



the in-vad-er to tread on her soil.
When back o'er the moun-tains the Dane
And gave to religion and learning their spell:
When valor and mind together combined—
But wherefore lament o'er the glories depart
—Ed
Her star shall shine out with as vivid a ray,
For ne'er had she children more brave and
true hearted
Than those who now see on St. Patrick's day
Her coat of arms, passed away to the stranger,
And treason surrendered what valor had
held,
But true hearts remained amid darkness and
danger.
Which despite of her tyrants, would not be
quelled.
Of, off, through the night flashed gleams of
light,
Which almost the darkness of bondage dis-
solved.
But a star now is clear, her heaven to cheer,
Not like the wild gleams which so fitfully
darted.
But long to shine down with its hallowing ray,
On daughters as fair and true as they
As Erin beholds on St. Patrick's day.
Oh, hush be the hour when, begirt by her
can
And halled as it rose by a nation's applau-
se,
That flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dun-
gannon,
Asserting for Irishmen Irish laws.
One more shall it wave o'er hearts as brave,
Despite of the dastards who mock at her
cause,
And like brothers agreed, whatever their creed,
Her children, inspired by those glories
departed,
No longer in darkness depending will stay,
But join in her cause like the brave and true
hearted,
Who rise for their rights on St. Patrick's day.

THE GREEN RIBBON.

A STORY OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

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ation.)

"An if ever you meet a pretty fair maid,
Wild a dark an' roilin' eye,
Oh, kiss her an' embrace her,
An' tell her the reason why!"
It was Annie, the boarding house
chambermaid, carolling outside Miss
O'Neill's hall bedroom.
"God bless the Irish heart of her!"
said Miss O'Neill, and then she sighed
as she fastened her collar with her moth-
er's old-fashioned brooch, the little quick
sigh that tells of melancholy put down
by determination.
Miss O'Neill was Irish herself. Her
gray, dark fringed eyes told that more
plainly than did her name, and though
her pretty speech was enriched by just
a touch of brogue she was newer to the
new world than Annie and more home-
sick for the old.

Annie tapped lightly at the door.
"Yes, come in, Annie," said Miss
O'Neill, and then she started and stared
an instant. "Why, Annie, is it—Why,
it is St. Patrick's day! Think of my for-
getting that!"

Annie had a knot of green ribbon on
her breast. Miss O'Neill's lip began to
quiver. "Oh, Annie," the words came,
with a sob, "I wish I was back in Ire-
land! I wish I was!"

"Sure ye'll think ye are this day.
Ye're not fit to go down stairs. Sit
here, an' I'll bring yer breakfast up to
ye merrily. It's a blessed day, an' let me
begin it by doin' that much for a real
Irish lady—the Blessed Virgin take care
of ye!"

"You have done a deal for me by just
being so sweet and Irish, Annie, and
bringing the sight of your green ribbon
with you. It made me cry, but I'll be



braver for it." Miss O'Neill wiped her
eyes. She turned back as her hand was
on the knob. "It ought to be a lucky
day this, don't you think so, Annie, for
an Irish girl?"

And Annie stopped beating a pillow
to say that St. Patrick's was well known
to her mother before her and her grand-
mother before that, for the luckiest day
in the whole year, and that if Miss
O'Neill had the luck she deserved—but
Miss O'Neill was gone.

It was not a year since Mary O'Neill
had come to America with her widowed
father. He was a Dublin lawyer, mak-
ing a good income and spending it all,
but after her mother's death he found
life in the old surroundings intolerable.
He must do something to get away from
familiar sights and sounds. He deter-

