

DADDY McCAFFERTY WENT TO WORK

BY BALDWIN SEARS.

"Not a penny will I give ye; no, not a ha'penny if I had it. Miss Dolan, she kape yer prayers for the saints, and may they help ye; ye need it bad enough." And Mr. McCafferty walked around his head as though Mrs. Dolan's prayers had been the angry swarm from a beehive.

But the Widow Dolan was not so easily discouraged, and followed him pouring out her griefs into her apron with occasional glimpses to see the effect. "For it's not as though I was aborin' and abeggin' iver y day in the year," he protested. "The Dolans were always too proud for that. Hiven be praised, and too well off to need it until poor Tom got killed and left me wid seven childer to kape an' cover. An' it's not hard enough to do that. Hiven knows takin' in washin', as I'm able and willin' to do, but to put up wid the likes av you because I can't afford to go elsewhere, and you ownin' the roof over me head, an' a poor wan it is, wid the leaks in it an' the cracks. Not that I'm arallin' at you, McCafferty; you're a dacent, respectable body, and a generous wan whin ye let your heart spake out to ye, an' it's my heart the time I've saved ye a shilling wid me own hands, and if ye won't, and I might have known ye for the manest odd haythen from the County av Cork, where they're mean enough to skin a piny for the sake av the dirt on it, an' may ye walk to the poorhouse whin ye go, which I hope will be soon." And with this final shot at the object of her solicitations, the angry Mrs. Dolan retreated and banged the kitchen door.

"And this is what comes o' bein' maternally inclined; h-m, h-m, h-m, h-m, h-m," said Mr. McCafferty, rubbing his chin meditatively as he sat on the fence and waited for the storm to cool sufficiently for him to go back to the dreside. "There's a rare fine girl spoiled in Marylin. What might she hev been if she'd been sashable like me?" He shook his head sadly as he thought of the ruined possibilities. "And here I be, the last wan av me family to kape up the honor av the name. What'll become av it whin I'm gone I'm sure I don't know, but it's a pity for the only single fambly in the town to die off for lack av a successor. Especially considerin' how few reasonable men there are. Most av 'em like that poor odd idjit Tom Dolan. Marylin, marryin', marryin'. And the worst av it is that the world don't seem to get no better. There's just as many wise men ruined now by matrimony as whin Solomon got caught."

The realization of this sad fact silenced Mr. McCafferty's discourse for a moment, and when he roused himself he found that his pipe had gone out and he was getting uncomfortably cold. In spite of his dignity, "I'll just be after gettin' me hat and goin' over to Jo Bright's while the old lady is getting supper," he said, and went up to the house with as much disdain as chattering teeth and a doubt of his reception would allow. But Mrs. Dolan only swished her mop aggressively and muttered her complaints to that as her self established lodger planned himself into his long gray shawl, wound his comforter around his neck, and set his "stovepipe" carefully on his elbow. "We'll have pork chops the night, Mrs. Dolan," ordered Mr. McCafferty, sublimely unconscious of her indignant silence. "And a bit av apple with it, and be sure the supper's ready at six sharp, for I'm goin' out the night to see a frind."

"To set in the public house wid a crowd like ye, ye mane," retorted the widow, but she wisely said it to herself.

"What would the world be if it was all Widly Dolans and no bachelors like me to help 'em out?" meditated Mr. McCafferty as he trotted across the road to his friend's. He was a queer old figure; even the widow smiled grimly as she looked after him, saying, "If that's what comes o' bein' a bachelor, thank Hiven I'm not wan." The silk hat which her lodger always wore, winter and summer, was green with old age, with a very many and unsteady crown and a limp, not to say broken, brim, through the cracks in which it's owner's white hair stuck out assertively. But such a trifle it was quite beneath his dignity to notice, and he trotted along, his small gray eyes peering sarcastically from beneath the drooping hat brim, his beak-like nose curving pessimistically over his shrunken mouth, a red knitted waistcoat showing under an ancient frock coat, and his trousers legs hanging well over the back of his carpet slippers, supremely content with himself and his lot. Scarcely a day passed that he was not seen sauntering down the village street, passing the time of day and a joke with the shopkeepers standing in their doorways, or sunning his lean shanks on the bench under the "public's eaves. A cynical old dog, with a good natured dig at every one's failings, especially the married folks; who, he declared, had brought their troubles on themselves. And of all of them, did he love best to tease Mrs. Dolan, who rated him for a "lazy, selfish cratur, no help to man or baste, but to torment the unfortunat'."

