

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, JUNE 17 1910

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THE KNAVE OF SPADES

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

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Mary O'Rourke was a typical Irish girl—light hair with a tinge of red in it and a complexion like a ripe peach. Mary lived in stirring times, when the people were struggling to be free from what they deemed the tyranny of the British sovereign.

Of one of the students she had heard a great deal, but had never seen him. Dennis Shea was a young rebel taking an active part in the efforts to throw off British supremacy and was rapidly becoming a leader. The government was watching for some overt act on his part that would afford an excuse for his arrest and condemnation for treason. But of this the young patriot knew nothing. A gifted orator, he continued to speak to his countrymen of Ireland's wrongs.

Mary lived in a house with an English family who were very Irish against the Irish patriots. Donald Trevor, the head of the family, was a pious, red-faced, rotund man—indeed, a veritable John Bull, who didn't conceal his opinions. One evening when the mail coach stopped at the town a passenger alighted and asked for the home of Donald Trevor. It was pointed out to him, and with his traveling bag he went to it and knocked. Mary opened the door, and the stranger said that he had been recommended to the home of Donald Trevor. It was pointed out to him, and with his traveling bag he went to it and knocked. Mary opened the door, and the stranger said that he had been recommended to the home of Donald Trevor.

This special treatment of the stranger made Mary curious to know who he was. The best way to learn was to listen when Trevor and he were talking together. This was not very practicable, but Mary kept her ears open when near to the two men and knew they were excitedly talking about measures to hold the Irish in check. Then she caught the name Shea. This induced her to take the chance of being discovered eavesdropping by remaining behind a screen when she was supposed to have left the room. The two men were excitedly discussing the Irish cause, and she heard the stranger say:

"I have in my bag the king's warrant for his arrest. He will be tried at the next assizes, and within a month after that he will be hanged. This was quite enough for Mary. She went to the stranger's room, opened his bag, took out a parchment, unfolded it and saw the name Dennis Shea engrossed in large letters. Tucking it under her apron, she closed the bag and taking the warrant to her own room, touched a match to it and burned it.

There is an Irish people a love for a joke which shows itself in the most serious moments. Being a pack of playing cards on a table, Mary took them up and, placing the knave of spades as the top card, she wrote on it, "I'm diggin' your grave." Then she went back to the stranger's room and placed the cards in the bag where she had found the warrant.

This happened on the morning of the stranger's departure, and he did not open his bag again till he arrived at the place where he had been told to speak that evening in the town square, and shortly before the meeting the king's messenger opened his bag to take out his warrant. In its place was the knave of spades bearing at the words Mary had written before.

Here was a pretty pass. The Britisher was obliged to leave the Irish rebel to talk his "treason" without interference. There was no use to hunt for his missing warrant, for he had no idea where he had lost it, and he did not doubt that some sympathizer with the Irish cause had destroyed it. He must get another warrant. But a journey to England in those days and return was not the simple matter it is today. One must go to the coast over muddy roads by the slow coaches of that period, wait for a vessel to take him across the Irish channel and nearly cross England on a similar coach journey to London. Then he must pass over the same route in return.

There was nothing for the messenger but this long trip, but with true English persistence he started on his quest.

The next day Dennis Shea received a call from a young woman who was a stranger to him. She was Mary O'Rourke.

"What can I do for you?" asked Shea.

"Go into hidin'."

"Explain."

Mary told the story of the stranger who had stopped at the house where she lived and what she had learned about the warrant. She had got this far in her story when Shea broke in: "And you have come to warn me?"

FOR LOVE OF ARCANGELO

By MARY E. BURTIS and KATHERINE ALLEN

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She was roused from her reverie by the arrival of her own scholars. They passed by her to the classroom, a poorly dressed, untidy line of little children. Here and there a last year's scholar greeted her smilingly with a cheerful "Good morning, teacher."

Her first work was the finding out of names. This was no easy matter, for many of the children in the kindergarten were Italian and could speak but few words of English. She was obliged to turn some of her old pupils into interpreters.

