

The Fairy Prince's Visit

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

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Did I ever be tellin' ye about Mary Mahaney's chiny shower, which was held at a last St. Patrick's day, just wan week before she was after gettin' married to Terence Mulhaly?

Sure, if I was to live to be a thousand years old, I'll niver forget that.

'Twas the mornin' before the shower when I was doin' up me mistress's room, an' she sat on the sofa readin' her letters, I said, very rayspectful indeed.

"If it will not inconvenience you, I'd like St. Patrick's eve off. Me best friend, I wint on, 'who is after marryin' Terence Mulhaly, is havin' a chiny shower. Oh, 'twill be grand! The other gurrils will all be takin' her somethin' very fine; but, an' I spoke sorrowful, 'tis little I can do. I sint all me money to me fathyer an' mither in Ireland, an' I've nothin' left to put on aven a cracked cup fer Mary.' An' I wiped me eye with the shirt av me apron.

"Whist now," says me mistress soft an' pleasant. She is a very kind lady, ye must know. "I guess it will not send me to the poorhouse to give ye a bit av chiny. Dhry yer eyes, an' come down to the chiny-closet with me. An' would ye believe it, before ye cud count tin, she had lepped up from the sofa, run down the stairs with me at her heels, thrown open the glass dure av the chiny-closet, an' handed me out a fine, big pitcher! 'Twas a deep, dark blue, with pink roses an' gilt all over wan side av it. Oh, 'twas the handsomest thing ye iver see!

So ye can imagine 'twas very set up I felt the night av the shower, when I put on me Sunday dress an' started off with me grand pitcher all done up in tissue paper under me arm. Ye see, 'twas arranged that us gurrils was to go airy, so as we could help Mary lay out the supper an' get things all ready fer the shower against the time the b'ys come in about tin o'clock. Thin while all was enjoyin' the rayfreshments we was to present the bride with the chiny.

Well, we must all have started at the same time, fer by good luck we all got to Mary's kitchen dure at the same time.

While we were enjoyin' av ourselves there come a knock on the dure, so shairp an' sudden that it caused each wan av us to nigh jump out av our skins. Fer a minute we all heid back, an' thin Mary stepped to the dure an' opened it, an' there, so close against it that she jumped, stood a man.

"Isn't this Miss Bridget O'Reilly?" he says very polite an' pleasant; an' before Mary could answer, he went on, "I'm sure it is," steppin' in an' closin' the dure behind him, 'fer me sister in Ireland wrote me that she lived in this very house. She says, 'You will know her by her dark eyes an' her swate smile.' An' do ye know that, although he spoke to Mary, he give a sudden look past her an' smiled right at me; although Sheila, an' Biddy, an' Rosie all continded afterward that it was square at thin he was lookin'.

Oh, but he was handsome! It made your eyes glad to look at him. Tall an' straight an' slim, with a laughin' mouth an' gray eyes, keen as a eagle's.

"I'm afraid I'm not the lady ye're lookin' fer," says Mary, in a soft voice. "Me name is Mahaney."

"Mahaney?" he cried, fer all the world like he'd found a fortune. "Mahaney! Not wan av the Mahaneys av—"

"County Galway," spake up Mary. An' the next thing ye knew, before she cud say another word, he had the two hands av her an' was shakin' thin up an' down, his eyes shinin' an' the teeth gleamin' like snow in his dark face.

Well, the next thing ye knew, that b'yd had got us all laughin' an' carryn' on like we was kids agin. Och, there was nothin' that cud be done that he didn't do it! He took the stockin' that Biddy Winn was knittin' from her an' knit three rounds before ye cud say Jack Robinson—all the while a-tellin' some joke or a comical story that made our sides ache.

Such romple! Oh, he was the great cut-up! We showed Mary, protestin' an' screamin', from the room, an' thin we untied the presents fer the chiny shower. Well, I'm tellin' ye, I had the surprise av me life. There wasn't a gurril there, mind ye, that hadn't a piece av chiny as nice or better than me grand blue pitcher. Fer the life av me, I could not make it out just thin, fer why they had spent their money on Mary Mahaney, although I rayceived light on the subject later.

An' all the while, Mary poundin' on the dure an' beggin' to be let in, until we tuk pity on her, an' let her come back. After that we quieted down, an' sat around the stove agin, with another cup av fresh tea apiece. An' he began to sing. An, oh! 'twas the grand voice he had, an' 'twas a pritty song as ye iver heard, with the gay tune av it.

All at once he stopped short, looked up at the big square clock tickin' away on the mantelpiece, an' thin he sort av started, an' fer a minute a shadow fell across his face.

"Did ye iver hear av Cinderella," he says, "her that had to lave the ball at the stroke av 12? I'm her brother, an' I must be lavin' before the stroke av tin."

"Fer why?" asks Rosie.

