

EXCELSIOR
NATIONAL 1^D SCHOOL
COPY BOOK

108 PAGES
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Best Value in the World

NAME OF WRITER _____

SCHOOL _____

It was a may morning in Ireland,
with a brilliant sun, a glorious sky,
and the birds gone ^{mad} ~~wild~~ with joy.
Their gladness flashed to the blue
Heaven in sweet, wild notes. They
stirred the dreamy silence of the
old orchard at Drumahinch with
their rapturous tumult. Their joy
grew so loud and insistent that
it pierced through his load of
trouble to the sad heart of the
old man sitting there in gloomy
meditation. He raised his down-
bent head and gazed in a kind
of dull pain at the flashing
of the glad wings above him,
at the wonder of blossom that
made earth a bridal bower, and
the gleam of blue sky that smiled
on

on him through the apple boughs.
 In his care and gloom he felt
 himself an outcast from all this
 exuberant ~~joy~~ happiness — what part had
 such as he in Nature's glad
 awakening? The birds had
 their place right enough — they
 were a fitting part of the beautiful
 drama, and their jubilant delight
 woke a thrill of tenderness
 within him.

He looked up at them, and spoke
 softly.

"God love ye, wee things!" he said,
 "It's you has the happy time,
 an' nothin' to trouble ye."

Then with a new softness in his
 heart he looked back through
 memory to long-dead joys, the
 rapture of his own lost youth.

The

The face of his dead wife smiled on him again. From the day he had met her — the one love of his life — until the day he had laid her in the little churchyard, life had gone on wings for him. Her cheery face and tender heart had made sunshine around her. She met the troubles of life with a prayer in her heart and a song on her lips, and a courage that never failed. But she was gone now, and he was lonely and old, and the cares of life had broken his spirit. All his days had been spent in ceaseless, uncomplaining toil, and he was no nearer rest now than he had ever been. He must still work and strive to pay the

the rent and keep the roof over his head, to save himself and little Bridie from the workhouse. There was no strong son to take the burden from his failing hands — his only living child was Bridie, fair and fragile as a lily flower.

With a sigh the old man left his dreaming, and rose to take up the day's work. As he passed through the yard the smoke from a neighbour's chimney caught his eye, a volume of smoke that made a thick black cloud in the clear air.

"Dan's chimney's on fire — it will clean away the soot for him, if it does no mischief into the bargain," he thought, and then, as

a sudden, strange idea flashed on him he stood stock ~~still~~ ^{still}, staring at the smoke.

What was it he had heard yesterday about a fire in the town — "an insurance fire" he had heard it called — where some merchant's old premises had been burned, and the heavy insurance money would soon rebuild them in great splendour. It was a fine way of making money, somebody had said.

Manus O'Kane was an honest soul. He had never wronged man, woman, or child, yet now his heart was filled with unholy delight as he thought of the fraud he could so easily accomplish. All his buildings were insured — what could be simpler

simpler than to fire the old worthless barn at the corner, and get a fine sum in compensation — a sum that would relieve his anxieties and give A winsome Bridie some of the pleasures that other young girls enjoyed. The thought seemed to take years off his life. In its contemplation he experienced the excited and ~~fearful~~^{frightened} pleasure a small boy finds in robbing an orchard.

It was about twelve o'clock that night when a belated wayfarer woke up the inhabitants of the pretty village near Drumahinch with the news that Manus O'Hane's place was on fire, and the blaze could be seen ten miles away.

It

It was not many minutes till the whole population, man, woman and child, was on its way to Drumahurich. The babies who could neither walk nor toddle were carried in willing arms, for in such a quiet neighbourhood a big fire was a spectacle not to be missed.

When the scene of the conflagration was reached, it seemed that some discount must be taken off the information. Instead of the majestic blaze that had been reported the fire revealed itself as a weakly flame feebly lighting the interior of the old barn and not threatening the homestead.

As the foremost of the visitors came near, ^{however,} the fire found some straw kindly placed within its reach by

Manus

x
Mama herself stood ^{inside the barn} ~~beside the fire~~,
looking dazed and bewildered, and
evidently incapable of taking any
measures to avert ^{the threatened} disaster.
x

Manus, and was soon blaying in a
very creditable and quite impressive
manner. + + + + +

An impromptu fire brigade
was quickly formed, and the post
of command taken by old Dan
Hegarty, who considered himself entitled
to it by virtue of being Manus
O'Kane's nearest neighbour and
oldest friend. If Dan had
only known it, he was indirectly
responsible for all the excitement,
since it was his own smoky
chimney that had conveyed the
dire suggestion to a hitherto
guileless mind.

Old Dan immediately justified
his assumption of supreme authority
"Run some of ye an' waken
Manus an' the wee girl!" he
commanded

he commanded, with a dignified wave of
his hand in the direction of the dark
and quiet dwelling

~~commanded, with a dignified wave~~
~~of his hand in the direction of~~
~~the dark and quiet dwelling.~~

"Run, ^{weans dear,} the rest of ye, an' gather
up all the buckets an' cans
ye can find about the place."

