

# THE PARVARTED BACHELOR

By SELMAS MACMANN

CORNEY HIGARTY, the penniless, was an inveterate old bachelor—or, still worse, a misogynist—himself and had many sarcastic things to say at the women's expense. When the neighbors gathered around the fire in his little cabin on winter nights and Toinala Gallagher led off a general assault upon old bachelors, Corney's biting wit flowed freely in return; but when his assaults by dint of their numbers and persistence drove him back from cover to cover Corney eventually fell back upon his grand and massalable position and made an effective stand upon his story of "The Parvarted Bachelor."

In them days, or thereabouts, when me gran'father's great-gran'father was a youngster, there was a chap lived in the neighborhood of Dublin named Rody, that the neighbors called Rody the Bachelor, because, like myself, he had small grudge for the women, an' people thought he'd no more marry than he would give his head for a foot ball.

Rody was warm an' well to do, with a snug farm an' a thrig horse, milk cows an' dairy cattle galore. He was as happy as a hedge sparrow to all seemin' content, an' what more does a man need? Them that takes a woman takes trouble, an' them that marries makes worry for themselves. Ye often hear say yourselves, "No cow, no care," an' I say, "No woman, no woe." If I got the best woman in the world, she couldn't like me better nor I like myself. So, all things considered, it seems to me that it's I am the wisest man in the world to let ye to keep myself happy when I feel myself so. An' that was time an' again the burden iv Rody the Bachelor's song.

But, sirs, wond'ers 'll never cease. There was a slip iv a black eyed gisach (girl), van iv the neighbors' daughters, come to milk the cows mornin' an' evenin' for Rody van time his hand tuk bad with the whittle an' he couldn't milk himself. An' Una—she called herself crulle na-mo' ("The Purty Girl Milkin' the Cow") to keep the cow quiet while she milked her, an' Rody would be standin' by the cow's head scratchin' Branny's neck to keep her quiet likewise. But be the time Rody's hand was better iv the whittle he persuaded Una to continue comin' to milk because that the cows milked better, he found, to a woman, an' Una, without much persuasion, consented. An' the neighbors they all said, "Aye, aye!" when they heard this. So for the length iv a long summer Una she milked away an' sung away, while Rody the Bachelor was gettin' more silent an' thoughtful an' less light hearted day by day till at length it was plain to be seen at the hill iv Bin-ban that an cullin' dhea crulle na-mo' was slung away the whittle an' iv him. So it didn't by no means come like a thunderclap when the news went round that Rody had discovered his cows wouldn't give the milk till any woman so, an' that he decided he'd have to marry her so he'd have her to milk always.

An' married they wor, too, an' had a mortal great weddin' entirely, at which poor Rody had to stand his own share in scencia about his suddint change, him that was so sore again' all womenkind. An' in right good part Rody tuk it all. He sayed there never was no rule since the worl' began that hadn't an exception, an' his Una was a most the only wan exception to the doctrine he used to lay down.

Father Pat was wan iv them that used to have the greatest passages with Rody about not marryin', an' he was now helpin', as hard as he could, the neighbors to salt him for his suddint change.

"An' is it yer belief," says Father Pat, "that Una 'll go as far as ye need to think a woman should afford she'd be worth takin'; that she likes an' will like ye better nor ye do yourself?" "My Una," says Rody, "sartinly goes that far. That's why I tuk her."

"Whew-ew-ew!" says Father Pat, that way.

"Father Pat," he'd say, "I hope ye're givin' my gray mare all the attention ye should." "Och, niver mind, niver mind, Rody," Father Pat 'ud say; "the year isn't up yet. It's yer self had better take good care iv my spotted bed spring. Mind, I'm warnin' ye." But, ach, Rody would break his hearty laugh in at the foolishness iv the priest.

Well, the two-month seemed long passin' to Rody till he'd humiliate Father Pat. But the longest iv times 'll pass some time, an' the longest iv stories 'll some time have an end. An' Rody's year, too, wore round at last till it come to the last day iv it, an' on that very evenin' Rody met Father Pat at a neighbor's funeral.

"Well," says Rody, "Ye're the throwin' in man catchin' at a very thin shraw."

"What time will I be sendin' a garson over for the mare the mornin'?" says Roda.

"Aha," says the priest, "I see it's always 'too sure, too loose,' with you, Rody. It isn't 12 o'clock the mornin' yet."

"God look to yer wit, yer reverence!" says Rody. "Ye're the throwin' in man catchin' at a very thin shraw."

