THIRD PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 17 TO 20.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1889.

A MAN OF LETTERS.

One Day in the Life of a Uniformed Bearer of Good and Evil Tidings.

A TRAVELING PHILOSOPHER

Who Has Daily Glimpses Into the Romances of Real Life.

MISS MACHIAVELLIS' LITTLE SCHEME.

Tramping Through Rain and Mud with a Letter-Carrier—Lights and Shadows of Human Nature—The Girl Who Writes for the Papers—At an Italian Boarding House—People Who Are Hard to Please, and Others Who Are Easily Satisfied—The Felon's Wife and Her Weary Watch.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Every morning, as sure as the clock,
Somebody hears the postman's knock.
—*English Ballad.*

SOME clever person has discovered that the distance traversed by a city letter carrier, in the course of an ordinary official lifetime, equals, if it does not exceed, the circumference of the earth. Whether this be true or false, it is at least certain that a Pittsburg carrier tramps through as many different degrees of temperature, and endures as many climatic changes, as ever did that most famous of all world walkers, the wandering Jew himself.

In the fierce heat of midsummer, or the nipping cold of the winter months, the carrier's work never slackens, never abates. He splashes through rain-washed byways, up to the ankles in grimy mud. The keen winds of January buffet his face, and pelt him pitilessly with stinging sleet. The snow crunches beneath his weary footsteps, and slips in at the crevices of his thickest boots.

But letter carying has its bright side, like every other human occupation. To the student of human nature, the carrier's route supplies instances innumerable. There are letters for the plutocrat in his breakfast parlor, for the toiler in his attic. The carrier passes from stately dwelling modelled in the most ornate styles of Europe, to reeking shanties erected with an unhappy disregard of the principles of architecture and æsthetics. Consequently every phase of city life is seen by him, and it is his own fault if he be not a philosopher.

TROUBLE FOR THE CARRIER.

A short time ago a DISPATCH reporter

Miss Machiavelli's Little Scheme.

set out, on the rounds, with an intelligent carrier. The route selected embraced a highly fashionable, and a decidedly unfashionable quarter of the town. There was no special line between these two quarters, but the one faded imperceptibly into the other as darkness into night.

First the aristocratic streets were covered. There was no emotion to be found there; everything was conducted on the principle which puts grief away in the vest pocket until it can be indulged in without shocking society. A few of the idiosyncrasies of the proprietors, however, could be noticed from the manner in which they wished their letters delivered. Everybody had a special way, and woe to the luckless carrier who dares to disobey the command of the householder in this respect. One gentleman provides a slot in his door; another hangs a letter box in the outer hall. Others wish their letters pushed under their doors; others again like them thrown over through the transom. In some houses it is the custom for the carrier to descend the basement steps and tap at the windows till someone comes to take the letters. The postoffice rule requires a wait of 30 seconds, but very often this limit has to be exceeded. On a rainy day, waiting in the area is anything but agreeable, for the water from the eaves pours down one's back in little playful runlets, and often there comes a small Niagara, which knocks off one's cap and saturates the letters.

In some of these houses the people offered tea and coffee to the carrier, but alack, he had no leisure for these creature comforts. Beer and whisky are often proffered him, but the postal authorities strictly forbid the use of drink, even on the coldest and wettest days. Though his very heart soak in the water, though his limbs be numb with cold, the carrier must not drink any stimulant whatsoever. The day was rainy, so one pretty maiden wanted the postman to borrow her umbrella. He was obliged to refuse. "Haven't hands enough for it, miss," he said, and verily he had not. One arm was occupied in embracing his mail, the other in fending off the virulent attacks of other umbrellas, which came hurrying up the street, sweeping off hats, and poking out eyes on their way.

SHE WROTE FOR THE PAPERS.

Two or three gentlemen met the carrier in mid-street and asked for their letters. It must require long practice to enable a man to recollect, precisely, everyone for whom he has a communication, yet it is seldom that the carrier makes a mistake. At first they feel a little awkward when thus suddenly accosted, but they quickly get used to it. Another thing, hard to remember in the fashionable quarter, is what particular young ladies wish their billets-doux held over for personal delivery. A fair creature meets the carrier, quite by accident of course, at the corner, back of her home. She assumes an expression of countenance, almost Machiavellian in its capability to deceive, and says: "Oh, Mr. Carrier, I am writing for the newspapers on the sly, and I don't want my folks to know. Will you please keep all my letters till you meet me in person. Don't give them to anyone else." The carrier agrees, and quite a host of "newspaper" letters come for Miss Machiavelli, who manages to meet the post in person every morning. The curious part of the affair is that all the letters are in the same handwriting and bear the same postmark.

Gradually the rich streets become exhausted The cook's toothaches had all been inquired after. The colored helps had made as much fuss as possible. There were no more glimpses of "madamoiselle en papillottes," or of monsieur in his dressing gown. Machinery began to whirr on every side, and the sidewalks got muddier and more unpleasant. A German store was reached, and an oblong business letter delivered. The Germans, it appears, get very few letters; hardly any from the Fatherland. In this respect they differ vastly from the Italians and Irish.

