

The Man o' Art.
 O there show your heather hill,
 Where froth comes but rarely,
 There is a house they point out still,
 Where dwells the man o' Artie.
 He wears a coat o' hudden gray,
 His hand was hard w' labor,
 But still he had a homely way
 O' standing by his neighbor.

His burlly laugh made me rejoice,
 His words the neighbors guided,
 The little bairnies loved his voice,
 And in his smile confided.
 The words to-day that left his lip
 Became a deed to-morrow,
 Heut man the friendship of his grip
 Would lift the heart o' sorrow.

He was na' loud, he was na' proud,
 He lacked in learning early,
 And yet ye'd pick him from a crowd,
 This honest man o' Artie.
 His wealth it was na' in his land,
 It was na' in the city;
 A mind o' honor was his hand,
 His heart a mine o' pity.

He's dead and gone this prince o' Artie,
 Mute in his burlly laughter;
 But, ah! the muse of his life,
 That bides with us long after,
 His memory lives, the man may die,
 That lingers bright and loud,
 Just like a star lost true the sky,
 Whose ray survives his ruin.

A QUEENSTOWN JEHU.

While waiting some years ago for her majesty's mail to arrive at Queenstown, there to meet the ocean greyhound upon which I was returning from a summer in Europe, accompanied by a friend, I started off on a "jaunting" trip through the city of Cove and its surrounding hills. Our driver was a typical Corvete—indeed, it would seem that the slang term "cove" applied to individuals of his stamp was derived from the quondam name of the latter day Queenstown, since so many specimens of this class are to be seen upon the docks of her beautiful harbor.

The trip in which he journeyed was quite suggestive of the famous one-horse shay, and the melancholy steed that, in response to the chirrup of our Jehu, dragged us wearily over the rough roads seemed as blasé that it excited our comment, and led to a wager between us as to the name to which the animal answered, when he answered at all.

"I'll bet you a sovereign his name is Mickey," I ventured.

"I'll bet a pound his name is Dennis," retorted my companion, unconsciously dropping into what has since become a famous slang phrase.

"Pat," I queried, "what is your horse's name?"

"That depends, yer honor," returned he, "Dennis or Mickey, whichever wan of ye goes halves on yer winnin'."

The bet was declared off, but Pat got his half-sovereign for his wit.

The coin made him communicative, and he proceeded to regale us with some more or less startling reminiscences, among which he included an account of an explosion he had once witnessed, the noise of which was "thot loud it made me so dafé Oi eudn't hear it."

He matched the oft-told story of how one of his countrymen broke the news of a comrade's death to the bereaved wife by asking her if the widow Maloney was in, by another which I suspect he evolved out of his inner consciousness, and which was briefly as follows: Pat called at the house of his dead brother, having been warned by his comrades to do his work delicately, and to prepare the widow's mind for what was to come before he acquainted her with her bereavement.

"Top o' th' marnin' to yez, Missus McCarthy," he began.

"Same to yez, Mistor McCarthy,"

"It's sorry Oi am for yez, Missus McCarthy."

"An' for why, Oid know?"

"Th' rooster's dead."

"Ye don't mane it? Well Oi tort loikely he'd do."

"Ah, but it wasn't th' rooster that doid at all, at all."

"Th' pig is it? An' whayre's th' body?"

"Thayre an't no body, becase it wasn't the pig, but the coid cow thot doid."

"Ah, go long wid yez, Paddy McCarthy. Plase that but th' cow negrain' on th' grass out thyré? Th' oild boss is live as any av yez."

"Oi know that well, Missus McCarthy, becase that cow's outdied yer husband, Moike, what's lyin' doid below, forinst Denny Burke's."

"Ah, Paddy, but yez're a drolly folly to be lyin' loike that to me, Moike doid? Oi guiss not, No Sock looke."

It would not be surprising if Mr. McCune felt that all his tact had been thrown away.

Our driver, according to his own statement, was acquainted with a young Irishman who had sought fortune if not fame in the western hemisphere, and concerning whom he was quite solicitous, assuming that we had, of course, met with his emigrated friend.

"Oid loike I hear wail av the bye," he said, "though Oi fear he's gone wrong. His poor mother is a-betherin' herself out entirely becase av him, for bechune us, gintlemin, the bye wint an' paid his rint in New York while his mother at home was doidin' for a dhrap o' poteen."