"Fer the same rayson," he answers, his reckless eyes twinklin' agin.

Thin he jumped up an' shook hands all around. "Good-by," he says to me. "Good-by, Nora av the proud O'Grady's, your murtherin' eyes have stabbed me to the hairt. An' Sheila, pale Sheila, 'tis like moonlight on Lake Killarney ye are, an' 'tis niver I'll forget ye. An' Biddy Winn, 'twas make a tramp dream av home, a rare home, with ye sittin' on wan side av the peat fire, knittin', an' him sittin' opposite, smokin' his pipe. An' now, Mary Mahaney, take the blessin' av a wanderer. 'Tis good luck forever, ye know."

Thin the b'y walked over to the dure, shut it shairp behind him an' was gone.

An' even as we stood there stharin' an' ready to rub our eyes, like we was just aroused from some enchantment that had been put on us, we heard heavy footsteps stampin' on the snow outside an' the voices av the b'ys, an' in a minute they all come in—Terence Mulhaly an' Roman Hinessey an' Jawn Mather an' Billy Cronin.

"An' where's Tim Hogan?" we asked. But not wan av thin knew, so supposin' he'd come in anny minute we thought no more about it. Thin the b'ys all crowded around the stove an' begun to laugh an' cut up. 'Tis thrue that most times us gurrils would have been ready enough to join in with thin; but all at wance they seemed quite different.

'Tis strange I niver noticed before what terrible manners they have," says Sheila Mooney to me, very disgusted.

"Comparisons is ojus," I rayplied; "but 'tis hard not to make thin."

Course, right away, us gurrils all got busy warmin' up the vittles an' settin' out the supper; but some way or other the hairt seemed to have gone out av all av us, an' although I will say fer meself, I kept me timper an' niver wance fergot I was a lady, the others became very cross an' disputatious. But we put what face on it we cud, an' before beginnin' to enjoy the rayfreshments, we all presented Mary with our pieces of chiny. Well, you should have seen the face on her when she undid thin packages. 'Twas proud an' pleased an' yet puzzled, an' it kept gettin' more so as she unrolled the paper from each grand oryaimnt.

An' while she was thryin' to thank us the best she cud, in walks Tim Hogan, brushin' the snow off his uniform—he is a policeman, ye know—an' although 'twas a very cold night, as I did be tellin' ye, his face was red an' hot, and the perspiration was thricklin' down his forehead under his helmet. Naturally, Iverywan began to ask fer why he was so late.

"'Tis fer a good rayson," he says, very important an' yet cross. "There has been a great robbery. Almost Ivery house on Petunia place has been entered this night. Yours, Sheila Mooney, an' yours, Nora Grady, an' yours, Biddy Winn. The police thought they had him sure; but he slipped right through their fingers and vanished like quicksilver. I did not see him meself, but 'twas the fine handsome crook he was, they towld me. I'd give something nice to lay me hands on him."

Before he had finished, Rosie, she slipped through the dure into the laundry. Stoppin' only to whisper to Mary to sape the quiet tongue in her head—I cud tell by the way Sheila an' Biddy was lookin' at Tim that they had no intention av helpin' him out with anny information—I followed Rosie.

There she was, sittin' on a up-turned tub in that cowlid, damp laundry, lit only by a feeble taper, cryin' as if her hairt wud break.

"Oh, Nora," she sobs when she sees me, runnin' to me an' throwin' her arms around me, "do ye believe it?"

"Not I!" I says, very stout. "I'd stake me soul's salvation that he niver stole annythin' but hairts."

"An' me, too," says Sheila, who had come in. "I don't know what he was, an' I don't care; but he was no thief."

"But I know now," says Rosie, liftin' her head up, with a light on her face an' a kind av glory an' wonder in her eyes. "'Tis the prince av the fairies he was, stepped in on a St. Patrick's eve to call on the few that's left be lavin' in him."

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For the Man Who Works



If ever there was a time when the man who works at a trade was supposed to wear ill-fitting clothing, that time has passed. The mechanic who must figure on saving the pennies, need no longer do so at a sacrifice of the feeling of satisfaction that comes from wearing well-fitting, durable and up-to-date clothing. He can dress well—and no one is more entitled to good clothes—without extravagant expenditure. The man who wears tailor-made clothes these days is no better dressed than the workingman who selects his custom-made clothing with judgment. We handle a line of union-made clothing that is equal to the best and better than most.

Built by Brock OF BUFFALO

The Brock clothing is the final word in the union-made clothing line. Nothing finer made—and the price is as reasonable as the line is excellent. We want to show it to union men. And while you are considering this, remember that we handle union-made hats, shirts, work clothes, etc. Our Spring stock in all lines is the best ever. As for prices—well, you will be agreeably surprised when you see the goods.

ARMSTRONG CLOTHING COMPANY GOOD CLOTHES MERCHANTS

GENERAL MENTION.

