WHEN MYLES MAGUIRE MELTED.

A Story of the St. Patrick's Day Parade.

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY SEUMAS MACMANUS ("MAC.")

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Myles Maguire's dark countenance had always a stern look on it but when he reached O'Rourke's letter his look grew a great deal blacker and sterner. He read it again aloud for the benefit of little old Johnnie Gavigan, his clerk, and his tone was cuttingly sarcastic:

"Dear Mr. Maguire: Next Thursday, you will remember, is Patrick's day. The men are pressing me for a holiday, or at least a half holiday. Two-thirds of them belong to societies that take part in the procession, and some of the men are expected to be there officially. I would like to give them their wish. Won't you please approve? We have progressed so well with the building since the beginning of February that we can easily afford it. There is now no doubt but that we will have it finished easily before the expiration of the contract time. Please reply at once, saying that I have your approval. Faithfully,

"PATRICK ALOYSIUS O'ROURKE."

"Gavigan, Pathrick Aloysius O'Rourke is too d——d impudent to have the nose on him to ask such a thing. And he thinks, too, I can't see through him. He's thransparent as a dry goods winda to me. The scoundrel means that he wants to sthraddle to some old crate of a horse, the leavings of a livery stable, and wave a square yard of green calico alongside that procession on Pathrick's day. What do you think of such mortal impudence, Gavigan?"

Poor Johnnie curled up within himself, for he had been done the immortal honor of being named a marshal for that day; he had put past enough money to hire a horse, and he had been trying to muster up enough courage to ask Mr. Maguire for the holiday. He shrunk in his shell and did not reply.

"Write O'Rourke at once these words and sen' them be a messenger: 'I'd see you and the two-thirds of the men who are as big fools as yourself d——d first. I am going up there myself on Thursday to see how many men will be dismissed to the devil for staying away from their work.' Have you that down? 'If that procession of out-of-works, lazy devils and tom-fools goes along 23d street, and if one of your men lifts the tail of their eye to look at them I'll be there to order you give him his dismissal.' Let Pathrick Aloysius put that in his pipe and smoke it."

Johnnie Gavigan sighed deeply, but softly, as he wrote:

"271 Broadway, Tuesday Morning.

"Dear Mr. O'Rourke—Much as I should wish it otherwise, I regret extremely that I cannot possibly afford to let the men get a holiday on the occasion of the coming festival which, as Irishmen, we all honor. I sincerely trust the good men and true who on that day turn out to do honor to St. Patrick and Ireland will be favored with glorious weather and that the procession will surpass—if that be possible—those of former years in numbers, respectability, order and general eclat.

"Very sincerely yours,

"MYLES MAGUIRE."

Mr. Maguire, contractor and builder, had been knitting his brows over another letter while Johnnie Gavigan was, with a clamorous pen, scratching the foregoing.

"Gavigan," said he, "the wurrl' is going mad."

Johnnie was not as much startled as might have been expected by this piece of amazing intelligence—and for the good reason that his master had been springing it on him every morning for the last twenty-five years.

"Just read that."

Johnnie took over the documentary evidence, first impressions from which only tended to prove that the world was going inky and going smoky. Where blobs of ink did not conceal it, the paper displayed that rich yellow coating which is only to be obtained by careful seasoning in a cabin where a considerable quantity of the turf smoke, instead of going out as intended by the chimney, crawls and creeps and curls, with loving fondness, around the household gods, before making its exit by the dedicatory at the door head. The reminiscence that from the document penetrated Johnnie's nostrils brought a big tear into his eye; the roar of Broadway died suddenly, Myles Maguire's office melted away, and Johnnie, a gossoon, barefoot, ragged and happy, was a siostog of straw by a turf fire in a little smoky cabin on an Irish hillside, and a clear-skinned, bright-faced woman in a linen cap was spinning and crooning a soft song in Gaelic. Ah—

"Gavigan, wake up! Or what the divil are ye dhreamin' about? I asked ye to read that letter."

Johnnie started. And he read (with some difficulty, the caligraphy was certainly immature):

"Corraclamp Upper,
Meenadhring P. O.,
"County of Tyrone,
"June the 3, 1893.