mined to go to America. Friends said it
was madness at his time of life to tear
up the old roots and transplant his pro-
fession, but he said he should go mad if
he staid. He was himself surprised when
Mary, too, said she would rather go
than stay. She would like to live in
America. He did not think of the fact
that young Harry Stevenson was in
America as having anything to do with
Mary's willingness to live there. Neither
did Mary, or if she did she did not put
the thought into words, not even to
deny it. But the mother, if she could
have known, would have suspected that
there was a connection between the two
things and would have sighed and smiled
with tears in her eyes. Mary did not
know that young Stevenson had asked
her father's permission to write to her
and had been refused it on the ground
that it was best to put no nonsense in
such a child's head when she had never
thought of such a thing as a lover in
her life. The best way would be to leave
her alone in her childish freedom of
heart for a time, was Mr. O'Neill's
verdict, and his wife knew he was talk-
ing nonsense—that Mary was a woman—
but she told him it was a wise arrange-
ment, because who could tell but that
anything else was yet more unwise? And
so Mary had her time of the secret pain
girls know so well till all lesser trou-
bles were lost in her loss of her mother.
She and her father came to America.
She never asked him why he did not
look up Harry Stevenson. He thought
to himself that she had actually forgot-
ten all about him. He would not look
up a man who had once wanted to be-
come his daughter's suitor till he had
once more gained a place in the world
for his daughter's bettering her. He lived
only six months after their arrival, and
his daughter was now living on the little
capital he left behind him, or rather on
the small part of that which was in
money. She was a brave girl, and she
had cast about her for some way to earn
her living at once. She had at last de-
cided to try to go on the stage. It was
not such a foolish decision in her case as
it usually is, looked at from one point of
view. A sheltered, happy girl is not apt
to have many bread-winning gifts at her
command when she is suddenly thrown
on her own resources, and Mary was no
exception, but she had a large experi-
ence of the amateur stage and beauty,
distinction and a lovely, round Irish
voice. To seek some modest theatrical
engagement seemed a sensible thing to
do till she began to do it.

But, oh, the misery, the humiliation,
the cold despair she had felt during this
last week! She, without friends, with-
out experience, had been making the
rounds of the dramatic agents and man-
agers, and only her despair, her pride
and her courage had kept her up under
her experience of their cynical, cold
sneer and indifference, their tone, so
new to her, that refused to recognize her
femininity as any plea for the courtesy
she was so used to that she had never
recognized its existence till she missed it.

Today she was to see one more, an
agent, the last on her list. Yesterday she
had said to her brusquely, "I haven't
time to talk to you." Then, with a
glance that measured her as if she had
been a horse: "You say you've played
a lot with amateurs? Well, you can
come in and see me tomorrow at 3
o'clock if you want to. I'll hear what
you have to say, if you can say it in ten
minutes."

"We expected to see you all in green,
with a harp in your hand, this morning,"
Miss O'Neill, said one of the old wom-
en of the boarding house as the girl sat
down at the breakfast table. She
drew her crocheted chinohilla shawl
closer about her, with a pined smile.
"I suppose Miss O'Neill will appear
in that costume when she makes her
debut on the stage," said the little be-
rinkled passe married woman who con-
sidered herself the belle of the boarding
house.

"One of my young men said he saw
you in Hart & Block's office yesterday,
so we expect you to begin starring
soon." She stared at Mary with hard,
triumphant black eyes. She felt she had
ferreted out a secret and succeeded in
giving pain.

"Well, that's great news for us the-
ater goers, if it's so, Miss O'Neill," said
the big, good natured drummer. "Lucky
manager!" He was interrupted by an-
other and very dismal old woman, who
said in a high, penetrating voice that it
was "a terrible thing the way actresses
behave nowadays by what you read in
the newspapers. I never saw one my-
self," and the drummer, feeling himself
powerless before the feminine phalanx,
swallowed at a gulp his beverage, called
by courtesy coffee, and flung himself out
of the room, wondering if Miss O'Neill
would accept a pot of shamrock if he
sent it to her. He concluded he did not
dare try it.

Miss O'Neill carried herself through
the meal with that quiet pride the
belle of the boarding house called arro-
gance, but she did not eat much, and
as she stitched away, repairing and re-
modeling her little wardrobe, all morn-
ing, some tears dropped upon her gowns.

