

## DROLLERIES OF DONEGAL.

A Series of Irish Folk Stories.  
By SEUMAS MACMANUS.  
Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "The Leadin' Road to Donegal."

## The Apprentice Thief.

(Copyright, 1899, by S. S. McClure Co.)  
It was a lean long time when old Ireland was happy and contented, with lavins and lashins plenty to eat and little to do, and we had our own kings—half a dozen of them in every county—and our own parliament, and we had mines of all sorts and descriptions, both coal and copper and silver and gold—and, more hetoken, the guineas were as common as tenpennies; and the farmers had fields of wheat that if it was a day's journey to walk over, and the smell of them was almost enough to satisfy a hungry man. If the like could be found in the kingdom—but that would be onpossible, barrin' on a fast day, when (the old sinners that they were) they used to schame it from the guineas, and the smell of the wheat, and Billin' themselves (the villains) that to swell them frens' would a most have to swel some of them (the bl'guards) with ropes, for fear they'd bust; and the blight or the rot was never known on the prattles and they had tatties that big as the cups, the tallest that I heerd me gran-father say that he heard his gran-father (I wish him rest!) tellin' him, that in the harvest time they often scooped wan of them out, and put to say in it to fish for mackerel—and more hetoken, the say in them days swarmed with every description of fish that ever put a fin in water, and the fishermen never used hook or net, but just baled the fishes into their boats with an oild bucket. Well, howandiver, it was in them glory days of full and plenty that Billy Bogan lived as a sort of cottibar to the king of Donegal, and Billy had one



## BOTH OF THEM AFTER THAT HARE FOR BARE LIFE.

son, Jack, that turned out to be very handy like with his fingers when he wanted anything that didn't belong to him. Well, that fared well till Jack grew up to be a stout, strappin', able lump of a gorsnow, when the king comes to oild Billy, his father, to make complaints on Jack, seein' that he wasn't leavin' a moveable thing about his castle or grounds but he was hoistin' off wid him.

"Now, Billy Bogan," says the king, says he, "what is our son Jack goin' to turu his hands to?"

"Why, yer reverence," says Billy, that way, back to him, "throps, I think he'll turu his hand to anything ye lave in his way."

"Each! I know that," says the king, says he, "to my own coat, but I mean to say it's near time ye were thinkin' of givin' him a thrade, for the short and the long of it is that I won't have him about my house or place longer. I caught him," says he, "only last night thyrin' to carry off the best mare I have in my stable. Light-foot, and that, and that, you know, is high thrayson; and ye know that the lightest punishment for high thrayson is to be burned, beheaded and hung. But I'll pardon him on conditions that ye put him to a thrade at wanst, and that at the end of three years he'll be so perfect at the thrade that I can't puzzle him in any three things I'll put afore him to do, but if there's any one of them he can't do he'll have to suffer his fate for high thrayson."

"Why, yer highness' reverence," says Billy, "the thrade is mortal hard, still-andiver we'll have to do our best, and sure the best can do no more. But what thrade will I practice him to?"

"Why, as for that," says the king, says he, "please yourself, only mind my unprovokable conditions."

"Well," says Billy, says he, in a brown study that way, "I think the only thrade that ever I could make an honest thradesman out of him at would be a thief, for I think it's the only one he has the inclination for."

"Please yourself, Billy," says the king back to him again; "only mind my conditions."

Well, to make a long story short, Billy thrapped off and found Jack and told him what the king of the castle was after sayin'.

"Well, father," says Jack, says he, "what can't be cured must be endured, so you'd better be up betimes in the mornin' an' come along with me till we meet some datsent thief that's mashter of his thrade that you'll practice me to, for, between ourselves, I was long switherin' to go an' larn the thrade properly anyhow, for, though they say that a self-made man is the best, still in this backroad place one has to work under a great many disadvantages in the uphill part of the business, so that there's often I would have given my one eye for a couple of good hits from a purficient in the thrade."

