

THE CORPSE AND THE IRISHMAN.

By Charlotte O'Connor Eccles.

"Dan! Dan McCall!" cried a shrill, imperious, childish voice. "Oh, Dan, I'm so glad I've found you; I want you to tell me a story."

"Be this an' that, Miss Mary, but ye're the great young lady for shories intirely. Did I iver tell ye o' the night I was lost in the bog, Miss?"

"No, Dan," cried the little girl, excitedly clapping her hands. "That's new; do go on."

"Well, sure it's a long time ago," said Dan. "'Twas in th' ould country—and I was just risin' twinty. An' whin I was young, Miss Mary, like many another, I always was terrible wild, an' nothin' I liked better than sportin' an' dhrinkin' meself, but, what I wint through wan night sobered me, so it did. My masher sent me over to Garraduff. An' Garraduff was a great house, intirely for the best ov atin' an' dhrinkin', an' I got there middlin' late."

"When I got to Garraduff there was great atin' an' dhrinkin', an' the sarvints had got in Tommy Murray, the blind piper that used to play at the cross roads, an' there was dancin' goin' on in the sarvints' hall, an' maybe if it wasn't near 12 o'clock before I thought o' turnin' home."

"And whin they saw I was frightened to find how late it was, they all began tellin' me ov a short cut through the bog, an' told me I cudn't miss the way, not if I was blind o' wan eye, an' lame o' wan leg. So off I set, miss, an' rale lonesome it was, I whistled in to kape me courage up. An' begob, Miss Mary, I wasn't gone wan half hour when a mist began to be, an' before long I found 'twas lost I was."

"Well, Miss Mary, to make a long shory short, if I didn't see, quite sad-dint a light far, far away, for all the wurrld like a shitar, an' sez I to meself, 'wherever that light is there's people, an' where's there's people they won't lave a poor gossoun out all night to be starved wid the cowld.'"



"'I'll Go, Sez I."

"So I up an' med for the light, feelin' me way careful, for I didn't want to fall into no bog-holes, so I didn't. Well, that light was farther off even than it looked, an' it tuk me a dale o' time to get to it, but at last sure I foun' meself by a biggish cabin, right in the middle o' the bog. So I came up quite an' I looked in on the windy, an' I saw a woman sittin' in her herself be the fire, and the tears rowlin' down her cheeks. An' sure 'twas always so-hearted I was, so I was, an' begob I was rale sorry to see a woman cry, an' roun' I came an' knocked at the door."

"'Who's there?' she sez from inside. "'Tis a poor boy, ma'am,' sez I, 'axin' yer pardon for disturbin' ye, out 'tis lost an' perlishin' I am this cowld night.'"

"'Go away from here,' sez she, 'an' go quick. There's no place for ye.'"

"'Oh, for th' love o' hiven, ma'am,' sez I, 'don't say that. Sure 'tis dshthroed I'll be intirely if ye don't sake me in. Just open the dure an' luk at me, an' ye'll see 'tis a harmless craychune I am, that wudn't ouch a hair ov yer head, so I woudn't.'"

"'Are ye sure yer alone?' says she. 'I am, ma'am,' sez I."

"'An' did ye mate annywan as ye were comin' along?' sez she."

"'Not a mortchall sowl, ma'am,' sez I, 'barrin' a flock o' wild geese.'"

"'Well, Miss, after this she opens the dure a little way, very timid, an' she peeps out an' sez:

"'I can't let ye in, an' I warn ye that yer in danger here,' sez she. 'But I'll give ye somethin' to ate,' says she, 'an' then ye'll go.'"

"'Sure I don't want annythin' to ate,' sez I. 'A man can die but wanst, an' I may as well die inside as out.'"

"'So she half laughed, and sez she, 'Ye don't know what yer saying, nor what yer doin' saythur, an' yer askin' me to do a thing that may be me death. But come along, I'll take the chance and let ye sleep in the hay, but mind,' sez she, 'ye're to lie still, an' be off early in the morning before annywan is shtirin.'"

"'Well, Miss Mary, she let me in to warrum meself be the fire, an' she giv' me somethin' to ate."

"'Then she led me into the hayhouse that was nex' dure, an' just divided off from the kitchen by planks, an' I cud see a ray o' light through. Down I lay, Miss, on the hay, an' before ye could say snap I was fast asleep."

