

What the Judge Said.

I.

Night had fallen on the forest-clad slopes of the mountain, and moonlight, breaking through the feathery leaves of the tall, dark hill-pines, fell in a cataract of radiance over the edge of a precipitous gorge, filling for a time the gloomy depths, and losing itself at last in the foaming water that marked the passage of the river below.

Half-way up the mountain-side there was a space of cleared land, so steep that it seemed almost to stand on edge. In its midst a spot had been levelled to give footing to a tiny cabin. Around the cabin the young corn was growing. Far off in the eastward a single light burned like a star, and from the window of the cabin another light seemed to answer.

A woman leaned from the cabin window watching that eastern light—a light that located for her the gaol in the courthouse town ten miles away.

Behind it lay the sharp, curved ridge of Croaghmoyle, on whose heather slope this woman had been born. To-night she wished that she had died there, on that rugged, shelving "spur," long ago, in the days when her cheeks were red and her lips were ripe, when life had seemed full and joyous to young and laughing Moyra Carey.

Now she was Moyra Carey no longer, and she was old. She had not known how old she was until these last few days, for it is not the passing of years that makes for age, but the passing of joy, and the light and the sweetness of living. The woman watching the distant light was alone, while that for which she lived was yonder, under that light, in the gaol of the town.

Alone in her sorrow the woman sat there, oppressed by the mighty silence. Involuntarily her mind sought relief in wandering back over the days of her life, lingering here and there on well-remembered scenes. Among her memories was that of summer days of her fresh young womanhood, how, when the sunset came, and she was stirring to-morrow's breakfast porridge, there came also the tall young lawyer from that wonderful city, where the people knew so much, yet strange to say, knew nothing of the ways and the thoughts of the mountain folk.

How queerly he had looked at her, until her bright, black eyes grew shy and timid; and once, when he had caught her hand, and seemed about to speak, she, with becoming maidenly modesty, had broken away from him, and ran down the path.

She had looked over her shoulder and laughed at him; but he had not followed. If he had, how different it all might have been!

Again, she thought of a time when the trees were bare, and the brown leaves lay thick on the frozen ground. The cold wind moaned at the eaves of the dwelling, and sighed in the tops of the trees; but the fires burned brightly, and there was good cheer within doors, for it was her wedding-night.

The summer was past, and she was but a woman, after all. Barney Nolan had a farm at Ballycroft, and Barney was a good man, so everyone said. He had a "still," and made whisky, of course; but that was all right, provided he was not caught by the Constabulary. So she had gone away with Barney to his place at Ballycroft, and there the baby had been born.

She looked up quickly at the distant light. What mattered it that the babe had grown to be almost a man? His little hands had twined themselves in her flowing hair, his little arms had clasped about her neck, his little cheek, soft and warm, had pressed itself close to hers. Her baby—yonder, under the light!

For when Barney had gone—killed in a fight with the Constabulary—and the "still" had been broken up and the farm sold, she had come away up here with her child; and here they struggled on, poorly and feebly enough, but happily, because they had each other.

But last year the pigs had failed, and for the first time they lacked money for the rent. Then she had told the boy something that she had kept to herself through all these years, lest a time like this should come; for away off down there in the valley, under the shadow of the shelving cliffs, and hedged about by the heather and the tangled bushes, once she had helped Barney to hide a cask of whiskey, burying it in the earth, and trailing the bushes cunningly over their work.

The whisky was old and valuable, and the rent money might surely be had. How could she know that when the boy, with the instinct of a born mountaineer, had unearthed it, and sold it stealthily, and paid the rent, someone—a spy, perhaps—would report him, and set the Constabulary on his track? She had hidden him, when this came to pass, far back in the wilds of the mountain-side; but one night they had followed her as she slipped away to carry him food, and now he was yonder.

Hungrily she watched the light. It seemed to be telling her of him. Suddenly it went out, and there were only the moon and the pale stars that hung over the dark-blue masses of the distant "spurs."

II.

The day which followed the wo-

man's vigil was Monday morning of court week, and the little slow-going mountain town was filled with the long-limbed, loose-jointed men and sallow, apathetic women who came from "Croaghmoyle way," or the easier slopes of Ballagha-derreen.

