av A Story of the Seventeenth of March ~ WILLIAM CALLAHAN

[Copyright, 1994, by C. N. Lurie.] RIMBLE was an Englishman, and McCarthy, as you perhaps might surmise, was an Irishman. They were not upon the

best of terms, but the wrongs of Ireland had nothing to do with the case. Jealousy is a strange creature. For instance, Trimble was jealous of Mc-Carthy's popularity, though he would ever have made any effort to be a eneral favorite himself. "He despised hat sort of thing. And yet it irritated: him to see McCarthy-make friends so ANUT .

Everybody liked McCarthy in the boarding house in Boston where the wo young men lived. He had a fine voice for ballads, and he knew an enormous number of them. A delegation, including all the pretty girls in the boarding house, was always in waiting to escort McCarthy to the plano after dinner. Trimble cared litthe for music and nothing at all for the girls, but he felt that he should have been of far more importance than McCarthy in any society. He would often sit in a corner of the parlor with another young Englishman named Corwin and discuss the thousand faults of McCarthy and the general inferiority of the Irish as he and Corwin figured them out.

If Trimble and Corwin had not thus acquired the habit of being jealous of McCarthy it is possible that neither of them would have been disturbed by his attentions to Miss Bessie Carroll, a stunning, pretty girl, who spent some weeks in the boarding house with her parents. Trimble and Corwin decided almost immediately that Miss Carroll was far above the social level of that

house, and especially above the level of McCarthy.

So far as lay in their power, Trimble and Corwin protected Miss Carroll from these influences by offering her various attentions. In fact, there were times when Trimble thought that Corwin was protecting Miss Carroll too much, and there were other times when Corwin had similar notions about Trimble. Miss Carroll was a ciri who liked amusements, and Mrs.

had meditated celebrating it by a trip o Winchenter. He opened McCarthy's door without waiting for an answer to his rap and was surprised to find that the rooms was empty. He had thought that he furniture in slow surprise. "Well, upon my word," said he and

began to back out, closing the door. At that moment his glance fell upon the end of a yellow envelope which Carroll was not among them. protruded from under the rug by the door. Obviously this was a telegram | Briton under the blue canopy of hearwhich some servant had pushed in bemeath the door without realizing that it would slide under the mat.

Trimble's first intention was entirely creditable to him. He knew that Mc-Carthy must have come in and gone out again without seeing the telegram, It might lie there unperceived until the next day, and with this in mind Trimble picked it up.

The lappet of the envelope was so carelessly sealed that a mere touch opened it. A single giance sufficed for the reading of the meanage:

Shall take steam cars, not trolley. Meet ne Northern depot 11:80. **E**. C.

So Miss Carroll was coming in to view the parade. Doubtless McCarthy had made arrangements for entertaining her, and there had been an appointment which this telegram was intended to change. If McCarthy should fail to receive the message the chances Northern depot, and I chucked it under were ten to one that his meeting with Miss Carroll would not take place on March 17 and would be full of woo and recriminations whenever it did oc-Trimble was well aware that cur. Miss Carroll demanded punctuality and the most faithful devotion to her interests on the part of her cavalier and that she had her own methods of punishing delinquents. If Mr. McCarthy' should fail to be at the Northern depot and Mr. Trimble should happen to meet Miss Carroll in the midst of her luck in my life."

wrath, she might be very kind. It is a feminine method of revenge described in all the books.

Moreover, it might be possible to increase Miss Carroll's natural resentment against poor Pat by a cleverly devised story. The stupidest man thinks that he can tell a clever lie, and Trimble never doubted his own ability. What should he do with it? A vision

of the penitentiary rose before him at the thought of destroying it, and stealing it was no better. In a moment of panic he hastily resealed the envelope and stooped to replace it where he had found it. From this act came his inspiration. With a trembling hand he thrust the telegram entirely under the rug, and this trick seemed to him so safe and so clever that his self esteem. which had suffered considerable injury when he opened that envelope. was completely repaired.

