

THE OLD, OLD HOME.

When I long for sainted memories, Like angel troops they come, If I fold my arms and ponder On the old, old home.

Where infancy was sheltered Like rosebuds from the blast, Where girlhood's brief exultum In joyousness was passed;

A father sat, how proudly, By that old hearthstone's rays, And told his children stories Of his early manhood's days;

The birthday gifts and festivals, The blended vesper hymn, (Some dear one who was swelling it With the seraphim),

Like a wreath of scented flowers Close intertwined each heart; Through time and chance in concert Have blown the reath apart,

—Exchange.

LIMERICK'S LUCK.

A Boy From Donegal That Saw a Leprechawn.

By WINTHROP JACKARD.

His name was not Limerick, but so the rough cattle foreman had christened him at first sight of his sony Irish face, and Limerick he was to remain for the voyage.

Withal, Limerick was just a home-sick Irish lad, too young to bluff alone with the New World, and now going back to the Old one, where the faces were not strange and the people were kindly.

But if life in a new country had been hard, surely the cattle steamer was like purgatory before the paradise of home. Above decks and below, the long lines of close packed beasts awayed with the roll of the ship, often moaning and rolling their eyes in terror of the fierce buffets of the sea and the answering roar of the gale.

The cattle feeders were too few for the ship, which was crowded with bullocks, and the rough weather made so much work that there was no leisure for the feeders; sometimes even the boss cattle-man worked. From the time of watering the cattle at daybreak until the last feeding and sweeping the alleys in the long twilight, there was work for Limerick, even in pleasant weather.

But there were days when there was far more than the routine work to do. The September gales now and then swept the sea with resistless fury. Under the blows of the great green seas the ship would cringe and stagger like a beaten animal, and on the decks, now flung high in air, now buried in foam, the cattle could stand only with difficulty; but stand they must, for to lie down was to be crushed beneath the fall of others.

It was on such a night that Limerick saved the Dago. Among the cattle crew of tramps and broken-down cookneys the Dago was even more lonesome than Limerick. His name was not Dago, but he was so evidently an Italian he had been so nicknamed immediately. As the Dago's broken English made him the jest of the feeders and the butt of the boss cattle-man, he kept much to himself. Sometimes in the solitude of his hay bunk he talked in musical Italian to something, Limerick had heard him and wondered.

This night the two had the watch on the hurricane deck, to windward, where the cattle were ranged in a long line under a rude plank shed. The fling of the sea was tremendous, and they had hard work to keep the cattle up. Limerick kept as he beat and jibbed the poor creatures, but in mercy it had to be done, for any beast that lay down must die.

Then a bullock went down, and as they rushed to the rescue, the ship rolled sharply to windward, and threw the Dago among the tossing horns. Then there was a great crash, and a mountain of green water fell against the plank shed. It broke through in part, and

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swept two of the bullocks into the waist of the ship, where they lay with broken legs. The Dago, lifted on the reflux, was swept toward the sea as the ship righted under the weight of water. For a second, terrified, he clung to the rail. Then he let go with a despairing cry, only to feel a firm young hand on his collar.

Limerick, slender but strong, clinging to the rail with legs and one hand, drew the Dago back to it with the other. Then, as the ship rose through the wave, the burly form of the big Dutch boatswain loomed through the darkness, and with giant grip drew both to safety.

The dark eyes of the Italian flashed with gratitude, and he caught Limerick's hand. "You sava me," he said. "Me no can spik. Me sava you bime by."

The next day Limerick saw the Leprechawn. The storm had abated, and in the forenoon, rolled in the hay in the dusky recesses of the hold, he slept the sleep of exhaustion. Waking with an odd feeling of some one near by, he rubbed his eyes and looked again, for there, seated on the edge of a hay bale and baling into the roll of a vessel, was an odd little man in a bedraggled red coat with a peaked cap on his head.

Limerick sat up. His disastrous trip to America, the rough storms and rougher men who made his life on the ship so hard, slipped from his mind like a dream forgotten. He saw only a meadow in the Donegal hills, a meadow green as only an Irish meadow can be, framed in the purple heather of the moors, dotted with bluebells and hung with trailing clouds of mist slipping down from the peak of Slieve Snaught.

—he saw only the m-a-l-o-w of his childhood, and this was the Leprechawn that the older people had always told him would one day be there.

"It is the Fir Darrig has come to me," said Limerick, softly; "the Leprechawn." With wide eyes fixed on the little creature, he drew softly towards it.

Had not the old folk told him of the Leprechawn, and now, if you caught him, good fortune would be yours for ever after? Only one must not take one's eyes off him until he should be caught, for if one did the wary creature would vanish, no one knew whither.

And now he was near the Leprechawn! Even in the dusk of the hold he could see the glitter of the little fellow's eyes and the play of his brown palms as he sat easily on the swinging bale. Then Limerick turned with a great start, for a rough voice shouted almost in his ear. "Here you, come up on deck and go to work! What are you loafing here for? Get up there lively now!"