On the way was an Italian boarding house, which gets some 200 letters per week. A small army of Diegos and Luigis live here, every man doing his own cooking and shifting as best he can. The courier was received with a graceful bow from the chief personage in the house, who took the mail from his hands, and proceeded to read out the names on the envelopes. One handsome young fellow was kneeling by the fire, watching some stew or other, evidently not expecting a letter. Suddenly the "padrone" called out—"Giovanni Battista Stovelli," or some such name.

The young fellow was on his feet in an instant, his black eyes ablaze with light. He took the letter and put it gently to his lips. "Mia madre," he said, showing his white teeth in a happy smile as he went off to read his mother's letter in some secluded corner of his own.

NO GRUMBLERS HERE.

"Now," said the carrier, "we are entering the Irish quarter. These Irish are the best people in the world to get along with. They're not particular whether you put the letter under the door or over it. You may leave it in the middle of the yard and they won't complain." The route lay down a long narrow passage into an alley. The rain had ceased by this time, but the water from the roofs came trickling down the sooty surface of the bricks like tears down the cheek of a coalheaver. Unfortunately a good many of these tears fall over the immaculate shirt bosoms of unwary visitors, and the only safeguard against this danger is to copy the denizens of the locality and eschew laundried shirts altogetner.

The labor had now commenced. To distinguish house No. 21 from house No.

An Italian Boarding House.

22 when the former is so wedded to its neighbor that they seem to be one dwelling, is a matter of extreme difficulty. A good deal of delicacy is necessary in the matter of selection, as the lady who lives in No. 21 will feel degraded if "them folks next door" get her letters, while on the other hand the family at No. 22 regard the exterior of their mansion as so much more respectable than that of No. 21 that any mistake is looked upon by them in the light of a direct insult. The alleys are crossed by one or two causeways of sound earth, but these are hard to find and hard to follow. The greater part of the surface consists of mud, beneath which are various strata of cabbage stalks, potato peelings and miscellaneous matter, such as lobster tins and old boots. Yet in the midst of all this dirt and disarray there is human nature in these alleys—joyous spirits, deep feeling, honesty and industry. These people live here but for a while. By-and-by their natural qualities will carry them to the surface out of these murky depths. Their rise is only a matter of time.

THE LETTER THAT NEVER CAME.

At one of the houses a girl came out with a wan, wistful face. "Any letters for me?" she asked; and when answered in the negative, she bit her lip and turned away with a lingering look at the carrier's face, as though still in hope he might be mistaken.

"She has asked me that question every day for the last three months," the carrier said. "I wish to heaven she would not look at me like that; it freezes me up like. I always feel ashamed of myself when I have to tell her that there are no letters for her."

It was the day for the delivery of the Irish newspaper mail. There was a paper for a Mrs. Doherty, who lived in a yard up another alley. The carrier groped his way up the narrow passage into the yard, and cried out, "Mrs. Margaret Doherty."

There was a dead silence. A lean, spiteful-looking cat came out of a back door, and picked its way gingerly over the uncertain surface. That was all. Again the carrier cried, "Mrs. Margaret Doherty."

This time an upper window was lifted,

The Felon's Wife.

and a voice was heard to say: "Wait a minit, can't ye, till I make myself dacent."

Mrs. Doherty had both her hands uplifted, as though arranging her hair, and she evidently spoke with a hairpin or two in her mouth. After a while she came down—a portly rubicund body, with a pleasant face, distinctly Irish in its characteristics. She took the paper, opened the wrapper and exclaimed: "Shure it's the *Skibbereen Eagle*; the same blessed paper. Talk of THE DISPATCH an' the rest of them rags. Give me the *Eagle* any day."

A few more old country letters and the Irish mail was distributed. Some of the communications were slipped through the apertures in broken windows, another was thrown up to a man in an upper story and deftly caught in mid air. Then it became time to make for the less interesting streets once more.

THE FELON'S WIFE.

"Why does that poor girl ask you so constantly for letters?" asked the reporter when a strip of dead wall was reached, and the carrier had a few spare moments.

"I'll tell you," remarked the sage distributor of good and ill, "she's a felon's wife. Her husband was sentenced to prison a few days after they were married. His time was up three months ago, and ever since she has been expecting a letter from him. But as you see, the letter has never come."

And so this poor heart eats itself away in the dismal old shanty waiting patiently for a letter from a graceless scamp—a letter that never comes. Such are a few of the sights a carrier comes across in his rounds. None of them very dramatic—none of them very emotional, because the emotion and the tragedy are not displayed upon the doorstep. It is in her lonely room that the poor wife weeps for her recreant husband; it is in her cozy kitchen, surrounded by her little clan, that Mrs. Doherty recalls old places, and chuckles over old names, as she reads the veracious pages of the *Skibbereen Eagle*. The rich man receives his bad news in his study, among his books and papers. None can see the weak side of his character, there;

A Dreary Promenade.

he may be just as pathetic as he pleases. But even from the outside view of these, the carrier guesses what goes on within. That is why he is a philosopher.