"Dear Unckle Myles—I take up my pen to write you these few lines, hoping it will find you as thank God it leevs us at present in the best of helth except wee Jaimie has the hoop-and-coff. Unckle Myles I go to school to Master Rainey every day in my life and he says I am a notorayus scollar and that I was born to be a priest, which I want to be very bad. But, of course, my poor father he has not the muney to spare to make a priest out of me. Michael Burns of Tullvalt that was in America 10 yeers and five in Pencilvainy, says it is far cheeper to be a priest in the states. So, as every one comes home tells how rich Unckle Myles is, I thought I would ask you to pay my passage out there and I would then soone ern enough of money to get priested, and I would say my first mass then for you and I would pay back my passage muney very soone. Dear Unckle wont you please too send me it, and its youll be the prowd man when I'm the parish priest of New York some day please God. My father he cant give me my passage muney for you know he has a hard struggil and the spotty cow the one we called the Master bekase she had a prowd walk with her just like Master Rainey she got elfshot on the hill a month agoe and died, and we have only Horny left. My mother she ust always say when I was wee that she would like to see her wee Denoch a priest, but she stopt tocking of it now this many years. She doesn't kno I am writing to you for my passage or she wouldn't let me, for I asked her to let me write to you for the lone of some muney to buy another cow and to buy her a dress and she got very angry with me and then bust into crying, and she went down to the room and cried a long time with the dore shut. I will be 13 yeers next bon-fire night, and I am a able big fellow and able to work hard in America. I send you all our loves and my mothers love, for I kno she would send it for she always gives out a prair for you every night when we are at the Rosary, for God to guard, guide and prosper Unckle Myles, and keep his heart right. Write soone, and I lay down my pen and ink and remain,

"Your affectionit nefew,

"Donoch McAteer.

"P. S.—Please write soon."

When Johnnie Gavigan laid down the letter he inserted a knuckle under each glass of his spectacles, and forced something out of his clinking eyes, though his employer glared fiercely at him.

"Sir," said he, with a bold courage that astounded Myles Maguire, "what answer will I give? Or, I suppose you prefer to answer that yourself? Can I get you a draft?"

"Gavigan"—and all of poor Johnnie's impromptu courage was instantly startled out of him—"you are an ass!"

If silence gives consent, Johnnie in his still fright might be said to have given sacred affirmation of the statement.

After a little, when Myles Maguire saw that his clerk was properly remorseful, he said in calm, firm tones, "There's no answer, Gavigan, to that foolish youngster's scribble. I showed ye that letter that ye might read it in connection with the wan from O'Rourke and see for yerself that the Irish here is as great idiots as at home, and the Irish at home as great idiots as they are here. Here's these poor fools of O'Rourke's that are wrastlin' with the wurrl' and strivin' with all their might just to earn as much as 'ill keep the life in them—here they are wantin' to lose half a day to go processhin' with a crowd of equally d——d fools, thrappin' themselves out in green ribbons, and squandherin' a couple of days' pay for the pleasure of throttin' behind a web of green calico, throwin' out their chests and throwin' up their chins, and steppin' on time to some ould' rantin' air that their great-grandfathers used to dance to. And then here's these people in Irelan'—me own sisther, me own sisther Ellen, no less—turnin' a child's head with foolish notions about becomin' a priest or a praicher, when it would be fitter (both for themselves and him) that they were teachin' him which fist to put foremost on a spade handle; and keepin' him at school every day, when it's in the ditch-sheugh they should have him half the time. No wonder! No wonder! Small wonder there's poverty and hardships in Irelan', and plenty of want in Amerika. It's seven an' thirty years, Gavigan, since I and me little bundle were thrown out of the ship on American soil, without the face of a friend to greet me or as much as an acquaintance to say, 'There ye are, Myles Maguire, and the divil send ye may prosper!' I was sixteen bare years of age. I bent my back and put my hands to the day afther I landed, and for hard years wrought the very soul of me out through me fingers. I met no friends, and I made none—what's more, I wanted none, and wouldn't have them. I kept myself clear of all from home; they're never a help, always a hindhrance. If they came to me wanst they soon found their welcome wouldn't keep warm for a second visit; and so they were soon shaken off. I saw that in Amerika if a man wanted to go ahead, he must do it himself and himself only all the time; forget Ireland, it's Patrick's days an' its poverty. I did that. And so signs on it, Myles Maguire, the poor delicate child that then jumped onto a quay at the foot of New York, with his belongin's under his arm and twenty-two shillin's and sixpence ha-penny in his pocket, is now Mr. Myles Maguire, conthractor and builder, honored and respected, and wan of the leadin' men in his line in New York city, with several hundhred men in his employ and a bank account that I'll say nothin' of bekase I'm not a boastin' man. Gavigan, there's an example for yer foolish Irish to copy afther. What do ye sez to that, Gavigan?"

Johnnie, as he stroked his beard, did not reply audibly, but he was thinking. "I am only a poor clerk myself, worth just $16 a week, and with a wife and family and a struggle with the wurrl' always on me hands—yet Myles Maguire, with the big bank account and no wan in the wurrl' to fret about but yerself, I would cry bitterly if I was compelled to swap places with you, an' have to take over your heart into the bargain."

Johnnie Gavigan was, of course, one of the foolish Irish.

II.