Out in the front an "Oirish Oitalian" from the eastern and more enterprising country had established himself, and was busily foisting his wares upon a gaping crowd. Just behind him, sitting in the door of the hotel, a group of lawyers, in black coats and neat white ties, smoked their cigars, and laughed loudly at jokes among the country folk.

They, too, were all from the "great city," for the village was too poor to afford aught of its own in the legal line, save a few "attorneys."

Apart from all, breathing the heavy scent of the heather bloom that drifted in with the breeze, and gazing thoughtfully out at the mountains, sat the judge—a new man, here for his first court.

And yet this little mountain town was familiar ground to "his honor."

"How soon men grow old, and are forgotten!" he thought. Why, it seemed to him but yesterday since he, a briefless young barrister, had come down here to obtain a little rest and quiet after an unsuccessful struggle in the Dublin law courts. Ah, what days! The judge smiled broadly as he remembered them, and with them the schoolhouse, and the uncouth, coatless urchins who came thither to see the "Dublin attorney."

How like untamed things those urchins were—lithe, shaggy-haired, restless, and shy! How they alternately dreaded and scorned this delicate young barrister, who preferred to sit outside his cottage door, studying law-books, rather than follow the bunt on foot. How little they, or he, then thought that in after years, when their heads were growing grey, he would come back again to sit in judgment upon some of them!

There was a restful somnolence in the odour of the blossoms, and the breeze blew fresh and cool. The judge leaned back and shut his eyes that he might enjoy it at his ease. The strident voice of the Irish Italian grew softer, and the laughter of the lawyers drifted farther and farther away. The pigs were still grunting at the back of the little cottage; and, in his imagination, the judge was there again.

He could almost hear the boys at play on the steep-slanting hillside, almost feel that it was afternoon instead of morning. Presently he would go out and drink the clear cold water that gushed from under the rocks, and then he would go on, pushing his way through the prickly blossom-covered heather that cumbered the path, until he crossed the "ridge," and came down through the apple-trees and the clover to old Pat Carey's, where Moyra Carey was chopping the nettles for the chickens' morning meal.

Moyra Carey! His face flushed when he thought of her. Once he had thought—Ah, well! No matter what he had thought, nor what Moyra had thought. The ways of the mountain folks were not his ways; so he had gone according to his traditions, and she according to hers.

He had not thought of her for a long time; but to-day he almost wished that he had never left this place, and with it shy, dark-eyed, ignorant Moyra Carey.

Court was open, and the third case on the docket was about to be tried. The accused had no counsel; there was no chance, therefore, of an exciting legal battle.

The charge was a common enough one in this region. The prisoner—a mere lad—had told a piteous tale, it is true; but all the prisoners told piteous tales when their misdeeds were aired in open court. What would become of the law if every lad whose mother needed money for rent was allowed to retail unstamped whisky?