The bachelor laughed a deep, rich chuckle. "Arrah, now, old lady, you've forgotten that I'm a pleasure and a profit, too; not to mention the warning I am to the rest of mankind to avoid matrimony. For if you're maternally inclined you'll have to forego the pleasure av loife and turn yer attention to workin', than which nothin' is more opsinist to my ways."

av thinkin', and I should say to you." "It's a fool I am to be gaddin' to the town on a noight like this, whin I've a fire av me own," said Mr. McCafferty as he hugged his shawl around him and shouldered the wind. "I'll be paying up with rheumatics to me bones for this. I'm that cold and wet, an' it's loike Maggie Dolan to let the fire out av me in bed; she's a thrifty odd cat," he chuckled as he found his way up the steps to the door. It was so dark that he had to fumble with his hands for the knob, and as he was doing so his feet struck against something soft and firm for a snowdrift, that lay against the door. "What's that?" thought Mr. McCafferty indifferently. "A cat, begob's! Go on, ye crayther, there's no sup nor bite here for the likes av ye as can't pay." He pushed the thing with his foot; gently, though, for he half pitied it. But it did not move at all, and now, having got the door open, he stooped down to see what the bundle was.

As soon as he had glanced at it he picked it up and carried it into the kitchen, where he always found a bit of bread and cheese or a cold potato before going to bed. The fire was not quite out, and, having first warmed his numb fingers at the stove and turned up the lamp wick, he began to examine the mysterious package. The outside shawl was pinned carefully in several places, and within was a finer shawl, which the bachelor unwound with interested curiosity. But suddenly he stopped, dropped the shawl and exclaimed:

"Howly Mary and the saints preserve us! If it ain't—it is! Misses Dolan, Misses Dolan! Come down here the instant, for the love av hiven, an' look at what's been left forinist the dure Maggie Dolan, ye odd haythen, what are ye doin' to be so long? Hurry, or I'll fetch ye," he called, threateningly, as the much scared Mrs. Dolan appeared in her nightcap, and wrapper.

"Max the flends fly away wid you, McCafferty, for wakin' a poor widdy woman out av her shlope. And what is it you're callin' me for at this time o' noight?" she demanded, querulously from the top of the steep stairs, looking down at her crazy lodger, who stood at the foot, his tallow candle flaring in the draft passage, casting scariest shadows up the wall as the old fellow threatened.

"Whisht, woman, and kape yer eyes open," he ordered in a hoarse whisper, and turning on her fiercely as she led the way back to the kitchen. Mrs. Dolan clutched Mr. McCafferty's arm as she looked, for the bundle on the table, freed from wrappings, was moving.

And as the light flashed across it a feeble, frightened cry went up from the deserted wif a cry that scared the bachelor stiff, but went straight to the heart of the Widow Dolan, toll and poverty hardened as she was. She stretched out her arms and ran to the table. "A baby, is it? For the love av hiven, where did it come from? What's it doin' here this time o' night in the snow? Poor little crayther!"

"And if I was after knowin', wouldn't I take it and hand it back to 'em?" demanded Mr. McCafferty with much contempt. "It wouldn't be as settin' on the durestep at this hour av its own will."

"And what am I going to do with it?" said Mrs. Dolan in dismay.

"Feed it, ye loon, feed it," answered Mr. McCafferty with sudden inspiration. "Did ye iver know a babbie av wasn't ready to eat?"

"Thrus for ye, man, but what'll I fade it? There ain't a sup av milk in the house at this hour."

"Go out and milk the cow, then," commanded Mr. McCafferty. "Ye'll get enough to fill a mouth no bigger than a button."

"And will ye mind it whilst I'm gone on that fool's errand?"

"Put it back in the shawl; it rested there long before I seen ye."