day, Trimble was afraid that his coppers, called Patrick's halfpence, Corwin would suggest plan which it might be embarrassing to escape from, so he dodged Corwin during the evening and spent the time in roaming about the city alone. Re- A Russian View of the Bide Into the turning near midnight, he found the door of McCarthy's room open and saw the young son of Erin within. "Great times tomorrow, I suppose?"

he was so kind as to keep out of the way. By II o'clock Trimble was at a Northern depot elegently are yet and prepared to make the effort of his life. He spent a pervens half hour which seemed very long, and then a still heard its tenant moving about therein. more nervous ten minutes which seem-Standing upon the threshold, Trimble ed much longer, Trains arrived, and stared at the walls and the familiar people poured out of them. Green banners waved, and bands played, and pretty girls with Irish blue eyes and shamrocks displayed upon their hollday raiment hurried by, but Beesie

> At I o'clock the most melancholy en gave up the game and returned to his room in the boarding house, where he stuffed a black pipe with strong tobacco and sat down to "think it out." There was a rap at the door, and Corwin entered. The two men seemed to be in the same mood. They exchanged growis, and Corwin dropped into a chair. Ten minutes of silence ensued. Then Corwin spoke.

"There's no way to beat that blasted frishman?" he said.

Trimble smoked gloomily.

"Look here!" said Corwis. "I can trust you, and I'm going to tell you something. I found out yesterday that McCarthy had an engagement to meet Bessle Carroll at Arlington and Boylston streets. She was coming in from Winchester by trolley. So, just for a bit of a joke, I fixed up a bogus telegram, telling him to meet her at the his door."

"You did!" said Trimble.

"Yes, I did," responded Corwin. 'And then I went to the corner of Arlington and Boylston streets to see whether I might be of some service to Miss Carroll, and, by the living jingo, there was Pat McCarthy! What do you make of it?"

Trimble shook his head.

"Don't know what to make of it." he said. "Never heard of such blasted

St. Patrick's Pance In New Jersey. Coins bearing the image of St. Patrick were once legal tender in New Jersey.

These were issued by the confederation of Kilkenny when it ruled Ireland with but little interference from London, raised armies and sent out ambassadors.

They circulated in Ireland long after the glorious day of the confederation, but were "called in" at length because they were a constant reminder of a period when Irish national independence was almost accomplished.

To the colony of New Jersey, where they could do no harm and would be of great service, most of them were sent in care of a government agent, one Mark Newby. They were legalized in 1682, the law declaring that "for the more convenient payment of Having his own plans for the next small sums of money Mark Newby's shall pass as halfpence current pay."

BIORPARTS

By CYRUS DERICKSON

The Bebee Settlement was so called farmers boeing their corn when something like a cloudburst happened. A stranger arrived at the house of Silax Bebee and sat down to a boiled dinner Graves, as the stranger gave his name, was one of the partners in a big pulk The mane of Bobce at he had discorered by long and patient research, dat ed back to the year 900 and had been borne by princes, dukes, counts, barons, poets and soldiers. What Mr. Graves wanted was to bring the Bebee biography down to Silan and let the world know that the family was still on tap and as eminent as in days of yore. He wanted to fill at least ten pages of the gilt backed book he was setting out with the savings and doings of Silas, while the eleventh page should be taken up with a full length portrait of the sturdy old farmer. The biography and the portrait would be free. but in order to cover the cost of the glue and the stitching Silas would have to come down with \$25 in cash.

"I don't think I'll trade," was the reply when the caller had stated his case. Mr. Graves seemed to have prepared himself for just such an answer, and he turned away with:

"Very well, Mr. Bebee. As you are the most prominent of the family. I naturally came to you first, but as you don't care for the honors I shall go to Reuben. I think he will jump at the opportunity, being as he wants to be elected county supervisor next year. Good day, Mr. Bebee."

