

Fifteenth Year. No. 20.

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When Myles Maguire Melted MACMANUS 🎪 SEUMAS

When Mr. Maguire informed Mr. O'Rourke that on second consideration he had decided the men on the Victor building should have a half holiday, Mr. O'Rourke was only slightly surprised, but when he got down to 271 Broadway and there notified the patient and faithful Johnnie Gavigan that he should have a half holiday Johnnie was startled.

"Gavigan, what time does that parade start and where from?"

"It starts," said the bewildered, elated Johnnie, "at 2:30 from Madison square."

"Hum! Well, good morning, Gavigan, and a pleasant day to you." Johnnie went off in a half dazed way. "There's something either wrong with me or with Mr. Maguire," Johnnie said to himself, "and I'm half afraid it's with Mr. Maguire."

And when, three hours after, Johnnie, in one of the few lucid intervals he had on horseback (for the honor of riding a horse once a year far exceeded the pleasure in poor Johnnie's case) noticed on the fringe of the procession Myles Maguire decorated with a great green sash, Johnnie only just escaped losing altogether his normally elusive seat.

Yes; Myles Maguire, contractor and builder, for the first time in his thirty- aggravate me." seven years' sojourn in America, had come to join in this procession of "out | of works, lazy divils and tomfools." i ties when she'd be puttin' them in the He had tried to drop casually into the | pot?" ranks at the first convenient opportunity, but a mounted marshal ordered him "back to the divil out of that an' join yer own section." When Myles Jaimie's stomach. Maguire looked at the marshal, he dis- In an instant a hot and fierce encovered in him the hunchbacked old

alt out of ye! But, Myles, don't ye mind I did knock the consait clane out of ye? Ye mind how I doubled ye over to come, please God, your poor mother the stone ditch an' pounded ye till ye will not find me so. I am going home this summer to find if Knockaugher hill called 'Marcy?" "But, begging your pardon, Jaimie your mimory's slightly at fault. You

the ditch and ludhered you till you of Phelim McGinley's garden, God rest shouted 'Marcy ? " "Myles Maguire," said Jaimie feel

ingly. "I'm ashamed of ye." "Long Jaimie Haraghey," Myles said -"no, but I'm heartily ashamed of the old chapel and heard Father Donyou."

"I'm very sorry indeed that ye force it out of me; but, Misther Maguire, I must say je're a liar.** "Mr. Haraghey," said Mr. Maguire,

"I'm very sorry indeed to say it, but you're a notorious llar." "I see no other way out of it," said

Mr. Haraghey, "than to go into the grove beyant an' settle it." "Done!" said Mr. Maguire.

In the silence and obscurity of the grove both doffed coat and vest, tied their suspenders round their waists and rolled up their sleeves, just as they had done forty years before under the Lazy Bush. They squared up to each other.

"Jaimie," said Myles, "I don't like to sthrike you in cold blood. Please to

"All right, Myles. Used n't yer poor mother-God rest her!-count the pra-

"You lie, you scoundhrel!" yelled Myles venomously, and he emphasized the remark by a terrific blow on Long counter was in progress. Myles found fellow, his own workman, who had that he had not forgotten a certain set of morning generously forgiven him for the thumb knuckle which, digging into a mean trick of which he had not been | his antagonist, used to deal damage in the after school fights and made him Myles melted away backward. He an object of admiration, respect and tried to impose himself upon several even awe among his comrades. On the succeeding sections, but with equal ill other hand, Jaimie made good use of luck each time. At the tail of the pa- the swinging sledge hammer strokes assailants by dint of their numbers and rade only he found welcome among a that half a century ago he had culti-) vated and made a specialty. For five The welcoming shouts and cheers minutes they pitched into each other that greeted them along the route, the | with hearty good will. They were handkerchiefs and the flags waved to once more boxing beneath the Lazy his story of "The Parvarted Bachethem from window and housetop, every Bush, with encouraging comrades [lor:" man in the long procession took per-¹ about them, and they did not care sonally to himself and waxed proud whether "Masther Muldoon" saw them over and strutted. Before he had cov- or not, for they were fighting for ered a score of blocks Myles Maguire glory and absorbed in the dream of it. was the valuest man and had the most | But Long Jaimie Haraghey was not imposing strut of all that vast proces- as young as he used to be nor his wind sion, and to the awkward limbed, as good. After five minutes he was lengthy fellow who "processed" on his puffing hard, and then a timely and left he proudly imparted the intelli- | happily placed punch of Myles', put in gence that this was "a big day for the neighborhood of Jaimie's gastroball. ould Irelan'." The big fellow's reply, nomic machinery, did him up. He sat rather a remark to himself, "I wish to down hurriedly, and when he could he "M-M-Myles -that's- enou-nough!" To tell truth, Myles was not sorry. "Jaimie," said he as he stood over his victim, "did nas poor mother count

"Though I'm rammed if I' believe it." "That's all right, Jaimle. Give us a thunderclap when the news went dies iv heart disting an I'll put orow grip of your fist. So long as you give rount that Rody had discovered his her a monument higher nor the church in to the truth you're free to believe what pleases you."

