

His Mother's Gift

It Came to Him on St. Patrick's Day.

By F. A. MITCHELL.

Emmet Doolan, a young man living in County Tipperary, Ireland, was one day walking on the bank of the river Suir doing a hard job of thinking. His eyes were on the ground before him, and so intent was he on the subject that he did not even hear a bird chirping in a tree above his head. Suddenly he was stopped both in his progress and his reverie by a girl who stood directly before him and was looking at him with a merry face.

"What are you thinking about, Emmet, that you can't see a yard before you?"

A change came over the young man's face at sight of the cheery maiden before him. His own lighted up with a momentary pleasure.

"I'm going to America, Eileen," he said, "and, considerin' that I haven't a penny to my name, I was wonderin' how I was goin' to get there."

It was now the girl's turn to look sober. The twinkle left her eye, and the smile left her lips.

"And what are you goin' to America for, Emmet?" she asked in a tremulous voice.

"To make me fortune."

"And leave your poor old father?"

"Yes."

"And your mother—what will she do without the boy she loves so well?"

"Yes, I must leave both father and mother. I'm doin' 'em no good here, and once in America, where they say there's plenty of work for all, I may be able to send 'em enough to make 'em comfortable."

They walked to the bank of the river and sat down on the turf under a tree. Eileen had spoken one word for Emmet's parents and two for herself. The two had grown up together, and though they had not been aware of it, this intention of Emmet to put 8,000 miles of ocean between them had revealed it to Eileen and had given a glimmer of it to Emmet. The mind of man full of plans for conquest does not so readily settle upon the sentimental features of life as the woman whose inactive sphere gives her more opportunity. Eileen sat mute and dejected.

"You don't approve of my plan?" said Emmet. "Will you tell me why?"

"To this there was no answer."

"You're thinkin' maybe that it's foolish for a man to talk about goin' to a foreign country when he has no money to pay his way."

"Still there was no reply. Eileen sat looking down on the gently flowing river beneath them, apparently as much wrapped in thought as Emmet had been in thought when they met."

"If it's leavin' father and mother ye're thinkin' of I believe I can do 'em more service by goin' where I'll get plenty of work and good pay than stayin' here, where there's little work and poor pay."

"Even this suggestion failed to elicit any word from Eileen. Emmet was looking down upon her and saw that her eyes were wet. 'Tell me, Eileen,' he said softly, 'why you oppose my goin' to America.'"

She looked up at him, and at last he received his answer. "I don't want you to go."

The few words, spoken almost in a whisper, revealed to the man not only that the girl loved him, but revealed to him that she was as much to him as he was to her. It was the only proposition ever made between them that their lives should be linked, and, singularly enough, it came from the girl. But it sufficed for these two lonely creatures, and it enabled Emmet to speak more plainly to tell her that he would not only send his parents the wherewithal to make them comfortable, but would work hard and save every penny that he might have enough beyond what he needed for them to send for her, and they would found a home in the new country where—so they believed—all grew rich."

How Emmet Doolan managed to get to America without the wherewithal to pay his way concerns this story only so far as to show that a man who could accomplish such a feat was bound to succeed. And Emmet did succeed in time, though he found it uphill work. Had his mind not been fixed on a definite purpose he would probably not have had the stimulus to work and pinch that he might accomplish it and attain his goal.

Eileen was not the girl to let her lover do all that they required. She obtained a position as lady's maid in the home of a wealthy family in Dublin, where she received good wages, nearly all of which she saved. Long before Emmet was able to send his father and mother any funds Eileen was sending them small amounts, and which she permitted them to think came from their son in America. They discovered the deception in time, but not till Emmet himself began to remit.

Of the two lovers Eileen advanced the more rapidly so far as savings were concerned. Emmet had his trade to learn, and it was hard snatching at times even to make a living for himself. He was not only a faithful worker, but had a mechanical bent which served him well. Even as a helper he managed to save a little, though he

sometimes went hungry to do so. But when he became so proficient in his trade as to command the regular wages his chances began to improve rapidly.

All this took time. It was several years before he was able to earn his \$4 a day, and even then there was not always work to do. It was not till Emmet had been in America four years that he began to put aside a fund to bring Eileen to him. This fund he started at the beginning of a new year and calculated that he would have enough by the following autumn to buy Eileen's ticket across the water. Unfortunately he was laid up by illness soon after he began to put aside this fund and was idle for two months.

