

SPANISH JOHN.

BEING A MEMOIR FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN M'DONNELL, KNOWN AS "SPANISH JOHN" FRANKS, A RESIDENT IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES OF THE REGIMENT ILLINOIS, IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN DURING THE PENINSULAR WAR.

1746.

How Father O'Rourke and I met with the Duke of York who changed his will with a secret mission towards Prince Charles; of our voyage to Scotland, and the dismal day that there met us.

"Your Royal Highness," I answered, "I swear by my mother's soul I will not leave Scotland while he is in any danger, and neither threat nor bribe will tempt me to be unfaithful to him in word or thought."

"It is enough," he said; "I can trust you without the oath." The next morning we parted from him, embracing him like any private gentleman, as he wished to keep his incognito absolute; so he took his way into Flanders, and we to Dunkirk, there to join some twenty-five officers, all volunteers for Prince Charles.

That day at dinner Father O'Rourke gave us another taste of hissing making, which was greatly appreciated on account of the reference to the "White Cockade," always a favorite quickstep with the Jacobite Regiments.

Merrily, merrily blows the wind from off the coast of France. The Channel open wide before, God send us good fortune. Give us the green sea rolling free and bay wind here in the best of each wife and maid. And we'll leave the sweetest life in the wake of the Swallow Privateer!

Then here's to the Swallow flying true! And here's to the Princess and her Bonnets Blue! And here's to the heart of each wife and maid That is beating for the Lad with the White Cockade!

It was with the highest expectations that we looked forward to landing on the morrow and joining the Prince, of whose movements we were in ignorance, except that we were to rendezvous at Inverness.

fall wind, and stood out to sea with thankful hearts for the danger we had so narrowly escaped.

Great was the surprise of my comrades when aroused to find we were again making for the open instead of ending our voyage; but, as Father O'Rourke said: "Captain Lynch, your patron saint evidently thinks that even a little extra salt water is better for you than the inside of an English prison. The truth is that Irishmen are such favorites that even the devil himself will do them a good turn at times."

Though I thought to myself there were others fully as deserving as the Irish, I said nothing. As our intended landing was now impossible, our Captain determined to stand round the Orkneys for Loch Broom, in Cromarty, on the West coast.

We had an easy run, and as soon as we were signalled from the shore, and on lying to, a boat was put out. In the stern there were seated two gentlemen, one of whom, the Captain informed me, was a McKenzie, and in the other Father O'Rourke and I only too soon recognized Creach.

"This means trouble of some sort," I remarked; "we would never find him so far afield if things were going right." "I fear it, too," he answered, and before long our worst apprehensions were realized.

We withdrew at once to the cabin where I met Creach, or Graceme, as he still called himself, without remark, for I recalled my word to the Duke and felt there was something too weighty on hand for even the remembrance of a personal quarrel. In a few moments we heard, to our dismay, that Culoden had been fought and lost the very day we had sailed from Dunkirk; that the clans were scattered and no one knew what had become of the Prince.

After the dreadful news had been given time to sink into our benumbed senses, I asked for personal friends, and heard, to say sorrow, from McKenzie, that my Uncle Scotto, who had been among the very first to join the Prince, and was much esteemed by him, had died like a soldier and a gentleman in his service in the first charge at Culoden.

When the body of his clan refused to answer the signal to charge, and stood still and dumb under the insult which had been put upon them in placing them in the left instead of the right wing, he cursed and swore like one possessed, as did others. But finding it of no avail, he changed of a sudden, and, turning to his own men, threw his bonnet on the ground, crying to them, with tears in his words: "Let them go! But my own children will never return to say they saw me go to my death alone!"

"Put me down here!" he said, and quickly taking off his dirk, sporrans, and watch, he sent them to his son with the message that his end had come as he had always wished. "Sword in hand and face to the foe," and bade them leave him.

And so died one of the gallantest gentlemen, and probably the best swordsman in all Scotland. Besides, I lost many other of my friends and kinsmen, as I afterwards learned; but this was no time for private mournings, and I turned at once to the business in hand. My comrades decided there was nothing to do but return, and proposed our action should be unanimous.

