

## Goodwin's Weekly

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

### SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.20 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries, within the Postal Union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Payment should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter to GOODWIN'S WEEKLY.

Address all communications to GOODWIN'S WEEKLY.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salt Lake City, Utah, U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Telephone Wasatch 301.

Boston Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

### O'RAFFERTY WENT TO THE BALL

MURPHY and Mulvaney were comrades. They occupied a cabin in Placer county, California, in the fifties and were both employed on Bear river canal. One night as they returned from work they found a man in their cabin eating what had been left from their noon-day dinner. This was no surprise to them, for the rule was to leave the cabins unlocked so that any hungry man might enter and help himself to food. This was an unwritten law in the California mining camps in the earlier and purer days of that republic.

The intruder, without embarrassment, hailed the owners on their arrival with a hearty welcome and an assurance that the food they had left was an assurance to a hungry man that the story of how of old mana fell from heaven upon the hungry had its counterpart in modern times. He had added that his name was O'Rafferty and begged to know the names of his hosts. O'Rafferty was a voluble talker and fine story-teller, and his cheek was so prominent and his tongue so glib that the two men invited him to have a real supper with them and it being late, to spend the night with them.

When the supper was over he insisted on washing the dishes and when that work was finished borrowed some tobacco, lighted his pipe and for two hours regaled his hosts with stories of prospecting trips and mining camp incidents that charmed his entertainers.

So pleasant had he made the evening that the hosts in the morning invited him to make their cabin his home while he was prospecting in that region.

He gladly accepted, for he had no money.

When, after a few days they were better acquainted, Murphy asked him one night why he did not work for a while until he made a little stake, so that he could be saved some of the hardships of his calling. He replied that he sometimes thought of that, but then he remembered that his father all his life was a toiler for others which was proper enough in a land of kings and lords, but not under the free American flag. But Murphy said: "Your clothes are growing shabby and before long the lower end of your shirt will be more in evidence than the upper end. 'In that case,'" said O'Rafferty, "I will paint that lower end red, white and blue, and when I meet a stranger will sing him the 'Star Spangled Banner,'" and with that he sang that anthem with a pathos that brought tears to the eyes of Murphy and Mulvaney.

But one morning the owners did not go to their work. Rather they put on their best clothes and evidently were preparing for a holiday. O'Rafferty looked at them in their preparations and finally asked: "What's up today?"

Mulvaney replied: "Why, this is St. Patrick's day. There is to be a procession and spakin' this mornin' and a grand ball tonight."

Poor O'Rafferty had no fitting clothing for such

a celebration, so quietly picked up his pick and started away over the trail. But when over the hill and out of sight of the cabin, he sat down upon a rock and began a self-communing which reduced to words was this: "I suspect O'Rafferty, that you are what might be designated a damn fool.

"You have been eating other men's grub for six weeks; your clothes are worn out and you have not a dollar in your pocket. Now St. Patrick's day has come and you have to hide yourself behind these hills to hide your nakedness. You can do that and keep out of the eyes of the world, but you cannot hide from yourself. Why should you not call yourself a damn fool?"

In the meantime he had been unconsciously picking in the rock on which he was sitting. Glancing down he saw something shining where he had been picking. Springing up he seized the pick with both hands and in three minutes loosened and pried out a splinter of rock seven inches long, two inches wide and an inch and a half thick that was literally spangled with gold. Indeed, there seemed to be only enough quartz in it to hold the gold in place. He looked at it a moment, thrust it into one of his pockets and frantically began picking the rock at his feet. In half an hour he had dug and pocketed thirty pounds of the wonderful find. He covered the spot with dirt and started for town. He saw the procession from round a corner. Mulvaney was drum-major and Murphy was carrying the flag with the shattered harp.

He looked on a few minutes, then sought an assay office and bribed the assayer to reduce his possessions to a gold bar. When he finally obtained it the assayer had stamped as weight, 7 pound, 5½ ounces, value \$1,849.96. Then he took his bar and sought a clothing store.

The accommodating clerk was anxious to sell

him a suit of clothes. O'Rafferty looked over the clothing with contempt and then said:

"Has yez nothing sort of gorgeous in yer shop. Something grand and awe-striking?"

This brought the proprietor to the front, who said: "We have a few dress suits, but they are expensive."

"Who was talkin' about expinse?" said O'Rafferty. "Show me the bist yez have!"

The result was he was fitted out in the very height of fashion, only he insisted upon a green four-in-hand for a necktie. Then he bought a plain suit and had the whole sent to his room in the hotel. After dinner he dressed himself and waited until nine p. m. Then he went to the ball. Murphy and Mulvaney were paralyzed at his appearance. He was gracious to them and assured them that though he was a wealthy mineowner, on St. Patrick's day all true Irishmen were brothers and a wealthy mineowner could afford to associate with workmen. It was late when they reached home and they all slept a little late next morning.

As they were finishing breakfast an Indian appeared at the door and wanted some clothing. O'Rafferty gave him the evening dress, all but the necktie.

Then he went to opening his claim. The news of the find spread rapidly. A few days went by when a stranger came upon O'Rafferty as he was working on his mine. The stranger looked over the ground, and finally said: "Do you own this mine?" O'Rafferty replied in the affirmative. "Would you sell it?" was the next question. "Yes," said O'Rafferty, "if I could get my price"

"And what might be your price?" was the next question. "Thirty thousand dollars," said O'Rafferty, boldly. "Well," said the stranger, "come



## Our Greater Furniture Store

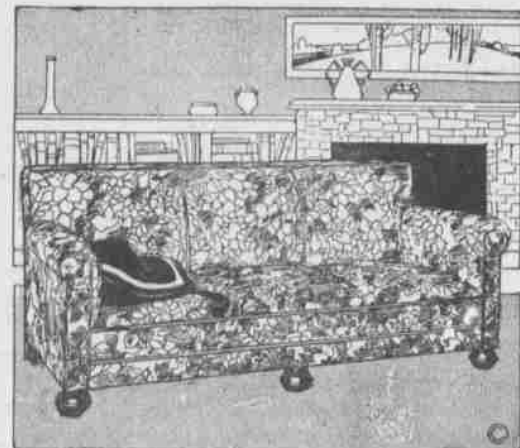
Is Now Prepared to Supply Your  
Furniture Needs

In the reconstruction of our furniture section our aim has been to make this something more than a mere department. You will find here as complete a store in all the details as any store devoted exclusively to furniture.

We do not carry "cheap" furniture. We do handle and feature good furniture for little money. On the other hand, we can suit the tastes of the most fastidious.

Our furniture is all brand new, just received, unpacked and put on display—carloads of it, in the styles of all periods and in all woods.

You are cordially invited to visit our furniture store on the third floor. You will not be urged to buy.



Keith-O'Brien Company