"A gloryus day, this, for the procession, sir." Myles Maguire was standing on the rear platform of a Broadway car, and by way of reply to the remark scowled severely at the conductor who made it, and scowled at the bunch of shamrocks he sported in his cap. The conductor, quite disconcerted, whistled up "God Save Ireland," and repeated the remark to the next man who boarded. And when at the sharp turn on 14th street the conductor sang out, "Hold fast!" after Mr. Maguire had only just saved himself from being thrown off the car, Mr. Maguire felt he would like to kick that conductor. A poor workingman, with his little bunch in his hand, coming on the car, here raised his hat to the shamrock, whereat Mr. Maguire muttered something impolite and fumed inwardly as if a personal insult had been flung in his face. "And maybe," he added to himself, "that poor fool hasn't the second quarter to rub against the first." A few blocks farther an old woman, who had been helped on by a policeman, fixing her eyes on the shamrock, muttered a prayer in Gaelic. The conductor plucked from his hat a sprig of the shamrock (though it cost him a pang) and presented it to the old woman, who kissed it passionately. Mr. Maguire, disdaining even to convey an order to the conductor, himself pulled the cord, and bounced from the car at the next corner. "D—n yez all!" he said. "I'll walk it." He did walk it. But the reverence of that poor workingman and the passionate love of that old woman for a bit of a green weed preyed upon his mind—preyed upon it. "Here am I, Myles Maguire, contractor and builder, and rich man, without either time or inclination for this—this—d—d nonsense; and there's people as poor as God made them, an' the wurrl' against them, and they—they—O, d—n it all!" Flung out from windows were green flags, to which the burly drivers of two wagons raised their hats as they passed, their eyes dancing with some gleeful remembrance. Most of the wagoners had stuck upon their horses' harness little green flags, each of which represented two schooners of lager beer foregone. Hotel waiters, motormen, hundreds of hurrying foot passengers, sported some piece of green—a very few, with pardonable pride, displayed the shamrock. The brightness of the morning seemed, in the eyes of all these, to blend with the brightness of heart that shone out. And, strangely, the very poorest seemed to sport as bright a face as the most well-to-do.

Mr. Myles Maguire, contractor and builder, and rich man, could not help seeing this, though he would like to have shut both his eyes and his heart to it all. Myles remembered how a poor devil with whom he worked ages ago used to excite his sarcastic laughter by declaring that half-an-ounce of happiness was worth a wagon-load of gold. And now here were many poor devils with nought but their bare hands between them and starvation, and the sun was on their faces and in their hearts; yet here was he, with his money bags, and for twenty-five years he had not known how to smile! Evidently these people were laboring under the delusion that money did not mean everything, and was not the aim and end of existence. Somewhere there was something radically wrong, Myles Maguire confessed to himself.

At the Victor building on 23d street and 4th avenue, which sported the sign "Myles Maguire, contractor and builder," the men had momentarily stopped work to shy cents and nickels and a couple of dimes at a dirty Italian who had been grinding a travesty on "Patrick's Day" out of his hand-organ, and who then, by way of thanks, gave them a representation of a wretch dying by slow torture, from which, by a desperate stretch of imagination, they were supposed to fancy "The Wearin' of the Green"—and went on. Myles had remained half a block away till the agony was ended, and when he came up he found that a hunch-backed old fellow who was at work by the sidepath had stuck up a little 10-cent Irish flag on a barrel by his side. Myles stood looking from the man to the flag, and from the flag back to the man.

"That's a gay mornin', misther," the old fellow said, going on with his work.

After a little Myles Maguire asked "How long are you from Irelan,' fren'?"

"Ah, troth, too long. Nineteen years, come May."

"Ah', till me, do ye iver think of Irelan' now?"

The old fellow looked up at him sideways for a moment. "Isn't it early in the mornin' ye're beginnin' yer larkin'?" he said then.

"Do ye ever expect to go back to Irelan'?"

"With God's help. With God's help." The old fellow sighed as he said it. "I mane to die in Irelan'. I was back there seven years ago this summer. If money was plentier it's few summers would miss me that I wouldn't be back. I have me wife and children there, that I've got to save for."

"I suppose ye send them money every year?"

"Every year! I sthruggle to sen' them, with God's help, a thrifle of money every month. When I'm in constant work I can well afford it. I earn big pay, $10 a week. We have two as brave sons as ever God bless'd a father an' mother with, and we're givin' them a good schoolin' and sthrivin' to make somethin' respectable out iv them; we're puttin' wan iv them on for the clargy, an' the other's goin' to be a schoolmasther. An' when I help to pay for the livin' an' ediacation of them both—for the little patch of lan' wouldn't go far to keep them, let alone ediacate them—I can't afford to go back to ould' Irelan' often. Another few years' hard work an' me sons 'ill tak me over, an' meself an' the ould' woman 'ill never know want or woe afther."

Myles Maguire was reflective for some time.

"Are ye goin' to the parade today?" he said.

"Och, sweet good luck to the conthractor, no. Bad wind to him! An' he's an Irishman, too, they say. His name's Irish enough. But the heart in him—if he's got the like at all, at all, which I misdoubt—must be black. Sarra saize him! If a tenth of the bad prayers the men has been prayin' on him these two days be heerd, I wouldn't like to be in his boots. A niggard he is an' he'll niver be anything else."

A MOUNTED MARSHAL ORDERED HIM BACK.