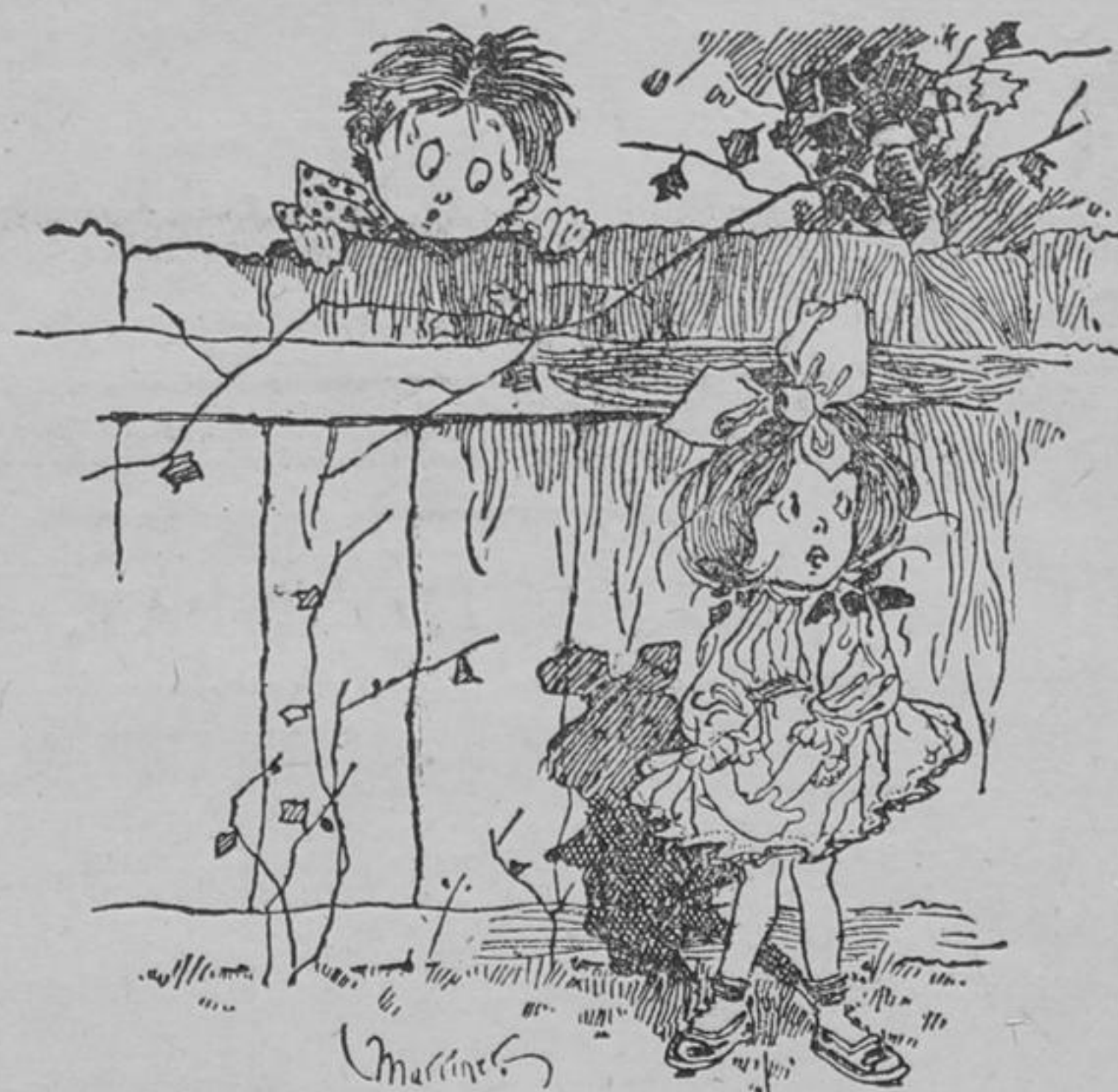
It was hot in the courthouse, and the air was laden with stale odours. The judge glanced enviously at the retreating lawyers, and plied his handkerchief with testy vigour. Beneath the open windows a dog fight was in progress. The snarls of the curs and the excited cries of their backers disturbed the quiet of the court, so the clerk of the court, with well-assumed dignity, leaned far out to chide the crowd—and to see which dog won.

Presently the prisoner—a thin, awkward-looking lad—was pushed into the dock, where he sat gazing stupidly at the faces of the tired jurymen.

The clerk, in a monotonous, drawling voice, read the indictment; but the judge had forgotten him, and was gazing at the downcast features of the boy. Surely there was something familiar about that face? Whatever it was, it troubled him, and he frowned impatiently.

Then a low sob caught his ear, and he looked quickly across the rows of the court seats at the place where a woman was sitting. He hated women who came to his court-room to snivel and to cry. She was old—he could see that—old and tired and worn. Her brown shawl had fallen off, and a wisp of grey hair straggled across her forehead. Her eyes—motherly eyes, for all that they were faded and sunken and dim—were on the boy, and her bent and knotted fingers clutched nervously at the seat on front. Suddenly she arose and spoke:

"May Oi say wan word, yer honor?"



The Lover—Say, this Romeo business is tough! I'm kotched on a nail an' dere's a spider down me back!"

The judge started as if something had frightened him. From under that wisp of grizzled hair, from behind that wrinkled, yellow mask, a voice had called to him—the voice of smiling, black-eyed Moyra Varey. He raised his hand, and the clerk, who was moving to hush her, dropped into a seat, amazed. The woman was talking on.

"Faith, an' it's himself is the on'y wan I has, yer honor," she said. "An', shure, wasn't it to gimme a hand that he sold thim shperrets? He's a good boy, yer worship; an' he's a nobody but meself left now to moind the pigs and cut the turf. Honey judge, lave him wid me, and gimme wan more chanst—jist wan more chanst!"

