Daily Eagle

ST. PATRICK IN IRELAND.

He came there—a stranger.
God sent him.
And the light he kindled
Has since lived.

It will not die
While lives a Celt.

ROS. F. WALSH.

THE BLARNEY.

Oh! did you ne'er hear of the "Blarney"
That's found near the banks of Killarney?
Believe it from me,
No girl's heart is free,
Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney.
For the Blarney's so great a deceiver,
That a girl thinks you're there, though you leave her;
And never finds out
All the tricks you're about,
Till she's quite gone herself—with your Blarney.

Oh! say, would you find this same "Blarney?"
There's a castle not far from Killarney,
On the top of its wall
(But take care you don't fall),
There's a stone that contains all this Blarney.
Like a magnet, its influence such is,
That attraction it gives all it touches.
If you kiss it, they say,
From that blessed day
You may kiss whom you please with your Blarney. —Samuel Lover.

MYLES O'HANLON.

A TRUE STORY OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

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IT WAS St. Patrick's day at Ballinspittle. The air was crisp and the day bright, and the little church was filled to overcrowding with shamrock bedecked children of Erin. The good priest delivered an oration on their patron saint, and when the mass was over and the usual good intentions made the rosy cheeked, gayly dressed country girls and tall, broad shouldered young men, all "decked in their best," streamed out of the village church and crowded the little chapel yard, forming a splendid grouping of the brawn and beauty of the sons and daughters of St. Patrick.

Many passed out through the chapel gate and encountered the usual string of beggars who haunt the roads that lead to the churches on all holidays, but particularly on this one.

Among those who made such speedy exit was Myles O'Hanlon. He was not in excellent humor, in fact he was unusually morose and ill tempered, and he passed quickly through the throng and entered the public house of Terence Murphy. In the "taproom" there was no one but the lady of the house, and when Myles entered she looked at him searchingly.

"Wisha! Myles, an' is it going to break your pledge, ye are?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," replied her visitor. "I'm not feelin' well; an', if ye plaise, I'll take a small tint of whisky."

The old lady was not in a particular hurry to serve her customer; she was rather inclined for gossip, and asked: "Was Kate Connell at mass, Myles? They tell me ye're pulling a string together. But if I were you I'd go slow. Dan Connell is a hard man, an' the boy that gets Kate'll have to mind himself better than to break his pledge."

"Mrs. Murphy," said Myles, "what's between meself an' Kate is our own affair, an' you'll oblige me by not mentionin' it agin. I'm not breakin' me pledge. But I have the colic an' want something to kill the pain. Sure Father Dunlea himself wouldt forgive me for takin' a little medicine."

This appeal was irresistible; the landlady poured out the whisky and Myles, having taken the medicine, left the house. He did not return to the chapel yard, where a meeting of the athletic association was to be held when the priest had finished breakfast. And many an inquiry was made for him, for Myles was the president of the association.

Through the laneway that led to the priest's house Father Dunlea could now be seen coming towards the meeting, and still the president did not put in an appearance. The committee could not understand it. They had seen him at mass. What had become of him? Boys were sent to his home at Garrettstown, about a mile away, and through the village, and one member of the committee, knowing of Myles' infatuation for pretty Kate Connell, tied him to her father's cottage with the hope of finding there the missing one. But all were unsuccessful, and the meeting began and ended without the presence of their popular president.

In the afternoon there were to be athletic sports on the beautiful strand at Garrettstown. All the country side was to be there. But 3 o'clock came and passed, and he was still absent from his duties. His friends began to feel uneasy, and his old father, who came to the strand to see his boy win some of the prizes, was particularly anxious about him.

There were athletes from Kinsale and Timoleague and other towns and villages; and on the sandy beach, beside the frowning cliffs of Kilcoleman, sheltered by the picturesque wooded hills of Garrettstown, and facing the ever heaving ocean, were gathered together thousands of Ireland's prettiest daughters and finest sons. There were there people of every class of society, from the popular landlord to the laboring man, from the parson to the priest's altar boy.

But where was Myles O'Hanlon?

The question was on a thousand tongues; but it seemed to be unanswerable. He was considered to be the best runner and hurler in the parish, and on him the neighbors relied to keep the laurels in Courcies; but the sports began and ended; not one prize remained in the parish of Courcies, and sad were the hearts of the good people of Ballinspittle and Garrettstown. But now that it was all over, the friends of Myles gathered together in little groups and discussed the strangeness of his absence. Father Dunlea was as anxiously nervous about him as was his old father, and, in reply to a query from some uncharitable rival, he said indignantly:

"Myles O'Hanlon is not drinking. He has the pledge since he was a child, and early this morning, when the dew was upon the grass, he picked the shamrock I'm wearing and said to me: 'Father, I'm thinkin' we'll keep the association cup in Courcies today.' But what has happened the boy I can't understand."