"'Well, I thought I hadn't but just

closed my eyes when I hard th' awfullest row, Miss, that iver I hard in me life, going on in the kitchen."

"I put me eye to the crack, an' there I saw the kitchen was full of men all fightin' like mad, th' ugliest lot o' cushtomers that iver I clapped me eyes on. It was somethin' about money I made out, an' dividin' it fair, an' wan sez to th' other, 'Sure, Mac, you killed him,' sez he, an' whin the min was rushin' at atch other, the woman she catches hold o' two ov thim, and, 'For love o' hivin,' she sez, 'will yes shtop fightin'?' And then a man came forward an' he sez, 'The van'three is right,' sez he; 'this fightin' is no good at all.'"

"'They shtopped fightin', an' after a lot o' talk they bigan goin' off wan be wan till in th' end only the woman was left an' the two men she took houl't ov. Wan o' them, her husband belike, was a big, shtrong, grizzled fellow o' 50 or thereabouts, th' other was a shilp o' a young fellow about as ould as meself."

"'Tis a nice day's work ye've made ov it,' sez the woman to the two min, 'an' now maybe ye'll come to bed, for 'tis near mornin' it is,' says she."

"'Go to bed yerself,' sez th' ould man. 'Sure we've work to do yet,' sez he."

"'Then if ye have,' sez she, 'I'll shtay an' see ye do it.'"

"'Be off,' sez he, threatenin' her like wid his arm."

"'So, begob, Miss Mary, she began to mount up the ladder to the loft, an' as she was goin', I saw her turn an' give such a fritened look as never was in the direction of where I was lyin'."

"Well, if the two murderin' villyins didn't go out, an' I began to braythe freer, an' was just waitin' to let thim git clear away before I was up an' off for me life, whin, I declare to you, Miss, be the piper that played before Moses, me heart all but leaped out o' me body, for I hard thim at the dure of the hayhouse."

"'Well, I lay as shtill as a mouse, so I did, an' in they came an' fumbled about, an' ivry minnit meself thought they'd be on top o' me."

"'Where is that corpse?' sez th' ould fellow after a minnit."

"'I have him,' sez the son, an' wid that he claps his hand down on me leg."

"'Have him along,' sez th' ould man; 'do ye take his shouldrers,' sez he, 'an' I'll take his feet.'"

"'Well, Miss Mary, me darlint, I shtiffened meself out as like a corpse as ivry I cud, an' in me mind I began preparin' for death, an' ivry sin that ivry I done in me life kem into me mind, and I said acts ov contrition as hard as ever I could."

"'An' out they carried me, an' if they didn't lay me on a wheelbarrow wid me legs shtickin' out! I just opened wan eye, an' I saw that the mist had lifted, an' the night, or rather the mornin', though shtill dark, was clear, but I closed it pretty quick when I heard the young chap say: 'He looks mortal tall, doesn't he? I didn't think he was so big.'"

"'An' wid that off they wint through the bog, takin' turns in wheelin' me. 'Oh laws!' sez I to meself, 'what's comin' now? What's comin' at all, at all?' An' ivry bog-hole we passed by I fairly peppered for fare they'd just chuck me in, but they didn't. An' at last they stopped. 'This'll do,' sez the ould boy. That minnit out popped a hare that they'd disturbed, an' she ran across his fut, an' he gave wan yell, an' the young chap dropped the handles o' the barrow that suddint that I narely rowled out ov it."

"'What is it?' sez he, all thrimblin'."

"'What is it?' an' he began thryin' to make the sign o' the cross."

"'Sure, nothin' at all,' sez the father whin he saw what it was. 'Tis only a hare, sez he, 'that fritened me.'"

"'Good hivens!' sez the son, 'sure I thought I saw this fellow movin', so I did.'"

"'Not a move did he move,' sez the father, 'an' don't be makin' a bigger fool o' yerself than y'are. Where's the spade?' sez he."

"'Wars to the Queen o' Spain!' sez the young chap, 'but we forgot the spade.'"

"'Why, ye thick-skulled young omadhoun,' sez the father, 'why didn't ye mind it? It'll be daylight before we know where we are,' sez he, 'an' the job not done. I suppose I must go for it meself,' sez he."

"'I'll be hanged if I'm goin' to shtay here wid it all alone,' sez the other. 'Do you shtay an' I'll go.'"

