A DREAM OF HOME.

(By Emma M. Wise.)

"OVER the front door was the motto, "God Bless Our Home," worked in red, blue and yellow silk. Close beside it, between the door and the window, was Joe Lammis' first composition. It was written in a large, uneven hand on foolscap paper, and was framed with an inch wide fancy design in varnished straw festooned with acorns. It ran in this wise:

"When I get big I want a home. I want a wife and children. I want to hear their cheerful voices. I want to see the fire burn brightly, and to watch it glimmer on my wife's hair. When I come home at night I want to find supper ready, then we will be very happy."

When Joe first had the composition framed and placed near the motto his mother smiled half chidingly and looked upon his fondness for the crude literary effort as a bit of childish folly that ought to be shamed out of him. She even went so far once as to begin to tell him that he wished to regard his composition it would be better to put it in the trunk instead of hanging it on the wall where all could see it and comment on it, perhaps unkindly, but hardly had he divined her thought when he turned toward her with such a wondering, appealing look in his large dull eyes that her tongue tripped and faltered over the words and she hastened to change the subject, hoping she had not clearly understood what had been in her mind. Her heart was so sorely grieved at having wounded him that to make amends she, too, began to love the faded composition, and had any one dared to attempt to take it from its place on the wall she would have defended it more vigorously than the most valued art treasure.

As the years passed, taking Joe through boyhood and youth and far into manhood and each night found him sitting at the opposite side of the room, looking at the motto and the composition with a smile expressive of both hoped for happiness and realized disappointment resting on his plain face, her mother-heart read the secret of his attachment to the composition, which was the only tangible expression he had ever shown of his constant dream of a home. Sometimes she wished he would take her into his confidence and tell her whether there was any possibility of his dream coming true, but she never showed any inclination to become confidential on that subject, freely as they talked on other topics. One night her anxiety got the better of the reserve which she, too, had maintained in deference to the evident wish and hobbling across the room she sat down beside him and laid her knotted, rheumatic hand in his.

"Joe," she said, half timidly, "do you think it will ever come out all right?"

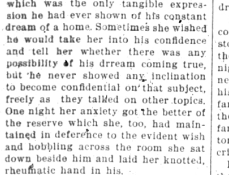
The rapt, entranced expression died away from his face and he flushed deeply.

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"That," and she pointed to the composition. "Do you think you will ever get a home, Joe?"

"Why, mother," he said, with a short laugh, "I've got one now, haven't I?"

She looked around the little room with its plain walls, cheap ingrain car-



"MY POOR BOY."

pet and homely furniture. His eyes followed hers, and they sighed in unison.

"Joe, my poor boy, it's a hard life you've had, isn't it?"

He raised her hands to his lips and caressed it gently. That unwonted mark of affection loosened the floodgates of feeling she had hitherto kept well under control and she broke out into a vehement, passionate flow of simple eloquence he had never deemed it possible to hear from his mother's lips.

"Ah, Joe, my dear," she said, and her shriveled hand passed tenderly to and fro over his rough face as she spoke, "don't think you can deceive your mother. I've known all about it for years, Joe. You never knew that I understood you, but your every thought has been as clear as print to me. I've seen you sitting here night after night gazing so intently at that motto with its brown house and moss-grown well near by that I knew your imagination was busy painting pictures something akin to that with the wife and children of your own position as central figures. No supper I can ever cook, Joe, will taste so good as that prepared by your wife, and no other laughter will ever sound so sweet to your ears as that of her and the children. But it is not in this homely old room alone that your mind dreamed. All through the day your mind has been intent upon the same theme, and I have dreamed with you. In fancy I have been with you down there by that burning furnace where you are fireman, and I have seen with you the pictures that have blazed and danced in the flames and glowing coals. Whether you were looking into the fiercest fire or upon banks of dull, cold cinders, it has always been the same; the home you long for has been before you. Oh, how I wish you had it, Joe, how I wish you had it.

