

MICHAEL DWYER.

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

Written by John Thomas Campion, M. D.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

When this young man boasted that he would lose his commission for a sight of the insurgent chief, he was not at all aware that in point of fact he was doomed to pay no less a price for such a sight.

The two orderlies were also punished; and so the honor of the army was vindicated.

Dwyer deeply regretted his unmerited harshness to one of the Luckinset red-coats he had ever met with, and often said that had he continued in the service he would always spare him, even if he hunted him to the last extremity.

King George's battalions, deeply incensed by the daring of the insurgents, in not at once fleeing before their presence, determined to root them all out at one fell swoop. For this purpose, and having ascertained that Dwyer's strongest force was in and about the Glen of Imale, they proceeded to fortify all the approaches, and cut off all supplies, by building a large barrack at Glenmalur, which was to command the whole neighboring district.

In Wicklow the people were not at all surprised at the disappearance of a mere barrack. They were well aware that Captain Dwyer was capable of more than that. In fact, they firmly believed that their favorite and intrepid glen-king was the true monarch, if not of all Ireland, at least of all Wicklow; and they never thought of wishing for a better.

In this state of affairs it occurred to the wily yeomanry to astonish the natives by an act of signal magnanimity and daring. Thinking that now that Glenmalur was free, the insurgent chief must have at once vacated the locality, they assembled in force, resolved to make a show of scouring the country in search of the enemies of their adopted government.

Still they marched, and marched, and burned and plundered, until the storm of their approach reached at last the man they pretended to be in search of, and whom they never either anticipated, or hoped, or wished to find.

Dwyer jumped up in wrath, and summoning his men once more around, cried out: "Do these fellows imagine that twenty armies of such white-livered bodkins would be able to put the Wicklow glenmen a single yard out of their path? The yeo, boys, the yeo!"

A fierce cheer followed this curt address; and then the whole band present, only numbering ten men, armed to the teeth, and headed by their indomitable leader, made directly for the locality of the prowling militia.

The yeomen marked their resolute advance, and forthwith called a halt. The bump of caution urged them strongly to "look before they leaped;" the bump of destructiveness declared for mental glory; but the appearance of the desperado and his men put an end to all doubt, for the five senses as aggregated and unanimously insisted upon a retreat.

But the yeoman is a vindictive animal. Of course, there are some exceptions, as far as individuals are concerned, but the exception only goes to prove the rule; and in representing the character of this class,

in '08, as cruel, cowardly, and brutally bigoted, the writer of this book only copies what has been cried into his ears in every part of Ireland, and from every Irish history, oral or written, as long as he has been able to hear or learn. So, to proceed—the yeoman is a vindictive animal, and not to be hunted from his prey whilst any chance exists of getting it into his power by means personally safe, no matter how infamous.

CHAPTER XXII. AT BAY.

There was considerable sensation at Dublin Castle when the news arrived that one Michael Dwyer, with other person and persons unknown, took the unwarrantable liberty of blowing the government barracks sky-high, without having the smallest fear of his sovereign majesty King George before their eyes.

His lordship, the representative of English power in England, could scarcely credit the fact. Nevertheless, there were numerous witnesses ready to prove that a few days since a goodly building stood upon the floor of the green vale of Glenmalur, of which structure no one stone now covered the other.

On came the Highlanders with their craven squad in tow, until they tramped up to the borders of the lake, when they came to an abrupt halt, and grounded arms with a crash that set all the echoes wondering.

"Where next?" said the Highland colonel, turning to the leader of the yeomen, and looking about him incredulously enough, amongst those peaceful solitudes, for some appearance of the argument of an enemy. The yeoman-leader made a signal, towards a certain point in the mountain, and forthwith there appeared trundling down the declivity a nondescript, distorted being, perched in a bowl, and urging on his lean body by the instrumentality of two little hand-stools, which he plied with such a vigor and such a will upon the receding earth, as easily to keep pace with a moderately-moving pedestrian.

The deformed specimen of humanity toddled forward, bumping, bumping, and hurrying along, as best he could, until at last he came to the place where his stalwart friends were waiting him. "Did you see him, Danny?" asked the yeoman, jocosely and familiarly— "Did you see him, Danny?"