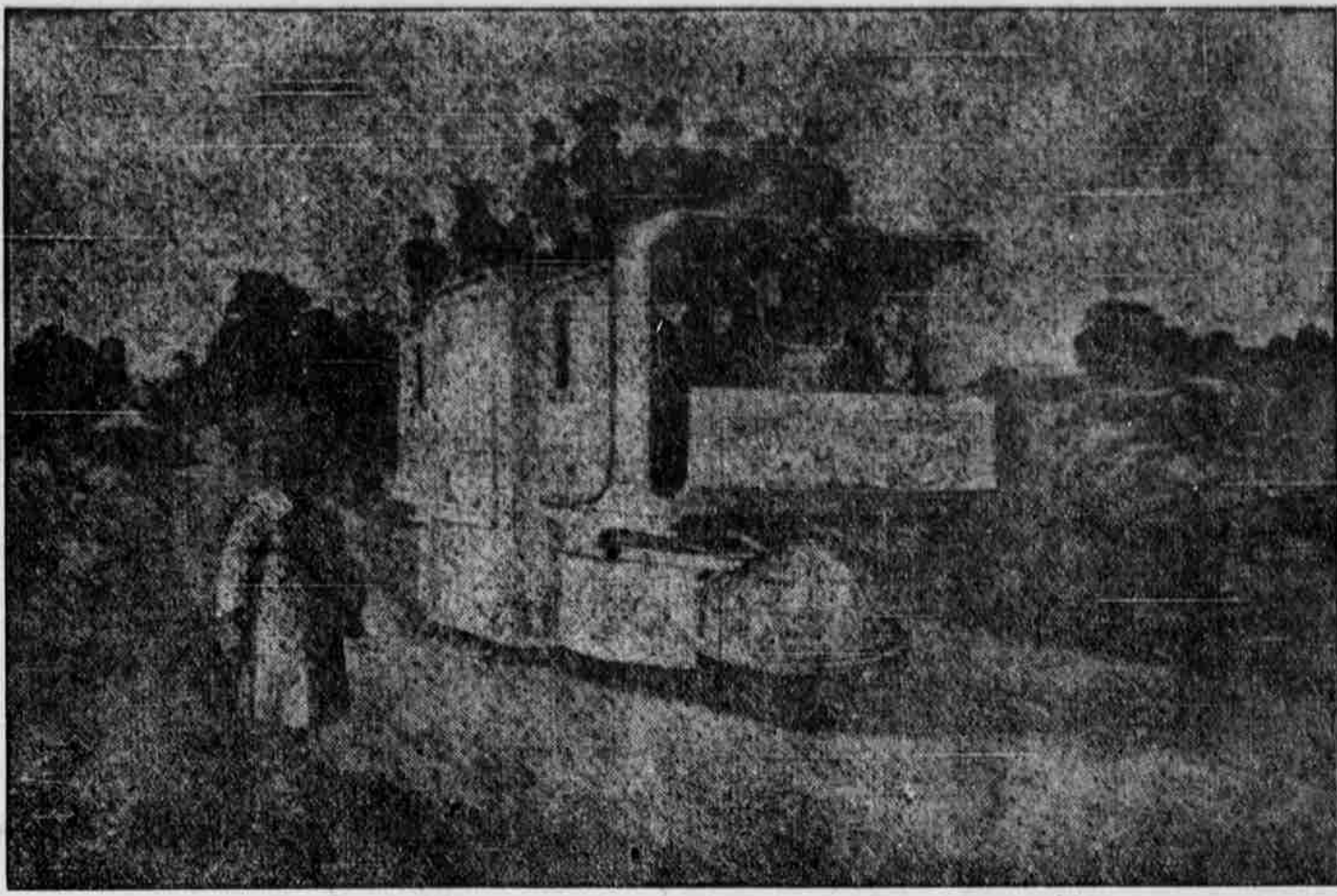
"'I won't be left wid him nayther,' sez the father, an' on they wint, argifyin', for both of thim was onaisy, havin' a bad conscience. At last it was gettin' hated."

"'Well, if you won't go for the spade,' sez the father, 'an' I won't go, who the devil,' sez he—savin' your presence, Miss—who the devil is to go?' Wid that, Miss Mary, I sat right up in the barrow. 'I'll go,' sez I, quite suddin, an' I looked at thim fierce, and stretched out me arm."