"Joe," she resumed, after a short silence, "the girls are married now and off your hands. I am the only one left. It isn't right that you should waste more precious years of your life on me. You are past 30. It is time for your dreaming to end and the reality to begin. I am old and crippled and worthless. Don't let me be a burden to you any longer. Put me away some place and let the home making commence."

"Mother," The reproach in his voice thrilled and startled her, and she turned her face toward him. "Why, mother, how can you talk like that to me? Put you away? Don't hurt me by suggesting such a thing. I wouldn't give you up for all the women in the world. Who said you were a burden to me? Let's brush the picture of home away, mother, and paint another."

"No, no, Joe; not yet," and she nestled closer to his side; "is there—anybody—in particular?"

Joe's face turned a deeper crimson and he looked around in affright as if the whole town might be listening.

"Is there?" she persisted.

He nodded.

"Who is she? Tell me. I have a right to know, haven't I, Joe?"

Oh, how his heart throbbed and how his great, strong hands trembled.

"She's the alto singer in the church choir," he said, weakly.

"Joe," she asked, at length, "have you told her about it?"

"I've hinted at it."

"And what did she say?"

"Nothing. Didn't seem to understand."

"You mustn't hint any longer. She's all the world to you, isn't she, Joe?"

He tried to say "yes;" the monosyllable somehow lost its identity, and reached her ears in the guise of a cough, but the mother understood.

"And she has been just that, dear, for a good many years, hasn't she?"

"Yes," more clearly that time.

"Then you must go to her tomorrow night and tell her all about it. It will come easier now that you and I understand each other. Put me in the background. She will object to me, I'm sure. I know all her arguments; your wages are not large enough to support two women, and the house that would hold two families has never been built. That is all true, too. She wouldn't be a genuine woman if she didn't look at it in that way. But you must overcome these objections. Tell her I am very meek and humble; that I won't cost you much; that I'll be content with one little room; that I'll love her dearly, and that I can't last much longer, anyway. Oh, she must make you happy, Joe, you deserve it so. Will you go, tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow. Please God the dream may come true."

He drew his couch around so he could see the firelight from the open stove falling fitfully on the motto and the composition, and his dreams that night had an added significance. The next day when attending the furnace his ideal home seemed very near. The fantastic figures in the flames took on the semblance of his beloved dream family, and the hissing of the fiery tongues was resolved into the merry cries of children.

His mother watched him proudly that night, when, attired in his new black suit—the first tailor made suit he had ever owned—he tipped and tilted the little mirror in the vain endeavor to catch a full length view of his tall figure.

"You look handsome, Joe," she said, with a quavering laugh. "May success be with you."

She did not expect him to return until late, and was surprised when, a little past 9, she heard his familiar step on the board walk in front of the cottage. Her crippled limbs seemed endowed with new life as she advanced to meet him.

"My dear, dear boy," she cried, "is it well with you? Has the dream come true?"

The look of hopeless misery that had settled over his haggard face was her answer. She glanced toward the boyish composition hanging on the wall and sobbed piteously.

"There, there, mother," he said, softly, "don't cry. It'll be all right. We'll dream of something else."

He's an Expensive Escort.

The London Standard the other day published the following add:

Queen's Jubilee—A lady can have a good seat in aristocratic company to view the royal procession on June 22. What offers? M., 16 Dorset road, Littlehampton.

A lady who wrote to the advertiser received this reply:

"M." presents his compliments and begs to thank Mrs. B. for her letter of inquiry of the 5th inst. "M's" club is almost the most exclusive and consequently one of the most aristocratic in St. James street. Members and lady guests to view jubilee procession will be first received by Sir ——, K. C. B., and Lady ——, and after viewing procession, entertained at dejeuner, with orchestra in attendance. The club society is most aristocratic and "M." only wishes to take a lady in place of his wife, who is too much of an invalid to attend, but cannot take less than £100 for ticket and escort, as his own expenses will be fully half that amount.

