

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Terry Gaffagan's Treasure.

'Going to America!'

Those three words are fraught with meaning to the Irish ear. Not a parish, not a farm, not a cottage, in the 'Green Island,' but has sent one or more souls to seek home and happiness across the broad Atlantic.

The hamlet of Ballycarney looked upon departures to America as matters of little interest, so common had they become. It was only when the great families uprooted themselves from the soil, and prepared to migrate, that the sleepy little district was stirred to anything like emotion.

Such an effect took place when the news went forth that the farmer of Kilamery Glen was about to take his wife and children over the ocean.

Everybody knew the big, honest farmer; and from squire to laborer, everyone regret-

Denny's good clothes and general superiority of behaviour had frequently galled him. Terry Gaffagan felt honestly grieved when he learned of the approaching departure of his rival for the mysteries of the New World, and there were tears in his eyes when he left the Connellan's 'farewell party,' to which he had been bidden only at the earnest request of Denny.

As he sped homeward, through the bristling gorse, he thought of all his adventures in company with young Connellan—of how they had hunted the Castle ghost, snared rabbits, and had taken part in many another boyish exploit.

Then he remembered the presents that neighbors had brought from far and near as tokens of kindness to the departing family. How he wished he could give something by which Denny would remember him in for-

gotten to carry it out. Replacing two of the eggs, he dropped the third into his pocket and slipped out of doors into the moonlight. But he had not trotted far along the track toward Kilamery Glen when his conscience smote him bitterly. Would Denny really value one egg?

For the second time he rushed down the pathway, and entered the cottage. Another egg was dropped into the further pocket. Denny should possess two of his trophies! That was surely an unselfish present.

With his hand on the door-latch, Terry uttered a great sob and felt a mighty resolve spring up within him. Denny Connellan should have all—all the eggs. He would not keep even one for himself.

Fearing lest he should falter, he hastily secured the third egg, and ran all the way to the farmhouse in Kilamery Glen. The lights were still ablaze, for 'farewell parties' are late affairs. Terry sprang through the crowd of sympathizers in the farmyard, and ran right into the arms of comely Mrs. Connellan.

'Now Terry allannah, what's aillin' ye?' asked the farmer's wife.

'Is Denny abed?' asked the lad.

'Sure he is, this hour an' more. 'Tis himself has a long journey before him to-morrow.'

'Well, then, Mrs. Connellan,' said Terry, talking very quickly to keep back the sobs—'will ye please give him these—from me, ma'am—when he wakes in the mornin'?'

Hastily he put the three hard, oval substances into Mrs. Connellan's hands, and was gone.

The sacrifice was complete.

Mrs. Connellan held up Terry's presents to the light. One glance told her what they were, and her motherly eyes shed tears of sympathy.

Terry Gaffagan was very lazy next morning. His night had been a bitter one, and sleep only visited him with the daylight.

Consequently, when three people entered the Gaffagan cottage at nine o'clock they found old Grandfather Con eating a solitary breakfast, while Terry still slumbered. The three persons were Farmer Connellan, of Kilamery Glen; his son Denny, and little Meehaul Ryan, the emigration agent of Ballycarney. The two men talked earnestly with old Gaffagan. Clearly their mission proved successful, for when Terry at length opened his red and tear-stained eyes he found them smiling beside his bed.

'Terry,' quoth the big farmer, 'how would you like to go to Amerikay?'

Terry's eyes fairly bulged. 'Don't ye be mockin' me,' he stammered.

''Tis no mock at all,' said the farmer. 'Sure 'twas a fine thing entirely ye did last night, an' 'tis myself will never forget it to ye. Now, Terry; 'herself' bein' willin', an' a gosssoon more or less bein' of small account, we've settled on taking ye with us to New York. Your ould grandfather, I'm afeared, is glad to get rid of ye; an' Mr. Ryan here has made out your passage. Will ye come to Amerikay with Denny and the rest of us, Terry Gaffagan?'

It was a very loud and a very eager 'Yes!' that Terry gave for answer to that question.—'Inter-Ocean.'

'Drunkards cured for a penny!' This was the announcement which our friend Edward Welsh used to have upon a board in front of his house when some years ago he lived in Bean-street, Borough. He says a great many men and women would come to the door anxiously inquiring how they could be cured, and a few kindly and encouraging words along with a penny pledge card were often the means of reclamation. A number of other workers took up the idea, and much good work resulted.—'Temperance Record.'



TERRY SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THE KINGFISHER'S EGGS!

ted that poor crops and need of money forced him to emigrate. Then there was Denny Connellan, the farmer's son, 'as fine a gosssoon,' they said in Ballycarney, 'as ever trod in shoe leather.' The parish was genuinely sorry to lose Denny Connellan, and no one more so than his occasional friend and associate, Terry Gaffagan.

Terry was the parish 'bad boy'—the self-elected scapegoat of the neighborhood. But that did not prevent him from being a leader among the juvenile population; indeed, his only rival for popularity was the very Denny Connellan now bound for America. The two stood about equal as hurlers, runners, and wrestlers. Perhaps in bird-nesting (and bird-nesting is a very popular sport around Ballycarney) the wild Terry Gaffagan had a slight advantage over the more respectable Denny. But this was easily explained by the latter's adherents, who pointed out clearly that Terry had plenty of practice in woodcraft and hedgerow science, while his rival was busy at school.

However this might be, Terry Gaffagan scored a notable point when he captured the three kingfisher's eggs in the sedge by Glas-hagal brook. There was grievous envy in Denny Connellan's breast when he trotted over the hill to the tumbledown cottage wherein dwelt Teddy and Teddy's disreputable old grandfather, for a peep at the famous eggs.

Despite their rivalry, and the fact that

own lands. Unfortunately, there was nothing in the Gaffagan but which would find favor in Denny's eyes; nothing except—

Terry Gaffagan stopped short for a moment to think. He suddenly remembered the kingfisher's eggs!

The thought stirred up a great battle in the boy's heart. What a splendid gift those eggs would be! How Denny Connellan would prize them! But what a terrible loss their absence would mean to Terry! Indeed, he could not bear to give them away — not even to Denny Connellan.

Once more he hastened through the gorse, and once more the suggestion smote him, that he should carry the eggs to Denny. Hotly he debated the question within himself, and, so debating found himself at his own door.

By the dim light of the turf fire he could see his grandfather asleep in one corner of the single room. Noiselessly he crept in, barred the door, and took from under his small trundle bed the box containing his treasure.

Superlatively beautiful the eggs seemed as he held them toward the sullen, red glow of the turf. Claspings them to his breast, he sat down upon the little bed.

Again rose the memory of Denny Connellan and his friendship, and then came a thought of compromise. Why not give one of the eggs to Denny, and keep the others? The idea was a brilliant one, and Terry de-