RICHMOND IN BY-GONE DAYS

When the "Richmond in By Gone Days" first appeared in print it disappointed the expectations of some of our elderly and well-informed citizens who quietly censured the author for not telling the story as they knew it. His inaccuracies, they said, were glaring and inexcusable; his description of the social manners and customs of our people mostly from hearsay, and far-fetched at that.

The reminiscent had, in anticipation, possibly, of all such inconsiderate twaddle, prepared a preface to his work setting forth his design—I use his own words—"as a slight memorial of men and things and events of which there were few, or no records, and which must soon pass into oblivion if not rescued by one of the survivors of them"; he hoped, therefore, that the unpretending character of his little work might disarm criticism, except from such literary prowlers as make their assault on the weakest that they may be safe from resistance and retaliation. The weakest, say you, friend Mordecai; nay, the prowlers assail indifferently the strongest works of art as well as the weakest. Macauley's "History of England" has not escaped their censure. The reviewers of his day—English, Scotch and Irish—have picked it to pieces. 'Tis little better than a romance they tell us with grave faces and abundant proofs. Be it so. The historian of England did not write for the closet, but for that great world of readers whom he desired most to please.

Mordecai's unpretending little work is now so scarce that one may go a long and a far way before finding it. There were two editions of it, the first differing very little from the second which issued from the Richmond press in 1857.

The subjects of my reminiscences will differ in many respects from those so charmingly pictured by Mordecai. His reuollection of Richmond and its people goes back to the second half of the eighteenth century, mine to a late stage of the second quarter of the nineteenth, so fruitful of invention and discovery. Supplemental it will be in so far as I am able to make it so.

By-Gone Fashions.

The fashions current threescore and ten years ago were fast becoming unfashionable when I stepped upon the scene. The last of the cocked hats were worn on gala days by those two veterans of the Revolution, General Edward Carrington and Major Jas. Gibbon; and the last powdered wig I am able to remember decorted the classic head of Philip Harrison, a distinguished member of a bar which boasted, as it well might, a Wiskham, a Daniel, a Leigh, a Johnson and a Stanard. Other and as quaint fashions of dress were to be seen at every turn of a street corner, and at every cotillion of a polite drawing room.

Silver buckles were fastened to the low-quartered shoes of dandies and to the knees of staid old gentlemen, some of whom clung to their short trousers and yellow-topped boots to as late a period as that which signalized the rupture between the United States and Mexico. David Barclay, a well-known tobacconist of the olden time, and Henry W. Moncure, a much younger man, may be said with truth to have died in their boots. I shall have much to say of these two worthies hereafter. The latter was the senior member of the firm of Dunlop, Moncure & Co., and was justly regarded in commercial circles as the father of the Louisiana sugar trade.

Fanciful and curious, and truly picturesque were certain styles of haberdashery worn by old gentlemen not yet out of the fashion of a former age—the silken stock, close-buttoned to the throat, yielding reluctantly to the open linen collar, and the ruffled bosom likewise to the vulgar sham. Joseph Mayo, one of our former mayors, displayed the ruffles in and out of his little court up to the sad days of the so-called reconstruction of Virginia. He was regarded as fair game to the facetious Marshall Hanna, a reporter at one time for Rives Pollard's "Southern Opinion," and also to Tom Watson, the self-styled prototype bard who had frequently appeared before his honor as a vagrant.

The epithet chosen by Hanna, and mercilessly applied to the mayor—one of the ablest the city has ever had—suggested the absolute rule and disregard of law of the TYCOON OF THE RUFFLED BOSOM. Watson calumniated him in verse. One of his couplets here given, speaks very poorly for the muse who inspired him; it is doggerel simple and pure, and well fitting his quality:

"The stars shine in the hollow sky,
But I shine in a doggery."

The white and colored proletariat of Watson's time spouted in secluded dens his verses "ad nauseam."

I should not overlook in this slight sketch those admirers of Byron—mostly lackra-daisical youths—who disdaining the high stocks and close-fitting cravats of their elders, exposed their pretty throats to the ladies, and flaunted in all companies the loose neck ties and expansive shirt collars of the past. Their infatuation extended to others, who consciously or unconsciously wore to the day of their death the negligee shirt patterns. One of these gentlemen became, a little after the breaking out of the Mexican war, a distinguished leader of the fierce democracy in the lower branch of the Federal Congress; the other is still remembered by many of our middle-aged citizens as one of the brightest ornaments of the Virginia bar.

