A Friend of The Fairies

BY M D McBODKIN.

The neighbors ull said Peter O'Toole | who made her welcome as to a palace, as to blame; so he was "What call | while Peter ried from the pursuit of was to blame; so he was "What call had he to do the like? Wasn't it hard moth for his wife, the gratur, to he thrun but of house and home, an' the condition she was in, without brakin' her heart over him and his goings on ?' But his stout-hearted wife stood up

for him, against all-comers
"I'm proud of him," she said, "whatever happens. It was for my sake he ever nuppens. It was to any sake she washering. God guide and guard him aught and morning."

him night tail morning."

Poor Peter O'Toole was not so much to blame after all. When he married saucy Molly Murphy, the school-mistress, he had a mee little house and holding of his own to bring her to. But before they were three months married Lord dkatblu, or Rathlin's agents, thought the, would like to throw the holding into a neighboring grass farm—for those were the days before land ecis—and poor Peter got his six months' notice to quit.

No haltiffs and neclets, and crowbar

The bathffs and peclers and crowbar brigade were punotual at their ap-pointment, and quick at their work. The door was torn from its hinges and the windows broken in. The tuif fire on the hearth went out in a hiss and a splutter under a pailful of water. The Koul smoke filled the cottage, and welled in volumes through the broken door and wandows. Iwo bailiffs working in the murky gloom, like devils in the pit, flung out the poor furnature into the boreen. A third was busy with the crowbar at the gable. The scene was a blot on the bright-

of the summer day that poured

The neighbors had gathered, sullen and silent, and full of gloomy sympathy, with the exceted. But Peter and his wife stood a little apart, gazing on the rums of the home, where the happest months of their life had been spent together.

on the ruins of the none. Where the happest months of their life had been spent together.

He' was furious with the silent and concentrated fury that is most dangerous in man or beast. She, as as the women's way, forgot per own sorrow to comfort his.

They had nrranged that he was to go to Canada. He had the price of his passage, and a trifle over, and he was to send for her what he earned the necessary money.

"Take it asy, alanna," she said, "sure God's good, and we will soon be happy again "ogethe, in the new coun-

bappy again "ogether in the new coun-try, plaze the Lord."

try, plaze the Lord."
"Take it aisy, alanna," cried a mocking voice behind, with a strong English accent, and suddenly the agent showed himself, dapper and handsome, in scarlet coat and black silk hat, for

in scarlet coat and black silk hat, for he was on his way to the fox hurt, and tooked in on the man hunt as he bassed, for the fun of the thing. "Don't be a milkeop, O'Toole," he went on, sneeringly, "a stout-built chap like you will always get wages for work in America, and a good-look-ing, wench like your wife will alv ys flad someone to comfort her in your absenced" absencel'

There was an insolence in his voice that was like a bellows to O'Toole's smouldering temper.

The agent would have chucked the

The agent would have shucked the buxom matron under the chin, but the huband's strong hand on his breast sent him sprawing back half a dozen yards into a miture heap. The crowd shouted in fierce laughter and delight, and the man leaped up with the ordure clinging to his coat and back back the first produced with research and back the first produced the search and the search and

and delight, and the limit leafed by with the ordure clinging to his coat and mad with rage.

"You dog, how date you!" he cried coarsely, and lavaed out at Peter with his riding whip. The leather thong caught Peter on the check, and out the skin in a hid weal. But in his anger he felt no main. With a quick sweep of his black thorn he struck back. The strergth of muscles, tightened by toil; the anger of the husband whose wife was evicted and insuited was in that crashing blow. Like an ox under the pole axe, the agent dropped. The sikk hat, which crumpled up like a concertion under the blow, saved the fread from its full force, on it would have cracked the skull like a hazel mut.

hazel mut.

The agent key flat wher he fell.