Mr. Maguire was feeling slightly uncomfortable. "May Saint Pathrick chalk it up on the cross-bar iv heaven's gates, to stare the villain in the face, an' turn him away if he has the impidence to thravel tor'st there afther he gives his last gasp. No, I'm not going'; an' that's the second time only that I've missed the parade in the nineteen years I'm in Amerika."

A mischievous American scamp snatched with him the little flag and went hastily on his way down 4th avenue. The old fellow was stooped and had his back turned. Myles Maguire, observing the thing, was swaying between two impulses—but the hunched back, the gray hair, the patient industry of the poor old soul, and a something else, which he did not recognize, curiously appealed to him who for seven and thirty years had kept his heart free from all such weaknesses. He started at a run after the miscreant. The latter doubled around into 22d street. But Myles Maguire was so close upon him that he was induced to drop the little flag on the path. Myles followed a bit further, for a novel feeling of righteous indignation was upon him, and he now felt even more eagerly desirous of kicking this fellow than the be-shamrocked conductor. But the fellow was too fast for him, and laughed back over his shoulder at Myles, who then turned and picked up the flag. He was holding it in his hand and gazing at it in an abstracted fashion when an astounding and very forceful box on the ear, making him drop the little flag from his grasp, drove him dazed and staggering on to the street, where he just escaped being run down by a cab, but did not escape a cabby's lavish and wholehearted abuse.

"Ho-o-o! ye scoundhrell ye! Ye thought yerself purty smart, didn't ye?" his old hunched-back friend was shouting back at him, shaking his fist in which he bore off again the flag. "Ho-o-o! ye oul' vagabone! who'd have thought ye had so much scoundhrelism in ye? Ho-o-o! but I'd like to bleach ye if I had the time and wasn't loth to dirty me hands on ye! Ho-o-o!" and he disappeared into 4th avenue, leaving Myles Maguire still standing on the street, rubbing the side of his head and trying to arrange his dazed wits.

When he got them fairly arranged he strode back to the Victor building, boiling with wrath.

The old man had planted his little flag again and was proceeding with his work, but he saw Myles Maguire coming. He straightened himself up, instantly, rolled back his sleeves, fell into fighting posture and defiantly yelled, "Come on, oul' Belzybubb!"

"Sir!" shouted Patrick Aloysius O'Rourke, who, by good luck, was now on the ground, "what do you mean?"

"I mane to whang seven devils out of that oul' curmeudgeon, who's afther thryin' to make a hare iv me an' stale me flag intil the bargain. Only I caught the waf' iv his talla disappearin' roun' the corner he was gone with it."

"Hish, that's Mr. Maguire, the conthractor for the Victor."

"I don't care a brass fardin if he was Saint Pether himself, an' conthractin' for purgatory, I wouldn't stand the same thraitment at his hands," and he looked the contractor defiantly in the eye as he proclaimed this.

Myles Maguire's wrath evaporated—even to his own astonishment. Determined to be astoundingly generous he deigned even to explain. He told how the thing really did happen.

"Luk here, now," said the old fellow, when he had heard him out. "Ye don't mend mathers at all, at all, be lyin' over it. I circumvanted ye, an' we are as we stood at the beginnin'. I forgive ye, but niver thry the same thrick again on me. Good mornin' an' good luck to ye, now. Since ye won't help me with me work don't hindher me."

As Myles Maguire sneaked into the building with Patrick Aloysius O'Rourke he felt that abject smallness which falls upon a man who has been discovered in a very mean act.

III.

When Mr. Maguire informed Mr. O'Rourke that, on second considerations, he had decided that the men on the Victor building should have a half holiday, Mr. O'Rourke was only slightly surprised. But when he got down to 271 Broadway, and there notified the patient and faithful Johnny Gavigan that he should have a half holiday, Johnny was startled.

"Gavigan, what time does that parade start, and where from?"

"It starts," said the bewildered, elated Johnny, "at 2:30, from Madison square."

"Hum! Well, good mornin', Gavigan, and a pleasant day to ye."

Johnnie went off in a half-dazed way. "There's somethingither wrong with me or with Misther Maguire," Johnnie said to himself—"an' I'm half afeered it's with Misther Maguire."

And when, three hours after, Johnnie, in one of the intervals he had on horseback (for the honor of riding a horse once a year far exceeded the pleasure in poor Johnnie's case) noticed on the fringe of the procession Myles Maguire decorated with a great green sash, Johnnie only escaped losing altogether his normally elusive seat.

Yes, Myles Maguire, contractor and builder, for the first time in his thirty-seven years' sojourn in America, had come to join in this procession of "out-of-works, lazy devils and tom-fools." He had tried to drop casually into the ranks at the first convenient opportunity, but a mounted marshal ordered him "back to the divil out iv that, an' join yer own section." When Myles Maguire looked at the marshal he descovered in him the hunched back old fellow, his own workman, who had that morning generously forgiven him for a mean trick of which he had not been guilty.