So let him tramp his way through every street and alley in this city of iron. Let him bring news of death or of ruin to one household—news of fortune or joy to another. Under his rough gray clothes he has a good heart and true; but circumstances have made him a philosopher.

BRENAN.

POCKETS FOR POKER DECKS.

Convenient Receptacles in Which Extra Cards May be Hidden.

Chicago Mail.]

"I don't remember exactly what it was, but I know I was telling a poker story when the tailor said:

"'By the way, do you want any poker pockets in this suit?'

"I looked at him rather inquiringly and said:

"'Poker pockets?'

"'Yes,' he said, 'pockets for poker.'

"I told him I didn't know what he meant. He laughed, and said:

"'I mean special pockets for playing poker.'

"I told him I had never heard of such a thing and asked him to explain. Then he said:

"'I make clothes for a number of solid business men and the club men who like to play poker. They also like to win—most poker players do. So I make special pockets in different parts of their clothing, just big enough to hold a playing card. For one man I make a pocket in the right leg of his trousers about midway between his hip and his knee. The opening of this pocket is in the seam and is not discernible, and as the man plays along and gets a card that is likely to prove useful, he quickly buries it in this pocket by a dexterous move, which he has practiced till he has it pat, and when he needs this particular card, he springs it and scoops the pot.

"'For another customer I make a pocket in the top of the left coat sleeve at the cuff.'"

NOT MUCH OF A FELLOW.

A Hoosier Farmer Thinks Christopher Columbus Didn't Amount to Much.

New York Sun.]

"On my last trip through Indiana," said a New York drummer the other day, "three or four of us put in a night at the tavern in a small town. It was kept by a dreadfully innocent-looking old chap, and in order to guy him a bit the boys put him on that I was Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America. The old fellow gave me considerable attention, fixed up the best room in the house and introduced me to his aged wife. Next morning as I sat on the veranda smoking a cigar he came along and queried:

"Let's see. What did you do?"

"Discovered America," I soberly replied.

"Oh, yes."

He looked disappointed as he went away, and in about ten minutes he returned to say:

"I've had it all wrong about you."

"How?"

"Why, I kinder had it that you was from Washington, and I was thinking you might get my boy Sam into some office."

"No, I'm not."

"You are only Christopher Columbus?"

"That's all."

"All you ever did was to discover America?"

"That's all."

"Humph! I'll have to charge you extra for them three biled eggs this morning, and the old woman thinks she ought to have an extra quarter for making real coffee for you. You orter told me last night that you didn't amount to nuthin'!"

NOVEL PISCATORIAL CONTESTS.

How Pegged-Down Matches Are Conducted by New Orleans Anglers.

New York Sun.]

In New Orleans the anglers amuse themselves with competitive fishing contests; the like of which are known nowhere else. They are called "pegged-down matches." The method of conducting them is as follows: Two fishermen of repute choose sides composed of not more than 20 persons each. The day for the match having been decided opon, lots are drawn for positions on a certain long bridge. Each man has a number marked upon a stick, which is nailed to one of the piles of which the structure is built. When once assigned to a place an angler cannot move a greater distance than 30 feet either to the right or the left.

The fishing commences at an early hour of the morning and continues throughout the day. The worth of the fish is given in figures from 100 down to 5. The tarpon is marked at the highest number down to sorts of the smallest value. The contest is decided not according to the amount of fish taken, but in relation to their excellence as expressed in numerals. The defeated party at the close of the contest gives a supper to the conquerors. No New Orleans angler has as yet taken a tarpon, called there silver fish, with a rod.

With Regard to the Unities.

His Pet Waiter (to Monsieur Rapierre, the sword swallower)—Ah, my dear monsieur, *bon jour*. I have you made a sandweech to-day to ze best of my appropriateness!—*Judge.*

IS SOCIETY CORRUPT?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Our Social Weaknesses and Defects.

CITY AND RURAL LIFE COMPARED.

Things Wherein American Social Life is a Little Loose.

THE WORST MAN THE POETESS EVER MET

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

It is only the rustic, the dyspeptic, or the declasse man or woman who is forever talking of the "corruption" of society. Many excellent people, whose lives have been passed entirely in rural places, imagine the society of large towns to be a hotbed of immorality and godlessness.

People who have striven vainly for social place and failed to find the open sesame are often loud in their denunciations of the successful, and are wont to compare society to a whited sepulcher. But the cosmopolitan, observant being, with a good circulation, knows that human nature is the same the world over, and that everywhere is the same mixture of good and evil.

