

charms and games; and becoming one of them, like the old man who "cared not for the fall," in Willis' "Saturday Afternoon," I soon won place and honor.

Over every door to house, room or barn an apple paring was hanging, and some maiden's eager eye was watching for him who first passed beneath, for that one the fairies had charmed as her beloved. Groups of lads on all fours ducked their heads in buckets of water and brought out small coin with their teeth. Lasses were cutting out alphabets with which the fairies were to spell, in water basins, secretly cherished names. Stolen herrings—which must be salt, must be broiled without turning, eaten with hot tongs and dreamed on "without drink"—now made their appearance. Then the "bannock baking" and its wild merriment. Whoever turned the bannock on the huge griddle that hung from the crane was to wed her whose nimble fingers kneaded its oaten meal, salt, soda and water together.

"Nut burning" and "snap apple" were going on merrily at the hob. The hazel nut ashes in dainty packets beneath the pillows were to yield charmed dreams; the burning "snap apples" told whether loving pairs would sputter or mellowly age during wedded life. Then there was the "dumb cake" making for fairy-aided dreams; the "charm pies" with their buttons for old hatchels, thimbles for old maids and rings for the lucky ones who should wed; the "candle and sweets," suspended and whirling between grinning faces where teeth snapped for bites, and luckless frowsy hair was singed; and an hundred other innocent delights, leading to the more serious affairs of "postman's knock" and "forfeits," where genuine old fashioned kissing was there for the fighting; and the struggle for your "rights" with a bouncing Irish lass from the mountains insured her hatred if you did not overcome her, and a sore body or broken bones if you did—and then, amid deafening clatter and chatter, the supper in the great room, piled upon tables like fat stalls in a plethoric market, various, smoking, awful, but with the jolliest, hungriest crew you ever broke bread with in all your life. And oh, for room in which to tell the tales here told, to give the songs here sung, to reproduce with all their delicious floriture the quips and jokes here perpetrated; while oceans of tea flowed gurglingly; and the pooten, as clear as rock water and as guileless of excise, went on its "winding" way.

Shortly after, a wild hullabaloo arrested our attention. The "bys" had planned a great surprise. Sallying forth when the tales and songs were at their height, they had descended upon another Halloween party a few miles distant, and by main force had captured a fiddler and brought him bodily away, the whole crowd of defeated friendly rivals following after in prideful acclamation. And here they came with wild whoop and hurroo, carrying their prize on their shoulders into the great room, where the procession was received with ringing cheers. It was old Billy Drain, the blind fiddler, hero now above all hosts, countryside guests or strangers; batless, coatless, breathless from the odd melee, but with pursed and smiling mouth and positive radiance shining from his white locks and beaming from his blinking, upraised and sightless old eyes.

Was there a dance this Halloween night at that farmhouse on the ancient Kilmacrennan road? Ask the rafters of oak that shivered a century's splinters and mold upon the vaulting heads and heels of this big hearted Irish peasantry. And ask the stars that looked softly down until their

shining eyes went out in the brighter All Hallow's' dawn which lifted flaming cones upon the peaks of fair Glendowan.

Everybody is familiar with Burns' famous poem, "Halloween," in which occur the lines:

The auld guidwife's weel-boordot nits
Are round an' round divided,
And monie lads and lasses' fates
Are there that night decided—

And were a thousand papers written or Halloween in Scotland they could not all comprise the panoramic sweep and genial insight into the ways and witcheries of auld Scotia's night of mirth, charm and lovemaking. In tracing the affinities between Irish and Scottish customs, however, I have come upon some curious examples of Scottish Halloween custom and belief.

One of these is the extraordinary and varied use to which cabbage, or kail, is put in the traditions and merrymakings of the occasion. Kail brose or cabbage broth is inseparable from the Scotch Halloween feast. Mischievous boys push the pith from the stalk, fill it with tow, which they set on fire, and, then, through the keyholes of houses of folk who have given them offense, blow darts of flame a yard in length. If on a Halloween a farmer's or crofter's kail yard still contains ungathered cabbages, the boys and girls of the neighborhood descend upon it en masse, and the entire crop is harvested in five minutes' time and thumped against their owner's doors, which rattle as though pounded by a thunderous tempest.

