

behind his skin old Densmore was as dark as the devil."

"Then," said Aeneas, "ye knew only what all the world and its wife knew."

"Five thousand pounds?" said Denis.

"Five thousand," said Aeneas, "until the books is gone further into, and then it is generally believed there'll be found twice five."

"Right!" said Denis. "Maybe three times five. It is a quarter till eleven o'clock," said he, hastily looking up at the timepiece on his mantel, "a quarter till eleven o'clock, and 'The Universe' must be out by half-past eleven. There's no time to be lost, and there's no time to go looking up particulars. Tell me what you know, MacFadden."

"No particulars ye can get," said MacFadden; "for there's divil a particular out yet—barrin' the bare fact itself, and that's news enough for one week's 'Universe,' if there's not another scrap in the paper from start to finish."

"You're right," said Denis. "But they had to charge him before a magistrate, of course, and remand him, before they trailed him off to jail. Mr. M'Caurland he's off in Dublin, purchasing a piano for Peggy, so it's before Morton they must have had him."

"Before Morton it must have been, yes," said MacFadden.

"Then," said Denis, in his own mind, "God pardon me, I wish no man harm; but it's thankful to goodness I am that now Norah M'Cann will be released from under that man's guardianship."

"She will make a brave, wee wife, if fortune favors me, and her money would come in handy to set 'The Dhrimstevlin Universe' square upon the legs, that are just now like a drunken man's, tottering under it."

Denis might manage to do without a wife; but he couldn't manage to do without money any longer.

Already Denis's pen was scratching along the paper, as in furious haste he turned out the copy, and filled the atmosphere of the office with the sheets that he flung from him, like snowflakes in a storm. And as fast and furious as Denis wrote, so fast and furious did the printer set. And as fast and furious did editor and printer turn and turn about at the wheel of the inquisition-like instrument, which was courteously termed a press, grind out "The Dhrimstevlin Universe," and send it broadcast on an astounded world.

When Denis got breathing space he took up a copy and read over the article for his own satisfaction. The printer had maimed an account of the proceedings of the Dhrimstevlin Board of Guardians, ruthlessly breaking a large bit right out of the middle of it, in order that the most prominent place in the paper should, as was proper, be given to the sensational news that fortune had waited them. Denis took up the paper and read it:

"STARTLING INTELLIGENCE; EMBEZZLEMENT OF DHRIMSTEVLIN PUBLIC FUNDS; PROMINENT CITIZEN ARRESTED AND REMANDED TO JAIL!

"Dhrimstevlin, Friday Morning.

"Just at the moment of going to press, astounding news has reached us that Mr. Nathaniel Densmore, Secretary and Treasurer to the Dhrimstevlin Town Commissioners, was this morning arrested at his own home on the charge of embezzling five thousand pounds of the Dhrimstevlin public funds.

"Acting upon informations sworn last night, Constables Robert Maglone and Peter Feely this morning visited Mr. Densmore's house, and arrested that gentleman just as he was sitting down to breakfast, preparatory to going to his office. The accused was suddenly unnerved when the constables appeared and announced their business. They gave him the usual caution, and he remarked: 'If I get time I can explain it all.' He forthwith was marched before Mr. Valentine J. Morton, Justice of the Peace, and charged.

"The prisoner had now partially assumed a cheerful look, and he bowed to Mr. Morton, and inquired indifferently after his health. In reply to the charge he said that he had no statement to make, and would reserve his defense until he had time to confer with his solicitor.

"Mr. Morton expressed his sincere sympathy with the accused, and said it gave him sorrow to find him in this embarrassing situation, from which he hoped, and indeed felt certain, that Mr. Densmore would easily extricate himself.

"At the request of the Prosecuting Sergeant of Constabulary, Mr. Morton said it was his unwelcome duty to have to remand him to jail for a week without bail, at the end of which time Sergeant M'Farland would

undertake to produce evidence to sustain the charge. "Mr. Densmore shook hands with Mr. Morton, left some messages for his wife and a message for his clerk, after which he was removed between two constables and by a circuitous route conveyed, almost unknown to the citizens, to the railway station, whence they took the ten-thirty train to Derry, in which jail he will be lodged until this day week, when he comes up upon remand.

"As soon as the astounding intelligence became known in Dhrimstevlin—and it soon took wing—there was tremendous excitement in the streets; but amid it all universal and heartfelt sympathy was expressed for the poor gentleman's wife and children in the great trouble that has fallen upon them.

"It is alleged that the peculations have extended over a period of many years, and that the full extent of them is not yet, by any means, known.

"That Mr. Densmore was ever regarded by all who knew him as a man of the strictest integrity, the most upright principle and the first citizen, most respected and most worthy, in Dhrimstevlin, made the intelligence all the more astounding. It came like a bolt from the blue. Such excitement as it caused in our midst has not been known for several generations gone, and probably will not be experienced again for several generations to come."

"That," said Denis, holding the paper from him, viewing the article with sidelong view, and speaking soliloquizingly, "that is what I call a brilliant journalistic achievement."

Then he strode to the broken window and looked out upon the streets of Dhrimstevlin, where, sure enough, the excitement was tremendous among the excited crowds who thronged and surged tumultuously around copies of "The Universe." And Denis felt that glow of inward satisfaction which comes to a man whose conscience commends him for a good day's work well done.

