

Sally lucked plazed, an' puttin' hir apurn to hir nose, smiled at Tam, an' Tammy begun fur to luck happy wance more.

"Now," sez Tam, buttonin' hez coat, "we'd better bay efthur killin' that pig afore night-fal'."

"I'm thinkin' maybe ye're right, Tammy," sez I.

"Show me yer hatchet, Mick. Now fur the dhurty blaggard. Biddy, me girl, this is yer last mate an' dhrink," sez Tammy, thryin' the swing iv the hatchet an' winkin' at Sally.

"Go 'long wid yer foolin', Tammy O'Neill," sez Sally, thryin' to luck cross agin. "D'ye want me to go an' kill Biddy meself, an' the wains till mind?"

Sally hed hir han' on the latch; so me an' Tammy sbarted aff to resume the divarsion.

"Here's luck," sez Tammy, spittin' on hez han's to get a better howlt iv the hatchet. "Come on, Mickey."

"I'm fur ye, Tammy O'Neill," sez I, "an' faix we'll give Biddy hir gruel this time, or I'm not the son iv me father."

To make a long story short, me an' Tammy dhryv out the smal' pigs, but the divil's stewart to Biddy fur a beggar's acc, but she tuck till the fresh air, too.

"In throth, me darlint," sez Tam, "I'll tache ye Christian manners fur savvin' me that dhurty thrick, so I will, or me name's not Tam O'Neill."

Wid that, he sthruck hir over the snout wid the saft en' iv the hatchet. Biddy didn't appreciate the tiratament, so tuck till hir heels wid a grunt an' sbarted aff fur a steeplechase.

Sally hearin' the scottherment, dhropped the chil' to see what wuz the metther, an' shure as she wu alize, there wuz Biddy an' Tam rannin' like hares, wid a reasonable handicap in Biddy's favor.

"Back, ye varmint ye! Back!" yelled Sally, an' run fur the gate.

She hed jist time to lift hir apurn an' shake it at Biddy; but Biddy's motto wuz, "A fair field an' no favor," so widout stappin' to consult Mrs. O'Neill, she tuck Sally right atween the two legs in a bowl fur liberty. Mrs. O'Neill thried hard to keek the sky, but fell short iv hir aim, an' landed nose furst in the chicken-mate, scottherin' the fowl.

Tammy wuz too busy efther the pig to mind smal' metthers; so I hed it al' to meself scranin' chicken-mate out iv Mrs. O'Neill's eyes, to let hir hev another luck on the worl' an' see what time it wuz.

"Orra bad scran to ye fur a murdherin' haste. Where's the hatchet? Show me the hatchet, I say."

"Here's the hatchet, ma'am, an' welcome," sez I, "but hell resave the fur iv the pig 's to bay seen at al', at al'."

"Och, the curse iv Cromwell on it fur an ill-behaved vegabond, the dhirty sinner! Run efther Tammy or the poor sowl will bay cowld dead wid exartion. Run, I say, quick, Mickey. Run fur yer life. Here, take the hatchet wid ye."

"I don't need the hatchet to ketch up wid Biddy an' Tam."

"Sonties, maybe ye're right, Mick. Now bay aff like grazed lightnin'!"

I crossed meself, an' tuck Shank's mare fur the sthreet. I didn't loss much time sarchin'; fur a crowd of childher wuz screechin'; an' afore I hed time to bliss meself, who thuris the furst coraer but biddy hirelf? Ah! may I niver sthur but there

wuz Tammy on hir back, howldin' on bay the ears fur dear life.

Tammy wuz bareheaded, an' wan iv hez boots hed dhrapped aff, revalin' hez toe an' heel peepin' out iv the remaindher iv a sock.

"Howld on, Tam!" sez I, as Biddy charged past, wid Tam yellin' "Help, fur God's sake! Murder! Help, help!"

Sally wuz bay this time in earshot, an' wid a besom in hir han' made a wipe at Biddy jist comin' into rache. The blow missed Biddy's snout, an' tuck Tam right on the knuckles. Tam dhrapped like a sfone, an' thurned a somersalt or two afore settin' down in the mud.

"Oh, murder! Murder!" roared Tam, more scar'd than hurted, barrin' the souse wid the besomstick on the knuckles. "Oh, Sally, Sally, I'm killed."

"Come here ye bletherskite, till I lift ye up. Divil the thing 's the matther wid ye. Here, take me apurn, an' wipe that dhurt frum yer mouth, an' ye're as right as a fiddle. Och, the Lord's blissin' on ye fur a pig! Where's that hatchet? Mick Murphy, show me the hatchet an' I'll—I'll give hir banes fur a murdherin' rascal whin I get a howlt iv hir."

"Axin yer pardon, Mrs. O'Neill," sez I, "me an' Tam 'll settle hir uffairs fur this worl'."

"Throth an' I'll do it meself, Mick Murphy, wid these same han's, wid al' respects to ye. Come an' I'll show ye how to kill pigs. Come Tammy."

Tammy, however, wuz too busy thryin' to dig mud frum hez ears an' nostrhils wid a skiver; an' so aff wint Sally an' meself to do the deed.

Whin we got near the pig-sthye, a blin' man end see thir wuz divilment in Biddy's eye.

"Take that, ye dhurty haythen ye," sez Sally, dhrappin' the hatchet wid a thump on the part iv the fire that Biddy didn't jist happen to occupy.

Wan scrain iv the pig's, an' two iv Sally's, an' in less than no time Sally thripped over the pig-trough; an' in some infarnal manner Sally, or the pig,—or the divil,—tuk me futtin away, an', bay the holy St. Pathrick, there wuz Sally an' meself mixed up on the flure wid pig's mate! I gethered meself up like a Christian an' thried to give Sally a lift; but she stharted laughin', an' bein' a mortially weighty woman, I hed to lave hir there, an' run for Tammy's assistance.

The pig hed tuk Frinch lave in the manetime, an' efther a long sarch I foun' Tammy down the road blowin' like a stame-injin.

"Where's the pig, Tammy?" sez I.

"Begorra, that's more nor I know, Murphy; but I'm towld she wuz last seen headin' bowldly fur the rocky road to Dublin."

"MICK MURPHY."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have found it advisable, in view of the unexpectedly large sale of The Outlook, to increase the size and scope of our publication to sixteen, instead of twelve pages.

Next issue we shall insert a fortnightly calendar of events. This calendar will appear in every subsequent publication.

Societies and associations will oblige if they will send in to us, as early as possible, any dates they may save; also, any alterations of same.