In some shires at the "pulling of the kail" the youths of both sexes go into the kail yard blindfolded and in pairs, holding each other's hands. They each pull the first "runt" or stalk that they find, not being permitted to make selection. All thus gathered are carried back to the house for inspection. The straightness or crookedness, leanness or fatness, and other peculiarities of the stalks are indicative of the general appearance of their future husbands or wives; while the taste of the pith, whether sweet, bitter or vapid, also forecasts their disposition and character.

But the most singular of all beliefs in Scotland regarding the cabbage stalk is confined to the minds of very young children, though it is so peculiarly a tender delusion that the guidwife holds it in respect to her dying day. The idea is universal among the little folks in the land o' cakes that where a new brother or sister appears in the household it has come, through fairy aid, from the roots of the cabbage stalk! So that when all the bairns of Scotland are singing,

This is the night o' Halloween,
When a' the wlichtie micht be seen;
Some o' them black, some o' them green,
Some o' them like a turkey bean—

However mad and merry all their games, they never lay their joy-weary heads upon their pillows until with their own hands they have laid generous piles of "kail runts" against doorsill and window ledge, so that the gracious and kindly fairies of blessed Halloween night shall set free at least one baby soul from the roots and mold, and the household shall not fall of welcoming another tiny bairn within the coming year. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—Gen. Field of this city is much disturbed because of a speech made in Richmond at a meeting of the Society of the Army of Northern Virginia, in reference to the Confederate flag at the World's Fair, which was attributed to him. The general was not present at the meeting, and says he is not in sympathy with the sentiments of the speech.

POOR LITTLE HILL.

POOR Little J. Wesley Hill is in a peck of trouble. He and his cotemporary Sam Small are going down in a maelstrom of popular indignation. They are birds of one feather, notwithstanding that they are antagonists, hating each other in that heated and cordial manner which characterizes some clerical professors of Christianity.

Mr. Hill cultivated a slanderous spirit by the delivering of bloodthirsty and slanderous harrangues against the "Mormons." This he found he could do with comparative impunity. Applause proceeding from souls as vacant as his own inflated his diminutive cranium, and he perhaps imagined he could apply similar treatment to other people besides the Saints. A dispatch from Orange, Mass., States that in a prohibition meeting he struck high, making a bitter wordy attack upon President Harrison, and Mr. Russell, Governor of Massachusetts.

The effect of his tirade was quite striking. The little clergyman was blessed, a heated discussion ensued between him and the Rev. Judson, the latter's wife was so worked up that she fainted, the pastor of the church where the meeting was held denounced Hill, and stated that the latter ought to be run out of town. With these sentiments of antagonism the audience joined so heartily that the poor little fellow had to be escorted to his hotel under the wing of a deputy sheriff. He must have felt rather cheap at being placed in such a position, and that he did not amount to a "hill of beans." If so, we do not believe that anybody acquainted with him and his recent history would care to differ with him on that point.

There is a sacred saying that "there is a time appointed unto every man, according as his works shall be." Judging from the character of the works of J. Wesley Hill during the last few years, and combining them with the climax in which he has more recently figured, it looks as if the appointed time for a total collapse of his professional career has arrived. All his class get there sooner or later. It is merely a question of time with them all.

COST OF A NEW YORK ELECTION.

HITHERTO, only the benefits accruing from the Australian ballot system of voting have been descanted on. Now the expense attending its practical operation is attracting attention. In round numbers the election this week in New York City will cost \$450,000. The cost of an election under the old system never exceeded \$250,000. This year the appropriation itemized runs as follows: For clerks and election inspectors, \$208,000; for renting and equipment of booths, \$108,000; for advertising, \$52,000; for printing ballots, \$80,000; for salary for the chief of the bureau of election, \$8000; and for contingencies, \$5000.

There are this year in New York City 887 election districts, and 7000 officials, exclusive of the police, will be employed to conduct the election. Each district will have four inspectors, two poll clerks, and two ballot clerks.

For this year's election 5500 bottles of ink, 10,100 lead pencils, 2000 pens,