Rossini's Trumpeter.

This is a story Rossini liked to tell: A performance of "The Barber" was being given in my honor in the local theater. While the overture was in full swing I noticed a huge trumpet in the orchestra, manifestly blown with remarkable force and continuity by a member of the band; but not a sound in the least akin to the tone of that instrument could I hear. At the close of the performance I interviewed the conductor and asked him to explain the purpose of the noiseless trumpet. He answered: "Maestro, in this town there is not a living soul who can play the trumpet; therefore, I specially engaged an artist to hold one up to his lips, binding him by an oath not to blow into it, for it looks well to have a trumpet in an operatic orchestra."

One Is Enough.

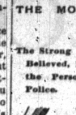
The editor of an exchange in announcing the birth of a baby in his home, says: "We wouldn't take $10,000 for this one, nor give 2 cents for another."—Ex.

When a tandem couple quarrel in Chicago they go into court and sue for separate wheels and maintenance. —New Orleans Picayune.

HE IS A REAL WONDER

THE MOST POWERFUL MAN NOW LIVING.

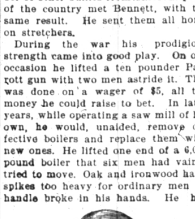
The Strong Man of Bible Times, It Is Believed, Has Been Reincarnated in the Person of Kokomo's Chief of Police.



KOKOMO, Ind., has a man who for physical prowess is a modern Samson, performing feats of strength that Sandow will not venture to duplicate. This strong man is W. H. Bennett, elected city marshal on the anti-saloon issue. Mr. Bennett is 55 years of age. During the war he was a member of the Twenty-first Indiana artillery, serving until the close of the conflict. It was in his boyhood days, when his father ran a saw mill in Cass county, Ind., that his fame began. Naturally of powerful physique, the violent exercise of rolling logs in the mill yard developed a marvelous degree of strength. At 18 years of age it was his proud boast that he could lift any log that could be hauled to the mill with two horses, and plenty of men are still living in the neighborhood who will testify to the truthfulness of the claim. In that day his reputation as a fighter extended well over the northern part of the state. He was not a bully, and the combats that came were not of his seeking. He was a quiet, modest young man, 5 feet 9 inches high, weighing 180 pounds.

After the war Bennett and some companions came to Kokomo to attend a political rally. Unknown to him a noted prize fighter had been imported from an eastern city, the arrangement being to pit Bennett against him in a pugilistic encounter. The men were brought together, and the result was one of the bloodiest battles ever witnessed in or out of the prize ring. In the end the noted pug was spread out on the ground with a broken jaw, and it was several days before he was able to be taken home. In addition to this, Bennett was compelled to whip half a dozen or more of his antagonist's friends before leaving town. A number of other bullies from different parts of the country met Bennett, with the same result. He sent them all home on stretchers.

During the war his prodigious strength came into good play. On one occasion he lifted a ten pounder Parrott gun with two men astride it. This was done on a wager of $5, all the money he could raise to bet. In later years, while operating a saw mill of his own, he would, unaided, remove defective boilers and replace them with new ones. He lifted one end of a 6,000 pound boiler that six men had vainly tried to move. Oak and ironwood hand spikes too heavy for ordinary men to handle broke in his hands. He has



MARSHAL W. H. BENNETT.

frequently lifted one end of box cars by backing under them and raising his body. Heavily loaded wagons stalled in the mire have been raised by him in the same way. In a similar manner he has lifted an 1,800-pound horse off its feet. Another favorite feat is to take a large man by the ankles and lift him until his head touches the ceiling. Ordinary sized men he holds out at arm's length, one with each arm.

One of his latest performances was a short time ago when he and five companions were returning from the city on a hand car. They started out just ahead of a passenger train and kept out of the way for ten miles. On crossing a bridge near Galveston Bennett saw in the darkness the form of a man just ahead of them. Quick as a flash, with the other five men using their utmost strength impelling the car forward, Bennett braced himself and stopped the wheels in time to save the life of the man. The sudden stop of the hand car tore all the cogs out of the wheels, bent the axles, and demolished the car generally. Bennett then threw the wreck off the bridge out of the way of the passenger train, which was by that time only a few feet distant.