This silenced the evil thinking ones, and proved that at least it was the intention of Myles to be at the sports.

Something must have happened to him. So thought everybody. But no one could suggest a solution of the mystery. Suddenly old Tim O'Hanlon, Myles' father, went to Father Dunlea and said to him: "Begor, yer reverence, I'm thinkin' that maybe ould Dan Connell's daughter has somethin' to say to it."

"Why?" inquired the priest.

"Because, yer reverence, she refused him last night. There was a dance up at Moll Daly's, the match maker's—saving yer presence—an' I hear tell that ould Connell gave Moll tin shillin's to make a match for Kate wid Johnny Hurley, the butcher."

This did not throw much light on the subject. But Father Dunlea knew well that Myles had "a tender spot in his heart for Kate;" he was looking forward to having a fine wedding at Shrovetide, and although Connell did not like to give his daughter to a man who had not a farm, he believed that this breach could be filled up, and he had decided to use his good endeavors towards that end. Turning to old O'Hanlon he said:

"Tim, when did you hear that Kate refused him?"

"I didn't hear it at all, your reverence; but be the signs of Myles' face last night an' this morning I guessed it. But 'twas himself told me that the ould fellow gave Moll Daly the tin shillin's. He was lookin' very bad, sir."

Here the old man ceased talking, but just as the priest was turning from him and about to leave the strand he hobbled up to him and said: "I beg yer reverence's pardin. But I didn't see Kate Connell at the sports, yer reverence."

To Father Dunlea there was more information in this sentence than in all the surmises that had yet been spoken, and he hastily questioned himself: "I wonder could they have run away?" He decided to have that thought speedily answered, and walked quickly in the direction of the village. Arriving there, he did not delay to go home and have dinner with the party he had invited at the sports. He went into Terence Murphy's public house and, asking the landlady for a sheet of paper and an envelope, he wrote a short note to his sister desiring her not to delay the dinner for him, but if he was not there in time to explain to his guests that he was detained on urgent parish duties. Having sent this letter by a boy, he said, good humoredly, to Mrs. Murphy:

"Well, Mary, you didn't do much business today?"

"No, your reverence; the boys were all down on the strand at the sports. Sorra the wan had a tint of whisky but Myles O'Hanlon."

The priest started painfully, and inquired: "Did he drink much, Mary?"

"Oh, no, yer reverence. 'Twas just after mass he came in an' told me he had a colic—savin' yer presence—an' he only took it for physic."

A LITTLE MEDICINE.

This allayed the pastor's fears a little; but he went straightway from Terence Murphy's into every public house in the village, and was relieved to learn that Myles had not been in any one of them that day.

But he learned something else that concerned him gravely and seemed to corroborate his first thoughts on hearing that Kate was not at the sports. Eddy Green, the keeper of the hotel, told him that when he was coming home from Kinsale, about 2 o'clock, he saw Myles and Kate at the cross near the Sandycove road, and that they seemed to be talking very earnestly about something.

Quickly Father Dunlea went to Connell's house, but his surprise was as great as his joy when Kate herself opened the door.

"You're welcome, father," said the lovely girl, as she dusted a chair for the reverend gentleman. "I'll tell me father you're here."

"No, my child," interrupted her visitor, "I wish to speak with you. Now, Kate, I want you to tell me the plain truth. Did you refuse to marry Myles O'Hanlon last night?"

The girl blushed and toyed with her apron and stood before the priest looking sheepishly and silently at the ground.

"Why don't you answer me, Kate?"

Honor the brave who battle still
For Irish right in English lands;
No trust except their quenchless wills,
No power save in their naked hands.

"I did not refuse him, father, but"——

"But what, Kate?"

"Me father tould him that he would never let me marry him, as he hadn't a farm, and he gave Moll Daly ten shillings to make a match for me with young Hurley, the butcher."

At this the young girl burst into tears, and the good priest soothed her as best he could. When she had grown comparatively calm he said to her:

"Did you see Myles today?"

"Yes, father; I met him after mass and we took a walk."

