The Danger of It Pointed Out by T. P. O'Connor.

Plain speaking is a virtue which I have always thought to be much overrated. Candor, transparency of mind. simplicity-these are the virtues which distinguish all really fine characters. But plain speaking is often a term applied not to those virtues but to a vice of a different character. When your friends come to you with a report of the evil things said of you; when they take the trouble to bring to your notice the malignant article in which an enemy has calumniated you; when they point out to you your failings and your faults-I always think there is a certain degree of envy underneath the pretense of friendship; that there is a certain delight in giving pain and in watching the ill suppressed pang which it creates, says T. P. O'Connor in the Chicago Tribune.

There is one rule which I have laid

down for myself and which I have rarely, I hope, violated; and that is, never to repeat to anybody the evil things I have heard said of them. It does no possible good; it can do no good. Unless in the extreme case of seeing your friend giving his confidence to some one who is unworthy of it, who is abusing it, and who may in that way be injuring one you desire to protect-except in that extreme case, you have no justification for telling a man the evil others are speaking of him. And the talebearer-who has always been instinctively hated-deserves distrust, because often it is so easy to put a false construction on what men say of each other. We all now and then speak lightly, thoughtlessly, with the object of creating a laugh; but the light word, the little laugh which when heard is only good natured chaff, the thoughtless thing which everybody who hears knows to be only thoughtless—all these words, when repeated in cold blood, without their context or their surroundings, assume a different aspect, and from trifles light as air may be regarded as serious accusation, as malignant and persistent ill will, as something having deep roots of hatred instead of the mere lightness of the passing whim. And thus it is that the talebearer often makes enemies of men who really care for each other; that misunderstandings start up and then grow; and that a cancer of discord-which in politics, for instance, involves the fortunes of millions-is started and rages and destroys.

I have heard this habit of repeating disagreeable things well summed up by a clever man in these words: "When any person repeats to me a disagreeable thing, I know that I have two enemies instead of one; the enemy that has spoken and the enemy that has repeated."

There is one profession, above all others, which is confronted with the question whether is is right to tell a disagreeable thing, more than any other; that is the medical profession. There is scarcely a day in his life that the medical man who has a large practice is not brought face to face with the question whether or not be shall tell a patient his real thoughts as to his condition. I have myself a strong and clear conviction as to what the answer of the medical man should be to such a question. If it be certain that the future of many young and innocent people, or an old and helpless woman, be dependent on the disposition of a man's property, it is clearly the duty of the physician to give such timely warning as will remind the pa tient of his duties. But even in that case the doctor should be clear as to the necessity; and should also convey his warning in terms so delicate and carefully chosen as to leave the patient without a certainty of the worst. In case the dying man has made full disposition of his property, I see no reason whatever, why this medical man should give the least hint that he was dying; better let the poor creature approach the darkness and the abyss cheered by hope, untortured by fears.

i . On conversing with continental medical men I find that their ideas on this question are quite at variance with those of medical men in our own country. I cannot illustrate better our notions than by repeating an anecdote told of Sir James Paget. Sir James ·: used sparing words in talking with his patients.

"Once," writes one of his children, "he was challenged to a sort of contest in brevity, and accepted the challenge; his adversary was a Yorkshireman, who came into the consulting room and merely thrust out his lip, saying: 'What's that?' 'That's cancer,' he answered. 'And what's to be done with it?'. 'Cut it out.' 'What's your fee?' . 'Two guineas.' 'You must make a deal of money at that rate.' And there the consultation ended."

If I did not know that Sir James Paget was one of the sweetest, gentlest, kindest of men, I would have felt something like a shudder of repulsion as I read the anecdote. This calm pronunciation of something like a sentence of death no man, without preface, without softening, in the crude, harsh brevity of this dialogue, would be to my mind inhuman if I did not know the man who uttered it.

At this epoch, when cancer is so rife, it is the duty of every doctor to put to himself the question whether or not he shall speak the hateful and awful word to the patient. A hundred times A say No. In my gospel such unnecessary, futile, useless infliction of pain is little short of cruel torture; and unless I knew to the contrary I would regard a physician who did so, of a cruel nature. In any circumstance of life the real duty of the truly polite,

his fellow beings all the pain he can: and the love of rudeness or infliction of pain, which is called plain speaking, is the worst excuse that can be given for doing otherwise.