CONVENIENT

By Edwin L. Sabin

Johnny was an Injun big,
In feathers, paint and other rig,
His wigwam fell, and strange to tell
A paleface "Mamma!" was his yell!

Next he was a frightful bear—
Behind the sofa was his lair.
He growled until he bumped his head,
When "Boo-hoo-hoo!" was what he said.

Then he was a pirate bold,
And sailed away in quest of gold,
His bark capsized; but, lucky chap,
He swam ashore to some one's lap.

What a most convenient thing
When Injun, bear and pirate king,
As soon as troublous times annoy,
Can turn to mamma's little boy!

Though Denis didn't fear "Daddy" Densmore, physically, and though he feared him less legally (for, as he used to say, when thousands threatened libel actions against "The Universe," if they were at once as wise as Solomon and as strong as Samson, he defied them to take stockings off a barefooted man), he, in his next issue, wrote a full column expressing his deep regret that he had been wrong and misled in making the announcement of the arrest of their prominent and respected citizen, Mr. Nathaniel Densmore, and offering any and all apology a reasonable man could expect. The wrath of "Daddy" Densmore was intensified, rather than appeased; and still worse for poor Denis, there came a curt note, couched in the chilliest terms, requesting that Mr. Denis Read might be so very kind as to do her the favor of henceforth refraining from intruding his uninvited and unwelcome attentions upon his obliged, humble servant, Norah M'Cann.

And poor Denis looked upon himself as a martyr to the fates.

Uncle Pat's Animal Stories

III. FRANK, BUCCANEER

By Agnes Morley Cleaveland

EVEN "Uncle Pat," who has been on the cattle-range for forty years and who, his friends insist, knows more about a cow than any living man, said that he never saw a calf like Frank.

Frank's first appearance was just after sunset one evening when he crossed the hay *vega*, or field, and crawled under the barbed-wire fence in front of the ranch house. He stood surveying his surroundings with an air of interest, but with no apparent concern for his own safety. Then he walked to the bars of the corral in which were penned the milch cows and their calves, and some other cattle which were being made gentle. He stood looking through the bars with the same deliberate interest that he displayed when he looked at the house.

"I don't know what calf that can be," "Uncle Pat" said. "He does not belong to any of the cows out there. He surely is lost. He probably walked off and left his mother. He's entirely too independent for a calf not over a week old."

But Frank's independence soon asserted itself more strongly. After he had satisfied himself with his survey of the "bunch" in the corral, he calmly poked his little white head between the poles of the fence, and by dint of much wriggling and squirming managed to squeeze his little red body through after it. The cows looked at him with suspicion; for he made his way among them with entirely too much assurance for a small stranger. Twice he went the rounds of the corral, and then stopped perplexed.

"She's not here, old boy. Sorry for you," called "Uncle Pat" from where the family was lined up looking through the fence at him.

But Frank's look was unmistakable. It said: "Oh, you needn't be sorry for me."

He turned and sized up the situation. A calf about his own age was taking his supper with much satisfaction, as shown by the vigorous waving of its white-tipped tail. Now, supper was precisely what Frank was hunting, and he evidently decided that there was no need for losing more time. That white-tailed calf should share with him! The mother was sleepily chewing her cud, and did not notice his approach. But at the first mouthful which the little thief took she turned and kicked him a resounding whack on top of his little white head. Frank shook the little white head in question, and stood off looking reproachfully at the ill-natured cow.

But he was by no means discouraged. He coolly looked about for a more hopeful chance. From one cow to another he scampered, snatching a few mouthfuls before he was discovered and kicked, and then on to the next. The following morning, when the cows were turned out to pasture, Frank went with the calves into the calf-corral and laid all day sleeping in the shade without showing any signs of hunger.

"He'll get along in this world," "Uncle Pat" laughed; "but he will keep the cows excited, so I shall make one cow take him."

Thereupon he took a short rope and tied Frank, neck to neck, to the white-tailed calf. In this way the white-tailed calf's mother could not kick Frank without hurting her own calf, especially as Frank was cute enough to get on the outer side. Even a cow can see the

injustice of punishing her own calf for another's fault, and White-tail's mother soon stopped kicking altogether.

But the plan did not work well; for the simple reason that Frank decided that half-rations were not enough for an energetic fellow like himself. So, when he had finished his allotted share, he would go foraging, dragging the white-tailed calf with him (an innocent and protesting party to the outrage), to shield him from the kicks of the enraged cows. Poor little White-tail felt justly abused. Not only must he give half of his meals to this impudent, bald-faced stranger, but he must be dragged around and kicked by every cow in the corral. It manifestly was so unjust that "Uncle Pat" untied Frank and turned him loose upon his piratical career.

Thus it came about that Frank grew fat and sleek and high-spirited. When he was pointed out to strangers as "the motherless calf that came to us," they always exclaimed: "Why, he looks better than any of the other calves," which always caused a laugh.

One dark night, two years after Frank adopted himself, so to speak, "Uncle Pat" was driving a trap-load of people home from the post-office, ten miles away. At a point in the road where a wire fence runs close to a steep bluff, leaving only a narrow passage between, the team snorted in fright and stopped suddenly. "Uncle Pat" jumped out and ran ahead to see what the trouble was. Then his voice came out of the darkness: "Get up and get out of the road, you impudent brute!" He came back laughing: "Of course it's Frank. He must choose the one spot in all the country where he thought some one would have to give way to him."