"Rody McGinn," says Father Pat, "there was a gentleman kill another man in anger some days ago—kilt him dead. An' that gentleman is now under sentence iv death—to be hung out-side Dublin jail the mornin' mornin' at brek'wast time."

"Well," says the priest, "this is a great gentleman entirely, an' he has advertised all over the country that he will give £500 to any man that 'll act as substitute for him an' get hung in his place."

"Well," says Rody, "Ye're now goin' to put Una to the final test whether or not she likes ye better nor ye like herself. Ye're to propose to get hung in this gentleman's place so as to get the £500 for Una—an' then we'll see what we'll see."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Rody. "Ye poor, foolish Father Pat, ye! No, nor if it was fifty times £500 she would get be it. Una wouldn't listen for wan minute to such a proposal."

"Niver mind, niver mind," says Father Pat, "sirs, smilin' such a confident smile as angered Rody out an' said, "Niver mind," says he. "Ye do an' ye're bid—an' we'll see what we'll see."

"I'll make the proposal," says Rody, "an' yer reverence 'll be responsible if Una faints or dies iv heart disease."

"I'll be responsible," says Father Pat, "if she faints or dies iv heart disease, an' I'll put over her a monument higher nor the church steeple, an' I'll inscribe it, 'Here lies the strangest woman ever lived—a woman who loved her man better nor he loved himself.'"

"That night as Rody an' Una sat across the fire after their supper, Rody smokin' an' Una sewin' a patch on an' coat iv his, Rody says:

"Una, there's a gentleman to be hung the mornin' mornin' for killin' another."

"Poor devil!" says Una. "May the Lord have mercy on 'im!"

"An' he's advertised that he'll give £500 to any man that offers himself to get hung in his stead," says Rody.

"Lord, look to his wit, the poor man-dan," Una says. "Doesn't he know in

When Rody got back, she had a fine supper for him. "An' ye must go to yer bed as soon as ye sit it," Rody says, "so that ye'll be fit to rise in good time. It 'ud be a downy poor thing entirely if I was to lose £500 by yer sleedin' a few minutes longer nor ye should in the mornin'."

"I have been thinkin'," says Rody, "as I come back, thinkin' that, after all, I'm afeerd I can't get hung the mornin'."

"For why, Rody McGinn?" says Una, amazed.

"Just," says Rody, "because I haven't such a thing as a linen shirt, an' I wouldn't take all the land ye could see from the top iv Carnarvon an' go before the audience 'll be gatherin' d there from far an' near an' get hung in an' out' woolsen shirt like this. None iv me family ever got hung in a woolsen shirt, an' it'll not be upcast to me that I was the first to disgrace me family."

Una waited to say niver a word, only threw the shawl about her head an' ran out. She was back in short time an' threw a fine white linen shirt upon the table. "Rody," says she, "niver fear me. I'll not see ye bait."

"For the love iv heaven," says she, "Una, where did ye git that?"

"On the priest's hedge," says she. "It's a case of necessity, an' the devil a sin it is, even if he is the priest, Rody," says she. "Trust me to see ye through this business with credit."

Poor Rody shook his head sadly, but another bright thought struck him. "I'm a rememberin' now," says he, "I owe twelve an' sixpence to Tom Hogan, an' I couldn't go out iv the warr' with that on me now!"

"Borrow it off van iv the neighbors an' pay him," says Una.

"Peuts, woman," says Rody, "ye might as well climb an apple tree to gather waltzners. The neighbors hasn't a penny."

"Wait a bit," says Una, an' out she dashed again with the shawl on her shoulders an' was back in small time, an' from under her shawl when she came back she produced a box an' tumbled its contents, which were copper, out on the table an' counted it.

"The Lord's good will us, Rody," says she, "there's 13 shillin' an' 3 ha'pence in it."

Poor Rody picked up the empty box, which she had cast into the fire, an' looked at it. It was the poor box from the altar shop.

Poor Rody shook his head again an' went off to bed.

But he said to himself, "Una 'll repent yet when she thinks iv herself. An' if he went to bed at all it's little he'd get alive to sleep in the mornin', for afore the screech iv day me brave Una was dinnin' till his ear that it was time to get up or he'd be late an' throw her out iv her £500."

"Una," says he when he got up an' dressed himself an' sat down, "Una, I've been thinkin'."

"What have ye been thinkin' now?" says she.