"And can't ye hold it that long, ye onfallin' wretch? But ye've got a hard heart sure in your breast. It's a blessing to the women that ye never married wan av them. There, take care it don't roll off now, the poor, wee colleen." Mrs. Dolan kissed the soft little face tenderly as she laid the milk down and clattered out after the milk.

At first McCafferty stood doggedly at a safe distance from the table, eyeing with suspicion the innocent child he had so unintentionally saved. Who had left it there? At the Widow Dolan's, of all the houses in the street! And on such a night! It was a wonder that it had not been frozen before he found it. That little thing freezing to death!

"Ye wouldn't hev me stand like a stick whilst he shpilt his little lungs abollerin', would ye?" he answered when Mrs. Dolan, coming back with the milk, stopped short in the doorway at sight of McCafferty sitting by the fire with the baby snugly settled in his arms.

"The poorhouse. What'd ye think I said?" retorted Mrs. Dolan, with spirit.

"I thought I'd give ye the benefit of the doubt, but ye don't deserve it," answered Mr. McCafferty. "The poorhouse for that purty thing! I might better have left him outside the dure in the snow to die easy and quick."

"Ye talk well, McCafferty, but what are ye goin' to do with it? Not that it's any trouble now, and the little it's agoin' to grow, and I'm nothing but a poor widdy woman with seven childer av me own—"

"And ye don't want another av somebody else?" interrupted McCafferty. "Well, I'm not blamin' ye, and as soon as he's big enough to look out for himself a bit I'll take him to the poorhouse. But ye kape him for the prisint and I'll pay for the bit broth. I've enough to kape me and a shilling over for him for a while longer."

And still Mr. McCafferty did not send him away. The bachelor stood in the doorway one May morning and smoked his pipe slowly and thoughtfully as he watched the baby toddling after the butterfly in the garden path. What a beautiful, strong, happy little fellow he was; and how the bachelor hated the thought of parting with him! For part they must.

"He's too good for the poorhouse," said McCafferty as he put the baby into the stage one day that week and watched it drive away and heard the baby calling "Daddy, daddy!" after him.

"And I think he'll be going to the poorhouse himself soon," said Mrs. Dolan, as she confided the matter to her gossip. "He's that restless an' lonely and cross there's no livin' with him. And, indeed, I'm sorry for him, he was that fond av the little thing, and it callin' him daddy as though it belonged to him."

"Where's McCafferty gone?" asked Mrs. Dolan as she put the breakfast on the table one morning and looked about for her lodger. But the children had not seen him, and all their calling did not fetch him. He was still absent at supper time, and Mrs. Dolan had begun to be fearful that something had happened to him when 10 o'clock arrived without bringing him. She had started to put on her shawl to run over to the neighbors when she heard a step stumbling up the porch and saw them at the door—"daddy" and his baby in his arms.

The widow threw up her hands. "Ye haven't never gone and brought him back?" she gasped, half dismayed, half glad.

"I have that," answered the bachelor, contentedly. "And what's more, he's agoin' to stay with me all ye, little one!" he added, as he sank wearily into the rocking chair, still clasping the baby, who babbled sleepily, "Daddy, daddy."

"But, McCafferty—"

"Thrus for ye, woman, ask me questions after I kin answer them. It won't cost ye wan penny. I'm agoin' to work to-morrow for McManus, the contractor, fer I mane to have me boy with me as long as I've the billid string to work with."

"And may that be as many years as I hope to live meself," added Mrs. Dolan fervently. "Which is nearer a hundred than wan."

The Yellow Fever Germ.
In the report (Bulletin No. 13) of the Marine Hospital Service of Vera Cruz on yellow fever the announcement is made that the parasite causing yellow fever has at last been discovered. The remarkable work recently done in Cuba by the late Major Reed and his colleagues convicted the mosquito of the spread of yellow fever as at last been discovered, and disproved the ancient theory regarding the danger of the so-called fomites—clothing, bedding, etc., with which yellow fever patients have been in contact. It was shown that contact with these was quite incapable of causing an attack of yellow fever, but that stegomyia fasciata, a species of mosquito, was almost certainly the sole agent in spreading the disease. This important work was done, despite the fact that the actual cause of yellow fever, the germ, itself was not known. Several previous investigators, including Surgeon-General Sternberg, thought they had found it, but subsequent study disproved this. According to the Vera Cruz commission their microbe is a form of protozoan, similar to the malarial parasite, and not an ordinary bacterium. It goes through a cycle of changes analogous to those of the malarial germ, and its presence in the mosquito modifies the latter's life in a way to favor its spread of the disease.

