

took possession of Sackett's Junction Kitty O'Reilly took possession of the gaug.

"They're a fine lot, Kitty," said old Mike O'Reilly, "even if they are a lot of guineas and greasers and such foreigners. 'Tis from the stranger within our gates that we get the goods, Kitty, and if he won't give them to us/of his swn free will then we take them from him by gentle persuasion. Kitty, you are the gentle persuasion of Sackett's Junction. You go right over and talk to whoever's the king of the whole bunch and fell them you're the finest cook in Arizona and your dad can furnish meal tickets to the whole crowd of them at a price that would bankrupt any chink cook this side of Frisco."

Kitty delivered the message of her father in her own sweet way to the king of the bunch, and the king was neither guines nor greaser, but Tom Grady, from Kansas City. Tall was Thomas, six feet two, with the shadowy blue eyes of Erin and the curliest of sunset tinted locks.

"We will eat with you; tell the old man," said Tom Grady, and, while his manner was sedate and his tone most respectful, as belitted a five minutes' acquaintanceship, yet his eyes told Kitty that she was the fairest creature he had looked upon in all his life.

"I do the cooking," said Kitty, and the way of her smile and voice was most bewildering to a man with a free heart under his coat.

"Heaven bless the cook!" laughed Tom, and he stood on the hillside lookthe wash. "And, sure. you can cook for me all my life, with the sweet smile of you and the tender giance of you. It's fried doormat I'd be eating with a relish if you gave it to me."

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M. Cunningham. HEN the construction gang on the floor for the last dance just above his heart was pinned the favor (Copyright, 1906, by American Press American)

> shamrock made of wire and green allk, the kind they sell on the street corners St. Patrick's day, but Kitty had worn

the sign of both his victory and her natural heauty. The city, renerable for heat, hungry and thirity, passing differentiation to Tom Grady.

stuck a green slik shamrock.

you made me last year on it." Tom laughed.

"You're too late in the coming, my boy. She's made me a fresh one to night, and the's going to keep it." "She's a firt!" cried the other. "What right has she to give two of these

things with two promises?" "She can do just as she pleases," said Tom loyally. "I don't care if she scatters shamtocks from -Sacramento to Key West, but she's going to marry me next month. Now, see here; I'm ing after her as she tripped back across sorry for you, my boy. You've come a long way, and you're in a devil of a temper, and I don't blame you. I'd be the same if I was as near losing Kitty O'Reilly as you are this night. But I'll play you fairly for her, al-



The Old Cathedral Burned by Mirsculous Manner in Which the City of Arment and Its Besutiful Cethedral Were Tounded.

she had given him. It was only a little amail city of Armagh is the bor and by thy powerful preaching, most beautiful inland town of which by the grace of the Holy spirit

it in her hair all the evening stuck in andering river Callan flows close by, apostolic work thou wart always most sideways, like the coquette she was, and the situation, diversified with hill just above her pretty ear, and it was and date, is replete with scenes of great

But suddenly as the two stepped out of Ireland, owes its origin and ecclesion the floor to take their places in the astical pre-sminence to St. Patrick, reel a figure appeared in the doorway, who in the year 445 erected a catheand old Mike gasped and ducked dral and other religious houses there. under a table and quietly, soberly pre- Bt. Patrick's cathedral in Armagh. acribed by certain inhabitants of the pared for sudden dath. It was a pic-turnique figure in its way-tall, but not so tall as Tom; slender and dark, and the chaps he wore were splashed as from a fording and dusty from heavy piding. Straight up to where pared for sudden death. It was a pic though not occupying the site of the district, and his suburbs do not suffice furnique figure in its way-tall, but old cathedral established by St. Pat. as a refuge, wherefore the following Kitty stood he walked, and, dipping was laid on March 17, 1840, and it was Slieve-Mis, from Slieve-Mis to Bri-the sombrero he wore from his head, completed in 1873. The style of the Erigi, from Bri-Erigi to Slieve-Bregh. he cast it at her feet. In its cord was structure is decorated Gothic of the Certainly, if thou wishest, it shall be fourteenth century. The total length of of this magnitude. And, furthermore, "There's mine," he said, "and I've the cathedral is 210 feet; combined the Lord God hath granted to the all ridden 200 miles to claim the promise width of nave and aisle, 72 feet; width the tribes of the Scots (Irish) as a di-

across the transepts, 112 feet; height ocase and attached to this thy city.



quired for him through most hard in COSTUMES Ireland and is the ecclesiastical has proved most enlightening and fruits And L. M. Wackerman, COSTUMER capital of the country. The me. ful to all the tribes of Ireland. In this Hverything pertaining to the C apostolic work thou wart always most Business. Maaks, Wirs, and Beards. A laborious and at-many times in many Kinds of Theatrical Make-ap dangers from the gentiles. In cold and

the Danes and Angle-Nor-

and Ells Soldiers.

small cell, narrow and also circum-

dangers from the gentiles, in cost and heat, hunger and thirsty, passing differently from tribe to tribe for the sal-ration of many, "Therefore the Lord knows thy present place, situated on a bill, with a

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Puneral Birch



HOME OF AN IBISH FARMER, COUNTY TIPPERARY.

their tents on the hillside, and Mike O'Rellly made it pleasant for them. He had the largest and coolest house at Sackett's, and Saturday night he would throw it open for a dance for the boys. And it was at the third dance that Tom asked Kitty did she love him a blt.