"I have been thinkin'," says he, "that if I'd only not be in too big haste an' not mind gettin' hung this time maybe there'd be another gentleman hung afore long who'd offer £1,000 for a substitute."

## NEW SHORT STORIES

### "KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT"

A Man of Strong Convictions. Captain Wheeler of the British army relates a story of that class of soldier commonly called the "company lawyer," the man who is never quite sure whether he is being punished according to regulations. One of these men, he says, went into musketry camp and on Saturday evening informed the color sergeant that he could not be made to attend the church service—which in musketry camp is conducted by the senior officer present—because he was a Wesleyan. He fully counted on spending the morning in slumber, but he had met his match in the captain. The camp was about thirteen miles from cantonments, so the "company lawyer" was marched in under a star-walk corporal to the Wesleyan place of worship and marched out again the same evening, the rest of the company receiving him with ironical cheers. The next Sunday he wanted to attend church service. "Oh, no," said the captain; "your convictions were so strong last week that they must be respected." And again the "company lawyer" had to trudge to and from the chapel.

### The Wood Chopper.

The late Speaker Thomas B. Reed sometimes told a story about a farmer who lived in Palmyra, Me. Next the highway in one of his cultivated fields grew an enormous rock maple tree. One winter day he decided to cut down that tree. As he was very deaf and also desired to hide his misfortune, he fell to considering what passersby would say to him, finally making up a set of questions and answers for the emergency. The traveler was to begin the conversation, which was to run like this:

"So you're cutting the old tree down at last?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Sell it for cord wood."

"How much do you expect to get for it?"

"Six dollars."

"Isn't that a pretty good price? It's more than I would give for it."

"Well, maybe you won't, but somebody else will."

He had got well at the job when along came a stranger with a stylish

leight and a spirited horse. Pulling up opposite the chopper, he sent a question across the ditch and fence which resulted in the following interchange of words:

"Good morning, my friend. Can you tell me the way to North Yarmouth?"

"Yes," Chop, chop!

"Well, that's good. What is it, please?"

"Sell it for cord wood. Chop, chop! I'm afraid he didn't catch my question." (Loudly) "Will you tell me the way to North Yarmouth?"

"Six dollars." Chop, chop!

"Say, you impudent cur, if I had a chance to hitch my horse I would get out of this sleigh and thrash you with an inch of your life!"

"Well, maybe you won't, but somebody else will." Chop, chop!—New York Times.

Widely Read. A few months ago a New York man visited the Palace Vendramin Calergi in Venice. The library, with thousands of volumes, extends the full width of the palace and represents an imposing artistic literary spectacle. The tiers of Italian and Latin volumes particularly impressed the visitor. As he scanned the shelves his eyes rested on a volume beautifully bound in red. The title was "Life on the Mississippi," by Mark Twain. As the book appeared to be the only one in the entire library printed in English the visitor upon his return took occasion to write to the publisher calling his attention to this fact. Mark Twain's characteristic reply reads as follows: "I thank you very much. That book is even more flatteringly isolated than was one a student struck about a year ago from the far west. He said, 'In a 400 mile horseback ride through the cattle domain I found but a solitary two books among the cowboys—'Innocents Abroad' and the Bible.' And he added, 'The Bible was in good condition.'"

The Language of the Tart. "Couldn't you get your money down on that race?"

"No."

"I pronounced the name of the horse correctly and the bookmaker couldn't understand me."—Washington Star.

Pretty Decent Husband. "But you say marriage to young Highroller turned out better than was expected?"

"Much better. He hadn't spent more than half her money when they separated."—Brooklyn Life.

The Artist's Aim. "Friend—But—er—what's the idea of the work? I don't quite grasp it."

"The idea is to sell it."—Chicago News.

## THE CAR SICK HORSE

### HOW A RAILROAD JOURNEY AFFECTED A HIGH BRED HACKNEY.

Bonfire's Trip to the Horse Show and Why It Ended So Disastrously—Terrifying Ride in a Wheeled Box After a Hothouse Training.

The story of what happened to a high bred hackney when he was sent by rail to the Madison Square Garden horse show is told by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." Bonfire was the hackney's name, but he did not look at all fiery at the moment. The author says of him:

In his stomach was a queer feeling which he did not at all understand. In his head was a dizziness which made him wish that the stall would move about so. Streaks of pain shot along his backbone and slid down his legs. Hot and cold flashes swept over his body, for Bonfire had a bad case of car sickness—a malady differing from seasickness largely in name only—also a well developed cold complicated by nervous indigestion.