The girl was answering his questions truthfully, he believed; but he was now certain that she knew something of the causes that kept Myles away from the sports, so he asked her:

"Do you know, Kate, that Myles was not at the sports today and that the parish relied on him to win the association cup?"

"DID YOU REFUSE TO MARRY MYLES O'HANLON?"

"I do, father."

"Well, as you saw him last, do you know where he is?"

This question was a little too straight and Kate winced under the priest's keen gaze. But he repeated it and she reluctantly answered, "He was sick today, sir, and maybe he went into Kinsale to see a doctor."

"I have been told that he was feeling unwell and what you say is quite possible; but what I want to know is this—do you know where he is now?"

Again the girl lowered her eyes and nervously rolled up and unrolled her apron string and kept silent. Again Father Dunlea repeated his question, and Kate, timidly, yet with determination, replied: "Yes, father, I do; but I can't tell you." This reply was more than the good father expected; it was now his time to feel nervous, and he positively quailed before the superb beauty of this young girl as she stood there, in defiance of him, defending her lover's secret.

After a moment or two he said, "Kate, I do not think you are wise to withhold this from me. You know how I love that boy, and it was a pleasing thought for me, when I knew that ye were lovers, to look forward to marrying you. I was well aware that your father did not like Myles, because he has not a farm; but I hoped to be able to talk him into it. Now, my dear girl, please tell me where is he?"

The girl blushed furiously during this speech of Father Dunlea; but she had promised to keep her lover's secret, and she was in a quandary of nervousness as to what she should say.

At last her Irish genius came to her rescue and she said: "I cannot tell you where Myles is, your reverence. But he'll be back again in a couple of days, and then he'll tell you himself."

And as she said this a flush of positive triumph covered her face. Father Dunlea was satisfied. He had as implicit faith in Kate Connell as had he in Myles O'Hanlon; and he went to his dinner party with a light heart.

The disappearance of O'Hanlon was almost the only topic of conversation in the parish of Courcies for three days. Rumors of all kinds filled the air. And among them was one that he had committed suicide "because old Connell would not give him his daughter." But a surprise was in store for them. On the morning of the third day Myles walked into the village hale and well, and looking as happy as a prince. There was with him a stranger—a foreign looking man—and they both at once proceeded to Father Dunlea's house.

In about an hour's time all three—the priest, the stranger and Myles—were seen walking across the lawn that divided the presbytery from the landlord's demesne, and the busy ones of the village could not understand what was on the tapis. Some time afterward Mr. C—— (the landlord), accompanied by Myles, the priest and the stranger, came down along the road towards the village, but stopped at the little laneway which led to James O'Brien's house.

The village was on the tiptoe of excitement to learn what all this meant. Some said that perhaps the stranger was going to buy the farm, as O'Brien intended going to America.

But before evening they all knew what had happened. The farm was bought, but it was Myles who purchased it. It was the best farm in the parish, and everybody was secretly pleased that their favorite should "come into the place" when Jimmy O'Brien went to America. But everybody was anxious to know how or where Myles got the money to pay for it. Perhaps I had better tell it for him. His friend, Tom McCarthy, had been in America for several years, and had at the gold diggings accumulated a large fortune. He came home to see his parents, but they were both dead, and Myles was the only friend of his boyhood who remained.

A MERRY WEDDING WAS CELEBRATED.

When on St. Patrick's eve old Connell refused to allow Kate to marry him "because he hadn't a farm," Myles made up his mind that he would get one. He remembered McCarthy's offer to befriend him; and knowing that his friend was about to return to America in a few days he decided to abandon the sports and go to Cork, where he would find the Irish-American. To him he unfolded his scheme and McCarthy was more than pleased to be permitted to help his friend. Myles told him that he only wanted it as a loan. But his friend said "very well," and looked serenely amused as he continued: "I won't sail until after your marriage, Myles, and I shall go with you to purchase the farm."

And so it happened that old Connell's objections were removed; a merry wedding was celebrated by Father Dunlea, and Tom McCarthy's wedding present to Myles and Kate was the lease of O'Brien's farm.

ROBERT F. WALSH.

Tobacco Chewing Ministers.

When Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of Minneapolis, preached in Chicago his brethren all knew that he loved fine cut, because he made no secret of the chewing habit. He was a regular attendant at those Monday morning "ministers' meetings" which the average reporter hates, but which are really enjoyable on account of the bright sayings and clever wittisisms of preachers who do not think they are forbidden to indulge in a hearty laugh because they occupy a pulpit. While Dr. Tiffany was a participant in these meetings the tobacco habit came up for discussion one morning. A well known bishop was presiding. One after another the brethren arose and condemned the use of tobacco in any form. Then one of them, during a lull, said he would like to hear Dr. Tiffany's ideas on the subject. The big doctor arose. "I chew tobacco," he said, "and you all know it. Now, I would like to have all those who do not use tobacco rise in their seats." There was a grand uprising. "Remain standing, please," said the doctor, as he looked over the cadaverous men standing before him. "Will those who use tobacco please step forward here?" he said, and a half dozen sleek looking parsons walked up and joined him. "Stand up, bishop; you're a chewer," he said to the presiding divine, and he joined the group. Dr. Tiffany then looked over the thin fellows who tabooed tobacco, turned to the healthy looking men around him and said: "Brethren, I think we are doing pretty well." The argument was unanswerable.—Chicago Herald.

Examination of History Class.

School Board Inspector—Now, boys, what is the diet of Worms? Can any of you tell me?

(Dead silence prevails.)

School Board Inspector—Surely one of you can answer so simple a question as this. Come now (coaxingly), what is the diet of Worms?

Small Boy (timidly)—Dead cats and corpsees, please, sir!—Yenowine's News.

Estimated in Round Numbers.

Debutante (confidingly)—Say, how much is young Mr. Lancers worth?

Banker Friend (earnestly)—In round numbers?

"Yes."

"Well, I'll write it down for you—here"——

And there were the figures she found on the card:

"$40,000.00."—Chicago Times.

THE IRISH OF CAROLINA.

JACKSONS, COLQUHOUNS, M'DUFFIES, M'KEMYS AND ADAIRS.

How a Foolish King Accidentally Did a Wise Thing, to the Benefit of Ireland and America—The Blood of Two Races Combined to Make a Splendid Third.

King James II. of doubtful memory, did at least one very good thing, though some writers assert that it was done by accident and because he was just then angry with his noblemen. The wars of Tirlogh O'Neill and other chieftains of the north against Queen Elizabeth and the horrible retribution exacted had left Ulster almost an uninhabited waste. King James refused to grant the abandoned lands to royal favorites and great soldiers as his predecessors had done, or to discarded mistresses and court sycophants as William of Orange afterwards did. (See Macaulay's account of the latter.) King James declared he would have the country settled with men, and that the cultivator should own the land or have some permanent tenure.

It was a perfect success. Some tracts were settled entirely with English and Scotch, others with enterprising Irish, but still more with a mixture of the two. Each race supplied what the other lacked, and the result is the Scotch-Irish race. There is a theory that the true Irish came originally from a southern land and retain many of the faults and virtues of a southern people. The Highland Scotchman, on the other hand, was almost totally destitute of wit and humor; poetry he had in rude abundance, but very little appreciation of art. His contribution to the common stock was the habit of untiring industry. Both races agreed in undying opposition to tyranny.

What a pity there was not in England wisdom enough to allow two such races to blend in peace—a pity for Ireland, but her loss has been America's gain.

"Their factions," says Sir Walter Scott, "have been so long envenomed, and they have such a narrow ground to do their battle in, that they are like people fighting with daggers in a hogshead." In Ireland their disposition to contend for what they believed right was turned into a curse; in America they soon made common cause against their common oppressor. And the "how of it" is one of the most curious things in history.

If any one had said in 1692 that a British parliament could succeed in exiling 300,000 Protestant Irish and perhaps an equal number of Catholic Irish in such a way as to make them fight side by side with Catholic Frenchmen and non-sectarian colonists against the United Kingdom, he would have been denounced as a fool. The wise men would have told him that legislative folly might do wonders, but it could not work miracles. Yet that is just what parliament accomplished; for scarcely was the ink dry on the treaty of Limerick (which provided that Catholics should enjoy in Ireland "such rights as they had enjoyed in the reign of Charles II"), when it was violated by a series of laws that now make honest Englishmen blush. It is needless to repeat the black details. Says one British writer: "The laws were so many and so atrocious that an Irishman could scarcely draw a full breath without breaking a law."

CARRICKFERGUS.

At the same time they fell upon the Presbyterians of the north, declaring all their marriages illegal and arresting ministers for "living in adultery"—with their own wives! On top of this came statutes forbidding Catholic or Protestant to manufacture or export to any other country than England. The result was a general flight of the bravest and best—the "wild geese," as they were called, from the south to France and Spain (where such names as O'Donoju, O'Donnel and MacMahon still attest their talents and valor), and the men of the north to New England and Pennsylvania, where such local names as Antrim and Derry, Sligo, Tyrone and Belfast show the origin of their families.

