

MICHAEL DWYER.

Life and Adventures of the Insurgent Captain of the Wicklow Mountains.

Written by John Thomas Campion, M. D.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

The women flocked around Dwyer, and effectually concealed him from view, and the priest, having hurriedly finished Mass, left the altar, and retreated into the vestry. The yeoman advanced, but the peasants obstructed their passage as much as possible, and only waited Dwyer's word to disarm them in a twinkling. The valiant soldiers did not like either the looks or movements of the people, and therefore were not over-anxious to press forward too violently. Had they done so, they must have been in Dwyer's presence after a very few strides. As it was, the thurdy chief cocked his pistols, and moved a step in advance of his companions. At this critical moment a trumpet sounded suddenly and shrilly, and the yeomen as suddenly turned and pushed for the door with one simultaneous rush. At Dwyer's word of command the people rushed after them, and out into the open air, leaving Dwyer and his men amongst the women. All was hurry and confusion; but the yeomen were prepared, and had formed a perfect cordon around the moving mass. Every person there knew Dwyer personally, and their determination was to arrest or shoot him. A few moments more would bring matters to an issue. The peasants were more numerous than the yeomen, but they were unarmed, and Dwyer absolutely forbade them to think of resisting by force. Both parties stood still and mute, the people concealing Dwyer, the yeomen endeavoring to spy him out from their high position on horseback, and not wishing to create any confusion, lest it might favor his escape. Now, over the chapel was the hill of Bornagh, and from the hill, as both parties thus confronted each other, arose a ringing shout—another and another, and the next instant three men in their shirts were plainly seen flying along its sides.

"There they are! There's Dwyer first, and Burke and Byrne after his heels." And, turning, their horses heads to Bornagh, away they spurred in pursuit, up a good broad mountain-path, and along a smooth and firm sward, which gave them every chance of overtaking the fugitives.

The people sprang after the chase, and off pelted the whole congregation to see the result of the yeomen's human hunt.

The yeomen were well mounted, and the game was not remarkably swift of foot; indeed, it was strange to see the gallant captain make so bad a run of it.

In the space of fifteen or twenty minutes all was over, and a knot of people who were near enough to witness the ignominious issue did not affect to conceal their disappointment.

"What the devil has come over the captain," cried one, "to let himself be seized without a tug for it?"

"Ay," added another, "and Burke and Byrne are lying down in the grass. By the mortal, I believe they are crying!"

"Oh! blood an' onns!" cried a third, "Dwyer, you're not the man I took you for after all."

"Am I not, Darby Keegan?" said a slyer voice by his side.

"Will you wipe up my tears, Darby?" asked another voice at his other side, while behind his back, a sly voice chimed in:

"And give me a wife or two whilst your hand is in, dear Darby!"

Dwyer and his men were in the midst of them, and the captured fugitives on the hill were the three farmers whom the insurgent chief had whispered to in the chapel, and who had adopted the present ruse to put the yeos off the scent.

"Who are ye all?" demanded the yeomen of their prisoners, "and why did ye strip and fly before us for the last half hour? Who are ye?"

"Anthony Byrne, of Hamilton Lodge, at your service, gentlemen," said one.

"John Neill, of same neighborhood."

"Yes, yes, we know ye, we know ye," interrupted the discomfited yeomen, "but why were ye running as if for your lives?"

"We were helping each other to collect our sheep, that have been wandering about the hills these

CHAPTER XIV.

A MEETING.

One morning in Wicklow Dwyer was making a short-cut journey across the country. Jumping over a narrow stream, the hero of our narrative approached a huge quick-set double hedge which bordered the main road, and was plentifully topped along its whole length with a very thick growth of prickly furze. But formidable as this new barrier appeared, it afforded very little obstacle to his further progress; for, holding his cotamore about his body, he crushed through the spiky mass with a will, and the next moment was on the king's highway. His sudden appearance startled a horseman who was passing at the time, causing the horse to rear and almost unseat his rider. Dwyer seized the rein, and as instantly recognized the man. The recognition was mutual. The horseman was Rowley Valentine, a mounted yeoman. The two men had been neighbors ever since boyhood and knew each other thoroughly. There was no attribute in common between them but one—they both possessed indomitable courage. Valentine looked upon Dwyer as a mistaken, hot-headed madman, urged on by the errors of Popery into audacious rebellion. The rebellion he might have forgiven him, but the Popery never. In fact, many of the fanatic Orangemen that day fought more through the fear of Catholic ascendancy than any want of love of Irish nationality; and so it is, we believe, in many instances, to the present day. Valentine, then, did not hate Dwyer, but he abhorred the cause he advocated. Dwyer, on the other hand, viewed Valentine in the light of an honest, open enemy, who risked his life boldly in the daylight as well as at night-time, through a certain innate conviction. His acts were bloody and bad, but never mean or base, and his cruelties were committed under some confused notion of reprisals. True to his instincts, he was an Orangeman and a yeoman, and neither fee, favor nor reward could ever have induced him to abate one jot from what he considered the duty of both one and the other. "Rowley, were you looking for me?" asked Dwyer, as he made a shield of the horse's head to protect his own; for he saw that Rowley had drawn one of the pistols from his holster, and he had his own quite as ready in his right hand, whilst his left held the bridle-rein.

