

THE DWARF OF THE CROAGHAN HILL

BY SEUMAS MAC MANUS (AUTHOR OF "THROUGH THE TURF SMOKE" "T'WAS IN DHROLL DONEGAL" ETC.)

NEIL A-GALLAGHER was a blacksmith, an' he lived at the foot of Croaghan Hill, where he owned a wee forge that he worked industriously. Neil, civil, obligin' honest, a wee poor fella, that would go any distance to earn a neighbour, an' the neighbours had a grudge for Neil an' would do anything in their turn to serve him. Neil, he married, an' brought home a wife from the next parish, a fine young lassie, an' an only daughter to Jimmy O'Donnell, of Ballymadonnell. An' a snug, warm an' tidy home the same woman made an' kept for Neil—an' Neil was both chaste an' smart, an' 'tasy more-over—an' she wouldn't be her father an' mother's daughter if she wasn't all that, for a daughter or a better-ome-home family than the O'Donnells of Ballymadonnell, ye'd be a long time findin' mo, an' a serene (minutely search) the barony from end to wynd. Not wan bit uppert an' (overproud) yet, for all that—though it wouldn't be a bit wondrousome if wan of her family should—few had better right to howl their heads high.

Well, as I was sayin', a snug an' a warm home Bred O'Donnell made Neil A-Gallagher, an' in content an' comfort they lived, becase Neil was always up to the eyes in work. An' it's well, then, they could afford to make the turnout they did to market of Saturday, or mass of a Sunday, when it wouldn't be easy to find a neater, a thrigger, or a bonnier lookin' pair, or a young couple in all the countryside that could cock up to them.

Now, Neil an' Bred were, as I said, as happy an' content as the flowers of May; small corks or corks were there, neither want nor wealth, but enough for themselves, an' a bed an' a bite for the poor traveller (beggar). Within the first twelve months Bred brought Neil a fine little girl, the born image of her mother, an' Neil was delighted more than if he had been given a county in Connaught. In another two years she had fetched him two sons besides, the wee pletcher of himself when he was a chap, though Neil, becase as he was in content with, pride over it, was always tryin' to make believe that it was his mother's nose they had over the wurril. But, be that as it might, to go on with my tale, it was near two years again when Bred lay-in of another child, this time again a son, that they christened Tam.

But, lo an' behold yet on the night

Bred lay-in of Tam, what would ye have it, it was a very strange little poor man was stoppin' overnight. He had lifted the latch an' walked in just as Neil had finished the givin' out iv the rosary, drawin' on along bedtime. He was a queer enough lookin' wee cossur of a body, not bigger nor a half grown caddy, like somethin' had got frost bitten in his early days and forgot to thrive after. He had sharp, wee red eyes an' big eyebrows, a sallow face an' nothin' of a beard to speak of. An' it was afterwards it was remarked, when they begun to recall the thing an' to draw conclusions—it was then it was remarked that, comin' in, he never wast made use of God's name. But how-ever, he was a stranger an' he was poor, an' if he had come in even with a curse on his lips Bred O'Donnell wasn't the woman to give him the scur look, or the denial of her house an' the bite to ate. No more was Neil A-Gallagher the man to do either. It was welcome, av course, he was made. Bred made him somethin' warm, an' Neil went out to the end o' the forge an' fetched in a couple of waps of nice clean straw, an' made him such a shakelove by the van side o' the fireplace as any man might lie down an' dhrame he was a pence upon.

Anyhow, that night afore mornin', Bred was brought to bed of this fourth child, they called Tam. It was all purty audint, an' there was a deal of confusion in the house an' little help. But the child was born safely, anyhow, an'—like the other matters—it was recalled after how that the little small beggarman made a great dale to do about the child, an' was in raptures with it, an' he nursed it on his knee, an' took care of it off an' on beimes till day come, an' the women gettin' Bred all right an' asleep had time to give it more attention an' take charge of it themselves altogether. The little small beggarman he hoisted his kit on his back an' went off, an' was never seen in their parts either—no more was he seen there afore.

