

AN IRISH TRADITION.

LEGEND OF A FIELD WHERE BLOOD MIGHT NOT BE SHED.

Who sought this sacred spot was told from his enemies—how our Lady of Peace delivered a peasant from the vengeance of Cromwell's soldiers.

While traveling in the south of Ireland I saw on one occasion a woman kneeling reverently on a fragment of stone in the middle of a large field. Several irregular little piles of stones were scattered about, and the trailing blackberry vines and dark, old Irish ivy winding in and out among them showed that they had been there for a long time. When the woman had finished her devotions, I questioned her and found that, like myself, she was an Irish-American on a visit to the land of her parents.

"Everything about here," she said, "is as familiar to me as if I were a native. I learned of them first through my mother, who was an excellent narrator. This field in very old times was sacred to peace. There was a tradition that Our Lady appeared to an Irish saint and promised that whoever sought this spot as an asylum would be saved from the vengeance of his enemies. It was a disturbed and dangerous time, and many a life was spared in Mary's name here. Still, these little piles of stones about as one formed an Irish cross."

She drew away the long grass and showed me fragments of the mortar that had cemented the parts of the base. The cross had been carved from a single piece of stone.

"The face," she continued, "was originally inscribed in Irish. Antiquarians give this translation: 'My peace I leave you; my peace I give you. Peace, in Mary's name!'"

"One summer day in Cromwell's time a party of soldiers was detailed to surround a certain house and capture a priest who was hiding there. They tramped along, joking about their errand and seeming to take no notice of a poor laborer who worked by the roadside. Most of the peasant spoke Irish at the time, being unacquainted with the language of the invader. But this man understood the English tongue. As soon as the soldiers had disappeared he hurried across the fields and warned the family. The priest and his kind retainers were soon in a place of safety, and the gay military party found the house deserted. But the kind laborer returned to his spade just a moment too late. He was perceived by the soldiers and immediately suspected.

"They were in full humor, too, returning from their fruitless quest. Several guns were immediately leveled at him, but with almost superhuman haste he sprang into the woodland on the opposite side. They immediately started in pursuit, but the circuitous ways of the grove were quite unknown to them, and they advanced very slowly. Night came on, and still the chase lasted. They were often able to see the object of their pursuit, but a tree or a rock intervened, and by the time they reached it he had gone on. They were weary enough to give up, but anger and disappointment seemed to goad them on. One man was far in advance of the rest. He had sworn to carry back the 'corpse of the spy' as an example for the rest of the Irish.

"Day was breaking when, lame, hungry and almost exhausted, the poor hunted peasant emerged from the woodland. Look yonder and you will see the very grove through which he hurried all that fearful night. On coming out of the darkness he was a little dazzled, but he soon recognized the place—the hawthorn hedge, the bank on which primrose and daisy were just appearing in the morning light, the stone cross, and, above all, the promised refuge. He felt a new power in his falling limbs, and he hurried on, entered through the arched gateway and cast himself on the ground at the foot of the cross.

"O Mary, Virgin and Mother, my trust is in thee. I have heard the old people say that deed of violence or drop of blood never stained this holy spot. Save me for my little ones."

"Scarcely had he uttered this prayer when he beheld one of his pursuers. He scrambled a little, but his confidence in Mary never wavered. The soldier pointed his weapon. 'Rash man,' cried the peasant, 'do not dare to violate Our Lady's peace.' The former would have persisted, but at that moment a great wind arose and swept him outside the gate.

"Again he entered, and again the fierce tornado forced him back and even across the road, which you see is quite wide at the entrance. By this time some of his companions had reached the spot. Exasperated, he made a third essay. Frightened by his irreverence, the poor man cried to him: 'Do not try any more. Mary has been merciful. Twice already she has warned you. Those who love danger perish therein.' But his only reply was to adjust his fieldpiece. This time he was not only ejected as before, but when he reached the opposite side of the street a flash of lightning struck him dead.

"His terrified companions hurried away, leaving the poor peasant in safety. From that day no trooper ever invaded the sanctuary of Our Lady of Peace, and it is said that there is hardly another spot in Ireland that during this dreadful period was not drenched with blood. Time and the weather have demolished the cross, as you see, but the place is hardly less beautiful. The native peasant always raises his hat, the children speak more gently, and any evening you come this way you may see groups kneeling on these stones invoking the protection of Our Lady of Peace."—Donahoe's Magazine.