"I neither sought you nor fear you, Mick," was the prompt reply.

"Where are you going, then?"

"To Leitrim barracks."

"The next turn on the right?"

"Yes."

"Put up your pistol."

Valentine returned it to the holster without the slightest hesitation. Dwyer smiled, and thrust his into his belt, at the same time setting the horse free and taking his own place close by the horseman's side; and so they jogged on for full five minutes, Dwyer asking a thousand questions about his comrades in arms or in the hands of the enemy, or else putting other queries even more disagreeable to his auditor.

"And so, Rowley, ye hanged poor young Kavanagh at Balinglass, and stuck his boy's head upon a spike. Your namesake, Mrs. Biddy Valentine, did an act on that occasion that even you wouldn't be guilty of, Rowley."

"It was only a woman's way of doing duty," grinned Rowley.

"I'll soon show her a man's way of punishing informers," replied Dwyer angrily.

"We'll manage to protect her, notwithstanding," retorted Rowley—"at least, as long as she is doing the king's business."

"He must be a dirty king who patronizes unfeeling and unmeaning, dirty work of that kind."

Rowley clapped his hand on his pistol.

"Ho! ho! Rowley, have I vexed you and hurt your loyalty? Well, well, as I see you can't keep your temper, and as I am not overmeek myself, I think my best place is here, convenient to you." So saying, Dwyer vaulted lightly behind the yeoman, and thus continued the conversation.

"Don't be frightened, Rowley; I am only going to be a little more neighborly with you."

Rowley paled a bit, but still sat stately in the saddle, and without budging an inch.

"I only wish I had your king here, instead of yourself, Rowley, and I would teach him a lesson that would serve him and his, and us and ours, for the rest of our days. There's no harm in that simple wish, anyhow."

"Neither harm nor good, Mick."

"Ye hanged poor Case, too, I un-

"Yes; he died the death of a rebel and a—"

Here Dwyer pushed up closer to Rowley on the horse, which caused the speaker, either intentionally or of necessity, to leave the sentence unfinished.

"Ye spiked his head, too, I believe?"

"Oh! yes; sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander."

"And Captain Dalton was served in the same way?"

"No doubt of it!"

"One Michael Dwyer, I suppose, is expected to be the next gooseberry on the same bush?"

"Get down from behind my back, Mick, and I'll give you an answer to that question."

"Not yet, Rowley; I'm better where I am; besides I want to whisper in your ear a few facts that I hope you will live to see come to pass."

"What are they?"

"They are one apiece for the heads in Balinglass!"

"How?"

"As sure as my name is Dwyer, I will punish the informers, man and woman, who had those three poor fellows strangled for revenge or for blood-money, of both!"

"I never did any business after that fashion."

"What fashion?"

"Killing any man for blood-money."

"So much the better for yourself this blessed day, Rowley."

Rowley Valentine shuddered a little, for he felt that the insurgent chief said was literally true. This, and the consciousness of being entirely the enemy's power, rendered him very uncomfortable indeed.

"Are you going to give me much more of your company?" inquired Rowley uneasily.

Dwyer laughed. "No, no; only as far as the cross-roads, if you promise not to mention to anybody that you met me."

"By G—, I won't breathe a word of it, Dwyer."

"Well, I believe you Rowley, and more than that, I will trust you; and that is more than I would either do or say to any other yeoman in Wicklow."

"Thank'ee."

"You are welcome, Rowley, and a good-day to you, and never mind looking behind you." So saying, the enterprising captain dropped off the yeoman's horse, and, cocking his carbine, stood quietly on the highroad, until Valentine not only turned into the Leitrim road, but was fully and entirely out of sight amid its windings.

It is but only fair to state that Rowley kept his word sacredly, although he spent that day at the barracks, and the greater part of the night also.