Later there was a combined movement of Celt and Saxon Irishman, Catholic, Quaker and Presbyterian to South Carolina; and of all colonies sent out by the prolific isle this probably contained the largest proportion of talent, courage and persistent energy. At any rate it may challenge comparison with any other. It is scarcely possible to make a list of the names of the emigrants to South Carolina in 1760-70 without its seeming to be a partial list of America's eminent patriots — Jackson, Calhoun, O'Kelly, McDuffie, Polk, Crockett, Houston, Adair, McKemy, McWhorter, O'Farrell, O'Grady, McNairy. All these are of Irish extraction, and still (some of them Americanized by dropping the O' or the Mc) adorn the annals of their states or the nation.

In 1765 a shipload of emigrants left Carrickfergus for Charleston, and it is claimed that every family in it has since been represented, and some of them many times, in the congress of the United States. On this ship were Andrew Jackson, his wife and two sons, and two years after their location at the Waxhaw settlements, and after the father's death, was born a third son, named for his father, who was destined to humble British pride at New Orleans, and to slaughter (alas that it must be so!) hundreds of his father's countrymen who were in the ranks of the invaders.

A Band of Wild Horses.

There is said to be a large band of wild horses, led by a thoroughbred, known to the stockmen as the "outlaw stud," ranging between Truckee, Nevada county, and Pravine, Nev. Years ago the stud, a fine racer, escaped to the mountains, and has since defied capture. By desperate riding stockmen manage to get into the band every year and drive out the colts. The horses range to the highest peaks, beyond where cattle or sheep often go. They only go to water once a day, and then in single file down the mountain trail as fast as they can run. They go back at their leisure.

ALLANA.

Allana, fair, your light-brown hair
Rests tangling on your neck so rare,
Our Irish skies are in your eyes,
My Eileen oge Machree.
Where'er I roam, o'er land or foam,
With me, for aye, abides one thought,
That God, from out his heart of love,
For me a joy has wrought.

Allana, dear, you're ever near;
You bring me hope, and love, and cheer,
My Irish fay, my bloom of May,
My Eileen oge Machree.
Where'er I stray, by night or day,
I know God's angels watch your sleep
And Ireland's fairies thronging round
Sweet virgin ever keep.

—C. O'Connor

The Old Pilot's Ready Wit.

In "New Ireland" Mr. Sullivan tells of an old pilot on the Kerry coast who had no license and did not know a term of the trade, but was successful in his limited area. Boarding an English vessel one day the captain, doubting his capacity, asked him if he could "box the compass."

"Oh, not in English, captain. We always do it here in Irish."

The captain concluded that he could notice a similarity in such terms as "north, northeast by north," etc., even in Irish, and detect any imposition, and so he said:

"Very well, do it in Irish."

But "Old John" was as shrewd as the captain, and so he began in the pure Celtic, "My father, my father's brother, my father's brother's wife," etc., when the captain cut him off with: "I see you can do it; take the ship."

He Had Been to the Ball.

"Why, what's the matter, Pat?" asked an employer of his man of all work; "wherever have you been?"

"Och, to Widow Mulrooney's ball, yer 'anner, and an illigant time we had of it. Four fights in fifteen minutes an' a wind up knock down wid the byes from the 'swamp' that left but wan whole nose in the house an' that was on the taykettle. Bedad, the loikes of it meself has not seen since we waked Tim Donnelly."

Bothered by American Hastes.

"Sure an' thim American hastes do bother me," said a newly arrived Hibernian; "speshilly the feathered koinds. The first wan I seen of the koind was a forkentine (porcupine). I treed him under a hay stack an' shot him wid a barn shovel. The first time I shot him I missed him, an' the next time I hit him I hit him in the same place I missed him before."

A Poor Stick.

"Hollos, what are you doing now?"

"Practicing law."

"Only practicing? Why, you were practicing ten years ago. When are you going to get it worked up into a regular business?"—Epoch.

Information.

(Scene: A man standing in the field.)

First Person—Do you know what that man is doing there?

Second Person—No, what is he doing?

First Person—Standing there.—West Shore.

A GOOD STORY OF BEAVER.

What Came of an Effort of the Governor to Teach Etiquette to a Private.

