

after an Odyssey which I won't further dwell on, was arrested in the ordinary course, and was taken to Clonmel prison. When he got to Clonmel prison he refused to allow—he threw every obstacle in the way of—any medical examination; he declined absolutely to be weighed—(laughter)—and, as he did not permit the doctor to form any judgment, from personal examination, of his case, he went through the ordinary process to which every prisoner is subject who offends against the law—(cheers). This happened on Thursday. It might surprise some of you—some of you who read, if there are such, who read only Nationalist journals—it may surprise you to learn that I have not the control and management of all the prisoners in Ireland—(laughter). The Prisons Board is not in my department; the questions connected with prisoners do not, as a matter of course, come through either my hands or the hands of the Irish Office, and, therefore, it is only under exceptional circumstances that any questions connected with any prisoner in Ireland come before me. However, when I went down to the office on Friday, the facts which I have just stated were brought before me, and I immediately proceeded to write a minute in which I said that, of course, if Mr. O'Brien, having the prison clothes at his disposal, choose to stay in his shirt—(laughter)—and if he refused to submit himself to any medical examination whatever, any evil consequences to his health which might ensue, he would be responsible for, and not us—(hear! hear! and applause). But, at the same time, I said I did not think we ought to permit Mr. O'Brien to ruin his constitution for the purpose of injuring her Majesty's Government—(laughter and applause)—and I, therefore, gave directions that, as Mr. O'Brien would not allow himself to be medically examined, the reports made by Dr. Ridley and Dr. Barr upon Mr. O'Brien when he was in Tullamore gaol should be sent down at once by special message to the doctor at Clonmel, so that in the light of these reports, and having learnt, what, in the opinion of the doctors who had examined Mr. O'Brien the condition of his health was, the doctor should most carefully watch Mr. O'Brien, and take care that no eccentricity of his should in any way risk his constitution. (Applause). And in order that the fullest medical opinion possible should be taken on this important point, the medical member of the Prisons Board has very kindly consented to go down and assist the doctor of Clonmel prison—a doctor in whom, I may say, I have every reason to believe that the State has a faithful and efficient servant. (Hear! hear!).

Here it will be observed that, setting aside the artful artlessness of the contemptuous references to the Lord Mayor (Mr. Thomas Sexton)—who, as it happened, was a greater Parliamentarian than himself—the Chief Secretary hazarded only one specific allegation—viz., that my treatment was due to a refusal on my part to submit to medical examination, while he, not for the first time, set up the plea that “it is absurd to say that the management of Irish prisoners is in my department,” (speech of February 25, 1889). Within a couple of days after the publication of my reply, he was obliged publicly to confess that his first statement was, to put it bluntly, a falsehood, and his defence of irresponsibility was proved to be so impudently at variance with the truth that he subsequently acknowledged he was personally responsible for the treatment of his prisoners in every particular.\*

\* *E.g.* “He had never pretended that the course he had pursued was free from doubt and difficulty . . . but they had not yet said anything in the debate which either convinced him that he was wrong in going so far as he had gone or convinced him that he ought to have gone further.”

(To be continued.)

The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together.—Young.

There's a nest for rest in winter  
Where the glow of welcome gleams,  
And a world of warmth and gladness  
In “My Little House of Dreams.”  
There's a dear one waits to meet me  
All my fond hopes to assure;  
And when colds prevail to greet me  
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

## A Complete Story

### Miss Anastasia

(By W. M. LETTS, in the *London Month.*)

Miss Anastasia and Miss Mary were dressmakers. They had been dressmakers as long as the young women of Glaskenny could remember.

Early and late the two Miss Gilligans stitched and fitted and pinned and cut. The whirr of the machine scarcely ceased from dawn till midnight in the little house at the corner.

The Miss Gilligans were respectable. Who could doubt it who saw their clean curtains, their artificial plant in the window, their case of wax fruit in the parlor? The parlor was the fitting room. Its windows were never opened, so it retained an antique smell that mingled with the newer scents of lining and serge and print.

Miss Mary made skirts and Miss Anastasia bodices. They worked so hard and so long that they had grown thin and rather red-eyed, but they held their own against everything. When the new drapers' shop came with its ready-made costumes the Miss Gilligans felt as though a death knell had sounded, but they worked a little harder and reduced their prices by a fraction.

They could by this persistent toil hold their own, but there was no margin. There was not time nor money to be ill or to take a holiday. Their only indulgence was to put by a little towards the inevitable day when they must lay down their needles and be dressed by others for that final journey that is taken by queens and dressmakers alike. “To live respectable and be buried respectable” was the sum of the Miss Gilligans' ambition. But one more desire remained to Miss Anastasia. Miss ‘Stasia as she was generally called. This was not a romantic desire, perhaps, but it was the dream of her life. It was, in fact, a set of teeth.

Now the dentist who had extracted—without gas in the interest of economy—Miss ‘Stasia's own teeth had declared that a suitable and trustworthy set would cost five pounds. Nothing under this price would be reliable.

The matter was a subject of daily consideration to the two women, but at last Miss ‘Stasia had scraped by little and little her five pounds. She did not forget, perhaps, that she had been the beauty of her family. Her dark eyes were too big now and their rims were often red, but in her day she had seen heads turned to look after her. Like all beauties, she had felt the waning of her looks sorely. Without her teeth she was an old woman, but with a fine new set she would be able to hold her head erect, to talk and smile without that self-consciousness that made her turn her head aside when she spoke. She had determined that on the very morning that she could be spared she would pay down her money and put the matter in hand.

Just at this time, however, a mourning order had kept the dressmaker busy all day and half the night.

On this autumn evening they were stitching busily so that Miss Mary might take up the box to their customers. Miss Mary spoke without looking up.

“Lizzie Kilfoyle will be likely round this evening about her dress, and not a stitch more in it! She'll have the life of us. The likes of Lizzie now to be married in white serge. Cook her up! and her Granny married in a wincey gown.”

‘Stasia lifted her large mournful eyes for a moment.

“Isn't she young yet. God help her? Why wouldn't she look her best?”

“What value is there in white stuff she'll be mucking up in a minit. You'd think she was the king's own daughter the way she goes on about the set an' the cut an' her panels and her pleats.”

At this moment there was a knock at the door. Anastasia finished her work and bit off her thread.

“That's done,” she said.

Again the insistent knock.

“It's Lizzie, go let her in,” said Mary.

A minute after Lizzie walked into the workroom. She was a showily dressed young woman of a class inferior to that of the Miss Gilligans. She wore cheap rings and bangles, was profusely scented and practised a style in hair-dressing that was flamboyant.

—@@@ JEVES' FLUID @@@—