

Where He Was

On St. Patrick's Day In the Morning

By NORA B. SHEA

It was the evening before St. Patrick's day, 1768, in Ireland. The moon was at the full and shone with unusual brightness. Dennis O'Donohue, a young man of twenty-two, mounted on a black mare, was trotting on a road between Killarney and Tralee on his way to a ball at the latter place. Suddenly catching sight of a light some distance from the road, he drew rein and thrust his hand in under his waistcoat to pull his watch from his fob. It was not there, and he remembered that he had left it at home.

Now, what he wished his watch for was to note the time that he might decide whether to attempt something that popped into his head at seeing the light referred to. In the house where it should have been, a young girl whom Dennis would have gladly wooed had been permitted to do so. Dennis was inclined to be a trifle wild, and Eileen was warned by her parents to have nothing to do with him.

Nevertheless the young man was especially attractive to girls. He was tall and lithe, and a mass of light curls fell down over his shoulders. Tender-hearted to a fault, it was suspected that for the benefit of others in distress he had trespassed on the law by taking a purse on the highway. The O'Grady, a rich landowner, had been stopped one night on the road, and later one of his tenants, a poor woman for whose eviction he had given orders, paid the rent in coins, one of which, a pocket piece, the O'Grady recognized as having been taken from him by the highwayman. The story got about that Dennis O'Donohue, sympathizing with the woman, had robbed the landowner and given the money to his tenant to save her from eviction. That the robbery had taken place for that very purpose was true, but Dennis O'Donohue had nothing to do with it.

It occurred to Dennis that he would love to take Eileen with him to the ball at Tralee. Her father and mother were elderly people, and it was their custom to go to bed at 9 o'clock every night. It might be possible to take her with him and bring her back without their knowing of her absence. The hour was about 9, but he did not know whether it was a little before or a little after 9. He dare not go before and did not like to lose time by going too long after.

While he was deliberating he heard the sound of horse's hoofs coming from the direction of Tralee. He would await the rider's coming and ask the time. A man on horseback drew near, and when he came up Dennis said in a mild voice:

"I beg your pardon for stopping you, sir, but would you tell me what o'clock it is?"

Dennis' back was to the moon, while the horseman faced it, and Dennis recognized the O'Grady. The O'Grady hesitated. The voice sounded like that of O'Donohue, by whom he believed he had been robbed. Dennis' horse was restless and, turning, exposed Dennis' face to the moon. The O'Grady thrust his hand under his coat as if to take out his watch, but instead drew a pistol, pointing it at Dennis' head, said:

"It is time for you to move on, Dennis O'Donohue, and I would advise you to go to one of the American colonies for if you ever appear in Killarney again I'll bring you up for high way robbery. Twice is once too often for you to rob the same person!"

With this, still covering Dennis with his pistol, he urged on his horse, leaving Dennis standing in the road mute with astonishment. Dennis knew at once that this evidence against him, taken with the suspicion of another robbery, would convict him of being a highwayman, and that meant either a long imprisonment or death. He thought of taking the O'Grady's advice and, riding over to Cork, taking ship for Virginia. Instead he concluded to ride over to see Eileen and tell her what had occurred. This would lessen the blow to her, and she could explain the matter to his father and mother.

The hour now made no difference to him, so he put spurs to his horse and reaching the gate threw the bridle reins over a picket and went up the walk to the house. Tiptoeing on to the porch, he saw Eileen sitting alone in the living room. A tap on the window arrested her attention, and, turning, she saw Dennis' face against the pane. Putting her finger to her lips, she went softly to the door and led him into the room.

"What is it, Dennis?" she asked, alarmed at his fearful appearance.

"Have your father and mother gone to bed?" he whispered.

"Yes."

Dennis told his story, finishing by saying that he saw no hope for him but to go to Virginia. Eileen's countenance fell at this. She stood thinking.

"Why don't you prove an alibi, Dennis?" she asked presently.

"An alibi?"

"Yes. The magistrate will have taken the O'Grady's word that he met you on the road. If you can prove you were somewhere else his evidence will be worthless."

"But how can I do that?"

"Have you a good horse?"

"No better in Ireland. I borrowed my friend Mike Shaughnessy's mare. She's not only won races for him, but has great endurance."