They shook hands heartily. Myles helped up his fallen friend. Each helped to dress and smooth out the other, and then they went back to the picnic party, spent a most jovial evening and went home joyous, both, and happy.

Catholic

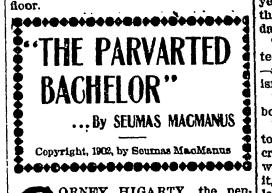
To young Donoch McAteer of Corraclamp Upper, Meenadring P. O., county of Tyrone and Ireland, Johnnie Gavigan next day addressed a letter containing a respectable check and a

promise to pay all charges incurred in polishing a priest out of the aforesaid a most the only wan exception to the Donoch. "I have been forgetful in the docthrines he used to isy down." past," the letter said, "but for the time

flames as yellow with whin flowers as it used to do and if the trouts are as mind it was me that doubled you over plenty as ever in the burn at the back him!"

Myles Maguire went home again and again for many summers, and his eyes filled one Corpus Christi that he sat in och McAteer of the black head and handsome, thoughtful face read his first mass for him, Myles Maguire. And when he turned to look at his sister Ellen her bowed head and frame were trembling as she sobbed with joy. "Myles," she whispered-"Myles, I'm happy an' content to die any time God calls me now. May the good God bless

an' reward you, me brother." "Whisht! Arrah, whisht with you, woman!" Myles said reprimandingly. but the big tears ran from his eyes and sank with Ellen's into the sacred clay



cows wouldn't give the milk till any | steeple, an' I'll inactibe it. Hare lies wan but Uns, since she had made on | the strangest woman ever lived-a wo them so, an' that he decided he'd have man who loved her man better nor he to marry her so he'd have her to milk | loved himself. always.

An' married they wor, too, an' had a mortial great weddin' entirely, at which poor Rody had to stand his own share in sconcin' about his suddhit change, him that was so sore again all womenkind in he light good part Rody tuk it all. He sayed there never was no rule since the worr! begun that hadn't an exception, an' his Una was

Father Pat was wan iv them that used to have the greatest passages with Rody about not marryin', an' he was now helpin', as hard as he

could, the neighbors to sait him for his suddint change. "An' is it yer belief," says Father Pat, "that Una 'll go as far as ye used to think a woman should afore she'd be worth takin'; that she likes an' will like ye better nor ye do yerself?" "My Una," says Rody, "sartinly goes that far. That's why I tuk her,"

"Whew-ew-ew!" says Father Pat. that way.

"Father Pat," says Rody, "ye may whistle or do as ye plaise, but it's so." Father Pat looked hard at Rody for a minute to see was he railly so fargone entirely as to believe that. "An", Rody," says he, "do ye railly believe

"May I niver alt the bread in corn if I am n't sartin iv what I say," says

Rody. "Ye're a dale foolisher man than I thought ye," says Father Pat. "Would ye mind puttin' a little bait (bet) on it that ye'll be in the same opinion this day twel'month?"

"I'll balt ye," says Rody, "me spotted springer again' yer oul' gray mare -an' that's long odds-that me opinion isn't althered this day twel'month." "Done," says Father Pat. "An' yous,

boys, are all witnesses iv this." Rody promised Father Pat faithfully to keep the thransaction a deep sai-

cret from Una. An' so he did. Rody was in the height iv good humor over it, for that he felt so sartin iv Una's

That night as Rody an Uns sat across the five atthet their support Rody smokin' an' Una sewin' a patch ou an oul' coat iv his. Rody sure: "Una, there's a giulieman to be hung the morrs mornin' for kliin' another "Poor divill" says Una. May the Lord have marcy on "im?" t 'An' he's advart is that he'll give shoulders an 'ras. Bee t 1500 to any man that offers himself to pers, out on the table a

Bournal

get hung in his stead?' says Rody. "Lord, look to his wit, the poor amadan," Una says. "Doesn't lie know in