A mightier spirit than either of the twain above cited had, to all appearance, submitted to the influence and fascination of the author of "Childe Harold" and "Manfred." No one whose critical acumen is of the best can read the "Raven" without detecting in its undertones the melancholic despair and sincere scepticism of Cain. Poe, I feel sure, wore in his youth the broad, turned-down shirt collar and swinging necktie. His swimming all the way from Mayo's bridge to Warwick, a distance of six or seven miles, as the river runs, suggests very naturally the muscular feat of Byron, who had swam the Hellespont from Sestos to Abydos. He, too, was a Greek like his spiritual prototype, and espoused with ardor the heroic struggle for independence of the Greek patriots.

Customs of the Old Slaves.

The most of these customs have become obsolete, owing probably to the new lights that have been flashed into the eyes with dazzling effects upon the brains of the more ambitious Afro-Americans. One of the pastimes formerly and frequently indulged in by our citizens of sable complexion was the game of cut-jackets. It took place usually between two draymen, after a saucy, but good-natured discussion—or shall I say disputation—as to which one could handle his whip more skilfully than the other.

I have seen two sturdy fellows cutting jackets for upwards of a quarter of an hour without losing temper or manifesting other feeling than that of a mutual delight. Big welts would be raised up under cover of shirt or jacket by the fiery lash, which neither opponent seemed to be aware of, or to feel as long as the delirium lasted. While the whips were loudly cracking and skilful strokes were being made by one or the other, an admiring crowd of like sable complexion, unable to restrain their pent-up feelings, would explode in cheers of delight and vociferous yah-yah-yahs! Neither partisan in this unique duel of the whips appeared to suffer a defeat, or to use a well-stamped phrase of the pugilistic ring, to be knocked "down and out." When 'twas all over, the lookers-on would deal out their compliments to the sweating fellows so impartially as to leave the worst-whipped man well pleased with his own courage and endurance.

So used were the blacks to these rough encounters as hardly to wince under the lashes of the law. One of these, after his chastisement, was asked if he were badly hurt. "Sho! man," he replied, "I done cut jackets befo'!"

"Butting."

Butting, like cut-jackets, used to be quite common among our slaves. In any proposed match between a white man and a black, one might safely bet his money on the latter. The African's skull, as savants well know, is longer, thicker and less capacious than the Aryan. The most of his burdens in the olden time were toted on his head. Thus provided, he would climb to the loftiest step of a ladder with less concern for his own safety than might be felt by those who'd view him from below.

I was once a witness of a butting match between two stout fellows, who, coming out of a tobacco factory, and seeing the field clear, ran into each other as bulls are wont to do before locking horns in a deadly embrace. The cracking of skulls began after the first rush. Each combatant laid hold of the other's ears with the grip of a steel vice, and every effective butt was followed by a painful, or, triumphant grunt. I looked for a fatal issue of the fight, as they would sometimes loosen holds, fall back, and come together again with staggering blows on breast and head. I observed that they neither boxed when apart, nor wrestled for advantage when they clinched. He who appeared to be the stronger had his man pinned to the factory wall so as to place him completely in his power. I left the scene without doubting who would come out of the struggle winner.

There are even now, at this late day, certain hard-headed fellows who are not ashamed to own their ability in the butting match. Major C——, a gallant Confederate of Mahone's fighting brigade, said to me one day: "Before joining the church I was always quick enough to resent an insult or to engage the first man I met in a shindy. When I found him too clever for me, I would run in upon him head foremost, and but him till he cried, 'Hold, enough!'"

The Pantomime.

The negro cuts an artistic figure in a melo-drama which has never been represented on the stage. The playwrights of our days who present his character to the public know little of it. Their plantation Sambos are not our plantation Sambos; mere travesties of which the negro himself would be ashamed. The old custom I am about to relate in brief has long since melted into air, into thin air, and is no longer visibly practiced, as I believe, in either the city or the country.