"Well, ride all night, and in the morning talk with some one you can get for a witness to testify that you were with him."

"On the morning of St. Patrick's day! Ah, Eileen you're a jewel!"

And so after a dozen kisses Dennis remounted the mare and away he went in the moonlight. Riding on for a mile, he took a road leading north-eastward to Limerick. It is just fifty miles from Tralee to Limerick. It would not do to ask for relays of horses, for this might give away the secret of his ride. It was 10 o'clock when he started. He rode thirty miles of the distance, rested his horse for two hours, then went on, reaching Limerick at 7 in the morning. But instead of going into the town he left it on his right and, crossing the river Shannon, struck out for Ennis, some twenty miles farther on. But he had no idea of using the mare to do this distance, and now that he was so far from home, concluded to leave her with a farmer and take a fresh mount. This he did and at 10 o'clock in the morning rode up to an inn in Ennis.

The bells were ringing for mass, and Dennis joined a throng going to the church. Seeing a priest going from his house to the church, Dennis joined him and said:

"Father, I desire to make a contribution on this blessed day of our patron saint, and I beg of you to receive it."

To this the priest agreed, and Dennis gave him his contribution.

"Now, father," said Dennis, "will you tell me the time?"

"There's a clock in the tower of the church beyond. You can see for your self."

"I'm enraptured. Will you use your own eyes for me?"

"It's 10 o'clock and 25 minutes."

"Are you sure?"

"I am."

"And I'm giving you 20 shillings for a contribution to the church at twenty-five minutes past 10 on the morning of St. Patrick's day and don't you forget it!"

"I'll not do that," said the priest.

Dennis went back to the inn, ate a good breakfast and, his horse having been fed, mounted and rode back to where he had left the mare. She, too, had been rested sufficiently to go on toward home, but at a slow gait. Dennis reached Killarney that night and the next morning appeared on the street laughing and talking with his friends with his usual good nature.

When the O'Grady heard that Dennis had remained to face a charge of robbery on the highway he made a charge against him, and Dennis was arrested, much to his apparent surprise. When the prisoner was brought before the magistrate for examination the charge was read and he was asked whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty.

"I could hardly be guilty, your worship," replied Dennis, "seeing that I was not where the charge specifies at a time when my accuser was stopped."

"Where were you?"

"I was in Ennis, your worship."

"That's seventy miles away at what time were you in Ennis?"

"It was there on the morning of St. Patrick's day."

"Can you prove that?"

"Yes, your worship."

"By whom?"

"By a witness who saw me there at the time."

Dennis was given opportunity to bring his witness to Killarney, and when a priest of the church testified that the prisoner gave him on St. Patrick's day, at 10:25 in the morning, 20 shillings, no one dared gainsay the truth of the statement. There was but one inference to be made, which was that the O'Grady was mistaken in his man.

Nevertheless the O'Grady was not only sure that Dennis was the person that he had met on the highway, but was sure that he had intended to rob him. If he had had no such design he would have admitted his identity and disclaimed any intention except to learn the time. The accuser blustered and asked for time to prove that the alibi was a put up job, but those present at the trial considered this a mark of disrespect for the priest who had given testimony, and the magistrate denied the request. Dennis was acquitted and carried out of the court on the shoulders of his friends.

Now, Eileen Mavourneen's father, was a "good old Irish gentleman, one of the rare old stock," and though he certainly would not have a highway man for a son in law, he was highly appreciative of the shrewdness of his race. During Dennis' imprisonment he constantly reminded his daughter that he had been right about her lover from the first. Eileen said nothing till after Dennis was acquitted, when she told her father the whole story.

The old gentleman laughed all that day and, since he did not like the O'Grady over much, vowed that the defense was the smartest trick that had ever been perpetrated in the county. He told Eileen to bring Dennis to dinner that he might hear the story from his own lips. Dennis came, and the old gentleman was much pleased with the energy and rapidity of his movement, but when he heard that Eileen had proposed the plan he was delighted and, taking his daughter in his arms, told her that so long headed a girl must be better able to choose a husband for herself than her father could choose for her.

For long after that when Dennis would meet her acquaintances he would be greeted by:

"Dennis O'Donohue, where were you on St. Patrick's day in the morning?"

The Westerner's Ideal.