An Army of Opium Eaters.

There are three types of opium eaters, according to Dr. S. E. Jelliffe, of the City Hospital, New York—those who take the drug in the form of a medicinal preparation, such as laudanum, paregoric and the extract of laudanum; those who smoke it and inhale the fumes into the lungs, and those who take hypodermic injections of morphia. The second class—the smokers—comprises the largest number of victims. Dr. Jelliffe estimates that fully 30,000 people in the city of New York are addicted to the opium habit in some form. The annual sale of opium in Vermont is equivalent, according to the doctor, to a grain for every adult in the state, an amount obviously far greater than can be accounted for by its consumption for medicinal purposes. Some slaves to the drug take it regularly every day; others have periodical spikes similar to those of the alcohol drinker.

"Every Klondike of achievement has its Chilkoot of adversity."

Alma is Latin, the Kindly.

THE CHINESE COURT LANGUAGE.

Manchurian Lingo Used by Royalty, But Not Understood by Others.

The original Manchurians were not Chinese. They were "outside barbarians." They occupied somewhat the relation to China that the Indians did to the United States. Their capital is Mukden and there their ancestors are buried. Mukden is therefore a sacred city in the eyes of the Chinese courtiers, and its capture by the Japanese in the recent war had a corresponding political effect.

The Manch language is spoken at the Chinese court, though not understood by the Chinese. When the Chinese added Manchuria to their empire they foolishly transplanted it with Chinese Mahometans from Central Asia, and so mixed up the population that internal jealousies serve the better to keep the people in subjection.

Business Co-Operation in Manchuria.
A Russian traveler who recently made a tour through Manchuria on behalf of a scientific association gives a very interesting account of the business usages in that province. He says there are in a Chinese business house neither proprietors nor employees. All persons employed share in the profits of the undertaking. During the year each member receives, at certain intervals, a kind of salary, which, however, is meted out so sparingly as to be hardly sufficient to supply the necessities of life. At the close of the year the accumulated profits are divided. Very noteworthy, according to the statements of this traveler, is the exceptional honesty of Chinese merchants, who always and most promptly fulfill the engagements they may have entered into. Thus, for instance, the ten branch offices of the Russo-Chinese Bank located in China have since their establishment no record of a single protested note.—Exchange.

The Omnivorous Korean.

The Korean is omnivorous. Birds of the air, beast of the field and fish from the sea—nothing comes amiss to his palate. Dog meat is in great request at certain seasons; pork and beef with the blood undrained from the carcass; fowls and game—birds cooked with the lights, giblets, head and claws intact—fish, sun-dried and highly malodorous—all are acceptable to him. Cooking is not always necessary; a species of small fish is preferred raw, dipped into some pungent sauce. Other dainties are dried seaweed, shrimps, vermicelli, pine seeds, lily bulbs and all vegetables and cereals. Their excesses make the Koreans martyrs to indigestion.—Leslie's Weekly.

Wisconsin's Fighting Governor.

Governor La Follette has twice been elected chief executive of Wisconsin on his own platform, which declared for equal taxation of railroads and all other property and death to the caucus and convention system.

Personally, the man is tense. "He loves to fight better than to eat," is frequently said of him, both by friends and by his enemies. His oration is dramatic, absorbing, earnest and intensely magnetic. He has frequently gone into public meetings in Wisconsin to make a political speech where they had decayed eggs, cabbages and other missiles to throw at him, and in half an hour the whole audience enthusiastically joined in carrying him on their shoulders.—Washington Post.

Yellow Fever Parasite Discovered.

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Putting Children to Sleep.

In certain parts of the Himalayas the native women have a singular way of putting their children to sleep in the middle of the day. The child is put near a stream of water, and by means of a palm-leaf or a tin scoop the water is deflected so as to run over the back of the child's head. The water pouring on the child's head apparently sends it to sleep and keeps it so, while the mother proceeds with her work in the fields. No one seems ever to fear that baby may be drowned.—Lahore Tribune.