When two negroes met in the road, or in the street—supposing them to be old acquaintances—one unused to their ways might have beheld a scene in dumb show the like of which would task the art of the best French pantomist to reproduce. With frowning countenances, and well simulated gestures of defiance, the two actors would approach each other as enemies about to engage in a mortal combat.

One of these, upon getting near enough to deliver his murderous blows with fist or stick, or uplifted axe, would pause a while to observe the attitude of the other—if it was as expressive of anger as his own, which it would usually be, his rage would know no bounds; but if it betokened instead a craven fear, or desire to get the start in a wild run for life—if, in short, the fellow about to be assailed played his fears as well as his assailant had vented his rage, the scene would suddenly close with cordial greeting, clasped hands and an affectionate embrace. The inevitable yah! yah! yah! that never failed to follow this mock-heroical by-play might have been heard by sensitive ears a quarter of a mile away.

Whether the vocal organs of the negro differ materially from those of his Aryan superiors is a question which I leave to the determination of the comparative anatomist; however it be, I feel sure that he never laughs the laugh of the white man, which is either he! he! he! or more commonly ha! ha! ha!

Professor Guilliet, who taught French in the best schools of the city—sixty-odd years ago—all his sons were in the Confederate army, used to say that no one with thin lips could pronounce the whistling U of his countrymen, but the negro had no difficulty with it. He further maintained that the flat nose and pouched mouth of the African fitted him to express those peculiar qualities of tone that belong to the nasals of the French.

The Police.

There was never in all the land a more orderly and humanely governed city than Richmond. A fair proof of the law-abiding character of its citizens was seen in the smallness of its police force. My own recollection goes back to the years during which T. Vaughan, Byrd Page, Clement White and John Pearce served the city by day. Burrell Jenkins, B. Magruder, and a baker's dozen of others, served it by night. The former wore no uniforms or other insignia of office, if we except the long, stout hickory or ash canes which they carried openly, and used so effectively on those who resisted the mandates of the law. The latter patrolled the streets of nights as watchmen or guards, as they were commonly called. Their captain was Burrell Jenkins, who issued orders and heard cases at the Old Market station or cage. The nightwatch went their rounds in couples, armed with heavy bills, and wearing in bad weather the long cloak which had not then gone out of fashion even in the polite circles of the town. The office of Chief of Police had not been created; all of the constabulary force were under the immediate orders of the Mayor. The tolling of the Old Market bell, our curfew, shortly after dark, gave notice to freedmen and slaves alike to keep within doors. The pass of their owner or hirer was required by the watch to protect them from arrest.

During the Christmas holidays the poor creatures, hankering after the flesh pots, fell into many a trap set for them by the Mayor's detectives. They could not resist the temptation of the carelessly fastened door or shutter of the storekeeper. When caught in the act, or after the act of robbing the stores, they were lodged in the cage, and subsequently given nine and thirty lashes on their bare backs—a colonial custom, by-the-by.

When a rising of the slaves was feared, secret men were sent among them to fathom their designs, and patrols of citizens were organized to assist the authorities in case the outbreak anticipated should get beyond their control. Stringent rules for the discipline of the freedman and slave were constantly being enforced. Only limited numbers were permitted to assemble at one time and one place.

Though passes were required as a rule from all who were in service, the nightwatch rarely made a mistake, or was reproved by their superiors if they allowed a servant well and favorably known to them, or a genteel freedman, to pass their beats without arrest. Wickham's accomplished servant, Robin Brown, or Capt. Benj. Sheppard's faithful messenger, Aaron, or one of the yellow barbers of the type of the Fergusons, might pass as freely at night through the town as another from whom a pass was not required.

Other restraints beside the pass were not deemed to be harsh even by the dislikers of the old institution. The youth of either sex when begged by a domestic of the house to write the pass would invariably comply with the request. The nightwatch might suspect the goodness of all such paper, but would let it good naturedly pass without protest.

Though no negro could smoke his pipe in public places, he was not hindered from enjoying it at home, or in the pop-shops along with his drams of hot-pot. Here he intermingled with his equals unrestrained by the espionage of the city's constables. Sunday was his day of rest, which was usually passed behind the closed doors of—

(To be Continued Next Sunday.)