"'Well, they stud wan moment as if they were just turned into shtone, so they did, an' then they low a screech out o' thim that ye'd hear a mile off, an' away they cut, ruinin' as if th' ould boy himself was at their heels; an' I laughed, so I did, faith, to see the way they were in; but I didn't wait for thim to come back, but just ran for me life in th' other direction an' hid behind a turf shtack. An' soon 'twas dawn, an' after wanderin' in a bit I got back to the right road. An' sure that's all, Miss."

"'The great trouble has been,' he said, 'that men have rushed into this

The Automobile of 76 Years Ago.



Inquiry into the earliest forms of the automobile has brought to light Church's steam coach, which ran between London and Birmingham, England, as early as 1830. It was something like a double stage coach and was constructed to carry twenty-eight inside passengers and twenty-two outside. The chauffeur wore a great coat with many capes, as was the style with old-time coachmen.

A committee of the House of Commons was appointed in 1831 to report on the growing automobile movement, and found its practicability fully established. Popular prejudice, however, it was pointed out, was strong and led to the imposition of heavy tolls, fees and licenses, so the motor fiend would seem to have had a rocky road even in those early days.

The railroads, then coming into general use, secured the passage of a law requiring each automobile to keep a man one hundred yards in advance with a red flag by day and a red lantern by night.

SPENT HALF HIS LIFE IN JAIL.

"BIG BILL" MASON, NOTED CRIMINAL, AGAIN BEHIND BARS.

Was Well Known in Chicago Gambling Circles—Arrested in Wisconsin, Sent to Waupun, But Made His Escape.

Laporte, Ind.—The doors of the Indiana state prison have opened again to one of the most noted criminals in the country. His real name is Richard Keegan, but he is best known as "Big Bill" Mason.

Mason as W. T. Wright was sent up under the old law to serve seven years. After about three years he escaped and was finally located at Cherry Hill, Pa. He was given no possible chance after and went out only at the expiration of his term.

"Big Bill" Mason is particularly well known in Chicago, where was the scene of many of his exploits. Around "Mike" McDonald's and George Hankins' gambling houses he was known as the high "roller of faro."

He has pursued all the branches of crime, and while he has been successful in them all he has spent nearly 25 years in prison. So that in the balance he strikes in his fifty-fifth year the account is heavily against him. In the Northfield bank raid, in which he participated with the Younger and James boys, he was "the kid." In all of Mason's arrests he was well provided with "ball money" and was able to get the best of criminal talent at the bar to fight his cases. It was his boast that he never pleaded guilty.

After a wild spectacular career Mason appeared in Chicago and made his headquarters at Dave Thornton's "House of David" in Clark street. He was always well provided with money and ostensibly his business was to make a show of it by buying drinks for anybody and everybody.

Meanwhile he was playing faro in McDonald's place, and occasionally in Hankins' place across the street. He was generally a winner and was accustomed to leave a sum of money in Thornton's to the credit of fellows who were down and out. Usually it was, he said, 10 per cent. of his winnings. If he lost he put a \$10 bill there anyway for the same purpose, saying that the Lord and the gambler alike loved a cheerful giver and he wouldn't have luck if he were not ready to divide.

Mason at this time was about 25 or 26 years old. In appearance he was a striking figure, six feet tall, straight as a dart, broad shoulders and with

the easy movement and grace of a panther. But his face was against him. It was hard and cruel of expression.

Before he left Chicago, however, he determined to make one big play, and he broke Hankins' bank. A short time before that the house of H. F. Whitcon, president of the Wisconsin Central railroad, in Milwaukee, had been entered and robbed. The spoil was traced to a "fence" in Chicago about the time Mason made his big play at Hankins' faro bank.

The "fence" gave Mason away. While the Milwaukee police were arranging to arrest him at Thornton's place the hangers on at the gambling house planned to rob him. Four of them attacked him, but he beat them all and escaped to the street just as the police came up and took him. He was taken to Milwaukee and there introduced two detectives to enter his cell on the pretense of giving up. He seized them both and threw them violently against the rear wall of the cell.

Some Queer Family Names.

"CHUMPS," "OGS" AND "CUBBUMS" IN OLD KENTUCKY.

Odd Cognomens of the "Quarter" Heirs—Remarkable Collection Gathered Within a Radius of 20 Miles of Ford.