"Well, at this rate I'm doing my
clothes more harm than good," she said
to herself, "and indeed they cannot af-
ford the luxury of grief, and neither can
I," and she got up to look in the glass
to see if her eyes were red. The tide had
turned, as Irish tides do, so unaccount-
ably. She was dressed and went out upon
her appointed mission all but gayly. She
put all thought of the coming inter-
view out of her mind, and let her heart
grow at the sight of so many green rib-
bons and green flags on boys and men
and horses and carts. "It is an Irish
town, as they say," she thought, "and
an Irish girl ought not to have to starve
here."

In a shop window she caught sight
of the most gorgeous green ribbon she
had seen that day, a lovely ribbon of
watered silk embroidered in gold harps
and shamrocks. "I never saw anything
so pretty," she exclaimed sotto voce.
"Oh, I must have a piece of it!" was
the next thing with this Irish daughter
of Eve. Her little money was melting

away day by day; she was economizing
to the point of hardship, walking till
she was faint to save a car fare; her in-
taro was full of dark uncertainty, and
she was facing it like a heroine, and
now here she was merrily squandering
\$1.50 for a useless knot of green ribbon,
carried away by a child's impulse made
of infantile patriotism, vanity and
pleasure in prettiness.

"No, don't do it up," she said to the
shopgirl, and she knotted her ribbon on
her breast under her cloak. "I must re-
member and not throw back my cloak
in that office," she cautioned herself.
"That man might be an Orangeman.
Who knows?" thought the Dublin girl,
with serious faith in the reality of such
an issue.

Hart, the agent, sat at his desk in an
inner room. The outer office was full
of ladies of all ages, but unanimously
youthful in toilet and generally yellow
haired, with a sprinkling of clean
shaven men. Mary passed through the
crowd, summoned by the magnate of
the place, to enter his sanctum at once.
"Well?" he said curtly. Mary tried
to state her case. She mentioned among
other things that she sang.

"I'll put your name on our list," said
the great man. "Maybe we can place



"HARRY, HARRY STEVENSON!"
you if you are willing to go on the road
at a very small salary, but I doubt if
we can do anything for you at all, and
certainly not before next fall. Good
day!"

Mary had stood during the five min-
utes' interview. She turned to the door.
Her eyes were dim with the sickness of
hope deferred; she did not see a stool at
her feet; she stumbled over it, caught
at a chair to save herself; her cloak flew
back as she threw out her arm, and
there on her breast gallantly waved that
foolish knot of gay green ribbon. Mr.
Hart had sat unmoved while she was
about to fall, but now a quite human
smile spread over his face that had
hitherto been so sphinxlike.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Is that
for St. Patrick's day?"

"Yes," and Mary stood straight and
proud and far more becomingly than
before. "I'm an Irish woman."
"Good," said Mr. Hart. "You did that
very well; looks as if there were some
stuff in you. Sit down here a minute.
I'm an Irishman myself, Irish-Ameri-
can, and I'm in a devil of a hole about
an Irish singer I'd engaged for a show
tonight. Irish society going to have a
banquet at one of the theaters tonight.
It's one of the little places, and this girl
that was going to sing some real old
Irish songs for them from the stage has
gone and got the quincy or something.
I don't know anybody that knows any
real Irish songs, and you can't put up a
fake on these people. Do you suppose
you've got voice enough, and do you
know any Irish songs?"

That night Mary sang before the ban-
queting Irishmen and the onlooking
Irish women who filled the boxes and
balconies of the little theater.

"Where'd they get her?" "Who is
she?" "And did you ever hear such a
voice for sweetness and roundness? A
contralto for me every time!"

"Do you know who she is at all?"
The bombardment of the silent young
man continued: "Is she Irish? She must
be."

"Yes, she's Irish," he answered at
last, adding hastily: "You may be sure
of it."

