

# BOOKS BY WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

## An Irish-American Romance, Written for This Paper.

BY WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

### CHAPTER I.

A BIT OF IRELAND IN AMERICA.

The town of Elmwood used to be a farming suburb of New York City. Now its boundaries are obliterated, and it is a portion of the city between the Central Park and the Riverside Drive, and nearly built up with fine residences. Between the time of these two conditions it had a period of occupation by small gardeners and others, who lived in the humblest kind of homes, some of which were more huts on the rocks. The grading of the streets left some of these structures at a conspicuous elevation, and the artists of the magazines and other illustrated periodicals were fond of sketching these picturesque views. The poorer shanties were occupied by snappers, but the next grade better yielded ground rent, however slight it might be, to the owners of the lots. But here came a point in the extension of the city's building limits when, by means of a city ordinance, these objects were swept out of existence.

Early moon of an August evening was shining on Elmwood Hill and was favorably lighting it up as a remarkably close resemblance of a rural scene in Ireland. On the shelving rock stood a man and a woman, and between them a collection of materials, yet formed into a rude semblance of cottages. Vine-covered some of the lack of architecture, and the moon was not severe in exposing the points of ugliness. They sat against one of the back to back as though for mutual support, each being conscious of its own structural frailty. A pig-sty was close by, and a pen for goats, while small patches of grass and hedges were scattered about, covered a portion of the stone. Up the ledge a stairway led, by means of an interspersed rock-hewn and board-built steps, from the street to the cabins. Up this ascent climbed a policeman in uniform, who had been detailed to serve notices of ejectment to the inhabitants of Shanty Town, as the neighborhood was commonly called, and his day's task had reached to the evening, as was with the rest of the homes of the O'Rourke and the Beggs. The occasion was, indeed, like that of an eviction in Ireland. There had been plenty of warning, however, and when Phelim O'Rourke, smoking in front of his door, saw the official approaching, he knew the errand before it was delivered. The visitor simply handed a paper to him, and delivered a similar one into the adjacent premises of the Beggs.

O'Rourke put on a pair of iron-bowed spectacles, which he fastened to a match with his palm, and by his flickering light slowly read the formal notice. A learned man in his way was O'Rourke. He had once taught school in his native Ireland, and his head was full of book learning. He had a taste for the most advanced theories, and was a student of him in actual utility. He was a vague dreamer, an inventor of wildly impracticable theories, and altogether a man entirely unsuited to earn a living. He was a person who, as the first element of personal success. Instead of making and realizing simple plans for the support of himself and his wife, he gave his thoughts to almost if not quite irrational philosophizing.

Phelim O'Rourke, a handsome young fellow, who joined him. His hair had the auburn of Ireland in its close-cropped efforts to be curly; his face bore the open good-humor of his race; in a peasant costume, instead of the dress of a New-Yorker, he would have looked like a veritable "broth of a boy"; but his tongue had lost the brogue of his native land, for he had emigrated in childhood. Even his father's Irish speech was but a lawyer's characteristic; he handed the document to Donnell and asked him what he thought of that.

"I think it is time we quit the shanty and the rock, anyhow," was the spirited reply. "I'm earning \$12 a week as a lawyer's clerk, and in a year I'll be a lawyer myself. If you can't do something to bring in as much, father, we can afford to live in better quarters."

The one lacking thing to complete the Irish-American scene agreeably was a pretty girl, and this came into him from the residence of the Beggs. Wide-open gray eyes, with dark lashes, had Nora Beggs, and the clear white of her cheeks was freckled like the stipple of an engraved face. She seemed younger by two or three years than Donnell, who was 20, and like him she had been brought across the ocean too early in life to leave the brogue of Ireland on her tongue. A modest girl, with a neatly dressed one of this New York fashion, she was of the Rock. Close dwellers there had she and Donnell been, and closer yet had their hearts become. When she was told that the eviction was a certainty, and thereupon Donnell asked her to walk with him, she blushed a little, but took his arm, and it was evident that their conversation would relate to the question of a future home. Even the abstracted Phelim O'Rourke vaguely understood that, as he watched them out of sight.

While Phelim O'Rourke was still meditating upon the document, his neighbor, Micky Beggs, zigzagged up the stairway. Micky was a sad example of intemperance, and he had just returned from the "berren" of old Pete McGlathery. As the bottle was passed around very freely after old Pete was gone, Micky was full to the brim to the back teeth. "I show my sobriety," he called upon O'Rourke to see him jump from the three-legged stool, which stood by the door-step, to the bottom of the wash-tub. "I'll put myself in position," he said. "See me leap, and then say if I'm drunk. Hurroo!"