The westerner's willingness to give up home, neighbors and old associations for the sake of a "claim" on the prairie is not sordid. His stern preoccupation with "getting ahead" is a part of his inherited passion for personal independence. I have seen a gray blue stealer over the face of the settler when speaking of some one who had "lost his farm" and "had to go out by the day."

For the wage-earner's lot the true born westerner feels a dread quite incomprehensible to cities and to old communities. If he ruthlessly sacrifices comforts and culture, it is that he may win a footing of his own and so call no man master. Once he has cleared off the mortgage, improved his place and gained a soothing sense of financial security, he will provide books, piano, music lessons, travel and college education for his children, even if in the meantime his own capacity to enjoy has been atrophied. Professor Edward Alsworth Ross in Century.

Women and the Violin.

"A distinguished violinist of this city," writes Philip Hale in the Boston Herald, "was talking recently about women who fiddled and now fiddle. He complained that nearly all of them classed as great erred in this they tried to play like a man; they wished it said of them that they had a virtuos tone. He did not except Lady Halle, Miss Powell or Miss Parlow. The only great woman violinist I remember was Teresina Tua, and her greatness consisted in the fact that she always played like a woman. She was womanly and fascinating." Saint-Saens once said apropos of Augusta Holmés that when a woman wrote for the orchestra she was nobler than any man because she wished to show that she was not a poor weak thing on account of her sex."

Gambetta's Table.

There is a curious story told of the table at which Gambetta wrote. A previous owner, General Lahitte, minister for foreign affairs in 1849, dismissed his confidential servant because he believed he had stolen a large sum of money in 1,000 franc banknotes. Years afterward, when the table had to be repaired, the laborer employed for the work found the "missing" bundle of banknotes between the mahogany board of the table and the drawers below. They had lain there unnoticed for fourteen years. Unfortunately the story does not go on to say that the poor servant and his mistaken master were alive at the time of the discovery and that the one's character was cleared and the other's conscience restored.

The Japanese Hades.

The Japanese language has no equivalent for our word hell, but has the word Jigoku. Instead Jigoku consists of eight immense hot hells, ranging one beneath the other in tiers. Each of these hells has sixteen additional hells outside its gates, like so many antechambers, so that there are in all 136 hot hells. Second, there are eight large cold hells each with its sixteen antechambers, making the same number of cold that there are of hot hells. Besides these 222 hot and cold hells for offenders of the common sort, the wily Japs have twenty mammoth "hells of utter darkness," into which will be consigned the spirits of children who take the name of Dal Butsu, or Great Buddha in vain.

As to Papa's Wealth.

Mamma, what is papa worth?" "I don't know, dear, but it must be a great deal. I heard him say once that he had put \$100,000 into a mining company's stock."

"What's the name of the mining company?"

"Wildcat. I think he said I presume they named it that because it is in some unmineral country away out in the frontier." Chicago Tribune

Some English Names.

It is a difficult matter sometimes to spell an English name from hearing it pronounced. For instance, Farquharson is pronounced Faberson. This, however, is "simple as A B C" compared with the weird renderings of some other names. Who, for instance, would dream of pronouncing Woolfardisworthy Oozry, Wrenfordleigh, Bensley or Wyrardisbury Raysbury? Pearson's

Papa Did Too.

"This is my son Frederick, Mr Fostick," said Mr Glanders proudly, in introducing his five-year-old boy to his caller.

"Well, Frederick," said the caller, "do you obey your mamma?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frederick promptly, "and so does papa."

Her Cultivated Taste.

"How is your daughter getting on with her music?"

"Very well," answered Mr Cumrox "She has got along so far that when I ask her to play anything I like she looks haughty and says, 'The idea!'" Washington Star

His Specialty.

"Do you speak several languages, father?"

"No, my son," replied Mr Henpeck, gazing sadly at his wife, "but I do know the mother tongue." Judge.

Aids to History.

Mrs. Brown—Haven't you found personally that history always repeats itself? Mrs. Bliss—Not always. The neighbors repeat most of my history. New York Times.

Nature.

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her. "Is her privilege through all the years of this our life to lead from joy to joy?" Wordsworth.

The Queer Elephant Shrew.