Tuned to the key, he had led him into the box on wheels, and the trouble had begun. Men shouted; bells clanged; whistles shrieked. Bonfire felt the box start with a jerk and, thumping, rumbling, jolting, swaying, move somewhere off into the night.

In an agony of apprehension—neck stretched, eyes staring, ears pointed, nostrils quivering, legs stiffened—Bonfire waited for the end. But of end there seemed to be none. Shock after shock Bonfire withstood and still found himself waiting. What it all meant he could not guess. There were the other horses that had been taken with him into the box, some placidly munching hay, others looking curiously about. There were the familiar grooms who talked soothingly in his ear and patted his neck in vain. The terror of the thing, this being whirled noisily away in a box, had struck deep into Bonfire's brain, and he could not get it out. So he stood for many hours, neither eating nor sleeping, listening to the noises, feeling the motion and trembling as one with agony.

Of course it was absurd for Bonfire to go to pieces in that fashion. You can ship a Missouri Moccie around the world, and he will flourish almost as sound as he started. But Bonfire had blood and breeding and a pedigree which went back to Lady Alice of Burn Brae, Westshire.

His cold had been a sort of hothouse existence, for Lochryne, you know, is the toy of a Pennsylvania coal baron who breeds hackneys not for profit, but for the joy there is in it, just as other men grow orchids and build cup defenders. At the Lochryne stables they turn on the steam heat in November. On rainy days you are exercised in a glass roofed tan bark ring, and hour after hour you are handled over deep straw to improve your action. You breathe outdoor air only in high fenced grass paddocks, around which you are driven in surcingle rig by a cockney groom imported with the pligkin saddles and British condition powders. From the day your name is written in the studbook until you leave you have balanced feed, all wool blankets, fly nettings and coddling that never ceases. Yet this is the method that rounds you into perfect hackney form.

All this had been done for Bonfire such a greeting, even though her artistic sense condemned it.—McClure's.

Animals Are Sensitive. "The fact that a horse is sensitive to ridicule," said a student of the biological department of the University of Pennsylvania, "may easily be demonstrated. Take, for instance, the case of a horse that is entering out of a noselock. If you stand in front of such a horse, he will stop, with a look of embarrassment and shame, and he will not resume his meal until you are gone away."

Dogs also object to being laughed at. Make fun of them and they will cease whatever they are doing. It is only when they are in a fight that they will remain in the fight, the shafts of mockery.—Philadelphia Post.

The Human Body. A pupil in a village school who had been requested to write an essay on the human body handed in the following: "The human body consists of the head, thorax, abdomen and legs. The head contains the brain and the ears are any. The thorax contains the heart and lungs; also the liver and lights. The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five—a, e, i, o, u and sometimes w and y. The legs extend from the abdomen to the middle and have hinges at the top and middle to enable a fellow to sit when standing or to stand when sitting."

Will Power and the Thumb. Would be hypnotizers should avoid trying conclusions with persons possessing longer jointed thumbs than their own, for if there is any truth in palmistry the strength of one's will depends upon the formation of the thumb—the will power of its owner being great or little according to the length or want of length of its upper joint.

A Hero's Tribute. Lincoln said of Washington: "Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible; let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name and in naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on."

His New Horse. "Seen Ezy's new horse?" asked one citizen of another. "I have," was the reply. "Well, what does it look like?" asked the questioner impatiently. "Well, he looks," said the other man slowly, "as if Ezy had taken him for an old debt."—Boston Christian Register.

Adam and Eve. Adam and Eve got along very well until the lady took advice outside of her own yard. Adam, of course, was henpecked or he would have slain the snake very promptly.—Schoolmaster.

## BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

Importers and Dealers in BOOK, NEWS, WRITING, WRAPPING PAPERS, CARD STOCK

...Straw and Binders' Board... 52-57-59-61 First Street

Tel. Main 190. 22 SAN FRANCISCO.

## WHO KNOWS

When His Kidney Trouble Has Fastened and Reached the Chronic Stage? If It Has It Is Incurable by Anything Known Except the Fulton Compounds. We Are The Sole Agents.