Such an unprecedently depraved course elicited our heartfelt sympathies.

When asked if he had ever visited London our unique friend observed that he never had but once, and then only got as far as Dublin.

That his business instincts were well developed Pat demonstrated by offering to sell us his horse and car for two guineas, promising to keep the turnout for us until we came back again.

"And what will you pay us for the use of the horse, Pat?" I asked.

"Two shillin' a week less than you pay me for dhrivin' him," was the ready response.

Of course we sounded him on the rent question, and elicited the economically interesting statement that "rint wud be very heigh" if he paid it, but as he never thought of doing so he was not so sure that rent was so iniquitous a tax as some of his ultra brethren deemed it.

Concerning his cart, he informed us confidentially that it had never been new; and to quiet our expressed fear that the horse would not live to get us back to the dock he assured us that he had driven him "twenty years, an' he's never doid yet."

After parting with Pat we called back to him from the tender on which we were steaming out to the ship: "See you later, Pat."

"That depends," he shouted.

"On what?"

"The time av day, sure,"—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Magazine for December.

They Saw a Shark Eat Him.
 Clarence S. Ashford, attorney general of Honolulu, Hawaiian islands, narrated an unfortunate incident of King Kalakau's recent birthday at the Palmer last evening. Mr. Ashford stopped in the city a few hours to break the monotonous journey from San Francisco to Boston.

"The natives of the Hawaiian islands," said Mr. Ashford, "are not the least superstitious people in the world, and the sight they witnessed Saturday afternoon, the 16th of November, will remain as an overlasting 'hoedoo.' You see, the 16th was the king's birthday, and, as Sullivan said to Kilrain

some time ago, "was one continual round of pleasures." To conclude the festivities Prof. P. A. Van Tassel, quite a well known aeronaut in the States, made a balloon ascension and a parachute leap. At the appointed time Van Tassel entered the car alone and gave the signal to loosen the ropes. When he was carried up in the air the conditions were such that all thought he would alight on land. When he was being carried up to the clouds he shouted: "I'll not land more than a quarter of a mile from the standing point. To a height of about one thousand feet the balloon ascended steadily. Then a fatal upper current blowing seaward took the airship over the water. When the balloon was carried over the bay the natives were quivering with fear. It looked like certain death for the aeronaut, and that indicated bad luck for the islands. The excited people crowded around the few who had telescopes and glasses and pronounced all sorts of questions. Suddenly the parachute was let loose and the bag of gas shot up in the air. Like a well-regulated umbrella the parachute opened and the man descended gracefully toward the water nearly a mile from shore. When about 100 feet from the surface of the bay a concerted, weird shriek was given by the hundreds of natives. Their keen eyes had discovered some danger in the water where the man would land. It was a school of sharks. Just before Van Tassel struck the water the mammoth man-eaters rolled over on their backs and turned their huge jaws. One of the sharks grabbed Van Tassel almost before he reached the water and in a couple of gulps the man was swallowed. No sooner had he left his car than a crew from the steamer Zealandia started out to pick him up. They had to pull some distance, and arrived at the spot only to see the poor man eaten alive. The heavy parachute went to the bottom at once, and nothing was left of the unlucky aeronaut except a mass of cloth from his coat sleeve and one of his thumbs. It was one of the most awful sights I ever witnessed."

"Did you see it all?" a quiverer ventured.

"Yes, siree. Now, gentlemen, won't you walk to the bar and join me?"

"No, thank you. We think you've had enough."

Satisfying His Imagination.
 It was about 2 o'clock of a chill morning when Mr. X presented himself at the door of a dentist in the village of W., and, after a series of thundering knocks at the door, with a good deal of vigorous exercise upon the bell handle, succeeded in bringing that gentleman to the window overhead.

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"Do you pull teeth?" Mr. X demanded.

"Yes, when I have to," was the reply.

"Then I want a tooth pulled."

"All right. Come back in the morning and I'll take it out for you."

"Come back in the evening!" ejaculated Mr. X. "What do you take me for? Here I've been in torment for these two days, and for the last two hours I've been hunting all over this confounded town after a dentist, and now I'd like to have the job done at once if there is any way to fix it."