How-ever, the child he was taken the very best care of, for he was remarkably small an' not over athrang lookin', an' he thrived fairly well for a weekin', but it was remarked, an' the wonder of the country, too, how quick he began to gather sense, an' he wasn't eighteen months till he knew as much as any child should at double his age. An' more-over, his wit wasn't so much the wit of innocent childhird, but somethin' a dale cuter an' knowin'. He had an eye in his head might go through a dale board like

a gimlet, it was that sharp, an' it was always an' free on thangs, wandier, too, thyrin' to find out now—and it's toul' he some he was more nor want caught sleepin' with wan eye open. But be that as it may, an' I don't say anything pro or con on the subject, becase I don't know for sartin, though I don't at all doubt but there may have been a dale of truth in the same—he that, I say, as it may, nothin' could be done in the house or about the house but that child was thyrin' it all in, an' be the time he was come to five years of age he was cuter an' as out fashioned, an' knowledgable as many a man of twenty; an' for all that he was still no size to speak of, wheezy, an' doughty-like, an' no sign of thyrin' an' he was three years of age his mother missed him from the cradle one day, an' she couldn't get him high up or low down, aroun' the house. When she raised the pillow on the naybors, an' alarmed them all that wee Tam was lost out of his cradle, an' wasn't to be got nowhere or how, an' the naybors they went racin' an' runnin' hither and thither, hether-skelther, an' down an' round about, an' went searchin' an' screengin' the whole countryside. An' loy an' behold ye! Where was the chap got? Only up, away up Croaghan Hill, an' he hangin' by the heather an' spinnin' on like a brick, as if he meant to preach the top of it afore he'd give in! An' that was the wonderment! But from that time nowhere e'er would do the wee rascal, every time he'd get a chance, an' Bred's back turned, but away with him again, an' away up Croaghan Hill want more, till he had the life an' soul torn out of it by his mother, an' she was ached he would come home a corp to her wan day.

An' ever an' always, too, though he said nothin' to them come after him to take him back, he must have thought plenty for the look he always gave them wasn't be no means a purty or pleasant wan. An' more be the same token though he'd got his speeches well about him at the same time other childre would be hapin', an' could, if he liked, talk even for a number of Parliament, it was savin' enough of his talk he usually was; usin' the eyes an' the ears a good dale more nor a child should, instead. An' at five years of age, with the hardened, an' fashioned look of a man of sixty in his face, the scora much bigger he was cor a good bouchellin' bunn. (Benewed)



AN' OFF LIKE A FLASH



AN' WAS IN RAPTURES WITH IT AN' HE NURSED IT ON HIS KNEE

From he was first able to crawl he took the strongest an' most wonderful delight in tairin' an' torturin' creepin' things—cuttings and dielogs—an' harmless small animals and birds. For as good as an' he was a corp to her wan day.

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correct him, an' put proper notions intil his head they knew not. An' they spoke till the priest on the subject, an' the priest come to see Tam an' quenecked him, an' put him through his facin's, but it's small speed he come with him, an' he went away shakin' his head, too, an' sayin' that, sure enough, he was a strange child as iver he come across. An' there wasn't a wise or knowledgable out' man in the parish, from end to wynd, that they didn't have the opinion of about wee Tam; an' wan man advised this, an' another that, an' a third the other thing—advain' sartin tests they wor to put him through to test him whether he was really a bein' of this wurrl' or not; only the priest, he heard what was proposed to do with him, an' he—tor he wouldn't on no account give in till, or allow such things—he forbid them onother pains and penalties to follow up any of the proposals it was proposed to do with him. An' so Bred an' Neil they were left with wee Tam on their han's gettin' wickeder an' athranger every new day dawned.