There was in instant kubbub. The
police charged to arrest O'look. His
wife shricked, 'Rum, acushla, ima cree;
rum for jour life," and with all her
strength she pushed him into the
thicks of the narrowing crowd, where
he wanished as suddenly as if the
ground had swallowed him.
There was no active resistance to the

There was no active resistance to the police charge. The crowd was like police charge. The crowd was like sand to a cannon ba'l, more obstructive 'ham steel. It opened and closed round the police with an awkward hustling, void of all offence. But they couldn't tay eyes much less hands on O'Toole. The agent gathered his limbs slowly off the ground. With foul coat and battered hat and aching head he was a miserable sight. He was still dizzy with that terrible blow and he swayed like n drunken man, and the district inspector of police, returning from his abortive pursuit, with a veryle of his men ran to his

turning from his abortive pursuit, with a couple of his men ran to his

mssistance.
They raised him to his horse, where he sat limp and loose. A policeman stood at the reins. The gable end bestood at the reins. The gable end ac-gan to crumble under the crewbar, and the wall came down with the clat-ter of stones and the smothering of mortar. A light was set to the dry thatch, which blazed up instantly, and

thatch, which blazed up instantly, and the eviction party, leading their battered agent in their midst, moved off in one direction, and the crowd, shouting defiantly in the other.

Mrs. Peter O'loole was in the centre of the wrowd surrounded by spmathetio women. Peter had to call to do the like, they persisted, and frighten the heart and soul out of the poor creature, his wife, and she in no fit state for a fright, and to go on the run when she wanted him to comfort her. But there was no sugar in their scolding. In their hearts they thought the letter of him.

They get agreed that it was "a fine."

better of him.

They sell agreed that it was "a fine, elever stroke, and the agent got no more than he airned anyways, and may, be it would all turn out for the best yet, plaze God."

pest yet, plaze God."
Poor Mary O'Toole found a refuge
in the cabin of the Widow Dempley,

while Peter iled from the pursuit of what for want of a detter name is called "justice" in Ireland Four days later his anxious wife had

a letter from him to say they he had got safely to queenstowe and would be on the broad ocean for America that night, and that, with God's help and blessing, he would soon earn the money to bring her out to him. That same night Mary O'Foole's first haby way born.

It so happened that Mrs. Bedelia Mulcahy also had a son the same night. Mrs. Bedelia Mulcahy was the most gented woman in those parts. She had been lady's maid up at the bag house, and put by a nice little bit of money in her time, which was a tolerably dong time, from her wages and pickings, and as money attracts money she had married Mr Thuddeus Mulcaby, the releast man in the country round.

Tadey Mull, the gombeen man, was what the neighbors called him. But Wrs. Bedeha Mulcaby insisted on Thaddeus Mulcaby, Esq., headen. banker.

Sturdy Mary O'loole was up and Sturdy Mary D look was up and about three days after the event, with her haby mestling at her breast. But Mrs. Bedella Mulcany lay in state and languished as bettted an ex-lady's maid and the wife of a banker.

"I won't muse the infan', doctor," she insisted; "I cannot; besides it would not be fair to my offspring." "If you don't, ma'am," retorted bluff Dr. O'Dwyer, "you must get him a wet nurse or he'll die."

murse or he'll die."

"Of course, doctor, of course," Mrs. Bedelia graciously assented, 'tnat is the proper course to pursue. Thaddeus will be quite oblivious to the expenditure in such an emergency!—the doctor grimued behind the chintz bed curtains; he knew his Thaddeus. "Do you bluow any respectable and satisfactory person for the position!"

"There is Mory O'Toole had a fine young son dibe other night; she is a healthy, hearty young woman herself.

