. No living thing was seen by the explorers except a peculiarly striped crustacean animal about 1 inch in length, resembling a crab, but of a dull yellowish color. The temperature registered about 59 degs. In one corner of the first cavern were found a few specimens of arrow heads and an iron knife, but nothing else to denote that a human being had ever entered before. Farther than the pool exploration was not made. A complete investigation will be undertaken by persons who have secured the land.—Philadelphia Press.

One of our Belfast girls has gotten the idea into her head that she would like to be married. She broached the matter to her father and he promptly thrashed her. The next thing she did was to start out to find a lawyer and get his assistance in the matter. But by mistake she got into a doctor's office, and thinking him an analyzer of the law unburdened her troubles to him. The doctor, thinking her a patient, for some time listened to her tale of woe.

Finally the truth dawned upon him that it was a lawyer she wanted, and he told her of her mistake. Then she lighted on him with her tongue, and said he had deceived her and drawn her whole story maliciously, and that she would not only have a lawyer to assist her to get married, but to send the doctor to prison, and with all the scorn of her sex she swept out of the office. But it is safe to say she will be married by and by.—Belfast (Me.) Age.

One of the gentlemen who were most seriously affected by the Western Union fire, in the way of personal inconvenience, was Mr. Finnegan, who has guarded the portals of the operating room of the establishment for more years than some persons care to own up to. Thousands of operators know and appreciate Mr. Finnegan. When the operating room was destroyed by the fire he had to seek new headquarters, and he established himself in a chair at the head of the stairs leading to the fourth floor of the building. There he sat and held sweet discourse with many persons toiling up the ascent and blessing the memory of the elevators. But his new surroundings were not congenial. "Sometimes," said Mr. Finnegan, in a burst of confidence, "it seems to me as if I didn't know where I was with all the coming and going."—New York Times.

It is reported from Maine that buried among the clam shells at Cundy's harbor the Pejepscot Historical society recently found some rare and suggestive reminders of prehistoric times. Bones of the deer, porpoise, beaver, fox, woodchuck and some smaller carnivorous animals, birds of several kinds, including a well preserved specimen of the wing bone of the great auk, now wholly extinct, were picked up. Fragments of pottery were numerous, as well as chips of stone broken off in the manufacture of stone implements. Of implements half a dozen perfect and some broken ones were discovered. Only one piece of worked bone occurred—a broken awl. — Philadelphia Ledger.

Witness—An' then Mr. Sims, thar,
'lowed he was a rooster, an' strapped on
a tin bill an' went to pickin' corn with
the chickens.

Probate Judge—Probably the extreme heat made him a little flighty. He'll come out of it all right, I reckon.

Witness—Next day he wandered out on the street an' told every new comer he met that this town wa'n't boom'in', an'—

Spectators (in one voice)—Ravin' crazy!
He Will Get More Than the Hells.

"Why this sudden determination of yours to become a lawyer?"

"Well, my rich uncle's will is to be contested, and as I am not one of the heirs I will take the case and get some of the money. — Good."

The latest occupation open to women is that of lamp carer. I don't know if that's what the ladies who fake care of lamps call themselves, but that's what they really are. There are two in the city now, or there will be two during the winter. They are "reduced gentlewomen," and each morning they visit a number of houses and clean, fill and "fix" the various fine lamps set before them. The average servant can do nothing with a lamp but spoil it; but these ladies don their aprons and rubber gloves, clean the outside and inside of the lamps, see that the wicks are in good order, fill the lamps and leave them so that even the stupidest servant cannot prevent them from burning well.

They have studied lamps, know the right kinds and sizes of wicks, know whether colza oil is needed in one kind of lamps and "starlight" in another, and altogether they take away from the owners a great deal of the care which the management of the rediscovered and much multiplied lamps brings upon them.—Chatter.

When the Prinz Frederik collided with the English ship Marjesson on June 23 the commander of a detachment of Dutch colonial forces which happened to be on board immediately ordered the assembly sounded, and the men fell in on the deck like clockwork in the face of certain loss to the ship. Their conduct was an invaluable example to the passengers and crew, for, although the entire company were then transferred to the boats with perfect quiet and dispatch, the Prinz Frederik went down as the last boat left her side. She carried with her six Dutch privates and an officer, who doubtless had been overwhelmed by the waters rushing in at the point of collision.—Chicago Herald.

Senator Sherman has introduced in the senate a bill to incorporate the Red Cross society, with Clara Barton, George Kennan and other well known persons as incorporators. The purpose of this society, briefly stated, is to mitigate distress in the emergencies of war and peace. This mission of humanity and charity has been amply justified on many occasions, and nowhere more notably than in the appalling calamity at Johnstown, in this state. Valuable as the Red Cross society has proven in the past as a volunteer auxiliary of the governmental departments its future in an incorporated form should show an increased measure of usefulness.—Philadelphia Record.

At the palace of Bangkok the other day a performing leopard was brought in for the amusement of one of the young Siamese princes. In one prince's retinue was a young girl of about 14 years of age. The leopard jumped on her breast. It was merely in play, said the animal's care taker, who begged her not to be frightened, but in another moment the leopard had seized the girl by the throat, and she died in sight of the horrified spectators who fled in panic. — London News.

"Charles and George have both proposed to me. I don't know which to take."

"Is George rich?"
 "No. He has \$1,500 a year."
 "How much does he spend?"
 "\$1,400."
 "How much has Charles?"
 "10,000 a year."
 "How much does he spend?"
 "\$13,000."
 "Take George." — Harper's Bazar.

