

Where He Was

On St. Patrick's Day In the Morning

By NORA B. SHEA

It was the evening before St. Patrick's day, 1765, in Ireland. The moon was at the full and shone with unusual brightness. Dennis O'Donohue, a young man of twenty-two, mounted on a black mare, was trotting on a road between Killarney and Tralee on his way to a ball at the latter place. Suddenly catching sight of a light some distance from the road, he drew rein and thrust his hand in under his waistcoat to pull his watch from his fob. It was not there, and he remembered that he had left it at home.

Now, what he wished his watch for was to note the time that he might decide whether to attempt something that popped into his head at seeing the light referred to. In the house where it shone lived Eileen Mavourneen, a young girl whom Dennis would have gladly wooed had he been permitted to do so. Dennis was inclined to be a trifle wild, and Eileen was warned by her parents to have nothing to do with him.

Nevertheless the young man was especially attractive to girls. He was tall and lithe, and a mass of light curls fell down over his shoulders. Tender hearted to a fault, it was suspected that for the benefit of others in distress he had trespassed on the law by taking a purse on the highway. The O'Grady, a rich landowner, had been stopped one night on the road, and later one of his tenants, a poor woman for whose eviction he had given orders, paid the rent in coins, one of which, a pocket piece, the O'Grady recognized as having been taken from him by the highwayman. The story got abroad that Dennis O'Donohue, sympathizing with the woman, had robbed the landlord and given the money to his tenant to save her from eviction. That the robbery had taken place for that very purpose was true, but Dennis O'Donohue had nothing to do with it.

It occurred to Dennis that he would love to take Eileen with him to the ball at Tralee. Her father and mother were elderly people, and it was their custom to go to bed at 9 o'clock every night. It might be possible to take her with him and bring her back without their knowing of her absence. The hour was about 9, but he did not know whether it was a little before or a little after 9. He dare not go before and did not like to lose time by going too long after.

While he was deliberating he heard the sound of horse's hoofs coming from the direction of Tralee. He would await the rider's coming and ask the time. A man on horseback drew near, and when he came up Dennis said in a mild voice:

"I beg your pardon for stopping you, sir, but would you tell me what o'clock it is?"

Dennis' back was to the moon, while the horseman faced it, and Dennis recognized the O'Grady. The O'Grady hesitated. The voice sounded like that of O'Donohue, by whom he believed he had been robbed. Dennis' horse was restless and, turning, exposed Dennis' face to the moon. The O'Grady thrust his hand under his coat as if to take out his watch, but instead drew a pistol and, pointing it at Dennis' head, said:

"It is time for you to move on, Dennis O'Donohue, and I would advise you to go to one of the American colonies, for if you ever appear in Killarney again I'll bring you up for highway robbery. Twice is once too often for you to rob the same person!"

With this, still covering Dennis with his pistol, he urged on his horse, leaving Dennis standing in the road mute with astonishment. Dennis knew at once that this evidence against him, taken with the suspicion of another robbery, would convict him of being a highwayman, and that meant either a long imprisonment or death. He thought of taking the O'Grady's advice and, riding over to Cork, take ship for Virginia. Instead he concluded to ride over to see Eileen and tell her what had occurred. This would lessen the blow to her, and she could explain the matter to his father and mother.

The hour now made no difference to him, so he put spurs to his horse and on reaching the gate threw the bridle rein over a picket and went up the walk to the house. Tiptoeing on to the porch, he saw Eileen sitting alone in the living room. A tap on the window arrested her attention, and, turning, she saw Dennis' face against the pane. Putting her finger to her lips, she went softly to the door and led him into the room.

"What is it, Dennis?" she asked, alarmed at his rueful appearance.

"Have your father and mother gone to bed?" he whispered.

"Yes."

Dennis told his story, finishing by saying that he saw no hope for him but to go to Virginia. Eileen's countenance fell at this. She stood thinking.

"Why don't you prove an alibi, Dennis?" she asked presently.

"An alibi?"

"Yes. The magistrate will have only the O'Grady's word that he met you on the road. If you can prove you were somewhere else his evidence will be worthless."

"But how can I do that?"

"Have you a good horse?"
"No better in Ireland. I borrowed my friend Mike Shaunessy's mare. She's not only won races for him, but has great endurance."
"Well, ride all night, and in the morning talk with some one you can get for a witness to testify that you were with him."