"Gentlemen," said I, "in the face of such tidings as we have received, no one can doubt but your resolve is justified, and had I simply volunteered for military service, as you have done, I would not hesitate to give my voice to your decision, which I hold to be honorable in every way. But I am charged with private despatches and other matters for the Prince by the Duke of York, and I am not free until I have at least attempted to carry out my mission, for which I know I have your good wishes, and so must go on alone."

safe and sound. I'll make good kitchen of it, so it, so it won't be worn out, and if they hang me, I'll take care they'll do so under all my true name and title."

Seeing that Father O'Rourke approved, I determined that half the sum I carried was quite enough to risk, so I did up one thousand guineas in one bag, five hundred in another, and confided the remaining fifteen hundred to Captain Lynch to return to the Duke, together with a letter explaining our intentions, and with farewells all around, followed by many a good wish from our comrades, Father O'Rourke and I clambered down the side, followed by Mr. McKenzie, and were rowed ashore. We gave the boat's crew something, and waving a farewell to those on ship-board, picked up our postmancoats and struck inland.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"SWEET SIMPLICITY."

THE STORY OF A STRANGE CONVERSION IN THE SOUTH.

North Carolina society, in the days just preceding the war, boasted of no more queenly belle than Elizabeth Hardy, upon whom nature had conferred the gentle, winsome grace—and her father the nickname—of Sweet Simplicity. There were two older sisters. With much mock solemnity, and as fitting the disposition and character of the good natured old man, the minister of God, read the name—official in the family circle—"Tomboy," and of "Grand Dignity" upon the other; and by no other name did he ever call the three girls. But Sweet Simplicity naturally came nearest Dad's ideal of a maidenly daughter and a gentlewoman, and she assumed beside him, as by right divine, the place of pet, companion and chum.

Young, beautiful and rich—a planter's daughter—of a family proud of its colonial ancestry and social distinction, Miss Elizabeth was born and reared in a palace of Southern aristocracy and blossomed forth into maidenhood surrounded by all the fascination of luxury and flattery. Nature had dealt generously with her in the matter of personal charms. Unobtrusively, unwittingly, she displayed an intellectual equipment suggestive of rare gifts as well as good masters. But despite all, unspooled by the attentions and devotion that met her at every turn, by her father's unobtrusive predilection and partiality, she bore her honors with an unconscious grace and an artless simplicity that became her as much as her name.

The father was a typical Southern gentleman of the best traditions; a bit aristocratic in his independence and high sense of honor, dignified and correct; but open-hearted and generous, kind to his slaves, a lover of the freestone and a lavish entertainer. He had fought under Taylor and Scott at Palo Alto and Buena Vista, but was destined to etch his name still higher on the roll of Southern chivalry. He was lord of a thousand acres, master of hundreds of blacks, famous for his high-grade cotton, his princely hospitality and his three beautiful daughters.

When the war cloud broke over his teeming plantations and happy home life he was staggered. But he recovered shortly as the martial instinct came back. Then he swore a mighty oath, buckled on his already mighty sword, mustered all the countryside and led his men under the Stars and Bars to the front to repel the hordes of Northern invaders. On more than one hard-fought field, with his dashing, reckless spirit and the bravery of his sturdy mountaineers, he saved the day for the Confederacy, and deserved well of his country. And he kept at it, in spite of unsuccess and misery, till one day the sword was knocked from his bloody hand; and they brought him home pretty well out and perforated by Yankee steel and lead.

All this was forty years ago. Mighty changes have come over the South since then. There is a new South, redeemed in blood, chastened by fire, striving to forget the nightmare of the past, and bending every energy towards the up-building of a new empire on the ruins of the old. Very little survives of the old order of things, save the indomitable spirit that courts disaster, laughs at misfortune, and takes the world as it comes. The old manner of living is gone; old animosities are buried with the bones of the war-horse. Old landmarks and old faces disappear one by one, and nothing remains to tell the tales of the stirring past and the glories of the South before the war.

One, however, remained and lived a quiet, retired life in the unromantic town of Old Fort.

She was a little old lady, whom nobody was privileged to see and hear, to know and love, but the generations of the children that flocked to her to learn the wondrous secrets of the stars and the deep, hidden mysteries of the flowers. She lived in a mansion built long before the war, of the old colonial style of architecture, such as the gentry occupied in those days—as shown in our school histories. There was a high wall on closing a large garden, whose treasures were thus sacred from the gaze of the vulgar. In this garden the old lady lived most of the time; here she held her child-courts and gave her audiences.