No sooner said than done. Jack and his father took the road early next mornin' and a weary thrade they had of it that day through a strange country till torst night they came to an inn where there was entertainment for man and beast—and for boys, too—and they put up there that night and slept soundly. I can tell ye and, more over, when Billy paid the landlord the damage next mornin' doesn't my brave Jack stare twice as much back again out of the till before he left. Well, they started that mornin' again and traveled on and, on of a hot, summer's day, when torst evening who did they meet but the mashterman thief of all that country, and there and then Billy bound over Jack to him for three years, and he gave Jack his bleasin' and told him make the most of his opportunities and to always

keep before his eyes the fear of what he'd meet with from the King of Donegal when he'd come back if he wasn't mashter of his thrade. Jack promised faithfully that it wouldn't be his fault or he'd know the inn and out of the business so far as the oild buffer that he was 'prenticed to could put him. Billy then set out for home again and there was nothing more heard of me brave Jack till the three years was up.

They weren't long in passin' and on the day after the end of the three years Jack comes steppin' into his father's house, and Billy, I can tell you, was delighted to see him. He hardly knew him, for he had grown to be as fine and able lookin' a man as you'd meet in the longest day in summer.

"Jack," says his father, says he, throwin' his arms about him, "have ye larned yer thrade?"

"I hope I have, father," says he.  
"Jack, shawkey," says the father, "you know what the king has promised if ye're not able to do the three things he puts before ye?"

"Yes, father," says Jack, "and I'll do my best to do them and, as yourself says, sure the best can do no more."

Well, that evening the father took Jack up to the castle and when the king came out he told him this was Jack come home again after servin' his 'prentice and he had the thrade back with him.

"Why, Jack," says the king, "it's welcome ye are, in troth, and mille fallithe ghud, and it's fresh and bloomin' yer lookin'—what speed did ye come at yer thrade?"

"Why, thank ye kindly, yer highness," says Jack, "I can't complain at all; I think I done very fairly for my time—at least, that was my mashter's opinion, and he's not the worst Judge;" for, ye see, Jack was modest and didn't care for puffin' and blowin' about himself.

"Well, it's well for ye, Jack," says the king back to him, "for the three thrais I'll put afore you ye will no miss, I assure ye."

"Well, yer reverence," says Jack, "I'll feel honored to do what I can for ye. Would yer highness be pleased to let me know the first, for it's as well to get the unpleasant business over at wanst?"

"The first thing, Jack, you'll have to do," says the king, "is this: Tomorrow mornin' I'll send out a plow and two horses to plow the tattie field at the back of the hill, and I'll send two men with them, armed to the teeth; and you'll have to steal the two horses out of the plow unbeknownst to the men, and if ye let tomorrow night fall on ye without having the horses stolen you'll undergo the punishment for high thrayson—you'll be burned, beheaded and hung; and this time tomorrow I hope to be feastin' with my eyes on your head stuck on the porch of that gate there. Do you think will ye be able to succeed, Jack?"

"Why, yer highness," says Jack, "sure I'll do my best, and the best can do no more." Jack and his father went home, the father very down-hearted entirely, seein' that there didn't seem to be any chance for poor Jack at all, and he thought he'd see him burned, beheaded and hung before his eyes the next night.

Jack didn't say much, but he went to bed and slept sound. He was up with the lark next mornin' and away out through the fields. He searched the meadows till he came on a hare asleep, and, catching it, he broke one of its legs and fetched it home with him. The king sent out the two horses, according to his promise, to plow the tattie field, and he sent with them two men armed to the teeth, who had strict orders that Jack Bogan would attempt to steal the horses out of the plow that day, but they weren't to allow him on the peril of their lives, but were to shoot him if he thried; and if they allowed him to steal the horses they would be hung to the first-bush themselves. Well, of course, they ordered their eyes about them and plowed and plowed away till evening, and no sign of Jack; so they agreed that Jack had too much wit to run the risk of gettin' shot, that he had given up the thing in despair

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"Did any one call while I was out, Willie?" asked a mother of her small son.

"Yes, one man," answered Willie.  
"Was he young or old?" inquired the mother.

"Well, he looked old in the face, but I guess he was awfully young, 'cause he didn't have no hair on his head," was the reply.

"Papa," asked Willie, "has Mr. Jiggers ever crossed the ocean?"

"Never," replied the old gentleman.  
"Well, how did he get back?"

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him dead, and if ye don't succeed in stealin' it, ye know what'll happen ye. What do you think of that, Jack?"

"Well," says Jack, "I'll do my best, and sure ye know the best can do no more."