"On the morning of St. Patrick's day! Ah, Eileen you're a jewel!"

And so after a dozen kisses Dennis remounted the mare and away he went in the moonlight. Riding on to Tralee, which place he made in half an hour, he took a road leading north-eastward to Limerick. It is just fifty miles from Tralee to Limerick. It would not do to ask for relays of horses, for this might give away the secret of his ride. It was 10 o'clock when he started. He rode thirty miles of the distance, rested his horse for two hours, then went on, reaching Limerick at 7 in the morning. But instead of going into the town he left it on his right and, crossing the river Shannon, struck out for Ennis, some twenty miles farther on. But he had no idea of using the mare to do this distance and, now that he was so far from home, concluded to leave her with a farmer and take a fresh mount. This he did and at 10 o'clock in the morning rode up to an inn in Ennis.

The bells were ringing for mass, and Dennis joined a throng going to the church. Seeing a priest going from his house to the church, Dennis joined him and said:

"Father, I desire to make a contribution on this blessed day of our patron saint, and I beg of you to receive it."

To this the priest agreed, and Dennis gave him his contribution.

"Now, father," said Dennis, "will you tell me the time?"

"There's a clock in the tower of the church beyond. You can see for yourself."

"I'm nearsighted. Will you use your own eyes for me?"

"It's 10 o'clock and 25 minutes."

"Are you sure?"

"I am."

"And I'm giving you 20 shillings for a contribution to the church at twenty-five minutes past 10 on the morning of St. Patrick's day, and don't you forget it."

"I'll not do that," said the priest.

Dennis went back to the inn, ate a good breakfast and, his horse having been fed, mounted and rode back to where he had left the mare. She, too, had been rested sufficiently to go on toward home, but at a slow gait. Dennis reached Killarney that night and the next morning appeared on the street laughing and talking with his friends with his usual good nature.

When the O'Grady heard that Dennis had remained to face a charge of robbery on the highway he made a charge against him, and Dennis was arrested, much to his apparent surprise. When the prisoner was brought before the magistrate for examination the charge was read and he was asked whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty.

"I could hardly be guilty, your worship," replied Dennis, "seeing that I was not where the charge specifies at a time when my accuser was stopped."

"Where were you?"

"I was in Ennis, your worship."

"That's seventy miles away. At what time were you in Ennis?"

"I was there on the morning of St. Patrick's day."

"Can you prove that?"

"Yes, your worship."

"By whom?"

"By a witness who saw me there at the time."

Dennis was given opportunity to bring his witness to Killarney, and when a priest of the church testified that the prisoner gave him on St. Patrick's day, at 10:25 in the morning, 20 shillings, no one dared gainsay the truth of the statement. There was but one inference to be made, which was that the O'Grady was mistaken in his man.

Nevertheless the O'Grady was not only sure that Dennis was the person that he had met on the highway, but was sure that he had intended to rob him. If he had had no such design he would have admitted his identity and disclaimed any intention except to learn the time. The accuser blustered and asked for time to prove that the alibi was a put up job, but those present at the trial considered this a mark of disrespect for the priest who had given testimony, and the magistrate denied the request. Dennis was acquitted and carried out of the court on the shoulders of his friends.

Now, Eileen Mavourneen's father was a "good old Irish gentleman, one of the rare old stock," and, though he certainly would not have a highwayman for a son-in-law, he was highly appreciative of the shrewdness of his race. During Dennis' imprisonment he constantly reminded his daughter that he had been right about her lover from the first. Eileen said nothing till after Dennis was acquitted, when she told her father the whole story.

The old gentleman laughed all that day and, since he did not like the O'Grady over much, vowed that the defense was the smartest trick that had ever been perpetrated in the county. He told Eileen to bring Dennis to dinner that he might hear the story from his own lips. Dennis came, and the old gentleman was much pleased with the energy and rapidity of his movement, but when he heard that Eileen had proposed the plan he was delighted and, taking his daughter in his arms, told her that so long headed a girl, must be better able to choose a husband for herself than her father could choose for her.

For long after that when Dennis would meet her acquaintances he would be greeted by:

"Dennis O'Donohue, where were ye on St. Patrick's day in the morning?"

