

## BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

On his face a close intention,  
In his eyes an earnest light.  
Every movement or word needed  
Be mindful of devoted might:  
It is now his time of business,  
And as a sure and shrewd  
Does he hold with oiled of granite  
That all duty is divine.  
Nothing shall give interference;  
Business first, in peace or strife:  
After that, whatever offers  
For the beautifying life.

On his face a relaxation—  
Now amusement he has won.  
For the duties are accomplished,  
And he'll laugh in pleasure's sun.  
He has right to never cease  
Pierces with some lightning thought  
That some dear desire triumphed  
Ere to duty dues were brought.  
So no discord mar the music  
Made by mind and honest heart,  
But a voice from the Great Worker  
Whispers, "You've well done your part."

Wise and happy man or woman,  
Thus to business loyal, yours  
To add also to earth's glory  
While upon the mortal shore.  
Loyal work that makes the ages  
Show humanity has right  
To possess the throne of matter  
With the mind's heart, the muscle's part!  
"Business then before all pleasure,"  
Let us sing on land or sea,  
And the pleasure when so earned, must  
Larger, sweeter, holier be.

LARRY'S APPRENTICESHIP;  
An Irish Fairy Legend.By Mrs. G. LINNEUS BANKS, author of "God's  
Providence House," etc.

## CHAPTER I.

"Ah, sure, an' did I ever tell ye how the  
McCanns came to be carpenters?"  
This query was put by Margaret McCann (an  
old, valuable, faithful, and warm-hearted Irish  
servant of my mother's) to myself and youngest  
brother, who were seated—myself on the kitchen  
fender, and he on a low stool—listening to  
her true stories of bachelors and leprechauns,  
in both of which she was a stout believer.

She had just told us of the wailing banshee  
she had herself seen and heard on the river  
bank, and of a leprechaun in his red cap and  
miniature suit of green; and she had borne with  
perfect good humor our ridicule and banter over  
her credulity, when she put the sudden question,  
"Did ye know, then, how the McCanns came to  
be carpenters?"

"I never knew they were carpenters," said I,  
with a light laugh.

"Why, Margaret, I thought all your family  
were farmers," cried Fred, with an assumption  
of prior information.

"Then the Quins, Master Fred. They are  
all farmers to this blessed day; and the McCanns  
were farmers too, an' had a fine holding amongst  
the Wicklow mountains, just a trifle beyond  
Enniskerry, till Larry McCann (my grandfather  
that was) met with an adventure amongst the  
good people."

Here Margaret, being a devout Catholic, crossed  
herself.

"Good people! O, I suppose you mean  
fairies," was my amendment.

"Sure, miss, an' I do; but we never speak of  
them but as the Good People. It's unlucky."

"O, that's only in Ireland," suggested Fred,  
with a droll wink at me. "In England, you  
may call them anything you like, and they  
won't mind it one bit."

"Are ye sure now, Master Fred?"

"Certain. But, Margaret, what had the  
fairies to do with Larry McCann's carpentering?"

"Well, I'll tell ye, of course as it wor told  
to me, when I was a slip of a colleen no bigger  
than yez."

And Margaret settled herself on her chair with  
all the importance of an old story-teller.

"Ye must know that Larry was as fine an  
strappin' lad as ever stepped over the daisies.  
It was he that could handle a flail or a plough,  
or dig the prairie, or stack the hay in the bag-  
gard. And when he went to chapel on a Sunday  
in his best frieze coat, with the ends of his  
bright hankercher flying loose, an' his cauboon  
cocked rakishly on one side, sure an' weren't  
all the girls in Enniskerry in love with his blue  
eyes an' yellow hair, an' weren't half of them  
dying to have him for a bachelor?"

"I presume ye listeners looked mystified with  
the word 'bachelor' so applied, for Margaret  
explained, 'That's what you call a sweetheart,  
miss.'"

"But Larry, though not considered, laughed  
with one girl, an' joked with another; an' when-  
ever he went to Dublin, or Phoenix Park, or the  
Strawberry-beds, could take the lure with the  
best, and have the prettiest girl for a partner—  
an' troth it's he that could dance a jig—but he  
never thought of takin' a partner for life, or of  
offerin' himself as a bachelor, till he met with  
Kitty Quin, an' her black eyes made a hole in  
his heart at once."

How was high six-an'-twenty  
when he met her. It was at a pattern at the  
Seven Churches of Glendalough, an' some a bit  
could be mind his prayers from looking at her  
as she towled her beads so piously, without  
seem' to think of the bachelors or her own  
pretty face at all.

"Well, I heard grandfather say that though he  
was bowled and impudent in his way with the  
lasses as any lad in Enniskerry, his knees fairly  
knocked together, an' his heart went all in a  
flutter before he could bless himself, when  
Michael Quin tuk her by the hand, an' comin'  
towards him, said, 'Larry, here's our Kitty  
come back from Aunt Riley's,' an' when Larry  
wor too dazed to speak, went on, 'Have yez  
got a drop in yer eye, man, that yez cannot  
see the colleen, or has Dublin made her so  
strange ye don't know her?'"

"What Larry said he never remembered, but  
he felt as if he hadn't a bit of heart left, an' his  
words tumbled over each other like stones rolled  
downhill. He knew he had blundered out  
something, for Kitty's cheeks went red as the  
roses on her gown. She put out her soft little  
hand with a smile that showed two rows of teeth  
as white as an' froth as halibutons; an' she said  
modestly as a nun, 'I'm glad to see any of my  
old friends again, Mither McCann.'"

