

Biddy Kelley's New Year's Gift

AN ORIGINAL STORY, BY TIM SULLIVAN SHEEHAN

Christmas was past, and like all the neighbors in Draheen, Biddy Kelly was busy with the preparations for New Year. The roof of the little cabin looked snug and warm in its new, brown coat of thatch, and the walls glistened with the whitewash. Inside it was the same. The old cley, the oak dresser the little table, the clay floor, were all scrubbed and polished till everything in the house satisfied Biddy as being clean and neat as a new pin.

And Biddy in her white knitted cap and jacket, stuck her hands under her equally white apron, and after a few moments survey of her industry, shook her head with satisfaction.

"There!" she said to herself. "Bless my heart, if every single thin' 'sheat lookin' just the same as new. Now, then, all the neighbors can see who have the best housekeep, Darby Kelly or Shann Brady. She thinks because she got dat new silver tapot laant Christmas dat she can laive us all in the 'locks' since. Fwith, we'll see, though. I'm no goin' to laive it go wid her, even if it cost me the laant halpenny in the house." And Biddy again shook her head and treaded the saron a little viciously.

She turned to the fireplace and fanned the cheerful turf fire with the end of her apron, humming agreeably to the fluttering noise of the waving flames. The kettle soon added its sweet tone; and into the boiling water Biddy turned the two fresh eggs, and prepared the toast that was to serve for Darby's breakfast. Darby was re-digging in the garden, a kind of labor that helped his appetite in no small way.

But before his wife had done cooking Barney O'Grady walked in with a "God bless you, Biddy."

"Arrah, God bless ye, kindly, Barney; an' good mornin' to yerself. Iah't it the foine mornin' were gettin'?"

"Faith an' troth an' that's what it is. How is the belt this mornin'?"

"Sorrah the wan as me was ever better, Barney, thanke; an' I've jesh finished shovling for the New Year."

"Bravo! Biddy, bravo! The divil a bit as I'd know the mid-plee this mornin'." The loikes as it went be in Draheen this year. Barney cast a well-learned look of admiration over the shovling work, and performed a strange gastro-nomical action, which served for a self-conscious smile.

"Wisha good luck to you Barney; if 'tisht ye have always the good word, awiencab. But push up t' the fire an' tell us yer news, avouchal!"

"Thankee, Biddy, thanke. But 'pon my soul, I could stand here 'till Tibb's Eve lookin' at yer kitchen; for I tell ye again, Biddy, the loikes as it isn't in Draheen, not even Molly Brady's."

Barney again grinned. He was calculating on putting Biddy into a

different humor. He remarked incidentally:

"Begorra, yes, Biddy; I was in to see Molly as I was comin' up, an' got a good look at the new claret jug she got from Americky."

"You see what, Barney? What in the world are you spakin' about? Tell me, Barney, tell me," she cried in exasperation.

"Why I'm spakin' about the claret jug Molly got from Ned Brophy, the returned Yankee. Is it the way ye didn't hear about it, Biddy, an' the whole country knowin' it," he continued in apparent surprise.

This was too much for Biddy. She could control her temper no longer. She blurted out:

"Wisha, the divil welcome 'im home, an' his claret jug; an' 'tis nothin' better could be expected from him or his fadder before him. Sh! Yankee Brophy, indeed! The Lord 'ave mercy on his grandfather's soul, an' 'tis little claret jug he wanted when my fadder, God be good to him, took 'im out of the poor house, without the stich as an An' now might Ned come loike the ignorant Boston he always was, makin' trouble atween daicent people. Faith I know there was some trouble brewin' laant night, when I saw Farmer Brophy drivin' up the road in a side car, an' he wouldn't as much as talk to me, either. Indeed, no; because Ned the Yankee was comin' home, the could cockstoudy!"

"Tek it aisy, Biddy, tek it aisy. It's no use goin' into his over it, ye know. Indeed no, wan need tell me what the Brophys is, an' Molly Brady for wine an' they wanted to tautalize 'im—that means to brag 'im, ye know. For the funny thin' about it was dat there was all kinds of fruit and wine near 'im, an' every toime he tried to tek 'im they vanished from his reach."