THE IRISH BARD.

A Tribute to Tom Moore, the Poet of Erin.

The Catholic Journal of the New South, published at Memphis, Tenn., prints the following tribute to Tom Moore, as an editorial in its issue of March 7, 1903. It is a remarkable coincidence that the same editorial. word for word, appeared in the Irish Standard of May 29, 1897, from the pen of the writer of this preface. If it is worth reproducing at all in a Southern newspaper, its Northern contemporary in which it originally appeared is entitled to credit. The following from the Memphis Journal is merely an extract from the article in the Irish Standard of six years ago on the birthday anniversary of the sweet poet of Erin:

The genius of Tom Moore, the Irish bard, rises in the appreciation of literary people of all lands as the years go by, and his countrymen think more of him now than they did in the past for rescuing the noble music of Ireland from the oblivion in which he found it. Moore himself truthfully refers to the work he accomplished

"Dear harp of my country, in darkness I round thee,

The cold chains of silence had hung o'er thee long,

When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee, And gave all thy chords to light

freedom and song."

The Irish bard may have "dearly loved a lord" and spent a great por tion of his time in the company of the British aristocracy, but neverthe less he loved his country with intense devotion and gave voice to Irish nationality in soul-stirring lays. What can make the young Irishman's heart throb for liberty more effectually than the martial songs,"Remember the Glories of Brian, the Brave," and "The Minstrel Boy." When an Irish youth beholds the beautiful scenery of his country and the fine demesnes in the possession of the invaders, how his

'Mononia, when nature embellished the tint

heart beats when he recalls the fol-

lowing lines from Moore:

Of thy fields and thy mountains se fair. Did she ever intend that a tyrant

should print The footsteps of slavery there?"

Moore was "the sweet son of song," the poet of all circles, and his Irish melodies have done much to keep aglow in the hearts of his countrymen that love of native land which characterizes them wherever they go. 🤼

Moore's poetry has largely helped to keep Irish nationality alive, and though Mangan and Davis may have sung in bolder strains we doubt if either of them loved Ireland more than did the national melodist. The Irish people are deeply indebted to Moore, for he did more than any other Irishman to preserve the music and poetry of Erin from perishing. Others might arise in after days to perform the work of Moore, but it is doubtful if any one could accomplish it so well. An English critic says that in the quality of a national lyrist, Moore stands absolutely alone and unapproachable while a Scotchman declares that of all the song-writers that ever warbled or chanted or sung, the best is verily none other than Thomas Moore. In English literature no lyrist is his equal except the bard of "bonny Scotland," the immortal Robert Burns.

The Irish Melodies of Moore have been translated into the principal languages of Europe, and the late Archbishop McHale rendered them into the beautiful Celtic language of Ireland. He wrote a work in vindication of the ancient faith of his country entitled "An Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion." Though the Catholic creed which he possessed was despised by the British snobs with whom he associated, he still adhered to it with unwavering fidelity and ably defended it with his pen. He rendered valuable service to Ireland during his brilliant career, and it is emmently proper that bis memory be kept green in the hearts of his countrymen when Efin

again becomes-"Great, glorious and free, First flower of the earth, And first gem of the sea."

Horace Greeley's Revenge.

The late Elizabeth Cady Stanton was particularly apt at retort, and one of her swift parries of a thrust delivered by Horace Greeley against her favorite doctrine of woman suffrage is

historic, says a writer in the Pilgrim. "Madam," said Horace one day during the civil war, "the ballot and the bullet go together. If you want to

vote, are you ready to fight?" "Certainly, sir," she responded, am ready to fight, just as you are fighting, through a substitute."

Notwithstanding their differences of opinion, Mrs. Stanton and Greeley | were personally friendly until the New York constitutional convention of 1868. A woman suffrage clause was strenuously pressed upon that body and as vigorously opposed by Mr. Greeley. One day, after the Tribune editor had made some particularly rasping remarks upon the subject, George Wil-

liam Curtis rose and said: "I have the honor, Mr. Chairman, to | man and his employer must be imhumane, and civilized man is to spare | present a petition in favor of the wo-

man suffrage amendment signed by Mrs. Horace Greeley and 300 other ladies." Greeley was furious and rightly ascribed the appearance of the memorial

at that moment to Mrs. Stanton. "Why did you not put my wife's maiden name on that petition and call her Mary Cheney Greeley?" he demanded the next time they met.

