

RED LEPRAHAUN

BY PERCIVAL S. RIDSDALE.

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"Ye mind the fairy story I was after telling ye this day week?" asked Barney McHale.

"I went to Wan ear and out o' other," said his friend Condy McMonagall, seriously.

"Is an empty head ye have, then," said Barney.

"No thanks to you, Barney McHale," was the rejoinder.

"Sure the story was true," expostulated Barney. "Didn't Darby O'Dea get the same to me, and hasn't Jimmy O'Dea, his son, proved it be catching a red Leprahaun?"

"A what?" asked Condy.

"A red Leprahaun."

Condy shook his head and puffed silent contempt into the air.

"Aw, the ignorance of the man," sighed Barney.

"Well, I'm not objecting to the story," said Condy, coolly; "tis me myself has two ears."

"And him from Ballydalin," sighed Barney.

"Not me," said Condy, proudly. "I was in Ballymagooly I let me first yell. There now."

"Well, Darby O'Dea was from Ballydalin, and, 'twas from there he brought the fairies across the water in his cobbler's chest."

"He says he did," said Condy provocatively.

"Tis well ye'r beyond the reach of me fist, Condy McMonagall," cried Barney. "Sure be decent and listen."

"I'm listening," said Condy, "pass me yer baccy."

"Well," said Barney, settling himself, "ye know Jimmy, Darby O'Dea's son, right well. Jimmy, ye know, is the laziest man this side of the water. If I do say it. And for why? After his father died, he did nothing but lay around in the shade and smoke his pipe, and move when the sun caught up with him. And for why, I ask ye again? Just this: The heart of him was set on catching a red Leprahaun. 'Tisn't for the likes of ignorant men like ye to know what that is, so I'll just tell ye. A red Leprahaun is a fairy, and just the meanest, cross-st, stingiest fairy ye ever seen. Like yourself, Condy McMonagall."

Condy took a big pipeful of his friend's tobacco and threw it in the mud.

"There," said he, "is a red Leprahaun answering of ye, Barney McHale."

Barney sputtered, but swallowed his words and puffed himself back into an even mind.

"Well, said he, 'a red Leprahaun is so mean that they set 'em to guard all the fairy gold, knowing they'd never give it away unless they was forced to, and Jimmy he knew just how to force them, and what did he do but spend all his time looking for one, so that by the turn of his finger he could be a rich man."

"Whew," said Condy.

"An by-and-bye what did Jimmy do but catch one. Yes, he did. He had searched in the low grass and the high grass. On the hill and off the hill. By water and away from it, on the roadside and in the forest, for years and years. One day, just passing along the hedge by the Widow McShane's garden what does he see but a bit of fiery red in a bush. In he springs and making a quick grab, and what has he in his fingers but a red Leprahaun."

"Ah, ha," says he, "and I've got ye at last."

"Well, I know it, Jimmy O'Dea," said the Leprahaun, squirming and kicking, and biting and scratching.

"No, ye don't. 'Tis I know how to

hold ye," says Jimmy, and he takes him by the middle between his thumb and forefinger. "I ain't studied about fairies for nothing," says he.

"Tis a wise man ye are," says the Leprahaun, "and a handsome man, with a bold figure," says he.

"Yes, as I strong man," says Jimmy, giving him a squeeze to let him know he wasn't to be won by any blarney.

"And what are ye going to do with me, now ye've got me," says the Leprahaun, says he.

"That," says Jimmy, cool as ye like, "is for ye to say. What'll ye give me to let ye go?" says he.

"Is it a wish ye want?" asks the Leprahaun.

"That's providin'," says Jimmy, says he.

"Being as I strong man," says the Leprahaun, and he points with his finger.

"No, ye don't," says Jimmy, for he knew that if ye take your eyes off a Leprahaun for even the tiniest bit of a second, 'twas the Leprahaun, and he's no longer where ye are holding him.

"No, ye don't," says Jimmy, "tis a trick I know myself," says he.

"Tis fine eyes ye have, Jimmy O'Dea," says the Leprahaun, "tis trouble they make among the girls," says he.

"That's neither here nor there," says Jimmy.

"Where?" asks the Leprahaun, looking around, innocent-like.

"Ye old fox," says Jimmy, "I'll squeeze the life out of ye," says he.

