

IN THE BYE-WAYS OF RURAL IRELAND.

A REVIEW BY "CRUX"—CONTINUED.

Last week I dealt briefly with that section of Mr. Michael MacDonagh's article in the "Nineteenth Century" magazine, which treats of the games and athletic sports in the Old Land. This brings us to his account of the "Fairies," or rather his views, and experiences concerning local superstitions. As an introduction to this very interesting—if fanciful subject—we are treated to a couple of pages of anecdotes intended, presumably, to illustrate the wit of the Irish peasant. They are all sayings that have passed through countless editions, and that have about as much to do with the matter in hand as would a series of negro-minstrel's questions and answers. We are also told how the family affections, so potent in the Irish peasant, are stimulated by common domestic quarrels, in which the husband "breaks his wife's head and then buys a plaster for it."

stood at the close of the long summer's day on one of the bridges crossing the Shannon to admire the green effect of the long line of firs on the slopes of the Clare Hills. For several years now these firs have been extinguished, not only in the streets of Limerick, but on the hills of Clare, never to be lighted again. Yet old peasants in the remote parts of Ireland still believe in the power of the fairies to intermeddle for good or evil in mundane affairs; that the yield of milk from the cows, or butter from the churn, is affected by malign spells; and when they see a cloud of dust whirled along the road by the summer wind they cross themselves and say, "There goes the tremor people." But the spread of education has loosened the hold of these curious superstitions on the minds of the young people. For them, all that remains of the sway "the good people" held over their fathers is the nomenclature of "fairies" and "fairy tales." Every district has still its "hill of the fairies," its "field of the fairies"—places where the old peasant hear "the good people," if they do not see them, in every rustle of tree, and bush, and grass, but which the young pass by, however late at night. Every district has still its "hill of the fairies," its "field of the fairies"—places where the old peasant hear "the good people," if they do not see them, in every rustle of tree, and bush, and grass, but which the young pass by, however late at night. Every district has still its "hill of the fairies," its "field of the fairies"—places where the old peasant hear "the good people," if they do not see them, in every rustle of tree, and bush, and grass, but which the young pass by, however late at night.

However, I must point out an error into which he has fallen, even as he crosses the threshold of his subject. He says:—"One of the old customs which have disappeared in Ireland is the lighting of the bonfires on St. John's Eve, the 23rd of June, to placate the fairies—to induce them to exercise a beneficent influence on all the affairs of life, but especially on the coming harvest."

Equally interesting is the account given of the famed Leprechaun. It runs thus:—"The Leprechaun, that little imp in green and red who makes the tiny shoes of the fairies, with his marvellous power to bestow wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, is known to the younger generation, in books. For them he is no longer an entity, an actuality; he is an impossible but delightful creature, to be met with only in fairy stories. The boys and girls now never hunt for him, as we, in our young days, often did on the Clare hills of a summer evening. If I must confess quaking at heart lest we should really meet him, notwithstanding all our desire to amass riches suddenly through his agency, nor perhaps do their parents see, as ours did, that the hearth of the home is swept up at night and a bowl of clean water left on the table for the fairies in case they should call while the inmates are asleep. But I have known numbers of peasants who had seen the Leprechaun, in his green coat, red vest, and puce breeches, sitting under a bush stitching and patching the fairies' shoes. Some of the old peasants told me they succeeded actually in capturing the Leprechaun, but the wily imp was escaped from their grasp and sped away with a mocking laugh, teaching them the excellent lesson, if they only knew it, that the best and surest way to earn money is by honest effort."

"One midsummer's eve, when the Bel-fires were lighted, and the bag-piper's tone call'd the maidens delighted, I join'd a gay group by the Araglin's water, And danced till the dawn with O'Donovan's Daughter."

I will not occupy space with any reference to the writer's remarks concerning faith-cures, spells, charms, and such like peculiar superstitions; I will reserve for next week a study of the most important part of the article—the characteristics of the Irish people and the effects of them upon the political and national situation in Ireland. Meanwhile, I will take advantage of this occasion to give the readers of the "True Witness" an idea of where they may find the most suggestive poems and legends dealing with fairy beings. Hayes' "Ballads of Ireland" is a volume (or rather two volumes) that has become very rare, and which is about the best collection of Irish legends that we know. If, instead of stringing a lot of common fairy legends together, Mr. MacDonagh were to have told his readers who were the writers whose gems of thought and wild imagery served to perpetuate the story of that queer class of beings. There is Carleton's "Sir Turlogh, or the Churchyard Bride"; Griffin's "Hy-Brasail"; "The Clurricane," by J. L. Forrest; "The Fairies' Child," by J. W. Keegan; "Atlantis," by Rev. G. Croly; Crofton Croker's "The Lord of Dunkerron"; Lever's "Angel's Whisper"; "The Banshee," by "Mary of the Nation"; "The Bouchelleen Bawn," by Keegan; "The Doom of the Mirror," by B. Simmons; "The Fairies of Knockshogown," by E. D. Williams; "The Ice and Un," by G. F. McCarthy; "The Voyage of Eman Oge," by McGee; "The Fairy Child," by Dr. Anser; or "The Olden Time," by "Tiny."