Limerick turned in obedience; then, remembering too late, turned again to the Leprechawn. He looked at the empty place stupidly. The Fir Darrig had vanished.

A strong hand was laid on the boy's shoulder, and he was thrust roughly to the hatchway. "Look here," said the foreman, "you move when I tell you. See? You're not on an observation tour this trip. You're here to tend to cattle, you are. Get up there now!"

With rage and disappointment in his heart, Limerick went back to the weary round of work. The green meadow, the misty slope of Slieve Snaught, the bluebells and the heather had gone with the Leprechawn, and left behind only an odd little pain of homesickness and disappointment.

"It's born on an unlucky day I was," sighed Limerick, ruefully.

Before long the Dago laid a sympathetic hand on his arm and offered him a raw onion, sliced from the cook's stores. "You feela bad," he said. "Me sorry. You eata him."

The Dago was an old chap. He went often to his bunk behind the farthest hay-bales, and you would hear him talking there. He saved bits of his scanty food and took them there, too. Once in quaint English he had told Limerick that he had been an organ grinder in America.

"Me grinda da music tree, four year," he said. "Home," with a gesture. "Me geta da farm. You go Italia, too?" But Limerick had no heart for new countries and shook his head.

Driven by the steady thrust of the crew and the varying violence of the westerly winds, the ship had reached the deep and tempestuous seas south of Ireland.

By nightfall they were in the full fury of the gale, yet the ship rode buoyant and strong, rolling tremendously, and now and then shipping a sea.

In the midst of all this Limerick worked faithfully, and here he again saw the Leprechawn! It was indeed the quaint little Fir Darrig, climbing lightly from the hatchway, leaping from rope to rigging and rigging to rail, where he sat and looked about as if in search of some one.

Limerick dropped his goal, forgot the cattle, forgot the rush of the storm and the presence of the big cattle-foreman. With a little cry he ran swiftly to the rail.

The voice of the foreman sounded a warning. "Here!" he said; "come back here to your work! Don't you sneak off that way!"

But Limerick did not heed, and the foreman, with an angry look, grasped his club and came after him. Limerick had already reached the rail and caught the little creature in both hands. The Fir Darrig looked at him doubtfully, and Limerick saw for the first time that the Leprechawn had a tail.

Then the Dago rushed up with an anxious look. "Where you getta da monk?" he said. "Where you getta him? Him is to me?" The Leprechawn sprang lightly from Limerick's hands to the Dago's shoulder, where he clung affectionately. Then the burly scowling cattle-foreman stood before Limerick and said savagely, "Won't come back when I tell you, won't you? I'll show you—" But the Dago sprang in between the two.

ship slipped from under him. Then, swimming blindly, he dropped into the yawning hollow of the wave, and the ship loomed dark for a moment and was gone. The foam crest of a great billow swept over him, and he was half strangled, yet he struck out, swimming instinctively. The terrible tumult of the sea swept him like a cork on its surface, and only the rush of water and the roar of the gale surrounded him. He was lost.

Again the sharp sting of spray and the roar of wind in his ears told him that he was lifted high on a great wave-crest. A long, booming roar sounded through the gale, a dark object loomed toward him, and something like dancing lights flashed before his eyes. There was a sound of voices in the air, he thought. Perhaps it was the fairies.

"I'm for Donegal," he said, faintly, and was swept by the great wave full upon the dark object. There the world whirled from his consciousness, and all became black.

The Catalonia, ocean-liner, two days out from Liverpool, had run into the worst storm of the season. Crowded alike with returning tourists and emigrants, she had over a thousand passengers aboard, and as the night drew on every precaution was taken by a captain and crew whose vigilance was the pride of the line.

The captain himself was on the bridge with the first and second officer; farther forward was stationed a subordinate officer, and well in the bow, screening himself from the green seas which now and then broke aboard, was the lookout, clear-headed and vigilant, with eyes that watched the sea warily and noted all that came in sight.

At regular intervals the great whistle bled. Once they had sighted a sailing vessel in the gloom, the lookout noted a dark shape.

"Steamer on the port bow, sir," repeated the subordinate officer, passing the cry along. The captain nodded, the whistle boomed and the dark form vanished.

Just then a great wave broke to green water full over the Catalonia's bow, and left a dark object in the floor at the lookout's feet. The look-out glanced at it with a gasp of surprise; then, turning his attention immediately to the sea, he resumed his vigilance, crying: "Man come aboard, sir!"

"Man come a what?" cried the astonished subordinate officer.

"Man come aboard, sir," said the lookout.

The captain was an old seaman, and had learned not to be surprised at anything at sea, but there was a twinkle of humorous disbelief in his eyes as he said gravely to the second officer:

"Mr. Healy, send the boatswain forward and find out what this man has come after."

An hour or two later, under the skillful hand of the ship's surgeon, Limerick had revived. He was still a little dazed from a blow on the head, his arm was broken, and there were other bruises, but he would get well.