In the midst of her work she was interrupted by the entrance of two new scholars, a little girl of six and a boy of four.

Miss Fairley's heart went out to the little boy at once. His beautiful golden brown hair curled all over his well-shaped head. His beautiful brown eyes had such a trusting, happy look in their depths. The plump little body was clothed in a quaint brown linen blouse, long velvet trousers and purple stockings. He clung, half shyly, to his sister's hand.

The little girl was a great contrast; thin, awkward, with homely little face and unkempt, straggling hair. She was dressed in a shapless frock of faded pink. Her stockings were tied up with colored strings.

"This is Arcangelo," she announced, her black eyes gazing in fascination at Miss Fairley's face, with its pretty gray blue eyes, fair complexion and wavy blond hair. "He-four," she continued, nervously twisting the gay bordered handkerchief attached to her waist by a huge safety pin. "He come to school with me. He-my brother. My name Lucie—Lucie Filandina. You will like Arcangelo," with a loving look at the little boy, who smiled back at her. "Everybody like Arcangelo. But you no like me," with pathetic finality. "Nobody like me."

Miss Fairley smiled at the little girl's quaint speech, showed them to seats and continued the morning's work.

But as the days passed Lucie's prophecy came true. Marion Fairley found herself disliking the little girl more and more without really knowing why, while at the same time she adored little Arcangelo. Lucie appeared to be always doing the wrong thing without really meaning to do so and to be always in trouble. Many a recess found her kneeling on the floor beside her chair, her head buried in her hands, because of inattention or forgetfulness of some command.

"Lucie," said her teacher at one of these times in exasperated tones, "what makes you act so naughty? You are by far the worst little girl in my class."

Lucie gazed at her with the pathetic look of a homeless dog. The look made Marion Fairley feel strangely uncomfortable.

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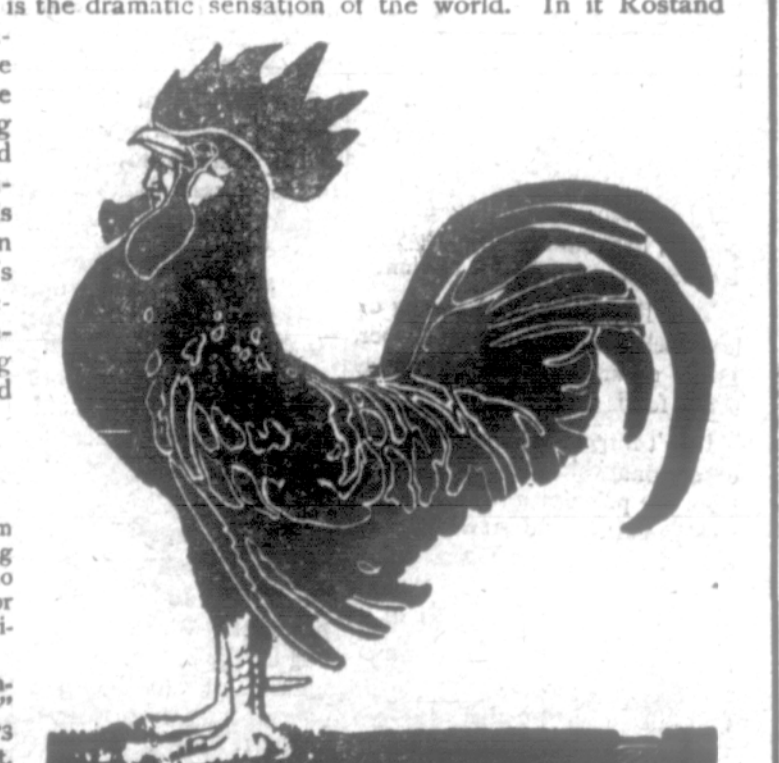
The Only English Translation
Rostand has chosen HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE as the medium through which to present "Chantecler" to the English-reading world. The publication will be in four instalments, one act to each instalment, beginning in the June number. The translator is the same who helped to make "Cyrano de Bergerac" so fascinating to American booklovers.

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