It is clear to the thoughtful reader that this is a mere poetic fancy, something fanciful in the extreme; but that there is a deeper meaning under so much imagery, is quite obvious. However, the picture which the writer draws of the lighting of Bel-fires along the Shannon is so genuine that we will reproduce it. He says:—"When I was a youth every lane and alley in my native town had its bonfire—a huge pile of blazing peat—with music, and singing, and dancing, and I have often

I need scarcely mention any more for the present; but, if the readers of the "Nineteenth Century" wish to know something about the fairies in Ireland, I advise them to read, amongst others, the few productions, just mentioned. They will derive more pleasure and instruction than from pages of Mr. MacDonagh's contribution.

AN INDUSTRIAL EXPERIMENT.

A number of prominent mercantile and manufacturing firms in the larger cities of Northern Ohio are trying a unique and very interesting experiment, says Waldon Favett in the "Saturday Evening Post." A few years ago one of their number went to some trouble to prepare an estimate of the cost, in the case of his own plant, of carelessness, ignorance and lack of interest on the part of employees. The result of his investigations well-nigh appalled him, and it also came as a revelation to other large employers of labor to whom the tabulated statements were shown. This was the beginning of the crusade for better factory conditions which is now being prosecuted vigorously by more than two dozen firms in Ohio. The work has no suggestion of philanthropy as a simple business proposition. They took the ground at the outset that by maintaining the health and increasing the efficiency of employees

both employee and employer would be benefited. The complete success of the experiment has amply attested the soundness of this theory. Officials of some of the largest plants where the new order of things has been introduced say that the interest taken in the work and the manner in which it is done show an improvement that, instead of losing the time and money expended upon these improvements, there has been an actual saving in money, the increased comfort and happiness of the employees having stimulated them to better effort as no rules or discipline could possibly have done. One of the adjuncts of the new system which is especially conducive to comfort, particularly where factories are operating twenty-four hours a day, is the establishment of a restaurant. As explained above, meals are served at actual cost, with only the smallest possible allowance

for service. In a factory employing upward of a thousand men it is manifestly impossible to provide a dining room for the men, but this difficulty is overcome by giving to a set of six or more men a folding table which can be stored away in compact form when not in use. Each group appoints as monitor some man who is not engaged in the operation of a machine. This monitor is allowed to take the dinner orders of the other men in his group. Half an hour before the time for quitting work for the noon interval he goes with a huge basket to the kitchen and fills the order.

In many of the plants a pint of the best coffee obtainable is served for a cent, although on this item the firms lose money. A representative bill of fare is as follows: Sandwiches, all kinds, two cents; Ham-burgh steak, one slice of bread, two cents; pork sausage, one slice of bread, two cents; pork and beans, one slice of bread, three cents; hash, two cents; pie, all kinds, three cents a cut; tablespoonful mashed potatoes, one cent; cooked meats, one slice bread, six cents; puddings, three cents; oyster soup (on Friday), five cents a plate; other soups, two and three cents.

A much appreciated feature of each of these improved industrial establishments is the library. Each plant is gradually acquiring a library of its own and to many of them prominent authors have sent, in response to invitations, autograph copies of their works, in addition each factory is made a branch of the public library of the city in which it is located.

The organizations formed among the employees have also, in many instances, accomplished wonderful results. For instance, it is customary to prevent the orchestra or brass band formed by the employees to give a concert once each week at the factory, and it is frequently assisted by choral society and soloists, also employees. To these entertainments the families and relatives of the employees are invited to prevent the mutual benefit organizations, although organized only a year or two ago, not only have several thousand dollars in their treasuries, but have each carried in the neighborhood of half a dozen persons on their benefit list continuously since organization.

SOME TESTS OF ENDURANCE.