During a month I once passed in a remote and sparsely settled country place, I heard of more immoral actions among the quiet denizens than I had heard in two years in the largest city of America. Yet should one take the trouble to select at random, in the most respectable part of the city, the same number of human beings, it is wholly probable that an equal number of equally immoral, if less vulgar actions could be recounted.

The whirl and rush of city life seems alike unconducive to great thoughts and small gossip, but the morals of people are very much the same mixture of good and bad in all civilized communities.

I think the repression of country life as often brings latent propensities for evil to the surface, as the temptations of city life. One of our smaller towns has been prolific in the product of adventurous women, who have achieved notoriety in the divorce courts; and it is a curious fact that few of the great adventuresses of the world's history were born or bred in large cities. But, whether in town or country place, he who seeks shall find that which he seeks.

AN EASY THING TO FIND.

The man or woman who sets forth on a quest of evil is sure to find it. Early in life I realized that there was more pleasure to be derived from observing good than evil, and consequently sought and found it existing in abundance about me.

It is the crude idea of the youthful mind that the world is divided into two armies—the good and the bad—one clothed in darkness upon the left, one in garments of light upon the right, and in deadly opposition to each other. As we mix with the world this illusion vanishes, for we find the two armies clothed in the same habiliments, mixing together amicably, and the deadly battles are fought, silently and out of sight in each human heart, between right and wrong.

A great native virtue, planted too generously in a human heart and deprived of careful cultivation, often degenerates into a rank vice, and the world not infrequently mistakes a sterile and inactive nature for one of great chastity and self-denial. The summer sunlight is beautiful and beneficent, but it is as prone to produce bugs as butterflies, weeds as ferns, while the winter sun produces neither. Yet the summer sunlight is of more use to us than winter's chill rays, despite the bugs and weeds. A wise gardener uproots the one and kills the mischievous insects.

There is no more godliness in negative goodness than there is heat in winter sunlight, which does not produce bugs or weeds simply because it has not power enough to warm anything into being, and not from an inherent objection to weeds or bugs.

Absolute virtue is that which seethes with active impulses and is forced by will and reason into unselfish channels.

A REAL BAD MAN.

The worst man I ever knew had no vice. He attended church and broke no commandment and indulged in no excesses. Yet he nagged his wife and children to the grave, and destroyed every flower of pleasure which sprang up by his hearthstone, and ruined the tender young lives about him with the unceasing tempers of a household tyrant and petty demon.

Disagreeable tempers and uncontrolled nervous dispositions ruin more homes than drink or vice. A fault-finding or sarcastic tongue in a family circle drives more men and women to evil than original sin. A lady said to me once: "I demand good manners before good morals from my acquaintances. Bad morals can be hidden, bad manners cannot."

I think I would demand good motives first of all, since good morals would of necessity ensue; and he whose motives were truly good must, too, desire not to give offense by bad manners, and so all three virtues would be his.

Were I to select the one good quality which is most indispensable to me in an intimate friend, I would without hesitation say sincerity. No matter if she be bright, gifted, refined, amiable and witty, full of appreciation and affection, yet an insurmountable wall stands between my heart and hers if she be not sincere in small matters and in great.

"Come and see me soon," I said to a friend one day, who stepped off a car as I stepped on.

"Yes, to-morrow or next day," she replied.

In consequence I stayed indoors during both days, missing a drive and a luncheon, which I declined because I felt that my share in the engagement necessitated my remaining at home during the specified 48 hours.

She did not come, nor did she send an apology. She had spoken from the lips only, and she had supposed my invitation was a purely polite one, which would be satisfied with a speedy promise and tardy fulfilment. But a fine code of honor in these small matters permits no carelessness of invitation or reply.

If I say to a friend in passing, "Come around and see me to-morrow," it is my duty to remain at home during that day, or to send word if obliged to go out. We have no right to say these things on impulse, and then waive the responsibility they incur.

It savors of moral worthlessness and irresponsibility.

A WANT OF SINCERITY.

I once knew a gentleman who was prone to make cordial speeches to people in whom he really felt no interest. In a public conveyance one Saturday morning he encountered an acquaintance from a neighboring city, who was journeying to another State in company with his wife. Now, my friend had but slight acquaintance with the couple, and really felt no especial regard for them; but with an effusive air he smiled, and said: "I wish you were not obliged to hasten on your way, we should be delighted to have you stay over Sunday with us." To his utter amazement the couple conferred together and accepted his invitation with thanks.

When he arrived home with his encumbrances he found that his wife had given the servant a holiday, and that the presence of these almost strangers would utterly spoil the pleasure of the Sunday dinner to which she had invited a few intimate friends on the day before.

"What on earth made you ask those people to come home with you?" cried the wife in despairing tones.

"Because I never dreamed they would accept," explained the husband.

Alas, too many invitations are given because the people are not expected to accept!