Eileen received a letter early in January telling her of her lover's intentions and another shortly afterward that he was laid up with an illness. She had saved enough money to pay her way to America and made up her mind to go to Emmet of her own accord since he was not able to send for her. She came to this resolution in February, but it was March before she could make her arrangements to depart. Then, too, she must go home to say goodbye to her parents and receive a blessing from Emmet's father and mother to take to him. However, she got away at last, anxious to reach her lover, who was still an invalid.

Eileen's intention was to surprise Emmet, and in none of her letters did she give him the slightest hint of her coming. She wrote him that she longed to be able to nurse him back to health, and he replied gratefully that if she were with him he would recover more rapidly, but his greatest disappointment was that he was using up the fund he had started with which to bring her to him in necessary expenses, including doctor's bills.

The last letter Emmet received from home before Eileen sailed was from his mother. She was a very pious woman and had often written her son to be sure not to neglect his church duties. In this letter she told him that she was sending him a gift that he would receive on or about St. Patrick's day. She believed that it would make him well, for she sent with it her blessing.

Emmet was very curious to know what this gift was his mother was sending him and wondered how it would come. He saw no way except by express, and, although his mother had his address, he sent a postcard to each express company's local office that it might not be delayed for want of his street and number.

On the morning of St. Patrick's day Emmet's gift had not arrived. There was a telephone in the house in which he lived, and since he was too weak to leave his bed he asked his landlady to telephone the express office to ask if any package had been received for him. Every office declared that nothing had been received for him, and he was disappointed. About 11 o'clock in the morning the landlady came to his room and said to him:

"Your St. Patrick's day gift from Ireland has arrived. Shall I bring it up?"

"Of course. Bring it up at once."

"I don't know that I'm able to carry it."

"Is it very heavy?"

"I think it must weigh about 100 pounds."

"Well, well! I suppose it must stay there till I can get up and handle it myself."

"Maybe it can come of itself."

Before Emmet could reply to this apparently absurd proposition the door was flung open, and Eileen ran to Emmet's bed and kneeling beside it, threw her arms about him.

"I'm the gift your mother sent you, Emmet," she said. "Both she and your father hoped I would arrive on St. Patrick's day. They said they'd be thinkin' of us all this blessed day as bein' together."

"Thanks be to God!" was all the invalid could say, clasping his arms about Eileen.

"And now that I've come you must get well right away."

"That I will, I'm thinkin' I'm well already. But how did you manage about the money for your passage?"

"Eileen, seein' I had none to send you?"

"I saved it from my wages."

At that moment there came straining of martial music from without.

"It's the parade," said Emmet. "I'm thinkin' I'll get up and we'll have a look at it."

"Are you strong enough?"

"Strong enough? I could carry an ox on me back now."

Emmet, wrapped in the bedclothing, with Eileen's assistance, managed to get to a window, where a chair was placed for him. The arrival of his love, the sight of the paraders moving by, the sound of bugle and beat of drum, were so inspiring that he said if he had known how strong he was he would be marching with them, and Eileen needed to hold him in his chair to keep him from starting up. She managed to keep him quiet by giving him a green flag to wave to the boys below, while with the other hand he held hers under the window sill, where they could not be seen.

Under such a stimulus Emmet could not be kept in bed. He was soon up before Emmet was able to send his father and mother any funds Eileen was sending them small amounts, and which she permitted them to think came from their son in America. They discovered the deception in time, but not till Emmet himself began to remit.

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Barrie's Little Joke

He Was a Failure as a Presiding Officer and He Knew It.

There is only one recorded instance of Sir J. M. Barrie's acting as chairman of a public meeting. In the Century Magazine Mr. John D. Williams told the story to the American public. It was on the occasion of a Burns celebration.

Barrie took the chair as presiding officer and then kept to it firmly. Throughout the entire proceedings he did not utter a single word, but remained as if glued to the horribly conspicuous chair, letting his predicament, but inwardly amused at the expressions on the faces of all about him, which made dimly clear the fact that he was a failure as a presiding officer.

When the meeting was almost half finished Barrie took advantage of a talkative group in front of him and quietly stole away before any one had a chance to miss him. But the next week a well known Saturday review printed a satirical article called "Mr. Barrie in the Chair." The thing was simply withering in its ironical account of the dumb presiding officer who eventually fled, leaving a meeting to preside over itself. The greatest regret was naturally expressed by those who had persuaded Barrie to come to the Burns celebration, and among his friends tremendous indignation was felt and vented. But some day they will know, if they have not already found out, that the article was written by Barrie himself!

NAVAL TORPEDOES.

Intricate Mechanism of These Awful Engines of Destruction.