There wasn't a feeling of brotherly love between Silas and Reuben. Both wanted to "run things," and naturally that brought about a clash. Silas had. some thoughts of running for county supervisor himself, and it was news to him and news he did not like that Reuben was planning to mix in. He did some rapid thinking. Mr. Graves had not climbed into his burgy when he was called back and a bargain conclud-



that the le Copyright, 1908, by T. C. Mollium. 12 1 1

because so many farmers of that name, and se wal the man to push it. Reuben, and all related, had settled there. It was at peace with all markind and the His shore pages there. Sha had His shore pages there are all in eral planner, and Mr. Grave mathers to suit them and he

had free board and bearings for four Bebee and sat down to a boiled dinner with him and afterward held a long and interesting conversation. Mr. Graves, as the stranger gave his many. formed Booken, he must call on Sala- 104 a fine College " was one or the partners as a specialty whether his grandfather was bitten by bought a lishing house which made a specialty whether his grandfather was bitten by bought a of publishing the biographics of the a mail dog in the state of Obio or lich. tobacce thiel Bebee, but only to make sure igrand, He called, Selathiel was up been of roother the plauwools which had creat and he stuck the into his garden, and when Mr. Graves and that as pre-had explained the blography business mat down on a b to him he straightened up and said: people ho come al "Yes kin pass right on. I sin't buy-

in' as gold bricks today." - TYPE 54. 30 Bat Mr. Graves didn't pass He showed the contracts entered into with way, pobody showers wat Silas and Reuben, and he added the remark that it was too had there were only two eminent families of Bebees Thes Salathiel struck the trunk of a cherry tree with als the and exclusion ed:

"By John Rodgers, but the idea of them Bebees passin' themselves off. the smartest and best in Americal They do know how to farm, and I won't go for to deny it, but as for bain' bir runs they alo't knee high. Ten

no hand to brag, but if I den'fing dree. Blie and Reube'every day in the week then you kin kick me clear across the mrnyard."

The rest was easy, of course. There. were Salathial, his wife and two must and two daughters and all had to go into that book regardless of space or cost. Mr. Graves was not an impetus was a lios, and the others will ous man, and he took his time writing no sense. Bo stort awaren, out his notes and managed to set ave Boars win turned to a so days' free board and lodgings. Then ly he grew as mad as even

he departed to "work" Moses. Abra- pat. ham, Joab, Peter, Paul and several But the worst came with other Bebees, securing victims in each animals gathered at a se and every family and in one instance and laughed at him and threat taking in everything from the grand, over his way. The boar event mother down to the infant in the star it no longer. He slipped aver die. He put in a full month at his the woods, turen work, and be had the best beds and creek and smathed his pipe in the best meals. After his coming the main into place on a stephorad, and they Then he put a heavy state. dle. He put in a full month at his the woods, threw his telesco

passed each other with their heads and sank it to the be held high and their noses turned up. moring. In due or two cases the young men will mever tryinnoh a d

with himself a and he stuck th "What on earth is th



2 V V C 3

rentiemin. Mont Mr

came to blows, and lawaults twees that sgath, the winely as started over old matters. Things wers Moral. Fine clothes, edging along toward a grievous state smooke don't make the of affairs when Mr. Grayes and Ma (mission Tributes a star



said he, pausing by the door. "I'm expecting the day of my life."

responded Pat. Trimble expressed the polite hope that Mr. McCarthy would not be dis-

appointed.

"Me? I guess you've forgotten my name. I'm bound to be lucky on St., Patrick's day '

"Far be it from me to unsettle your faith." said Trimble, "but accidents will happen."

"Not to me on the 17th of March,"



"I'M EXPROTING THE DAY OF MY LIFE."

sesponded McCarthy. "I'm insured.

But what do you mean by accidents?"

"Nothing; absolutely nothing what-

over," said Trimble. "I was thinking

McCarthy, who was standing by the

window, drew aside the curtain and

glanced out, and Trimble had the

chance to lift the edge of the rug with

his foot and see the yellow envelope

"I hope so," said Trimble. "I've ar-

Trimble was early at breakfast next

morning, for he was still afraid that

ranged a bit of a celebration, and I

"It'll be a fine day," said Pat.

of the weather."

mafe in its hiding place.

Garroll had American notions about

M'CARTHY HAD & FINE VOICE FOR BAL

LADS

chaperons. So the girl saw all the good plays in town, and most of them at Mr. Trimble's or Mr. Corwin's expense, but between whiles she seemed to like nothing in the world so well as to play Mr. McCarthy's accompaniments when that young gentleman could be prevailed upon to sing.