I wish the expanding minds of children could be inoculated with the vast importance of sincerity in speech and action. I wish they could be indelibly impressed with the idea that to make ever so small a promise, or to give ever so casual an invitation for the sake of creating a pleasant impression upon the recipient, is as reprehensible as passing spurious coin.

Morals are matters requiring several generations to rectify, and human beings grow more moral in tendency with every century. The passions of men and women are vast emotions, which only the Creator and time can control and improve. The most strictly educated and carefully trained men and women sometimes become the most immoral in after life, and in our search for good, whether in our own hearts or our neighbors, we are constantly surprised by stumbling upon hidden propensities for evil. We are all working out toward something higher. But as we go, we might help the growing generation by teaching it to be sincere above all things, and strictly accurate in keeping its word.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

CASTLE OF THE DOUGLASES.

Now the Property of Sir Hew Dalrymple, of the Court of Sessions.

October Harper's.]

But now, as we turn our back on the Bass, another ruined castle, grander and far more massive and lofty than Dirleton, fills the eye. On a lofty jagged cliff that seems to run out into the sea, and is washed on three sides by its waters, stands the far-famed castle of Tantallon. Sir Walter's description of it in "Marmion," if not the highest style of poetry, is a wonderfully correct word-picture. The origin of Tantallon Castle, the renowned stronghold of the Douglases, is unknown. For centuries it was the great citadel of the family on the east of Scotland. Its situation was so remarkable, the structure so strong, and the means of defense so skillful, that it seemed to defy military attack. In 1479 the barony of North Berwick and the castle of Tantallon having been fortified some time before by the Earl of Douglas, were given by James IV. to the Earl of Angus, the famous "Bell-the-Cat" of Scottish history, who figures in "Marmion" as the lord of the place.

In the days of the next earl the castle stood a siege by King James V., but the King was unable to take it. In 1639, however, it was taken by the Covenanters; thereafter Cromwell's troops besieged it, and after a feeble defense it was taken again. About 150 years ago the castle became the property of Sir Hew Dalrymple, Lord President of the Court of Session, in whose family it still remains.

LUNATICS AND LEGISLATORS.

One of the Unfortunates Thinks There's Little Difference Between Them.

Albany (Ga.) News.]

Representative Reed, of Putman, was one of the Legislative Committee sent to inspect the asylum. There was a dance on the night the committee spent in the investigation, and Mr. Reed took for a partner one of the fair unfortunates, to whom he was introduced:

"I don't remember having seen you here before," said she. "How long have you been in the asylum."

"Oh, I only came down yesterday," said the gentleman, "as one of the Legislative committee."

"Of course," returned the lady. "How stupid I am! However, I knew you were either an inmate or a member of the Legislature the moment I looked at you. But how was I to know? It is difficult to tell which?"

A 6-YEAR-OLD PHILOLOGIST.

A Little Boston Girl Argues Learnedly on the Use of Words.

New York Sun.]

A bright and interesting 6-year-old girl in Boston has been the cause of a philological discussion somewhat wider than most 6-year-olds generally arouse. She persists in using the terms one-th, two-th and three-th, instead of first, second and third, and when her elders try to convince her of her error she shuts them up with the retort that it is just as proper to say one-th as to say fourth, fifth or sixth.

The matter of euphony doesn't seem to have been considered much in such discussion as Boston folk have had on the subject, and many of them want to know if the child is not more right than wrong. They think our language is not properly clear, and that absurdities are tolerated from a conservative notion that it would be harmful to eradicate them.

TIED TO THE DOOR BELL.

Novel Scheme to Prevent a Youngster From Wandering Away From Home.

Detroit News.]

A 5-year-old youngster living of High street is in the habit of making excursions down town every time he has an opportunity of getting out of the house. As his sojourns are unattended and, as far as his parents are concerned, unannounced, they have occasioned the latter no end of anxiety.

Recently, however, the young adventurer's papa hit upon a scheme to check these undesirable wanderings. One end of a clothes line about 30 feet in length was fastened to the front door bell, and the other end secured about the youngster's waist, and thus he is allowed to play about the front yard. If he tries to get away a ring of the door bell exposes his guilty intentions. It's pretty hard on the bell, but it saves his parents a good deal of anxiety.

EVADING THE MAINE LAW.

Wines and Liquors Charged to Hotel Guests as Deep Sea Baths.

Boston Post.]

I heard a few days ago of an ingenious device which the proprietor of a hotel in a seashore resort on the coast of Maine employs to cover up his sale of an article which the law prohibits him from serving to his guests. A Boston gentleman who recently left the hostelry, on calling for his bill was surprised to see a charge for "deep sea baths."

As the guest had not indulged in this luxury and could not understand why it should be charged in the bill if he had, he inquired of the clerk what this item meant. He was told that it covered wines and liquors, and in his case it referred to claret which he had taken with his meals.

A Rocky Physiognomy.

Conductor—Tickets!