THE CRIMINAL EYE.

Frequently an AM to the Detective in Following Cases.

Eyes are the most certain revealers of the criminal nature. Many an expert detective tells a criminal by just a glance—not at him, but from him. The criminal eye varies greatly in setting, but not so much in color. Sometimes it is deeply placed in the head, as if it tried to hide, fearing the result of its own involuntary revelations. Sometimes it is bulging, protrusive like a frog's and heavy lidded. Such eyes, taken in connection with some other signs, denote treachery, lechery, loquacity, mendacity and general cruelty, with just enough cowardice to prevent the criminal from doing murder except indolently or through others.

Of the criminal eye there are many remarkable anecdotes. The murderer Francesco had little about him to indicate the ferocity that ambushed in his breast. His forehead was high and smooth; his beard was plentiful. To most people he rendered himself rather companionable by a certain cheap facetiousness that often misrepresents as wit, and on account of this social quality Francesco's conduct was tolerated, and his huge egotism did not have its full chance to repel people.

But years before his crime a young girl—afterward the Countess della Rocca—who had never left home and who lacked experience of life, recorded from him violently when introduced and refused to endure his presence. When questioned why she behaved thus toward one who stood so high socially, she answered, "If that man has not already murdered people, he will do so." This girl's prophecy very soon came true, and when Lombroso inquired by what signs she had foretold she replied: "The eyes. I saw him in his eyes."—Henry Austin in Donahoe's Magazine.

The Farmer's Mission.

A plaster image which commands an extraordinary sale in the country districts of Germany represents society thus:

On the slope of a sort of stairway which ascends to a little level landing and then comes down again are seven human figures. One represents the emperor, with scepter and crown; another, a nobleman bearing a sword; another, a priest in his cassock; another, a helmeted and armed soldier; another, a beggar with staff and pouch, and last of all, at the foot of the ladder, a farmer or peasant carrying a heavy sack of grain.

Upon each of these figures there is a little legend which represents what each character is supposed to be saying. The emperor—who, by the way, is not the highest placed figure in the group, that honor having been reserved for the Jew—says, "I govern you all."

The nobleman says, "I lord it over you all."

The priest says, "I pray for you all."

The Jew from his commanding position at the top of the heap says, "I make money out of you all."

The soldier says, "I protect you all."

The mendicant says, "I beg from you all."

The farmer, sweating under his burden at the foot of everything, murmurs, "God's will be done, but I feed all six of you!"—Youth's Companion.

The Desire for Happiness.

There are some stars that we cannot see at all when we look straight at them, but which become visible when we look to one side. So there are things that we cannot get when we try directly for them, but which presently fall into our laps if only we try hard enough for something else. Everybody knows it in that way with happiness. Make it a primary object, and it leads you a doubtful chase, but ignore it in the rational pursuit of something else, and presently you may find it perched unnoticed on your shoulder like a bird whose tail has felt the traditional influence of salt.

So, of course, the very first essential to the achievement of happiness of any durable sort is to rise above the necessity of being happy at all. It may be conducive to this sort of achievement to remember that great spirits in all times have found in their own involuntary discontent a spur to exalted endeavor. Neither Lincoln nor Balzac nor Carlyle was a happy man, but they put the saddle and bridle on their own depression and rode it under whip and spur into immortality. Columbus himself had low spirits, and Socrates and the judicious Hooker both had Xantippes.—Exchange.

Trinity's Bronze Doors.

Two of the three bronze doors which William Waldorf Astor has given to Trinity church, in New York, have been put in place in the side portals of the church and already have attracted the attention of many visitors. Each door is the independent conception of a sculptor, while all three are parts of the plan of an architect. Richard M. Hunt drew the architectural design into which the doors are fitted. To Carl Eitner was assigned the great front portal. His work is now under way, having been delayed by the sculptor's occupation in the decoration of the Administration building at the World's fair. When he has finished his panels and the front door is cast in bronze, it will be swung, and the whole will be formally dedicated.—New York Letter.

Busted the Dog Catchers.

Dog catchers on Tuesday attempted to capture a canine belonging to a certain butcher. The butcher and a crowd of bystanders gave chase after the wagon, and overtaking it stopped the vehicle, cut the harness, set the horse loose, released all the imprisoned dogs and gave the dog catcher and his assistants a severe mauling.—New York News.