We will see in the next chapter how soon and how well Dwyer kept his word also about taking vengeance on the informers, and how he began with Mrs. Biddy Valentine, who, however, was neither kith nor kin to Rowley, which that worthy also, on every occasion, resolutely maintained—for Biddy was no favorite with either party.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT MRS. VALENTINE DID, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HER IN CONSEQUENCE.

In one of the many skirmishes which occurred between the yeomanry and the insurgents from 1798 to 1802, and in all of which nearly, in Wicklow and Wexford, the celebrated guerilla chief had taken some part, a young man named Kavanagh was severely wounded by a gun-shot in the leg and knee. Dwyer made the most daring efforts to prevent him from falling into the hands of the enemy, but alas! he was utterly helpless, and had to be carried bodily from the field on his captain's back. On this hapless occasion the yeomanry were joined by the soldiers of the line, and consequently showed great pluck and perseverance; so much so, indeed, that his gallant protector was reduced to the alternative of either sacrificing both their lives, or else of leaving the wounded man to the protection of some chivalrous friend, of whom Dwyer had thousands in Wicklow. In this emergency Mrs. Valentine came in the way, and Kavanagh knowing her very well, and having the most implicit confidence in her as a friend and neighbor, although allied to the enemy, entreated Dwyer to leave him in her charge. The yeomen and military pressed fast behind, and the chances of escape for both were becoming every moment less and less, so that, with a very bad grace, the request was acceded to.

"Mrs. Valentine," said Dwyer, "I will leave my young friend into your

charge, if you will undertake to care for him, if you will promise me to do so faithfully. I do not force him upon you, nor ask you to accept a trust in any way disagreeable to you. He says you are his friend—are you? Speak quickly, we have no time to lose."

"Biddy," cried the wounded boy, "for the sake of old times, will you save me from the yeos, until I can save and defend myself?"

"You know I will, William," cried Mrs. Valentine; "and sorry I am, this blessed day, to see you in such a miserable condition. Leave him with me, captain; bring him into the house; the soldiers had not yet topped the hill. This way, this way; they will never come to my house to look for a rebel."

"Are you sure you can depend on her?" whispered Dwyer.

"Certain; leave me, and look after your own safety."

Mrs. Valentine put the poor wounded boy into her bed, helped him to cut out two bullets from his injured limb with a razor, bandaged him up kindly and comfortably, and after giving him a warm, refreshing drink, left him to rest his weary bones, after the day's harassing fatigue and his exhausting loss of blood.

"Do you feel easy and free from pain now, William?"

"Yes, Biddy, thank you; may God bless you! You were always kind to me, and I once loved you very much."

"And don't you still, William, dear?"

"Where's the use, where's the use? People of two different creeds would never be happy, and so the priest warned me."

"What the devil does the priest know about it? Leave him there and come over to us, Billy."

"—God forbid!"

"You might do worse."

"Not much. Leave me alone; do, Biddy, dear; the pain is beginning to trouble me again."

"Can't you listen to reason, William? I have money and can make you rich and happy all the days of your life."

"Leave me alone, Biddy; there's no use in speaking that way."

"Well, what way will I speak to you?"

"Just hand me the little prayer-book you'll get in my hat there, and leave me to myself awhile."

"Is that your answer to all my woman's love?"

"Is that my answer to all my woman's love?"

"God help me! what can I do?"

"Is that your answer after saving your life?"

"Biddy, Biddy! since you force me to it, listen!"

"What is it, William, dear?"

"I am married already!"

Mrs. Valentine never uttered a syllable more, but hastily putting on cloak, left the room; left the house.

The wounded boy groaned with pain and anxiety; he had reason. In about an hour or less Mrs. Valentine returned, but not alone. She was accompanied by a troop of yeomen. They dragged poor Kavanagh from his place of rest, heedless of his helpless condition, and of the torture of his torn flesh, half dressed as he was, and fainting with agony.

The woman looked on unmoved.

"My innocent blood be on your head, Biddy Valentine!" exclaimed the poor victim as he crossed the threshold.

The yeomen swore at him in full concert, and dragged him more merciless than ever.

"You earned it for yourself," retorted Mrs. Valentine; "and you deserved no better at my hands."

"May God forgive you!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the woman, in her gratified vengeance. "Here, soldiers!" she cried, as she followed them a few paces down the road—"here; take this Popish mummy along with him!" And Mrs. Biddy pelted the Catholic prayer-book toward them. The yeomen never heeded either her or the book. They were too intent upon their task, so that one of the neighbors easily secured the prize, and the next day sent it to the mountains to Dwyer, with an account of the fate of his young friend.