"Because," said Mrs. Stanton, "I wanted all the world to know that Horace Greeley's wife protested against her husband's report on the suffrage amendment."

"All right," retorted the editor "Hereafter you shall always be spoken of in the Tribune as Mrs. Henry B. Stanton." And so it was to the time of her death, although the name of Elizabeth Cady Stanton was known to hundreds of thousands who could not identify the woman by the appellation under which the Tribune, for revenge, tried to obscure her fame.

REMINISCENCES OF LEO

By First American Reporter Who Interviewed] [Him.

For twenty-five years the frail suc cessor of St. Peter, Pope Leo XIII., who has just celebrated the twentyfifth anniversary of his coronation, has been a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican, a palace of 11,000 rooms, says James Creelman in the New York World. In all that time he has not once set his feet in the streets of his ancient capital, and yet even in Italian law he is a king. When his predecessor, Pius IX., surrendered Rome to the troops of Victor Emanuel more than thirty years ago, it was guaranteed that the pope should always have the status of a visiting sovereign and that he should have exterritorially the Vatican and its gardens, the palace of the chancellery, the four great basilicas-St. Peter's, St. John of the Lateran, St. Mary the Great and St. Paul's, outside the walls-besides the Cathedral of Monza, which holds the iron crown of Lombardy.

It was also agreed that the Italian conquerors should pay something like a million dollars a year for the maintenance of the pentifical court. Leo XIII. has always ignored communication from the Italian government relating to the money and has refused to accept a stipend from the invaders of his kingdom.

Even when the pope's favorite brother, Cardinal Pecci, lay dying in the Barberini palace, in Rome, his holiness endured the anguish of separation rather than compromise the triple crown by making the journey across the city. The Latin poem which he afterward addressed to his brother in heaven revealed the awful ordeal through which he passed that day and

In spite of his ninety-two years and the emaciation of his always delicate body, Leo XIII noseo strength which has for years astonished the world. When I interviewed him in the Vatican three years ago, he was so slight, so pale, so like ; white robed spirit, all gentleness and benignity, that his deep, strong, resonant voice was startling.

But even now the pope is capable of sustaining prolonged strains in the reception of pilgrims that would tire a

One of the most characteristic traits of Leo XIII, is his broad liberality. During the interview I had with him he spoke again and again of the Prof-

estants and always with affection. "I have a claim upon Americans for their respect," he said, "because I love them and their country. I have a great tenderness for those who live in that land--Protestants and all. Under the constitution of the United States religion has perfect liberty and is a growing power for good. The church thrives in the air of freedom. I love and bless Americans for their frank, unaffected character and for the respect which they have for Christian morals and the Christian religion."

And again he said: "You are all my children, Protestants, Catholics-all, all. God has placed me here to watch over and care for you. I have no other aim on earth than to labor for the good of the human race. I want the Protestants of the United States as well as the Catholics to understand me."

The great unrealized dream of the pope's life is the unification of the whole Christian world. He addressed a lofty and tender appeal to the Orthodox Greek church, entreating it to reunite with the holy see. He also wrote a beautiful message to the Established Church of England, inviting it to return to the fold. But he called across the world in vain. The effect of his tolerant, conciliatory attitude, however, has been to break down the fierce bigotry which divided Christian peoples when he first sat in the fisherman's chair.

