

CONN COYLE'S ELDEST

By Charles Kenneth Burrow.

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It was a gusty, squally day, which made it difficult for Maggie to see her way toward Carmore as rapidly as the occasion demanded. She made herself as small as possible, held the shawl which covered her head close under her throat and in the hills of the wind increased her pace to a run. Gladly she slipped off her hat and was scratched a list of the articles she was to buy and carry back to Ballyclogher. The luxuries enumerated on the slip of paper were for the entertainment of one guest, Maggie's uncle, her mother's brother, whom she had never seen. She understood him to be rich. Indeed, he was always held up by Mrs. Coyle as a model for her husband's imitation. "He's hundreds," she used to say—"hundreds," and it's my belief they're all in gold; ye can see money in 's face. It's ye might be as warm, Conn, if ye'd think of the poor childer."



"'Tis a grand day for the like as that, James Phelan!" she said.

She made her purchases all at one shop, and then found, as was inevitable, that Mrs. Coyle had miscalculated the prices and she was 2 shillings short. Mrs. MacDonogh, who kept the store, was quite willing to give credit for the balance, but it seemed to Maggie that this course would be a kind of reflection on her uncle. While she groped helplessly in her pocket for money which she knew was not there she saw James Phelan pass the door. An inspiration shot her to his side. "Jim," she cried, "lend me 2 shillings; I'm that short. Ye'll have it back to-morrow."

"Give me wan kiss, ashore," he said; "the other I tuk widout lave." Maggie trembled as she lifted her face to his, and there were tears in her eyes, which James Phelan did not see. When the children came in from school, a riotous mob, they were taken by Maggie to be "put straight," a process which involved much howling and many tears. She was so full of the morning's episode that she would have preferred not to change the dress she wore; it seemed now to be part of the altered life. In the same way she hesitated to wash the mud from her feet. But, of course, she did both in the act was brought nearer to the practical side of things again. "When she went down stairs, her father had come in from the forge and was sitting, clean and comfortable, near the hearth. Mrs. Coyle sat opposite to him; the nine children were perched on two wooden benches that ran along the wall. They made way for her with many signals and suppressed giggles. "Whisht! Be still, there! Yer uncle is not used to the like as that."

"That's true," said Jim. "The polis might have had ye else, Maggie." He produced the money. She settled the account and took a receipt with an air of grave dignity. When she came out of the shop, Jim was waiting. "Is it ye still?" asked Maggie. "An' why not?" said Jim. "Ye're sure, an' we might as well walk in shitep."

"God help him then!" said Conn. "An' why God help him? Sure, every man can't marry, an' it's well they don't." "Have yer way, have yer way," said Conn. "I'm thinkin' Frank Power's a sad man, that's all!" "Faith, that's the money does it," said Jim. "I'll harp an' that shirring till it breaks!" "Arrah, Conn, ye've niver a good word for the man, an' him me own brother."

"I'm in a mad hurry, Jim." "Did I ask ye to go slow for me?" "Ye did not," said Maggie candidly. "That's a great, ugly parcel," said Jim. "An' too heavy for the likes as ye. Just hand it here, Maggie." "Ye'll not drop it? There's things there that'll be a right enough. What's inside at all? It's marshal heavy!" "All sorts. We've a visitor comin' tonight—Uncle Frank Power."

"Maggie, show us the thrick wid yer toes!" It was about the only accomplishment that Maggie possessed and consisted in a curious flexibility of the toes which enabled her to fold them under almost as though they were fingers and pick up any small object from the ground. This trick was a source of endless delight to the children, who practiced it themselves with an assiduity which promised great future result. "Not now, pet," said Maggie, running her fingers through Barney's hair. "Whisht! There's wheels comin'!" Mrs. Coyle was at the door in a moment, peering out into the autumn twilight with hands on hips and an anxious tremor at the heart. It was Uncle Frank Power at last.

NOTABLE MAN HUNTS

HOW CRIMINALS HAVE BEEN CHASED TO THE ENDS OF EARTH.

Benson, Who Posed as Mme. Patti's Agent, Charged Justice by Death. Relentless Enemies of the Police in Tracking Counterfeiters.

There have been many long pursuits of criminals, great in the distance traveled, the obstacles overcome and the persistence of the pursuing officers, but that of Sergeant Wood of the Natal (South Africa) police is doubtless a record breaker. The man sought by Sergeant Wood was charged with embezzling large sums of money at Pietermaritzburg. He got away from South Africa and went to New York. Although the detective had information as to where his quarry was hiding, yet he had first to visit London to obtain the necessary extradition papers. Then he hurried to America and with the assistance of the United States police ran down his man. By the time he had reached Maryland he had been traveling hard for nearly three months and had covered nearly 21,000 miles. One of the sternest cases of recent years was after Loys Darrell, formerly sergeant in the Seventh United States cavalry. Darrell enlisted at the beginning of the Spanish-American war and distinguished himself at Cuba. There he fell in love with a pretty Spanish girl and beguiled himself in buying jewelry for his sweetheart. To obtain ready money he robbed and murdered a companion in arms named Crouch. He then fled.