"At that," says the Leprahaun, "would just be like the big lump of nothin' ye are, and lose yer wish," says he.

"Oh, it's a wish then yer after givin' me," says Jimmy.

"What is it ye wish?" says he.

"That's for me to decide," says Jimmy.

"Ye've only a minute," says the Leprahaun.

"I've as long as I hold ye, ye weasel," says Jimmy, not to be fooled.

"At that," says the Leprahaun, seeing that Jimmy was the smart man, and he couldn't get the best of him, thought and thought and thought.

"Tis planning ye are to get away," says Jimmy, making up his mind to get the most he could before letting him go.

"Tis not, my wise man," says the Leprahaun, "but 'twas thinkin' of ye I was. Ye a fine man, Jimmy O'Dea, and I wish ye well. And it was thinkin' of ye that if ye took me home to yer sister Mag, she'd be after helping ye make the wish, being the wise girl that she is."

"Thank ye kindly," says Jimmy, off his guard, "and she is that. 'Tis a good idea."

"Pick up the bag of gold I left in the bush and come on, then," says the Leprahaun.

"Jimmy he looked down, and whisk, the Leprahaun was nearly away, but Jimmy, who had got one eye and a half on the bush, held him with the half of his eye and he was foot.

"Ah, ha, yeascal," he cried, "ye nearly fooled me that time, didn't ye," says Jimmy.

"Tis no use, I see," says the Leprahaun, "yer a smarter man than I took ye for," says he.

"And Mag's smarter than me," says Jimmy, "so come along home with me and we'll see what she says," says he.

"So they went home, and when Mag sees what Jimmy has, she just went wild, for like all women, she had a

thousand wishes on the end of her tongue. But she had a wise head back of it.

"Let's sit down and talk this over," Jimmy says she, "and I'll hold the coat tail of the little man."

"So down they sat, and they talked and talked and talked, and at the end of an hour they hadn't decided. The nearest they could come to it was Mag's suggestion:

"Let's make it a mountain of gold," says she.

"Jimmy, being a careful man, thought it over enough.

"No," says he, "I would be too hard work keeping the thieves away, and we haven't room for it in the cottage," says he.

"Well," says she, "a bushel of diamonds as big as yer head."

"Jimmy thought again. 'No,' says he, 'there'd be so big nobody would wear 'em."

"And so they talked, and talked, and talked for another hour, and were no nearer a decision than when they started. Be this time the little devil of a Leprahaun was gettin' uneasy, for he had to be home soon or else his wife would find out he had been away time of day with a beautiful fairy in the gooseberry bush, and if she found that out, he knew what would happen. It not being the first time, d'ye mind."

"So he he ups and says, says he, 'Jimmy O'Dea, ye are a powerful fine man, and 'tis the likes of ye as should be getting something big, so providin' ye let me go at once, I'll not only give ye one wish, but three, one for Mag and two for yourself."

"Done," cries Jimmy, who was as quick to see a bargain as the next one.

"Done," cries the red Leprahaun, and off he goes.

"So there was Jimmy with his two wishes and Mag with her one, and they set to work to decide. Well, it wasn't, for he and she that they forgot to feed the chickens and milk the cows, and by and by they forgot to go to early mass. For 'twas Sunday mornin', and at that they comes to themselves.

"Jimmy says: 'Let's start for the church and make our wishes before we get there,' says he."

"Let's," says Mag, knowin' a wise plan when she saw one.

"And let's go by different ways," says Jimmy, "so we'll not be botherin' the other with questions," says he.

"To be sure," says Mag, and off they went.

"'Twas a fine mornin', the same, but Jimmy took no heed of that. He was thinkin' of what he'd do with all his wealth, for having the wish he was sure of the money. He'd court the prettiest lass in the parish, he'd have the finest clothes and new brogans and a hat for winter and summer, and a new pipe and a cigar now and then, and Sunday, perhaps. And so he went on, furnishing himself and the cottage, till it was like a palace, and never big enough to hold the things he put in it. And so he went on up hill and down hill, past this house and that house, till he came to the lane which led to the church, and he had to make his wishes then.

"All this time Mag was walking with her back to Jimmy, which was goin' to church the other way, and she was having new hats and shoes and ribbons for herself, and never thinking to wish the wish. And so she went up

hill, and downhill, and past this house and that house, till she came to the lane which led to the church, and she had to make her wishes then.