Myles melted away backward. He tried to impose himself upon several succeeding sections, but with equal ill-luck each time. At the tail of the parade, only, he found welcome—among a band of irregulars.

The welcoming shouts and cheers that greeted them along the route, the handkerchiefs and the flags waved to them from window and housetop, every man in the long procession took personally to himself, and waxed proud over and strutted. Before he had covered a score of blocks Myles Maguire was the vainest man and had the most imposing strut of all that vast procession, and to the awkward limbed, lengthy fellow who proceshed on his left he proudly imparted the intelligence that this was "a big day for oul' Irelan'." The big fellow's reply—rather a remark to himself—"I wish to the Lord they could see us in Meenticor," discovered to Myles that he walked with one from his own parish. Both, to their delight, soon found they were old comrades and schoolfellows. "Myles Maguire," said Long Jaimie Haraghey, "I've got in me pocket here a pint of poteen that was brewed on the back side of Knockangher. When we get to the picnic grounds we'll have a jolly good slug for oul' times' sake."

And in the Morningside park, where they picnicked, Myles and Long Jaimie tasted the poteen and transported themselves again to Tyrone. For more than thirty years Myles had wasted very little thought, and certainly less speech, upon Tyrone, yet it was surprising how freshly and vividly old times, old friends, old scenes crowded his memory and made his tongue glib.

"An' the Masther, too," said Long Jaimie, "ye mind the times we had with Masther Muldoon of Pulvainey—eh, Myles?"

"Faith an' I do," said Myles, smiling a reflective smile. "Do ye mind the day Micky Meehan made him sit down on his casthor?"

"Ha! ha! I do—I do! That was a hard day. An' do you mind the day we tied him to the stanchion in the school gavel? Another wild day."

"I mind that. An' I mind the day he made you mount me on your back till he'd flog me for brickin' in Donal O'Donnell's doore."

"I mind that, Myles, as if it was yesterday. Bekase I was so lohg he thought he'd make me useful in some way. He called me his assistant taicher, bekase on my back he flogged larnin' and manners inter me. An' do you mind, Myles, the day you an' me fought an' malavogued each other at the Lazy Bush bekase I sayed your mother counted the praties when she was puttin' them in the pot?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Upon my soul I do that, Jaimie. What a throuncin' match it was. I always thought meself a purty boxer; but that day, Jaimie, you went within an ace iv knockin' the consalt out i' me. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Within an ace iv knockin' the consalt out i' ye? But, Myles, don't ye mind I did knock the consalt clane out i' ye? Ye mind how I doubled ye over the stone-ditch an' pounded ye till ye called 'Marcy!'?"

"But beggin' yer pardon, Jamie, yer mim'ry's slightly at fault. You mind it was me that doubled you over the ditch an' ludhered ye till you shouted 'Marcy!'?"

"Myles Maguire," said Jaimie, feelingly, "I'm ashamed i' ye."

"Long Jaimie Haraghey," Myles said, "no, but I'm heartily ashamed i' ye."

"I'm very sorry, indeed, that ye force it out i' me—but, Misther, Maguire, I must say ye're a liar."

"Misther Haraghey," said Mr. Maguire, "I'm very sorry, indeed, to say it—but, you're a notorious liar."

"I see no other way out iv it," said Mr. Haraghey, "than to go out into the grove beyont an' settle it."

"Done!" said Mr. Maguire.

In the silence and obscurity of the grove both doffed coat and vest, tied their suspenders round their waists and rolled up their sleeves, just as they had done forty years before, under the Lazy Bush. They squared up at each other.

"Jaimie," said Myles, "I don't like to sthrike ye in cowl' blood. Please to aggirivate me."

"All right, Myles. Used n't yer poor mother (God rest her!) count the praities when she'd be puttin' them in the pot?"

"Ye lie, ye scoundhrel!" yelled Myles, venomously; and he emphasized the remark by a terrific blow on Long Jaimie's stomach.

In an instant a hot and fierce encounter was in progress. Myles found he had not forgotten a certain set of the thumb-knuckle which, digging into his antagonist, used to deal damage in the after school fights, and made him an object of admiration, respect and even awe, among his comrades. On the other hand Jaimie made good use of the swinging sledge-hammer stroke that half a century ago he had cultivated and made a specialty. For five minutes they pitched into each other with hearty good will. They were once more bring beneath the Lazy Bush with encouraging comrades about them; and they did not care whether Masther Muldoon saw them or not, for they were fighting for glory, and absorbed in the dream of it.

But Long Jaimie Haraghey was not as young as he used to be, nor his mind as good. After five minutes he was puffing hard; and then a timely and happily placed punch of Myles', put in the neighborhood of Jaimie's gastronomic machinery, did him up. He sat down hurriedly, and, when he could he gasped out:

"M—M—Myles—that's—enou—enough!"

To tell the truth, Myles was not sorry. Still he had a duty to perform.

"Jaimie," said he, as he stood over his victim, "did me poor mother count the praties goin' intil the pot?"