The Carrolls had a house in Winchester, which is a suburb of Boston, and when certain alterations had been completed in their home they moved back to it. During the succeeding winter Mr. Trimble, Mr. Corwin and Mr. Mc-Oarthy went out to Winchester quite often. Englishmen think slowly, yet they really do think down to the truth eventually, and there came a time when Trimble and Corwin began to think that it was not much use for them to go out to Winchester any more. Neither was sure of this. Each prewww.an expectant attitude and chered the suspicion that the superficial tractions of Matheriny would weary man's too easy popularity would betray him into attentions to some other stri, or persone built a domen, and that Miss Carroll would beer of it. They had so poor an opinion of McCarthy that they were very sure of his ultimate failure in any effort, and they believed that he was always upon the point of losing Miss Carroll's esteem. On the evening of the 16th of March

Trimble knocked at McCarthy's door on the way down to dinner. What prompted him to do so he really did not know. Perhaps he was curious to wouldn't wish it to be spoiled." know whether McCarthy had any plans for the morrow's holiday that involved Miss. Elizabeth Carroll. St. Gorwin might try to spend the day Patrick's day is not a great occasion with him, and Corwin was as sticky as for an Englishman, and wet meters a bur. Upon this occasion, howaver.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Jaws of Death.

That the charge of the Light brigade seemed to onlookers a piece of magnificent folly is evident from all reminiscences of that day. First came the attack of the heavy brigade upon 3,000 Russian cavalry. Then later in the day the attempt to recapture seven guns taken from the Turks by the Russians in their first advance upon the re-"Disappointed tomorrow?" said Pat. doubts led to the charge of the Light brigade.

"When we saw the English coming at us," says a Russian soldier, "there was but one thought. 'What foois!' we said. We never dreamed they would charge.

Ivan Ivanovitch, a Russian survivor

of the day, says in his "Recollections:" "We were so sorry for them. They were fine soldiers and had such fine porses. But the charge-it was the maddest thing ever done. We could not understand it. I had been in the charge of the heavy brigade in the morning and was wounded. We had all unsaddled and were tired. Suddenly there was a cry, 'The English are coming!

"Our colonel was angry and ordered the men to give no quarter.

"I was lying down, with my wound bandaged, when I saw them coming. We thought they were drunk from the way they held their lances. Instead of carrying them under their armpits they waved them in the air. Of course they were easier to guard against like that. "Those men were mad and never seemed to think of the tremendous numbers against them nor of the fearful slaughter that had taken place in their ranks during that desperate ride. Then they neared us and dashed in among us, shouting, cheering and cursing. I never saw anything like it. They were irresistible, and our men were quite demoralized."

She Had to Forgive,

Mrs. Winks-Mrs. Ayres and her husband have had a dreadful quarrel just because she gave him a letter to mail and he carried it around in his pochets for a week. Isn't it too silly of her? Mr. Winks-Maybe that would make you mad too. Mrs. Winks On John, I wouldn't lose my temper over a little thing like that. Mr. Winks-I'm glad to hear you say it, my dear. I just recall that I've still got that letter you gave me last Wednesday.-Philadelphia Press.

Escaped Her Notice.

"How did you like the way the minister animadverted upon our colloquialsms last Sunday?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"I didn't notice it," replied her host ess. "Me and Josiah were crowded out of our own pew and had to set where we couldn't see him when he wasn't standin' up."--Chicago Record-Herald.

ALWAYS KNEW SILAS BEBER WAB A BREAK.

ed. The rest of the afternoon and all the evening were spent in listening to Silas Bebee's history, covering a period of some fifty-six years. Mr. Graves made copious notes and nodded his head from time to time, and all went well with the story. Bedtime had come, and Silas had given in sufficient matter for his ten pages when his wife, who had all along been doing a heap of thinking, rose and inquired:

"Silas, am I to be left out of this thing as if I didn't amount to shucks? If I haven't helped you to be the biggest toad in the puddle, who has?"