Some Pugnacious English Beetles.

There are beetles in England (of the family known to scientists as telephoridae) that are popularly called soldiers and sailors, the red species being called by the former name and the blue species by the latter. These beetles are among the most quarrelsome of insects and fight to the death on the least provocation. It has long been the custom among English boys to catch and set them fighting with each other. They are as ready for battle as gamecocks, and the victor will both kill and eat his antagonist.—St. Nicholas.

Remarkable Winter Weather.

For a winter climate, Canon City, Col., has a reputation second to no locality in the United States. During the winter of 1903-4, hundreds of robins, bluebirds and turtle doves made their homes in that vicinity and there was no weather during the whole season so severe as to harm the feathered creatures.

WROTE HISTORY OF A

Wm. H. Prescott's Unusual Way of Pursuing Himself to Work.

Rollo Ogden, in his brief and very readable biography of William H. Prescott, the historian, after many passages from the diary showing Prescott's habit of fogging himself in his work by making wagers with his secretaries that he would complete a given task by a certain day, the odds always heavily against himself. Prescott always took the betting on his own industry with perfect seriousness. Sometimes he would readily greet his secretary with "You have lost! You owe me a dollar." And he would exact payment. Occasionally he would with wobbly countenance, produce and pay over to the protesting secretary the \$20 or \$30 he himself had lost. One elaborately made memorandum witnesses that a bet of \$1 to \$50 had been made "between E. B. Oles and William H. Prescott, Esq., the latter betting \$50 that he will write 100 pages of his 'History of Peru' in 100 days."

PITHY POINTS.

Many a rich man has nothing but sympathy for the poor. If fish could talk anglers would have to revise their yarns. A summer girl's idea of economy is to make one hammock do for two. Competition works both ways. It is either the life or death of trade. Some men would rather tell agreeable lies than the disagreeable truth. Some men are unable to stand up for their rights because their wives sit on them. When a bachelor has more money than he can spend he should annex a wife. Don't be too modest. Because of its modesty the lowly violet is frequently trampled under foot. Possibly you may have observed that lots of girls marry during leap year who never married before. Experience is a great teacher, but there are some conceited men who imagine they can teach experience.

Canada's Big Game Region.
The eyes of the world lately have been more and more directed to the extraordinary wonderland of the Canadian Rocky Mountains, to which tourists of wealth and fashion are now flocking. In these forests and over these mountains roam the biggest game to be found on the continent, the grizzly and black bear, the panther, the lynx, elk, moose, deer, caribou and Rocky Mountain sheep and goat, and the innumerable lakes are at seasons almost covered with ducks, geese and swans. A hundred lodges in this vast wilderness offer their hospitality to the hunter, and from any of them he can set out with a guide and be sure of meeting with bighorn, grizzly or panther if he can stand the fatigue of the trail.—The Independent.

A Very Dangerous Trade.
The dangers of work in a white lead factory are interestingly described by a medical authority in a discussion of the causes and effects of lead poisoning. Most of the cases occur among the workers in the department where the preparation of the carbonate of lead is carried on by what is called the "Dutch process"—in which the lead, in sheets, is placed on the top of pots filled with acetic acid, and converted, first, into the subacetate, and finally decomposed by carbon dioxide emitted by tar. In moving the carbonate clouds of white lead dust are easily caused by workmen; and in spite of the respirators worn by them much of the poison is taken into the system.—Harper's Weekly.

Moon's Distance from Earth.

The mean distance of the moon from the earth is 238,850 miles. The maximum distance, however, may reach 252,330 miles, and the least distance to which it can approach the earth is 221,520 miles. The moon's diameter is 2162 miles, and if we deduct from its distance from the earth the sum of the two radii of the earth and moon, viz, 3962 and 1081 miles respectively, we shall have for the nearest approach of the surface of the two bodies 216,477 miles.

