THE OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL, PORTLAND, SUNDAY MORNING.

American with an Irish and cosmopolitan products have claim

for long. The readater's blood is s veins. greeted me with heartineas, and ught I saw something in his eye ought to be divulged. Sometimes, Clancy has returned from his yes into the informal and the tous he can be persuaded to oral ration. Now I thought I saw in symptoms of voluntary discourse. hastly convoyed him to a little near by, whore a fan bussed, miti-the torrid sultrinese of the New as summer. Is vary near the fropies, this per today," and Clancy-apropos-hought-of the samson, But it ap-4. It had more to do with his I noded confirmatorily. Is elegant i weather." continued y. "for fillbusterin', "Tis what been doin' for two mosths past, gin' to liberate a foreign people 4. tyrant's clutch. Twas hard. "Tis strainin' to the back and sorns on your hands." "I said, "you've turned soldier tune in samest. I hope you made f. To what country did you lend ider"

what country

chatka?" eskod Clancy I thought. f Siberia, up in the Arctic believe," I answered, some-

believe, btfully. ught that was the cold bas.". noy, with a nod "T'm always the two names mixed. Two the two names mixed. Two the two names mixed. Two the two names mixed. then.--the hot one--I've bee ' with Yo'll find that cours a map. 'The in the distric the tropics. By the forestap too, it lies on the coast so the man could run the names off into the water. They'r alects, and, 'tis my opinio a system of syntax that ble ins. Tes, 'twas that county minst, single-handed, and so

orme stacked up on the orme stacked up on the ormethin' like four feet seamed to be protect

aw one of them had been andlin'. 'Twas curiosity

a handlin'. 'Twas curiosity pull up the loose top and look the box was packed full of sr rifles. 'So, so,' says I to meshody's settin' a twist on ality laws. Somebody's sidin' itions of war. I wonder where me are goin'.' rd somebody cough, and I round. There stood a little, t man with a brown face and thes, a first-class looking little h a feur-carat diamond on his d his eye full of interrogations d his eye full of interrogations the archipelagoes.' "says the round man, full of mats and confidences. 'Will the

says the round man, full of nts and confidences. 'Will the pect the discoveryments he that the mans on the ship be acquaint? The senor will deman that shall not expose that by accident occur.' or, says I--for I judged him kind of Frenchman, that as-of foreigners being doomed by politences and dislects-'re-mont. cramprile seturances

HE SHAMROC



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1770

Thanks, brave patric Barely did I m rrambos! what a at mule, senor! rm was I dashed. things are not good. Guatemain thoot General De Veen. There-am hide and remain silent. Life is glorious. Liberty, it is presty but so good as life I do not

nk' Three days, as I said, was the New Orleans. The general man got to be cronies of the deepest-names we she until they were Banapas we ale until they were dis-tastoful to the sight and an eyesore to the pointe, but to bananas alone was the bill of fare reduced. At night I crawls out, careful, on the lower deck, and gets a bucket of fresh water. "That General De Vega was a man inhabited by an angorgement of words and sentences. He added to the mo-notony of the voyage by divestin him-self of conversation. He believed I was a revolutionist of his own party, there bein', as he told me, a good many Amer-icans and other foreigners in its ranks. Twas a braggart and a conceited little gabbler it was, though he considered himself a hero. Twas on himself he wasted all his regrate at the failin' of his plot. Not a word did the little balloon have to say about the other misbehavin' idiots that had been shot, or run themselves to death in his revo-lution.

elf down

A DECEMBER OF A

it of recreated

"Overline, says O'Harra, lookin' over me suspicious. Wast some of it?" "Fifty-forty-siz is the celebrated city ordinance suthorism 'arrost, conviction and imprisonment of persons that suc-ceed in concessing their other crimes from the polics. "Don't ye know Jimmy Clancy?" mays L. 'Te pink-gilles monster? So, when O'Hara recognized me byneath the scandalous exterior bestowed upon me by the tropics, I backed him into a doorway and told him what I wanted and why I wanted it. 'All right, Jimmy,' mys O'Hara. 'Go back and hold the bench. I'll be sloting in ten minutes." "In that time O'Hara strolled through

to all off the steamer onto the wharf. "Twas a great honor on the hands of an obsoure Clancy, havin' the enter-tainment of the representative of a great foreign fillbusterin' power. I first bought for the general and myself many long drinks and things to eat that were not bananas. The general man trotted

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