After an interval the singer again ap-
peared. The young man left his seat
and found another, close to the stage.

Mary began to sing to its own incom-
parable melody "The Dear Irish Boy."
The lines had just rung out with their
heart moving pathos, when there was a
scream, a crash and a great confusion.
Some one, of course, cried "Fire!" and a
hundred voices contradicted him in vari-
ous uncompromising terms. The pit of
the theater had been boarded over to
make a new floor above the seats, and
this temporary flooring had given way
at one spot. No one was seriously in-
jured. A woman or two had fainted,
a man or two went home, and then the
festival, once more became festive, and
calls for the rest of the "Dear Irish Boy"
began to be raised.

But something very queer had hap-
pened. The singer had disappeared en-
tirely. Not a trace of her was to be
found. "She's a fairy, a real Irish
fairy," the men said to each other. The
mystery of her exit added in retrospect
to the mystery and charm of her appear-
ance. The newspaper men found "miste-
rious" in the matter. Mary had "made
a hit."

When the crash came and the singer
stopped and paled, when all heads were
turned from the stage, the silent young
man who had drawn near had leaped
upon it, the girl gave one hushed cry.
"Harry, Harry Stevenson!" the word
"Fire!" had rung out, and Harry Stev-
enson had hurried her off the scene.

The next day Mr. Hart wrote to Miss
O'Neill telling her he had an engagement
for her with a popular Irish comedian
who had heard her sing the night be-
fore.

"I shall tell him, Harry, that I al-
ready have an engagement with an Irish
comedian," said Mary.
"God grant you may never play tra-
gedy with him!" said Harry Stevenson,
pressing her hand between both of his
till she reminded him she had already
warned him that the belle of the board-
ing-house was watching them through
the portiere.

"Well, our story begins, this chap-
ter of it as a reward for my mine. If
fate keeps that, we'll surely always be
lucky. What would have become of me
if I hadn't squandered my precious pen-
nies for that silly ribbon, bless it! They
say God loves the Irish, and there's a
sign of it, for it was the Irishest thing
to do!"

Norah, the Pride of Kildare.
As tearful as Flora in charming young
Norah.
Thou art my heart and the pride of Kildare.
I never will deceive her, for surely 'twould
grieve her
To find that I signed for another less fair.



Where'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er forget thee,
Love,
Though beauties may smile and try to in-
snare,
Yet nothing shall ever my heart from thee
sever.
Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kil-
dare.

CHORUS.
Her heart with truth tooming, her eye with
smiles beaming,
What mortal could injure a blossom so fair?
Oh, Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare.
LORITTO, OR THE CHOICE.

An Interesting Story for Both Old and
Young.

Written by George E. Miles.

IN FOUR PARTS.
PART I.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"And I should remember you,
though I must have been a very
little girl then. What has become of
your predecessor—the old gentleman
in spectacles—who looked like a
prophet and told me that I would
one day be a better Catholic than
Agnes?"

"Father Thomas," suggested Ag-
nes.

"Yes!" cried Lel, eagerly, as the
name recalled his image more
vividly.

"He is enjoying, I trust, the full
reward of his labors," answered the
priest, and perhaps praying now
amidst the angels for the fulfillment
of his prophecy. Miss Agnes, he
continued, presenting her a glass of
wine—"there is a milk-white lamb
amongst these hills whom we love
and watch most tenderly, and you
have come to steal her from us."

"You have made her believe that
our country fields afford poor nour-
ishment, and taught her to sigh for
more alluring pastures."

Lel was silent—Melville restless.

"You would have her forsake the
simple herbage that has hitherto
sustained her, to crop the hot-house
plants which may poison as soon as
nourish."

"You do her too much injustice,"
objected Melville.

"Are you too in the conspiracy,
Mr. Melville? There are four against
me, then, reformed the Confessor,
looking from one to the other."

"As supplicants only—not extor-
sioners," added Lel, turning away, as
if to examine a proof engraving of
the Last Supper.