An' thins stood this way till wan evenin' in the warmin' (springtime), who should happen along only a travellin' man, that travelled about sellin' brooches an' lacin's an' wee bits o' ribbons, an' such knickknacks, that they called Pat the Scholar, be reason that he was a fine lan' at readin' ballads, an' he dropped into Neil A-Gallagher's forge to rest himself, for he was sore-tired with the walkin'. He had the lat off him, an' him wipin' his head with a red handkercher, when his eye caught wee Tam goin' into the house houldin' a poor robin head down, be the toes, goin' to roast it over the fire; an' he made wonder to Neil of the size

an' appearance of the dwarf-child; an' Neil he quoked (bought) an' he toul' him the trouble they wor in about him, an' the bother the thoughts of him was givin' his poor mother. An' Pat the Scholar quenecked him, till he got the whole history o' the lad out o' Neil. An' he considered to himself for a while an' at last says to Neil, sic he—'Would ye have any objections whatevsomever to me thyrin' a simple wee thirk with him that the Pope is Rome himself, let alone the priest, couldn't object till?' Neil he didn't, he was forced to give him leave. 'Have ye got e'er an' oul' kettle that's valceless?' At the scholar then used him, an' Neil produced a rusty broken oul' kettle to him. 'Now,' says Pat, says he, 'be pleased to fill it up with scrap irons. This Neil done, too, as he was bid; an' then Pat the Scholar he started into the house carryin' with him the kettle full of oul' scrap irons, an' comin' behind him, he was roasin' the poor robin (God pardon him!) over the fire; an' he lifts the kettle of scrap irons up high, an' he fetches it down with a bang on the flure, smashin' an' an' scatterin' the bits hither an' yonder over the house with a clatter like Newgate let loose, an' at the same time he shouts 'Murder! Murder!' there's a whole hill o' Croaghan afire!' An' wee Tam he kept twistin' the height of himself on the flure, an' 'tween be all that's wickeder,' says he, 'my wife aw' weans 'il be consumed!' An' off like a flash out o' the dunckercher, when the dumfounded consternation of iver wan an' iverbody but Pat the Scholar—an' his or hair, eight or sign of wee Tam, the dwarf o' Croaghan niver seen no more!

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER

(London Leader). The following letter has been addressed to the London Diocesan Magazine for September by the Bishop of London to the church people in the diocese:

Dear People,—After a long struggle the deceased wife's sister bill has been passed, and before I sail for Canada and America on Friday I want to leave behind a few words for the guidance of church people in my diocese.

The main point for us all to remember is that the law of the church remains the same as it was before. This has two consequences.

We have secured important amendments in the bill. As it is now passed it is provided not only that no clergyman need solemnize such marriage, but he need not allow the use of his church. Nor does the bill make any difference with regard to his responsibility in dealing as a clergyman with the matter. He will, moreover, not be relieved from ecclesiastical censure if he contracts such a marriage himself.

Surely, then, the first consequence is that no clergyman ought to solemnize such a marriage or lend his church for this purpose, and I take the responsibility as bishop of exhorting the clergy of the diocese not to do either of these things.

But if the first consequence binds, the second looses. Already some of the laity have written to ask whether they must send away the sisters-in-law who are bringing up their children. I beg them not to dream of doing so on account of the passing of this bill.

If the law of the state and of the church protected them before, the law of the church protects them now, and there ought to be a strong public opinion in the church to free any member of it from any breath of blame in continuing under this protection the happy and beneficial arrangement by which his wife's sister is caring for his children.

Yours very sincerely,
A. F. LONDON.

THORNTON FREED OF ARSON CHARGE

His Wife Swore He Was Home in Bed When Fire Broke Out—Other Witnesses for Defence.

Hartland, N. B., Sept. 6.—The preliminary hearing in the case of W. F. Thornton, charged with arson, closed today and after hearing the evidence of both sides Justice Barnett discharged the prisoner as there was no evidence to place him upon trial.