Our Store

is full of attractions for all who contemplate the purchase of Furniture. Superior qualities and modest prices always prevail here. Special offerings in Chamber Suits, Brass Beds, Odd Dressers and Washstands. Pianos and Organs of the best makes.

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Electric Project in Sweden.

In Copenhagen great interest is now being taken in a project for the transmission of electric power from Sweden to Denmark. Like Norway, Sweden has been termed an "industrial country of the future," due to its possession of so many water courses and cascades of large size, suited for the installation and working of electric power stations. Several establishments of this kind have already been inaccurate and many others are planned. A Danish syndicate now proposes to utilize the two large falls of Mayefos and Katefos, and to transmit the electricity by cable to the coast of Helsingborg, and thence by means of a submarine cable to Denmark via the Oresund.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

Tyler's Sale Continues

We're Are Rushing Goods Out of the Store As Fast As Thrifty People Can Select 'Em

To-morrow is "Mother's Day," and every boy's mother in Richmond should be here. The entire boys' Clothing Stock has suffered another Price Reduction. We're determined to clear out every bit of the fall and winter stock. For a loss of profit NOW, is far better than having them left on our hands, with the care and expense of carrying them over, and then either have to sell them at a loss or offer the goods to you as being fresh merchandise—WHICH

This Store Never Did Do or Never Will, So Now's Your Chance----Don't Miss It.

Boys' $3.00 and $2.50 Suits, in Fancy Cheviots and gray, blue or black Thibets and Cheviots, ages 6 to 17; also, little fellows' sizes, 3 to 10, now $1.98.

Boys' $4.00 and $3.50 Suits, in blue or black Thibets, grays or fancy Cheviots, ages 6 to 17, now $2.48.

Boys' $5.00 and $6.00 Suits, now $3.48; in blue Serge and Fancy Worsted; ages 6 to 17.

Boys' and Girls' Reefer Coats, in blue and brown Serge and Covert Cloth. These Coats are finely lined, cut and fitted, and are trimmed with brass buttons and emblems on sleeves; they add that always desired stylish tone to the rest of the little folks' attire, sizes 3 to 12 (see cut for pattern), now $2.73.

A lot of Strictly All-Wool Gray Cheviot Overcoats, in the swell long effects and belted backs; a Coat that every boy desires; sold at $5.00 each, now $3.48.

Small lot Boys' $6.00 Top Coats, in several striking patterns, ages 14 to 19; choice, $3.98.

Mother's Friend Shirt Waists, 50c and 75c grades, now 39c.

Boys' 75c Pants, now 39c.

Boys' 50c Pants, now 29c.

Boys' 50 Underwear, extra heavy fleeced, 19c per garment.

Boys' $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50 Pants, to clean out, at 69c.

Julian W. Tyler, Cor. First and Broad St.

THE HOLLY BALL AND THE FAIR QUEEN WHO REIGNED

A Custom of High Social Importance on the Northern Neck of Virginia.

MISS MARIA LOUISE BALL,
Queen of the Holly Ball.

The Holly ball is a social function of high importance, and is annually held at Kilmornock, in Lancaster county, and is attended by the elite from all the counties of the Northern Neck. It is always held in the month of December, and had its origin about five years ago, the first having been inaugurated by Mr. John A. Palmer, a leading citizen. It has grown yearly in social esteem, and the belles of the Northern Neck assemble in their best array.

A queen of the Holly ball is elected each recurring season, the contests are very spirited and the honor highly coveted.

Two maids of honor are also chosen and two male attendants.

The selection this season for queen of "the Holly realm" was Miss Lou Ball, of Monaskon, Lancaster county, a fair and queenly queen. Besides being a relative of Martha Washington, she is pretty and accomplished and a fine musician. She is the second daughter of Mr. Warner Ball, a lawyer, and Mrs. Lelia T. Ball. The fair queen's name is Maria Louise, but is known to all her friends by the shorter name.

They now live at Midway, formerly the home of the late Hon. A. L. Carter, the father of Mrs. Lelia T. Ball. Mr. A. L. Carter was a member of the Virginia House when the war began in 1861.

Thomas Ball, her grandfather, was a farmer in Northumberland county and prominent in the Masonic fraternity. Dr. Thomas Ball, a great-grandfather, one of her ancestors, was a surgeon in the War of 1812.