Then the king went off to order out his soldiers to hang the two men, and away went Jack home, and you may be sure his father was proud to see him back safe, but when Jack told him the second thrais, he got down-hearted again, and said he'd surely lose his boy this time.

Jack said nothin', but went to his bed and slept sound that night again; and the next night he went to the graveyard and dug up a fresh corp about the same age as himself, and takin' it home he dressed it in a shoot of his own clothes and started for the castle in the middle of the night, and gettin' under the king's bedroom window he boited up the corp, and at the same time threw gravel again at the guard.

"What's that?" says the king, jumpin' up in his bed; and seeing the head at the window he fired, and Jack, with that, let the corp fall.

"Ha, ha," says the king, "I was too able for ye, Jack, my boy; you're done for at length, and it's yer deservin'. Now, queen," says he to her ladyship, "I'll have to run out and bury this corp."

Jack waited until he saw the king safe away with the corp, and then he climbed in of the window.

"You weren't long away, king," says her ladyship from the bed.

"O," says Jack, purtendin' the king's voice, "I kem back for the sheet to wrap

shirt from under his coat, it's only this—there's yer shirt, stolen off yer back, although ye slept in yer clothes and a shoot of mail, and with a sentry at ivery window, and two at ivery door, and yer bedroom filled with soldiers, and I have left another shirt on yer back."

The king looked at the shirt and read his name on it, and, turnin' nine colors at wanst, he peeled off him again, and takin' off his inside shirt he read on the inside of the breast of it:

Should again, could trick!  
This is my third trick—  
The shirt taken off yer back  
By  
Mashter-Thief Jack.

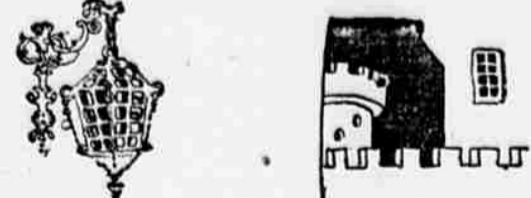
The king was thunder-struck, and no wonder! He ups and he says at wanst, just as soon as he got his senses gathered:

"Jack," says he, "you must lave my dominions, for I'm not sure but ye might stane the very teeth out of my head, if ye only took the notion. I'm sorry, indeed, Jack, but go ye must. At the same time I'll threat ye daken't—ye'll have as much gold with ye as yer pockets can hold."

"Thank ye for nothin'," says Jack back to him, "for I could have that if yer highness was to put it under all the locks in the kingdom. But I have one request to ask ye afore I go."

"Name it, Jack," says the king.  
"Will ye see that me oild father niver wants for anything while he lives?"

"Troth, I will that, Jack, for I'll take him up to the castle to live along with myself; he'll get aittin' and dhrinkin' of the best; he'll not be asked to do a hand's turn of



## THEY UPS WITH THEIR GUNS TO SHOOT HIM.

up the corp in an 'oild carry him to the graveyard."

Am sure enough, he hands it to him to wrap round the corp, and me brave Jack steps out of the window and away with him.

It wasn't long after till the king came in with his teeth chattering, and steps into bed.

"Where's the sheet?" he cried, jumpin' up as soon as he missed it.

"Why, ye amahau," says the queen, "didn't ye come back and say you wanted it to wrap up the corp and carry it to the graveyard?"

"O, Jack, Jack!" says the king, lying back in his bed again, "you have thricke'd me once more! But, please Providence, that will be the last time."

Next day Jack came to the castle with the sheet rowled up an' on dher his arm, and presented it to the king.

"Well, Jack," says the king, smilin', "ye done me again, but the third time, ye mind, is the charm. Tomorrow night I'll sleep with all my clothes, as well as my shoot of mail, on me, and ye're to steal this inside shirt (showin' it to him) that has my name written on the inside breast of it, in persaw, off my back, and I have another shirt on me in its place, and I'll have a loaded gun in ivery hand all night, and there'll be a sentry at ivery window in my house, and two at ivery door, and my bedroom will be filled with soldiers; and if ye don't succeed ye know what'll happen ye. Eh, what do ye think of that, Jack?"

"Why," says Jack, says he, "sure I'll do my best, and the best, ye know, can do no more."