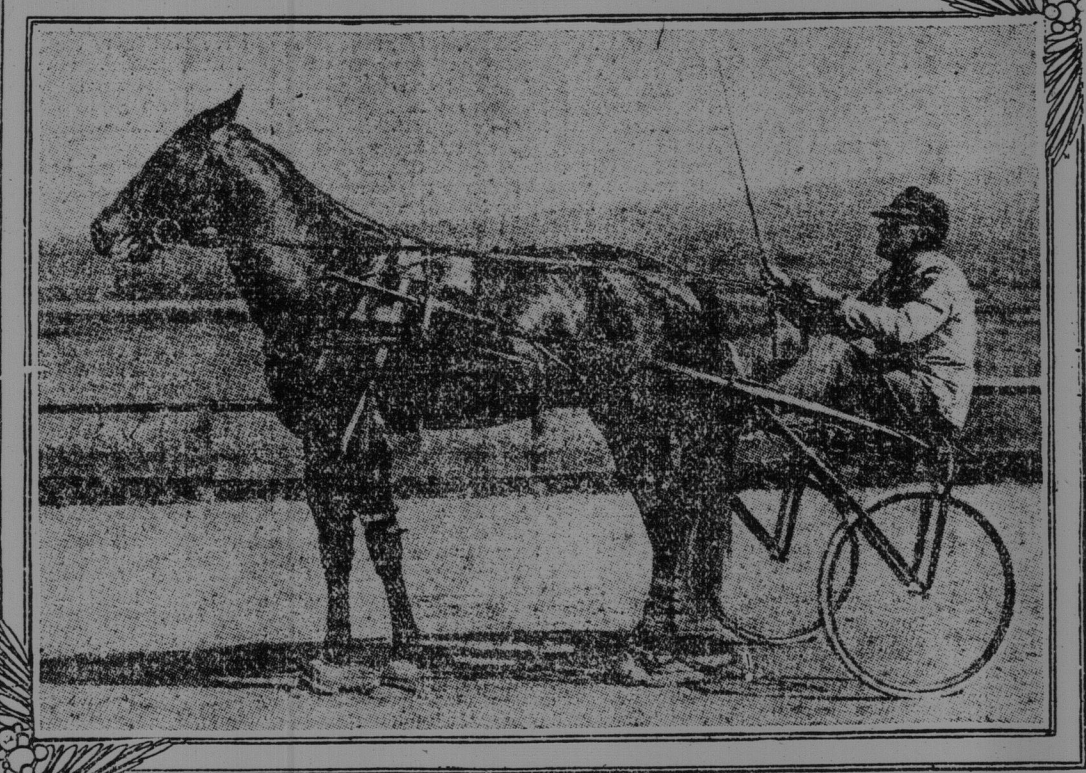
There were called for the defence more than a dozen witnesses. Johnson Stairs, whom Detective Green in his evidence stated had spent Sunday afternoon in Thornton's store, denied positively being in the store that day.

Mrs. Frank Thornton, the prisoner's wife, swore positively that the prisoner had gone to bed at 9.50 and had not gone out of the room until the alarm of fire was given.

Abraham Fine, a Jew, who would swear only on the books of Moses; Lorne McNally, William Henderson, Gordon McAdam, George McLaughlin, besides numerous relatives of Mr. Thornton, gave evidence.

The remains of the disputed shoes cases and contents were produced and positively identified. Thornton proved by witnesses that he had negotiated for a new store. He also showed that he was doing the profitable business during the time he was selling spirits.

Winner of the Fastest Colt Race on Record



At Boston, on August 20, General Watts won the fastest race on record for three-year-olds, trotting each heat in 2:09.14. The colt was bred by John H. Shultz, at Port Chester (N. Y.), and was foaled the property of Senator J. W. Bailey, of Texas, who bought his dam at a horse auction in New York for \$575. He is owned by C. C. Watts, the attorney-general of West Virginia, and is trained and driven by "Mike" Bowerman, of Lexington (Ky.). His sire is Axworthy (2:15.12), son of Axtell (2:12), and his dam is Carpet, by Prodigal (2:16). His engagements include two stake races to be trotted at Columbus, Ohio, on September 18 and 25, and the Kentucky Futurity, at Lexington, on October 8.