But Mrs. Bedelix raised mer hands in petulant protest. "I could not whide her. I nave heard that children im-

petulant protest her. I have bear her. I have heard that children im-bibe their character with their nutri-ment, and I have reason to know that ment, and a nave reason to know that she is a very designing young woman. The truth was that Mrs. Bedelia Mulcaby disliked Peter O'Foole with a double-barrelled dislike. It was rumored that Mr. Thaddeus Yulcahy would have married the pretty and buxom schoolningress without a pen-

burom schoolmistress without a pen-ny of fortune, and the elderly lady's maid before her marriage had looked with desiring eyes on the strapping young Peter. But there was no oth-er wet nurse available. Maternal love, which, like a hardy plant, will grow in the dryest and sandiest soil, triumphed in the ican heart of Bede-lia. Her dislike of the nurse yielded to her affection for her offspring, the young Maddous. The doctor was em-powered to treat with Mrs. O'Toole, and he in his turn transferred the larom schoolnustress without a penowered to treat with airs. O route, and he in his turn transferred the commission to the Widow Dempsey. At first the young woman clutched her infant up tight in ner arms and refused point blank.

But the Widow Dempsey was diplosed the widow Dempsey was diplosed.

mer intant up fight in her aims and refused point blank.

But the Wadow Dempsey was diplomatic. "It's not for nothing I'm asking you, asthore. Sure, it's rouling in money they are, bad scran to them. You can usk what you like without fear of refusal, and a few pounds would some haudy to shorten the road to one that's writin' for you and little Petersen face. God bees him, on the other side of the big say."

After much Luxtering, in which the Widow Dempses played the go between, Mrs. O'loole was engaged for £15 to nurse the son and heir of the house of Mulcahy for six mooths.

Mrs. Bedeha Murcahy received her this state and impressed upon her the important functions she had to discharge.

charge. "You will be very particular about the young gentleman, my good wo-man," she said. "The life and health of the eldest son in a family like outs is so important." She laid an almost aggressive emphasis on the word eld-

aggressive emphasis on the word eldest.

"Oh, I see," she went on, "you have brought your own baby. Quite a creditable child for the class is belongs to, and you are very fond of it, I daressy. But you will be good enough to leave it at home when you come here to-morrow. Binster Thaddeus is exclusive—you understand, that was arranged by your friend, Mrs. Dempsey, and I must insist on your carrying out, your surrangements."

The thoughts of Feter lonely and waiting for her in a strange lond restraine? Mary O'Toole's quick temper through all this trude

through all this tirade

through all this tirnde
"I will take the baby home now if
you please," she said.
"Oh, not now. You will assume your
duty towards Master Thaddeus."
"Mrs. O'Toole took the little baldheaded, blinking, wrinkled atom of humanity to her heart. Ler mother's
thead avarined to it—it was so like her
own.

To the uneducated eye all new-born babes are exactly alike and not partic babes are exactly alike and not particularly charming. But even to the expert eyes of his mother these two distinctly resembled each other, though the timer child of the two.

The other mother watched with jealous eyes her own child, which had moned and wailed in her own arms, at the least read a catalogy at the

mosned and wailed in her own arms, nestle closely and contentedly at the bosom of a strange woman.

Her envy grew to physical pain, and she left the room abruptly lest she should snatch the child away.

should snatch the child away.
She was not gone five minutes when
Petercen, the dethroned, began to wait
from the bed on which he had been
laid, and his represented cry sent a
sharp pang through the heart of the
young mother.
Instantly she daid the strange baby
on the bed and caught her own waiting finfant to her mother's heart; Pet-

ing findant to der mother's heart; Petereen promptly ceased to whine, but the nbandened Chaddeus set up a prolonged and dismal howl in his turn. By an unlucky chance Mrs. Hedelia came back in a the room at the moment. She tild not, of course, guess the shuffling of bable, that had gone on in her sheener, and shuff her ears.

indignantly against the piteous bowl-

magnanty against one pircous nowing of her own offspring.
Poor Mary O'Look was thunder-struck at her sudden advent. In another moment she would have confessed everything. But Mrs. Bedelie gave her no chance.

"Remove that squalling brat," she crad, dramatically, pointing to the de-frauded Thaddeus sicking furiously on the hed. At the same moment she snatched the unconscious Petercen from his mother's breast and clasped

from his mother's breast and clasped ham to her own, where he howled furiously in spite of her blandishments. Mary O'foole was furious, too, at the word brat being frings at the baby though as it glanced it hit the other one. Her first instinct was to grabback her Petereen, but there came to check her the sudden thought of a more subtle and satisfactory revenge. She malked to the bed and stood calmly contemplating the abandoned

Thaddens, now red in the face with

his exertions.