At the torpedo's head is an explosive chamber which holds damp gun cotton. This is fired by means of a rod which on contact with the walls of a ship, is driven in upon a detonator. This fires a primer, which in turn explodes the gun cotton.

The next chamber stores compressed air to the pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. This is practically the boiler room of the torpedo, for it supplies the motive power to the four cylinder engine which drives it through the water on its errand of destruction.

Next comes the wonderful gyroscopic control of the air motor by which the rudders are adjusted. This is where the intricate mechanism of the torpedo is so clearly demonstrated. Should it rise or dip in the water this gyroscopic actuates a motor which in turn operates rods related with the rudders and at once readjusts any deviation from the course originally set.

The motor mentioned is but a few inches in length, yet the power it exerts by means of compressed air is such that the pressure of half an ounce operated by the steering gear produces a pull of 100 pounds on the rudders.

This terrible fish's tail holds wheels gearing for the driving of two propellers and the manipulation of the rudders. The propellers revolve in opposite directions, thereby preventing the torpedo describing a circle.—London Answers.

Women and the Old Olympic Games. One rule of the original Olympic games could not be followed nowadays without provoking serious troubles. Women were not allowed to be present or even to be anywhere in the district when the games were being celebrated on pain of being buried from a precipitous rock. This rule is believed to have been defied only once, when the offender was pardoned in consideration of the fact that her father, brothers and son had been victors in the games.

One particular priestess, however, was not only exempt from this law, but was accommodated with a special front seat on an altar of white marble, and women were allowed to enter chariots for the races, though they might not be present to see them win.

He Was She. In a college for women where the faculty consists chiefly of the gentler sex a meeting of the academic council was in progress. Here and there a lone man sat surrounded by learned ladies. An amendment had just been proposed.

"Where is the person who offers this amendment?" inquired the president.

"Who is she?"

Whereupon Mr. Steets, the popular young professor of a favorite subject, rose and replied deprecatingly, "I am she."—New York Post.

Promotion. "And what," asked the cannibal chief, in his kindest tones, "was your business before you were captured by my men?"

"I was a newspaper man," answered the captive.

"An editor?"

"No; merely a subeditor."

"Cheer up, young man! Shortly after my chef has finished his perusal of the cookery book you will be editor in chief."—London Answers.

Shopworn Goods Barred. "That's a very handsome painting," said the visitor to the home of opulence. "Is it by one of the old masters?"

"I should say not," responded Mrs. Newrich indignantly. "Why, that picture is in the very latest style."—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Cynical. When we hear a man say that he would rather have a clear conscience than a million pounds we are reminded of what David said all men were.—London Standard.

A Kiss in Time saves trouble.—London Standard.

Needed it. Old Chief Singing found was a patriarchal Indian on one of the far western reservations. Tourists frequently visited the old man. He had the dignity of a king and a taciturn disposition that belied his name.

One day a party of eastern travelers hunted out the old man. Among them was a young woman who was toggled out in the latest style. Her neck was bare, as were her arms. Her garments—what there were of them—were skimpily cut.

She was fascinated by the chief. Fixing her large, cauldron eyes upon him, she stared and stared exactly as though he were a griffin or a unicorn. The chief began to show symptoms of being exceedingly bored. He eyed the young woman from head to foot in a chilling manner, but it did not do a particle of good.

Finally the young woman spoke. "What a perfectly lovely blanket!" she exclaimed. "I wish I had it!" She referred to the blanket which enveloped the chief.

Without a word he removed it and tossed it at her feet. He gave her—and her costume—a parting glance.

"You take um," he grunted. "You need um most!"

And he stalked away.—Pittsburgh Press.

Frederick's War on Coffee. In a manifesto issued by Frederick the Great in 1779 the mighty monarch deplored "the increased consumption of coffee by my subjects and the amount of money that goes out of the country in consequence. Everybody is using coffee. This must no longer be. My subjects must drink beer. His majesty was brought up on beer, and so were his ancestors. Innumerable battles have been fought and won by soldiers nourished on beer, and the king does not believe that coffee drinking soldiers can be depended upon to endure hardships or to conquer his enemies should another war occur." Coffee roasting was made a government monopoly, and a prohibitive price was charged for the berry. "Coffee smugglers" were appointed all over Prussia to check illicit roasting. Coffee was therefore ousted from popular favor.