"So some clever 'bouchal', bearin' about it, goes to work, an' meks three decanters, an' locks 'em into a case, so dat no one could get to the wine without a special key to it. Then, because of this, he calls it a tonisus! It's a rail beauty, Biddy; good enough for a king, by jaspers!"

Biddy's joy was complete. She moved about in the little house in ecstasies. She could not overcome the joy of outdoing the one of the claret jug. Barney was highly pleased, that was evident from the grin in

his face. He would soon be chewing, that was plain. And in such glorious circumstances how could Biddy help asking him to "sit a bolle?" Barney did eat too; at first bashful, but he soon took loose, Darby's breakfast disappearing down his throat as fast as the talk of the tonisus allowed it.

When Darby Kelly arrived, tired and hungry from his morning's labors, Barney had done eating, and was drinking Biddy's health for the third time out of her New Year bottle. For by this time he had convinced her of the necessity of obtaining a quantity of brandy, claret and champagne to do justice to the 'tantulus' or 'tonisus', and therefore there was no need for the whisky bottle. To be sure Barney was doing splendidly. From the corner of his eye he marked the discomitted expression of Darby's face, though he pretended not to notice it. He grinned worse than ever when Biddy in the fullness of 'pon her husband.

"A rail tonisus, Darby, achree! The schoolmaster sed so," she exclaimed.

"Tonisus he d—. What about me breakfast? The divil 'un all I care about yer tonisus. Somethin' to tek the hunger out of me stomach achree!"

"Wisha, faith I never saw ye etherwise, Darby, but always crashawling about was thin' or the ether, an' never appreciatin' good news when ye hear it. I laive to ye, Barney, if ye ever heard the likes of 'im."

"Never, Biddy, never. In fact he's outlandish. Darby Kelly, yer out 'imish," philosophically.

"Was plain, poor Darby was up against it, good and hard. He realized it too, as he sat down resignedly to the morsels left over from the last night's supper; though occasionally he glanced ruefully at the whiskey bottle as Barney dispatched glass after glass while regaling Biddy with many ridiculous tales of Zeus and Tantalus and other characters connected with the history of the Tonisus. (Evidently his knowledge of the Ancients—if correct—would put the most famous classic scholars to shame.)"

And there Darby had to sit and listen to it all without a word of objection. He was painfully conscious of the length and breadth of his wife's tongue to cross her in a way of remonstrance; though he could stand

if no longer, he did venture to interpose:

"Umph! This confab 'ill laive ye widout the drop of the bottle the grocery man gav ye for New Year."

"Sorrah the drop, then; for I'm goin' to get a quart sich of brandy and claret and champagne. An' then we'll see who'll have most reason to talk for the New Year."

"Ye will, indeed; get a thin': I dinknow where the money is to come from."

"God is good; The money will come too. 'Twill have to come. An' more'n dat; for I'm goin' to insure Yankee Brophy an' the schoolmaster, an' I'll buy a sponge new set of glasses to be in style with the tonisus."

"Arrah, woman, what in the world ails ye, are ye goin' to drive us out of house an' home? Well ye know the sale of rint 'ill soon be calin' an' we'll a pound in the world to meet it, either."

"Wisha, bad luck to the rint and the landlord, an' 'gether. We've been draggin' an' scrapin' all the days of our life to pay the dirty vagabon', an' now we can't celebrate the New Year widout thinkin' av him. Faith an' troth, then we will, while there's anythin' left to buy it. There is that 'caish' (pig) nearly fat, an'—"

"O' tanan-an-doe! woman, are ye mad? Sell the 'caish' for foolery an' laive nothin' to pay the rint! The divil a sell 'ill I sell 'im, by jaspers!"

"Faith, if ye don't ye needn't, or do nothin' else neither, if it matches ye. This daicent hoy here 'll do it. Won't ye Barney—won't ye tek the caish t' Bangh Fair?"

"Shure, Biddy, shure; if ye wants me," was the quick response.