It is bard to forget his words on the very question which is in the forefront of American politics to-day:

"I have watched the growing helplessness of the suffering working class. es throughout the world with anxiety and grief. While I live I will labor to bring about a change. Human law cannot reach the real seat of the conflict between capital and labor. Governments and legislatures are helpless to restore harmony. The various sections must do their work, and I must do mine. Their work is local and particular, such as the maintenance of order and the enforcement of ameliorative laws. But my work as the head of Christendom must be universal and

on a different plane. "The world must be re-Christianized. The moral condition of the workingproved. Each must look at the other

through Christian eyes. That is the only way. How vain are the efforts ting that the Christian religion alone

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

A Collection in Aid of Home and

To the Clergy and Laity of the Archdiocese of St. Paul:

Beloved Brethren: In obedience to the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, we order that on the second Sunday of Lent a collection be taken up at all the Masses in the several churches of the Diocese in aid of the Home and Foreign Missionary Work of the Church. The proceeds of such collection will be divided between the Commission in Baltimore, whose special charge is to aid missions among Indian and Negro populations of the United States, and the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, in Paris, whose charity covers missions among heathers in the whole

We wish to impress upon priests and people the importance of the collection in favor of Home and Foreign Missions. This is the one collection taken up in the Diocese which has for its object a work reaching out beyond the limits of both Parish and Diocese, and which, consequently, springs from charity that cannot be other than unselfish and disinterested. It is fortunate for us that we sometime find an occasion to test our hearts so as to ascertain whether they are of such a mould as to prompt us to do something beyond personal interest, purely for the glory of God and the welfare of His Church. In this manner we are enabled to measure our love for God, and our zeal for the salvation of souls redeemed by Christ.

In our days Providence allows the widest extension to the missionary work of the Church. Messengers of divine truth reach into most remote and hitherto most hidden regions. They keep pace with the most daring explorers. Neither the deathly glare of the African sun nor the prisons and gibbets of Thibet affright them. In no age does the Catholic Church fail to beget heroes of sanctity and of zeal: in no age does she cease to fulfill the commands delivered to her by her founder, to teach all nations, and to show forth in her catholicity that universal love for souls which was the him to win to Christ souls, who during eternity would praise us as their saviors! How little we value our opmake of those opportunities! Too ofof the mammon of iniquity, that when attended. you shall fail, they may receive you into everlasting dwellings."

I need make but brief mention of Catholics of America to assist in the conversion of the Indian and Negro populations of their own country. There is to be repaid here a debt of justice as well as of charity. The American people took from the Indian his hunting-ground and put upon the Negro the merciless chain of servitude. Let us make restitution for past injuries by helping to bring to the souls of Indian and of Negro the life. Much in the future welfare of the care given to the conversion of deeply regretted. our Negro brethren. Numbering toand political affairs of the country. They instinctively recognize in her the firm friend of true liberty and of | morning from the Catholic church. human brotherhood. Their natural inher sanctuary. If Catholics in America read aright the signs of the times surely coming, they will bend all their

churches of the Diocese on the first Sunday in Lent and also on the second Sunday of Lent, when the collection, as prescribed, is to be taken up.

The Society of Propagation of the Faith prints every two months a pubication called "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith"-a most interesting periodical, telling of the missionary work of the Church in the whole world. We recommend to pastors to place copies of this publication in their parish and Sunday school libraries, and give to it general circulation among the people. Copies can be had, free of charge, upon application to the Very Reverend Rector, St. Paul's Seminary, St. Paul.

We pray God to bless the Clergy and the Laity of the Diocese. JOHN IRELAND.

Arch'bishop of St. Paul.

St. Paul, February 8th, 1903. The collection taken up in the Dio-Foreign Missions" amounted to \$3,-045.86. This is an increase over the | any previous year. Still we must

sum is not as large as might be expected from the two hundred or more which seek to bring contentment to churches in the Diocese of St. Paul; man and master by legislation, forget- and we confidently expect to have the pleasure of noticing a yet further incan draw men together in love and crease in the offerings for the year 1903.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Died.-Colonel L. P. Stone, a wellknown and well-liked character of Deadwood, died at St. Joseph's hospital in that city, on the 27th ult. Soon after the Colonel came to the Black Hills, which was in the year, '78, he was admitted to the Lawrence county bar as a practicing attorney, after which he was proprietor of the Syndicate restaurant, one of the most popular places in the city. Later he engaged in the hotel business, which he managed up to the time of his illness. The news of Colonel Stone's death will be received with genuine regret by many in the Black Hills country. The Colonel's home was originally in Louisville, Ky.