Throwing Dirty Water. An English legal periodical recently published an inquiry sent to it by a lawyer as to the origin of a queer belief encountered by him—that it is no offense to throw water on a person, provided the water be dirty. A client of his, summoned for assault, had assured him that he had a sufficient defense, because he had taken the precaution of putting a handful of dirt in the water before throwing it. Another correspondent suggested as the solution the ancient practice, before the days of drains and sewers, of throwing waste water into the street. When this practice was prevalent doubtless the fact that the water was dirty instead of clean was a circumstance tending to show that the wetting of the unfortunate passerby was a misadventure rather than by design.

Bridal Chamber Silver. Few places of equal extent in mother earth ever produced as much wealth in ore as the famous "bridal chamber" in the Lake Valley silver mines in southern New Mexico. It yielded over \$3,000,000, the silver ore being found twenty feet underground and was taken from a space no larger than a good sized room. One piece of ore weighed 81,000 pounds and returned smelter values of over \$82,000. In another nearby shaft fifty feet in depth \$110,000 worth of ore of the same character was bolted with a hand windlass in eight hours.—Argonaut.

First to Strike Oil. The first man to "strike oil" in the United States was E. L. Drake, a conductor on the New Haven railroad. Employed at Oil Creek, Pa., to drill a well for oil, he accomplished his task on Aug. 27, 1859, and his well went down into history as the first ever drilled for oil in this country.—New York American.

Reformed. "Pa, Jimmy Green, the toughest fighter in our gang, has reformed. He says it's wrong to fight."

"Do you believe him?"

"I would bet for one thing."

"What's that?"

"He never talked that way until he broke his arm."—Detroit Free Press.

Their Five Heavens. According to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, there were five heavens, or firmaments, the last of which was the seat of the "pure elemental fire," and the seat of deity. This fifth or highest heaven was called the empyrean, from the Greek "en-fui," which means "in fire."

Seeking the Lost. "What is the poet gabbling about?" "His lost Lenore."

"He'd better put an ad in the lost column. By the way, what is a lenore?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Poor Friends. When one loses one's reputation it is never necessary to advertise it in the want columns. One's friends will advertise it for one as widely as possible.—Florida Times-Union.

Safety First. "Do you believe in being perfectly frank with your friends?"

"Only with those that are smaller than I am."—Houston Post.

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good manager that can turn in a little room.—Bishop Hall.

Married on St. Patrick's Day

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

There is no calling that would seem to cause so much suffering from sympathy as a person employed in a manufactory or on a railroad to break the news to an operative's family that he has been killed. Where there are a large number of employees there is usually such a person, for there is a certain percentage of workmen killed every year.

Kathleen O'Rourke and Patrick Cogan met at a ball on the evening of St. Patrick's day, and Pat had asked her to dance with him many times. Afterward he invited her to go to a moving picture show with him. From that time forward they were together when not at work, and it was evident they were about to make a match.

But Pat had a mother to support, and Kathleen, who was an orphan, was a mother to a little brother and a sister. So they couldn't marry until they had laid up something. They both worked in the same factory, and each lived in a house built on the premises by the company to be used for homes for its employees. So they saw a great deal of each other.

They agreed that when their wedding occurred it should take place on the anniversary of their meeting, which was the evening before St. Patrick's day. When this first anniversary came around Pat had saved \$400, and Kathleen had saved \$300, and they decided that if they did as well the next year they would be married the evening before St. Patrick's day.

On the first of the year they counted up their savings and interest and concluded that with their nest egg they might be married and have enough for themselves and those dependent upon them. Kathleen bought what clothes she would need to last a year after her marriage, and in due time the banns were published in church. Finding it inconvenient to be married on the very day they had planned, March 16, they set their wedding day for the 15th. This was partly because Pat was one of the committee of arrangements for the St. Patrick's day parade and was to lead his society on that occasion.

When the hour came for the wedding Pat did not appear. Kathleen, dressed in her bridal apparel, waited for him with a wildly beating heart, lest something had happened to him. She went to the door a dozen times to look for him and finally stationed herself at a window where she could look up the street on which the workmen's cottages were built.

Presently she saw Owen MacTavish coming. MacTavish was known to every one connected with the plant as the company's bad news breaker, and many a woman's heart beat quick when she saw him approaching her house. Kathleen no sooner saw him coming than she fancied he would stop at her home to tell her that Pat had been killed. Before he reached the door she had fallen in a swoon.

Now, MacTavish did not stop at the O'Rourke cottage and was unconscious that he had frightened a girl there into a swoon. Kathleen was picked up by her friends, who had gathered to attend her to the church for the wedding. When she came to herself she looked about, dreading to see the bad news breaker, but he was not there.

"Is he gone?" she asked.

"Who gone?"

"MacTavish."