He was able to tell a little of his story, and the news of his extraordinary arrival flew rapidly about the ship. Of course a substantial purse was made up for him. More than this—in the big saloon the Hon. Fergus Fitzpatrick, member of the New York Legislature, held forth in this wise to a coterie of returning politicians.

"Gentlemen, if the boy'll agree to it, I'm going to take him and bring him up. My talk about luck! A boy that can fall off one ship in mid-ocean and land on his feet on another inside of five minutes is a three-fifty, all wool mercantile. It's worth while to stand in with such lucky people. Besides, there's good blood in him. He's Donegal lad, and I'm from Donegal myself."

But Limerick laid all his luck to catching the Leprechawn.—The Youth's Companion.

WHEN I GET TIME.

When I get time, I know what I shall do. I'll cut the leaves of all my books And read them through and through.

When I get time, I'll write some letters then That I have owed for weeks and weeks To many, many men.

When I get time, I'll pay those bills I owe, And with those bills, those countless bills, I will not be so slow.

When I get time, I'll regulate my life In such a way that I may get Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time, Oh, glorious dream of bliss!— A month, a year, ten years from now! But I can't finish this I have no time.

An Irish soldier home on furlough was stopped by a Salvation Army man who said: "I, too, am a soldier—a soldier of heaven." "Well," retorted Pat, "you are a dence of a length from your barracks."

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A COLUMN OF HUMOR.

The following is a selection from jokes sent in for last week's competition to the Dublin Lark:— "Getting to the Bottom."

A young fellow riding down a steep hill and doubting the fact of it was bogging, called out to a clown that was hitching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. "Ay," answered the countryman, "it is hard enough at the bottom. I'll warrant you." But in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle-skirts, which made the young gallant wail, spout, curse and swear. "Way, youascal," said he to the ditcher, "didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom?" "Ay," replied the other, "but you are not half way to the bottom yet."

A Lodger of High Rank. There once lived in an Ulster town a man who prided himself on his atheistical views, and took great delight in saying that Satan and his legion had no terrors for him. Meeting the venerable Parish Priest on one occasion in a mixed audience, he thought he would have a joke at his reverence's expense, and when the usual adulations were over, he said: "I had the devil sleeping at my house last night." "An illustrious visitor, upon my word," said the priest. "Yes," said the other, with unblushing impudence, "he could not find lodgings anywhere, and I took him in. Your reverence will probably find fault with me, but I could not think of shutting the door against him. Do you think it was very wrong to keep him all night?" "Not at all," said the priest, "you were quite right, for many a night he will have to keep you."

Scared the Ghost. During a confirmation tour in the diocese of Peterborough, Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, put up one evening in an old manor house, and slept in a room supposed to be haunted. Next morning, at breakfast, the bishop was asked whether he had seen the ghost. "Yes," he replied, with great solemnity; "but I have laid the spirit. It will never trouble you again!"

On being further interrogated as to what he had done, the bishop said: "The ghost instantly vanished when I asked for a subscription towards the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral."

He Forgot His Troubles. A dead-looking man went into a chemist's shop. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thought of sorrow and bitter recollection?"

And the chemist nodded, and put him up a little dose of quinine and worm-wood, and rubarb Epsom salts, and a dash of castor oil, and gave it to him, and for six months the man could not think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.

A friend of mine who spent some years before the mast tells the story of a sea captain to whom a sailor applied for relief for "something on his stomach." The captain consulted his book of directions, and prescribed "No. 15." Unfortunately, however, there had been a run upon No. 15, and the bottle was empty. But the skipper, remembering old games of cribbage, made up a dose by combining Nos. 8 and 7, saying "8 and 7 make 15" and adding a touch of another combination familiar to a few people, Nos. 77 and 79. The sailor, to whom the first calculation seemed quite natural, took the mixture, with startling effect.

How the Noggin Made Money. An old woman who had made a great deal of money by selling whiskey was visited on her death-bed by her minister, to whom she spoke, as is usual on such occasions about her temporal as well as her spiritual affairs.

As to her temporalities, they seemed to be in a very flourishing condition, for she was dying worth a large sum of money.

And so Molly, said the minister, you tell me that you are worth so much money?

Indeed minister, replied Molly, I am. And you actually made all that money by filling the noggin?

Na, na, minister, said the dying woman, I made maist of it by not fillin' the noggin.

Would Take Anybody. A tramp coming to a policeman's house in the town of B— and asking help, was told by the policeman's wife, on coming to the door, that her husband was a policeman, and would certainly take him if he did not get away quickly. "I am sure he would, ma'am," replied the tramp, "take anybody when he took you!"

A story is told of Lord Rosebery in his younger days. He wanted a new hat, and went into a great Oxford street

establishment to buy one. While he stood bareheaded, waiting to be fitted, a bishop entered on the same errand and mistook the Earl of Rosebery for one of the shop assistants. "Have you a hat like this?" he asked, showing him his extraordinary head gear. The future Prime Minister took it from him, and examined it critically before he answered. "No," he replied, at length, "I have 'got a hat like that; and it is good, I'm blest if I'd wear it!"

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