Rev. P. Kearns, of Spokane, Wash., vas recently visiting Father Peter Lauer at Watertown.

Died.—The death of Mr. Michael Weirs took place on the 20th ult., at St. Joseph's hospital, Deadwood. The funeral occurred from St. Aloysius church, Sturgis. The deceased was a brother-in-law of the Rev. Peter Rosen, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Hollandale, Wis., and the latter attended the funeral.

Married.—The marriage of Mr. Michael Kilbride and Miss Agnes Logue, both well-known and popular young people of Turner county, took place at St. Barbara's church, Centreville, on the 24th ult. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James McNally, of Beresford, in presence of the numerous friends of the young couple. The Standard extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Kilbride, that their journey through life may be a long

OVER THE NORTHWEST.

Belle Plaine, Minn.—At an early hour on Tuesday morning, March 3, Mrs. John Fitzsimmons passed away. She was in her 77th year. She had been very poorly the past few months suffering from a complication of diseases. which with her old age finally terminated in her death. Mrs. Fitzsimmons' death removes one of the conspicuous inspiration of Bethlehem and of Cal- figures in the early settlement of this vary. Shall we refuse to wrest from place. For some time past she had our pleasures and our vanities some been our oldest resident, and was widesmall portion of the temporal means by known in this vicinity. Deceased needed to sustain the missionaries of was a native of Ireland, and was born the Church amid their heroic labors? in the county Meath, in 1826. She emi-How easily we throw away in play, grated from Ireland 20 years later, and in drink, in the service of fashion, shortly after her arrival in New York, sums of money, a tithe of which would | was married in that city to John Fitzcomfort an improverished priest in simmons, who still survives her. They at this place in 1855, where they have since resided. Besides her husband, three sons, John, James and Charles. portunities to do good for others and and a daughter, Miss Mary, mourn her for ourselves. What small use we departure, all of whom reside here, except Charles, who is in San Francisco. ten the words of the Lord fall upon | The funeral took place from the church deaf ears: "Make unto you friends of the Sacred Heart and was largely

Ellsworth, Minn.-Mrs. O'Malley, wife of Prof. O'Malley of the public schools, died on Monday, March 2, at the special obligation resting upon the age of 30 years. The funeral was held Wednesday morning from St. Mary's church where mass was celebrated. After services the remains were taken to the Catholic cemetery west of town, followed by a large number of neighbors and friends. Several beautiful floral offerings were sent by friends of the deceased. Besides a husband and two small children, she leaves a mother and three brothers to mourn her untimely death. She was oys and graces of the supernatural born at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and in 1898 was married to Prof. O'Malley. She the Church in America depends upon | was an amiable lady whose death is

Austin, Minn.—Thomas Meaney, aged day eight millions, soon they will be | 72 years, died at his home on Water so many that great must be the in- street, on Friday afternoon, February fluence wielded by them in the social | 27, after a long illness. He came to Austin about 1870 and this had been Nor are they unwilling to hearken to his home ever since. A wife and ten the voice of the Catholic Church. children survive to mourn his demise. Funeral services were held Monday

Faribault, Minn.-Mrs. Patrick Kelly terests bring them to the threshold of | died on Wednesday morning, March 4, of general debility at the home of her son, John Kelly, in the town of Wells. and have the power to discern things | at the advanced age of 85 years. She was one of the pioneers of the town energies to the conversion of the of Wells and experienced all the trials and hardships incident to the early This letter will be read in all days. She was a kind-hearted, charitable woman. She is survived by her aged husband, one son, John at whose home she died, and two daughters. Margaret and Martha, who live in Minneapolis. The funeral took place on Friday and the remains were interred in Shieldsville cemetery.

Le Sueur, Minn.-St. Anne's Catholic church of this city celebrated the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of Pope Leo last Sunday. Rev. Dr. Moynihan, of St. Paul Seminary, delivered the sermon at high mass, his subject being the Roman Pontiff. He also delivered a lecture before the Reading Circle in the evening.