Ford, Ky.—It is doubtful if any other county in this state or in any other state can show such a remarkable collection of given names and surnames as are to be found within a radius of 20 miles from this town. We have Able Chump, Little Chump, Chumppy Chump and Skittles Chump. To this must be added the family of Chicken, with the eldest son christened Old Chicken and the youngest daughter Pullet Chicken. Then there is the Og family, with Barabbas Og at the head of it. One of his boys is named John L. Sullivan Og, and the youngest girl in the bunch is Snippy Og.

But that is not a circumstance to the way Phyllis Quarter has named his children. He seemed to take a delight in the oddity of his own name and to perpetuate it in the christening of his four boys. The first one, born about 19 years ago, is well known throughout the county as First Quarter.

In a moment he was out in the corridor and running toward the main entrance. One of the detectives shot him, but he got away. A few nights afterward a badly wounded man dragged himself to the door of the house of J. I. Case, in Racine, owner of Jay-Eye-See, the trotting horse. He was delivered up to the police and sent to Waupun state prison for eight years.

Waupun is regarded as one of the safe prisons of the United States, but Mason raved his cell door, sawed the bars from a window out of the cell-house, a task that under the circumstances must have taken some weeks, scaled a wall and was free. The prison authorities had previously learned that "Big Bill" had escaped from the Los Angeles prison and kept a close watch on him. Early one morning in 1898 there was a police fight in New York which ended in Mason, Thomas Reilly and James Coffey being captured. That battle is a tradition of real glory to the New York police force. Since then Mason has spent nearly all his time in prison.

ter. The next heir is Second Quarter. The third is called "No" Quarter, the fourth Bad Quarter.

The mother never had any say in the selection of the names of her children. Old Phyllis decided on what he intended to call them the day after they were born, and what he said had to be accepted in the Quarter household. Not one of these sons has ever been 20 miles away from home. No member of the family is able to read or write and they have no conception of the outside world.

About seven miles from the Phidias Quarter farm lives the Bennett family, whose hired man is named Angel Cubbum. He is proud of his name and boasts that his brothers and sisters, who live in the same county, are just as oddly named as he. One sister is Sizzley Cubbum, another Homino, a brother Calico and the youngest in the outfit Measles Cubbum.

Almost Swallowed \$1,000.

Utica, N. Y.—Eugene Smaltz, employed at Ilion, went to a clam bake a few days ago and found a rare pearl in a clam which he was about to devour. The pearl is said to be worth about \$1,000. It is different from most pearls, as it is very dark, and shows purple, blue and black. It weighs four and one-eighth carats, and is without a flaw.

EXISTS ENTIRELY ON CRACKERS.

Vermont Woman Eats 325 Barrels of Them in Sixty-Three Years.

Readsboro, Vt.—Over 500,000 crackers have kept life in the body of Mrs. Cynthia C. Jillison of Readsboro, Vt., for more than 63 years.

She is now more than 73 years of age, and has subsisted on a cracker diet ever since she was ten years old.

The unusual distinction of having eaten more crackers than any person who ever lived is hers.

Her body is built on crackers, her youth and middle age nurtured on them, and now in her declining years she still wards off the grim reaper with a cracker.

During her lifetime she has eaten as many as 325 barrels of crackers.

"Crackers for breakfast, crackers for dinner and crackers for supper—and my friends have long called me 'Polly,'" is her own comment on her subsistence.

A Daily Thought.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—Longfellow.

GAINED 34 POUNDS

Persistent Anemia Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Remedies Had Failed.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Nathaniel Field, of St. Albans, Somerset county, Maine, "I was the palest, most bloodless person you could imagine. My tongue and gums were colorless and my fingers and ears were like wax. I had two doctors and they pronounced my trouble anemia. I had spells of vomiting, could not eat, in fact, did not dare to, I had such distress after eating. My stomach was filled with gas which caused me awful agony. The backache I suffered was at times almost unbearable and the least exertion made my heart beat so fast that I could hardly breathe. But the worst of all was the splitting neuralgia headache which never left me for seven weeks. About this time I had had several numb spells. My limbs would be cold and without any feeling and the most deathly sensations would come over me."