"She—didn't—Myles."

"Jaimie, who's the liar—me or you?"

"I'm the liar, Myles?"

"An', Jaimie, who axed for 'marcy' that day under the Lazy Bush?"

This one gave poor Jaimie lengthened pause.

"I say again, Jaimie, who?" Myles had the awe-inspiring knuckle scientifically set. Jaimie saw the knuckle, and he said:

"It was me axed for 'marcy,' Myles, me." And he added, soliloquizingly, "Though I'm rammed if I believe it."

"That's all right, Jaimie, give us a grip of yer fist. So long as ye give in to the truth, ye're free to believe what plaises ye."

They shook hands heartily. Myles helped up his fallen friend. Each helped to dress and smooth out the other; and then they went back to the picnic party, spent a most jovial evening, and went home mellow, both, and happy.

To young Donoch MacAteer of Corraclamp Upper, Meenadring P. O., county of Tyrone, and Ireland, Johnnie Gavigan, next day, addressed a letter containing a respectable check, and a promise to pay all charges incurred in polishing a priest out of the aforesaid Donoch. "I have been forgetful in the past," the letter said, "but for the time to come, please God, your poor mother will not find me so. I am going home this summer to find if Knockangher Hill flames as yellow with whin flowers as it used to do, and if the trouts are as plenty as ever in the burn at the back of Phelim McGinley's garden (God rest him)!"

At many subsequent Patrick's day parades Myles Maguire, in the saddle (sometimes) was a proud and conspicuous—if not unsteady—figure.

Myles Maguire went home again and again for many summers, and his eyes filled one Corpus Christi that he sat in the old chapel and heard Father Donoch MacAteer of the black head and handsome, thoughtful face, read his first mass—for him, Myles Maguire. And when he turned to look at his sister Ellen, her bowed head and frame were trembling as she sobbed with joy. "Myles," she whispered, "Myles, I'm happy an' content to die any time God calls me, now. May the good God bliss an' reward you, me brother."

"Whisht! Arrah, whisht with ye, woman!" Myles said, reprimandingly. But the big tears ran from his eyes and sank with Ellen's into the sacred clay floor.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is a list of advertised letters remaining in the Washington (D. C.) Post-office Saturday, March 10, 1900.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant should call for "Advertised Letters."

If not called for within two (2) weeks they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

LADIES' LIST.