Hints and Advice on Social Forms

By MME. MERRI

Advice to an Orphan Girl.
I am a young girl of fifteen, although I look much older. I am an orphan and live with my aunt. I am said to be very charming and pretty, and the boys all seem very fond of me. I would like to ask you if it is wrong to let the boys kiss and caress me when they are taking me home from parties and such places. Also is it wrong to go to lunch rooms with boys of seventeen and eighteen after dances or plays? The boys I am friends with all attend the same high school as I do and are approved of by my aunt. Please answer in your column as soon as possible and let me know how I should act, as I have no mother of whom I could ask advice. "LAUGHING EYES."

I am very glad you wrote to me on the subject and I do hope you will not think I am very old-fashioned and strict when I tell you not to let the boys kiss you or take any liberties with you whatever. It is just what your own mother would have told you. Be good friends and comrades and have all the good times possible, only keep the love-making out of it.

Then I would not go to public places for refreshment after theaters or after dances unless chaperoned or with a crowd of at least six or eight, and some of them should be older than you. It does not look right and you cannot be too careful. The boys will have far more respect for you and you will never be sorry if you maintain your dignity. No matter how hard it is, do it and you will not have any heartaches, and they are bound to come if you permit things you should not.

Suggestions for a China Shower.
When giving a china shower what should be served? Would also appreciate a few suggestions as to the decorations and how to entertain.

ANXIOUS READER.

There is no special decoration for a china shower besides flowers, and no entertainment is necessary besides opening the parcels and enjoying the bride-elect's pleasure with her pretty things. Cards are always permissible, providing the guests like to play. Serve a salad, sandwiches, olives, salted nuts and coffee.

Questions From "Faithful Readers."
We are two young girls, our age fifteen. Is it proper for girls of our age to have boys escort them home from a picture show? Is it proper for girls to be taken, by boy friends, to picture shows? FAITHFUL READERS.

I am always glad to answer questions from my girls, and I hope they will be able to get my ideas. It all depends upon the picture show; some are good and some should never see the light at all. So much depends upon

the boys and more depends upon the girls. If father and mother do not object to either the shows or the boys I do not, but do not go too often and try to go in the daytime and not at night unless an older person goes as chaperon.

Reply to "Miss Mary."
Your letter is too long to print in detail, but I must say it is almost impossible for me to believe that young people can be so rude as to talk about you and make you uncomfortable, even when in Sunday school. Don't you suppose that you imagine a good deal and if you are not well everything seems so much worse. The only remedy I know is to try to forget yourself and think what you can do for others. There is room for everyone in this world and something for each one of us to do. Brooding over our own ills is just the worst thing possible, for nothing is ever so bad but it might be worse.

Marking the Bridal Linen.
In marking a bride's linen, is it proper to use the initial of her last name, or her future husband's? It has caused quite a discussion here, the majority thinking it should be the husband's since none would be used until after the marriage.

SHELLY.

All bridal linen, both personal and for the new home, is marked with the bride's initials and not those of her future husband, as it is always prepared before the wedding, and you know "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

Reply to "Chums."
As you say "mother does not object" to the young boys calling upon you, I certainly do not, but, be sure that "mother" knows all about them, and I do not believe I would accept invitations from boys whom you have met "only twice." If you are allowed to go to "theaters and parties" and both, only wearing hair ribbons, the boys must certainly see you home, for you two girls should not be on the streets alone. I think there is no prettier way to wear the hair than looped up with ribbons or coiled around the head in braids with a ribbon bow on the side.

Invitation Etiquette.
In receiving an invitation to a card party is it proper to send acceptance, as well as regrets? What do the capital letters R. S. V. P. signify?

N. L. T.

An invitation to a card party should be accepted or regretted as soon as possible. The letters "R. S. V. P." stand for the French "Repondez s'il vous plait," and mean, in plain English, "Respond, if you please."

Reply to "Brown Eyes."
You did perfectly right to mail three cards to reach the hostess on the day of the "tea," or before the date, as long as you live out of town. I am very glad you find the department helpful and it is kind to have you say so.

MADAME MERRI.

Finishing Sleeves.
An excellent way to finish armholes in a fine lingerie waist is to sew the sleeves in by machine; then button-hole around the edges with either a coarse thread or soft floss.

Farm and Garden

GOOD BACTERIA AND BAD.

Kind the Agricultural College Pupils Studies Help the Farmer.