"Rody, I'll not see us built,"

his heart if he has a particle iv sense verielf up." at all, at all, that he'll got no such a fool in all Irelan' as'll offer to do the "here's another great deber. If Time likes iv that if he was given all the there il he divil a soul to do a state wurr!' for a farm steadin' an' Gera- turn about the house or the farmed veigh for a kitchen garden." "Unn," said Body, "I have been "Rody, darlin'," says abe, "It the thinkin' that 1500 would make a all all all ye make yer min' slay. mighty nice windfall for ye," an' Rody some young widda- though it is man was ready for the spring if he saw any tays it-with \$500 in thry manays signs iv Unn goin' to dhrop. ove for him, an' so sartin, too, that it "A mighty nice windfall, indeed," farm stock wou's no long till the twel'month or fifteen, but for fifty-five, says Una, with a smile. "But how a bran new man." twel'months if God 'ud only spare could the likes iv me come by it?". "If," says Rody, breakin' it gently Rody, says he broken hearted. An', sure enough, the second month, still, "I give meself to be hung in his it. to be fonder iv Rody than she was the . Una : dhropped the needle from her lift the latch an walk in but , first, an' the month after she was .Ingers an' sat up with a start. "What?" Pat himself. together. An' so it went on month It was goin' to be the divil's own after month, Una seemingly gettin' sore thrial upon poor Una's narves, fonder iv Rody an' Rody prouder iv but Rody had to go through with it. "Unn," says he, "£500 .'ud mane so every time Rody 'ud meet Father Pat much, to ye that I've been thinkin' er. he'd have a hearty laugh at the priest, what a mortial nice present it 'ud be "an' so, "Corney Higariv would a an' "Father Pat," he'd say, "I hope to make to ye, an' consequently I'm "an' so, hoys, for a warmin' I alw goin' to offer meself to be hung in the keep afore me even the story iv Rod gintleman's place." · "Arrab," suys Una, geftin', up an' throwin' her arms arount his neck. "Arrah, Rody, Rody, me own darlin" Rody, it's the jewel ly a man ye arel may be fine, but they have their draw I loved ye with all the velue in me backs heart afore, but now I love ye ten times more. Rody," says she, "have - Weary Willie When a tellow meeter ye sent in yer offer yet?" Rody said, "No." "Then, Rody pulse iv me heart," Judge says she, "get into yer coat an' don't let the grass grow undher yer heels Rody's year, too, wore round at last till ye're at the jail. Here ye are," The Ancient Order of Hibernians till it come to the last day iv it, an' on that very evenin' Rody mat Father Pat that very evenin' Rody met Father Pat an' shovin' it on him. "Una, Una," says Rody, an' the poor, challes. It is a reproduction of poor feller near cryin'--"Una," says he, best example of ancient fran ecclesia "it's dark an' it's damp an' it'll be tical art known as the "Ardach end time enough to give in me offer be the "Time enough," says she, shoyin' him It is of gold and stands nine and a balk mornin'." out iv the door; "time enough lost the scone. If ye wait till mornin', some diameter. Thirty topazes, amethy as other man'll have the foreway in ye. and emeralds are set in the base stor God bless ye now," says she, 'an' run as if there was ten divis afther ye."... duction of the famous ancient Cell When Rody got back, she had a fine. cross of Monasterboice. On the from warm supper for him. "An' ye must of the base a model of the cross go to yer bed as soon as ye alt it. Cong and on the back one of the c Body," says she, "so that ye'll be fit. to rise in good time. It 'ud be a downy poor thing entirely if I was to lose £500 by yer sleepin' a few minutes. longer nor ye should in the mornin'." "I have been thinkin'," says Rody, "as I come back, thinkin' that, atther all, I'm afeerd I can't get hung the morra." "For why, Rody McGinn?" says Una amazed. "Just," says Rody, "bekase I haven't substitute for him an' get hung in his such a thing as a linen shirt, an I wouldn't take all the land ye could see from the top iv -Carnaween an so afore the audience 'll be gathered there from far an' near an' get hung in an' oul' woolen shirt like this. None iv me family ever got hung in a woolen shirt. an' it'll not be upcast to me that I was best you can to do the Funt the first to disgrace me family." threw the shawl about her head and call to battle in which you may run out. She was back in short time an' threw a fine white linen shirt upon liet him that thinketh be seen the table. "Rody," says she, "niver beed lest he fall. fear me. I'll not see ye balt." "For the love iv heaven," says he. "Una, where did ye git that?" "On the priest's hedge,", says she "It's a case of needcessity, an' the divit a sin it is, even if he is the pricat "I'll make the purposal," says Rody, "Rody," says she. "Trust me to see re "an' yer reverence'll be responsible if through this business with credit." Poor Body shook his head andly, but

Pouls no might at well climb

THE RESIDENCE

"The Lord's good till she then, "There's 18 ha'pence in ft."