She sat down. The noise of the dogs had ceased, and their owners squabbled loudly over the result of the fight, and the judge moved impatiently. All this was irregular, and he disliked irregular proceedings. He was troubled, too—troubled because he was old, and because Moyra Carey was old, and because she had a boy who ought to be tried.

Why was she here? Why wasn't she at home—at old Pat Carey's—cutting the nettles, as she used to at the end of the summer afternoon, when he came grasping at the wooden handle to help her, and catching her warm brown one instead?

"Mr. Clerk," he said suddenly, "release that prisoner, without bail, to be present at the next term of the court!"

The clerk started up and leaned back. The Constabulary had had trouble catching that boy, and he thought that he ought to be tried.

"Your worship," he whispered, "you don't know these folks! That boy'll never come back!"

The judge's face flushed an angry red.

"He'll be a cursed fool if he does!" he said explosively. "Call the next case!"



ADDS INSULT TO INJURY.

Lady (who has just collided with cyclist)—Get down, John, quickly and take his name and address. I'm sure he has knocked some paint off my new cart!"

MORE DIFFICULT THAN IT SEEMED.

He had had his little speech all written out for several days beforehand, and it ran like this:—"I have called, Mr. Wealthyman, to tell you frankly that I love your daughter; and I have her assurance that my affection is returned, and I hope you will give your consent for her to become my wife. I am not a rich man, but we are young and strong, and are willing to fight the battle of life together; and—" there was a good deal more of it, and he could say it all glibly before he left home; but when he stood in the presence of papa Wealthyman he said:—"I—I—that is—I—Mr. Wealthyman—I tell you frankly that—I—your daughter loves me, and—and—I have called to—to—frankly ask you to—to—be my wife—er—er—that is—I—we—she—er—no—we are willing to fight—that is—we—we are young and can fight—er—no—I hope you understand me."

Liverpool embarks most emigrants—118,552 last year, to Southampton's 49,662.

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

BREEDING SHEEP.

In buying animals for a start, get the best that can be secured at a reasonable price, writes Mr. J. P. Sargent. Animals lacking constitution and vigor should be butchered. Buy well-matured ewes; better lambs will be produced than from young ewes and in ten years a much more profitable flock will have been developed.

Sheep should always be protected from the cold, especially in autumn and early spring. In winter protect from storms and winds. See that they get plenty of care and that their quarters are dry under foot. Keep in the barn at night during winter, but turn out in the lot every day so they will get the much needed exercise. Keep salt and water always accessible.

It is useless to tell farmers at this day and age that plenty of good feed is absolutely necessary to success. Fine early cut hay is excellent, then straw, silage, etc., may be used as supplementary feed. There is no profit in raising sheep on poor or insufficient feed. If one is obliged to feed poor hay in part, give it in the morning when the sheep are hungry. At night clean out the racks and feed all the good hay that will be eaten up clean. The more clover in the hay the better. Give grain or roots, or both, if available, in connection with the hay. Feed twice a day—8 in the morning and at 4 in the afternoon. When very long days arrive, I feed three times a day.

The time for having lambs dropped must be governed more or less by circumstances. They should always come at the barn unless there is a small pasture close by where the flock can be watched. If the ewes are allowed to shift for themselves, many lambs will be lost and occasionally a mature sheep. There are many good reasons why sheep should be sheared before being turned to pasture. If shorn as soon as the weather permits, they are more comfortable, but must be put into the barn during spells of cold weather. If allowed to carry their coat until late in the season they are terribly annoyed by heat and ticks and are driven into the shade when they should be feeding in the pasture. The skin of the sheep becomes very tender from sweating, and when shorn they often suffer from colds.

All stock must be comfortable to be profitable. Consequently shear early, keep under shelter during stormy weather, and the animals will then be in condition to make the best use of early pasture. While the lambs are in the barn, they should have access to a separate inclosure where oats and bran are available. If the lambs are to go to the butcher corn meal should be added, but those wanted for breeding are better without this heating feed. If the lambs attain any considerable size before going to market suitable racks should be provided and well supplied with hay. If the sheep are sheared, the lambs should be dipped in a decoction of tobacco, for any ticks on the old sheep go to the lambs after shearing. Wean the lambs at four months, so the ewes may gain flesh before the breeding season in the fall.