"He hasn't been here."

"Nobody's heard of his being dead."

"Thanks be to God."

But Pat did not appear, and no one seemed to have any news of him. Word was sent to the company's office to inquire for him, but no information was elicited.

Kathleen for awhile gave herself up to grief. She was uncertain whether Pat had met with foul play or whether he had deserted her. It would have been easier for the poor girl if she had known which of the two suppositions was correct, for it would have relieved her somewhat of suspense.

When St. Patrick's day in the morning came round Kathleen made up her mind that her lover had deserted her and with true Irish grit declared that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Then the children asked her to take them to see the parade, and she consented—not that she wished to do so, but that she did not care to disappoint them.

They were all standing on a stoop where they could see the parade over the heads of others, and the societies were moving past when who should appear marching at the head of one of them but Pat. He saw Kathleen, but she gave him a withering look and turned her back to him. Relinquishing the command to another, he left the ranks and joined her.

This was Pat's explanation of his conduct. An accident had occurred at a mine owned by the company some miles away, and a rescue party was leaving on a train. Pat was ordered aboard and, instead of being married, was engaged in digging out buried miners. He returned on the morning of St. Patrick's day only in time to take his place in the parade.

It required some time to placate the maiden, for she thought Pat might have at least sent her word as to what had happened, but the fact that he had been the means of saving the lives of a number of miners finally induced her to forgive him and go with him that afternoon to the church.

If Caesar Had a Phone. Julius Caesar missed a great deal in not knowing the telephone or at least in not using it if he knew it. One can see the telephone engineer attached to the Roman postoffice endeavoring, but without avail, to get an instrument installed at the capitol and at the palace. "I am intrusted by the emperor to say that he does not desire these barbarian novelties, and so Thomas Alva Edison's need not call again with his magician's apparatus." A signal blunder! We can imagine what would have happened. "Hello, 1287 Tibert! Is it thou, Artemidorus? I understand thou rangst me up this morning. What! Details of a plot? Go not to the senate today! Beware of Brutus! Go not near Casca! Right, and I thank thee, Artemidorus. I will have an extra guard put on instantly and the conspirators arrested." And so, although Artemidorus was unable to give his warning in the street, he gave it over the telephone, and Caesar's valuable life and with it the fortune of Rome was saved.—From "If They Had Thought of It" in Strand Magazine.

Funeral Souvenirs. Weird funeral souvenirs of Dutch origin were called "doed-koeks" or "dead cakes." With a small bottle of wine and a pair of gloves two of these were sent by way of invitation to relatives and friends whom one wanted to attend the funeral. The original recipe for these cakes, which is said to be authentic, called for fourteen pounds of flour, six pounds of sugar, five pounds of butter, one quart of water, two teaspoonfuls of pearl ash, two teaspoonfuls of salt and one ounce of caraway seed. These were baked in four inch squares, then frosted and marked with the initials of the "departed friend." Sometimes they were eaten at the funeral dinner, but usually they were taken away, like wedding cakes, as souvenirs. Many bakers made a specialty of "funeral cookies," one baker in Philadelphia advertising the specialty as recently as 1748.—New York Tribune.

Real Joy of Farm Owning. I am not a gentleman farmer, with a great estate over which I ride once in a while and leave all the real work to my underlings. I cannot think there would be great fun in this. No; I like to take hold with my Portuguese man and plant and spray and trim and prune. To be sure, he does more than his share of the rough work, and much of the year I must be cultivating other kinds of fields than those that grow cabbage and turnips, but the fun of farming comes from being a real farmer while you are one, getting close to the soil, becoming intimate with every living thing, whether it be a plant or animal; loving your tomato vines and raspberry bushes, taking a real pride in your eggplants and your Brussels sprouts, whether you get a prize for them at the county fair or not.—Rev. Dr. Francis B. Clark in Countryside Magazine and Suburban Life.

A Recipe For Ghosts. It is generally understood that "seeing ghosts" is the result of indigestion. The following notes may be useful to amateurs anxious to investigate psychological phenomena:

Lobster salad eaten after midnight. One ordinary ghost with chains.

Two Welsh rabbits and a mince pie. One mysterious gray lady emitting groans.

Cold roast pork, mixed pickles and strong tea taken immediately before retiring, a genuine family specter carrying his head under his arm.

A portion of cake, result of daughter's first lesson at cookery school, a troop of fearsome blood stained hobgoblins with blue lights shining out of empty eye sockets.—New York Journal.

Cleaning a Watch Chain. Gold or silver watch chains can be cleaned with a very excellent result,