PREMIER WHITNEY'S OPINION OF GRAHAM

Toronto, Sept. 6.—Hon. Mr. Whitney, Ontario's premier, returned last night from a trip to Great Britain. Interviewed today he was asked his opinion of the translation of the leader of the provincial opposition to the federal arena. Technically, he said it was none of his business, but he desired to pay a tribute to the reasonable treatment he had received from Mr. Graham, as opposition leader in the province.

"As leader of the government, I could ask nothing better," said Mr. Whitney, "although Mr. Graham was apt, on the platform and elsewhere, to be extreme in his views. In my opinion Graham's capacity equals that of many of his present colleagues."

Mr. Whitney thought the feature of the affair which stood out boldly was the manner in which Sir Wilfrid maintained the policy adopted when he first formed his cabinet of calling gentlemen from the provincial legislatures.

The record for multiple weddings seems to be held by Trail, a small English village. Four couples were married there recently, the groom being the son of one father, and the brides the daughters of his neighbor. The young people have lived within 100 yards of each other all their lives.

NEW MINISTER OF RAILWAYS OUTLINES HIS POLICY

Toronto, Ont., Sept. 6.—(Special)—Hon. George P. Graham, minister of railways and canals was busy yesterday at parliamentary buildings. Asked whether the Quebec bridge was under his jurisdiction Mr. Graham replied: "Only in a general way. My deputy went to Quebec at the premier's request, but there is no liability on the part of the government."

"Do you not think that a great public work of this kind should be subject to government inspection while building?"

"No," said the minister, "I can't say that I do. Government inspection would carry with it responsibility on the part of the government in the present case. It seems that the Province Co. are liable, but if their work had been passed by government inspection the situation might be different."

As to the Intercolonial Railway Mr. Graham's platform may be summed up as follows:

- 1—The road must give good service to the people.
- 2—It should pay its way and if possible pay some interest on the investment.
- 3—Beyond this the government road should not aim at profits but should reduce fares and thus bring about a reduction of fares upon other roads.

NOT LIKELY TO CHANGE THANKSGIVING DAY

Ottawa, Sept. 8.—(Special)—The dominion government will receive a delegation on Thursday next asking that Thanksgiving Day be held on Monday instead of Thursday. It is not likely the government will do this.

SMUGGLED CHINAMEN TO BE KEPT IN SYDNEY JAIL

Sydney, N. S. Sept. 8.—Instructions have been received by the city authorities from the customs department at Ottawa with regard to the disposal of the seventeen alleged smuggled Chinese in custody at the city police station. The orders are to detain them in durance for the present and provide for them at the expense of the government. Another Chinaman, who was arrested at St. Peter on Friday, was brought to the city this morning and locked up with the others.

REV. A. M. HILL RECEIVES CALL TO YARMOUTH

A message was received from Yarmouth Friday to the effect that at a meeting of the congregation of St. John's Presbyterian church there a unanimous call was extended to Rev. Allan M. Hill, Ph. D., of Fairville.

St. John's church is one of the most

important in western Nova Scotia and numbers among its former pastors such men as Rev. Anderson Rogers, now of the United Church, New Glasgow, and Rev. Dr. E. D. Miles, convener of the foreign mission committee for the eastern section of the Presbyterian church.

Rev. Dr. Hill has been in charge of the Fairville church for the last six years and is popular here. He was communicated with last night and said that he had received a wire, the contents of which were the same as given. He declined to say anything further in the matter than that he is considering the call.

BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND TO HAVE \$3,000,000 CAPITAL

Halifax, Sept. 6.—(Special)—Hon. John Anderson, of St. John's (Nfld.), who is in Sydney, says that the proposal to bring into existence what is known as the National Bank of Newfoundland, has now taken definite shape and that the institution will be capitalized at \$3,000,000, divided into 30,000 shares at \$100 each. It is proposed to place 10,000 shares on the market at par for distribution among the people of the colony.

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