The dentist at first demurred, but at last he consented to come down and get the tooth out at once; and after a due interval, in which he made his hasty toilet, Mr. X was admitted to the house. The chill of the night was everywhere, but Mr. X was too intent upon getting rid of the troublesome molar to mind that, and he was duly installed in the operating chair and an examination made.

"Hold on there," said the dentist, having satisfied himself which was the troublesome tooth, took up his forceps and prepared for work. "I want to take gas. This tooth has given me about all the pain I can stand from it."

"Well," the dentist answered, "the gas is a little low, but if you insist I will give you what there is. It will deaden the pain, though very likely you will feel it some."

The conventional breathing tube of black rubber was produced, and X proceeded to inhale for dear life. For a moment the dentist allowed him to pump his lungs full from the gas reservoir, and then, taking the breathing tube away, he quickly whipped in his forceps and whipped out the tooth.

"I did feel it some," X observed, when he was able to get his mouth in a condition which allowed him to speak.

"Did you?" the dentist asked, sympathetically. "Not much, I hope?"

"Not so very much," X replied. "Still I know when it came."

When a moment later X prepared to pay his bill, and asked the price, he was surprised to be told a sum which was so small that it seemed that a mistake must have been made.

"But is that all you ask for administering gas?" he asked.

"Oh, bless you," was the smiling answer, "there wasn't any gas there. I only let you breathe into the tube a little to satisfy your imagination."

X did not at first know just whether to be vexed or amused, but wisely concluding that the latter was the better policy, he would his way home chuckling and got himself to bed as the streaks of the coming dawn began to show in the sky.

An Involuntary Theft.
 From the Providence Journal.

A curious story is told of a robbery which occurred last evening. Dr. A. O. Robbins was relieved of a costly gold watch and chain on the rear platform of a car on Broad street. There were five persons on the platform—Dr. Robbins, Deputy Chief of Police Brown, the conductor, and two others. The watch was not missed until the doctor entered a watch-maker's to have his timepiece set. The police were notified and a description of the watch left with them. It was of gold, made by Breitling Sniderich, at Loch, Switzerland, for Dr. Robbins when he was travelling abroad thirty years ago, and cost \$360. In answer to a carefully worded advertisement in the Bulletin, Dr. Robbins succeeded in meeting the young man who had stood opposite the deputy chief of police on the car platform. The young man had unconsciously taken the watch from the doctor, and from him the doctor recovered it.

When the doctor boarded the car between the deputy chief and the young man his watch chain caught and took a turn around a button on the young man's coat. The watch was dragged from its place in the doctor's pocket without disturbing its owner. The young man discovered it dangling there after the doctor had left the car, and was a good deal surprised. After some consideration he decided it would not be wise to ask for a claimant for a valuable watch among an indiscriminate company of people, so he pocketed the timepiece and advertised for the owner.

Only One Thing Lacking.
 From Texas Sittings.

Mr. Jones had married little Johnny's maiden aunt, and they were at the wedding breakfast. Little Johnny (to his grandfather): "When are you going to begin on him, grandpa?"

Begin on who, Johnny?"

"Oh, Mr. Jones. I heard you tell grandma he wouldn't be so bad if you could only put some brains in him." Breakfast was finished without Johnny.

CHRISTMAS HINTS

Looking and planning for Holiday Gifts is the work of the present.

We cordially invite the preliminary visit of inspection and wish to impress you with the robust fact that we have no old styles, no shop-worn goods to force on you at high prices. Our stock is all new, and large additions will be made to it in the next ten days.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE COUNTY
 of Deer Lodge, Montana, in the matter of the estate of Euchariste Pelouquier, deceased; order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made. Pierre Lemoine, the administrator of the estate of Euchariste Pelouquier, deceased, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said deceased, for the purposes therein set forth, it is therefore ordered by the judge of said court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said District Court on Monday, the 7th day of January, 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the court room of said District Court, at the court house in said County of Deer Lodge, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Pierre Lemoine to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased Euchariste Pelouquier as shall be necessary. And that a copy of this order be published once a week for at least four successive weeks in the Anaconda Standard, a newspaper printed and published in said Deer Lodge County.
 Dated Dec. 2nd, 1890.

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