She had a very white face and very white hair, the children said, and a soft, gentle voice; but always spoke in low tones, and seemed sad. But she brightened in their presence. She never mentioned the past or anything connected with her history and life. She only talked of the stars and the flowers. They said, too, that she wore a strange garb, like a nun's, and had a string of beads hanging from her girdle, which she fingered unceasingly, as though she loved them and liked their touch. And there she had lived, nobody seemed to know how long, receiving no callers, showing herself to no one but the children, who affected to keep her mysterious secrets, even as she herself did. Generations came and went; she never changed. Nobody knew her name, but somebody had called her—the name

stuck to her, and she appeared to like it—Miss Simplicity.

One day recently Father Marion, the zealous, energetic young pastor of Asheville, was summoned by telephone to the village of Old Fort. He started immediately, but all along the route he racked his brain trying to remember who of his flock lived in that place and needed his services. He had not known a Catholic to reside there during the ten years of his pastorate. He knew of the strange old lady that lived in the mansion and taught the children astronomy and botany, and he wondered, rather vaguely, if it might be she. And it came to pass that it was.

A messenger was waiting for him at the depot and led him to the house and to the door of the sick-room. He entered to find a little body propped up with pillows in the bed; snowy hair, pale face, kindly smile, just as he had expected to see; her bright eyes beaming with expectancy and gladness at his coming. She read the surprise on his face of the priest, and beckoned him closer. Then, rustling a little, either to compose herself comfortably or to find an opening for an explanation.

"Mr. Preacher, or Father," she said, a trifle embarrassed, "I thank you for coming at my request so many miles, on what must appear to you a strange mission. I am, as you see, a very old woman, and have not long to live; and during all my years I have spoken to but one Catholic, and he was a priest; and that was a long time ago. Before I die, I want to know of you, and you, as I know of God, are the only one that can tell me.

"Listen," she said, warming up to the subject. "I once made a promise. I was always taught to regard a promise as something sacred, to be kept inviolate; and this was a death-bed promise, and the most hallowed of all. I gave my solemn word to my dying father never, while life lasted, to become a Catholic—a Papist, as he called it. For over forty years I have kept my word. Yet I have lived a Catholic, and near and well as I know and could. Nobody knew—but I did.

"What I want to know—and the doubt has distressed me all these years—is this: now that I have done living, so to speak, do you think God still holds me to that promise? Is there not an authority on earth that can say, in His name, if I may be relieved of this heavy burden, or must carry it even into the grave? I know little of such things, but is there not some means whereby, without offense to God or dishonor to my father's memory, I may die a Catholic in fact as have I lived a Catholic in spirit?"

And then she told her story. It was at a fashionable watering place, in the height of a busy society season, in the later fifties, that she met one Father Murphy. Whatever brought Father Murphy to that place at that time is no doubt a story by itself. There are few Catholics in North Carolina to-day; there were immeasurably few then. But there he was, one of the Wild Geese, the inevitable Celt, found where one least expects him, everywhere. By what attraction or accident they met, how they managed to converse, on what topics and to what length, she did not say. Only she learned from him to love the ancient Faith, the Faith of her fathers, the Faith of simple truth, of peace and purity, of knowledge of God and exalted womanhood, and to long to embrace it.

She returned home at the end of the season, and made to her father an unusual confidence—she had no secret from him. And it was nothing less than her determination to become a Catholic. The old man heard.

Secession, war and its accompanying defeat, even defeat for the South, the chivalrous, martial, valiant South; these things he had deemed possible in given circumstances. But this idea of his daughter's, where did it come from, how did it come, what did it mean? Of all the impossible whims the feminine mind is capable of conceiving; of all the unheard-of, undreamt-of, inconceivable things, this was the limit; this stood alone and had no fellow!

He did not answer, but he thought, thought heavily. The old gentleman had never troubled himself much about creeds, dogmas, religions and the like. His time and attention had been too heavily taxed with the all-engrossing cares of a large plantation, the ruling of slaves, the turning out of superior cotton. His ancestors had been Scotch Presbyterians, of the bluest blood; and he was the farthest possible removed from a bigot or a tyrant. He hated religious strife, and allowed that any religion, or no religion, was good enough, so long as it suited him. Nevertheless, it occurred to him now that it would be hard, without choking, "to swallow the extravagances and superstitions of the Papists, with their Pope, their Virgin, their beads and saints, etc."

