

"and the mair and cow are hull, and Elam is fur away! Hurra!" sez he, takin' off his hat and wavin' it.

"Be calm," sez I, "Josiah, or the neighbors will think you've been takin' sunthin'."

"Well, I have been; I've been takin' solid comfort ever sence I see Elam's back, and 'specially now," sez he, helpin' Philury out whilst Ury tended to the baggage.

Well, they got a hearty welcome from me, and they wuz both as glad to git back as we wuz to have 'em. And Josiah and I laid down on our pillars that night contended and happy, knowin' that good, trusty help wuz right there when we needed it, and, sweetest thought of all, Elam Craft wuz fur away up in the big woods, and I hoped he would stay there.

And jest as I dropped to sleep that night I hearn Josiah mutterin' to himself:

"Darn his picter! I've got red on him, and now I've got a hull horse and a hull cow I'll keep 'em hull."

IRISH FIZZ

It is said that most Scottish stories refer either to theology or drink; and it may as safely be maintained (says Mr. Stodart Walker in "Chambers's Journal") that car-drivers and religion supply the maximum of the inventions of Irish humor. The jarvey is a never-ending source of "bull" and repartee; even when he is not essentially humorous he is always picturesque in his language. I remember the first time I landed in Ireland, some 15 years ago, I gave the driver a fare that I thought would please him, and he immediately returned thanks in the following words:—"You are the finest man I have met for many a day, and when I meet my pals to-night I'll be the richest man among'em."

I may add a sequel to this incident, for the man who is not averse to "scoring off" his friends should not be unwilling to pass through a similar experience, with the laugh on the other side of the cheek; and this sequel was an example of the latter. I was relating this incident to some Irish friends when one of them interrupted me by saying, "You must have given him double his right fare. You mustn't spoil the market." "I gave him what I thought befitting the honour of Scotland," I replied with a smile. "That must have been saxeence," was the retort. "Or a bawbee," said another.

Of "jarvey" stories the following may be worthy of record. One of these "immortals" was driving a friend of mine on a very hot day between Dungannon and Maghera, and as the road was innocent of publichouses, the jarvey arrived in Dungannon in a sore state of drouth. He was supplied with half-a-mutchkin of whiskey, and was asked how he liked the drink. "Faith," replied Pat, "it's made another man of me, and he would like a drop too"; which reply has a Scottish analogue in the story of the man who was asked a similar question. "Weel," said the Scot, "ye see, I dinna like to gi'e an opinion on ae glass." There was a driver—Tim—whom I used to hire frequently in County Down. This man persistently appeared, like many of his confreres, in the veriest of rags. I never saw him with what appeared to be a fairly new garment on his back. At last, when we became on very friendly terms, I had the courage to ask him if he ever had been measured for a new suit of clothes. "Well," he replied, "I'll tell ye a very remarkable fact; there's not a single tailor in Belfast can measure me, I'm that ticklish."

I recall a story of Major Harry McClinton's which I have not seen printed in any journal. An Irish jarvey, and a Scottish farmer were having high words, when the latter said, "Ye're a meeserable half-starved gowk, and I'd caution ye to be warned of our graund Caledonian motto, Nemo me impune lacessit. Can ye translate that?"

"Oh, aissily," says Pat. "The maining is, you've got something infectious"—these were not his exact words, but they will suffice—"and if I touch you I'll catch it," which may be counted on the credit side of the Irishman, and who even went one better than the historic retort of the Scotsman, "Ye may sit doon on the rose and the shamrock, but it's no' canny to sit doon on the thistle."

Another story, which may be more familiar, affecting the mutual relations of Irishmen and Scotsmen. It was told me by a captain in the Dublin Fusiliers, who overheard it during the war in South Africa. A war correspondent was speaking to a Tommy of his regiment. "The Dublins have been doing great things," said the visitor to Mr. Atkins. "Well, ye see, sor, it's this way: For a time in the army it was all the Gordons, and now it's all the Dublins," and if ye have a reputation for getting up early ye may slake tili dinner time."

Speaking of the war in South Africa, I may tell another story. I was shooting in the north of Ireland. Most of the keepers and beaters were Orangemen or supporters of the British cause; but there was one man who was a perfervid nationalist and Roman Catholic, and his love for the Boers was synchronous with his hatred for the Orangemen. He was a very good-natured patriot, so I had no hesitation in "pulling his leg."

"I hear, Henry," I said, "you have two sons at the war."

"Two sons at the war!" he cried. "Bedad, that's not true. I wouldn't let any child of mine fight ag'in the poor Boers."

"Boers!" I echoed ingenuously. "You mean the Orangemen."

"Orangemen!" he cried. "What do you mane, sor?"

"Well," I said, "you see, they live in the Orange Free State and by the Orange River. Surely they must be Orangemen." Henry threw up his arms in despair. "Orangemen are they? Well to — with them!"

Another instance of this prevalent ignorance and class-prejudice was shown in the case of a farmer in the county of Tyrone, who, whilst driving a donkey and cart, was accosted by a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary. "Hallo, my good man!" said the constable; "I see no name on your cart." The man pointed to a name chalked on a panel of his small "shay." "Oh, that won't do. Don't you know that the law says that your name must appear in Roman characters, legibly written?" The man exclaimed, "Roman! Oh, to — with Rome and the Pope!" using the common war-cry of the perfervid Orangeman.

CARRYING OUT ONE'S PLANS

When the doing of a proper thing has been decided upon, then it ought to be done at any cost save actual wrong-doing. There is nothing that so quickly and surely demoralises our character and our will-power as failure to carry out our plans. There is nothing that so tones up and builds up character and will-power as the resolute, insistent carrying out of plans at heavy cost to ourselves. If you have made a plan for to-day's work, let nothing but the hand of God stop it. His hand may show in the arising of unforeseen circumstances that are wholly beyond our control, or in the pointing out of a new duty that would make the carrying out of the other plan clearly wrong. Nothing short of such providential hindrance ought to deter us. Yet most of us are more or less willingly turned aside from our plans for hard work by circumstances that were meant only to test us. Every time this occurs we have weakened our wills and sapped our characters. We say that when we tell a child or an animal to do a thing, we ought, for that one's sake, to insist on its being done. Why should we not be as fair to ourselves as we are to animals and children?

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