The good priest had at last made
up his mind, and taking Agnes by
the hand, he said—

"And for how long, my child,
would you leave us?"

"For a month."

"Miss Agnes, you must turn your
back on me no longer. I own myself
vanquished—and commit your cousin
to your keeping for a month."

Melville bowed deeply, and thanked
him cordially, whilst Agnes crowded
over to Lel, who was still examining
the picture.

"Why, Lel!" exclaimed Agnes, com-
pletely taken by surprise, as Lel,
who had been vainly struggling with
her tears, fell weeping on her
neck.

"Strange—strange girl," murmured
Melville to himself.—"When shall I
ever know her real character?"

"Tears of joy, my child?" inquired
the confessor, touched by her emo-
tion.

"No sir!" cried Lel, "tears of sorrow!
I could not ask your consent, because
in my inmost soul I did not wish it.
Up to this moment, I have labored
incessantly to induce Agnes to ac-
company me home—but my heart
failed me at the dawn of success; and

were I not prevented by her
promise to her uncle, I should have
crossed her—by violating every rule of
propriety and respect, I would have
applied you now to retract your per-
mission."

"Which I should never do," said the
priest, who saw the beautiful soul of
which Agnes spoke, shining through
the tears in Lel's eyes.

"Place her not in my keeping," con-
tinued Lel with mournful earnestness.
"—I am not worthy of so holy a
charge!"

"Then in God's keeping! I relieve
you of responsibility," and from that
moment the name of Ellen Almy
became an altar word; and through-
out that peaceful convent there were
prayers offered up from many a pure
heart for her peace and happiness.

CHAPTER VII.

That night Lel had a dream. She
dreamed that she was in the Convent
Chapel, alone—at midnight, that is,
she was kneeling there, a lady, whose
face was concealed by a white veil
spangled with stars, appeared upon
the altar. Slowly and noiselessly
the figure moved towards her, and
stood over her—the veil was uplifted—
it was her mother! Not the pale,
cold body she had seen in the coffin,
—but the mild, warm, bright being,
whose breast had once been her
home—the living mother of other
days. She dreamed that her mother
kissed her, saying: "I have come to
life again—you are no longer mother-
less—though invisible, I will be ever
at your side, to bear your lowest
whisper, and grant whatever a
parent's love might bestow. Sleeping
or waking, I shall watch over you—
go where you will, I am with you—
and though years and years may pass
before we meet again, remember that
your mother lives!"

The figure receded to the altar, as
if wafted back by unseen wings—a
smile of more than mortal sweetness
overspread her face—and from her
hands and forehead streamed forth
rays of glory, bathing the sanctuary
in light. It was still her mother's
form—but not her mother—yet the
mother—she had died—but one
like her, only far more beautiful, far
more powerful, and in loving whom,
she loved her parents too. It was
still her mother, but more than her
mother!

"O holy one, leave me not!" trembled
on her lips, as the lovely vision
seemed about to lose itself in excess
of light, but in the effort to speak,
she awoke with a Christmas sun
beaming full on her face. It was nine
o'clock.

"I thought you were never going to
wake," said Agnes. "Do you know
that you have been crying in your
sleep?"

"Oh! I have had such a dream,"
sighed Lel, pressing the tears from
her eyelids. "I dreamed that my
mother was living and appeared to
me—how beautiful she was!—And
now that you smile—you remind me
of the look she gave me as she val-
ished. Ag—when I first woke and
saw you kneeling there, I thought
you were an angel."

"I wish I were, Lel, if only to be
your guardian."

"What have you been doing to
yourself this morning?"

"Nothing. What do you mean?"

"Have you been riding?" pursued
Lel, after a pause.

"I rode to the convent with moth-
er."

"What took you there so early?"

"To go to Communion."

"To Communion," murmured Lel,
resting her cheek on her hand; then
turning fondly to her friend, she
said:—"Agnes, do you think that
if I had been to Communion, I should
look as you do now? If I thought
so, I might—"

"Do you really mean to go home
with me to-morrow?"