It was not, however, on these grounds that he never would nor could have on these grounds—objected. As far as she and he were concerned, if she found peace and comfort and happiness therein, he would cut off his good right arm rather than interfere. In fact, he would have learned to be happy in her very happiness. But the rub was elsewhere. There was society, the world; and his world, he knew it well. Catholics were aliens in the land; they were banned from society. Cotton aristocracy, the sons of the cavaliers, hated, despised, loathed the atmosphere, even the name of Rome; this was an article of their creed. And in the event of her standing with the outcast clan, taking their beliefs and name, what would happen? Ostracism, scorn and contempt; disgrace and ignominy. How could she face all this? He could. For her he would hurl defiance in the face of Satan and his religions, not to speak of society and its infuriated harpies. But this slip of an innocent, guileless girl, used to caresses and adulation, she to be singled out for the sneers of ignorant and pitiless bigotry, a mark for the bitter shafts of Pharaonic sneers and sarcasm—the thought sickened him. She would not, mere whim.

But she would. It was the first time her will ever stood out against his.

There was nothing sharp in the clash, as when high-tempered steel meets steel; nothing angry or bitter or harsh or petulant, on one side or the other. She spoke of duty to God and conscience—a rather unanswerable, because incomprehensible, argument to him; of profound indifference to social frowns and disdain—he knew she did not know whereof she spoke; of the mysteriousness of the dead faith—and he was incapable of following her. She laughed at his objections and his dread forebodings, and, with a quiet and coquetry quite unusual in her, said he did not mind.

There is no telling what would have been the outcome of this strange joust of wit and affection, light on the surface, but deadly earnest underneath, if the crash of strife and war's loud alarms had not come and called to other thoughts.

There was no returning to the seashore and Father Murphy. Time developed too strenuously. The old general left for the front. She remained alone in the household and took charge of affairs.

When they brought him home more dead than alive, she cursed him with a frenzy of affection. The brave heart of the fatal topic had been forgotten, apparently, for no mention of it was ever made. Nevertheless, it had rankled in the bosom of the old warrior. It had pursued him on the battlefield and haunted his camp fire slumbers. What would become of her?

The day wore on, dreary and sad, and he felt the end was nearing. One day he called her close to him. Then, for the first time in his long and honorable career, General Hardy played the bigot and tyrant. He whispered that he was about to die and leave her, but before going he wished her to make him one promise. Would she make it? Throwing herself on the bed and her arms around his dear old neck, sobbing as if her heart would break, scarcely aware of the full nature of the impending evil that was to fall and snatch away her father, of course, she promised; and, with a smile of satisfaction on his face, the old general gasped and was gathered to his father's.

The promise was kept. No human being shared the secret that was locked in her bosom. She shut herself in from the world, a world two-fold desolate to her. She chose to live alone, keeping communion with the stars and the flowers, nourishing her soul with the crumbs of truth she had picked up under the table of faith before she had promised never to sit at that table as a member of the family. Her secret she kept as sacred as her promise—the one and the other, as hallowed heirlooms as the memory of her father.

"Was there not on earth an authority that would and could tell her, in the name of God, if that promise still held? Would He be content with her Catholic life, a life of prayer, of penance, of purity, of everything but the sacraments and outward adherence to the Church? Or did He wish her to break that promise? Would He allow her to embrace that faith, to die marked with the sacraments, a Catholic in very deed, and could the dream of her life be realized at last?"

There was a long silence when she had finished speaking. She was quite exhausted, but feverishly anxious for a word of hope. The priest, too deeply moved for speech, felt a lump in his throat that he could not swallow, while deep down in his soul there was a voice singing a rapturous canticle to the God Who is wondrous in His works, admirable in His ways, inscrutable in His designs and divinely mysterious in His unspoken mercies.

The dying woman looked for an answer to her query. He told her that no father worthy to be hers could fail to be satisfied with her forty years of fidelity to a promise given; to doubt it would be a dishonor to his memory. And since God, through means to Himself alone comprehensible, had brought her to a knowledge of the true faith, then nothing under God could be suffered to stand in the way of the accomplishment of His holy design. When conscience calls, God calls; and every other voice must be hushed. When conscience beckons, then God's creature must follow—follow, if need be, through fire and water and blood; for God alone has the right to command, and every human authority is subordinate to His.

Not to all is it given to see the light. But beyond the grave all things are made clear. And seeing with a new and better vision, he who exacted the promise in the uncertain and imperfect light would not now be capable of saying nay.