Poor Body ploked up the em which she had cast intil the looked at it. It was the p the althar steps. Poor Rody shook his best a went off to bed. But he sayed till himself. "I pent yet when she thinks it An I he went to bed alseif it he slep' that digtat, and it's he'd get laive to elsen in the fit for after the arrest with a so Una was diministratif his entry was time to get up of any time throw her out is had show any "Une," mys be awhet he and dbromed himself an met down! I're been thinkin ... Wint have re how thinking

RAVE TRO. "I have been thinkin'" we "that if I'd only not be in too big. an' not mind settin hears the set maybe thred be another sinilard settin hung afore long wheld often it 000 for a substitute." "Them that break yusts on bopm often go to hed hungry." says Unit teen in the hedge," mys she

An' moreover " says Rody, says B all fill go to the dogs." to mention at all, at all, the farm a "Ool, och, och, och, och " An at this very point who "Eh. wh?! ways he. "What she och, ochin' about, Body?" "Yor revolence," ways Rody, MATA plaise aten out here with me lowse (Looso) ye out the spotted midle

guilty.

band of irregulars.

the Lord they could see us in Meenti- gashed out: cor," discovered to Myles that he walked with one from his own parish. Both, to their delight, soon found that they Still he had a duty to perform. were old comrades and schoolfellows. "Myles Maguire," said Long Jaimie Haraghey, "I've got in me pocket here the pratters going into the pot?" a pint of poteen that was brewed on the back side of Knockaugher. When we get to the picnic grounds, we'll have a jolly good slug for ould times' sake."

And in the big park, where they that day under the Lazy Bush?" picnicked, Myles and Long Jaimie tasted the poteen and transported themselves again to Tyrone. For more than the thought and certainly less speech tifically set. upon Tyrone, yet it was surprising how freshly and vividly old times, old friends, old scenes, crowded his memory and made his tongue glib.

"An' the masther, too," said Long Jaimie-"ve mind the times we had with Masther Muldoon of Pulrainey, eh, Myles?"

"Faith and I do," said Myles, smiling a reflective smile. "Do you mind the day Micky Meehan made him sit down on his casthor?"

"Ha, ha! I do. I do! That was a hard day. An' do ye mind the day we tied him to the stanchion in the school gavel? Another wild day."

"I mind that, and I mind the day he made you mount me on your back till he'd flog me for breaking in Donald O'Donnell's door."

"I mind that, Myles, as if it was yestherday. Bekase I was so long he thought he'd make me useful in some way. He called me his assistant taicher bekase on me back he flogged into ye manners. An' do ye mind, Myles, the day ye an' me fought an' malavogued each other at the Lazy Bush bekase I said your mother counted the praties when she was puttin' them in the pot?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Upon me soul, I do that, Jaimie! What a throuncing match it was! I always thought meself a purty boxer, but that day, Jaimie, you went within an ace of knocking the sonsait out of me. Ha, ha, ha!" "Within an ace of knockin' the con-

"She didn't Myles." "Jalmie, who's the har - me or you?"

"I'm the linr, Myles." "And, Jaimie, who asked for marcy

This one gave poor Jaimie lengthemed pause.

"I say again, Jaimie, who?" Myles thirty years Myles had wasted very lit- had the awe inspiring knuckle scien-

> Jaimie saw the knuckle, and he said: "It was me axed for marcy, Mylesme," and he added solloquizingly,



Welcoming shouts and cheers greeted them along the route.

sioner, was an inveterate old

bachelor — or, still worse, a misogynist - himself and had many sarcastic things to say at the them that long. women's expense. When the neighbors gathered around the fire in his little cabin on winter nights and Toalna Gallagher led off a general assault upon old bachelors, Corney's biting wit flowed freely in return; but when his persistence drove him back from cover to cover Corney eventually fell back upon his grand and unassailable position and made an effective stand upon

In them days, or thereabouts, when me gran'father's great-gran'father was a youngster, there was a chap lived in the neighborhood of Dublin named Rody, that the neighbors called Rody the Bachelor bekase, like meself, he had small gradh for the women, an' people thought he'd no more marry than he would give his head for a footpriest.