"It is quite true for you, Mrs. Mulcahy," she said, with suspicious humility, "and but's an ugly, squalling brat he is and nothing else. His mother herself must own it, God helpher; not all along as the fine, laughing baby you nave in your arms. Are you wishful t'd take him back to the Widow Dempsey's, ma'am?"

"At once, woman," cried Mrs. Mul-cahy, whom the kicking and howling Petercen left no time for surprise,

"It's at your word, it's done, then, remember that anyways," cried Mrs. O' l'oole.

With these oracular words she caught up Thaddeus, whose ories soon ceased, and carried him out of the house without no much as looking behouse with hind her.

But the baby touched a pity in her which its mother could not reach. With many injunctions as to its care she entrusted it as her own to Mrs. Dempsey, and then hastened back to reclaim Petercen from Mrs. Mulcahy and bribe him with the mother's bribe its sient bleep. a sitent bleep.

Its silent bleep.
Both babies throve apace. Mrs.
Dempsey, who was a woman of experience and had raised twelve of her own, of Mhom two were in their graves, and ten in America, brought up the young disendowed Thaddeus successfully by hand, while the nutriment which his mother paid for was lavishly bestowed on the recipient for whom nature intended it.

Remorse for deceit stung Mrs.
O'Toole occasionally. Her sense of honesty revolted at being paid for nursing her own child. But for the daily nagging of Mrs. Bedelia it is likely she would have made full confession and atonement. It consoled her ten on the sense as were as a sense.

likely she would have made full con-fession and atonement. It consoled her, too, on the rare occasions she vis-

her, too, on the rare occasions she visited Mrs. Dempsey, to find the other baby flourishing.

Mrs. Bedella was amazed, and not altogether delighted, at her patience.

She knew that Mary O'Toole had, a temper of her own, but she seemed to have aidden it in a snowdrift.

"He is a beautiful baby, nurse," she said, poking the baby's check with her forefinger.

'Nurse' was just the most offensive word she could use, and she knew it.

Nurse" was just the most offensive word she could use, and she knew at. "True for you, ms'um," she would answer with unnatural enthusiasm, "the finest and bestest tempered in the world, ma'um; God bless him." "And so like his dear father," cried Mrs. Bedelia glaring with the all-seeming eye of faith at the upturned face of the infant.

Now Thady Mulcahy, senior, had a squint and red hair.
"And so like his poor father," Mrs. O'loole echoed sadly, thinking of the lonely Peter on a distant shore.
Then Airs. Bedela, baffled by ther gentleness, would try another tack, for there is no fun nagging at upersyn that refuses under provocation to

son that refuses under provocation to talk back.

"I hope your own boby is doing as well as can be expected, ourse."

The tone implied that she could not

expect much.

But Mrs. O'Toole replied with exas-

But Mrs. O'foole replied with exasperating dumility on the part of the
absent 'Maddeus.

"As well as can be expected, indeed,
ma'am, and sure it's kind of you to
mention him. Maybe all the better
for being parted from nis mother, but
sure, the creature will never come to
much and how could be ?"

But Mary O'Toole's offence found her
out at last, and Nemesis was sharp
when it came.

when it came.

when it came.

The war that smouldered for four months between the two women was blown to sudden flames by the action of the elder Fhadeus, who had not quite got over his hunkering for buxom Mary O'Toole.

on wary U 1001c.

Mrs. Bedelia watched him like a cat, but one morning when her back was turned he made belief to stoop down to kies his connectitions are and her. lo kiss his supposititious :

to kiss his suppositious son and heir, and slyly attempted to substitute the murse's lips for the baoy's.

The smack he got was mot of the kind he inticipated or desired. It made his hear redden and lingle, and

sann he interpated or desired. It made his heir redden and tingle, and sommed to the startled cars of Mrs. Bedelia lik' a pistol shot.