Col. Leroy Edwards, another ancestor, was an officer in the Revolutionary War from 1776 to 1783.

She has three sisters and four brothers, and is quite a pet in the family.

Her oldest sister, Miss L. Genevieve Ball, was elected queen of the "Holly realm" a few years ago.

Lieutenant James Ball, an uncle of Miss Lou Ball, was killed at the second battle of Manassas while leading his company in a charge.

Miss Lou Ball has brown hair, dark eyes, about five and a half feet high, has a beautiful figure and dances gracefully.

"Beef And" Man Asked to White House.

"Johnny" Meehan, the Park Row "beef-and" man, will hang this invitation in his art gallery next to a fine portrait of "Big Tim" Sullivan:

MR. AND MRS ROOSEVELT.
request the pleasure of your
company at a reception in the White
House on the evening of
January 18,
7 to 9:30 o'clock,
to
MR. AND MRS. JOHN T. MEEHAN.

Mr. Meehan will accept the invitation and will take Mrs. Meehan with him. He will take his dress suit, too, which he has not worn since the last annual grand ball and reception of the John T. Meehan Association. He invited Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt to his reception, and, although they could not accept, they reciprocate now. Mr. and Mrs. Meehan will go to Washington on the 1 P. M. train on Thursday, and, after attending the White House reception, will remain at the Capital over Friday. Mr. Meehan wishes to visit his frnends, Senators Platt and Depew.

When Mr. Roosevelt was Police Commissioner he got to know "Johnny" Meehan. As often as Commissioner Roosevelt was "down-town" waking up sleepy police captains and hunting for vice that he might crush it, he visited Meehan's refectory and regaled himself with "ham and" or "corned beef and" or "coffee and sinkers."

The President and Mr. Meehan differ in politics, but they highly esteem each other. Mr. Meehan is a Tammany Hall man to the bottom of the platter. He lives on Madison Avenue, and is worth $500,000. Former Mayor Van Wyck made him a School Commissioner, but he is not proud. He inherited his buspiness from his uncle, "Pat" Dolan, and he has never been away from his establishment one day in thirty-three years. Now he will break his rule, but only to please a President and two senators.—New York World.

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The Laziest Man

(An Irish Folk-Lore Tale Retold in Modern Dialect)

By SEUMAS MACMANUS

(Author of "A Lad of the O'Friel's," "Donegal Fairy Tales," "In Chimney Corners," Etc.)

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Lazy castle!" Aye, it's a quare name in troth. An' it's as quare natured as it's quare named. It has stood there now ten hundred years, an' if it stood ten hundred more it would never have anything quarer about it than the way it got its name. In them days there was two particular kings who owned two kingdoms in Ireland, that lay in to each other—the king of Tirbane an' the king of Tirkane—an' as was usual with neighbors, there was always more or less territory in dispute atween them; but at this time I tell about there was a particularly large fadge of land held by the king of Tirkane, an' claimed by the king of Tirbane. Now, at the heel-end of five an' twenty years' fightin', the king of Tirkane made a proposal to the king of Tirbane.

"We have been fightin' five an' twenty years now," says he, "an' neither of us is able to overmaster the other. "My proposal is this: that each of us should search among his subjects, an' produce the three best an' most accomplished men in three different lines of art—namely, our wisest men, our stupidest men an' our laziest men—an' set the three pairs of them to prove their abilities; an' whichever of our people—yours or mine—will make the best showin' in this contest, to his side will be adjudged the disputed tract of country. Is that fair," says he, "or is it not?"

"It's fair an' agreeable," says the king of Tirbane, saye he, 'as a May day, an' I call it a bargain."

Then both of them went an' give out to their own people the terms of their agreement, an' they called upon their people to produce for them the three best men among them in these three different lines of art. An' without any more delay, about the task the two kingdoms set themselves. An' they first an' foremost produced the two wisest men known within their boundaries, an' they were set ag'in one another in the court of the king of Tirkane to prove which of them was the wisest. An' when the first of them spoke an' told his wisdom, he dumfounded the people with astonishment, an' they said that anything under the sun to come up to him was surely impossible. But when the next man spoke, showin' his wisdom, they were dumfounded doubly as bad, an' they said he surely bate all ever was seen or heard tell of. But behold you, when the first man spoke again, the other, they said, was nowhere. But then the other, when he comes on a second time, banged the first all to smithereens! The kings themselves had to admit that there was nothing wiser on the face of the earth than the two of them, but that it would take a wiser man than themselves to tell which was the wisest, an' as it was impossible to find such, then that contest would have to be declared a draw, which it was.