"Yes," replied Agnes, laughing.

"Yes!" echoed Lel, adding sadly and
slowly: "May I never hear music
again, if I am not sorry for it!"

The Colonel was getting ready for
church. Christmas, he said, was
one of the few festivals in the year
when it became imperative on every
thoroughbred gentleman to appear
in his pew, just to show that Chris-
tianity was a very good thing in its
way, and to encourage the lower
classes in their harmless devotion.

There was a smack of vulgarity in
staying home on such an occasion—it
savoured of false aristocracy—men
ought to concede something to the
practices of their ancestors and the
prejudices of their neighbors—in
short, he owed it to himself and the
community to go to church. A land-
holder of liberal tastes and fine
impulses was, of course, not required
to hear mass as regularly as a daily
laborer or a woman; but still it was
incumbent on every gentleman of the

Gospel to make some show of
attendance, once in a while, in re-
spect for Christianity and the
of sympathy with common sense.
This, there was a drop of Chris-
tian blood in the old man's heart,
was thrilling through his veins,
and the Colonel had already
started his well-contorted
science an instant from its
bars.

The Colonel had already
an hour on his toilet; and
Charles's assistance, it was
complete. Touched up the
of his favorite razor, his chin was
smooth as an infant's; his hair was
richly powdered—his white com-
plexion in faultless symmetry. No
wonder he stood before the glass
complacently arranging his
whilst Charles brushed his boots
for he was hale, hearty and hand-
some, and with his well-turned limbs,
imposing carriage, his rich, manly
face, so peculiar to the gentleman
epitome, his fine head and
hands; he was at that moment
for an artist.

"Brush it well, my boy," said the
Colonel, anxious to be seen to
possible advantage;—for he knew
that his appearance in church was
expected by all the parish; and the
entrances could not in the extreme
things be unobserved; that
service, every eye would be
him.

"Don't speak!" cried the old man,
diligently examining the
looking a gold-piece from his
coat pocket. "Have you heard
Charles?"

"Yes, sir, three masons."

"That's right."

"And I want to Communion with
mistrust."

"You're a good boy, Charles,"
giving him the gold-piece. "You
you bow equal to a dancing master,
or a Muscovite duck. Now get me
hat—I wish it were a few years
younger—but it will do—do—do—do."

I never saw you look so well in my
life, sir," whispered Charles, think-
ing as he deliberately applied
for the last time, and then the
contemplate his master in his
admiration.

"But he's changed the dress—
as all gentlemen do, and
the Christmas gift, especially
terribly complete—his hat—

served. Now, my boy, get
carriage. I will drive—
and dinner and the present
if I can on my return."

"Commence it first," said the
who had the world for a palace.

"Scopl my coat!" another
in the mirror, another rub-
chin, another pull at his waistcoat,
and the Colonel was ready for
church.

A Christmas Mass is always
ful; beautiful in the Cathedral, where
nave and aisle are crowded with
rich and poor, thronging to
the glad tidings—where a
faces are beaming in rapture,
amid lacunes and immaterial
pontifical ceremonies proceed
till in the country church, a
single priest intones the
changing service—where
youth and maiden, young and
mother, in the quietude of
which no kind of ceremony
seen; but still more homely
a Communion. With
communion attendance at the
activity of the laity, the
the glorious Mass, the
have renounced the
quite—one of the Mass
sometimes a reply
trinkets they have
the rapture of the
when the bell is
the exultation of a true
triot, or the winged
maudlin politeness
honored holiday—
how poor, how low, how
they, if contrasted with
delight they are
when celebrating the
of the Church! There
time to put the
the Colonel, after an at-
sal of the blisful Mass,
wondered how women
so much radiant joy,
neath a "happy"
and had a better opinion
ter.

The service was
congregational, the
pastor, who had
blowing his
and women
for the
faded
dug.

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