She turned sharp reund, realized in a moment what had happened, and, woman-like, turned on the woman, while the rerely-stricken Thady sneaked out of the room

"You brazen bussy," cried the infuriated thendelia. "How dore you make so free with your hand in this house?"

"How dare your husband make so free with his ugly mouth, if it comes to finat," retoited Mrs. O'Loole stoutly. "He is not so ready with his kisses where they are looked for by all accounts. But, sure, small blame to him for that same, poor man."

Mrs. Muleahy realized that in a war of words she was no match for Mrs.

of words she was no match for Mrs. O'Toole. After the first repulse she fell back on the support of her dig-

She drew forth a small cracked pot from the recesses of the a dresser; while Mrs. O'Too'e watched her with arms skimbo. She had put the baby arms skimbo. She had pot the bady down on the bed to be prepared for all emergencies. Mrs. Mulcohy raised the hid of the

Mrs. Muleshy raised the iid of the teapot, drew out a stopper of crumpled banknotes and poured a little stream of chiking gold covereigns on the table. Very quietly, though he counted out 15 and pushed them towards Mrs. O'Toole. "Take your wages, nurse, she sald, and go. When we want you again we'll send for you." "And as giad to go, una'am," retort, ed Cirs. O'Toole, "as a soul est of pure

gatory by the comparison". She was out of the house with her money in her prizet and half-way lown the boren before she clearly realized that she had left her own ba-by behind her

The Widow Dempsey received her heartily, and iscened with much sym-pathy to her story, told with a profu-sion of "says 1" and "says she"

"Sure its proud and glad," she said at last, "you ought to be so get back to your own darlint boy with the gold-

en sovereums in your pocket."

But Mrs Mary O'foole was neither proud nor glad when she looked upon proud nor glad when she looked upon the youthful Thaddeus and "saw hun very plain." There was alread; a faint pink down on his smooth skull; the roseate down of flaming red hair. Thaddeus, sensor, had a nead that put the carrots to shame. The two dull beads which served young Thaddeus fon eyes were twisted socially togeth-er. Thaddeus, semor, had a bad Haunt.

Poor Mary O'Toole for her sixs had to take this ugly duckling in her arms and nurse and fondle it under the watchful, yes of Widow Den,paev, who was proud of the success with which she had brought at up "by han i," und loved it is women love anything, old or young, handsome or ugly, that has been a trouble to them.

But all the time poor Mary's mother, heart was aching with a hungry love for her own beautiful boy.

Her trouble grew as the Jays went by. Poor Petersen, deprived of the maternal nutripent, began to peak and pine under the unskilful atten-tions of Mrs. Bedelie Mulcahy. The neighbors were all on Mary's side in the feul that had arisen between the women, and took a mclaucholy de-light in describing the trouble 4 at had come to her opponent "Sure, it's the judgment of God on her for the way she traited you, Mrs. O'Toole, ma'am. Sure the haby she was so proud of that there was no standing her is dwindled down to skin Her trouble grew as the lays went

was so proud of that there was no standing her is dwindled down to skin and hone. You'd think it was a Tepredham, God be good to us, that was in it. You own child is strong and hearty, Mrs. O'Toole, thanks be to the

The poor, bloscen-hearted mother humbled herself to make evertures to the still haughty Mrs. Mulcahy for the renewal of her services. But they the renewal of her services. But they were contemp tously refused with suggestions and insinuations that made at impossible to repeat them. All the time she was very gentle and kind to the sturay, equalling Thaddeus, junior, in the aope, as she whis-pered to her own heart, that the Lord ould be good to her town described

baby.

Day by day the neighbors came with more and more dismal tidings of poor Petercen. Fruly, Mary's sin had found her out. But the worst was

"Good morning, Mrs. O'Toole," said a neighbor, settling herself down for a long "shaun." "Mayse you haven't heard the news at Thady Mull's!" The young mother's heart turned cold. She feared the worst. Bu' it was not come to that yot.

