

THE TRICK ...OF... LAMFADA.

By Countess Cromartie.

The camp fires showed red against the evening sky and lighted up a shelter built of pine boughs and wattles where sat Cormac, High King of Erin, with his kinsfolk. For weeks they had besieged the dun of Forgall of the North, and failed to oust him or his warriors. The young king frowned as he thought of the taunts Forgall's envoy had thrown at them that very day—taunts that would mean a life-long feud with Forgall's clan as they ate and drank they cursed Forgall while they despised him for keeping to his stronghold like a trapped wolf. Silence fell as the harper chanted a song of the days when the gods walked the earth among men, and told how Lu Lamfada won the love of the prisoned daughter of Balor of the Evil Eye by entering her prison in the guise of a fair woman so that the prophecy might be fulfilled that foretold that Balor would die by the hand of his own grandson. And the song told how the girl's captivity had been in vain against the word of the gods.

While the harper sang Cormac was still thinking how they might enter Forgall's fort, but Conan, the youngest there, seeing the king's wine-horn empty, rose, lifted the great bronze wine jar, and filled it. Conan was only fifteen years of age, but he had already won a name for swordsmanship. Tall and slim he was, with laughing eyes and copper-red hair that fell to the silver-bosomed belt he wore. As the wine gurgled out of the jar in a yellow stream the king's angry eyes wandered among his ten cousins, all as young as, or younger than, himself. Among them were Etercel of the Charlots; Canshel the Bard, who made songs even when he was in the middle of a fight; Fergus of the Long Spear, whose comeliness was hardly spilt from an old sword-gash that marked him from temple to chin; and Conan, the boy, who had put down the wine-jar and stood with his elbow on the back of Cormac's seat. Besides these named there were six more, as good fighters and as young and handsome as Cormac himself. All but the ten had risen, bowed to the king, and gone out.

Suddenly Cormac's anger seemed to vanish. He leaned across the board, put a hand on Canshel the Bard's shoulder, and whispered in his ear, and Canshel threw back his head and laughed loud and long.

"By Lamfada himself, a cunning scheme!" he said, when he could speak.

"We will not tell the others," said Cormac. "We will do it."

"How about Fergus, O King?" laughed young Conan. "He will never be able to play Lu's game."

Fergus shrugged his shoulders. "I will say my man did it in a drunken rage," he said.

"I go to hunt for women tall enough to suit us," said Canshel the Bard, and he took his horse and rode away into the night.

It was the next night; the besieged Forgall and his warriors were at their evening meal in the hall of the dun—Forgall, as was his custom, was slightly drunk—when an excited sentinel rushed in and informed him that eleven fair women craved his protection and the shelter of his noble house.

"They say they have escaped from Cormac's camp," added the man. "Well, well," growled Forgall, "let the wenches in; they may have information." So the wenches in question were ushered into Forgall's presence. They were eleven in number; the one who looked the eldest among them was very tall and dark, and she stood in front of the others, facing Forgall. She carried her head high, and her eyes did not waver under Forgall's drunken stare. Had the company been less intoxicated they would have noticed that her hand had a trick of going to her hip as if she carried a sword there. But before that took root in Forgall's muddled brain the youngest of the party, a wondrous fair woman with red hair coiled round her head, had clutched her companion's arm and leaned upon it, as if overcome with weariness.

Forgall spoke then. "Sit down and eat, all of you; thou, my black beauty, sit here." He pointed to the seat nearest him, and the tall woman sank into it.

"So—you are from Cormac's camp; I wonder he let you go; but it shows your good taste to come here," chuckled Forgall. The dark woman shuddered. "Cormac is a man of much evil," she said in a low, deep voice. "I came away for the sake of my little sister yonder."

She nodded toward the red-haired damsel who sat near.

The "little sister" was moved to tears, for she covered her face and rocked to and fro, sobbing chokingly. The elder one lifted the wine cup near her and drank deep.

"Thou art not a bad hand at a wine horn," said Forgall. "High gods! what an arm!" The dark woman flushed angrily, and shook off Forgall's grasp. Her ten companions glanced at each other appre-

hensively before she leaned back and spoke calmly and lazily.