Though yet retaining the full physical powers of his early manhood, Mr. Bennett does not now exercise his muscles merely for exhibition purposes. Recently in a test of the grip of his right hand the indicator on a scale showed 500 pounds.

In the exercise of his official duties as marshal of the city he uses only his hands for weapons, which the law breaker has discovered are fully as dangerous as a revolver or billy in the hands of an ordinary officer.

The thirty saloons of the city of 13,000 population observe the law strictly. Marshall Bennett does not have to go around and give his orders. They come to police headquarters and consult the officers as to the chief's wishes and scrupulously comply with them.

WEIGHS 540 POUNDS.

J. N. Grimes Finds Bicycling a Very Pleasant Pastime.

J. N. Grimes is probably the heaviest bicycle rider in the world. He weighs 540 pounds and is twenty-eight years old. Mr. Grimes returned from Europe a few days ago on the steamship St. Paul, having made a bicycle tour through Europe. The massive wheelman was born in Higginsport, Ohio, but has made his home in Cincinnati. As he came down the gang plank to the dock in New York clad in his bicycle suit, he was greeted with looks of astonishment. "Yes, I have had a splendid time," said Mr. Grimes to a reporter. "I never experience any difficulty when riding, and can give some of the thin young men a pretty good chase." Grimes is 6 feet 4 inches tall. His chest measurement is 61 inches; waist, 63 inches; hip, 68 inches; thigh, 42 inches, and calf, 26 inches.

J. N. GRIMES.

Birds in Oregon.

In the years 1889 and 1892 a society in Portland, Ore., introduced 400 pairs of song birds from Germany into that state, at an expense of little more than $2,000. Of these the plain and black-headed nightingales have probably become extinct, because few of them survived the long trip and none have since been seen, but the other species have multiplied with great rapidity, especially the skylarks, which rear from two to four broods every year, so that the whole Willamette valley from Portland to Roseburg is full of them. Besides these, there are black starlings, wood larks, song thrushes, black thrushes, goldfinches, crossbeaks, robin red breasts, linnets, singing quails, goldhammers and forest finches. When it is remembered that the insects and fungus diseases most dangerous to our vegetation are those which have been imported into this country from abroad and that animals and birds which are held in check by some balance of forces in their native land often become nuisances in a foreign country, just as rabbits have been in Australia and the English sparrow in this country, it is possible that some of these songsters may prove injurious to crops. The chances are, however, that they will do more to help the farmer by keeping insects in check than they will to injure him.—New York Tribune.

If a Girl Is Bornie.

On a Monday she will take an interest in dress.

On a Tuesday she will have trouble with her servants.

On a Wednesday she will dislike mice.

On a Thursday she will take more than 360 months to reach the age of 30.

On a Friday she will ride a bicycle.

On a Saturday she will suffer throughout life from an inability to understand the precise distinction between "yes" and "no."

On a Sunday she will experience a perpetual difficulty in finding boots small enough for her.—Pick-Me-Up.

Raising Baked Potatoes.

George Everitt, of Teheran, Ind., planted his potatoes in straw, where they grew nicely till a passing engine set the straw on fire and roasted all another."—Ex.

Pure copper was used by the Orientals at least 6,000 years ago.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

CURRENT NOTES OF DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

A Novel Teething Ring for Babies—Expands and Softens the Gum and Allows Perfect Blood Circulation Without Irritation.

High Speed Telegraphy.