PORK PRODUCTION.

In producing pork one of the essentials to be taken into consideration is to grow the food that is best and cheapest, on one's own farm. There is a good deal of talk about balanced rations for swine. There is no doubt of the value of a balanced ration and there is much profit to be gained by such a ration, providing the farm produces all the essentials for that ration. Some farmers will tell you that they cannot make any money feeding hogs, or at least that they have paid out all profits in buying feeds. The man who is a successful farmer must take into consideration the economics in running his business. The man who is paying out money for high-priced foods and conditioners that he might produce for himself is not practicing economy. The aim of every farmer must be to produce on his farm all

the food that is necessary to both grow and fatten his pork.

Corn and grass are two great feeds that every farmer should pin his faith to in the corn and grass region. The grass can be varied to suit the climate and soil of the various locations. Oats can be used as a change to good advantage, while the product of the dairy can be worked into pork with equal profit.

Every farmer should study his own conditions and environments and produce the food necessary as a matter of economy and profit from the farm. Instead of buying bone meal, feed your charcoal or ashes or cob ashes, also feed with roots, small potatoes, pumpkins and other vegetables grown upon the farm. Study your animals, keep them on the move and on the grow. You will find by careful investigation of the capabilities of your farm that it will produce adequate stuff to meet all requirements of growing hogs without having to buy high-priced feeds, and this method will bring you a profit.

HOW TO TETHER YOUR BEAST.

An excellent method of tethering your horse is as follows: Instead of driving in a certain peg and tying the rope to it, as most people do, take a long, strong wire and fasten it to a peg at either end. The pegs are driven into the ground as far apart as the wire can easily be stretched by hand, and the tether-rope is fastened to a ring sliding on the wire. If the wire used is one hundred yards long, and the tether-rope fifty feet, the animal is allowed to graze over about three-quarters of an acre. As the wire is tight and lies flat upon the ground, there is no fear of the animal becoming entangled in it. Of course it is preferable not to stretch it across a hollow. A strong single fence wire is strong enough, or perhaps the plain double twisted fence wire would be better, as the two-stranded kind possesses a little more elasticity. The wire should be burned before using, so as to prevent its breaking if it should become kinked in changing the pegs.

POULTRY YARD.

If the surplus stock is fat and ready for market it is wise to sell now. Kaffir corn is a wholesome poultry food, but not so fattening as Indian corn.

A small sleigh-bell on the necks of a few members of your turkey flock may keep foxes and other thieves from carrying out their evil designs. When young cockerels fight remove the vanquished to the pullet pen for a few weeks. If left with his conqueror he will neither grow nor fatten.

Wheat can be profitably substituted for corn to the extent of one-half of the grain ration where it is relatively cheaper than the corn, which is the case in some sections.

If your early hatched pullets are matured enough to lay, coop them as you intend them to remain for the winter, as it is not safe to move them after they start laying; it will interfere with the egg laying.

When a dozen eggs bring as much in the market as a pound of butter, the farmer who keeps hens and manages them well is a little ahead of the dairyman whose cows hardly return enough for their keeping.

NOT IN ORDER.

In a certain Lanarkshire village a meeting was called to consider the advisability of erecting a bridge over a burn which had been heretofore crossed by means of stepping-stones.

The schoolmaster, who presided over the meeting, warmly advocated the erection of a bridge in an eloquent speech, when a local worthy, who was something of a character and noted for his outspokenness, got up and interrupted:—

"Hoot, toot, schulemaister, you're fair haiverin', man! Wha wad gang an' put a brig ower siccan a wee bit burnie as yon? Losh, man, I cud cross it wi' a stannin' jump!"

"Order, order," exclaimed the chairman, angrily. "You are clearly out of order."

"I ken I'm oot o' order," rejoined the interrupter, amid the laughter of the audience. "If I was in order I cud jump as faur again!"

YOUNG SIGHTSEERS.

Berlin has a child exchange. The poorer people of the city who cannot afford outings send their children to country peasants and receive in return for an equal length of time peasant children who want to see the city. The plan has worked so well that the charitable German women who originated it would like to extend it. There is even talk of exchanging children between neighboring countries, so that they will gain still more paluable experience.



SOILY IN STRAWBERRY DESIGN.