ONE COWSKIN.

An Instance of German Military Thrift and Red Tapestum.

An instance of military thrift and of a red tape system which is not peculiar to Germany comes from the Prussian war office. In 1896 the guards were breakfasting hurriedly. They had on the previous day fought the battle of Soor and had accomplished altogether a nine days' march. This was not the era of canned meats, and to each regiment had been allotted a certain number of cattle which had been killed, skinned and cooked. But while the men were still eating scouts came in with the news that the Austrians were near at hand. The men got into marching order and in a few minutes were in rapid advance toward the enemy. The Grenadier guards, conspicuous always for their dispatch, hurried to such purpose that they failed to secure the skin of a cow which had been made over to them for rations.

COSTLY ACCIDENTS.

A Lost Tin Mine and a Lead Mine's Bottomless Pit.

Immense plans which seemed about to be completed, but have been brought to disastrous failure at the last moment, are frequent enough in the history of industry. London, the answers tells the story of a tin mine in England which might have yielded a fortune but for a storm. With the finding of a new vein of ore running out toward the sea a new level was driven out below the water; then it was found that the lode bent upward too near the sea bottom for mining to be safely carried on. Undaunted, the owner borrowed money, built a sea wall to cut off the water, erected pumps and again set to work. On the sixth day just as an enormous mass of rich ore was being tapped a gale came up, a ship was blown upon the wall, which went to pieces at once, and the sea drove the heavy stones in upon the thin roof of the mine. In a moment the workings were hopelessly flooded, and the owner was a ruined man.

A Japanese Hero.

I recall to mind a story of an officer in the Japanese emperor's army which was besieging a fortress. Its number was small and a relieving army was coming up. It was of immense moment that they should know how long the fortress could hold out. If it must capitulate for want of supplies within a week they could stay and win the campaign for the emperor. A young Japanese nobleman volunteered to go into the fortress and ascertain how long it could hold out. He disguised himself, and in passing learned that it had food and water for only two days more. As he was going out with this precious information he was detected, and the enemy said to him, "We are going to crucify you, but we will let you off on one condition—that you go to the wall and tell your people that we have supplies for a week."

Yawns of Wrath.

The singular habit of signifying anger by yawning is confined to the monkey tribe and is most marked in the baboon family, though the Gibraltar ape also indulge in it. It is probable that the gesture is originally intended to frighten an adversary by a display of teeth, just as a dog does, and that the constant involuntary opening of the mouth produces an involuntary yawn. In fact, if a human being yawns on opening his mouth in this way a yawn will result. If two strange baboons are put together in the same cage, they immediately confront each other and commence yawning, and if vexed or insulted by visitors they will do the same thing.

Out of One Clay.

Many years ago before the days of railroads a nobleman and his wife, with their infant, were traveling across Salisbury plain. As the story is told in Mr. A. P. Russell's "Characteristics," they were overtaken by a severe storm and took refuge in a lone shepherd's hut. The child had taken cold before they could find shelter and the nurse began at once to undress it by the warm cottage fire. As she pulled off one rich silken garment after another the shepherd and his wife looked on in awed silence.

Fat Crystals.

If small quantities of butter, lard and beef are separately boiled and slowly cooled for, say, twenty-four hours, the resulting crystals will show very marked differences under the microscope. The normal butter crystal is large and globular. It polarizes brilliantly and shows a well marked St. Andrew's cross. That of lard shows a stellar form, while that of beef fat has a foliated appearance. In course of time, as the butter loses its freshness, the globular crystal degenerates and gradually merges into peculiar rosette-like forms.

Why We Shake Hands.

To shake hands with a person is rightly regarded as a token of amity, but very few know how this custom arose. According to a French ethnologist, whenever two men met in former times they were accustomed to hold up their right hands in front of them as a sign that they had no intention of attacking each other. This mark of confidence, however, did not prove sufficient in all cases, for a man may hold up his right hand and yet, if he keeps it closed, may have a weapon concealed in it, and therefore it became the custom for the two right hands to grasp each other, as only thus could full assurance be given that no weapon was concealed in either of them. Formerly, therefore, this gesture, now the token of loyalty and friendship, was one of reciprocal distrust.—New York Herald.

An Old Verb.

To laze is an old verb. In Samuel Rowlands' "Martin Markall" 1610, we are told that "lozeters laze in the streets, lurk in alehouses and range in the highways." The word occurs, I believe, in some of Mortimer Collins' lyrics: "But Cupid lazeeth amongst the fairer ladies, Whose clear complexion he oft seareth."

A Story of Mark Twain.