BY means of what is known as the direct alternating current, with apparatus made expressly for this purpose, it is said that from three to six thousand words a minute may be sent between points a thousand miles apart. The new system is to an extent simple, especially when one comes to understand it. As this work has been done by the Morse alphabet, a break in the current was necessary to make a dot, and a break lasting from the beginning of a positive wave to the end of the following negative wave must be used for a dash. In the new transmitter a narrow wheel, with a flat metallic periphery is rotated with great rapidity. In the test experiments the current was transmitted to the wheel by two metallic brushes, which were arranged side by side in contact with the periphery of the wheel. It is evident that the current would ordinarily flow from one brush through the wheel to the other brush; but if a strip of insulating material were pasted on the wheel in the line of one brush, every time it came round and passed under that brush the current would be broken. A strip of paper was perforated with holes of various length corresponding to the Continental Code, which was used in the experiments, and it was carried over the wheel in much the same way as a belt is by a pulley. Just as long as the brushes were separated by the paper the current was intercepted, and whenever the brush reached a hole and touched the wheel the current was restored. The breaks and contacts were arranged so as to occur exactly at the zero point of the alternations, as explained above, so that no sparking occurred. The new system has been given the name of "syncronograph." The inventors claim that two lines working on their system would handle the entire postal business between New York city and Chicago, and that letters could be sent and replies received on the same day.

The Harpy.

A very remarkable bird is the one shown in the accompanying illustration. This is the Harpy, a large diurnal bird of prey, so named after the fabled monster of the classical poets. It is an inhabitant of the warmer parts of America from the south of Mexico to Brazil. Though known for over two hundred years, the habits of this bird have come very little under the notice of competent observers, and what is said of it by the older writers as regards its extraordinary boldness and ferocity must be taken with some little suspicion. To be seen in a cursory inspection of the bird, with its enormous bill and talons, at once suggests the remarkable powers of destruction for which it is given credit, and this is sufficient to account for the many stories of its ravages on mammals—sloths, fawns, peccaries, and spider monkeys. Attacks on the human race even been imputed to it. How much of this is true and how much fabulous there seems at present no means of determining. Some of the statements, however, are made by trustworthy travellers, whose veracity on other points has been confirmed. The Harpy is not uncommon in the dense forests of the Isthmus of Panama, and one naturalist who there observed it states that its flight is slow and heavy. This is what one would expect, for its owl-like visage and its short wings, together with its soft plumage, would not indicate a bird of very active habits; but the weapons of offense with which it is provided show that it must be able to do battle with strong and vigorous prey. The appearance of this bird is very striking—the head and lower parts, except a pectoral band, white; the former adorned with an erectile crest, the upper parts dark

grey, banded with black, the wings dusky, and the tail barred; but the great bill and the powerful sentellated legs most of all, strike one when beholding it. According to Professor Alfred Newton, the precise affinities of the Harpy cannot be said to have been determined. By some authors it is referred to the eagles, by others to the buzzards, and by others again to the hawks; but possibly the first of the alliances named is the most likely to be true.

A Piano Sounded by Electricity.

A piano on an entirely new principle is announced from Germany. The strings are stretched across the sounding board as in the ordinary piano, but the entire hammer mechanism is absent. Instead, the depressing of the key puts in action a magnet which automatically attracts and releases the wire, thus producing vibrations without the metallic stroke which accompanies the sound of the common type. The resulting effect upon the tones is said to be very remarkable. The high notes resemble those of an Aeolian harp. The middle and lower notes are like a 'cello or an organ. It responds readily to every variation in power and expression. A note can be sounded for several minutes without varying in quality. So radically different from all existing instruments are the effects that a new style of music is needed to bring out its capabilities.

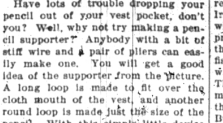
The Use of X-Rays.

A woman during a convulsion swallowed a plate of artificial teeth. For nearly two years she carried this uncomfortable article in her stomach and suffered most seriously in health, her life being despaired of several times. The surgeon turned the X-rays on the patient, located the plate, and extracted it with the greatest success, no unpleasant consequents following the operation. In a dissertation on a meeting of surgeons it was again and again said that the X-rays were an addition to surgical resources, the value of which it is scarcely possible to estimate.