"Ask me tomorrow merning, Tom." she said softly.

"'Tis tonight you'll be telling me, and not later," answered Tom, and the masterfulness of him did her beart good, for the wayward woman loves best the man who makes her mind him. "You don't have to tell me at all, for I've been knowing it a month past. Your eyes told me even while they tried to hide it with the darling long lashes you have on them. And your voice said it when it trembled, and your blessed little hands said it every time they gave me the finest bits to eat of their own cooking. Your lips don't need toshe telling me what's the truth I know already, Kitty, angel heart of mine, but they'll tell me all the same, because I want to hear them say it. Do you love me?"

"Sure I do, Tom; you know I do," whispered Kitty, and the tear drops glistened on her long dark lashes for the joy that swept over her.

Tom stood up straight and glanced over his shoulder at the long dining room that had been turned into a dance hall. There was a full in the dancing. It was just past midnight and St. Patrick's day was at its dawning. Tom kissed her.

"We'll be married next mosth." he told her, "and Mrs. Thomas Grady shall spend her honey roon gayly in a construction tent, but wait till the railroad's put through and we go on to Kansas City"-

Kitty laughed and put her hand over this mouth. And when they stepped out ' be sure heart goes with it."

Two months the gang were to pitch though I know she's mine; so come my boy, let's step out where the memories of close upon fifteen smoke isn't so thick and the moon shines, and you wear the shamrock is dral established by St. Patricks It your cap, and I'll wear mine where it was rayaged and burned by the Danes, is, over my heart. And if you hit the subsequently by the Anglo-Normans sharmrock I wear-weil, never mind and was almost entirely destroyed by But if I hit the one you wear, then you fire in 1404. make tracks peaceably and decently In 1568 the primate of Ireland preach-

Will you-do it?"

drag ber father from under the unbie burbed the cathedral and pillaged the where he was praying alternately for city of Armagh. Another chief of the the repose of his own and Tom's soul, same clan. Sir. Phelim O'Nell, set ire And then the two men fought the duel of the shamrocks out in the soft dawn, with the first rose light break ing over the foothills, on St. Patrick's the larger 'Book of Armagn," pre-

and cleanly without even scorching wearled out by night vigils for Christ, the half on the boy's liead. "Don't mention it," he said joyously to him from heaven and roused him as the lad drew his breath and brought lightly from sleep. And St. Patrick his thoughts back to earth and O'Refl. said: 'Here I am. Have I done in ly's. "Sure, I don't blame you a bit for iniquitous thing lately in the sight of loving her, and I don't blame her for the Most High? If this has been so thinking you a fine boy, too, but 'twiss I beg pardon from God.' a year ago, don't you see, before she "The angel answered: 'No, but the saw me! So back with you, boy, to Almighty hath sent me to thee for the

Quigley's, and, mind, next time you comfort of thy soul after the conwin a shamrock from the girl you lows version of the Iran by thes to him

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, ARMAGH. from floor to ridge, 110 feet; beight

0'er: 1

of two western spires, 210 feet. of the field, The foundation stone of the cathedral was laid by the Rev. William Crothe ground in sight of the angel sid. I give thanks to my God, oversal Love, who hath deigned in his clemency to bestow such glory or his mercant. MICHAEL J. MURPEY. ly, D, D., the one hundred and fifth successor of St. Patrick in the see of Armagh. Over the front door of the cathedral is the inscription, "Soli Dee Omnipotenti, Trino In Personia, Jub Invoccations Sti Patritii, Mihermorum Aportoli," which Anglided reads, "To the One God Almighty, Three In Per-sons, Under the Invocation of St. Pat-2. B. S. 1 A.H

WHEF wetty fors's delaty in tick, Apostle of Ireland."

The harp strings travel o'er and The music in my memory lingurs Like light upon a sunset shore.

ed in the cathedral before Shane O'Nelli-

"I will," said the youngster gamely, and 600 of his soldiers. In his sermon and the two went out in the mooninghi he recommended loyalty to the English with the crowd, while Kitty mied to king, which so enraged O'Neill that he

day. Bob Owen, the boy from the served in the Royal Irish scademy, Quigley mines, 200 miles away, had Dublin, gives an account of the mirac first shot, and he aimed for the sham Blous manner in which the city of arrock over Tom's heart. But the ride magh and its cathedral were founded had unnerved him, and so had the look "Once upon a time St. Patrick proin Kitty's even as she had gased at coeded from Armagh to baptise, teach his rival, and he missed his shot. and cure multitudes of both sexes of "Hold up your head, lad, and take the human race, whom he expected to your medicine!" called out Tom as he meet by the well lying close to the raised his hand to aim, and the young- place of his abode on the castern side. ster did as he was told, white faced There, before the dawning of the day, and close lipped. But the strength of he awaited the arrival of the people Kitty's love was with Tom Grady, and from all directions, who desired a his wrist never trembled as he simed knowedge of the mith. As he thus at the cream colored sombrero, and waited, suddenly beavy sleep crei-shot the green shamrock off it neatly came him, as previously he had been "And, behold, quickly came in angel

> SO rich the melodies, so thrilling The undertones of love they speak, That Hora on my heartstrings

willing " willing " (I fancy) plays at hide and men PATRICE DUF into the faith, whom thou hast ac-

which is called in the language of the Raincoats, Trousers, also Ladies Scots (Irish) Ardd Macha' the beinet Suits, Coats and Furs at Half Price "St. Patrick, with face prosinate on 

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