Brief items of Local and General Interest to Toilers.

It all depends on the label.

The Wageworker, \$1 a year. Worth \$2.

Demanding the label beats pushing a boycott.

One thousand carriage workers in San Francisco are on strike against the non-union shop.

An ordinance requiring the fortnightly payment of city laborers was recently passed at Concord, N. H.

Walters' Union, No. 80, of Boston, received applications for membership of over forty men at a recent meeting.

The granite cutters strike in Massachusetts has been adjusted and the threatened spread of the trouble prevented.

Sixteen policemen quit their jobs in Pensacola, Fla., recently because they were ordered to guard cars manned by non-union men.

Twenty-five policemen in Pensacola, Fla., have been discharged for refusing to board cars and protect non-union motormen and conductors.

The B. & O. railway magnates have issued orders requiring employees in the operating department to cut out all liquor, whether they are on or off duty.

The Montana sixteen-hour law for railroad employes in the train service has been declared by the state supreme court to be valid and constitutional.

Fifty carpenters in Chicago are on strike against the Maers-Slayton sash, door and blind factory. The company refused to put into force an agreement entered into with the carpenters one year ago.

Brewery workers of Hartford, Conn., signed an agreement for two years, gaining one dollar per week increase all around, the eight-hour day for six months and the nine-hour day for the remaining six months.

As a preventive against sweating, the Sydney (Australia) Musicians' Union has requested the Labor Council not to put the union label on places of amusement which do not pay union rates, so that they may be boycotted by all unionists.

Being a union man means that you are a free working man. Ever think of that, Mr. Non-union Man? We have a voice in stating under just what conditions we shall work. You, my friend, look wise, but take what you get.

A Japanese Imperial ordinance forbids the employment of foreign labor in Japan except under limited conditions, which restrict such employment only to the old treaty ports where foreigners congregate.

West Australian milkmen who work extremely long hours for seven days in the week, are now agitating for a Sunday half-holiday. No one outside themselves would help them to keep the day of rest sacred, so they have formed a union to try for it.

TAFT'S GREAT MISTAKE.

Secretary Taft makes the same mistake that other and wiser men have made when he talks about organized capital and organized labor and says "both are inevitable." Nobody in particular is objecting to organized capital, for capital is organized. What we object to is organized capitalists who organize to prevent justice instead of guaranteeing it; who organize to oppress, not to lift up; who organize to further selfish interests instead of human interests.

LEATHERWORKERS' BALL.

The ball of the Lincoln Leatherworkers at Pitt's hall last Monday evening was attended by about 100 couples, and the evening was most enjoyably spent. The inclement weather outside seemed to add to the enjoyment inside. Bruse's orchestra furnished the music.

A SAD MESSAGE.

Morris Crissman, member of Lincoln Typographical Union, received a message from Portland, Ore., Monday announcing the serious illness of his father. Mr. Crissman and wife left at once for Portland and will remain there so long as the condition of the elder Mr. Crissman demands.

NEW DUKE UNAFFECTED



In the new duke of Devonshire, who has just succeeded his uncle to the British title and the vast possessions that go with it, the house of commons has lost one of its most respected members. Although lacking the usual incentives for hard work, as for many years it was certain that he would succeed to the Devonshire dukedom, he always "sweated" conscientiously for his party during the 19 years he represented West Derbyshire in the lower house. The new duke is expected to win an enviable place for himself in the hereditary upper chamber by his solid qualities of mind and heart.

One could hardly say that the present duke was born with a silver spoon in his mouth; but fate soon made up for the deficiency. As a matter of fact, he was born the eldest child of the third son of the seventh duke and there seemed only the remotest prospects of his ever succeeding to the great title which his grandfather bore. Death, however, removed those that intervened. The eighth duke, who has just died, spent his youth and his early manhood in casting sheep's eyes at a woman who was married to another man; in the course of time it became tolerably certain that, barring his premature death, Victor Cavendish, familiarly known as "Vic" by his friends in the house of commons, would be ninth duke of Devonshire and the owner of one of the largest estates in Great Britain.

But despite his great expectations, Victor Cavendish always retained the simple unaffected ways that made him so popular with all who knew him. In that respect he bore a remarkable resemblance to the late duke, who inspired an extraordinary amount of respect, not only among those who enjoyed his personal acquaintance, but also among the common people.

Besides being the holder of one of the proudest titles in the British peerage, the new duke of Devonshire is allied by marriage with another of the great families of the land. He married the elder daughter of the marquis of Lansdowne, leader of the conservative party in the house of lords.

The position of a British duke is not always an enviable one. To be "dead broke" and the holder of great titles is one of the sorriest plights that can be imagined. But it is safe to say that such an experience will never trouble the new duke of Devonshire. For with the title goes the ownership of about 200,000 acres and an annual income a little short of \$1,000,000.