"Thou dost do me much honor—Lord. In my youth I have drawn a sword, which perhaps makes me less feeble—say than that red-haired scoundrel, my sister."

The sister at that moment was freely answering the jests of an intoxicated warrior, and hearing her elder's voice, was seized with an ungovernable fit of coughing. At that moment Forgall rose unsteadily.

Follow me to the women's apartments," he said with drunken ceremony. All enemies of Cormac are—my friends," he ended with a burst of affection, clinging to the dark woman's arm, which he seemed unwilling to relinquish. The dark woman smiled, and the ten followed the unsteady steps of the chieftain.

And in Cormac's camp men searched wildly for their king and his ten cousins.

"This is going to be sport, but how are we to fight eleven to a hundred?" said one of Forgall's guests who carried a sword cut across her cheek. "Where does he keep his women?" said the red-haired damsel, yawning. Upon which one of her companions boxed her ears soundly.

The ten were sitting in a large chamber high up in one of the towers of the dun.

"We have got in, anyway," said the dark woman. "So the game is half ours. Hst! what is that?"

The door swung open slowly, and a girl's face appeared—a young face, but pinched and white with much work and little food but for all that fair to see. She carried a bronze tray, and on it were eleven wine cups. She came in silently and went round to the eleven women.

Some sat on the skins upon the floor, others lounged on the couches covered with wolf and deer hides that were ranged round the walls of the great guest chamber. They all took the wine cups and drank from the tall dark beauty who watched the girl through half-closed eyes to the red-haired damsel who smiled at her frankly. Suddenly the dark woman lifted herself on her elbow and caught the girl by the arm as she passed, noticing even as she did so that the girl shrank back and put up her arm, like one used to many blows.

"Child, whose slave art thou?" said the dark woman gently.

"The slave of Forgall's wife, lady." The girl glanced over her shoulder as she spoke.

"Ah! not Forgall's?" said her questioner with a low laugh.

"No, lady," faltered the child—she was little more.

The dark woman's eyes wandered over the tense, strained weariness in the girl's face, the hunted half-anger, half terror of the wild blue eyes, then she spoke again, slowly. "It seems thou hast little pleasure in Forgall's household. Of what province art thou?"

"I am of Alba, lady. Forgall's wife bought me a year ago."

"And beats and starves thee, it seems." The dark woman's voice was very gentle.

The girl faced her for an instant, then spoke, still with that scared glance over her shoulder, though her voice blossomed through her teeth with the piteous, blind fury of a trapped thing.

"Lady, I pray the gods that Cormac the King may conquer Forgall and leave naught of this dun but the empty walls. I pray—" her voice choked, and she burst into a fit of stifled sobbing. "Tell them not what I said," she gasped then; "she would kill me."

"No, no," said the dark woman, softly. "But listen here, child; you can get your revenge if you like." She drew the girl closer and whispered in her ear, putting a hand over her mouth and stifling her cry of amazement.

As she had spoken one of the women had arisen and put her back against the door.

"Hush!" said the dark woman, letting the slave girl go. "One word; wilt thou do it or wilt thou not? 'Tis not a long way to the camp. Ah! thou wilt do it," she added, with a low laugh, as the slave, dropped to her knees and pressed a corner of the cloak the other still wore to her lips. The dark woman drew off a ring she wore and pressed it into the girl's hand. "Show that and they will come," she said.

And the girl rose and went without a word. When she was gone one of the ten gave a great sigh. "I would never have thought of it," she said.

"Trust a slave who is fair and badly treated by an enemy to serve us well," yawned the dark woman. "Wake me at midnight; they will be here by then, and we must secure Forgall."

"How?" said the last speaker.

"That is my business," said the dark woman, and fell asleep.

Forgall slept and dreamed of the dark woman, till a voice broke through his dreams. "Forgall, son of Diarmid, come to me." And, still heavy with wine he rose and followed the voice. In the glitter of a dying torch over the doorway stood the dark woman. Forgall stumbled forward, and in another instant the woman had locked an arm about him and his cry was choked by the grip of her other hand on his throat; and in less time than it takes to tell, he was bound, gagged and helpless by the clutches of the eleven who had

entered his hall that night. He could not move, though he heard the crash of the great door that was burst open from below.