One kind of African mice we seldom see or read about is the little elephant shrew. It is barely four inches long, but the trunk and shortened tail combined gives it another four to five inches. The fur, though drab instead of gray, is otherwise like that of a chipmunk, as also are its large and delicate ears, while both in the formation and the manner of using its legs it reminds one of a new species of miniature kangaroo. Again, at times, when in a sitting posture, it looks not unlike a fluffy young chicken which is trying to put out of sight a worm that has proved almost too much for it. Indeed, at all times the elongated and highly sensitive nose or trunk is very much like a dark colored and fleshy worm that organ, which during woful moments is always slightly on the wriggle. It has swift leaping powers. It will tuck up its appendages and, like a ball, roll over and over in a straight line, and, after a meal, which occurs at very short intervals and consists of several mouthfuls only, quite surprises one by standing stock still, apart only from a gentle quivering of the trunk.

A Certain Shot.

The aged, wrinkled gamekeeper whistled his dog and scratched his forehead before turning to the company.

"Yes, sir," said he, "the rumblest master I ever had were old Parson Sharpe. As blind as a bat, he were."

"And did he go shooting?" exclaimed all the audience in the village workmen's club.

"Shooting!" replied the gamekeeper, with a snort of contempt at the question. "Ay, that he did. Yes, he shot regular. When he was in the woods and anything rove I'd 'birds, sir' and then I'd run behind the parson and the dogs'd run behind me."

"And then?" asked the audience.

"Then the old gent'd blaze away with both barrels."

Spiking the Guns.

The expression "spiking guns" is a survival from the day when all that was necessary to put a gun out of action (provided, of course, that you had access to it) was a large nail or spike and a hammer. You simply drove the nail into the touch hole at the breech. If the nail was long enough to turn round at the end on the bottom of the bore so much the better. It is just as simple, perhaps simpler, to put a modern gun out of action. All you want is a hammer. The breech block of the modern gun is held closed by screw threads. After the breech block is shut on the shell a turn of two or three inches engages the threads. By knocking a bar on these threads you prevent them engaging. Any attempt to fire the gun without the breech block being perfectly closed would, of course, be of material assistance to the enemy.

Office Lawyers.

"Office practice is what the average lawyer seeks for now," remarked an attorney, "and that is the business that makes the largest returns for the least waste of tissue. More money is made nowadays by keeping clients out of litigation and free from the dangers of the law's delay than by defending them, even successfully, in court. It is safe to say that there are some first class lawyers who are making a very good living in New York from law business that rarely or never takes them into court and that there are a large number of lawyers who from their counsel work and directing great enterprises and corporations, advising and guiding wealthy estates take in each year princely fees—often fabulous amounts." Lawyers' Diary

Romance of a Statue.

The statue of Charles I, which now stands in London was sold to a brazer during the Commonwealth with the understanding that it should be broken up. The buyer, however, saw a chance to make money and buried it instead. To cover his action he made a large number of bronze knives and forks, which were eagerly bought by both royalists and Puritans as souvenirs. When the monarchy was restored to power the statue was dug up again and bought by the government to be placed in its present position, where it has remained since 1674.

He Ought to Get It.

"On what grounds do you seek a divorce from your wife?" asked the lawyer.

"Simply because of a pun," replied the long suffering husband. "You see, she's a sculptress, and it gets on my nerves to hear her remark twenty times a day, 'Will you love me when I mold.'" New York Times

Control of Children.

Wife (reading): After their separation he sent her a legal document giving her control of their child. Husband (with a sigh): I wish I knew where we could get a document that would give us control of our child.—Pearson's Weekly

Also With Gloves.

Assistant Editor—Here's a farmer writes to us asking how to treat sick bees. Editor—Tell him he'd better treat them with respect.—Exchange.

Two Versions.

A man says, "If the shoe fits, put it on."

A woman says, "If the shoe fits, get a size smaller.—Life.

Don't tell all you know. Keep a little for a nest egg.

Thought Concentration.

Professor Elmer Gates performs a very interesting experiment by immersing his hands and arms to the elbows in separate vessels filled with water just to the point of overflowing. By withdrawing his thought absolutely from one hand and concentrating it on the other he so expands the blood vessels in the latter by sending an extra supply of blood to it that the water in the vessel in which it is overflowing quite perceptibly. To further prove this power of thought concentration he transfers the thought from one hand to the other without changing their positions until the other vessel overflows.