Making a Pencil Supporter.

Have lots of trouble dropping your pencil out of your vest pocket, don't you? Well, why not try making a pencil supporter? Anybody with a bit of stiff wire and a pair of pliers can easily make one. You will get a good idea of the construction from the picture. A long loop is made to fit over the cloth mouth of the vest, and another round loop is made just the size of the pencil. With this simple little device you will always have your pencil where you last placed it.

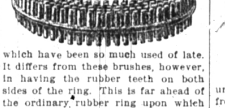
Some clever lady who has learned to make these little supporters so



that they are neat and pretty will find a ready market for them at 15 cents each. Try it.

Novel Teething Ring for Babies.

A new teething ring for babies is made of rubber—something on the same order as the rubber brushes



which have been so much used of late. It differs from these brushes, however, in having the rubber teeth on both sides of the ring. This is far ahead of the ordinary rubber ring upon which all the babies of this generation have thus far cut their teeth (as the flat ended teeth serve to expand the skin of the gum), softening it, thus greatly aiding the coming tooth and allowing perfect circulation of the blood without the irritation common with rings of other material.

The Blessing of Anaesthetics.

With the introduction into general use of anaesthetics the operations of surgery have undergone a wonderful change. People died of diseases rather than suffer operations conducted on the old plan. Frequently they died of shock from the effects of suffering. The good surgeon worked rapidly, "for dear life," as one might say, and limbs have been amputated in twenty seconds, forty being the limit of the expert. Even with this rapidity the shock was frequently too great to be borne. Now all things are done decently and in order. There is no pain, no terror except the apprehension felt by many persons who dread the effect of the anaesthetic employed. If complications arise, it is possible to cure them. If in the course of the operation some new discovery is made, there is no reason why this also should not be attended to. Indeed, between antiseptics and anaesthetics, sickness has lost much of its terror, especially that form of it which necessitates the surgeon's knife.

Making the Deaf to Hear.

A professor in the University of Geneva has invented an apparatus which will, it is claimed, enable almost every deaf person to hear, even those whose hearing seems to be entirely destroyed. It is called the microphonograph and magnifies sound on the same principle as a magnifying lens increases light. A battery is used with more or less strength, according to the patient to be dealt with. Absolute deafness is said to be extremely rare; the nerves are dull and unresponsive, but not totally dead, save in very extreme cases. The inventor of this apparatus is preparing to exhibit at the Paris exposition a machine by means of which an audience of ten thousand deaf persons, if so many can be gotten together, may listen to lectures and have the full benefits of entertainments of various sorts.

Duchess of Teck.

No woman in England is more sincerely loved because of her high character and noble deeds than the duchess of Teck, and there is universal regret that the state of her health during the past year has interfered in a measure with the prosecution of some of her deeds of benevolence. Until her physical collapse her day's work was fourteen hours long, and her week numbered six and sometimes seven days; and her idea of work means an intimate knowledge of all the accounts, all the reports, all the plans of each one of the fifty odd societies whose lists are headed with her name. No rule is altered, no plan adopted that she does not attend to and thoroughly understand. With a mind possessed of the opposite qualities of originality of resource and passion for detail, it is said of her that she will flash from the cut of a single garment for the "needlework guild" to the far-reaching plan of dealing with bales of goods in a sentence.

Deep Boring.

The deepest hole yet bored in the earth runs 6,571 feet below the surface of the soil. This is at Rybrick, in upper Silesia. An interesting feature was the record of temperature taken. At the surface it was 53.8 degrees. At 6,571 it reached 137 degrees Fahr.

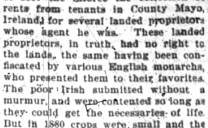
GAVE US A NEW WORD

ONE GOOD FEATURE OF CAPT. BOYCOTT'S LIFE.

Reminiscences of a Man Whose Name Has Become a Household Word Wherever the Saxon Language Is Spoken—He Was a Good Collector.