"I wouldn't doubt ye, Barney. In deed 'tis kind fadder for ye be what ye are; ye couldn't be anythin' else an' be anythin' to Shann O'Grady (God rest his soul)." Then addressing Darby:

"An' now, Misher Kelly, as ye are feelin' so cantankerous this mornin', an' don't know how to stand be yer wife when ye've a call t' r, I'll le puttin' on me Sindy clothes and biddin' ye good mornin'." For be the toime I'm up to Yankee Brophy's for the tonisus, and show it to the schoolmaster, the night 'll be fallin'." This resolutely.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! What in the world 'ill become av us, at a l, at all. The

aligent comin round, an' nothin' to pay 'im! Oohone! oohone!"

In such a miserable frame of mind was Darby, as Biddy proceeded to don her Sunday attire. Barney, grinning and whistling some unknown tune, gauged Darby's temper, and wisely decided on making his departure. He wanted to go before Biddy—he had nothing to fear while she was present—for the glances with which Darby awarded him were in no way indicative of his better health. So with many pledges to come and drink from the tantulus he absconded.

On her way to Brophy's Biddy called to see Peggy Murphy. Peggy was delighted to hear about the 'tonisus', and their mutual joy was confirmed by a succession of kisses and toasts, Peggy wishing her many happy New Years and "long life and joy to use it." At Norah Manigan's Biddy was disappointed. Norah had already gone to Brophy's; Barney had sent her after her "dash cape," or some thing like that. It was the same with a few more of the cronies. So deciding on telling the news to all the neighbors on the morrow she shunned Molly Brady's, and headed directly for Brophy's.

Sure enough, Ned the Yankee was there—"a rail Yankee, too." He was standing outside the door, a neat business-like person, smooth shaven and wearing heavy hair. He saluted Biddy, politely.

"Wisha, good mornin', an' good luck, Misher Brophy, an' welcome home to the cold land, and the cold place," she replied somewhat bashfully.

"Thanks, Mrs. Kelly, Gness ye've come after yer New Year's Gift, eh?"

"Well I don't deny dat, misher Brophy," modestly. "At the same toime I wish ye'd come down an' tek a drink out of the tonisus."

"The what?"

"The tonisus, sur. Barney O'Grady told me twas a rail tonisus you bro't me."

Yankee Brophy smiled.

"By jimmes, if that fellow an't a stickler! Indeed, Mrs. Kelley, I'm sorry you are disappointed, as I've no such gift for you. Though if that snegrae hadn't sent so many more up here I might be able to please you or somebody. But if I was old John D. himself I couldn't satisfy that gang yer bear doing all that bolliering in there. Come in, and see yer friends."

"Wisha! may the divil an' his grandmother go in your road, Barney O'Grady, you—"

But the angry voices of a dozen disappointed women shrieked through the open door, and heaped the hardest of luck on the head of the hapless Barney O'Grady.

Klamath Lakes are frozen over and skating and fishing through the ice are diversions of the people of that town.

Work of Improvement of Oregon V. L. Co. Rapidly Progressing

Work on the irrigation projects of the Oregon Valley Land Co. is progressing nicely. Chief Engineer Rice seems to have his work well in hand and is prosecuting the work without making any unnecessary noise about it. In fact we doubt if the people of Lakeview realize the amount of work that has already been accomplished.

C. M. Aulaker is in charge of the work of running out section lines in the valley and about three fourths of this work is now completed.

Good substantial, comfortable camps have been built at both Cottonwood and Drews reservoir sites and a temporary camp established near the mouth of Drews canyon. The immediate supervision of these camps has been placed in the charge of M. D. Williams.

A transit party in charge of H. M. Frame and a level party in charge of A. D. Ryan have been engaged in the location of the main canal lines. A topography party is in charge of S. A. Muehen. C. W. Watson is the hydrographer, who has charge of water measurements, rainfall, data, etc. R. H. Rogers is the draughtsman in the Chief Engineer's office in Lakeview.