Rody was warm an' well to do, with a snug farm an' a thrig house, milk cows an' dhry cattle galore. He was as happy as a hedge sparra to all seemin' an' lived in aise an' contentment with himself an' the whole wurrl'. Then, whén at a wake or a weddin' or some other sort iv a spree, the neighbors got at Rody about why he didn't marry an' take a wife till himself, Rody always laid down his docthrine to them. "I'm as happy," he used to say, "as the Lord (thanks be to him!) can make me. I have paice, grace an' content, an' what more does a man need? Them that takes a woman takes throuble, an' them that marries makes worry for themselves. Ye often enough say yerselves, 'No cow, no care,' an' I say, 'No woman, no woe.' If I got the best woman in the wurrl', she couldn't like me better nor I like meself. So, all things considhered, it seems to me that it's I am the wisest man iv the lot iv ye to keep meself happy when I feel meself so." An' that was time an' again the burden iv Rody the Bachelor's song.

But, sirs, wondhers 'll never cease. There was a slip iv a black eyed gissach (girl), wan iv the neighbors' daughters, come to milk the cows mornin' an' evenin' for Rody wan time his hand tuk bad with the whittle an' he couldn't milk himself. An' Una-she was named Una-she used to sing "An cailin dheas cruite na m-bo" ("The Purty Girl Milkin' the Cow") to keep the cow quate while she milked her, an' Rody would be standin' be the cow's head scratchin' Brawny's neck to keep her quate likewise. But be the time Rody's hand was better iv the whittle he persuaded Una to continue comin' to milk bekase that the cows milked better, he found, to a woman, an' Una, without much persuasion, consented. An' the neighbors they all sayed, "Aye, aye!" when they heard this. So for the length iv a long summer Una she milked away an' sung away, while Rody the Bachelor was gettin' more silent an' thoughtful an' less light hearted day be day till at length it was plain to be seen as the hill iv Binban that an callin dheas cruite na m-bo. was singin' away the heart out in him,

would last, as it was not for wan

they wor married Una sartinly seemed! place." fonder iv him than the other two put | says she. Una every new day that come. An' ye're givin' my gray mare all the attention ye should." "Och, niver mind, niver mind, Rody," Father Pat 'ud say; "the year isn't up yet. It's yerself had better take good care iv my spotted springer. Mind, I'm warnin' ye." But, ach, Rody would break his hearty laugh in at the foolishness iv the

Well, the twel'month seemed long passin' to Rody till he'd humiliate Father Pat. But the longest iv times 'll pass some time, an' the longest iv stories 'll some time have an end. An' at a neighbor's funeral.

"Well?" says Rody.

"Well?" says Father Pat. "What time will I be sendin'/a garsun over for the mare the morrá?" says Roda.

"Aha." says the priest, "I see it's always 'too sure, too loose,' with you, Body. It isn't 12 o'clock the morra vet."

"God look to yer wit, yer reverence!" says Rody. "Ye're the dhrowndin' man catchin' at a very thin sthraw."

"Rody McGinn," says Father Pat. "there was a gintleman kilt another man in anger some days ago-kilt him dead. An' that gintleman is now undher sentence iv death-to be hung outside Dublin jail the morra mornin' at bre'kwust time." "Well?" says Rody.

"Well," says the priest, "this is a great gintleman entirely, an' he has advart-ist all over the counthry that he'll give £500 to any man that 'll act as

place." "Well?" says Rody.

"Very well," says Father Pat. "We're now goin' to put Una to the final test whether or not she likes ye better nor ye like yerself. Ye're to propose to get hung in this gintleman's place so as to get the £500 for Una-an' then we'll see what we'll see."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Rody. "Ye poor, foolish Father Pat, yel No. nor if it was fifty times £500 she would get be it. Una wouldn't listen for wan minute to such a purposal."

"Never mind, never mind," says Father Pat, says he, smilin' such a confident smile as angered Rody out an' out. "Never mind," says he. "Ye do are ye're bid-an' we'll see what we'll see."

Una faints or dies iv heart disaise? "T'll be responsible." says Father Pat. another bright thought exceed al

"An so," Corney Eligarty would an McGlinn, the parvaried bachelor ??

Quite Right. Wenty Willie -Modern Improventer Tired Traddles-For instance? into a stable to sleep novadays. finds pothing in it but baled he

A Jawaled Gold Challese Farley a valuable and artistic score ice," which was found some years

inches high. The paten is six inches in sjer of Clonmacnols are placed. The ornamentation of the plaques d to which the band that runs round d cup is divided is done in the interlace pattern associated with the Cellic ar of the ninth and tenth conturies

taken from the old filuminated mission and manuscripts that are still the wo der of modern ertists. The toos of the work is thoroughly Celtic.

THE STREET AT

A praver of dependence and a prove of confidence, not a request the taken out of temptation, but the twe countil all loy when you call into ifold tempirations Ther are a the crown of an elerate line .

COOL CLASS There is a slow addition to tor of the Scolen co

Defensionalistation

time our of the start of