When the judges had rested an' recovered from the battle of the two wise men, then the stupidest men of both the kingdoms was fetched in an' set ag'in the other to prove which was the stupidest. When the first man told how stupid he was, he showed himself so extraordinary stupid that the judges wanted to rise an' not waste any further time on that contest.

But the king said: "No, no; we must, even for form's sake, give the other man a hearin' anyhow."

So for form's sake they consented to sit down again an' let the other man be called. An' by my boots, when the other man made his appearance, an' told how stupid he was, the judges there an' then wanted to give him the prize without any further consideration, for they said that the other man was a King Solomon compared to him.

For four an' twenty hours the contest went on, each of the two of them every time showin' himself ten times stupider than the other fellow, till the poor judges got befogged again, an' was able to give no decision atween them.

An' that case, too, had to be left as it was.

That was two of the three contests over, an' the case hadn't advanced any, so the whole thing now turned upon the third.

The king of Tirkane he got a man that for fair downright laziness couldn't be beat, an' he was ready to stake his life upon it. But, on the other hand, the king of Tirbane got a man whose name an' fame had traveled far an' wide, known an' noted as bein' the laziest man that ever cumbered the earth. An' so both sides were certain of victory. When the day come, an' the kings an' their courts assembled, an' the judges sat, the two lazy champions were carried in on carts, an' thrown down on the carpet in the court, each to prove his laziness.

Well, the kings an' their courts an' the judges had seen an' known of lazy men in their day, but anything to compare with the king of Tirkane's man for laziness they had never dreamt of let alone seen or known. An' then, when it come to the other man's turn to show up his laziness, the sorra case they could get him to show or prove, an' nothing could they get out of him but grunts. An' the king of Tirbane was so aggravated an' maddened to see the other king's man prepared to talk for the length of a day an' a night to prove his case, while his own fellow would give out nothing but grunts that he jumped up, without more ado, sayin' that he give in, an' give up the contest, an' the disputed country to the king of Tirkane; that the fellow he had fetched there, believin, him to be the laziest man, was only a fool, an' he himself was a bigger fool to fetch him; an' he said, moreover, that he was such a worthless fellow that he would never have him brought back into his kingdom again.

"Then," says the king of Tirkane, says he, "what ae you goin' to do with him? I'll not take the support of such a good-for-nothing fellow on my kingdom."

"Then if you don't," says the king of Tirbane, says he, "the best thing to do is to take him off an' bury him."

An' the king of Tirkane consented that this was the best an' the wisest thing, while the fellow himself still lay on there on the floor, never as much as blinkin'.

"Get him on a cart there," says the king of Tirbane to four of his fellows, "an' thrinnle him off to the handiest graveyard, an' stick him in."

The four of them got 'round the fellow, an' lifted him like a log, an' carried him out an' threw him in the bed of the cart, an' hurried off for the graveyard.

But the king of Tirkane, who was a dacent fellow, said that there was no one ever left his court for the graveyard that he didn't attend the funeral. He would do this fellow the honor of attendin' his, too, worthless divil though he was. An' himself an' a great part of his court stepped out after the cart.

Now, comin' near the graveyard, they were passin' a farmer's house, an' the farmer hearin' the rumble of the cart an' the tramp of the funeral, come out to see who was goin' to be buried. An' when he saw that the corp was a livin' one, he saye: "Ain't it a pity an' for why are you goin' to bury a live man?"

"Well," they said to him, "he's good for neither king nor country. He's a worthless divil who hasn't enough in him to support himself. His own king refuses to support him, an' our king couldn't afford it. We're sorry, but there's nothing else for it but to bury the fellow."