"Yes, yes, your honor," panted the deformed one, and he pointed with his long bony fingers signally and directly to the "bed of St. Kevin" in the black face of the rock; but whilst his arm still remained extended, and the very syllable still quivering on the threshold of his lips, a starry blink of fire glimmered like a north light, and for an instant, at the verge of the cell of the desperado, and then came the impetuous air-craze of a musket, and the cripple swayed in his wooden receptacle, the little walking-stools fell from the grasp of his stilly fingers, he swung down gradually and around, and then dropped suddenly backwards, the red-hot blood literally spouting up out of his chest.

The yeomen stood confounded and horrified, but not so the staunch Highlanders, who now seeing something to be busy about, made ready, presented, and fired a full volley at the words of command into the gaping aperture of the outlaw's retreat. But Dwyer was crouched up too securely to be injured by any fusillade; and although they banged away again and again, he remained unscathed and undaunted. "The unfortunate man is dead!" cried out the colonel petulantly; "let two of you dash into the lake, scale the rock on this side to the right, bring out his remains, and let these fellows have them, and be damned."

This last sentence was muttered between the old commander's teeth, as not being over-complimentary to his heartily-despised allies. Accordingly, two men stepped from the ranks and instantly plunged into the water, swimming easily across to the crag's feet at the opposite side, and being naturally expert climbers, climbed up to the desperado's den without a moment's difficulty or hesitation. From the very strange position of this natural cavity in the midst of perpendicular cliffs, one must balance and swing himself into its interior by an abrupt and steady turn of the whole body, which feat was no sooner performed by the first adventurous cragsman, than the naked arm of the outlaw, garnished with a long glittering skein, met his downward searching glance, and before he could move a step either in advance or retreat, was plunged to the very hilt in his unprotected body, and down fell the carcass of the poor Highlander, stark and lifeless, into the gloomy waters of the lake below.

The second man, not knowing the cause of his fellow's discomfiture, and blindly following his innate reverence for discipline and duty, boldly and dexterously passed into the same dangerous aperture, and instantly saw the horrid sight of the brawny bare arm, and the long, glittering, and now reeking skein, and the next moment met the same fate as his predecessor, tumbling back headlong and helplessly into the already-stated element beneath him. The horrid sight of their countrymen's slaughter maddened the minds of the excited clansmen, and they would have plunged instantly into the lake to avenge them, and, of course, would have met the same fate as the deceased, man after man, had not their colonel peremptorily ordered them to desist, commanding a corporal and party to go back into Enniskerry, and procure materials for a broad raft and a brace of stout scaling-ladders. This, of course, was the true way of deciding the destiny of the invulnerable Dwyer.

Away went the party on their ominous mission, whilst the remaining soldiery, backed by the apprehensive civic powers, jealously guarded the dangerous haunt, determined to seize boldly upon its hated inmate, dead or alive, even if they were constrained to occupy the locality until he starved in it. In the meantime the day passed, and the evening began to fall, and, as yet, there was no sign of the raft party returning, and every hour was adding fresh frowns to the skies; besides, there was but scanty moonlight, a fact which Dwyer was well aware, and upon which he depended for the prosecution of his intended plans of operation.

The night fell, and a miserable fragment of the silvery orb appeared for a while sickly in the moody sky, and then disappeared totally within a bank of sullen clouds, consigning the whole scene to a dull and leaden darkness.

"Light up a watch-fire!" bellowed the colonel, "or this murderous hornet will give us the slip in the dark." The command had scarcely reached the ears of the alert soldiery, or dist upon the surface of the sounding waters, when a loud, ringing, and scornful laugh broke fitfully across the lake, and echoed again and again in arrested reverberation in the far and barriered distance, and at length faded away in a melancholy cadence within the circling arms of night and silence.

Whether intentional or not, no ruse could have been half so successful for the desperado in throwing his enemies off their guard. It hit to the heart their national leaning to superstition. It made a bogie or a warlock of a mere Irish insurgent, and prevented the camp-fire from being lit for a good half-hour at least. A quarter of the time sufficed for Dwyer, who, quietly slipping out of his very unsafe retreat, crept down the rugged side of the rock and, dropping into the water at its base, easily gained the land on the same side, and sprang into a young grove of larches and stunted fir-trees, just as the piled-up faggots of the superstitious Sawntes flared up in dazzling brightness on the opposite banks, crimsoning all the mystic lake, over its whole troubled surface, and with a thousand starry sparkles and a lurid glow, wild, unearthly, and reluctant. And now came hurrying in upon the scene the jaggard ruffians, trundling all sorts of planks and ladders on rude vehicles at their heels, for the obtaining of which conveniences they had been obliged to travel into the metropolis, so utterly averse were the surround-