The British Crown Plate.

The British crown plate includes a peacock of precious stones, valued at \$35,000, which came from India; a tiger's head with a solid ingot of gold for a tongue and crystal teeth, and a magnificent gold shield, valued at nearly \$10,000, which was made from substances brought to Europe by—London Tribune.

HEROIC SACRIFICE.

DON UNIA, LIKE FATHER DAMIAN, MINISTERS TO LEPERS.

Already He Has Contracted the Dread Disease, but His Years Are Only For the Suffering People—LIFE IN THE LAMARETTO OF AGUA DE DIOS.

Letters from Colombia bring news of the serious illness of Don Unia, a heroic priest who two years ago left Turin to dedicate his life to caring for lepers in the lamaretto of Agua de Dios.

The lamaretto is about three days' march from Santa Fe de Bogota. Don Unia left Turin in 1898. Two years later he wrote to his superior, Don Bosco, that he longed to devote himself to the service of the lepers. A letter written 10 days later reports Don Unia already at the lamaretto and feeling "quite happy." He describes the rejoicing among the lepers at his coming, adding:

"As we drew near about a hundred little boys in Sunday clothes and shining faces advanced with many little banners flapping above their heads. These were followed by white-robed little girls bearing palms and flowers and singing hymns. It was a simple scene and yet so touching that it drew tears from my eyes. But the sight soon changed for me when I visited those lying in the lamaretto. God help them!—breathing carcases in a long protracted putrefaction. One without hands, another without arms, another has no feet. Here is one whose back is dropping off; pained, and in this awful condition they drag out a miserable death." Don Unia confesses his "heart sank" at first. But as he found these afflicted beings brighter at his presence he felt that "ghostly smile" a great reward for weakness and sorrow.

Though he was at the outset "dismayed and stupefied" by the very misery of his terrible congregation, he made the terrible force of his appeal to him, and he received more fully than ever to live with and for the lepers.

Between infected and noninfected the lepers numbered upward of 1,500 souls. He was the only priest there. He looked after his 1,500 charges, celebrated mass, administered the sacrament and consoled the poor tortured creatures by visiting them several times a day.

"Taking everything into account," wrote the noble priest, "I think work won't be wanting, so my life will be a happy one." If he should become a leper, he added, and seem to be able to say, he could still console and console the afflicted ones, though he should be covered with ulcers. Meantime he always declared himself "happy," though the temperature (36 to 38 degrees F.) was "unpleasantly high." His "habitation," he said, "consists of a shed divided into two little chambers and covered with palm leaves, through which the rain passes beautifully, but with the burning heat one suffers a little; the water will do no harm. A few little boys have been told off to assist me a few times. He brings me something to eat twice a day, just as the crew used to do by the old hermit."

The South American missions are two months by post from Turin. When Don Unia's dispatch for Don Unia, ordering him to undertake the management of the leper house in the City of Mexico, reached Bogota, it was taken to mean that the permission to devote his life to the lepers was not accorded. The fact is, Don Unia granted his priest's heroic request so soon as it was made to him, "with tears and a heart full of solemn thankfulness." But Don Unia conceived himself under command to start for a new field of labor, and he dutifully made ready to depart. To Don Unia he sent an urgent letter of entreaty, of which the following are the concluding lines:

"In order to render my departure less bitter to those poor, agonized souls, I will not leave them without hope. I shall give them to understand that, after visiting Mexico, in the lapse of a few months I shall be back again among them to remain with them forever. My dearly beloved superior, Don Tina, will not surely make me break my word. When all matters will be definitely settled for the Mexican house, I implore you to send a rector, with the necessary staff, from Turin and allow me to return to the care of my lepers."

"The parting moment, I fear, will call forth a heartrending scene, but holy obedience will give me force to conquer myself and surround every difficulty. On returning to Bogota I shall immediately set out for Mexico, but my thoughts and my heart will always be with the poor creatures I leave in desolation behind me."

"My lepers—my poor lepers—that is my mission. That is what God has called me to; this is a consolation which your reverence cannot have the heart to deny me."

So for two years the self-sacrificing priest has labored among the lepers, and now he, too, has contracted the dread disease. Other members of the society to which he belongs have gone to join him, and when the inevitable end comes to continue his work among the poor stricken ones of the lamaretto of Agua de Dios.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bishop Cotter Sets Type.