Now Jack's father was jumpin' out of his skin with delight when he found that Jack stole the sheet, but when Jack came home this night an' told his father that he had to steal the inside shirt, with the king's name on the inside of the breast, off the king's back and leave another in its place unbeknownst to him, while he slept with all his clothes on, as well as a shoot of mail on him, and a loaded gun in ivery hand, and with a sentry at ivery window, and two at ivery door, and the room full of soldiers, fairs Jack's father's heart gave away again entirely and he said that Jack was as good as lost to him now, anyhow.

Jack said nothin', but went to bed and slept sounder now than ever he did, and gettin' up betimes in the mornin' he went to a taltier and got him to make a shirt of the same description, and of the very same cloth as the king's inside shirt, and he got the taltier to print something in the inside of the breast of it—but what it was we'll not say now. In the middle of the night he rowled up the shirt, and, buttonin' it up inside his coat, he started for the castle. He sneaked his way to the king's room, where they wakened the king and told him that Jack had give in at last and couldn't do it.

"Why, Jack," said the king, laughin' heartily, "I knew I could be one too many for ye. Order up the hangman at once, and we get through with this business."

"O, aisy, yer reverence," said Jack, "aisy, yer reverence, sure this was nothin' but a joke of me. I have the shirt already stolen off yer back and another in its place."

The king swore this was impossible and the soldiers till a man swore the same, but king, knowin' Jack was so able, thought it better not to shout till he was out of the wood, so he pulled off him till he reached the shirt.

"There it is yet, Jack, ye see," says he.  
"Is that it?" says Jack. "Is yer name in it?"

"To be sure it is," says the king, readin' it.

"Show me," says Jack, and turnin' round to the light to read the name, purtendin', he slips it under his coat in the winkin' of an eye. Order up the hangman at once, and we get through with this business."

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work, and he'll be as happy as the day is long."

Jack thanked the king heartily, and set out on his travels. He went back to the country he was 'prenticed in, and as his oild mashter had just died, Jack was appointed mashter-man-thief of that whole country, and lived happy and well v'r after.

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It is said that some of the sheep farms in Australia are as large as the whole of England.

Belgium exports 2,200,000 dressed rabbits yearly to England. They weigh from six to eight pounds apiece and the rabbit crop sells for \$150,000 on the average.

The sword presented by the city of London to Admiral Collingwood, second in command at Trafalgar, has been sold by auction for \$1,100, which is far less than its cost.

There is a family of seven big brothers, born in Kentucky, and nearly all living in that state, whose average weight, with that of their father, is 207 pounds. They claim to be the biggest family in the state.

The Illinois Central is constructing a freight car yard at New Orleans which will have twenty-eight miles of tracks and will hold 3,900 cars. The yard is being so arranged that cars can be distributed from the receiving point to any other point by gravity. This will save an immense expense for switching cars.

It is estimated that the consumption of beer in the entire world amounts to \$1,080,000,000 per annum. This seems to be an almost incredible figure, but does not appear so strange when it is considered that the beer which is consumed throughout the world in a single year would make a lake three and three-quarters miles long, a mile wide and six feet deep.

The supreme court of Massachusetts has sustained the action of a lower court in awarding \$10,000 to a little girl against the Boston ice company for the loss of one of her feet as the result of a cake of ice falling upon it from a cart as she was crossing a street in company with her 5-year-old sister. The injured child at the time lacking two months of being 3 years old.

It is not generally understood that the United States consumes anthracite coal for heating and electric lighting purposes in the great State, War and Navy departments in Washington. And this is done solely to avoid the smoke nuisance. The United States Treasury department, on the contrary, uses bituminous coal, with the result that a steady stream of smoke pours from the furnaces of that building to the detriment of the landscape and to the injury of all surrounding property.

The schooner Polly, now lying in the port of Bangor, Me., foundered and seaworthily in every way, is said to be the oldest American vessel in existence which is still sailing. It was built at Amesbury, Mass., in 1805, and has had an adventurous career. During the war of 1812 it was a privateer and captured eleven prizes from the British. It was also captured once itself, but was retaken. Its log is now preserved in the Portland custom house, and its present commander, Captain McFarland, says it is better reading than any of the war books. It is a vessel of forty-five tons, and is now engaged in the coasting trade.

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