Commuter—Say, you've seen my ticket four times already on this trip.

Conductor (apologetically)—Beg your pardon; but you see, sir, you've got an almighty hard face to remember.—*Judge.*

THE ROCK ON ELMWOOD HILL

AN IRISH-AMERICAN ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH

-BY-

WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

CHAPTER I.

A BIT OF IRELAND IN AMERICA.

THE town of Elmwood used to be a farming suburb of New York City. Now its boundaries are obliterated, and it is a section of the city lying between Central Park and the Riverside Drive, and nearly built up with fine residences. Between the times of these two conditions it had a period of occupation by small gardeners and others who lived in the humbler kinds of homes, some of which were mere huts on the rocks. The grading of the streets left some of these structures at a conspicuous elevation, and the artists of the magazines and the other illustrated periodicals were fond of sketching these picturesque views. The poorer shanties were occupied by squatters, but the next grade better yielded ground rent, however slight it might be, to the owners of the land. But there came a point in the extension of the city's builded limits when, by means of a city ordinance, these objects were swept out of existence.

The early moon of an August evening was shining on Elmwood Hill and was favorably lighting it up as a remarkably close resemblance of a rural scene in Ireland. On the shelving rock stood two cabins, composed of a miscellaneous collection of materials, yet formed into a rude semblance of cottages. Vines covered some of the lack of architecture, and the moon was not severe in exposing the points of ugliness. They leaned against each other, back to back, as though for mutual support, each being conscious of its own structural frailty. A pig sty was close by, and a pen for goats, while small patches of garden had been made of the soil which covered a portion of the stone. Up the ledge a stairway led, by means of an interspersion of rock-hewn and board-built steps, from the street to the cabins. Up this ascent climbed a policeman in uniform. He had been detailed to serve notices of ejectment to the inhabitants of Shantytown, as the neighborhood was commonly called, and his day's task had reached into the evening, ending with this visit to the homes of the O'Rourkes and the Beggs. The occasion was, indeed, like that of an eviction in Ireland. There had been plenty of warning, however, and when Phelim O'Rourke, smoking in front of his door, saw an officer approaching, he knew the errand before it was delivered. The visitor simply handed a paper to him and delivered a similar one into the adjacent premises of the Beggs. O'Rourke put on a pair of a iron-bowed spectacles, shielded the flame of match with his palm, and by the flickering light slowly read the formal notice. A learned man in his way was O'Rourke. He had once taught school in his native Ireland, and his head was full of book learning which was of no practical value to him in actual utility. He was a vague dreamer, an inventor of wildly impracticable theories and altogether a man entirely unsuited to earn a living in a city where adaptability is the first element of personal success. Instead of making and realizing simple plans for the support of himself and his wife, he gave his thoughts to almost if not quite irrational philosophizing. It was different with his son, Donnell

Mickey Beggs' Ride With the Witch.

O'Rourke, a handsome young fellow, who joined him. His hair had the auburn of Ireland in its close-cropped efforts to be curly; his face bore the open good humor of his race; in a peasant costume, instead of the clothes of a New Yorker, he would have looked like a veritable "broth of a boy;" but his tongue had lost the brogue of his native land, for he had emigrated in childhood. Even his father's Irish speech was but faintly characteristic, as he handed the document to Donnell, and asked him what he thought of that.

"I think it is time we quit the shanty and the rock anyhow," was the spirited reply. "I'm earning $12 a week, as a lawyer's clerk, and in a year I'll be a lawyer myself. If you can somehow bring in as much, father, we can afford to live in better quarters."

The one lacking thing to complete the Irish-American scene agreeably was a pretty colleen, and she came into it from the residence of the Beggs. Wide-open gray eyes, with dark lashes, had Nora Begg, and the clear white of her cheeks was freckled like the stipple of an engraved face. She seemed younger by two or three years than Donnell, who was 20, and like him she had been brought across the ocean too early in life to leave the brogue of Ireland on her tongue. A modest girl, and a neatly dressed one, was this New York colleen of Elmwood Rock. Close dwellers there had she and Donnell been, and closer yet had their hearts become. When she was told that the eviction was a certainty, and thereupon Donnell asked her to walk with him, she blushed a little, but took his arm, and it was evident that their conversation would relate to the question of a future home. Even the abstracted Phelim O'Rourke vaguely understood that as he watched them out of sight.

While Phelim O'Rourke was still meditating upon the document his neighbor, Micky Begg, zig-zagged up the stairway. Micky was a sad example of intemperance, and he had just returned from the "berren" of old Peter McGlathery. As the bottle was passed around very freely, after old Peter was put under ground, Micky was full to the back teeth. To show his sobriety he called upon O'Rourke to see him jump from the three-legged stool, which stood by the doorstep, to the bottom of the washtub. He put himself in position and said: "See me lep, and then say if I'm dhrunk. Hurroo!"