Sauk Rapids, Minn.-Mrs. John Hogan, of this village, on Saturday morning. Feb. 28, at an early hour, was going down stairs, when she slipped and fell to the bottom. She sustained ı bad fracture of her shoulder blade and a deep gash was cut in her forecese last year in aid of the "Home and head. She was found unconscious. and a doctor was summoned, who sewed up the wound and reduced the fracsum received for the same purpose in ture, and now she is doing nicely. Langdon, N. D .-- Liveryman E. A.

say, in all truthfulness, that even this 'McCay, who for years past has been 'the order draped' for 30 days, a copy baby.

promising himself a visit to the home of his parents in Ireland, left last week and published in The Irish Standard. with the Emerald Isle as his destination and the fond hope of being with his parents, whom he has not seen for twenty-five years, on St. Patrick's Day. He expects to spend about three months over there, and it is only through arrangements he has been able to complete regarding business affairs, that he was able to get away. The suddenness of his departure, however, didn't prevent his many friends in the city apprising him of their wellwishes for a pleasant trip and safe return, as quite a number called at the family home and presented him with a traveling case and fine toilet set as

A STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

Hastings, Minn.-While returning from Washington county on Saturday evening, February 28, Rev. J. A. Fitzgerald met with a painful accident, and was fortunate to escape what might have been a much more serious one. Owing to the dreadful condition of the roads it was necessary to travel over the fields. His team was obliged to jump over several ditches, and in attempting to cross the last one, one of the horses missed its footing and fell. When the horse regained its feet. the team became unmanageable and started on a run. The pole of the cutter was broken and stuck into the ground, throwing the cutter containing the reverend gentleman about eight feet into the air. He fell heavily to the ground, and as a result was severely bruised, besides spraining his left wrist badly, from which he will be disabled for some time.

a token of their regard and esteem.

DULUTH NEWS.

Miss Anna Enright, of Two Harbors, visited friends in West Duluth, last

Bishop McGolrick's club held a delightful and instructive open meeting, Tuesday evening of last week. A new departure in the way of an open meeting was observed. Papers characteristic of all the work carried on by the club during the winter were read. Rev. Father Corbett was present and gave an entertaining talk. The following program was carried out: Scripture rending, Miss Estelle Miller; Paper-"Industrial Holland," Miss McCourt; Recitation. Miss Brotherton; Paper-"Martin Luther," Mrs. Stevens; Reading. Miss MacClaren: Paper-"Elizabeth Allen Starr," Miss Murphy; Current events, Miss Sweeney.

A quiet wedding occurred Sunday afternoon of last week, at the Catholic church, when Miss Sadie Mondschine and Andrew Krevager were married. Father Kosmerl performed the ceremony. The bride was prettily gowned in a blue suit and carried white roses. Mr. and Mrs. Krevager are at home at 315 Third avenue E.

St. Patrick's Day will be observed by the Cathedral parish with a play and address by Bishop McGolrick, at the Lyceum, Tuesday evening. A large number of tickets have been sold for the affair.

Div. No. 1, A. O. H., met Wednesday evening of last week. Resolutions of condolence on the death of Arthur Furlong, a member, were adopted. They will be found in another column in this issue.

Joseph Murphy, the celebrated Irish actor, played at the Lyceum two nights this week, in his great Irish plays.

"Shaun Rhue" and "Kerry Gow." The Lenten devotions at the Cathedral are being very well attended. Strict instructions are given of a practical character that are very interest-

C. V. O'Hara, who was injured on the Iron Range railway some weeks ago, is around again. He had a very rarrow escape.

A number of Duluthians will go over to West Superior next Tuesday night to celebrate St. Patrick's Day at the West Superior hotel. It is an annual affair given by a number of Irishmen in that city. A banquet will be served and a number of speeches given.

St. James' parish will celebrate St. Patrick's Day on Monday evening, March 16, with an entertainment, at Wieland & Wade's hall. An address will also be given.

Div. No. 1, A. O. H., will meet next Wednesday eve. in the Odd Fellows' hall. A full attendance is desired.

H. H. Reardon, a member of Div. No. 1, A. O. H., had an exciting experience last week, being chased by six wolves. He finally climbed a tree and shouted to a camp nearby.