C. C. Gott is Foreman at Cottonwood camp and is engaged in digging test pits and preliminary work at the dam site. J. E. McCool is Foreman at Drews camp and is building roads and doing preliminary work at the dam site. R. T. Striplin is Foreman of a force of men building a road up Drews canyon to the reservoir site.

All the material is now on the ground and work started on the construction of about thirty miles of telephone line connecting the Chief Engineer's office in Lakeview with both reservoir camps. Intermediate booths will be established along the line so that the main office in town will be in quick communication with every part of the work in the valley.

An up-to-date saw mill plant has been ordered and will be located near Cottonwood reservoir which will be placed in charge of E. E. Rhinehart and contracts for logging will be let in a few days. It is expected that the mill will be in operation by the first of April.

feet and will cover about 4000 acres of land.

It is the intention of the company to not only furnish water for their own lands but to all other land in the valley and are designing their structures with that end in view.

The result of the labors of this company will be more and more apparent as the years roll by, and prosperous homes dot the present sage brush plains. They are engaged in a magnificent work that should have the plaudits of everyone.

LAKE ABERT IS A GOOD COUNTRY

H. A. Utley, who has a homestead in the Lake Abert section is down for the holidays. He is very enthusiastic over the prospects up there, and says a number of new settlers have recently taken up government land in his vicinity.

He says the altitude is probably 5000 feet lower than at Lakeview, and in consequence it is much warmer. The old established ranches there and in Crooked Creek, raise all sorts of fruit. He never saw finer cherries than were grown there this year on Mr. Chandler's ranch. Mr. Colvin also raises the finest of fruits, and also produces all sorts of vegetables without irrigation.

Mr. Utley is digging a well and gets plenty of good water. There also is plenty of water for irrigation if needed and one desires to go to the expense of getting it on the land.

Surprises All Visitors

The Examiner office is a most surprising institution to all new arrivals. No one expected to see such a plant way up here miles from any where, with a typesetting machine, big presses, with a counter and a machine for folding the papers, paper cutter, and the machinery run by water power, but it is all here and more coming to keep this paper at the head of the procession in Eastern and Southern Oregon and Northeastern California. A subscriber from Grand Forks, N.D. says: "we are coming with 70 families in the spring, and we want you to change your weekly to a daily, as a weekly is too slow for us"—which may be done, good friend, "when the flowers bloom in the spring, tra la!"

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THE N. C. O. RAILROAD WILL ENTER LAKEVIEW Southern Pacific Threat of Diverting Traffic Said to Be Cause of Extension

Reno Journal, 23.—The narrow gauge line of the Nevada, California and Oregon road will be extended to Lakeview in the near future. The region city, being the projected terminus of the road, will have a road from Reno just as soon as the country can be surveyed. Traffic Manager J. M. Crawley yesterday told The Journal that surveying will be commenced early.

"We are now at Alturas, 184 miles north of Reno," Mr. Crawley said, "and we will no doubt extend the line at the earliest opportunity beyond there in the direction of Goose Lake valley and thence, at some future time, to Lakeview, and I hope even beyond that point. The country is well suited to the needs of the settler and many families are now passing through Reno on their way north."

The N. C. O. officials, it is said, have given the citizens of Lakeview assurance that no cash or bonus of any sort will be asked, but that a small plot of ground for a station site will be acceptable. It is claimed by certain local railroad men that the Southern Pacific will divert the Lake county trade from its old channel by way of Reno, unless the N. C. O. does build into Lakeview, and establish better rates. It is a fact that an announcement has just been made

that after January 15 the S. P. will sell tickets through to Bonanza, Ely and Lakeview, and it is possible that Klamath Falls will be made the distributing center for all of Lake county.

It is to meet these conditions, as well as to catch the colonist traffic some claim, that the N. C. O. will extend the line from Reno to Lakeview, and that as soon as possible.

WE'VE GOT BEANVILLE BUFFALOED

E. W. Walters, of Boston, Mass., strayed away out here to see if he could find a better place than Beauville, and he found it right here in Lakeview—not so many lobsters, but better climate and a place where beans thrive as well as in Boston and where onions grow as well as in the Connecticut valley; and where the peach, plum, apricot and apple thrive "side by side" as our German friends would put it! What more can a man want?