The next day, too, poor Kavanagh was hanged at Balinglass, and his head spiked over the jail, for the edification of all beholders.

Dwyer was on his way to pay Mrs. Valentine a domiciliary visit when he met his friend Rowley, as recounted in the last chapter.

Night fell on the valley, and all was still and silent as the tomb. The yeomen were in their barracks, their bloody work done for the day. Lights still peeped from the narrow panes of many a rustic dwelling, for it was not yet curfew time.

Mrs. Valentine sat by the fire, all alone and musing. She was thinking over her satisfied revenge, and she was also busy in preparing a hot supper for herself. Whether a certain young face, white as snow, and contorted with the pressure of the strangling rope, arose before her vision, or a certain gory head pressed down upon a long, cruel, rusty iron pike intruded itself upon her thoughts, it is hard to conjecture. Whether or not, she cooked her supper with unusual care, and uttered a smothered curse as some unwelcome visitor knocked smartly at the door for admittance.

"Come in!" said Biddy angrily.

"Come out," said a voice abroad.

Biddy stood up instantly, and walked out into the night. A woman stood there wrapped up in a large dark mantle.

"Biddy Valentine, where's your young guest, William Kavanagh?"

Biddy trembled, and was silent.

"Where is the poor young boy that was left in your charge, helpless and wounded? His mother is waiting for him at home, and his newly-wedded wife sent me to you for him."

Biddy trembled more and more, but never uttered a syllable.

"Did you kill the young husband, Biddy, and the widow's only son? Where is he? Where is he?"

"Mercy!"

"Woman! informer, murderer!"

"Mercy, mercy!"

"On your own hearth! On the bed you were going to press tonight, his blood still staining it!"

"Ha!" shrieked the wretched woman, in a burst of wild terror; "I know you now! You are—"

A red flash smote the darkness—one long, loud, reverberating roar—the ball had sped—the deed was done, and Biddy Valentine was a corpse.

The stranger quietly turned away; the tall gaunt figure slid into the shadows, and the dead body remained where it was until the following morning.

To be continued.

EMANCIPATION OF THE INDIAN.

Education the Only Means by Which He Can Be Improved.

Any government capable of annually assimilating half a million foreigners, many of whom have come from the dreary of European countries, should in the course of a few years digest 200,000 Indians. What prevents? We answer, methods; nothing but methods. Use the Indian method of isolation and segregation with the immigrant, and the American nation will be destroyed in a decade. Use the immigrant method of distribution, association and opportunity with the Indian, and a decade need not pass until they become a real part of our country's life blood.

The Indian has the capacity to meet the issues of civilized life at once. All Indian youth may readily be prepared to enter the common schools of the country by two or three years' course in government schools, established for the special purpose of bringing them to the conditions of fitness, and having once entered the public schools, the way is open for them to remain and go up higher schools, and all our higher schools are now and always have been open to the Indians. Harvard and Dartmouth colleges were started in the interests of Indian education.

The door of education has never been closed to the Indian. The whole 40,000 or 50,000 Indian youth may now, if they will, distribute themselves among the schools of the country. There need not be another school house built for exclusive Indian education. Pennsylvania has about 22,000 schools, and there are about 250,000 schools in the United States. If all the Indian youth in the country were distributed among the schools of Pennsylvania there would not be two Indian pupils for each school. If distributed among the schools of the country there would not be an Indian for each six schools. In either case this process would accomplish the civilization of the Indian a hundred times faster than government or mission schools, or both, for the reason that he is trained by daily contact with the very condition and individuals that later, as a man, he will have to compete with. We do the Indian no kindness by holding him away from this competition, for it is the very experience that is to develop him. Without it we shall never accomplish the emancipation of the Indian.—Chauteauquan.

What He Was Waiting For.

One of the best "applause" stories is related of a singer who was exceedingly self-conscious—not to say intolerably conceited—who, at a concert at which she was to vocalize, handed to the German gentleman who was accompanying her at the pianoforte a copy of her song marked in several places, "Wait for the applause." At the end of one verse there came a dead silence among the audience. The accompanist laid not finger on key, but blinked placidly through his spectacles at the lady.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked in an exasperated undertone. "I am waiting for de applause," replied the pianist, "and he nod som yet!"

