IN TUSCANY.

O the days we dwelt in Tuscany!—I would I might forget!—
I wonder, Margherita, if they linger with you yet?
Margherita, with the softness as of velvet in your eyes,
Beneath the golden sunset of those far-off Tuscan skies,
Where we lingered, Margherita, 'mong the grasses with their blossom—
(Sweet, your mouth a crimson rose leaf, and the vines about your feet
Climbing up and nestling inward o'er the twin-drifts of your bosom)
In the grasses where the poppies and the lupenelli meet.

The days we dreamed in Tuscany, and laughed among the vines,
With the warm sun on the purple of the fragrant grapes unpressed;
And your limbs like the Bacchantes', with the tinting of the wines,
And the waxen tuberose nestling close against your breast;
And the sweets of damask roses and the wild anemone,
And the tendrils, Margherita, clinging close about your feet;
And the sunset turned to moonlight—would I then had died for thee!—
While the night o'erlay Arezzo, O the night that was so sweet!

Ah, my star-eyed Margherita,—Tuscan beauty, passion-hearted,—
With your laugh as sweet as echoes o'er Urbino's shimmering light,
My heart must e'er remember, Cara Mia, how we parted—
And the flash of a stiletto 'gainst the duskness of the night.

—Francis Higgins-Glenerne.

THE OLD SCRAP-BOOK.

High street of Moxford was interested this June day in the funeral of old Carmel Battersby.

He had kept the curiosity shop, for about fifty years. The old spinning wheels, sparrow-legged chairs, carved oak bureaus, china of all sorts, war medals, watches, coins, etc., would, no doubt, now go to the hammer. Moxford would miss the attractive window of No. 59 almost as much as the quaint form of its owner.

Peter Battersby and Mrs. Peter were early on the scene, in decent black.

They had extremely comfortable expectations. To be sure, for the last ten years they had not interchanged many words with the late Carmel, who was Peter's only brother; but as Mrs. Peter remarked, when the news of her brother-in-law's death arrived, "He couldn't for shame leave his money to any one else."

Young Walter Battersby, Mr. and Mrs. Peter's only son did not conceal his joy in his uncle's demise. He told his boon companions at the Hen and Chickens that he was in for a good thing.

Nor were the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Peter without discreet maidenly elation. Their uncle, while he lived, was such a figure that they never cared to look at him. Beside, he hadn't a very civil tongue; liked to be caustic about their high-heeled shoes and extensive bonnets and hats, and to be very rude with his inquiries why three Mr. Rights did not press for the honor of their small gloved hands.

Of course, there was his little servant girl, Joan Smith. But she was only "a workhouse hussy," to borrow Mrs Peter's elegant expression.

With his usual eccentricity, old Carmel had taken a girl from the Moxford Union after the death of his elderly housekeeper, Mrs. Roberts. Joan was that servant, and she had served him truly for the last six years, being now but twenty-two. Save for Seth Perry, who worked for the Moxford Tin Plate Company, she had no one else to care for.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter found No. 59 nicely prepared for the funeral. There was also a rather clumsy wreath of wild hyacinths and buttercups on the coffin.

"The idea of such a thing as that!" exclaimed Mrs. Peter, touching the wreath with the tip of her parasol.

Joan was near at the time. She burst into tears at these words.

"Please, ma'am," she said, "I should so like it to go with him. I picked them all myself."

"It shall do nothing of the kind, then; and your place is in the kitchen, not the parlor," retorted Mrs. Peter.

Mr. Cameron was the Moxford lawyer who had charge of the old curiosity man's affairs.

Two or three others now arrived, including the lawyer, Mr. Hurst, the Methodist New Connection minister, and old Craven, the silversmith.

Joan viewed the start from the back entry with tearful eyes. She was periodically convulsed with sobs.

Even the soothing voices of Seth Perry, who had come upon her unawares, had no effect on her at first.

"Never you mind, lass," said Seth; "things will all come out right."

He took her in his arms in the passage, up which so many antique articles had travelled during the last half century, and kissed her wet cheeks.

"And now I must get back to work," he said.

It was a hot day, even for June, and when the funeral party re-entered the house, Mrs. Peter's face was extremely red. Here they were met by Walter Battersby and the three girls. This was Mrs. Peter's arrangement.

"The more witnesses there are the safer it'll be," she had said, alluding, of course, to the reading of her brother-in-law's will. "Besides," she added, "they may hear something nice for themselves."

Joan continued alone in the kitchen. The tramp of strange feet in the room over her did but make fresh tears swell up from the bountiful source inside her.

The lawyer did not keep them waiting. He smiled rather dryly, took a glass of sherry, and drew forth the paper from its official blue envelope.