Bert Floyd, of Plush, was in town last Thursday

Will Use Electricity to Pump for Irrigation

A thousand small farmers in Plumas county Cal., south of here, are to irrigate their lands with water pumped by electricity, according to an announcement made by Charles K. Reid, who is one of the managers of the Round Valley Land and Power Company, with offices at Greenville. Contracts for power are already being made by the corporation, and notices are being sent out to all the farmers telling them of the plans.

The power company is establishing its plant west of Greenville, where a fall of 900 feet of water can be used for generating electric power. Reid estimates that it will develop 2000 horse-power. Six of the Northeastern California towns which have hereto-

fore burned petroleum for lighting will install electric lights by the first of the year, when it is proposed to string wires from Greenville as the central point.

The social dance given at Davis Creek Christmas night was well attended considering the short notice in which it was gotten up. The floor was in fine condition and splendid music was furnished by the orchestra composed of Mr. Foley, Mrs. Wm. Kirkpatrick, and Chester Briles. An oyster supper was served at the Dutton Hotel, after which the dancers returned to the ball-room and danced 'till the early morning hours.

Portland Corporation Developing Borax Deposits of County

There is an enterprise now being carried forward in the northern part of the county that means much in the way of rapid development, being the opening of the borax deposits at Alkali lake.

It appears that a Portland corporation has secured these deposits, embracing 6000 acres of land immediately surrounding Alkali lake, and already has started operations. They expect to have things in shape to make regular shipments of borax by the first of June. The cement for laying foundations for the necessary structures is already on the ground, and the machinery is now on the way from San Francisco via Reno, and will be hauled through Lakeview. The product is also to be hauled

through here on its way to the railroad at Alturas.

The deposits are located about 75 miles north of Lakeview. The waters of Alkali lake are very strongly impregnated with borax, and the shore line and ground about the lake are incrustated with a thick layer of the mineral. It is the intention to extract the borax from these deposits first, and later, attention will be paid to the water of the lake.

A peculiar thing in the midst of this vast mineral deposit is a spring of good water, warm, with a slight mineral taste that rushes out of the ground right where the works are located.

The Examiner will endeavor to get more complete information as to this enterprise.

Grows Potatoes by Dry Farming Method

Dry land farming is used on Pleasant Ridge with the best of results, especially in potato raising, says The Dallas Chronicle.

Last week Peter Omeg, a prominent rancher of that neighborhood, brought to The Chronicle office 28 specimens of potatoes of the Burbank variety which weighed 36 pounds. Each tuber was perfect and there was not a twin in the lot. In telling a Chronicle representative how he raised his crop this year, with out rain, he said:

"The great secret in raising potatoes in our neighborhood is in preparing the ground and its care after being planted. When I started to prepare my ground for the potatoes I plowed the land and then used a drag. It was then left about two weeks and then plowed again, the potatoes being dropped in the furrows. After finishing planting, the ground was dragged. When the young plants were about four inches high I used the drag again, this being all the cultivation they received. The crop was raised entirely without irrigation.

Mr. Omeg stated that he thought this was a practical demonstration of what could be done by using the dry farming or dust mulch system. He also stated that his crop of potatoes was raised without any rain—all of the moisture coming from below and held around the roots of the plants by the surface entilvation.

With potatoes at their present price this would seem to be a very nice return from land which has been practically worn out with small grain crops, and doubtless in Mr. Omeg's neighborhood others will profit by his example.

WILL TAKE HOMESTEAD IN NORTH END COUNTY

E. R. Barnes, who came here from Riverside, Calif., a month ago has since put in his time investigating different parts of Northern Lake county, and has concluded he will take up government land as a homestead at the crossing of the north and south and east surveys of the Harrison system. He says there are a number of big fine valleys up there, of the finest of land without a settler in them. While there he saw lots of stock about, all fat and sleek, the country being well grazed, but no human habitation for 20 or more miles. He has sent for a number of friends to come and locate also, being satisfied that the country is all right for grain and fruit raising.