"Are you comin' in, Micky?" came in a woman's feeble voice from within, for poor Mrs. Beggs was a helplessly, hopelessly, and helplessly drunk.

"Divil a step till O'Rourke sees me leap from the tub to the stool. I can leap like a goat, me darlin'!" And giving a spring in the air Micky came down with a thud, nearly crushing a goat that was comfortably sleeping near the cabin door.

"A nice example you are, Micky," said O'Rourke, solemnly, "to come from a funeral as drunk as a piper. Get up, Micky, boys come in the night."

Burroo, Father Hanley, who was

heard patiently when his own turn came. They were so thoroughly at variance with all established things that they wouldn't even spell the name of their club in accordance with the dictionary, and at times they took to adding the letters of their names to the affairs of the universe ought to be conducted. Phelim O'Rourke was about the oddest of them all. The address that he had delivered, and about which he was talking to the other fellows, Micky, he had forwarded as a theory which, even to his companions, seemed singular indeed. It had kept them so interested that they had neglected the convivial fun of the club. The beer and beer glasses had been empty for a quarter of an hour before he finished, but upon his conclusion the mugs were quickly filled, and the overtopping foam ran down their sides to the table.

"Here is to the hope," said one, "that Mr. O'Rourke's theory may never be tested on O'Rourke's self." That was drunk with noisy laughter, so O'Rourke confessed in his account to his neighbor. And yet he declared that he had found in his fellow-members' immensity.

"You've brains enough and to spare, Phelim," said the priest, after listening to enough of the concluding narrative of the theory, "but I don't think of some new, strange and impracticable doctrine of his own invention. Why don't you use your education sensibly, as your son Donnell does? He'll be a successful lawyer in no time, for he's strengthening his hand by good work, while you're adding yours with your philosophical rubbish."

While the priest was speaking Dolf Beggs came up the stairway, gave to the priest a friendly "good-evening," and slouched into his humble home. He was not an ill-looking fellow, but his manner betrayed bad habits and a reckless disposition. The three men conversed a few minutes about the subject, then Dolf Beggs, who was just started by an outcry. It was the feeble yet shrill voice of Oonah Beggs, and they hurried into her cabin to find out what was the matter with her. She lay in bed, her eyes closed, and her face expressed her thin, wan face. Dolf Beggs, her hulking son, sat in a chair tipped back against the wall, with his arms folded hard, one leg crossed stiffly over the other, and his scowling brows expressed that he could only half believe what he was told.

"What is it?" Father Hanley asked, taking a seat on the edge of the bed, and holding one of the invalid's hands.

"Has the boy been doing anything to you?"

"That's right!" Dolf exclaimed. "Ask her—don't ask me. Of course, she'll tell you the truth, and I won't."

"Did he strike you?" the priest asked, seeing a red mark on the woman's wrist, and his face grew gloomy.

"He didn't strike me," she responded.

"He tried to rob me. He knew my hundred dollars had been drawn from the savings bank, that I had it here under my pillow. It's part of my wife's money, and now we've got to use it for the hire of a place to live in. When he thought I was fast asleep, he comes in on tiptoe, and feels for it. But I was awake, and I screamed with all my might. He drank my whisky, and he told me to tell it to him, but sure, the priest ought to know it. And I had to call for help, for he'd have stolen me money."

The priest patted the woman's hand, and said soothingly, "Nora, my dear, never mind that. We'll try to pay for her little home, and I'll try to get you some more money. You'll come to some had end if you don't reform yourself."

Dolf said nothing, but suddenly unfolded his arms, uncrossed his legs, and picked up a bottle of whisky, and went out of the cabin. He stamped down the stairs to the street, and bent his steps toward the grocery, where his gang congregated, bound to get drunk if money could be obtained without whisky.

Micky and Donnell were in time, and his customary affection for his wife manifested itself in the exclamation: "I'll thrash the devil out of him—that's what I'll do."

"Don't do that, Oonah," said "Love him to Father Hanley. May he'll be a good man, and he'll be a better one. She closed her eyes and was silent for a minute; then she said, with a sad smile: "There's pleasant news, Anyhow, it's pleasant to me. The doctor says he'll be six months, and he'll be longer than six months at the most. There, Micky, don't be sorry. If I thought me sufferings—me days and nights as dreadful, dreadful pain—was going to last longer I'd be in despair. I'll be six months, and he'll be longer. I'll be six months."

"And there's no possibility of your recovery?" Phelim O'Rourke inquired, with a singular manifestation of interest.

"You've got to lie here, and do nothing but rest, and that's all there is."

"Hush, man," the priest whispered. "It's the truth, but don't speak it to her."

The priest and the neighbor bade the Beggs good-night, and departed.

CHAPTER II.

MICKY AND THE WITCH.