Didn't Feel That Way.
A Scottish singer named Wilson was being trained for professional singing. One day he sang a love song with exquisite quality of voice, but with insufficient passion and expression. His teacher told him he must put more feeling into it and sing as if he were really in love. "Eh, man," he replied, "koo can I do that and me a married man?"

Few Americans in Manila.

The Manila Board of Health estimates the population of Manila, basing its figures on the preliminary rough count of the census of 1903, at 219,041. The Americans number 4,389; the Spaniards, 2,538; other Europeans, 1,117; Filipinos, 159,782; Chinese, 21,230; all others, 895.

New Deposits of Fuller's Earth.

Steps are being taken to develop valuable deposits of fuller's earth near Buelah, Pueblo County, and near Akron, Washington County, in Colorado. The few deposits of this substance already located in the Continental States are said to be among the purest found anywhere in the world.

Jap Soldiers in Winter.

No troops are better equipped for a cold campaign than the Japanese.

REPUBLICANISM'S BIRTHPLACE.

There has been very much controversy as to the birthplace of the Republican party, but the claims of Michigan seem sufficiently well established for all the ordinary purposes of history.

While the Whigs and Free-Soil Democrats in other states were discussing the formation of a new party 10,000 opponents of the extension of slavery met in a mass convention at Jackson, July 6, 1854. The convention was managed by Senator Jacob M. Howard and by Zachariah Chandler, who was destined soon to become one of the commanding figures in the movement. The convention nominated a full State ticket and adopted the name "Republican." Similar conventions were held in Wisconsin and Vermont on July 13 of that year, and in Massachusetts on July 19. The Michigan Republicans were the first, however, to nominate a ticket and adopt the party name.—New York World.

The Beginning of Tammany Society.
Tammany society was formed in New York in 1789, chiefly through the efforts of William Mooney, an upholsterer in New York City, its first grand sachem, to oppose the federalists. It has ever since been an important political body largely controlling for many years the local New York City government, and in state and national politics professing to adhere to the democratic party. The name "Tammany" is said by tradition to have been taken from an aged, wise and friendly Delaware chief, chosen for his virtues as the patron saint of the new republic. The first meeting of the society was held May 12, 1789. The act of incorporation was passed in 1805. The grand sachem and the 33 sachems represent the President of the United States and the 13 original colonies.

French Academy Founded in 1535.
The French academy is one of the five academies, and the most eminent, constituting the institute of France. It was founded in 1535 by Cardinal Richelieu, and reorganized in 1636. It is composed of 40 members, the new member being elected by the remaining 39 members for life, after personal application and the submission of their nomination to the head of the state. It meets twice weekly at the palace Mazarin, 22 Quai Conti, Paris, and is "the highest authority on everything appertaining to the sciences of the French language, to grammar, rhetoric and poetry, and the publication of the French classics." The chief officer is the secretary, who has a life tenure of his position. A chair in the academy is the highest ambition of most literary Frenchmen.

A Million Dollars a Mile.
One million dollars a mile is the estimated cost of constructing a tunnel four miles in length on the line of the new Moffatt railroad, from Denver, Co., to Salt Lake City, Utah. Constructors hesitate about bidding for the work because of the hardness of the granite through which the tunnel must be bored. Blocks of dynamite make little impression on the rock, and the railroad company may have to build the tunnel.

The Police Are All Mexican.
In Laredo, Tex., a town of several thousand inhabitants, fully half the population are Mexicans.

For many years the mayor and part of the city council have been Mexicans. At a recent election the mayor and all the aldermen elected were Mexicans.

In their recent appointments they have put in an entirely new set of policemen and an entirely new municipal force, none of whom can speak the English language.—New York Herald.

Money in Tam O' Shanter.
The increased popularity of the knitted tam o' shanter hats with the fair sex this season has brought about an extensive demand that is taxing the productive capacity of English manufacturers to the limit.

Dyers, too, are busying by the taste for vivid colors in this piquant headgear. The revived popularity has led Nottingham hosiery makers to put in extra machinery for its production. Hereafter they have given it little attention, though it is said to be a very profitable product.

Black Friday 35 Years Ago.
The term "Black Friday" is applied to Friday, September 18, 1856, when a group of speculators in New York advanced the rate of gold from 110 to 115, causing a panic.