"At the entrance to the lane there is a cottage of the Widow Dougherty, ye mind, and the widow was at the door. Mag, being a polite girl, passed the time of mornin'.

"What's happened, me darlint?" asked Jimmy in great excitement, for he loved his sister dearly.

"Ochone," she cried, "tis all your fault, Jimmy O'Dea. Many's the time I wanted ye to buy me a muff and ye wouldn't."

"Well," says he, "not knowing where the wind was a-blowin'."

"I forgot the wish I had and wished the wind on this," says she, moanin' and sobbin'.

"Ye loose-tongued gal," he cried, "bad luck to yer wishes! I wish the old muff was down your throat."

"Phist. No sooner had the words left her lips than the muff was in her throat and she was choked to death."

"And there was Jimmy, for people who waste one of his wishes so foolishly, and he made up his mind he'd make the most of the other two."

"All this time Mag was gaspin' and splutterin' and chokin'."

"And the neighbors, seeing she was dying, called out, 'Save yer sister, Jimmy O'Dea!'"

"How?" says he.

"Wish the muff out of her throat," says he.

"Did a bit," he cried, mad enough at losing one wish.

"All this time Mag was gaspin' and splutterin' and chokin'."

"Save yer sister," cried the neighbors.

"Did a bit," says Jimmy again.

"Then we'll hang ye for a murder-er," says they, and they laid hands on him.

"Stop," says Jimmy, "I'll save her dear. So, black and red in the face and white as chalk with their remonstrances and impressions, and not uncommonly with their opinions."

They settle political, social, religious, literary questions, and their judgments are delivered in a manner that disposes of all possibilities of appeal. They do not bring in mind the students of the Cambridge University in England by the vice-chancellor, the late Dr. Thompson, "Young men," he said to them, "remember that we are all of us liable to make mistakes, even the youngest of us."

Their knowledge of the world, and of all things therein, extends so far that sometimes ye catch yourself wondering that they are not a bit older, as we might thus have their impressions of George Washington and their recollections of the battle of Waterloo.

A Christmas Yawp by the Yawper Laureate.

Hail, happy time!
When the world's in rhyme
With joyousness,
And shout and cheer
And hallow, hail everybody!
All hail!
Hail the odds,
Hail the gods
And there the gods
Are not propitious?
What if they
Upon this earth-glad day
Withhold some of their goods?
Withhold some of their gifts?
There may be bliss
But not today;
And not some day?
But if they're not,
Great Scott!
Just think what credit you have got
And make of that a Christmas gift
To her
You from the hole
Must cheer your soul.
Perhaps
Dame Fortune slaps
And gives you cause
To swear at her; but there,
Don't swear,
Just smile,
And after awhile
She'll smile.
But if she doesn't,
Then bear in mind that she
Frodes you with much compass
Brace up for Christmas,
Good Lord! Man,
You ought to know you can
If you half try.
Go watch the children;
Make a little noise.
Makes every youngster shout and sing,
And do you do that little?
Don't you know it?
The big things mostly are for show,
And that it is the little are
Steps that lead you to your star?
Say,
This is not the day
For bumps and you
Must get yourself out of them p. d. q.
What if you have not power and pelf,
Shake the burden of yourself,
And be a free man,
Free to do just what you can.
No more is law,
Yet made compelling Santa Claus
To give up millions;
Nor are you
Compelled to do
What you cannot.
But by the good St. Nicholas,
A law should be
To make a man
Do what he can.
Now, smile, confound you!
Of that one smile
Will break the night.
You've hung around you.
Say, stop your sighs.
You know that sunlit skies
And there beyond the gray.
And that upon this Christmas Day
You ought to shove the clouds away.
And let the everlasting blue
Shine through.
Then, why
In thunder, don't you try
To shove instead
Of standing there with drooping head
And heavy
Get a move on, start.
Here's a Merry Christmas to the world.
And what if it isn't, go
Do your best.
With all the rest,
And that will make it so.
See?
Now, light up the Christmas tree
Get jolly.
Scatter the bay and the holly,
And sing
Merry Christmas into everything.
—William J. Lampton.

Whooping Cough.

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THE MODERN YOUNG MAN

Max O'Rell Thinks He is an Objectionable Insect.

Sprawls in His Chair and Puffs Vile Cigarette Smoke in Women's Faces.

