

The Skimmer Or an Irish Road to Beauty O' the Dew

BY GERALD BRENNAN

"It is true what they do be sayin' about skimmin' the dew, Mrs. Geraghty?"

"Now what in the world, Noreen Pfla-ruffin," she exclaimed, "has set your mind runnin' on such an old-fashioned phony as skimmin' the dew?"

"Well, you see, ma'am," she faltered, "comin' from the town fair yesterday, I heard two o' our best friends, who were talkin' about skimmin' the dew, an' how it made anyone, even a poor little orphan colleen, look purty, an'—an' the other colleen gibe at me, Mrs. Geraghty, because I don't look red-checked an' big like them."

"But we can't all be purty, Noreen. There has to be a few only little cratures like yourself, an' though where in the world a dactyl child belongs to the parish o' Ballymore, get such haymish black eyes an' such a square, useless little hands an' feet as you have, is more than I can tell."

"Sure, that's the reason," pleaded poor little Noreen, "that's the reason I wanted to know all about the dew. I thought that maybe 'twould make me look purty an' fat as a rosy."

Mrs. Geraghty wrinkled her honest brow, and, after a caution to "keep an eye on the parties," told all that she knew about the quaint Irish and Scotch superstition of which little Noreen had spoken.

"To skim the dew," quoth Mrs. Geraghty, "is a most queer way with the world an' wander out over the fields while the dew is still wet on the grass. In your left hand you must carry a cup that none ever drank from, an' in your right, a spoon that never touched mortal lips. Up hill an' down dale must you go till ye find a field o' clover with a brook that never was bridged cummin' through it, an' a red-berried rowan tree grows beside the brook. When ye see such a field you may go down on your knees an' gather with the spoon thirty drops of dew. Only the clover an' the grass must ye skim

ing over stone stiles or through friendly gaps in the tall thorn hedges. Streams and rivers are no good, for clover fields and rowan trees were common enough; but the precise combination of tree, clover and bridgeless stream she did not encounter.

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the real purty colleen our Noreen is entitled to.

But Noreen only looks out across the fields toward where the rowan tree shook its red berries into the clover, and the bridgeless stream she did not encounter.

"It was skimmin' the dew that did it all," she whispered; and no one has the heart to say her nay.

THEORY THAT IT AND KINGLY REMAINS ARE HIDDEN NEAR CHAPULTEPEC.

Edward Garza, formerly an attaché of the Mexican legation in the City of Mexico, is investigating the legend of the hidden treasure of the Aztecs.

It is a singular fact that there are more legends about the Aztec treasure than about Mexico herself, a solemn truth that every one who visits it should take to heart.

On this side was certainly the main entrance. We know this by the disposition of the stones, which were laid by the hand of man. On this side also is the cave which was obviously artificial. It was made by building strong iron bars to the wall.

As soon as Motekuhzoma (Montezuma) was deposited and could be of no further service to the Spaniards, they murdered him and sent his body out of the palace in the charge of a few mean men.

There are some scattered symbols or hieroglyphs to the left of the shattered carvings, chief among which is the red and an animal like a wolf or a dog.

It is my belief that behind the rock is a cryptograph (repeated seventeen times) made in the Aztec hieroglyphic.

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Washington Star: "I want to see," exclaimed Senator Sorghum, "the attention of Hawaii. I envy the men who will care to represent the interests of that far-distant state."



SHR SMILED GRAVELLY BACK. Take no dew from any weed nor from any flower but the clover bloom.

That afternoon Noreen carried to the village all her little board of halfpennies, and at the very best she purchased a cheap delft cup and a pewter spoon—both brand new, and unpacked from their several cases before her eyes.

All night the child slept, but fitfully, for thinking of the "magic dew." The spoon and cup were hidden beneath her pillow, and when she woke up, as she did many times every morning, her hand would steal toward these precious treasures to learn if they were still there.

Sunshine came blinking in through the little faded window panes at last, and the sun of the last called Noreen from her bed. Up she got and made the fire very quickly, so as not to awaken the old folks in the left overhead.

A loose bunch of red berries, detached by the breeze, fell upon her outstretched arm, and she saw that they were scattered by without arousing the spellbound slumberer. She did not hear the rock regiment from castle Carmel woods cawing overhead, nor the same birds returning, with clamorous rejoicing, from their breakfast amid the fallows.

Noreen had expected it all. Clearly the magic dew had transformed her just as she hoped it would. So she smiled gravely back at the pale-faced lady, and promptly gave credit to the spell.

THE CHEERFUL IDOL. Indiana: The Joe Shoe-clerk Boarder: "Any customer who desires to look at something in one of the upstairs apartments is taken to the elevator; while the poor clerk has to walk up the stairs. I think this is done to show the difference in their positions."

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