Jamaica's Booby Eggs.

Trade in booby eggs is one of the sights of Kingston, Jamaica. Long ago the British seamen gave the name "booby" to several of the species of gannets, because these fowls are regarded as stupid. The eggs are gathered in vast quantities on the islets at certain seasons of the year and taken to Port Antonio by the boatload. The arrival of a boat with booby eggs is the occasion of no little excitement among the negro women, who buy them by the box and then sell them by retail chiefly in Kingston, though they are also sold in other towns on the island. Though sold mostly by the dozen to housekeepers, booby eggs are also peddled, hard boiled, on the streets of Kingston, salt and pepper being provided that the purchasers may eat the eggs at once. These eggs are about two-thirds the size of an ordinary hen's egg and are quite palatable.

The Part of Wisdom.

Everybody in Middle Bay knew that Mrs. Captain Liscomb was talking about making a visit to her married daughter in Cincinnati. She had been talking about it for two years, but ago and the natural liquidity of a woman unused to travel had postponed the great event from month to month until the neighbors began to wonder whether it would ever come to pass.

So one morning, when Uncle Billy Evans met Captain Liscomb in Eccles store, there was a twinkle in his eye as he asked:

"When's Mrs. Liscomb going out to Ohio, Daniel?"

"Don't ask me!" returned the captain, a little peevishly. "I don't know nothing about it. If I tell her to go, she says I want to get rid of her. If I tell her to stay at home she says 'I'm mean.' I ain't sayin' a single word!" Youth's Companion

Bulldogging a Steer.

Perhaps there is no contest that is a greater tax on human endurance than that demanded by "bulldogging" a steer, and the "bulldogger" must go it alone. The pony is as great a factor as the man, for when once the lasso rests over the horns of the range animal all depends on the rapid way in which the Mustang wheels so that the trailing rope will trip the steer. When the steer is on the ground the plucky pony must keep the rope taut. The range rider leaps off and with a length of rope ties the steer's four feet together. Time is then stolen. Unless he has completed all these operations within the whole in less than three minutes he is not deemed fit to enter the finals. As a matter of fact one contestant on the time to 20 seconds a world's record.

Regging the Question.

The phrase "regging the question," or in Latin, *petitio principii*, signifies the treating of a proposition as a fully demonstrated fact when it is actually only a premise or statement brought forward, to beg the question is to assume something to be true, in order to evade the task of bringing forward the necessary argument to show its truth. Cicero Remus Magazine.

Love and the Divorce.

A periodical devoted to the drama pleads for plays based on some emotion other than love. The difficulty in producing such plays is that every play must have a hero, and in making a hero the playwright as well as the audience almost inevitably adopts the sex expressed 2000 years ago by a scribbler on one of the dead walls of Pompeii: "He who has never loved a woman is not a gentleman."—Exchange

Lucky Bessie.

Having need of some small change the mistress of the house stepped to the top of the back stairs.

"Bessie," she called to the maid below, "have you any coppers down there?"

"Yes'm-two," faltered Bessie, "but they're both my cousins, please ma'am."—London Punch.

Before.

"You used to say," she complained, "that I was your sunlight; that the world was gloomy when you were not in my presence."

"I know," he sadly replied, "that was before you had acquired the habit of telling me candidly every few minutes what you thought of me."—Chicago Record-Herald

Of No Utility.

Regardless of the fact that an editor almost always has on his trousers, some people can't get over the idea that a pen-wiper is a nice present for him.—Ohio State Journal.

In Luck.

Caller—How much for a marriage license? Town Clerk—One dollar. Caller—I've only got 50 cents. Town Clerk—You're lucky.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Helping Hand.

Visitor—Are your children doing anything for you in this year's last illness? Old Man—Yes; they're keeping up my life insurance.—Punch.

Bungled It.

Old Maid—You eat very little, Mr. Smith. Smith (flattered and wishing to be complimentary)—Ah, sit next you is to lose one's appetite.—London Watch Dog.

Easy Enough.

Maw, I've come across a word that I can't pronounce.

"Spell it, dear."

"G. e. o. m. o. r. p. h. y."

"Why, that's a proper noun—Geo. Morphy. Pay more attention to what you are reading and don't bother me again."—Chicago Tribune.

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