Alderbury, A E Mrs
Alexander, Theresa Miss
Allen, M R Miss
Allinger, Lizzie Miss
Anderson, Rosa Miss
Anderson, Elizabeth Miss
Anderson, Lola Miss
Andrews, Marion Miss
Ash, Emma Miss
Bacon, E P Mrs
Bailey, E M Mrs
Bane, H K Mrs
Barry, R C Mrs
Barber, Byrd Mrs
Barnes, Mattie Mrs
Barns, Mary Mrs
Barter, S T Mrs
Bates, Harriet Mrs
Baylor, Emmer Miss
Bays, A Mrs
Beidler, Francis Mrs
Belt, Edward Mrs
Bennett, Annie Mrs
Beckley, Phyllis Mrs
Beverly, Mary Miss
Biddle, Kate Miss
Bishop, Annie E Mrs
Blair, Julia Miss
Bland, Mary E Mrs
Bland, Richard Mrs
Bland, R P Mrs
Bliss, B Mrs
Bliss, C W Mrs
Boerck, Belle Miss
Bohanne, Jannie Mrs
Borker, Henrietta Mrs (2)
Borden, Mildred Miss
Botts, Emma J Miss
Bowman, Agnes Miss
Boyd, Harriette E Miss
Boyd, Lizzie Mrs
Brabhaus, Sadie Miss
Brace, Elsie L Miss
Bradley, Mamie Miss
Brattton, Etter Miss
Brauner, Margaret Miss
Bremengton, Henrietta Miss
Brewer, F C Miss
Briggs, Julia Miss
Brooke, M E Miss
Brooks, Loolia Miss
Brooks, Carrie Miss
Brooks, Mamie Mrs
Brooks, Mamie Miss
Brown, Armindie Miss
Brown, Annie P Mrs
Brown, Bessie Miss
Brown, Esner Miss
Brown, Jocifian Miss
Brown, J Miss
Brown, J H Mrs
Brown, J F Mrs
Brown, Lula Miss
Brown, Marry Mrs
Brown, Mollie Miss
Brown, Susan Mrs
Brown, W H Mrs
Browning, Elise Miss
Bryant, Louisa V
Buchanan, Bessie Mrs
Buckhart, Mary Miss
Bull, E C Miss
Burke, L Miss
Burnett, Agnes Miss
Burns, Josephine R Mrs
Butler, Adeline Miss
Butler, Bettie Mrs
Butler, J W Mrs
Callahan, Mary A Mrs
Callaway, M V Mrs
Campbell, J Mrs
Campbell, Rosina Miss
Candee, G H Mrs
Capron, W T Mrs
Cardiff, G H Mrs
Carr, Minnie Mrs
Carswell, Olga Miss
Carter, Bessie Miss
Carter Ida Miss (2)
Carter Mary Miss (2)
Carter, Nellie Miss
Casey, L R Mrs
Catlin, Julius Mrs
Chalkley, M F Mrs
Chamberlin, J L Mrs (2)
Champion, B B Mrs
Chapman, M A Mrs
Charles, M E Mrs
Chatman, William Mrs
Childs, Martha Miss
Chelton, Horace Mrs
Claborn, Ella Miss
Clark, Bertha W Miss
Clark, Cornelia Miss
Clark, Lillian M Miss
Clark, Mary Mrs
Clarke, Mary Mrs
Clay, Amelia Miss
Clow, Florence Miss
Cox, John Mrs
Coates, Kattie Mrs
Coffin, Geo W Mrs
Cole, Emma Miss
Coleman, Annie Mrs
Collins, Inez Miss
Conaway, Carrie Miss (2)
Conway, Sopha Miss
Cooper, Rhodie M Miss
Cooper, Willie Miss
Corbett, W B Mrs
Courtwright, Kate Mrs
Covert, H M Miss (2)
Cowberry, Ethel Miss
Davis, M Miss
Davis, Mae Wright Mrs
Damsan, Nancie Miss
Delone, Genevieve Miss
De Moy, K Miss
Dent, Jannie Miss
Dick, G Mrs
Dickinson, J M Mrs
Dimonwitsch, Isabella Miss
Dixon, Sophia A Mrs
Dixson, Annie Miss
Dodge, Kittie S Mrs
Dorsey, V Miss
Douffin, France Miss
Douglass, Alice Miss
Douglas, Susie Miss
Drichen, May Miss
Duby, Rose Miss
Dyer, Marie Mrs
Dyers, Mary L Miss
Dysnie, Elizabeth Miss
Eads, James Mrs
Edwards, John Mrs
Edwards, Minnie Mrs
Ell, Virginia Miss
Ellis, Little Miss
Emerson, Geo Mrs
Emery, J J Mrs
Eselhorst, W J Mrs
Esterbrook, Harry Mrs
Evans, Nelle Durand Miss
Farrell, M M Miss
Fellows, R C Mrs
Fisher, Kitty Miss
Fleshman, Mary E Miss
Fletcher, Ida Mrs
Foster, E L Mrs
Fouke, Mary Miss
Fouke, Eleanor L Miss
Fox, Jno H Mrs
Franklin, Mittie Mrs
Frazier, Kattie Miss
Freeman, Julia Miss
Freeman, M E Mrs
Fugure, Caroline Mrs
Gaines, Hester Miss
Galleher, Elizabeth Mrs
Gallivan, Alice Miss
Galloway, M B Mrs
Gardner, Alice Miss
Gartrell, Laura Miss
Gilson, Hattie Miss
Gill, Ella Mrs
Glasscock, Bessie Miss
Gordon, Sallie Miss
Gordon, Rosa Mrs & Mr
Gorham, Sarah Mrs
Graves, A L Miss
Grebnetta, Antoinetta Miss
Green, Katie Miss
Green, Maria Mrs
Green, Maud Mrs
Green, Sue R Mrs
Griffith, Lottie Miss
Griffith, Maggie Miss
Grigg, Ella Mrs
Grigsby, Ethel Mrs
Griswold, Edith J Miss
Grossman, Lewis Mrs
Hale, Bettie Mrs
Halstead, Wm I Mrs
Hall, W H Mrs
Hall, Mary Mrs
Hamilton, Ray Mrs