"The doctor has forbidden me to drink any more champagne." "Probably until after you have paid his bill."—*Parade Magazine.*

CURRENT MISCELLANY

The importance of our army pistol being given more stopping power is well illustrated by a case alluded to by Colonel Feabry, which occurred in one of the actions fought during the Indian mutiny. A officer who especially prided himself on his pistol shooting was attacked by a stalwart mutineer armed with a heavy sword. The officer, unfortunately for himself, carried a coil navy pistol, which was of small caliber, fired a sharp pointed pocket bullet of 60 to the pound and a heavy charge of powder, its range being at least 600 yards. This he proceeded to empty into the spy as he advanced; but, having done this, he waited just one second too long to see the effect of his shooting and was cloven to the teeth by his antagonist, who then dropped down and died beside him. Five out of the six bullets had struck the spy close together in the chest and had all passed through him and out at his back. Here was an accurate weapon used with deliberation and skill, having long range and great penetration, and all to no purpose. The enemy was killed, it is true, but stopped until he had been able to inflict a fatal wound on his slayer.—*United Service Gazette.*

Portable Houses.

Portable houses are made of almost any size and for a great variety of uses. There are portable dwelling houses, and portable bathhouses, and portable barracks, and portable clubhouses, lawn pavilions, engineers', miners', contractors' and other offices, bathing houses, tables, bowling alleys, billiard rooms, hospitals and so on. There have lately been made two story portable houses. A two story portable house of ten rooms costs \$1,800. A house of one room, 8 by 11, with one door and one window, can be bought for \$50, with two coats, two tables, and two stools, for \$60.

Sometimes a man who owns a portable house hires land on the seashore or in the mountains and sets his house up there for a season, takes it down, and stores it in the fall, and next season hires land in another place and sets his house up there.

Portable houses are set on stone or brick, and on posts, and sometimes they are set on permanent foundations. People sometimes have chimneys built where they set up their houses. The portable house manufacturers sell terra cotta chimneys in sections, to be stacked up, and it is not unusual for the house owner simply to run out a stovepipe for a chimney.

We export portable houses to Cuba, South America and South Africa.—*New York Sun.*

Hysteric Bread.

Artemus Ward, with his friend and fellow sufferer, Howard Paul, was traveling Oxford street, London, one day, both as miserable as indignation could render them. Ward, with a joyful cry, called Paul's attention to a sign in a baker's shop which read, "Pure Nourishing Hygienic Bread." The pair entered with the intention of ordering several loaves sent to their respective residences. When the man who sat behind the counter uncorked, and rose, he was one of those long, lean, lanky specimens of humanity, "fiddle faced," with thin hair, hollow cheeks, and a treble voice. "Your bread," said Ward, "is it healthful?" "Nothing finer in the world," said the man. "Nourishing, fattening," pursued Artemus, with his eyes on the signs which hung about.

"Quite so," responded the baker. "I never teach any other kind." "Oh, you partake of it yourself?" said the humorist tenderly. "Well, in that case, I guess we don't want any."—*Cleveland.*

Rabbinical Theology.

The rabbi argues that man must seek after a woman and not a woman after a man, only the reason they assign for it sounds strange. Man, they say, was formed from the ground; woman, from man's rib. Hence in trying to find a wife man only looks for what he has lost. . . . Similarly it was observed that God had not formed woman out of the head, lest she should become proud; nor out of the eye, lest she should lust; nor out of the ear, lest she should be curious; nor out of the mouth, lest she should be talkative; nor out of the heart, lest she should be jealous; nor out of the hand, lest she should be covetous; nor out of the foot, lest she be always abroad, but out of the rib, which was always covered. Modesty was therefore a prime quality.—*Dr. Ederheim's "Sketches of Jewish Social Life."*

Li Hung Chang's Education.

Li Hung Chang came of worthy but not distinguished parentage. His father had successfully passed the examinations, but held no official position and was possessed of no opportunity to secure his son's advancement beyond affording him an opportunity to pursue his studies and fit himself for the examinations. These he successfully passed in all grades, and in the final contest at Peking he came out with distinguished honors among 30,000 competitors. Later he was made a member of the Hsailin college, which corresponds somewhat to the French academy. He therefore has reason to take pride in his accomplishments and standing as a scholar, though, judged by the western standard of education, Chinese scholars would hold a very low grade.—*John W. Foster in Century.*

John Hardy.

John Hardy, the inventor of the vacuum brake, who died in Vienna on June 23, was born in 1820 at Gateshead, England, his father being a modeler. He was apprenticed to a locksmith and worked in various factories for some time under George Stephenson. He left England at the age of 21 for France, and in 1860 went to Austria as head of the repairing shop of the Southern railways. He brought out his invention in 1878, and in 1885 retired into private life. He is believed to have been the last of Stephenson's assistants.