"Are you comin' in, Micky?" came in a woman's feeble voice from within, for poor Mrs. Begg was a helplessly, hopelessly bedridden invalid.

"Divil a step till O'Rourks sees me lep from the tub to the stool. I can lep like a goat, me darlin'." And giving a spring in the air, Mickey came down with a thud, nearly crushing a goat that was comfortably sleeping near the cabin door.

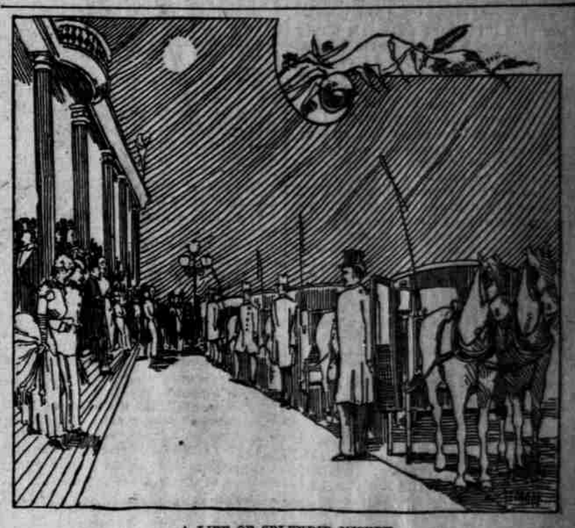
"A nice example you are, Micky," said O'Rourke, solemnly, "to come from a funeral as drunk as a piper. Get up, Micky, here comes the priest."

Sure enough, Father Hanley, who was returning from old McGlathery's funeral, came along. Micky had picked himself up, brushed the mud from his clothes, and put himself on the stool before the Father came up.

"How are you, Phelim?" said the priest. "And the children? Well, I hope, God bless them!"

"Yes, Father, they are well and hearty, and can eat as well as any childer on the rocks. I wish you would spake to Micky, Father. He wasn't looking after. To-morrow morning he has to be up bright and airly, for we're going to be evicted. Look at him—as drunk as a fiddler."

"Yes," said the priest. "I watched him at the funeral. The death of old McGlathery should be a warning to him. That sinner did not draw a sober breath for many months. Do you hear me, Micky?" said



A LIFE OF SPLENDID MISERY.

the priest, shaking up his stupid parishioner.

"Don't you want to buy him, Father?" replied Micky, "He's as fat as butter."

"He's thinking of selling the pig," said O'Rourke apologetically. "It's got to be made a riddance of, and he's drunk enough to fancy he's back in Ireland—bound for a fair with the porker."

"Listen, Micky," said the priest. "You see how that toper, McGlathery died, did ye not? What can you expect to gain by this constant inebriety? Think of McGlathery's end, my man!"

"He'll roast like pipe clay," replied Micky in a maudlin manner, his eyes now half opened, and tears running down his cheeks. "And," he continued, "if it wasn't for the black spot on his belly he'd bring more'n I'm axin."

"Oh, you are incorrigible, Micky," said the priest, as he roared with laughter at his parishioner's answers.

A shout of laughter was heard as three pretty, bright-faced children came up the hillside, and, with hands filled with wild flowers, came running toward the priest, who received them with a kiss for one, an embrace for another, and taking the smallest in his arms held her high in the air till she laughed with childish glee. They were O'Rourke's youngsters, and had stayed till dark in Central Park, thus getting home by moonlight.

"Well, darlings, I'm glad to see ye this blessed summer evening. You are all as pretty as the flowers, and reflect great credit on your loving mother, who takes such good care of you."

It is something to be remembered, the fondness the Irish children have for the priest. The appearance of "the Father" in an Irish village is the signal for a general assembling of the children, who run toward the good man, and, climbing around his legs, with shouts of welcome, hug and kiss him in token of their love and veneration. The rocks of Elmwood presented the same characteristic.

"Run into the house, my darlings," said Father Hanley. "I want to speak to Mr. Begg on a matter of business. Come here, Micky; you are sober enough to listen to what I have to say. Lady Maud Tenalson, from the big house at Kilrona, where you came from, has written me a letter. She was very fond of your Nora before you emigrated. She has lost her own daughter since then, and she writes that she constantly thinks of her dead pet's foster sister, Nora."

"Yes, Father," said Micky, now perfectly sober from his short nap, "her ladyship was always fond of Nora, and Nora seemed quite taken wid her, too. She is a true, good lady, and a Christian woman. Sure, didn't she put a beautiful stone over the corpse of ould Carolan in Kilrona Abbey, at her own expense, the darlin', and ain't she loved by the poor people from one end of Loch Dermid to the other; God bless her!"

"Listen to me, Micky, if you're sober enough to comprehend. Lady Maud writes that she will adopt Nora as her own daughter, if she can get a complete and legal release from her parents. I suppose it's Oonah that I must see about it."

"Yes, yer reverence. It's the mother that decides."

"Is she able to see me?"