Never was there, in Mrs. Peter Battersby's opinion, a more horrid and disgraceful last will and testament.

Certainly, her husband was to receive a fourth part of the proceeds of the sale of the deceased's goods; but what was a mere fourth?

The other three fourths were left—of all things—to the Moxford Union, "to help them to train up more girls like Joan Smith." Those were the very words.

To the three girls of Mr. and Mrs. Peter the three largest mirrors in the establishment of No. 59 were bequeathed, without comment. Mr. Walter Battersby was not even mentioned; nor was Mrs. Peter.

Mr. Cameron received one hundred pounds, and so did the deceased's old friend, Mr. Craven.

Lastly, Joan was mentioned. She was to have a year's wages, all the furniture of her own bedroom, and the large scrap-book for which she had so often plied scissors and paste, and which contained curious items of newspaper intelligence during the last thirty years.

"One moment, sir," interposed Mr. Peter, to whom his wife had whispered much. "What's become of all his money in the bank? He must have had thousands."

"The balance to his credit on May 31," answered Mr. Cameron, referring to a note, "was just $227.19. After the funeral expenses are paid——"

"What's he done with it?" cried Mrs. Peters, redder of face than ever.

"I cannot tell you, madam. Good morning," said the lawyer, who then wisely left them to fight the matter out among themselves. But before he went, he, with his own hands, carried to Joan in her kitchen the unwieldly old scrap-book, and told her that it was her property, as well as the furniture of her room.

Mrs. Peter, before she departed, thought well to trespass in the kitchen and say some cruel things to Joan. Mrs. Peter Battersby did something else before she left No. 59.

Together with her disappointed son and darling Walter, she climbed the stairs to Joan's little attic, and took a hammer with her.

Mrs. Peters studiously searched Joan's attic from wall to wall. She turned out the girl's one tin box, and looked in the drawer of the washstand, ripped up the palliasse outrageously and threw the straw all about and treated the bolster with equal brutality.

There was also a handsome old oak wardrobe that would have graced even a royal bedchamber. This was for Joan's three or four poor frocks.

It was quite laughable to see how mother and son tapped and probed this antique piece of furniture. They even knocked off the head of a lion in relief at the top of it, to see if there was a secret cavity behind the head.

But the wardrobe taught them no more than the palliasse and the bolster.

The sun was still well above the cemetery hill when Seth called at No 59 in his workaday grime and his workaday grease.

"Art ready, my lass?" he inquired of Joan.

Old Mrs. Perry had in her younger days been a servant herself. She had a woman's sympathy for Joan, and discernment enough to know that her son might do far worse than marry such a girl.

"The money and the furniture 'll be useful enough to you, child," said the old Mrs. Perry, "but the idea of leaving you a thing like that!" pointing to the scrap-book.

"I used to be fond of it," stammered Joan. "The times we've sat together, him pasting and me cutting what he'd mark!"

She rose and lifted the big book on the table and untied its strings, and opened it.

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Seth, as a bank note for five hundred dollars appeared.

Joan turned pale as she took it up. It was indorsed on the back. "Pay to Joan Smith and no one else."

Ere they had finished looking through the book they found twenty-one other notes of exactly the same kind.

"They are certainly yours, my girl," said Mr. Cameron, when Joan called on him in the morning, "and I shall have great pleasure in telling Mrs. Peter Battersby what has become of the money to her brother-in-law's credit at the bank."

An Immigrant Sees Little.

"There is living in my town," said Louis McKenzie of Moorhead, Minn., "an old lady with the most remarkable experience I have yet heard of. She is the mother-in-law of our leading hotel keeper, Colonel H. A. Burns. The remarkable thing about her is that, although she was born in Scotland, near Perth, she has lived nearly all her life on the North American continent, and she has never seen New York, Chicago, or, indeed, any part of the United States except the northern portion of Minnesota. She has not even seen our twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Oh, no; she isn't blind, and she is as bright and as observing as the keenest boy or girl you ever saw. She is, in fact, a most charming old lady, well educated, and a great reader. She came in 1833, when a child of ten, with her father, Captain Allan Rae, through Hudson bay, to Fort Garry, where Winnipeg now stands. They passed through the straits in July, and the ice was so bad that they lay there three weeks without seeing open water. There were two ships there, and the ladies walked back and forth on the ice to attend dinner parties. When the ship from York factory arrived where they were she was covered with ice two feet thick all over her decks. This ice was formed from the spray that dashed over her on her tempestuous voyage northward. That's a nice cool thing to think of on a day like this. The old lady has always been averse to traveling any more, and she has been wholly content to live and die in her northland home."

How Money Goes in War Times.