When Mark Twain was beginning his career as a humorous lecturer, he one day arranged with a woman acquaintance that she should sit in a box and start the applause when he should stroke his mustache. The lecturer started off so well that he did not need any such help, however, for he caught the audience from the first. By and by, when not saying anything worthy of particular notice, he happened to pull his mustache, and his anxious ally in the box at once broke into furious applause. Mark was all but broken up by the misadventure, and ever afterward carefully avoided employing such help to success.

Know Where He Got It.

If the best you can say about your neighbor is in reply to the question, "Did you know where he got it?" said about you, don't say it.—Baltimore News.

Two Hospitals Said Diabetes.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

People either cured or recovering from the above diseases are in every ward in this city. Mrs. C. C. Mathewson, proprietor of the Clifton Hotel, 502 Powell street, is one of them, and makes this statement: 502 Powell St., San Francisco, Nov. 11, 1901. For two years I suffered greatly from diabetes. Finally I had to go to one of the hospitals in this city, and I was cured. Three physicians there confirmed my case as diabetes, and put me under treatment and strict diet. Getting no relief, I went home. I got steadily worse and went to another well-known city hospital. The physicians there also said diabetes and stated that they could prolong my life, but that I could never be well. I left the hospital after a few months completely broken down, the percentage of sugar being 11 per cent. It was at this juncture I read of the Fulton Compound and sent for it. The second and third weeks I began to feel better, and finally, and I found that the awful thirst I had suffered with for over two years had left me. I am now an entirely different person, though still taking it to insure permanency. I have recommended it to a number of getting favorable results, one was a woman friend who lives in Berkeley, California, who had Bright's Disease and is now perfectly restored. I dislike publicity, but feel that this thing ought to be known. C. C. MATHEWSON.

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Why He Wasn't Impressed.

The following story is told of a garulous victim of the Johnstown flood of 1889, who when he reached paradise ascended a cloud that served within the nearby gates as a rostrum and undertook to thrill his new made acquaintances among the shades with an account of the disaster through which he had passed. He was interrupted by a gray bearded old man in the group. "A mere bucketful—a mere bucketful!" the old fellow piped. "Don't waste so much time talking of a small affair like that!"

Why He Wasn't Impressed.

The Johnstown man resented this and hunted up St. Peter, of whom he asked, "Who is that old codger who seems to think our flood such a trifling matter?" "That?" said St. Peter. "Why, that's Noah!"

A Church in Wales.

Wrexham parish church is known as one of the seven wonders of Wales. It dates as a structure from the fifteenth century and is cathedral-like in its proportions. A "chained" Bible, now kept under lock and key, is among the curiosities, and beside it is a handsome bound "visions" book, sent by the students of Yale university, United States, for the use of Yale students visiting the church. In the churchyard is the tombstone of Eilhu Yale, with its quaint epitaph. The soldiers' chapel, which is entered through an exquisite arch, has a beautiful memorial window to the Welsh fusiliers who have fallen in battle.

Won't Stay Retained.

This notice appears on a Flushing steambath: "Passengers should obtain a receipt for all provisions taken on board this boat and are requested to retain the same."

Retained.

Higgins—How is it you are always illing about? I never see you when you have anything to do. Wiggins—The fact is, it takes so much of my time looking after other folks' business I have none left for looking after my own. Don't you find something like the same trouble yourself?—Boston Transcript.

Poor Closets.

"And, you see, there are plenty of closets," said the flat owner, showing a lady through the apartments. "Do you call those closets?" replied the lady. "Why, gracious me, they're not big enough to even keep our family skeleton in!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Remember the Kindnesses.

"He says his proudest boast is that he never forgets a kindness." "That's right. He never does forget one that he does you, and he won't let you forget it either."—Philadelphia Press.

Proof Positive.

"Looney is no judge of human nature at all." "Why do you say that?" "He has such sublime faith in himself."—Indianapolis News.

His Fading.

"He always has an excuse ready." "Yes; he believes more in good excuses than in avoiding the necessity for any excuse."—Brooklyn Life.

All Affection is the attempt of poverty to appear rich.

A stern Chase. The Youth—Yes, I'm in business for myself, but I don't seem to be able to meet with any success. The Sage—Nobody ever meets with business, young man. He must overtake it.—Philadelphia Press.

Two Cheers For a Quarter.

Hoax—What do you mean by giving me a cigar like this? What did you pay for it? Joax—Two for a quarter. Hoax—I'll bet you kept the twenty-cent one.—Philadelphia Record.

A Madddening Legacy.

A young man at St. Mendie was driven mad by a legacy of 1,000. From the moment the money came into his possession he was oppressed by the fear of losing it and always carried it about with him. He finally made a bonfire of it in the form of notes and then attempted to blow out his brains. —London Chronicle.

A Guess.

"Say, pop," inquired Willie, "why do we call women the opposite sex?" "I guess," replied the old man thoughtfully, "it's because they're contrary."—Philadelphia Record.