



How Denis O'Halloran Transgressed His Code

BY B. FLETCHER ROBINSON

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Mr. Denis O'Halloran clasped his long horseman's cloak about him. He was a man below the middle height and of a spare and active figure. His expression was resolute and his eyes of a merry audacity.

He rode swiftly through the village street, his horse as he met the shoulder of the hill. It was an age when the wayfarer had still to rely upon his own weapon for safety, and he knew that after nightfall such waste places must have their perils. He reached the crown of the hill and pushed forward as a livelier gait.

For man Denis O'Halloran had little fear. He had already acquired some reputation in campaigns under an alien flag. But it was a superstitious age and he came of a superstitious people. Therefore, when pushing warily forward he rounded the spur of the hill into the full light of the moon, the spectacle which met his gaze shook his heart into his mouth and his hand to the pistol in his holster.

On a little plateau some 50 paces from the road and circled by a rising slope, stood a gallows whereon hung the body of a man. The sight was familiar; by such means were the highways rightfully protected. But the corpse did not swing unattended. A few paces from the foot of the gibbet were two figures, the one erect, wrapped in a trailing cloak, the other crouching to some labor.

The crouching figure moved; the light gleamed on a pick as it rose, and the clicking sound came again to his ears. It was digging a grave painful and slowly. Presently it stopped, dropping the tool, and as it did so the other struck it so that it raised a loud wail of pain. A woman's voice, thought the traveler, and his blood stirred within him. With an oath he set spurs to his horse and galloped headlong toward them.

The man never moved from where he stood, but the woman ran toward him, crying, with outstretched arms. The traveler was out of the saddle in a flash and slipped an arm about her, for she seemed near to falling.

"Save me," she said, "for the love of heaven."

"Fath, madam, an' I will be blithe to do so," said Mr. O'Halloran. He looked down at her with satisfaction. She was indeed a fine woman, though not in her first youth.

The man advanced from beneath the shadow of the corpse, dropping his cloak as he did so. The moon showed him tall and lean, with a long face and a stern and melancholy expression. He carried himself with an air of dignity. Plainly he was of gentle breeding.

"It would be well, sir, if you do not interfere in that which now concerns you," he said sternly.

"By the blessed saints, but did ye ever hear the like!" cried Mr. O'Halloran.

"I perceive you are an Irishman," sneered the tall man.

"An' I perceive that ye are an impertinent scoundrel," returned Mr. O'Halloran.

"I do not desire to brawl with you, my good fellow. Let it suffice you that I have an explanation for what I am about."

"An explanation, have ye?" cried Mr. O'Halloran in vast indignation.

"Then let me tell ye that amongst Irish gentlemen the striking ye lady admits no explanation. Sor, ye lack gentility. If I had the time I would tache ye manners with a cane."

"What are you?" said the tall man. "Jacobite fugitive, cutthroat, or an Irish bogtrotter on a journey? Pray give me so much of your confidence."

"I hold a captain's commission," replied Mr. O'Halloran with becoming dignity, "though in what army it is not precisely convenient for me to mention. Does that content ye?"

"I am at your service," said the other.

"May heaven aid you," murmured the lady.

Mr. O'Halloran slipped off his cloak, drew his sword and stepped forward with a lean attitude.

The tall man was no match for O'Halloran and before long a prick in the shoulder made him drop his sword with an oath.

"Again, again!" screamed the woman.

Mr. O'Halloran paid her no attention, but stepped back, lowering his point.

"Madam," said he, "I have found this gentleman a very brave and litigant fighter. To be truthful with ye, I would know more of his business."

"Then I will bid you good-night, sir," she said coldly. "I can find my way to the coach."

"I must ask ye, with due submission, to remain where ye are," replied Mr. O'Halloran. "At least until such time as I have inquired further of this gentleman."

The tall man was seated on the ground, nursing his arm, his back propped against the gallows. He regarded them curiously.

"My name is Yorke," he said. "Col. Francis Yorke. You may have heard of him."

"It was tolerably familiar after Pontenoy," laughed the Irishman.

"An old man with grown sons about him married again," said the colonel.

"Heavens, sir, does not the devil's opportunity lie in old men's follies? He had met the lady at a rout at York. He knew naught of her but that she was bold in spirit and pleasing to the eye. His elder son, a soldier serving abroad, saw neither the woeing nor the wedding; the younger did that which he could check his father's dotting desires. She met the lad and defied him at every turn of the game. She laughed away his evidence of her past as malicious talebearing. So he performed must watch this jade come flaunting into his home, knowing full well with what hatred she regarded him and what little hope of joy in life under his father's roof remained to him."

LANDLORD KNEW HIS CAPACITY.

Would Need to Lay in Supplies for Student Guest.

"Lawyer Hummel entertained us with his brilliant conversation on the Lusitania," said a tourist.

"Hummel had one night in the smoking room an argument with a terribly scared German about education."

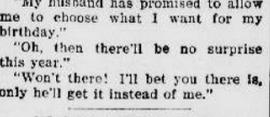
"There's nothing like our German students. You can't get away from that," the German boasted, and his face, all slashed from corps duels, beamed with pride.