So the warriors of Cormac the King stormed in and took the fort. "I drank thy wine and made a fool of thee, so I give thee pardon, Forgall," said the young King.

And Forgall had no choice but to be Cormac's man, since Cormac had beaten him. So he got off with his life, but he lost much cattle and other goods, and his wife lost her best handmaid, Malv.

When they had returned to their camp that day the ten held a feast in their King's honor, and Conan did cup-bearer as before.

"The little sister did not do badly," said Cormac.

"O, King, may I never have to wear such a garb again, and may I never have to pretend to weep when I am choking with laughter," said the boy.

"Where is the girl who helped us?" said Cormac then and they sent for Malv, the slave. "Well, wilt thou have thy freedom and go home to Alba?" said the King kindly.

The hunted blue eyes found his face timidly. "No, lord," the girl's voice came hardly above a whisper. "What wilt thou have, then?" he asked.

"Naught. I—I would sooner stay in the land of the King." The girl was trembling as she spoke and she leaned heavily against the board where the ten sat.

"Very good, thou shalt stay," said Cormac, and then the feast went on. And they laughed at the trick they had played upon Forgall, and pledged the harper with a shout as he entered, for he had put the thought into Cormac's heart with his song about Lu Lamfada and the winning of Balor's daughter Ethnea.

Leo XIII.'s Handkerchiefs.

Many people have read of the beautiful layette presented by Pope Pius X. to his godson, the Prince of the Austrias, but the historical interest attaching to part of it is not generally known. When giving the order for the layette it occurred to his Holiness that something might be done in connection with it with some exquisitely fine new cambric pocket handkerchiefs that had belonged to the late Pope Leo XIII., and which had in the course of events come into the possession of his successor. Accordingly, after consultation in the proper quarters, these handkerchiefs were included into some of the dainty little garments that help to swell the little one's wardrobe, and so during the next few months the heir to the Spanish throne will be at least partly clothed in what had once been the property of the great and good Pope who twenty-one years ago assumed the duties of godfather to the royal infant's own father, Don Alfonso XIII.

A Chinese Dinner.

"E. T. Snuggs of Shiu Hing, missionary of Southern convention, and I dined with P. P. Wong, a wealthy business man of Shanghai," said the Rev. Dr. N. R. Pittman, one of the two Missouri representatives to the great centenary missionary conference in China and the only representative from Kansas City.

"He invited to dine with us four Chinese gentlemen of learning and wealth. They spoke English with accuracy. The dinner was a feast. The course consumed two hours. When we had been dining almost an hour, I asked Shing Wong how many more courses. He said 'Sixteen.' Every 15 minutes a servant brought to each one of us a hot cloth with which he wiped our hands and faces. We surely had a hundred different dishes. We had birds' nest soup. We had things from air and earth and sea, and brook. That dinner must have cost Shing Wong \$100 in gold."

President Harrison's Secretary.

Few of the younger generation who read lately that Major E. W. Halford a paymaster in the army, was to be retired from the service shortly realized that the officer is "Lige" Halford, who was secretary to President Harrison—"private" secretary he was called then. The old times among the newspaper men and others whose business took them to the White House in Harrison's Administration recall Halford as one of the best fellows who ever occupied the trying position held by William Loeb He and Dan Lamont share honors in this respect. It was not always easy to see General Harrison, but Halford was always accessible, always affable, and usually an excellent source of news. His army commission was signed by President Harrison only a few weeks before the latter's Administration closed.

Holland Sea Signals.

Holland seems to be pioneering a new development of sea signals which may render coast lightships of double utility to vessels in times of fog. At a point of the North Sea northeast of Texel Island is moored the Dutch lightship Haaks, which has been equipped with a novel system of submarine signals by means of sunken bells. In fog, snow or hail or whenever from any cause the weather is judged "thick" enough, these bells can be sounded once every three seconds. The system has been installed as a practical working test, and if the results are deemed to be good enough it will be adopted generally on all Dutch lightships—perhaps also on those of Belgium.

SECRET OF BREATHING WELLS.

Due to Changes in Atmospheric Pressure or in Temperature.

The United States Geological Survey has on hand the investigation of curious phenomena known as "blowing" or "breathing" wells. In the course of collecting well records, the hydrologists of the survey have observed many wells that emit currents of air with more or less force, sometimes accompanied by a whistling sound which can be heard for a long distance.