Sometimes when we get to thinking and talking about the glory of going to war for principle and we are eager to see hostilities commence, we do not realize what a tremendous thing war is. Perhaps these facts about the Civil War will give an idea of how large an undertaking a national conflict with swords and bullets, with fire and blood is. In four years of the Civil War the direct expenditure of the national government amounted to $3,180,000,000, of which $2,920,000,000 was used directly for war purposes. Seven hundred and thirty million dollars of this was raised by taxation, and the rest was obtained by issuing greenbacks and interest-bearing bonds. The interest on this war debt to July 1, 1897, had amounted to $2,664,000,000. Two billion, one hundred and twenty-seven million dollars has been paid out in pensions since the war. Thus the total direct cost of the war has been $7,771,000,000. At present the government is paying $3,500,000 out each week in pensions and in interest on the war debt.

STOPPING THE RUN.

Ingenious Way of Saving the Credit of Spanish Banks.

A man who recently left Lisbon tells an interesting story of the manner in which the Bank of Spain checked the run upon that institution several weeks ago. The circulating medium of Spain consists of the notes of that bank and the silver which is held to redeem them to 75 per cent., I believe, of their par value. As the public were losing confidence in the financial stability of the government, crowds of people took their paper notes to the bank for redemption. Under ordinary circumstances, they will exchange silver for a paper note without any delay, but when the run commenced the managers found it necessary to adopt some measures to restore confidence and to save the specie in their own vaults. It would not do, of course, for them to show the white feather or refuse to redeem their own notes, so they adopted an ingenious plan which ultimately tired out the people and stopped the demand for coin. Thousands of people surrounded the bank—many of them were in bad temper—and stood in lines several blocks long awaiting their turn at the cashier's counter. When one of them finally reached him and laid down the note he wished to exchange for silver coin, he was held for five or ten minutes and subjected to a cross-examination such as might have been given him by a census enumerator. In the meantime, a clerk wrote his answers down upon a blank form—his age, occupation, residence, birthplace, the names of his parents, etc. Then he was required to sign a formal application for the exchange of twenty pesetas, for example, in paper, for their equivalent in silver. Then he was sent away and told to return in three days.

On the third day the man would return and, after standing in line again all day and all night, perhaps, would reach the cashier's counter. He would be required to bring somebody to identify him and to certify that he was the person described in the paper presented. This took a couple of days more, perhaps, and finally he was given a certificate or draft upon another cashier, who, he was told, would pay him the money. This made it necessary for him to stand in another line for a day or two, and when he finally reached the proper place he would be required to sign a receipt and make an oath of allegiance to the government and an indorsement of the financial soundness of the bank. Thus by this circumlocution arrangement a man had to waste seven or eight days to get a paper dollar changed into silver, and the transaction was so tedious and complicated that each consumed fifteen or twenty minutes. As there was only one cashier not more than forty or fifty persons at the utmost could be served in a day, and the clamor finally subsided from exhaustion.

The Youngest Salesman.

Bangor, Me., claims the youngest traveling man in the country in the person of Harry Dugan, the 8-year-old son of P. T. Dugan of the firm of P. T. Dugan & Co., dealers in saddlery hardware.

Young Dugan is a full-fledged drummer in every sense of the word. He started out a few weeks ago and has already taken orders amounting to hundreds of dollars. On his first trip through Aroostook county he succeeded in getting many new customers.

His mind turns toward business in

HARRY DUGAN.

every way. He is full of business all the time, and when he is not trying to sell some horseman a set of boots for his trotter, he is "talking horse," and here he is at home. He knows every horseman in that section of the state, the names of their trotters, and he traces the pedigree of many of them, where others of years of experience have failed.

About the Phongs.

According to M. Adhemar Leclerc, French resident in Kratia, Cambodia, the Phongs, a wild people of that country, have the type of the North American Indians. They believe in a God, whom they call Brah, and in another life and in ghosts. They eat almost every kind of flesh, and make an intoxicating drink from rice. They smoke a wild tobacco in wooden pipes. Their sense of smell is so keen that they profess to know individual animals by it. They have neither music nor dance.

Royal Hair.

Royal hair sold cheap in London recently. Locks of King Edward IV, of George III, of the Princess Charlotte of Wales and of Napoleon I, with a bit of William IV's cercloth and the testimonials of authenticity thrown in, brought $14 at auction.

Rubber Pillows.

Pillows and mattresses for ships bunks are being made of rubber or other waterproof material in a number of separate sections and inflated, the different sections having lines attached which can be used for life saving.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Lima.

The home of William Slattery was made sad last week by the loss of their baby, who was buried here on Thursday.

The decoration of St. Rose's church is progressing finely. The niches for the statues, twelve in number, are in place, and promise to add much to the beauty of our fine church.