St. James' Court, No. 614, C. O. F. met last Tuesday evening. This court is steadily increasing in membership, and there are a number of applications now pending.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions were adopted by Div. No. 1., A. O. H., St. Louis county, at its last meeting, on the death of A. Furlong:

Whereas, Almighty God, having called to his eternal reward, just as life was brightest to him, our beloved brother. Arthur Furlong, and the members of this division wish to express their profound sorrow for his early demise and to convey their sincere sympathy to his bereaved relatives, therefore

Resolved, That the members of Division No. 1, A. O. H., St. Louis county, Minn., mourn the death of Arthur Furlong, who has left us in the morning of life, and whose memory will ever remain green in our hearts,

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the relatives whose happiness is clouded by the death of our worthy brother,

Recoived, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the sent to the relatives of the deceased AUGUSTINE MURPHY, JOHN FLOOD, ARTHUR McMAHON. Committee on Resolutions.

Fine Farm Land for Sale. Three hundred and twenty acres near Graceville, Minn., two main wellkept roads go by the farm, along which will be established a rural free mail delivery; 240 acres under cultivation, 40 acres fenced pasture, 40 acres fine upland hay, good well, nice high grove, fair buildings, excellent neighbors, near church and school; top soil is rich black loam two feet and more in depth underlaid by moisture-retaining clay subsoil; no sand around our locality. We raise timothy, blue grass, corn, all small grains and some clover. No better land in the Union. No crop failure, James J. Hill says (and he knows that our locality has finest soil in Minnesota). Sell your high-priced lands and make an investment of this at \$37.50 an acre; \$4,500 cash, balance to suit purchaser, at 6 per cent. I own above farm but am engaged in other work and wish to devote my attention to the same. Have few other fine farms, and if you write me will send you full information.

JOHN A. GREEN. Graceville, Minn.

Long Age. To-night I sit and ponder On dear scenes of long ago, And again a child I wander With the friends I used to know-Friends so true, now gone for ever, Memory, lingering o'er the past, Brings them back from Lethe's river With the days too bright to last.

Once more I see around me Through the mists of vanished time, The flower-clad hedgerows stretching Where the honeysuckles twine; Live again amongst the clover And the humming of the bees, While the cuckoo's note is ringing From the leafy wildwood trees.

And I trace 'mid memory's mazes Where the rippling streamlet flows. Murmuring by the flower-clad mea-

Where the wild marsh-mallow grows: And in fancy I am wandering By that well-remembered stream Neath the wild briar and the laurel, Flushed with life's young hopeful beam.

See my native hiliside brighten With its wealth of golden corn, While the lark's song fluttered upwards

To salute the rising morn; Once more his lay comes drifting Down the long arcades of time, And the bliss of barefoot boyhood In dreams again is mine.

But, alas! 'tis but a fancy-Just the passing of a dream. Here there is no mossy wildwood, Or no gently rippling stream. And a sadness dire comes o'er me, As I hear the city's roar, For the vanished days of childhood And the days that are no more. -P. P. O'Driscoll in the Irish People.

Oh, the Shamrock! Through Erin's Isle To sport awhile As Love and Valor wander'd. With Wit. the sprite. Whose quiver bright A thousand arrows squander'd; Where'er they pass

A triple grass Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming, As softly green As emeralds seen Through purest crystal gleaming. Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal

Shamrock! Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief. Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valor, "See They spring for me Those leafy gems of morning!"-Says Love, "No, no, For me they grow, My fragrant path adorning." But Wit perceives The triple leaves. And cries, "Oh! do not sever A type that blends Three god-like friends, Love, Valor, Wit, forever!" Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!

Chosen leaf

Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Of Bard and Chief,

So firmly fond May last the bond They wove that morn together, And ne'er may fall One drop of gall On Wit's celestial feather. May Love, as twine His flowers divine,

Of thorny falsehood weed 'em; May Valor ne'er His standard rear Against the cause of Freedom! Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!

Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old Erin's native Shamrock! -THOMAS MOORE.

The Doctor-Yes; I understand what ils vou. You can't sleep. Take this prescription to the druggist. (Next day)-Goood morning; you look better today. Have you slept well?

Petersen-Like a top. I feel like a new man. Doctor-How many sleeping powders

did you take? Petersen (surprised)-I didn't take meeting of this division, the charter of any. I gave a couple of them to the