The best known examples of this type of well are found throughout the State of Nebraska. Blowing wells are also known to occur in Rapides Parish, in Southern Louisiana. The force of the air currents in one of the Southern Louisiana wells is sufficient to keep a man's hat suspended above it.

The cause of such phenomena is mainly due to changes in atmospheric pressure or to changes in temperature. During the progress of a low barometer storm over these regions, the air is expelled from the blowing wells. With a rising barometer the blowing becomes rapidly less until the current is finally reversed.

Differences in the temperature of the surface air and the air in the soil also produce similar effects. When the interstices between the grains of sand, gravel, etc., in which the well is driven are filled with water, the phenomena of blowing is much less noticeable.—St. Louis Republic.

COOKING FISH IN CLAY.

Improves Flavor and Keeps Flesh Firm and Hard.

"The natives of the North Woods have more appetizing ways to cook fish than any other class of cooks in the world, I believe," said Leonard Kehoe, of Tomah. "It surprises people who come into the fishing country to learn that there are so many ways of cooking fish. The universal favorite, however, seems to be the clay method."

"This is so simple that it is nearly always used when the cook can secure some good, firm clay. The fish is wrapped in the clay without having so much as a scale rubbed by the cleaning knife. He is not dressed, and the only seasoning is a pinch of salt placed in the mouth. When the fish is done up in the clay the package is placed in the embers of the camp fire to bake. When it is done the clay is cracked open, and the scales of the fish are found to be sticking in the clay, and the head is then broken off. The delicate flavor of the fish cooked in this way cannot be described. Some of the cooks have a habit of cutting a long gash along each side of the dorsal fin and inserting a slice of fat bacon. This adds greatly to the flavor of the fish. "Another thing which makes the fish so fine in the woods is that they are generally cooked in a short time after coming out of the water. The cold streams keep the flesh firm and hard, making them far superior to the fish one gets in the cities."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Gibraltar is Crumbling.

The public is not aware that the great rock of Gibraltar is tumbling down—that its crumbling, rotting masses must be continually banded together with huge patches of masonry and cement.

Yet they who sail past Gibraltar cannot fail to notice on the eastern slopes of the fortress enormous, silver-colored patches gleaming in the sun. These patches in some cases thirty or forty feet square, are the proof of Gibraltar's disintegration. Of thick, strong cement, they keep huge spurs of the cliff's side from tumbling into the blue sea.

Sea captains, cruising in the Mediterranean, say that Gibraltar has been rotting and crumbling for many years, but that of late the disintegration has gone on at a faster rate, than heretofore.

They say that the stone forming this imposing cliff is rotten stone, and that in a little while the phrase, "the strength of Gibraltar," will be meaningless.—Chicago Chronicle.

Stockings of Human Hair.

They are black stockings, thick, stiff, lustrous, and the price mark on them was \$15.

"From China," said the dealer. "From Northern China. Every family has a few pairs of human hair stockings there. They are worn over the cotton stockings—they are too prickly to be worn next the skin—and, properly treated, they last a lifetime."

"The Chinese exporter who sold me these stockings said when a child's hair is shaved in Northern China the hair is preserved in a special hair box of 'acquer.' As soon as the box is full enough the hair is taken from it and a pair of stockings is woven. Such stockings have a sentimental, almost a religious value, and they are rarely parted with. It would be safe to bet that there are not six other pairs of hair stockings on sale in America.—Boston Post.

Englishwomen's Looks.

The Englishwoman may not unreasonably claim to be the best looking woman in the world. Of course, she would not pretend for a moment that all the essentials of good looks are in her possession; but when one comes to think that the women of no other nation manage to give such general satisfaction as Englishwomen, they may, I think, confidently claim the largest proportion of good looks, grace, and fascination to be found in any daughter of Eve all the world over.—The World.

HOUSEKEEPING

Labour-saving devices for the home and suggestions for better housekeeping are given. Our House-keeping Column contains the most interesting and useful information on a subject of universal interest.



THE GRAVES STEEL SAVING KITCHEN CABINET

With a plan for everything it is sure to be everything for the place.

ON CONVENIENT ARRANGEMENT

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