When one realizes that the first six inches of soil on an acre of land will weigh 900 tons and that there are approximately 300,000,000 germs to the ounce of dry fertile soil, one may obtain some idea of the bacteria hidden in the ground.

The word "germ" has been so often unpleasantly connected with contagious diseases that it is hard to realize what a very important and necessary part the bacteria play in the fertility of the soil. The plowing, harrowing, drainage and all the working of the land facil-



Photograph by Oregon Agricultural college.

STUDYING SOIL BACTERIA.

tates the proper activity of soil bacteria and thus indirectly the growing conditions of the crops planted in it.

The illustration shows a student in the bacteriology department of the Oregon Agricultural college studying soil bacteria under the microscope, which is necessary if one wishes to see these minute helpers to the farmer, since it takes about 12,000 placed end to end to make an inch. They are little rods, most of them, about twice as long as they are wide, and there are thousands of kinds.

Most of them grow best in a soil of open texture, so a hard and compact soil is not as fertile as that which is frequently laid open to the light and air.

FARMING LIKE BANKING.

The plant food in the soil is much like a bank account which is subject to a draft. So long as there is a surplus it can be withdrawn and converted into plants to afford profits for the owner, but as soon as the surplus is used the soil (the banker) must either refuse the draft and cause a crop failure or he must draw on the reserve for future crops, leaving an impoverished account for the present.—Farm and Ranch.

Safety Post Holes.

Patent post holes have long been humorously referred to in connection with machines for grinding smoke, left hand wheelbarrows, and other imaginary inventions. It has remained, however, for a Budapest inventor to make what is probably an important improvement relating particularly to post holes, seeking to thus preserve the wood of the posts. Instead of applying preservatives to the wooden post, railroad ties, sleepers or other wood exposed to the action of the earth, he treats the earth which surrounds the wooden post in such manner as to destroy all insect, germ and fungus life by soaking the earth with a suitable sterilizing liquid. The process is termed "peristerilization," and is claimed to be especially useful in rural and other remote districts in which it is inconvenient to obtain wood which has been treated with creosote or similar preservative.—Scientific American.

Manding Ensilage.

There is only one right way to take the silage out of the silo, and that is by two to three inch layers from the top surface daily and keep the upper surface level and solid. Put down all loosened silage and feed it at once and keep chutes, alleys and mangers free from moldy or sour silage.

BE BEST IN SOMETHING.

Every farmer ought to have a specialty of some kind in which he excels in his neighborhood—not for a season only, but year after year, so that it will be said of him: He has the cleanest yards or orchard or field, the straightest corn rows, the whitest fences, the layestest hens, the loveliest flowers, the coolest shade, the prettiest children, the most papers or magazines or books—the best of something.—Farm and Ranch.

Lace Butterfly Hat Is a Feature of Spring Fashion



Photo, Copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Here is an example of new Spring millinery fashions. The butterflies made of lace worn during the winter were so popular that the idea is now carried out in the lighter designs for the coming season.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—By virtue of process issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, and State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and will expose to public sale, at the Court House in Honesdale, on FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1912, 2 P. M. All the defendant's right, title, and interest in the following described property—viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Mount Pleasant, Wayne county, Pa., described as follows:

Beginning at a point seventy feet west from the northwest corner of Thomas Brown's land on the south side of the Great Bend, and Cochection turnpike road; thence south five degrees east fifteen and one-fourth perches to a post corner; thence due west two perches to a post corner; thence east eighty-five degrees south twenty-one and one-half perches to the northwestern corner of Austen Crater's land; thence along line of said Crater land south eighty-five degrees west sixty-one perches to a post and stone corner on Crater's land; thence along said land north thirty-eight perches to the south side of the Great Bend and Cochection turnpike road; thence along said road north eighty-five degrees east fifty-eight perches to place of beginning, containing fourteen acres more or less.

Upon said premises is a two-story frame house, frame barn and other improvements, being the same property that Aaron Fowler conveyed to A. T. Hankins by deed dated Feb. 6, 1903, recorded in Deed Book No. 99, page 455.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of A. T. Hankins at the suit of Harriet S. Sutton, No. 84, March Term, 1912. Judgment, \$200. Attorney, Mumford.

TAKE NOTICE.—All bids and costs must be paid on day of sale or deeds will not be acknowledged.

FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.
Honesdale, Pa., April 15, 1912.

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