"Nothing had helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in fact, I had grown worse every day. After I had taken the pills a short time I could see that they were benefiting me and one morning I awoke entirely free from pain. The distress after eating disappeared and in three weeks I could eat anything I wanted and suffer no inconvenience. I also slept soundly. I have taken several boxes of the pills and have gained in weight from 120 to 154 pounds; and am perfectly well now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anemia because they actually make new blood. For rheumatism, indigestion, nervous headaches and many forms of weakness they are recommended even if ordinary medicines have failed. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

MORE PULQUE BEING DRUNK.

Mexico City Gets Away With 800,000 Litres Every Day.

The consumption of pulque in Mexico city is rapidly increasing, and the hauling of the drink is becoming one of the principal sources of revenue on a number of lines entering the city.

On nearly every railroad entering the city a special pulque train is run into the city daily and many of the regular freight trains carry large numbers of cars containing the popular drink.

During the month of June three railroads, the Hidalgo, the Mexican and the Interoccenic, carried into the city 59,861 barrels and 334 skins full of the pulque gathered within a radius of sixty miles of the city. The National, the Central and the smaller lines brought in an amount probably half as great.

Allowing that the population of Mexico city is 400,000 men, women and children, the quantity of pulque brought into the city daily is sufficient to supply almost two liters to every individual. Do you drink your share? During the month of June 14, 985,290 liters of pulque were brought into the city, as in one barrel there are 250 liters and in one skin 60 liters. During each day of the month an average of 748,263 liters was brought to the city.

The amount thus reckoned is exclusive of the pulque brought to the city in wagons and on muleback from the nearby haciendas.

To keep your auto looking bright use the following mixture for all painted parts: Sperm oil, one-half pint; common vinegar, one-half pint; oil bergamot, one dram. Mix and rub with clean cloth. For all brass work use tripoli, one and one-half pounds; any lubricating oil, eight ounces; gasoline, three quarts. This is one of the best cleaners for all polished brass.

If you contemplate buying a medium priced automobile and want to be certain of securing a car suitable for touring on country roads, up hill as well as down hill, you will make no mistake in buying either a Buick, Maxwell, Mitchell, Reo, Knox, Franklin or Queen. These range in price from \$750 to \$2,000.

Labor the Great Quality.

The most beautiful actions of the human body, and the highest results of the human intelligence, are conditions or achievements, of quite unlaborious—nay, of recreative effort. It is the negative quantity—or quantity of defect—which has to be counted against every feat and of defect which has to be counted against every Fact or Deed of men. In brief, it is that quantity of our toll which we die in.—Ruskin.

Eugenie's Mission to Austria.

The Paris papers still insist that Empress Eugenie went to Ischl on a match-making errand. She wishes, it is said, the hand of a granddaughter of Francis Joseph for Princess Louis Napoleon.

Automobilists in Shanghai.

There is no speed limit for autos outside the city of Shanghai, China. Within the city 30 miles an hour is allowed.

Philadelphian, Pa.—P. Caledon Cameron, a well-known artist and scientist of this city, has an invention which he thinks will revolutionize the present methods of ballooning. He has not patented it, as he does not desire any pecuniary gain.

In place of the gas bag, of a circular form now used, he would have the cigar shaped form used in the dirigible type of airship. He would substitute a large and seaworthy boat of light material for the wicker basket used to-day, which, he claims, is unseaworthy and a positive danger to all aeronauts in case of an unavoidable descent into water. He plans to have this boat guided by the man taking the trip in it, by means of an immense pair of oars which would be used on the air exactly as oars are used in water. He claims that through such an arrangement man can travel through the air as he can on water. He has manufactured a small model and tested it with results, he says, that prove the practicability of his scheme.

"The great trouble has been," he said, "that men have rushed into this

SCIENTIST PLANS NEW AIRSHIP.

idea with only the craze to go up, to get off the earth. From the fact that simplicity has always been the most successful, it immediately struck me that we men should be able to travel in the air by a method similar to that employed on water. The only difference is that we must add some substance to our air traveling craft that will maintain a position of height as the water does the ship.

"The modern aeronaut," he continued, "is always in danger of his life from drowning in water—my idea, besides making such an event impossible, provides a human method of moving power and an ability to cut through the air currents or perhaps even more successfully against them. I know this thing to be practical, for I have tried it on a small scale with a great degree of success."

The Other Way About.

Fidgety commuter—Say, conductor, these everlasting stops drive a nervous person crazy.

Cool conductor—So? I had only noticed that they made crazy people nervous.—Judge.

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