School at the G. W. Seminary began last week, and several of our young Catholics are attending.

John Renney of Rochester spent Sunday with his mother and sisters in this place.

Our parochial school begins Monday, and a large attendance is expected.

Caledonia.

The death of Francis L. Corcoran, aged 28 years, at his home in this village on Saturday morning, was one of the saddest deaths that ever occurred here. He had been ill but a few days with appendicitis, and his death was an unexpected blow to his many friends. Mr. Corcoran moved here about five years ago from Wilkesbarre, Pa., and has been employed as operator at the P. & L. junction until some two weeks ago when he was appointed agent at North Hector, where he expected to move his family this week. He leaves a wife and three children who have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement. His funeral, which was held on Monday morning at St. Columba's, was largely attended. Among the floral offerings was a floral flag to represent the flag of the Lehigh Valley R. R., a gift of the employees. Those in attendance from out of town were John Corcoran of Baltimore, Md., William Corcoran and wife of Shamokin, Pa., and Miss May Minahan of Pittston, Pa.

Charles Graney leaves this week to resume his studies at the University of Buffalo.

Misses Delia Maloney and Josephine Martin of Dunkirk are spending some time with Jennie Martin.

John Ball returned Monday morning from his business trip to Detroit.

East Bloomfield.

Miss Lizzie Perrett of Rochester spent Sunday at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrigan of Canandaigua called on friends in town Sunday.

Mrs M. C. Cannan of Catherine street, Rochester, who has been visiting relatives and friends in town has returned home.

Miss Maggie O'Neil has been in Buffalo visiting friends.

Miss Jennie McCarthy left last week for Long Island, where she will resume her duties teaching school.

Miss Lizzie O'Neill has returned to the Canandaigua Union school to again take up the work of teaching.

Seneca Falls.

Mrs. Jane Haggerty and son of Notre Dame, Indiana, are visiting her sister Miss Katie Crelly, of West Bayard street.

Miss Clara Curran who has been spending a two month's vacation at the home of her mother, Mrs. John Curran on Bayard street, has returned to North Adams.

Miss Mame O'Niell has returned from a two week's visit with friends in Rochester.

Thomas McGovern left home Wednesday of last week for a trip to Baltimore and Annapolis.

Misses Mary and Emily Murphy of Lyons, are visiting with relatives and friends in town.

James Winkle of the warship, Indiana, was home last week for a visit.

Mrs. Patrick Hoey and daughter Miss Mary of Ovid, were visiting friends in town last week.

Edward McArdle has gone to Buffalo, where he will take a course of study preparatory to entering the priesthood.

Delegate Michael E. Reagan and Supreme Marshal John E. Mackin, attended the sixth convention of the Supreme Council of the C. R. and B. A., which occurred Tuesday at Utica.

On Tuesday morning next in St. Mary's church at Waterloo, will occur the marriage of Miss Frances Graham of Waterloo, and William Joseph McGraw of Seneca Falls. The young couple have many friends who will extend their congratulations in advance of the happy event.

High mass will begin Sunday at the 10.30 mass in St. Patrick's church.

St. Patrick's school opened Monday with a large number of pupils.

Penn Yan.

Mrs. Frank T. Byrne, of Buffalo, has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. F. Earles, during the past week.

Miss Elizabeth M. Wells, of Wellsboro, Pa., has accepted a position as telegraph operator with Hollowell & Wise.

Mr. Thomas Downs, of Auburn, recently visited Penn Yan friends.

Miss Nellie Mahar is in Rochester, learning the S. T. Taylor system of cutting.

Miss Margaret Dolan has accepted a position with A. V. Masten, Jr., in his book store.

Miss Jennie Early has returned from New York where she has been purchasing goods for the fall millinery trade of C. N. McFarren.

Miss Marie Halloran has returned from a visit of several weeks with relatives in New York and Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin, of Seneca Falls, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Mahar, recently.

Miss Mary Ryan, of Belona, was in town Saturday.

Miss Blanche Kelly will enter Vassar college this fall.

Dansville.

St. Patrick's parochial school will open Monday, Sept. 19.

Miss Laura O'Brien of Geneseo, was the guest of Miss Sophia Thompson, during the fair.

St. Patrick's fair netted about $850.

Thos. Gallagher of Cincinnati was shaking hands with his many Dansville friends during the fair.

Misses Lizzie Maloney and Clara Schabmehl will attend the Normal at Geneseo this year.

Miss Nellie O'Connor was the guest of Miss Margaret Quigley last week.

The Misses Conway of Rexville, visited at the home of John Sheehan during the past week.

Miss Nellie Bacon opened her school at District No. 10, Ossian Monday Sept. 12.

[Continued on 8th page.]