"We must do men's work this
night, an' save our auld
friend's house an' property from
destruction."

"Where'll we get the wather?"
shouted a boy's shrill voice.

"There's a pump in the yard by
the back doore, an' a wee ~~for~~ well
in the garden, beside the big
apple tree. Run along now,
Sonny, an' work like a right
wee man," said Dan, with
kindly encouragement, and all the
youngsters scampered off with shouts
of

of gla.

There was such a throng of busy willing hands about the little pump that it was some minutes before any result of their labours appeared.

At last a big man with a push of his strong arm cleared away most of the rival aspirants, and forcibly elected himself pumper-in-chief. In the meantime

buckets and vessels of every description were being filled at the well in the garden and carried to the scene of destruction as quickly as the press of workers would permit. (3)

Inside the burning barn old Dan was doing two men's work, his gentle face grim with determination, and lighted with heroic resolve.

He

He had the spirit of heroes and martyrs within him, though during his long, uneventful life it had never before been called into active evidence. His limbs had been tortured with ~~se~~ rheumatism for many a weary day, but the pain was disregarded as he tugged and strove to get out into safety the cart and other miscellaneous articles of property that were threatened by the flames. They were worth very little, and it had cost manna much trouble to get them in there that evening. Even now they figured in a neat list that was ready for dispatch to the Insurance Company. In the midst of Dan's labours ^{he} ~~thence~~

he looked up, to find Manus standing beside him.
Manus made his appearance looking
saged and bewildered. Dan's face
was grimy and perspiring, but
his smile had something heavenly
in its kindness as he ~~looked at~~
^{caught sight} ~~sight~~ of his old friend.

"Don't be feart, Manus
Achree — we'll not let you
suffer," he said tenderly. "Don't
fret yerself, Alanna. There's
not much more nor a ha'porth
o' damage done yet, an' we'll
have the fire out in no time.
Just ^{take a wee dander run in the garden, or} you sit down in a
quate place, an' content yerself
for a bit."

"Come out o' there man dear,
if ye don't want to get your
death," said Manus, with badly
concealed irritation — he could

cheerfully

cheerfully have shaken old Dan.
"What does the like o' you want
workin' among a crowd o' boys? Have
some regard for your age, man, an'
don't be makin' a fool o' yerself!"

Dan looked at him for a
moment in pained surprise, and
then quietly resumed his work.

"Poor ould manus!" he thought
to himself. "He's clean distracted
wi' all the noise an' fret, an'
doesn't ~~mean~~ ^{make} a word he's
sayin'." It's a quare shock to
the ould crethur, this misfortunate
happenin'."

In the midst of Dan's
kindly communings a bucketful
of cold water washed over him,
and turning round angrily he
met the penitent gaze of little
Tommy

Tommy mullan, a very diminutive boy, with the most angelic face and the most mischievous disposition to be found in two baronies.

It was not the first drowning Dan had received that night, and he was getting tired of it.

The accidents no longer appeared quite accidental. The hard work, pain, and discomfort were beginning to tell on his temper.

"Mind yourself, Sonny!" he said sharply. "If that is all ye can do ye had better run off an' play yerself somewhere else. We have no need for ye here."

Tommy's adoring mother caught the words, and flamed into hot wrath.

"You

You ought to be ashamed of yourself
Dan Hegarty & " she said, " to
abusin' ~~abusin'~~ the poor innocent weman in
that manner, an' him doin' all
he can to help ye! That's
all the gratitude ye have in ye!
Never mind him, Tommy son,
— you're doin' just gran', an'
yer da'll be quare an' proud
when I tell him about it."

As he moved away, Tommy
fixed a sad, pathetic gaze on
old Dan, and that delinquent,
meeting the reproach of the
great, beautiful blue eyes, felt
his conscience heavy with
crime. Tommy was not the
only boy who was finding a
harvest of mischievous amusement
in the Dramahinch fire, but his

his angelic expression was his own especial gift, even as his beauty was not to be rivalled by the more commonplace features of his friends.

The last spark had been extinguished, with a lavish expenditure of energy and water, and — as the neighbours repeatedly assured old Manus — "not a morsel o' damage done that a wheen hours' work in the mornin' wouldn't put right." The workers seemed reluctant to tear themselves away, but at last they had all gone, and Drumahinch, in its moonlight splendour, was left to the father and daughter.

Bridie's sweet face was flushed with a vivid colour, and her eyes held

held a deep and tender light.

Manus might have guessed the reason had he seen two people in earnest conversation in a quiet corner of the moonlit garden when the excitement was at its height, and not a gossip had an eye or ear to spare. But Manus had seen nothing, and he noticed nothing now, as Bridie led him gently within the house, and sent him off to bed.