ing inhabitants to afford them any countenance or any accommodation. The raft was speedily constructed and set afloat; torches were formed from the young fir-trees, and a whole troop of knocking-kneed liffies advanced uneasily to the escalade. Oh! if it had been to attack a fort howling with bellowing artillery; or a tarretted martello towering up into the skies; or fifty squadrons of cavalry, solid-squared, and menacing! anything! anything! but to march openly and willingly into the arms of this governor-general of all the kelpies, warlocks, and bogies!—nothing! but duty!—inevitable duty!—could have induced them. However, to do the colonel justice, he headed his men unflinchingly, and was the first man who mounted the erected ladder, and plunged headlong, dirk in hand, into the bloody nest of the dangerous outlaw. But, lo! the place was empty! And so ended the military expedition into the labyrinths of Glendalough; but it was not the last, for many other such followed, and in quick succession, but all were utterly unsuccessful. So ingeniously and sturdily did this indomitable Irish rebel stand victoriously upon the defiant against all his Britannic Majesty's available forces at that time quartered upon old Ireland.

To be continued.

A Slight Mistake. Our train stopped for a few minutes at a little way station in Kentucky while the engineer tinkered a hot journal, and I got out to stretch my legs on the depot platform and fill my lungs with pure air.

Several mountaineers, evidently attracted by curiosity, came down to meet the train, and a tall fellow who had been sitting on a box in the shade of the depot arose, shuffled over to the newcomers and accosted one of them. "Hello!" he said. "I thought I killed you last spring up at Memphis Junction."

"Nope," replied the mountain man. "You didn't." "Waal, that's blamed queer," continued the first speaker. "I shot somebody up there that looked for all the world like you."

"Guess you're thinkin' 'bout my brother," slowly remarked the man from Memphis Junction. "He used to favor me considerable in looks."

"That accounts for it then, I allow," drawled the puzzled citizen, as he resumed his seat on the box. "How's politics up your way now?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Had the Come With Him. "A misunderstanding as to the meaning of a word sometimes leads to peculiar situations," said Rev. A. L. Smith of Chicago at the Arlington. "In company with several other ministers I was riding in a stage, or hack, which served the purpose of a stage, en route to a camp meeting. The road wound among the mountains, and the air was delightful, while the scenery was almost sublime. I was invigorated as though by a powerful tonic, and several times remarked upon the ozone in the air. After one of these observations the driver stopped the horses, and, beckoning to me slyly, climbed from the seat. Wondering what he could want, I followed him, and soon we were behind a large tree, out of view of the wagon. 'Parson,' said the driver, 'I couldn't bear to see you suffer. The ozone you speak of drew forth a large bottle of whiskey, which he offered me. It took several minutes to convince him that it was not whiskey I had referred to as ozone.'—Washington Star.

Wants Them Tested. An old lady applied at an employment office for a maid. "I want a little girl between 10 and 14 years of age who is fond of mushrooms."

"Fond of mushrooms?" inquired the employment agent. "That is something I never inquired about of applicants. I don't understand."

"Well, I always require it," replied the old lady. "I am very fond of mushrooms myself, and there are so many mistakes made. The idea came to me several years ago, and it was a dispensation of Providence that it did, or I would have been killed. I have my maid eat a portion of all mushrooms brought to the house before any are served to me. I have lost two excellent maids from tooth-aches during the past five years, and, of course, I could not think of taking the chance of eating mushrooms unless I have a maid to test them."—Washington Star.

When papering a small room, it is well to remember that blue in all light shades makes a room look larger. Dark colors or papers with large patterns have the opposite effect.

Kentucky is known as the Ocora Cracker State from a game bird enjoying the same name which was formerly found in most parts of the state. It is also called the Blue Grass State.

A Peerless Liniment. As a pain destroyer and cure for rheumatism, Salvation Oil is the peer of all liniments. Mr. Wm. H. Brown, proprietor of Striebinger House, Cleveland, O., writes: "I suffered from rheumatism for twelve years and my last attack kept me in bed, unable to walk. I used Salvation Oil and soon was up and about. As a pain destroyer this liniment has no equal." Salvation Oil is sold everywhere for 25 cents. Try it and be convinced.