"Mrs. Mull," the visitor went on

with the unconscious importance of one who feels she has strange tidings to tell, "has it on her mind that it's a changeling out of the fairles she has in it. Sure I wouldn't say against her myself, for the child does not look her myself, for the child does not look a, Christian, for the hair ba it is as black as me boot, and onld Thady's as reif as a fox, and the woman herself nd color at all, at all. I hear they are going to send for the 'Fairy Man.' Patsey Rattigan, who is a good warrant, by fair manes or foul, to get back their own fr m the good people "Mary O'Toole's heart sank within her at the news. Patsey Rattigan's incantations were none of the mildest, indeed rumor had it that a shovel heated red hot played a prominent

heated red hot played a prominent part in the ceremonial.

Her visitor had no sooner departed than the distracted Mrs. O'Toole made her way with the speed of fear to the cabin of "the knowledgeable woman."

cabin of "the knowledgeable woman," Honor Geraghty, who was Patsey Ratrigan's great rival in the district.

To her, Mary O'Toole made full concession, ending up with w passion of weeping, in which she sank on her knees on the clay floor of the cabin, walling, "Me darlint boy, me darlint boy, what will become of you at all, at all ?"

But honest Honor Geraghty was no

But honest Honor Geraghty was no stern moralist; she uttered no word of reproach or rebuke, but comforted the distracted young mother with the hope of mending one trick with an-other.

"That I wouldn't give for Patsey Rattigan," she cried, with a contemptwous smap of her fingers at the absent fairy man "Sure the crature is as knows as much about the ways of the good people as a blind cow does about a cocked pistol. Leave it to me now, asthore, and I'll have your boy back safe and sound in your arms before the week is out."

Next day Mrs. Geraghty called at the house of the distracted Mulcahys, and, togardies of chapter, tendered

and, regardless of etiquette, tendered and, regardless of etiquette, tendered her professional services for the re-storation of the heir from fairyland. The baby in the cradle she unhesitat-ingly pronounced an impostor and a changeling. "Sure, the black hair of him," she said, "is sign enough for me him," she said, "is sign enough for me if there was nothing else. Bud all the marks and tokens of the good people is on him. Give me wan night to watch at the Fairy Rath beyant the hill, and maybe I'd come to you with

hill, and maybe I'd come to you with good news in the morning."
Whether she watched at night at the rath or not thus story does not pretend to record. But when she came to the Mulcahya in the morning she tound her rivat, Patsey Rattigan, the tairy man, a little withered automaton with puckered face and small, sharp eyes, there before her. The two greeted ceremoniously, as duellists before they cross swords. "Good morning to you, Mr. Statti-

"Good morning to you. Mr. Ratti-

"Good morning to you, Mr. statti-gan." said Mrs. Geraghty, with a smile on her broad face.
"Good morning kindly, ma'ami," snapped back Mr. Rattigan, who re-garded himself as the head of his pro-fession, and Mrs. Geraghty as an unnession, and Mrs. Geragaty as an un-mathorised quack. "As I was saying, Mrs. Mulcahy, ma'am, the old ways are the best, and there is nothing do-bate the 'red-hot shovel in a case of the kind."

"I don't like the notion of it," maid

Mrs. Bedelsa "II's foolish of me. I cit in spir of himself by Mrs. Gera-know. But'd don't like the notion of ghty's as urique. know But 4 don't like the notion of putting a baby sitting on a thing of

the kind "fugi's the way foolish mothers spoil their children, be over kindness," brotested the farcy man "Bendes, it is not a haby that's in it at all," said Mr. Rattagan, on a second thought, pointing to unhappy Petercen, who whimpered more dismelly than ever, as well he ought, at the prospect before him. "Sure, it's one of the good as well he fore him. prople,'

"An' do you thank the good people" have no proper feetings of their own, Mr. Rattigan, if they are fairles itself," Mrs Gerachty suddenly interfixed. "Do you think, ma'am, that they'd lake to be put sitting on a red but the like. Is that a nice way to trate the good people?"

"It's the good ould way," said Mr Rattigan, sulkily.