Governor Beaver is known by every Pittsburg boy in the national guard to be a very strict disciplinarian in military etiquette and the drill. Austin Curtin, of the governor's native town, told this war reminiscence about him last night to some of the delegates at the G. A. R. encampment: While lieutenant colonel of the Forty-fifth regiment, Beaver was one day sitting in front of his tent, when a slouchy looking soldier with ill fitting uniform came along, stopped and inquired:

"Vere ish der doctor?"

"Is that the way to address your superior officer, sir?" roared Col. Beaver.

The German stared at his superior officer in blank amazement, but said never a word.

"Here, sir; take this chair. You be the colonel, and I will teach you how to address an officer."

"Vas me der boss of der regiment?"

"Yes; take this chair, and I will show you how to act."

The soldier sat down in front of the tent. Col. Beaver walked off a few paces, turned about, returned to a position in front of the officer pro tempore, squared himself around, made a military salute and inquired:

"Colonel, can you inform me where I can find the surgeon of the regiment?"

The soldier arose and, looking seriously and straight at Beaver, replied:

"Hanged if I know vhere he is!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

They Took the Hint.

An inside car full of travelers was toiling up one of the long hills in the county Wicklow. The driver leaped down from his seat in front and walked by the side of the horse. The poor beast toiled slowly and wearily, but the six inside were too busily engaged in conversation to notice how slowly the car progressed. Presently the driver opened the door at the rear of the car and slammed it to again. The passengers started, but thought the driver was only assuring himself the door was securely closed. Again the fellow opened the door and slammed it to again. The travelers turned around angrily and asked why he disturbed them in that manner. "Whist," whispered the fellow, "don't spake so loud; she'll overhear us." "Who is she?" "The mare. Spake low," he continued, putting his hand over his nose and mouth. "Sure I'm deavin' the creature. Every time she hears the door slammin' that way she thinks one of yez is gettin' down to walk up the hill, and that rises her sporrits." The insiders took the hint.—Exchange.

Charmed Him Still.

"Fweddy, I cawn't see what you find to admiah in that Miss Goillughouse. She's dweadfully pitted with the smallpox."

"Bah Jove, Cholly, she caught it, don't ye know, while she was taking care of that wich old uncle that died and left hah a gweat big hundwed thousand dollahs, bah Jove!"—Chicago Times.

The Shrewd Farmer.

—Life.

And He Didn't Break It.

Mamma—What is the matter, Tommy?

Tommy—I had the rule of the school brought against me for being bad.

Mamma—Well, you mustn't be bad. What rule was brought against you?

Tommy (with a fresh outburst)—Why, the great big yellow one.—Philadelphia Times.

Still They Got There.

"There are two members of the United States senate with but one leg apiece," remarked Larkin.

"When they were elected they didn't get there with both feet, then," replied Sheeral.—Yenowine's News.

In a Hurry, Too.

Harry—How did that love affair of yours come out.

Willie—The love affair and I came out together. I came out of the window.—Winnipeg Siftings.

His Opportunity.

We quarreled o'er a wishing bone!
Just when I thought I'd won me
My fondest wish, I found the first
Of winning had undone me.

My little lady rose in wrath;
Her silken train she swirled it,
As she snapped out, "I've lost my wish!
I wish I'd never wished it!

"You chose the best side of the bone,
Oh, yes, you did, the biggest!
And then the way you pulled! Oh fie,
For shame, when you were strongest!

"You men are horrid, hateful things,
I know you meant to cheat me!"
And then my little lady looked
Quite mad enough to eat me.

"I hope to heaven you'll never get
The wish that you were wishing!"
And spitefully, adown the hall,
The silken train went swishing.

And then I swore I hope so, too,
Since Satan's self was in her;
I hoped I wouldn't win, since I'd
But wished that I might win her!

Ah, warily and well, for what
I'd wanted long, had I found!
She mused, as she murmured: "Why,
You wretch, that's just what I wished!"

Memory.

Youth is the enchanted land to which the aged flee. They visit the old house where they were born in their reveries; they sit by the cheerful fire, they smell the roses at their chamber window, they hear the swallows and bluebirds; the family are still united, there are the familiar voices, songs and laughter, the footfalls, the merry life that used to fill all, indoors and out, so long ago. They never tire of the old adventures, the fiery purposes, the love makings, weddings, births, funerals. How minutely it is all reproduced—the shadows all gone, and the light of youth and hope and joy shining so delightfully over all.—The Interior.