He found her exceptionally well versed in the teaching of the faith. She had read widely and deep. Her understanding was clear and her grasp of details marvelous. There were no difficulties, no objections, no misunderstandings or misconceptions. There was no cloud on her mind, no fetter on her will, and the grace of God was ready to fall like a gentle dew on the virgin soil of her heart. He baptized her. The next day he returned to hear her confession, and she received with ecstasies joy her first Communion. He anointed her. And she died; and no purer soul ever quitted mortal clay for the bosom of God.

The news of the priest's visit to the mansion had already been whispered abroad. Mystery upon mystery! The people learned of the death and spoke words of sympathy. The whole community turned out and followed the bier to the cemetery. Father Marion was there to officiate. The novel spectacle of the Catholic priest reading Catholic services in this little Protestant graveyard was a feast for the wandering eyes of the multitude. He read the simple ritual, blessed the ground and the coffin with holy water, offered the customary prayers for the repose of her soul. And, standing at the head of the open grave, before the gaping crowd, with an eloquence and feeling that surprised even himself, he lifted the veil of mystery that had hung over her life, and told the beautiful, touching story of Sweet Simplicity.—S. V. P. in Catholic Transcript.

AN IRISH VIOLET FABLE.

In the ancient times, when flowers and trees and fairies were on speaking terms and all friendly together, one fine summer's day the sun shone out on a beautiful garden where there were all sorts of plants that you could name, and a lovely but giddy fairy went sporting about from one to the other (although no one could see her because of the sunlight) as gay as the morning lark; then said the fairy to the rose: "Rose, if the sun were clouded and the storm came on, would you shelter and love me still?"

"Do you doubt me?" said the rose, and reddened up with anger. "Lily," said the fairy to another love, "if the sun were clouded and a storm came on, would you shelter and love me still?" "Oh! do you think I could change?" said the lily, and she grew still paler with sorrow.

"Tulip," said the fairy, "if the sun were clouded and a storm came on, would you shelter and love me still?" "Upon my word!" said the tulip, making a very gentleman-like bow, "you are the very first lady that ever doubted my constancy."

So the fairy sported on, joyful to think of her kind and blooming friends. She roved away for a time, and then she thought of the pale violet that was almost covered with its broad green leaves, and although it was an old comrade, she might have forgotten it had it not been for the sweet scent that came up from the modest flower.

"Oh! violet!" said the fairy, "if the sun were clouded and a storm came on, would you shelter and love me still?" And the violet made answer: "You have known me long, sweet fairy, and in the first springtime, when there were few other flowers you used leaves; now you've almost forgotten me—but let it pass—try my truth—if ever you should meet misfortune—I say nothing."

Well, the fairy skitted at that and clapped her silvery wings and whisked, gliding off on a sunbeam; but she was hardly gone when a black cloud grew up out of the north all in a minute, and the light was shrouded and the rain fell in slushings like hail, and away flies the fairy to her friend the rose.

"Now, Rose," said she, "the rain is come, so shelter and love me still." "I can hardly shelter my own buds," said the rose; "but the lily has a deep cup."

Well, the poor little fairy's wings were almost wet, but she got to the lily. "Lily," said she, "the storm is come, so shelter and love me still." "I am sorry," said the lily, "but if I were to open, my cup the rain would beat in like fun, and my seed would be killed entirely; the tulip has long leaves."

Well, the fairy was down hearted enough, but she went to the tulip, whom she always thought a sweet-spoken gentleman. He certainly did not look as bright as he had done in the sun, but she waved her little wand and, "Tulip," said she, "the rain and storm are come, and I am very weary, but you will shelter and love me still?" "Begone!" said the tulip; "be off," says he; "a pretty pickle I'd be if I let every wandering scamp come about me."

Well, by this time the fairy was very tired, and her wings held dripping at her back, wet indeed, but there was no help for it, and, leaning on her pretty silver wand, she limped off to the violet; and the darling little flower, with its blue eye that, clear as a kitten's, saw her coming, and never a word she spoke, but opened her broad green leaves and took the wild wandering creature to her bosom and dried her wings and breathed the sweetest perfume over her and sheltered her till the storm was clear gone.