Many are the feats of endurance of which we have trustworthy records, and some of these are so surprising that it is little wonder that many persons are inclined to doubt the genuineness of the performances, but so strict have been the precautions taken to prevent fraud or imposition of any kind, as a general rule, that we are forced to believe, although in some cases I must admit (writes Mr. Percy Longhurst in "Sandown's Magazine") it goes very hard against the grain. What, for instance, can we say to the piano-playing performance of J. P. Theis, in July, 1893, who sat down at his instrument and played without intermission for twenty-seven hours. This is the record, and one is glad of it, and fervently hopes that no ambitious pianist will make the task attempt to go any better. Whether Mr. Theis played actual tunes, or merely ran his fingers over the keys for all or any part of the time, history recordeth not. It is sufficient that he played, and more than sufficient, I should think, for the unfortunate person or persons who had the task of keeping an eye on the performance. How those persons must hate the sound of a piano now! Heaven defend us from such a punishment as the supervision of such a feat, and guard our nerves and brains from such torture.

Although this extraordinary feat was performed in America, there is not the least reason to doubt its genuineness, any more than that of Tom Burrows' marvelous club-swinging performance at the National Sporting Club a few years ago. Burrows is a most versatile athlete, being in quite the front rank at boxing, wrestling and gymnastics, and his never-to-be-forgotten feat took place in May, 1897, when he swung a pair of 2 lb. clubs for thirty hours without cessation. Of the genuineness of this performance there cannot be the slightest doubt, as it took place in the presence of several well-known gentlemen, who relieved each other at intervals until it was finished. During each hour not less than sixty evolutions were made, but Burrows finished up little worse for his prolonged bout. I am afraid there are but few people who realize what it means to continue movements of any kind for such a period as thirty hours, and who are able to comprehend the extraordinary powers of endurance required. Marvellous as the feat is, it was surpassed a few months later by Jack Griffiths, an Australian, who swung a pair of clubs, weighing 2 lb. 3 oz., for thirty-six hours without a rest. Although this is accepted, it is not certain the same precautions of watching were taken as in the former instance. News has lately been received by telegram from Adelaide that during the last week in May a Professor West swung a pair of 2 lb. clubs for thirty-eight consecutive hours.

Most of us are acquainted with the mighty weight-lifting feats of Sandow, Cyr, Sampson, Kennedy, Elliott, and others, but in most cases the performances at any one time were confined to two or three gigantic efforts; but George Clifford, who holds the record of weight-lifting for endurance, a few years ago put up to arm's length above his head a 56 lb. dumb-bell 120 times in 6 min. 22 sec. Laurenceon Elliott, the amateur weight-lifting champion, has been known to put up two 60 lb. dumb-bells, one in each hand, from the ground to arm's length above the head thirty consecutive times.

Let any of my readers try how many times they can put up a 56 lb. weight, and they will have some idea of the great endurance that is necessary. Apropos of weight-lifting, a curious match was made some time ago in Vienna between two well-known continental strong men, was to see which could hold out for the longest period of time a redering held by the tail between the forefinger and thumb, with the arm at right angles to the body. With the actual time during which the winner was able to hold out the loser was a period which any unthinking person would deem remarkably short. Such a test is a terrible strain on the muscles, as one can easily prove by merely holding out one's arm in a similar position; it will not be many minutes before one is compelled to cry "Enough."

Speaking of this power of keeping the arms in a certain position for a lengthened period reminds me of a celebrated Greek boxer, named Melancomas, who lived in the time of the Emperor Titus. Scores of victories did this man win without striking a single blow, his practice being to extend his arms rigidly in front of him, never offering to strike, but making it impossible for his opponents to get near him and forcing them, worn out with their fruitless efforts, to give him the victory. For many years he had trained himself to remain in this fatiguing position, until it was possible for him to continue thus for no less than seven or ten consecutive days. Dion Chrysostom, have it on the authority of that man, some of us are acquainted with the famous ride of the Italian officer, Captain Salvi, who, in 1878, rode from Bergamo, in Lombardy, to Naples, nearly 530 miles, in ten days; but this and all similar performances are quite thrown into the shade by the feats of a courier of the King of France, during the sixteenth century, the Abbe Nicquet. The Abbe was renowned as the swiftest traveler of his time, and, without good reason either, for on one occasion he rode from Paris to Rome in six days and four hours. The distance between the two capitals is about 1,050 miles, so the speedy Abbe must have travelled at the rate of a trifle over seven miles in every hour, making no allowance for halts or stoppages of any kind for rest and refreshment. This is not bad time considering the state of the roads then and the nature of the country he had to pass through.

THE LITTLE IRISHMAN NOW.

This story from the "New York Times," which is no doubt of the home manufacture type, has been reproduced by several Irish Catholic exchanges in our neighbors' territory. It has, however, its lessons, and not the least is that it is dignified in its style. It is as follows:—"The man in the party from Pittsburg had a good stock of stories, and seemed to enjoy telling them. In his pleasant digressing a typical son of Erin came into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. On the first night that the workmen finished digging a typical son of Erin went into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and