"It's the bad ould way." retorted Mrs. Geroghty, "and the good geople never forget it so long as the hear of the shovel is there to remind them "
"What the yound view, Mrs. Geraghty, if one might make bould to inquire," asked Mr. Rattigan

"I'll tell you qurek enough," retorted Mrs. Geraghty. "I'am a woman of me word. Mrs. Mulcalny, and I watch-ed last might at moonrise at the Fairy Rath, and at isn't for everyone I'd do the like, and me bad with rheuma-ticks. I wan't long there till the music and dancing began, the little red dackets jumping and bowing for all the world like poppies in a high

"Then part of a crowd in the corner comes a wee little woman, as pretty as ever you looked at, with a gould crown, not half the size of a thimble, on the back of her head, and hair brighter than the crown streaming on the green behind her.

the green behind her.
"Sure I knew oft once that she was
Queen of the fairies, she and me be-

"Sure I knew oft once that she was Queen of the fatries, she and me being old friends,"

"'And what brings you here this night of all, Mrs Geraghty," says she, 'not but that you're heartily welcome all the same,' says she.

"'Your majesty has no need for me to be telling you,' says myself, for I knew that nothing happens unbekonst to them. to them. "She looked plazed at that.

"She looked plazed at that.
"'You're comin,' I suppose, about
the fine, handsome boy we took from
the Mulcahys,' says she, 'and there is
not a finer boy in the countryside, let
me tell you that," says she."
The mother bridled at the compliment, and glanced disd-infully at poor
Retereen.

ment, and glanced disd-infully at poor Petereen.

"'It was a cruel trick you played on the dacent people,' says I, 'and tlacenter fan't anywhere to be found, and good friends of my own,' ways f.

"'Now, do you tell me that,' says the Queen.
"Indeed, on' I do that, your majesty,' says myself, 'and well I may, and troth it was a quare thing of you had been one of your own in such a who troth it was a quare thing of you to have one of your own in such a pucker. There does be an ignorant man, says I, coming about the place of the Mulcabys, telling them it should be put on a hot shovel.

"The word was not out of my mouth

"The word was not out of my mouth when I was borry fot it.

"The Queen flew into the devil of a rage at the bare thought of it.

"Would they,' says she. 'Isdad, an,' says she, 'I'll soon tach them the differ,' says she. 'I'll burn the house down over their heads,' says she, 'and sorrah tale or tidings of their fine boy they'll get during secula secolorum.'

'Now, don't go away with the story that way, your majesty,' says I, sluthering her down us well us I could; 'sure, didn't I tell you before that the Mulcahys were dacent people that never would be said be an ignorant crature of the kind. But, sure you might give the child back quietly,' I says.

"Well, Mrs. Gerach'y, ma'am, says the Queen, 'I'd go a long way to oblige an old friend like yourself, and if they will be said by you they'll have their child back safe and sound better than

onid that sair and sound better than it was when they lost it, says she.

"'May I have a peep at the darlint before I leave?' says I.

"'Certainly, ma'am,' says she; 'why not?' With that she called out some words in their own lingo, and out some of hundred or more of (them carrying the baby, and laid it down before ane. A finer child I'd never mak to lay eyes on, with one lovely tooth, and the hair coming on its head of a fine warm color like its father's."

color like 5ts father's

coming on 6ts head of a fine warm color like 5ts father's."

Thadders, senior, grinned with delight. But the rate Mr. Rattigan. who had sat spellbound by his rival's audacity, suddenly interposed:—

"I wonder sensible people could sit on their chairs and listen'to such raumaush," he said
"Raumaush, indeed," cried Mrs. Geraghty, "I like that. Be sure its aisy proved one way or the other, an' the proof of the pudding is in the cating of it,' as the saying is. "Tell them,' says the Queen to myself, 'to be ready for me between dawn and darkness to-morrow night,' says she, 'for I mane to come myself with the child,' says she, 'in the room that looks ou' on the boreen,' says she, 'and they will lave that open, for it's hander than the door,' says she, 'for myself and any friends. Let them dress the baby I left with them in the best,' says she, 'but there won't be a tack on the boy I bring,' ways she, 'for y olothes left with them in the best,' says she, 'but there won't be a tack on the boy 1 bring,' says she, 'for fa y clothes aren't lucky. Let there be a few crumbs of oat bread on the table, 'says she, 'and u drop of new milk,' says she, 'and u drop of new milk,' says she, 'for it's a long journey going und coming, and the weight is a heavy one for the likes of me; and let there be five gold wovereigns and five silver shiflings and five brass farthings."