Then the humble violet spoke and said: "Fairy Queen, it is too bad to flirt with many, for the love of one true heart is enough for earthly woman or fairy spirit; the old and humble love is better than the gay compliments of a world of flowers, for it will last when others pass."

And the fairy knew that it was true for the blue violet, and she contented herself ever after and built her downy bower under the wide-spreading violet leaves that sheltered her from the rude winter's wind and the hot summer's sun, and to this very day the fairies love the violet beds.—S. C. Hall.

ST. PATRICK IN THE FAIR.

MOST REV. JOHN HEALY, Concluded.

Gerald Barry, who wrote later, in the beginning of the century, refers to the same belief as almost universal. However, does not attribute to all poisonous reptiles to the land which it is due rather than it is due to properties in the air and the land which render it fit for venomous things; and he quotes Bode, who wrote in the tary and states the same. A man declares, furthermore, that thing poisonous was brought lands, it perished at once touched the soil of Ireland. attempt to settle this controversy on the truth of the matter. For eight hundred years a popular voice has attributed his blessing of Ireland from that he drove away the devil, fidelity and paganism, corporeal, cannot be questioned. Jocelyn says he drove away serpents and also, in order, demons, if they returned, no congenial abode in which refuge.

Patrick having received great favors from God decided to favor on Holy Saturday turned to Agagrow, who brated the great Easter beloved friends, Senach Mathona the nun, and a student, who was then a catechism and his psalms.

It may be well to say concerning the Reek, that hardly necessary to observe grimes of this kind, for of visiting in a spirit of faith once holy places sanctified and by the labors of His Saints, have been the earliest days of Christ will continue to the end of the natural outcome piety, and they have always been a most efficacious means of Christian faith and Christian devotion. Pilgrimage scenes in the Holy made long before the Helena, and one way or still made every year by every Church that calls its.

In Ireland, too, such have been made from the and not unnaturally to the intimately associated with the labors of St. Patrick. stand out as the most sacred of Armagh, Downpatrick, and the Reek; and for the two last have been by frequented places of penance. This is not the place of Lough Derg, the most famous pilgrimage in the North of Ireland, if we do not except the Reek celebrated in all Ireland.

Now we find the pilgrim Reek existing from which the ancient road by which crossed over the hills from the Reek can still be seen, as it were, by the generations of Patrick's children. No doubt the sanctity of the place in position arose not only from St. Patrick prayed and fasted forty days, and blessed the people, and also from its summit, but also from of pardon said to be made all those who performed it in a true spirit of penance. Tripartite Life the first Patrick is said to have obtained from God, is the Irish who did penance every hour would escape the That is, no doubt, but there is real penance; but estimation it came to mean at the elevation, the means of the prayers, merits of Patrick. Most sinners were likely to special favor of the Saints who trod in his steps praying and enduring, self had prayed and ended. This is a perfectly sound penance—sincere penance anywhere will wash away the latest hour of a man's penance is far more likely and the graces from which far more likely to be granted, in the middle places which Patrick through the efficacy of prayer for such devoted prayed for all the soul naturally enough, he p for those who honor, trust him. On the other hand, the Reek is likely efficacious means of pardon through the merits and blessings of Colgan tells us, in a note referred to above, that constantly visited by piety with great devotion, from the Kingdom, and man to be brought there.

three hundred years ago grimage was an old one before the time of the Reek; and we are told crowds of people were watching and fasting on the Reek, believing on so doing they would gates of hell, for "the obtained from God by merits of St. Patrick" is, no doubt, the chief pilgrimage. Even in days it was considered a most any persons on Reek; and we are told of Loch Co that King out of the hands and I man who sought to rob grims. Sometimes, to suffered greatly, like only on their journey to Reek itself. St. Pa being within Lent w

BLAKENING THE IRISH RECORD

Says the Catholic Citizen: "A Jew, booked for some offense in the New York police court, gave his name as McGinnis, and his birthplace, Ireland. This instance of the unfavorable bearing of criminal statistics on the Irish race 'went the rounds' of the press at the time. Many offenders, possessed of a low cunning and a spiteful sense of humor, seek to revenge themselves on the burly Irish policeman who arrests them, by claiming to be of his nationality. Policeman Tom Murphy, in Milwaukee on New Year's night, picked up a drunk and disorderly man and brought him to the station. The offender knew the policeman who arrested him, and he got even, so to speak, by booking himself as Tom Murphy. So Tom Murphy arrested Tom Murphy."

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