As an evidence of the unusual character of the Fulton Compounds that company does not publish or invite testimonials except those reporting recoveries in kidney diseases that have reached the chronic stage, alleged to be incurable. Here is another recovery in a case incurable till the advent of the Fulton Compounds, reported by John A. Johnson, the agent of the Fulton Compounds in Los Gatos:

W. H. Friday, a resident of Los Gatos, having chronic kidney disease (Bright's Disease), had, like everybody else, found all treatment futile. He commenced on Fulton's Renal Compound in February, 1902, and on December 15th of the same year reported the total disappearance of the disease. He writes that he has gained fifteen pounds in weight and is again able to do a good hard day's work. John A. Johnson, the Los Gatos druggist, confirms this recovery and knows of several other recoveries in similar cases of chronic kidney disease in Los Gatos, all of which were incurable by anything else known to druggists. The Fulton Compound, the leading druggist of Santa Cruz, H. H. Maynard, the Pasadena druggist, the Ferry Drug Company of No. 2 Market Street, San Francisco, R. P. Pond, the Berkeley druggist, Dr. Markley, the Cleveland druggist, H. W. Williams, the Sacramento druggist, and scores of other California druggists all report specific recoveries in chronic kidney diseases. The Fulton Compound is incurable by anything known except the Fulton Compound, rheumatism from uric acid, gout and bladder troubles are proofs that the kidneys are not performing their functions. The chronic stage of kidney trouble is Bright's Disease. If you are troubled or miserable, if your kidney trouble hangs on send for Pamphlet. Percentage of recoveries nearly 90 per cent among purely chronic cases. Write for details to John A. Johnson, 510 Broadway, New York City, or to the Los Gatos druggist, John A. Johnson, 510 Broadway, New York City. Free analyses for patients. We are the sole agents for the Fulton Compounds in this city.

Save the Baby. The mortality among babies during the three teething years is something frightful. The census of 1900 shows that about one in every seven succumbs. The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the skull (opening in the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once, the brain matter, the bone material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is weakness, nervousness, irritability, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 100,000. The attention of the vast number outside the big cities that were not reported, and this in the United States alone. When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry out in sleep don't be very serious, so, either medicine nor narcotics. What the little system is crying out for is more bone material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. It is what physicians think of it. 204 Washington St., San Francisco, June 2, 1902.

Gentlemen—I am presenting you with the multitude of baby troubles due to improper dentition. A large percentage of infantile ailments are due to the fact that the baby's teeth are not properly formed. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success in curing them. This diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check their ailments. Several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the country. It is an absolute necessity. L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902. Dear Sir—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was a success. One was a very serious case, so critical that it was brought to me from another town for treatment. My results were learned in three days the baby was healthy and in commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. I would advise you to put it in every drug store in this city. Yours, I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. It renders inactive that which is unnecessary, it is the safest plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth or fifth month. The baby will be well, healthy, without pain, disturbance of sleeping, or any other ailment. Regular diet and—silly talk. Price 25 cents (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Island Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

## THE "TOUCH" ARTISTIC.

A Delicate Job That the Thief Could Not Resist Doing. We have cut society too much on the square. Perpendicular and horizontal lines do not make the only intelligent divisions. The relationship of Raphael with a pickpocket I talked to once is more intimate essentially than it is with some makers of "pictures" and molders of "statuary." The thief had been arrested because, having obtained permission to live in New York, he was caught stealing a watch.

"Why did you do it?" I asked him.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, "I simply couldn't help it. I'm no kleptomaniac. It isn't the stealing I like, but the fun of doing a hard job prettily. The first was like this: I saw a rich, fat man in a crowd, and I noticed that his watch was hung in a new way, hard to break. My fingers itched, not for the watch, but to break it off. I moved up, lifted the watch, walked away with it and then went back and hung the thing on the chain again. This second time something like that. I saw a delicate job, tried it, got the watch and just then the fellow happened to look for the time. He 'holloered,' and a detective near by pinched me. I don't think I'm what you'd call a natural thief, but I like to work with my fingers, and I like the excitement of stealing."—McClure's.

Know All About It. Teacher—What is the meaning of "parvenu?"

Johnny—An upstart.

Teacher—Give a sentence in which the word is used.

Johnny—When a man sits down on a bent pin, he gives a violent parvenu.—Chicago Tribune.

Precisely That. Braggsby—I tell you I'm overworking. I am turning out an awful lot of work just now.

Nocker—That's just exactly the word your employer used in describing your present work.—Baltimore American.

Jealousy. Nell—He isn't very handsome, but his face lights up well.

Belle—Is he so lantern jawed as all that?—Philadelphia Record.

Adam and Eve. Adam and Eve got along very well until the lady took advice outside of her own yard. Adam, of course, was henpecked or he would have slain the snake very promptly.—Schoolmaster.