"They never say anything in books about big women, do they?" he asked of Mr. Graves.

"Well, very seldom," was the reply. "I believe they have mentioned Cleopatra and one or two others, but those were exceptional cases. Still, as your wife says"-

The result was that Mrs. Silas Bebes was given three pages and a portrait. in the book, all for the sum of \$8 cash in advance, and the clock had struck midnight before she got through telling how often she had had rheumatism, hysterics and bronchitis and how many yards of rag carpet and barrels of soft soap she had made during her married life. There was a son in the family named Joe. He had nothing to say that evening, but he got up next morning to claim his rights. As the son of Bebee and the biggest Bebee of them all, he wanted to be known of men, and it was finally decided that he should have two pages and a portrait for \$5. It was dog cheap, and Mr. Graves would lose money on it, but he had started out to see the Bebee famiwhich he had free board and lodgings

otestand line maney departed, and three days later a detective arrived in march of him and exposed him as a swindler. The Bebees didn't want to and couldn't balleye it at first, but the evidence submitted was too strong for them to stand against, and after a due amount of weeping and walling and, swearing a mosting of all the families was held, and it was unanimously it.

"Resolved, That while the Bahase Herbert are and date back to the year DOO this your fellows, but they be saw the whole durn; caloodle making takes juit an we all day fools of themselves without reason or Rooster was considered a. excuse, and we won't do it again "

Dashed to Earth Again. It's Boullent model for them by "It's real interesting to read about fives by, But John was these folks that lived in mythological (error, 1 . 12 times," said Mr. Cobb as he put a slip Among other things.

before." On, one certain day not i Mrs. Cobb was putting a large patch was unlucky enough to loss all be on one elbow of her waist, and she balls by driving them int

the view. "There was that feller Atlas," he rather bad that his sport had said, musing. "He was strong beyond (scrupted in this manner." Our anything - that we have now adays he came to a little clump of Why, he supported the heavens on his and peering down behind it and head and hands; held 'em up in place pice white egg till they got kind of set, I judge, What "Isn't that a pretty egg?" muscle such a man as that must have himself. "Why should that, had!" And Mr. Cobb doubled his right a good golf ball?" fat and brought it up to his shoulder . The des seemed to while the fingers of his left hand felt oue, so he took the est

his arm with apparent satisfaction. "What an appetite he must have had!" said Mrs. Cobb tartly. "And while he was supporting the hesvenswork the Lord could have done without any of his help-I'll risk but what his wife was supporting him! And tomor-row I guess your cold 'll be well enough

so you can go over to the squire s and begin on that wood they want chopped and plied

A salvini Incident.

The late Alexander Salvini was once playing, Hamlet in a small Wisconsin, town, The theater was the crudest of structures, and the stage had been contrived for the occasion, by the simple device of elevating a platform on four posts . When the graveligging cene was reached a draft of cold air blew up through the aperture in the stage and not only caused the grave diggers' teeth to chatter, but played frenks with their garments." Salvini, entering with Horatio heard from the grave only a strange jumble of words bitten in places by the first clown's clicking teeth. But when he saw the loose garments of the work ment flapping jocularly in the brees had started out to see the Hepee lami-ly through and must do it even if he irrelevant sight was too much for lim, and laughter checked his speech. went broke. It took him three days He tried to say. "Has this fellow no to get through with the family, during feeling of his insiness that he sings feeling of his business that he sings which he had tree board and totalings as a matter of course, and then he headed for the house of Reuben. It was understood that he must call there to ask Reuben his exact age, but he must not go beyond that. Reuben was

Young minn and all the little had him pointed out to the

of paper in his library book and shut fond of rolf, a rame all of yo came quicker than ever knew it to many of you have played.

held it close to the lamp in what seem- swamp, from which it was an ed to her husband an ostentatious way, for him to recover them with He turned sidewise in his chair to avoid ting stuck in the mire binards



almed his golf sticks Decoucht the settles deserver and of course roll know because the openhole was a. Phoning bill adder walk long was good Wawhat in the volter one of our beauties THE SALES AND THE TRACE