"No, you're right," said Hummel. "I once visited a German student in Heidelberg. As we conversed on duelling in the students' sitting room a waiter knocked, entered and said politely: 'The landlord of the Keg presents his compliments and wishes to know if you are thinking of stepping across this evening, sir?'"

"What does he want to know that for?" the student inquired.

"Because, sir, if you don't," said the waiter, "it will scarcely be worth while to tap a fresh barrel to-day."

WAIT TILL HE SEES THE BILL.



"My husband has promised to allow me to choose what I want for my birthday."

"Oh, then there'll be no surprise this year."

"Won't there! I'll bet you there is, only he'll get it instead of me."

NO SKIN LEFT ON BODY.

For Six Months Baby Was Expected to Die with Eczema—Now Well—Doctor Said to Use Cuticura.

"Six months after birth my little girl broke out with eczema and I had two doctors in attendance. There was not a particle of skin left on her body, the blood oozed out just anywhere, and we had to wrap her in silk and carry her on a pillow for ten weeks. She was the most terrible sight I ever saw, and for six months I looked for her to die. I used every known remedy to alleviate her suffering, for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C. gave her up. Dr. B. recommended the Cuticura Remedies. She will soon be three years old and has never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We used about eight cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Durmid, Va., Oct. 14 and 22, 1906."

Disposing of the Baby.

Little Freddy was the only child in the family. He had no little sisters or brothers to play with him, so when he was told that a baby sister had come, he was very happy. But he soon found that father and mother did not pay so much attention to him as they formerly had, and that baby seemed to be considered of more account than he. This worried Freddy, but he suddenly thought of something which would help him out of his trouble. Some weeks before his father had put a sign up: "Ashes to Give Away; Inquire Within." Freddy remembered that a man had come and taken the ashes away. So he got to work, and one day surprised his father by displaying another sign, hung in a prominent place: "A Baby to Give Away. Inquire of Freddy."

State Pride.

There recently entered the offices of the civil service commission at Washington a dashing young dandy of perhaps 20 years of age, who announced to the official who received him that he desired to "get papers for an examination."

"From what state are you?" was the question put.

The negro drew himself up proudly. "I am from the first state of the union, sir," he replied.

"New York?"

"No, sir; Alabama."

"But," protested the official, with a smile, "Alabama is not the first state in the union."

"Alphabetically speaking, sir; alphabetically speaking," said the negro.

DR. TALKS OF FOOD

Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with indigestion, palpitation of the heart and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth."

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

"Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

Don't Poison Baby.

FORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce SLEEP, AND A FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. J. W. Dinsdale, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I use your Castoria and advise its use in all families where there are children."

Dr. Alexander E. Mintie, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria and have found it a reliable and pleasant remedy for children."

Dr. J. S. Alexander, of Omaha, Neb., says: "A medicine so valuable and beneficial for children as your Castoria is, deserves the highest praise. I find it in use everywhere."

Dr. J. A. McClellan, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria for children and always got good results. In fact I use Castoria for my own children."

Dr. J. W. Allen, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I heartily endorse your Castoria. I have frequently prescribed it in my medical practice, and have always found it to do all that is claimed for it."

Dr. C. H. Gilden, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "My experience as a practitioner with your Castoria has been highly satisfactory, and I consider it an excellent remedy for the young."

Dr. H. D. Bener, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria as a purgative in the cases of children for years past with the most happy effect, and fully endorse it as a safe remedy."

Dr. J. A. Boardman, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria is a splendid remedy for children, known the world over. I use it in my practice and have no hesitancy in recommending it for the complaints of infants and children."

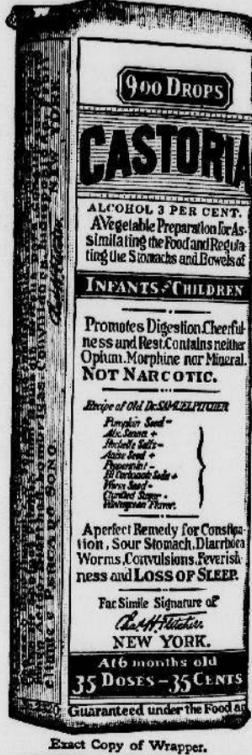
Dr. J. J. Mackey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I consider your Castoria an excellent preparation for children, being composed of reliable medicines and pleasant to the taste. A good remedy for all disturbances of the digestive organs."

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"In the course of Mrs. Cole's travels she met Rev. Robert Montgomery, the poet, who told her an incident of his early career in the pulpit. When he was first admitted to holy orders he was appointed curate in a rural Scotch district, and lodged in the house of a small tenant farmer.

"Notwithstanding his office of clergyman, the family did not appear to hold their boarder in high veneration, for one day he heard the woman servant call to her mistress: 'Missis, shall I feed the pigs first, or gie the mon his dinner?'—Youth's Companion.

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He that despiseth small things will perish little by little.—Emerson.

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When the Lord makes a fool, the devil gives him a tongue.—Life.

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A good life is the readiest way to procure a good name.—Whitcomb.

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The fairest of all things fair on earth is virtue.—Shakespeare.

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Small illustration of a woman's face.

Small illustration of a woman's face.