"Please come in and try."

The priest entered the cabin, and found the bed-ridden Oonah Begg lying awake on her couch. She was feeble with an incurable malady, which had been originally caused by a street railway accident a year before, and which was sure to result in her death at no distant day. He gave her a priestly blessing, and then delivered his errand—very gently and considerately, for he knew that no true mother could at once tolerate the suggestion of giving away her daughter. When he had at length read the letter to her, and she fully comprehended it, she cried: "O, I couldn't do it, Father. I couldn't—it would kill me."

"It is a pity it isn't Dolf that somebody wants," the priest exclaimed, "and not the daughter that is a comfort to you."

"Don't say one word, if ye plase, against me boy. May be he isn't what he ought to be, but I am in hopes he will come around right in time."

"Well, I hope so," and the priest indulged in the frankness of advice common to his profession in dealing with the poor and ignorant of their parishes: "but he'll have to mend a deal to become a good boy. I see him too much with the toughs and the gangs. But there—don't cry, Oonah. We'll try to reform Dolf; and as to Nora, think the matter over. Remember, she will receive a good education, and become a grand lady. Won't that be a satisfaction to you, for you know that you haven't long to remain with her. Think it over, Oonah."

Father Hanley emerged from the cabin to find Phelim O'Rourke and Micky Begg engaged in a dialogue in which the talk is all being done by Phelim. That learned and erratic man was discoursing upon a subject which, so he was telling, he had elucidated in a speech on the previous evening before the Kosmic Klub. That was a body which met in the back room of a saloon, and was composed of a dozen all but irrational theorists, each one of whom consented to listen to the whimsicalities of the rest for the sake of being heard patiently when his turn came. They were so thoroughly at variance with all established things that they wouldn't even spell the name of their club in accordance with the dictionary, and at times they took to adopting long resolutions directing how the affairs of the universe ought to be conducted. Phelim O'Rourke was about the oddest of them all. In the address that he had delivered, and about which he was talking to the befuddled Micky, he had forwarded a theory which, even to his companions, seemed singular indeed. It had kept them so interested that they had neglected the convivial function of the club. Their beer glasses had been empty for a quarter of an hour before he finished, but upon his conclusion the mugs were quickly filled, and the overtopping foam ran down their sides to the table.

"Here is to the hope," said one, "that Mr. O'Rourke's theory may never be tested on O'Rourke's self." That was drank with noisy laughter, so O'Rourke confessed in his account to his neighbor; and yet he declared that he had impressed his fellow members immensely.

"You've brains enough and to spare, Phelim," said the priest, after listening to enough of the concluding narrative to understand that O'Rourke was full of some new, strange and impracticable doctrine of his own invention. "Why don't you use your education sensibly, as your son Donnell does? He'll be a successful lawyer oneday, for he's strengthening his head by good work, while you're dulling yours with your philosophical rubbish."

While the priest was speaking Dolf Begg came up the stairway, gave to the priest a none too respectful "good evening" and slouched into his humble home. He was not an ill-looking fellow, but his manner betrayed bad habits and a reckless disposition. The three men conversed a few minutes about the impending eviction. Then they were startled by an outcry. It was the feeble yet shrill voice of Oonah Begg, and they hurried into her cabin to find out what was the matter with her. She lay with her eyes closed and exhaustion expressed in her thin, wan face. Dolf Begg, her hulking son, sat in a chair tipped back against the wall, with his arms folded hard, one leg crossed stiffly over the other, and his scowling brows so lowered over his eyes that only half their evil light was visible.

"What is it?" Father Hanley asked, taking a seat on the edge of the bed, and hold-

And So They Were Married.

ing one of the invalid's hands. "Has the boy been doing anything to you?"

"That's right!" Dolf exclaimed. "Ask her—don't ask me. Of course she'll tell you the truth, and I won't."

"Did he strike you?" the priest asked, seeing a red mark on the woman's wrist, as though she had warded off a blow.

"He didn't strike me," she responded. "He tried to rob me. He knew my hundred dollars had been drawn from the savings bank—that I had it here under me pillow. It's part av what the railroad folks gave me for the accident, and now we've got to use it for the hirin' of a place to live in. When he thought I was fast asleep he comes in on tip-toe, and feels for it. But I was awake, and I scramed with all my might—which wasn't much. I'm sorry to tell it of him, but, sure, the priest ought to know it. And I had to call for hilp, for he'd av stolen me money."

The priest patted the woman's hand, and said soothingly: "Never mind it—never mind it." But turning to the young man, he addressed him with bitter emphasis: "Dolf, I knew you were a brute. How it came to be so I don't know, for your dying mother here is a good woman, and your father's one fault is the drink. I have known of you striking your poor, helpless mother, and that is both ferocious and cowardly. Now you've turned thief—a most contemptible thief—for you'd steal the very money that she received in payment for her life. Dolf, take my warning. You'll come to some bad end