At daylight next morning Micky started for the stockyard at the river's side, and went to work at his regular job, driving the pig before him. He felt full of Irish patriotism, for he was not at all taking a pig to the fair; and he was proud of the proceeds to go to pay the ground rent of the family, and the demolition of the structure? Micky lit his pipe, and as he trudged along the road would whistle a bar or two of some reel or jig between the whiffs of his pipe. He had a bundle of sticks under his arm, and a bag of sticks in his carriage, while people would take of their hats to her, took possession of Micky's brain. "Why not, indeed? Sure, she's as pretty as Lord Lorton's daughter, and she'll be a beauty. I'll be a gate-keeper or roadmaster on the estate. Begorra, Nora can go! We'll all be rich of these days."

"Oh, long there, ye divil, as the pig tugged at the rope around his neck, and

## HOME AND THE FARM.

### A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Farmers Don't Credit the Farm With Its Earnings—Good Plan for a Healthy Home—Staring Orchards—Winter Care of Cows, Etc.

The Credit Side of the Farm Ledger.

Too many farmers are inclined to grumble over the lack of cash receipts from the farm, but they never dream of giving that farm credit for the supplies used from it by the family, and why not? If they filled a salary position in a store or office they would soon discover that the cost of living was a greater bug-bear than the lack of cash now in.

I am acquainted, says Waldo E. Brown, with a farm valued with stock and implements at \$5,000. It is an upland farm with fifty acres of good plow land and the remaining forty acres in a well-wooded pasture land. The buildings are plain but commodious, and in good repair. The family supported on this farm averages about eight, and the furnishing of the wants of the family is made of the first importance and what they do not need is sold. The cost for labor runs from \$250 to \$350 a year. A small herd of Jersey cows are kept and two or three Poland China sows that are bred for two litters a year; two brood mares and a driving horse make up the live stock. As the farmer cultivates a race for there is usually a cow or two to sell each year, a horse or colt and from ten to twenty pigs. About half the farm is kept in grain and clover, and from fifteen to twenty acres sown in wheat each fall, and five to seven in oats each spring, to furnish food for growing stock. Three acres are devoted to garden and truck patch, and fifteen acres to corn and potatoes. There is a permanent pasture of blue grass containing twenty-five acres and five acres near the barn and hog house used for cutting lots for the family.

Use of Keeping the various kinds separate. It is the policy of the owner of this farm to buy no food but a few tons of bran and a few hundred pounds of oil meal each year, but to keep stock enough to consume what is grown.

The cash income from the farm is from various sources, the sales including each year's live stock, from one to three hundred bushels of wheat, potatoes, sweet potatoes, clover seed, hay, butter, fruit, and usually a surplus from the garden and poultry yard. From an inspection of the books I find that the net income from this farm have in some years of drought and short wheat been only between four and five hundred dollars, and in the more prosperous years they have amounted to nearly one thousand dollars. I was most interested in the credits given the farm for what it furnished the family. The items which were given were as follows: "Rent of house and outbuilding at \$16 a month, \$200. Keep of family grain at \$1 a week for the year, \$52. Bread stuffs, \$35. Meats, including hams, lard, and beef for the winter, \$80. Poultry and eggs, \$50. Fruits, \$10. Potatoes, \$10. Vegetables, \$10. Total, \$567; and as the interest at 6 per cent. on the \$5,000 invested would be \$300, it will be seen that these amount to a little over 10 per cent."

From many years' experience keeping accounts with my own farm, I do not believe that a single item in the above statement is charged at too high a rate, and if the owner of this farm should sell it and rent as good a house and keep a horse and cow, and live in as good style and as comfortably as he now does, he would likely pay out twice as much as the interest he would get for his money, and the chances are he would not find as safe an investment for his money at even 6 per cent. interest.

Country Roads.

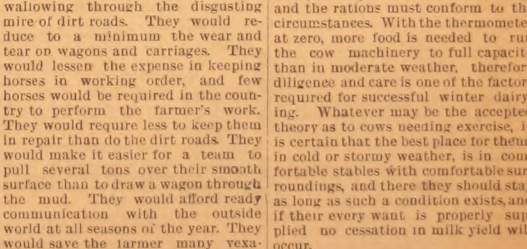
Farm and Preside says that good country roads would make it possible for the farmers to take advantage promptly of the highest market, no matter at what season of the year. They would save many days and weeks of time which he wastes every year wallowing through the disgusting mire of dirt roads. They would reduce to a minimum the wear and tear on wagons and carriages. They would lessen the expense in keeping horses in working order, and few horses would be required in the country to perform the farmer's work. They would require less to keep them in repair than do the dirt roads. They would make it easier for a team to pull several tons over their smooth surface than to draw a wagon through the mud. They would afford ready communication with the outside world at all seasons of the year. They would save the farmer many vexations and nervous strains. They would practically shorten the distance to the local market. They would increase the demand for country and suburban property.