"Where's the use of that I" asked Thady Alucahy, suspiciously.

shillings and five brass fatthings."
"Where's the use of that?" asked Thady Mulcahy, suspiciously.
"How can it tell?" retorted Mrs. Geraghty. "I can only tell what was tould to me. 'Maybe we'd take it and maybe we'd leave it,' said the Queen. "Troth, then, I'd sooner they'd lave it," interrupted ilandy, "if it was all wan to themselves."
"Don't say the like of that, even in a joke," said the, ice of that, even in a joke," said the, it, said the Queen, 'it will be for luck; if we lave it 'tis a token that in a year and a tlay there

token that in a year and a day there won't be a farthing more than that left to them in the world."

"May all had luck go with it," said

ghty's as ure not seeing to believing, me good man, and you work have long to wait."

That night all preparations were made in the room, and the neighbors, frightened and carrous gathered in the kitchen while Mirs Geraghty. In her best white cap, stiff and glossy with starch and froming, white dalone to receive the Quien of the facties. The table was laid with food and coins as she had directed.

coins as she had directed. She had warned the curious neighbors that the fairies would come with a screech, and that it was blindness to look spon them and death to touch. The women in the Litchen muffled up their heads in their aproofs and the men covered their faces, with their hands as a precaution against fatal curiosity.

curiosity A little after midnight a shrift shrick cut the night air like a knife a 4 thrilled them to the very marrow of their bones. In the dead silence of their bones. In the dead silence that followed they could hear light steps and the faint wailing of a child, At the first sound Mrs. Geraghty leaped from the chair with an agility for which her figure 227? no waitant, whipped Petereen from his bed, and passed him out through the window to Mary O Foole, receiving in return Theideus, junior, stars naked, but glowing from the double blanket in which he had been covered. There was another shriek more blood-curdling than the first, and the faint sound of swift footsteps and the wailing of a child died away in the darkness.

Mrs Geraghty threw open the door

child died awas in the darkness.

Mrs Geraght, threw open the door of the room with a bang, and the light streamed on white, set faces and staring eyes in the dim kitchen.

There was a rush for the door, although the visitors hing back a little to let the Mulcahys in dirst. Thady glanced at the table; the money was gone. There, kicking its heels in the oradle, stark naked, but warm, plump and mottled with perfect health, was her baby, the glow of warm hair, as and mottled with perfect heath, was her baby, the glow of warm hair, as Mrs. Geraghty had described it, on its skull, and the unmistakable eyes and nose of its father.

There is no more to be said. Ever ad-

rnere is no more to be said. Ever after that night Honor Geraghty had fame and profit as a knowledgeable woman on visiting terms with the Queen of the fairles, while Patsey Rattigan and the cut of the red-hot shovel fell into disreparte.

Just one fortnight after the rechanging of the changeling. Mary

shovel fell into disreparte.
Just one fortnight after the rechanging of the changeling. Mary
O'Toole, with Petercen—her own Petercen—perfectly restored, was on her
way to America to rejoin her husband,
who had found a comfortable home
for all three safe from the hand of
the evictor.—Dublin Weekly Freeman.

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There as danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their t cubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled in their lungs, and in a short time they weer beyond the skill of the best physician. diad they used Bickle's Anti-"May all had luck go with it," said
"May all had luck go with it," said
Thady, solemnly, said Mrs. Geraghty,
"I don't believe a word of it," said
Patzey Hattigan, but he was impress
of the throat and luckers.