The more I study the ways of the modern young man the better I understand why women say that the society of a man is seldom enjoyable before he has attained the age of 40, writes Max O'Rell in the New York Journal.

The modern young man is conceited, assertive, blasé. He settles the questions of the day with an air of supreme authority; he patronizes "the girls," dresses his legs half sitting, half lying on easy chairs in the presence of ladies, and thinks he confers a great honor upon them in condescending to sit with them or to listen to their conversation.

In France and in England he is objectionable, and in Germany absolutely intolerable. In America, from a few scenes I have witnessed, he is pretty bad, although American women are about the best to put a man in his proper place.

A beautiful English girl once told me that at a ball she had accepted an invitation of a young man of twenty, young man remains seated. Even when dancing," she asked him, "Well, he answered, 'you see I am often invited to dine in this house, and you have to be practically apologized to that beautiful girl for being seen dancing with her. But, said, 'didn't you pull the nose of the insect?' I had a good mind to do so," she replied.

An American girl would have invited that imp to dinner and entertained him to the nursery with the children, and fed him on oatmeal gruel and candles.

The modern young man puts the nose of his acquaintance on the back, sends the smoke of his cigarette in their faces, and waves his hand to them when he meets them in the street.

In the street cars, it is the men of 40, 50 and 60 years of age who rise and offer their seats to the ladies, the young men remain seated. Even with us older men they are often assertive and even rude. They do not listen and learn; they hold the floor and enter into long and rambling conversations and impressions, and not uncommonly with their opinions.

They settle political, social, religious, literary questions, and their judgments are delivered in a manner that disposes of all possibilities of appeal. They do not bring in mind the students of the Cambridge University in England by the vice-chancellor, the late Dr. Thompson, "Young men," he said to them, "remember that we are all of us liable to make mistakes, even the youngest of us."

Their knowledge of the world, and of all things therein, extends so far that sometimes ye catch yourself wondering that they are not a bit older, as we might thus have their impressions of George Washington and their recollections of the battle of Waterloo.

I like the young man of twenty who does not believe that no woman can resist him; who is considerate and respectful to ladies and people of old age, who admits that he is ten years younger than his father, who remains calm with his head unswayed while engaged in conversing with ladies, who listens to older men, who asks his views and gives his advice when he is invited to do so, who enjoys the natural pursuits of youth, who does not think it beneath his dignity to pay some attention to children, who is modest and retiring, and who succeeds in making himself pleasant and useful.

Time Changes.

[New York Sun.]

For about ten years Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Martin has been editing and publishing in London a monthly magazine called the Humanitarian. It has been devoted to the discussion of social and philanthropic questions, and on the whole, has been an ably conducted, temperate and interesting periodical in its special field. In the December number, Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Martin announces that the mental strain involved in carrying on the magazine from month to month is so great that she has decided to discontinue its publication, adding that the cessation of the Humanitarian means merely with her a transference of energy to other channels. Her valdictory touches upon some of the past phases of her singular career. There are many of our readers who will be interested in this brief reference to an earlier journalistic enterprise of Victoria Woodhull's in New York.

"Many of the subjects which I have dealt with in these pages and elsewhere have come to be freely discussed on the platform and in the press—questions which at the time I first dealt with them required unusual courage to grapple with, especially social questions. To that work I have given the best years of my life, through good report and evil, and often in the face of odds which threatened to be overwhelming. More than thirty years ago, realizing how the advancement of women, and how large a factor was woman's economic dependence, I and my sister opened a banking and brokerage business in Wall street, by way of showing as a practical object lesson, that women could make their own way in the world. A storm of ridicule, abuse and misrepresentation had to be faced before we succeeded. We also started a 'paper, which quickly obtained a very large circulation."

How many of those who remember their own attitude and the general attitude of the public toward Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly thirty years ago, would have supposed at that time that its editor would ever command the services as co-laborers in another publication of hers of such men and women of diverse distinction as Sir John Lubbock, Mrs. White, of Beverton, was dangerously ill from nervous trouble; had not slept a night for three months; so low, friends had given up hope of recovery. She began using South American Nervine and from the night she took the first dose slept soundly. She put on flesh rapidly and in a short while every symptom of the trouble had left her, and although it is five years ago, she has never had a sign of return. For sale by C. McCallum & Co.

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