CAPTAIN BOYCOTT is dead. He was the man who added to the world its "boycott" in the English language. Descended from a long line of landholders, who believed that duty to those whom they served, no matter what kind of a system of robbery was being worked, should be the line of a man's action, he undertook in the fall of 1880 the inforce the collection of rents from tenants in County Mayo, Ireland, for several landed proprietors whose agent he was. These landed proprietors, in truth, had no right to the lands, the same having been confiscated by various English monarchs, who presented them to their favorites. The poor Irish submitted without a murmur, and were contented so long as they could get the necessaries of life. But in 1880 crops were small and the peasantry suffered, some of them to the point of starvation. As a means of protection, and partly out of revenge, they refused to gather Boycott's crops; they induced tradesmen to refuse him supplies for his table and they enticed his servants away. He was the first among the factors and agents in Ireland to feel the effects of this powerful weapon in the hands of the common people, and the new process of ostracism took its name from him.

A crisis was precipitated by the late Charles Stewart Parnell, who in a speech at Ennis, in September, 1880,



CAPT. BOYCOTT.

urged the people of Ireland to abstain from agrarian crimes and adopt instead a policy of sending landlords, agents and bailiffs "to Coventry," which is the old form of expressing what is meant by the modern word boycott. The idea became popular at once, and the first victim was Captain Boycott. Here is the story of the original boycott as told by Boycott himself:

"I was warned that if I did not cease acting in the interests of my employers I should be let severely alone. This did not scare me, and I continued working as before. Then the boycott began. My own harvest was late that year, and when I tried to hire harvesters I was met everywhere by refusals. Not a man in my parish or barony dared to work for me.

"The corn remained standing. But this was not the worst. My servants left me in a body, and my wife and children were obliged to do all the housework. Then the village grocer and the butcher refused to sell me provisions. In neighboring towns and villages tradesmen also declined to supply me with wares. But I would not give in. Things went from bad to worse. There was no fuel in the house. Nobody would cut turf or carry coals for me. I had to tear up the floors for firewood. Finally I sent my family to friends in Dublin, and prepared for a siege.

"People who sympathized with my position formed an association known as "emergency men." They rathered together a score of stalwart harvesters and marched them under police protection to my aid. That irritated my Mayo friends more than ever, and constant attacks and sallies became the order of the day and night.

"Finally a detachment of soldiers came from Castlebar to our aid, and the belated harvest was reaped and garnered. We had to guard our corn with fixed bayonets, revolvers and blackthorns to keep our ricks from being burned down. Two servants whom I imported from England were frightened away, and we once more had to do our own cooking. A fund was raised for me in England and Ireland, but it did not come near reimbursing me for the loss and worry. At that time agrarian boycotting was not illegal, nor was it made so until the crimes act of 1887. By that time the system had become so widespread that it threatened to sap the whole social condition of Ireland. It was, indeed, a most powerful and insidious weapon, as I am now free to own. My Christmas and New Year's day of 1880-81 were anything but enjoyable feasts for a day. The year as an hour, passed without a fight or a personal encounter between the opposing forces. Our Christmas plum pudding was sent by admirers from Londonderry, packed in a mail sack. The besiegers respected the mails, and never tried to pudding it. At last in the spring of 1881 an armistice was declared. I was left with my armed guard, however, and all my provisions were sent from Belfast or Dublin by train. When I had time to take a breath and read the papers I discovered that my name had become a household word, though I did not imagine it would ever become embodied in a dictionary.

A Diminutive Picture.

Probably the smallest piece of painting in the world is that executed by a Flemish artist. It is painted on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn, and pictures of a mill and a miller mounting a stair with a sack of grain on his back. The mill is represented as standing on a terrace, and near it is a horse and cart, while a group of several peasants is shown in the road near by. The picture is beautifully distinct, every object being finished with microscopic delicacy, yet by careful measurement it is shown that the whole painting does not cover a surface of half an inch square.