Now the farmer went an' he stopped the cart, an' when he had a look at the chap lyin' in the bed of it, he says: "Upon my word but it would be a poor thing, too, to put him into the grave. If there's no objection," says he to the king of Tirkane, an' if you like to stop the funeral here, an' carry him into my house," says he, "I'll give him his support. I feed a great many hands," says he, an' there's a great roughness of meat about my house, an' the support of one man more or less will neither be here nor there."

"That's very kind an' charitable of you," says the king of Tirkane, says he. "There'll be no objections in the wide worl' to your doin' so. Do you hear," says the king of Tirkane to the fellow in the cart, givin' him a prod; "What have you got to say to that?"

The fellow in the cart never moved a muscle nor blinked an eye, but says he: "Ax him," says he. "what will he give me to ait."

"I'll give you," says the farmer, says he, steppin' forrid to the cart, "I'll give you your ill of mutton an' beef, rashers an' eggs, tay, bread an' butter an' potatoes, an' feed it to you four times a day, as well as in the middle of the night, too, if you feel an appetite for it."

"A generous offer, by my troth," says the king.

"Ax him," says the man in the cart, says he, "will the potatoes he gives me be peeled."

"Oh," says the farmer, says he, steppin' forrid again, "we always serve the potatoes in their jackets. You'll peel them yourself."

"Then if you please," says the fellow in the cart, says he, still never movin' or never blinkin', "if you please," says he, "stan' aside an' let the funeral push on."

"Stop the cart! Stop the cart!" shouts out the king of Tirkane, gaspin' an' choke with the wonderment. "Be off back," says he to one of his courtiers, "with all the speed of your heels, an' overtake the king of Tirbane, where he is on his way home, an' tell him to come back, for that the disputed country is his, an' it is right well he deserves it. As for you," says he then, gettin' up an' goin' over to the fellow in the cart, "as for you," says he, "I'll have you taken back to my own castle, an' kept there as long as you live an' fed of the best that myself an' the people of my kingdom can afford, an' as much as a potato you'll never have to peel," says he. "Turn the cart," saye he to the driver.

Aisy," says the chap in the cart, says he. "Will you please tell me first how far back is our castle?

"Well, it is as good as two mile," says the king, says he.

"An' how far is the graveyard?" says the lad in the cart.

"Less nor a mile," says the king.

"Then," says the fellow in the cart, "one mile of this joltin' is a dall aisier than two. Drive on to the graveyard."

The king of Tirkane, when he got his breath with him after this, run an' got himself afore the horse an' cart, an' commanded the driver on his peril to go no further. "For," says he, "it would be a disgrace to myself an' my kingdom for all time, to bury such a jaynius as this. But if it is too much trouble to him to be taken back two mile, his wishes are surely entitled to all respect. If he does not want to go to the castle," says the king, "he's richly desarvin' that the castle should come to him."

An' there an' then he called upon his carpenters and his sail-makers to build a tent 'round him in the cart where he lay; an' next day he started all the masons in the land an' all the carpenters to build a castle, the bate or like of which wouldn't be found in Ireland again, 'round this jaynius. An' in that castle, the bate or like of which wasn't in Ireland again, with a window fornist every day of the year, the lazy jaynius, surrounded by all the comfots that the known world could afford, lived till he died—which was a lea an' long time after—honored, respected an' famious throughout that country an' the whole civilized worl'. An' when he died he was buried with all the honor of a king. An' it's him was richly desarvin' of that same.

An' there on the hip of Augher hill you can see the remains of his castle to this day.

Late Bulb Planting.

Not long ago an experienced gardner stated in these columns that he often broke the ice to set his bulbs, with good results in the spring while in to-day's exchange a correspondent tells of her success with planting hyacinth bulbs in January.

This should be good news to the amateur who has only recently become aroused to the possibilities in bulb culture; it holds out a hope that it is not yet too late to have a display of the lovely spring favorites such as none of us can afford to miss from our yards.

As this winter has been a season of marked clemency it is an admirable time to make experiments in late bulb planting. The bulbs themselves are so cheap, that even if failure results no great harm is done, and the amateur will at least have the satisfaction of "laudable effort" to temper his envy of his neighbor's early spring display of snowdrops, crocus, tulips, hyacinths and narcissi.

So much has already been said of soils, fertilizers and protection for fall-planted bulbs that no further information along those lines is necessary.