Hamlin, Fannie Miss
Hammond, Angelica Mrs
Hance, Mary F Miss
Harris, Mary Ann Mrs (2)
Hartgrove, Mary C Mrs
Harris, L H Miss
Harris, Mary Miss
Hardwick, Lusanna Miss
Harley, Jno H Mrs
Harris, Florence Mrs
Hazard, Roland B Mrs
Hedges, Jno Mrs
Hendricks, C Mrs
Henderson, Lizzie Miss
Hokers, Kitt Miss
Holfad, Elsie C Miss
Holmes, Geo F Mrs
Holmes, Ella J Mrs
Homyer, Georgianna Miss
Hombin, Muttier Mrs
Honlon, Mary Miss
Hoover, L T Mrs
Hopkins, Lucinda Miss
Huffman, Eliza Miss
Hughes, L T Mrs
Hughes, Annie Miss
Jackson, Henry Mrs
Jackson, Julia Mrs
Jackson, Mary L Miss
Jackson, Sarah B Miss
James, Katie Miss
James, Wm H Mrs
Jamison, F D Mrs
Jayne, Jos L Mrs
Jefferson, N B Miss
Johnson, Emma Mrs
Johnson, Addie Mrs
Johnson, Annie Miss
Johnson, Carrie Mrs
Johnson, Clara Miss
Johnson, Edith Miss
Johnson, Helen Miss
Johnson, Frances D Miss
Johnson, H Frances Miss
Johnson, Henry J Mrs
Johnson, Orra Miss
Johnston, Hattie Mrs
Johnson, Jennie Miss
Johnson, Josephine Miss
Johnson, L V Mrs
Johnson, Rachel Miss
Johnston, Henry Mrs
Jones, Mary Mrs
Jones, May Mrs
Jones, Virgie M
Jones, M W Miss
Jourdon, Maud Miss
Kelley, Mamie Mrs
Kemp, Mildred Miss
Kennedy, R R Mrs
Kenny, Sallie Miss
Keogh, T B Mrs
Kerper, Minerva Mrs
Kennie, Lizzie Miss
Kettler, Rebecca Miss
Kinchelce, Elias W Mrs
King, J M Mrs (2)
King, F V Mrs
Klotz, Louise Miss
Kraus, Christina Miss
Ladd, Eng Mrs
Lancaster, Reoner Miss
La Salle, Mary Miss
Lee, Rosa Mrs (2)
Lee, Ellie Miss
Lester, Henry Mrs
Lewis, Annie Mrs
Lewis, Alice Miss
Lewis, Bettie Mrs
Letcher, Emma Miss
Lisson, Maggie Mrs
Little, Margaret Mrs
Lamporte, I D Miss
Love, A Mrs
Loving, Marie
Lowe, Sarah A Mrs
Lucas, Ellen Mrs
Lucas, Josie C Mrs
Luce, Maude Mrs
Lucheng, H A Mrs
McCurley, Ken Mrs
McClure, Fanchon Mrs
McDonald, Mary E
McDonough, Mary L Mrs
McGoings, Eliza Mrs
McKeever, Townshend Mrs
McLaughlin, Susie Miss
McPherson, Rita Miss
McFarland, Effie Miss
McWilliams, Helen Miss
Macey, Maudie Miss
Maddox, Lula Miss
Majors, Bertie Miss
Marshall, Matilda Mrs
Mason, Nate E Mrs
Mason, E V Miss
Matthews, Bertie Miss
Mead, Alice Miss
Mellin, Georgene Miss
Mentzer, L C Mrs
Mercer, Sarah Miss
Miner, Almeda Miss
Merriam, Ida Miss
Miller, A J Mrs
Miller, Lottie Miss
Miner, Jane Mrs
Minor, Bell Mrs
Mitchell, Lou Mrs
Moore, Sultana Miss
Munder, Marian Mrs
Mueller, May Miss
Murphy, E P Mrs
Myers, Delitia Miss
Moor, Clara Mrs
Nixon, D Mrs
O'Connell, Mary Miss
Queenan, Louisa Mrs
Parker, Anna
Patton, Lela Mrs
Paynter, Lucy Mrs
Payne, Celia Miss
Peacher, Annie Miss
Pechin, E C Mrs
Penliton, Nettie Miss
Peyton, Mary E Mrs
Pitzer, Carrie Mrs
Pollock, Agnes Miss
Potts, R C Mrs
Poulson, Rachel Miss
Pratt, Frances M Miss
Proctor, Hattie Miss
Pry, Josephine Mrs
Purnell, Rosie Miss
Purton, E C Mrs
Pye, Corinne M Miss
Raggey, Sarah Mrs
Randolph, Melvina Mrs
Raymond, Beckie Miss
Raynor, Forrest Mrs
Reagan, J Edwin Mrs
Reeder, Ida Miss
Redmond, Patsey Miss
Rhett, B P Mrs
Richardson, Tillie Miss
Riley, Nellie Miss
Robinson, Samuel Mrs (2)
Robinson, L D Mrs
Robinson, Maude Waugh Mrs
Rogers, Hannah Mrs
Rondold, Sallie Mrs
Ross, Annie Miss
Rose, Mary L Mrs
Roof, Fanny M Miss (2)
Roth, Fannie Mrs
Rott, Ida Mrs
Royston, S B Mrs
Rowe, Harriet A Mrs
Ruckno, L B Miss
Russell, O C Mrs
Russell, Bell Miss
Russell, Hattie Miss
Salezae, Emma Mrs
Salm Salm, Princess (2)
Sanford, L G Mrs
Sayles, Lucie Mrs
Scott, Wm Mrs
Scott, Thomas E Mrs
Scott, Mary Miss
Scott, Hattie Mrs
Scurry, Sallie
Selig, F Miss
Shagogue, Emma Mrs
Shipply, Bessie Miss
Sherwood, M E W Mrs
Short, Lizzie Miss
Shoup, Laura Miss
Simmons, Rachel Mrs
Simons, G Stuart Mrs
Sinclair, Amy
Smith, Annie Miss (2)
Smith, Elizabeth Miss
Smith, Ida Miss
Smith, Belinda Miss
Smith, Mary M
Smith, Maggie Miss (3)
Smith, Sally Miss