There was not sleep for Manus before the morning dawned. A guilty conscience was an unusual companion for him, and he did not appreciate its strange society. He rose at last from a bad dream in which he found himself, guilty and friendless, abandoned
to

to eternal despair. With the horror of it still upon him he wandered out into the garden. Here the sun was brilliant and the world as fair as on yesterday, and the joy of the morning swept his troubles from the old man's heart. In a wave of realisation he remembered that his dishonest design had been frustrated and that, in actual fact at least, he was guiltless of all harm. He lifted his eyes to the bright skies and laughed aloud and gladness that trembled into the weakness of tears — the pathetic tears of old age.

It was then that Dan Hegarty came across him, on his way

way to the house to make a
neighbourly call.

Dan laid a sympathetic hand
on his old friend's shoulder.

"Manus achree, don't be grievin'
like that!" he said. "Sure
the mischief is but little after
all, an' not worth distressin'
yerself about."


Manus turned to him almost
fiercely.

"I'm an honest man Dan Hegarty!
— I'm an honest man!" he said
a note of defiance in his quavering
tones.

"'Deed, throth, ye are that!" said
Dan. "Who iver doubted it?
Sure we all know you're as honest
a soul an' as dacent a creetur
as iver the good Lord made."

'Deed

Deed man, ye were aye a credit to
your maker — an' that's more
nor could be said for most of
us ! "



The place of God is in the gentle sky,
The fair white clouds dream in the tender blue,
~~Heed~~ calm in the silence of the watching stars
The frail new moon

I bless my soul dear love, in thoughts of you.
I send my soul afar in quest of you.

The Boulder

by

Richard Frank Harvey

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ARITHMETICAL TABLES.

MULTIPLICATION TABLE EXTENDED.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24	26	28	30
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36	39	42	45
4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48	52	56	60
5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70	75
6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72	78	84	90
7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84	91	98	105
8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96	104	112	120
9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90	99	108	117	126	135
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120	130	140	150
11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99	110	121	132	143	154	165
12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144	156	168	180
13	26	39	52	65	78	91	104	117	130	143	156	169	182	195
14	28	42	56	70	84	98	112	126	140	154	168	182	196	210
15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120	135	150	165	180	195	210	225
16	32	48	64	80	96	112	128	144	160	176	192	208	224	240
17	34	51	68	85	102	119	136	153	170	187	204	221	238	255
18	36	54	72	90	108	126	144	162	180	198	216	234	252	270
19	38	57	76	95	114	133	152	171	190	209	228	247	266	285
20	40	60	80	100	120	140	160	180	200	220	240	260	280	300

NUMERATION

Units,.....	1
Tens,.....	1 2
Hundreds,.....	1 2 3
Thousands,.....	1, 2 3 4
Tens of Thousands,.....	1 2, 3 4 5
Hundreds of Thousands,.....	1 2 3, 4 5 6
Millions,.....	1, 2 3 4, 5 6 7
Tens of Millions,.....	1 2, 3 4 5, 6 7 8
C. of Millions,.....	1 2 3, 4 5 6, 7 8 9

DAYS IN THE MONTHS

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone, [clear,
Which has but twenty-eight days
And twenty-nine in each leap year.

TROY WEIGHT

24 Grains.....	1 Pennyweight <i>dw.</i>
20 Pennywts.....	1 Ounce..... <i>oz.</i>
12 Ounces.....	1 Pound..... <i>lb.</i>

AVOIRDupois WEIGHT

16 Drams.....	1 Ounce..... <i>oz.</i>
16 Ounces.....	1 Pound..... <i>lb.</i>
14 Pounds.....	1 Stone..... <i>st.</i>
28 Pounds.....	1 Quarter..... <i>qr.</i>
4 Quarters.....	1 Hundredweight <i>cwt.</i>
20 Cwt.....	1 Ton..... <i>tn.</i>

APOTHECARIES' WEIGHT.

20 Grains.....	1 Scruple..... <i>scr.</i>
3 Scruples.....	1 Dram..... <i>dr.</i>
8 Drams.....	1 Ounce..... <i>oz.</i>
12 Ounces.....	1 Pound..... <i>lb.</i>

LONG MEASURE

12 Inches.....	1 Foot..... <i>ft.</i>
3 Feet.....	1 Yard..... <i>yd.</i>
2 Yards.....	1 Fathom..... <i>f.</i>
5½ Yards.....	1 Pole or Rod.....
40 Poles.....	1 Furlong..... <i>fur.</i>
8 Furlongs or 1760 yds.....	1 Mile.....
3 Miles.....	1 League.....
60 Miles Geog., or.....	1 Degree.....
69½ English.....	

TIME

60 Seconds.....	1 Minute.....
60 Minutes.....	1 Hour.....
24 Hours.....	1 Day.....
7 Days.....	1 Week.....
4 Weeks.....	1 Month.....
365 Days.....	1 Year.....