Starving Orchards.

The question "Are orchardstressed by corn growing?" was asked by one of the agricultural papers, and the following is one reply received: "Corn feeds upon phosphoric acid, potash, and ammonia. Trees require the same thing, but rather more of potash and phosphate of lime than they do of ammonia. I have no doubt that the corn does not harm the trees, except by taking from the soil food which they need. But I do not see how one can get any sort of corn under trees. They may get a growth of stalk, but there cannot be much nutriment in it, for corn requires sugar to develop the starch and sugar and other feeding elements of which it is composed. We think that if corn is planted thickly, even for a year, that it is not so valuable as that which is planted more thinly with a chance for the sun to strike in and develop it. Corn grown in the shade must be like grass grown under trees, all "dizz and no food."

A Cheap Warm Poultry House.

Here is a plan for a poultry house, which according to Farm and Home, is the cheapest and most practical house that can be built. The house should be located on an eastern or southern exposure, and where there would be no chance for surface water to run in. Decide how many birds you want to keep and build your house accordingly, allowing five square feet of space to each bird. Use for sills 4x4 inch timber, for rafters 2x6 inch, and plates 2x4 inch, all of spruce. Use hemlock boards twelve feet long, planed on one side,



THE HOUSE COMPLETE.

for the sides and ends. Having framed and leveled the sills begin at one corner of the front. Saw four feet of a board and saw the eight-foot piece for the front and the four-foot piece for the back of the house. Take two boards of the same length and nail on the corners. To these nail the ends of the plates, and nail a board in the center of the plate to keep it from sagging. Then nail the side boards to the sill and the plate. Remember to lay the plate flat with the sides on the same pitch as the roof. While boarding up the front, leave a place for the windows. Have the side boards come up even with the top of the plate. The bottom end should touch the ground. After boarding the sides and ends, leaving a place for a door and windows, take some thick building paper and paper the outside, putting on the paper up and down. Board over this with either hemlock or spruce matched boards, being sure not to have the joints come opposite each other. If you batten the cracks outside no wind can blow through. Make the house eleven feet wide. Use planed and matched twelve feet spruce for the roof, laying the crosswise with two rafters four feet apart running lengthwise of the house. Cover the roof with tarred paper. Such a house ten feet long will keep twenty-two fowls.

More Clover Sowing.

The best sowing, we know of that a farmer is making up to the need of better farming, says the American Cultivator, is to see him prepare to sow more clover seed. It costs little and pays more for the money than any other farm improvement he can make. Therefore it should be always the first step. It will half furnish the money and the fertility of soil necessary to take longer and more expensive future steps. We hold that clover should be sown with every grain crop, even though the stubble is to be plowed under the next fall. Often the clover catch will be so good that the farmer will think it a pity, as it surely will destroy it. The gain will be all the greater, but the growth that clover will make between March and September is worth far more for manure than the cost of seeding. It is a much richer manure than most weeds which it will displace, and has the further advantage of getting most of its fertilizing properties except the mineral, from the air, and not as weeds, always draw them from the soil. For this reason clover among grain so far as we know never injures the grain crop, and we have thought it often helped it.

Water Care of Cows.

According to the Indiana Farmer, there are several methods that may be adopted to keep up the milk flow and increase the butter yield in the winter, without adding greatly to the expense. Among them, warm the water the cows drink, and keep a constant supply before them; feed and milk at regular hours; see that the temperature of the stable is at all times conducive to comfort. Sudden changes require constant watching, and the ration must conform to the circumstances. With the thermometer at zero, more food is needed to run the cow machinery to full capacity than in moderate weather, therefore diligence and care is one of the factors required for successful winter dairying. Whatever may be the accepted theory as to cows needing exercise, it is certain that the best place for them, in cold or stormy weather, is in comfortable stables with comfortable surroundings, and there they should stay as long as such a condition exists, and for every winter milk supply, no cessation in milk yield will occur.

Notes About the Farm.

ANIMALS confined should be well bedded.

DIRTY heels are the beginning of scratches.

FIRST-CLASS farming improves the farm every year.

TURKIES respond to manuring with crude phosphates.

Food enough for only one steer will never make two fates.

A DEEP silo preserves silage better than a shallow one.

GROUND bone makes a lasting and satisfactory fertilizer.

Less acres and better crops is the tendency of the times.

The philosophy of feeding is simple, but few understand it.

The more bushels to the acre the less the cost per bushel.

CAN you tell how much your pork costs you per pound?

The most nutritive part of the wheat goes with the bran.