WASHINGTON LETTER. Special Profit Sharing Experiments Described by Our Consul—The Scheme as a Failure in America. [Special Correspondence.] That complicated question, profit sharing, still occupies the attention of manufacturers all over the world. It has reached its greatest development in England, but other countries have made many experiments, some with no small degree of success, and now our consul at Chemnitz sends to the state department a report on what is being done by a firm of paper manufacturers in Grimma, Saxony.

Dividing Ten Per Cent.

The concern employs 285 hunch, of whom 70 are women. Although a great many employees own their own houses, the firm has built and let tenements for from \$15 to \$20 a year. The interest on capital invested in these tenements, however, runs up annually from \$45 to \$65. A corporation store sells all kinds of goods except liquors at a small advance on cost prices. Liquors are excepted because of a desire on the part of the manufacturers to discourage their use. The net earnings of the corporation store, amounting annually to 10 per cent, are divided among the patrons. A savings bank, run by the concern, gives its depositors 5 per cent on investments. The usual bank rates are from 1 1/2 to 3 per cent. There is an eating house, run by the concern also, in which the help can get a good "square" meal for 5 cents. Hot spring water is always ready for coffee. After working 10 years each male hand receives, besides a badge of honor, an appropriation of from \$15 to \$16 and each female \$10. After 25 years' work for the firm the former gets \$75 and the latter \$50.

Sharing the Surplus.

About 1870 the proprietor of the factory began to divide certain surplus earnings with all his labor, except those paid by what they make. The division was made in the following manner: When the earnings went above a certain sum for each machine, a part of such surplus, bearing a ratio to the employee's earnings, was paid him or her. These sums are sometimes very considerable, reaching as high as \$75 or \$100. Out of a pension fund laborers disabled by accident or sickness receive \$25 to \$40 in addition to the amount required to be paid them by law. The pension fund was established by gifts and has today \$16,000 to \$20,000 in cash. To have aid and succor in cases of sickness each employee pays weekly 3 1/2 cents for free medicine and treatment by a physician. Persons called to serve as reserves in the army or for practice in the law get their full pay during this time. Near by Grimma, in a place called Boehlen, the firm bought land and built villas, in which the officers of the company and the stores spend the summer months, or at least their vacation weeks. The thing is an established fact and a success.

No Flattering Outlook Here.

Manufacturers in the United States who have made unsuccessful efforts to introduce profit sharing—and they are many—will tell Consul Monaghan that race and community conditions make a great difference in the adoption of any scheme for the improvement of the condition of the laboring man. Reports received at Washington from employers all over the country do not encourage the belief that profit sharing can be made a success under present conditions in America. What seems to be the chief economic obstacle is the refusal of the laboring man to bear any share of the loss, though sharing in the profits. Under this jug handling arrangement American employers look on their profit share as part of their earnings and are disposed to grumble mightily if they do not get them, while in most cases they give no equivalent in zeal for the profits they receive. In other words, in most cases they show no disposition to earn profits.

But One American Success.

Only one big employer reports excellent success in profit sharing. He has established a system under which he empowers the participation of any laborer in his company's earnings and a system of deductions for carelessness or waste. He finds his employees doing better work because the amount of their earnings depends on the work they do.

American labor would never be satisfied with the Grimma system, and if the Grimma laborer came to America he would not be content with it very long. CARL SCHOFIELD.

Paris Fires.

The Paris fires during the reign of the commune in May, 1871, destroyed a frightful amount of property, including the Hotel de Ville and Tuileries palace and many buildings of less prominence. It is estimated that the total value of the property ruined by the incendiary fires, kindled by members of the commune exceeded \$160,000,000, but this sum did not nearly represent the loss, for a great deal of property, such as household effects and the like, was destroyed which was never reported. The fires were checked by blowing up houses in the line of the conflagration, but more effectively by shooting the incendiaries caught in the act.

Titles of the Saint.

Boniface I, the Roman pontiff, was designated the Saint. The same title of honor was bestowed on Boniface IV, Celestine I, Celestine V, David of Spalden, David of Wales, Eric IX of Sweden, Ethelred I of Wessex, Eugenius I, pontiff of Rome; Felix I, a pontiff; Ferdinand III of Leon and Castile, Heinrich II of Germany, Julius I, pope of Rome; Kang-he, a Chinese emperor; Ladislaus I of Hungary, Leo IX, pope of Rome; Louis IX of France, in honor of whom the city of St. Louis is named; Martin I, pope of Rome; Olaus II of Norway, Stephen of Hungary, and several other kings and pontiffs.