Maria, the little monthly publication issued by the young ladies attending the Academy of Villa Maria at Frontenac, Minn., contains the following item: "Bishop McGoldrick and Bishop Cotter visited our office recently. Asking for the composing stick, Bishop Cotter worked steadily for a few moments and then handed up the following: 'St. Rev. J. McGoldrick, D. D.' This shows how well he can set type."

Rivertown Declares Submission.

St. George Miyaz, whose applies on the "Happiness of Hell" were recently put on the index, has publicly declared his complete submission to the church. He is a noble example. Obedience is the great virtue.

THE GARTEN REMEDY.

OF THE

Liquor, Morphine and Tobacco

ARE RELIABLE

They not only have no bad effects during treatment, but they improve general health in proportion to the amount used.

The price of all Hungarian cigarettes is 10 cents. In Budapest, Hungary. He was one of the most famous violinists of his race, and in his lifetime appeared in every country of Europe and in the United States.

One reason why the Russian aristocracy can never marry the Princess Victoria of Wales, with whose name the gossip has connected him, is that they are first cousins, and the marriage of first cousins is strictly prohibited by the canon of the Greek church.

The new tax on stock exchange transactions, which has gone into force in France, has well-nigh paralyzed business on the French market and almost caused the total abandonment of the bourse. The huge building, usually crowded with brokers, is almost deserted.

The smallest professional shill in the world recently made his debut at St. Petersburg. The little musician's name is Basil Kozakoff; he is only five years old, and his legs are so short that his father has to work the pedals for him. Master Kozakoff plays only Chopin, and his execution is said to be equal to that of the great pianist himself.

News comes from Athens that the government has not a price as the heads of twenty-nine brigands, the heads of the leaders being valued at high as 2,000 drachmas each, and those of the rank and file as low as 100 drachmas each. Brigands have been doing a good deal of mischief in Thessaly of late and the government is determined to suppress them.

FINE AND FEATHERS.

A large fish hawk lately captured a trout from the creek at Strawberry Settlement, N. T., and while descending the fish was attacked by a snake. A terrific fight ensued, which resulted in the death of the hawk.

A gasoline stove exploded in Gettysburg, Pa., and a 6-year-old child was burned to death. A faithful dog tore all the child's clothing off in his efforts to rescue the child, and the body of the animal was found by the child's side after the fire.

A business man of Colfax, Wash., proposes to stock that country with Chinese pheasants. A large poultry house has been built at his house, and he has hatched out forty young birds on the place. Many more eggs are now in his incubator. He has laid over 100 eggs, but none of them has yet hatched.

A paradise fish in a tank at a New York show window is surrounded by a hundred or so of the young, that appear as mere bubbles darting here and there. If a finger be held near the surface the fish leaps at it viciously; if the finger sink to the bottom it will take them to its mouth and lift them to the surface at the top. "That's a great fish," said the crowd. "It's an excellent parent, and takes as much care of the little fellows as overtures of more intelligent. We had to take away the male and put it into a separate tank because it was eating the young ones. No, it isn't a she. This is the father. The mother is over there by herself."

TREES AND THEIR ENEMIES.

It is asserted that the best, strongest and most fibrous material in the shape of wood now used as pulp for paper, is made from spruce logs.

The mountains of Guatemala (meaning all of trees) are covered with magnificent forests, and the country takes its name from them. One of its principal products is guano, a dye-wood and other tropical trees abound.

A curious tree growth has been noticed in Key West, Fla. The date palm is growing from the hollow of an Indian fig or banyan tree, and is apparently supported by the roots of the fig tree, which clasp the date for some distance. The banyan is a small one, having only three trunks.

Thirty years ago a small pine on the farm of Tom Davis, in Johnson county, Georgia, being cut down, lodged against another small pine about twenty-five feet above ground and four feet from the top. The trees united and the tree that was cut down is growing as finely as ever to within a foot of the butt. The stump has rotted away, but still the tree thrives through the roots of its neighbor.

The elm tree beetle, a greedy black worm, is doing great mischief to the elm trees of all Connecticut towns are shaded. The worms speedily strip the trees of their leaves, which turn yellow and often fall in showers. Many handsome elms have already been almost ruined by them, and the daily press teems with editorials and letters from correspondents, ardent admirers, telling how the pest may be destroyed.

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Byrne Sells a Little Book on the History of the City of New York. J.P. BYRNE.