

MARY LEE or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esq. CHAPTER XVI.

WEEKS THINKS HIMSELF VERY ILL TREATED, AND THE IRISH THE MOST SAVAGE, BEGGARLY, VALENTINE IN ALL CREATION.—HE IS CONDUCTED TO A WEDDING, AND HAVING TAKEN A GLASS OF RUM, UNDER PROTEST, DANCES AN IRISH JIG, TO THE GREAT DELIGHT OF THE COMPANY.

It was now within a short hour of midnight, and Weeks, drenched and weary, still plodded his lonely way over the hills of Benven.

"You're mistaken, ain't you? Not in the least, my good man."

"Well, I kinder think you be." "Kinder think. Kaxactly—that's one of the tokens; you're a Yankee, it seems."

"Well, I always reckoned so—happened to be born in New England, any how."

"In Ducksville!—why, how the thunder came you to know that—eh?"

"My dear man," said Weeks, "let me tell you again, this is a great mistake—I'm a private gentleman."

"Feth, may be so. Hilloa! come on here, Tom Henley—come on with the lantern!"

"Not tell you see Mr. Johnston, first. I'm his bailiff, and must do my duty. Come sir, no more palaver about it."

"Ha, ha! a likely story, indeed—on your way to Crohan—here, on the skirts of Cairmerit—three miles farther from Crohan than when you left the light-house, and the very animal we're looking for, too, in your custody."

"Well, I reckon I must have been directed the wrong way."

Weeks, as they ran him down the hill; "I want you to understand who I am—I'm a citizen—a free-born citizen of the United States, under the protection of the stars and stripes, and I protest against this violence—I command you in the name of my country to let me go."

"Without pausing an instant, the bailiff knocked loudly on the door, and the next moment pushed in before him Ephraim Weeks, haggard and torn, and dripping like a water god."

"The young females, hearing this, took alarm, and ran down the stairs, screaming for protection; the elder ones ran after to bring them back; the men shouted to the runaways to stop in twenty different voices, till in a shoater time than we have taken to describe it, the place was a scene of unutterable confusion."

"Whist! the bailiff thus endeavored to quiet the apprehensions of the females; Weeks stood stock still in the centre of a curious and wondering group—his hands thrust down as low as he could drive them into his breeches pockets, and his eyes wandering round and round in search of some one to recognize him—but alas! the faces he saw there were all strange faces to him."

"It was some time before the bailiff's repeated guarantee of his prisoner's sanity of mind and peaceable disposition could induce the females to return to the dancing room; and when they did, each fair one, as she entered, was seen to cast a fearful glance at the tall stranger, and press closely by the side of her partner. Last came the little fiddler, looking twice as big as when he fled through the window but a moment before, and swearing all kinds of anathemas against the bailiff and his prisoner for exposing his instrument to the rain."

Suddenly, however, Mr. Weeks's attention seemed to be attracted by the entrance of an active, curly-headed, humorous-looking fellow, wearing a rabbit-skin cap jantily on the side of his head, and supporting a laughing, dark-haired girl on his arm."

"Well, I reckon I must have been directed the wrong way."

"Come, come, my good fellow, this hoodwinking won't take just at present. You may be very smart, and cunning, and all that, but I have had some twenty years' experience of gentlemen of your profession. So, come on; we'll take you down here to one of these houses in Ballymagabey for the night, and carry you before Mr. Johnston tomorrow. You can then call on Lanty Hanlon to give you a character, and as many more as you please. Lift your feet and they'll fall themselves," he added, grasping the unfortunate Weeks by the collar.

"All right; I knew you by your cap as soon as you entered. Well—I want you to clear up a mistake. This here bailiff, or constable, or whatever darning thing you call him, has arrested me for stealing a steer, up thereaway—ha, ha!—and won't believe I'm Mr. Ephraim Weeks, no how you can fix it."

"No, I shan't let me go—I'll not put up with this, no how."

"Look here!—and he pulled him by the hair of the head, to make him speak. "Look here! you've got drunk—hain't you?"

"Faith, and that same mightn't be much to brag of either."

"Why, tarnation t'ye, hain't you sold me two dozen fies, last Thursday, at Kindrum Pond?"

"I sell you fies? Ha, ha, ha! Why, upon my conscience, my good fellow, you must be ravin'."

"Well, there!" exclaimed Weeks, looking at the imperturbable Lanty as if he could run him through; then drawing a fly-book hastily from his pocket, he pulled it open, and holding the fies before Lanty's face, demanded to know if they were of his dressing or not."

"Well, I reckon I must have been directed the wrong way."

"Come, come, my good fellow," interposed the bailiff, "you're only making matters worse. Go somewhere and get of them wet clothes."

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MARCH 12, 1904

THE B... A STORY OF...

By D... It was a Fair Day indeed, it was full enough...

Besides the business in there also gave on—blind fish street acrobats...

On went the mirth and up rose the song, and the little hunchbacked fiddler had just tuned his instrument once more...

"The sorrah take him, the spalpeen," said one of the bystanders; "isn't he nice about it? Feth, ye'd think it was a physic he was goin' to swallow."

"It's a bad sign to see him refuse the liquor anyway."

"Indeed, then, Andy, it's the truth ye're tellin'; so it is; for in troth it's not much dependance iver I had in the man'd refuse a glass in decency."

"O, there's a bad drop in him; you may take yer oath iver that; but look at Lanty, Ned, just look at his face—as sober as if it was cut on a tombstone. Did ye iver see such a born devil in all yer life?"

"Well, Lanty had it in for him, any way. And, begorra, he deserves all he'll get and more, for he's niver aisy, they say, but when he's running down the Irish."

"So, I'm tould. He think no one in the whole country fit to spake to him. As for the Doghertys, and Curran's, and Johnston's here, why, they're not fit to tie his shoes."

FOR REASONS THAT ARE INTERESTING.

The School Board of the local Episcopal church purposes turning over to a sisterhood of the Episcopal Church. The reasons for the transfer, as given by a local clergyman of that Church, are interesting: "The school can be more effectively managed and accomplish the purposes for which a church school distinctively exists better under a sisterhood of consecrated religious women, whose lives are an unselfish devotion to educational and religious work. The women in this sisterhood give their lives to the work of the Church, without any compensation whatever, because of a love of the Church and its mission to mankind. It is just that deep, spiritual interest with which we desire to surround the girls who are committed to our trust to educate, without sacrificing the scholastic work in any particular, but keeping before us the duty of endeavoring to mold a beautiful character as well as to give an accomplished education. "It is scarcely possible for secular teachers to have such an unselfish and intense interest in the girls as the consecrated women of the sisterhood."

Catholic Sentinel, Portland, Ore.

No Protestant can prove that the Bible contains all the doctrines of Christ.