"He had sense enough left to take how'd of  
the hand she offered; an' sure he must have  
given it a hearty grip, for the roses grow on  
her forehead to match her cheeks, an' she drew  
it back hastily."

"Larry, however, kept close to the brother  
an' sister, an' when the prayers were over, an'  
the people began to enjoy themselves, an' the  
duffs an' the whisky went round to warm the  
hairs an' the toes, then Larry plucked up his  
courage an' asked Kitty to tak the lure with  
him. Now Kitty was older shy, or her  
Dublin manners made her too proud to dance at  
a pattern, so she made excuses. Michael, who  
had kissed the whisky-jar very lovingly, would  
not have his friend said 'no' to; and so, to

keep Mike in a good humour, she consented to  
dance a jig with Larry."

"Sure, an' it was then he must have won her  
heart; for they all went back to Enniskerry to-  
gether, an' she let Larry put his arm round her  
waist, list to how'd her on the ear, because of the  
bad roads, an' stole a kiss when he lifted her  
down at Farmer Quin's garden gate. An' from  
that out Larry followed Kitty like her shadow."

"But Peter Quin farmed more than two hun-  
dred acres, and Larry's father only held a hun-  
dred an' twenty, an' that's a good diff'rence, Master  
Fred. Then Mike and Kitty wor all the childer  
Peter had, whilst Larry's brothers—God be  
praised!—were as thick on the flure as rabbits  
in a run; whoriver ye turned, yez might tumble  
over a pig or a gossoon."

"Troth, an' it wasn't long afore the neighbors  
began to look on Larry as Kitty's bachelor, an'  
one decaftful ould fellow, who had himself an  
eye on Kitty's bit of money, gave Peter a hint  
that Larry was courtin' the lass for the love of  
her fortin'; tho' sorra a bit had Larry McCann  
so dirty a thought as that same."

"Peter had a temper that was always on the  
summer, an' it biled over at last. By some ill  
luck Larry showed his face at the Quin's door  
before it had time to cool, so Peter thrated him  
to a trife of his tongue, the mane blackguard."

"Div ye think Kitty, the illigant deefint, is  
for such a poor spalpeen as yez?" he shouted,  
for such a poor spalpeen as yez?" he shouted,  
for such a poor spalpeen as yez?" he shouted,

"She that's been eddicated in Dublin, an' her  
book-larin', let alone manners an' a fortin' to  
the fore! But it's the fortin', I'm thinkin', yez  
lookin' for wid one eye, an' the girl wid the  
other, Mither Lawrence McCann," he said, with  
a sneer an' a turn up of his ugly nose."

"It's well for yez, Mr. Pether Quin, that yez  
Kitty's father, or, by jabers, an' it's showin' ye  
the taste of this blackthorn I'd be," said Larry  
on the instant, kaping his passion down with an  
effort. "Ye may kape yer dirty money, bad  
cess to them as put the black thought of me  
into yer heart, it'll only put Kitty's sweet  
little hand into mine wid a blessing."

"You may be sure, miss, as they did not  
whisper; an' hearin' an' Mike ran from the  
barn into the ould garden fence at the back

how she had crott into the house by the back  
way, an' shut herself up, all alone, in her room,  
to shed tears like a February cloud over the  
very mischief she had done, and the pain in her  
own breast."

"Sure, all the fun an' the frolic in Larry's na-  
ture were murdered that black mornin'. He  
went about the farm without a smile on his lip  
or a sunbeam in his eye, an' his mother would  
have it the boy was bewitched."

"Even Father McGuire noticed his altered  
looks, an' his careless dress when he went to  
mass on the Sunday, and the good priest did his  
best to set matters straight, but all to no use,  
miss."

"Peter Quin was sorry when his temper was  
off, but—small blame to him!—he still thought  
she might do better than go to the McCanns  
to be under a mother-in-law, an' work like a  
slave for all Larry's younger brothers."

"As for Kitty, before the feel of Larry's kiss  
had gone from her lips the colleen was angry  
that he had taken her at her word; but she  
fed her courage with pride, and put a calm  
face on, though her heart was all in a tempest  
of trouble. An' sure, miss, there's many an'  
many a girl does that, although you are too  
young to know it, and I hope never will."

Here Margaret looked at me so soberly,  
as if giving a leaf out of the book of her own  
experience.

"One fine June morning, when the roses  
were in full bloom, an' the air had the smell  
of flowers an' new-mown hay, Larry went to  
St. Patrick's Market to sell a cow that had gone  
dry."

"Three weeks before, an' that same Larry  
would have sung or whistled every foot of the  
road, barrin' he met a traveller and stopped to  
give him the time of day, or exchange a joke.  
But now he kept his hands in his pockets, his  
chin hung on his chest, an' his mouth was as  
close as a miser's purse. He had a sup  
of whisky before he left home, to keep his heart  
up, but far all that he looked as melancholy as  
the cow he wor drivin'."

"He had barely got a couple of miles beyant  
Peter Quin's farm, when he was in his way to Dub-

lin, when he heard a thin, weak voice callin' to  
him, like the wind through a keyhole.  
"The top of the mornin' to you, Larry!"

"The same to you, mither," answered  
Larry, slowly lifting his eyes, an' then rubbin'  
them to clear the cobwebs away; for straight  
across the road was a gate where never a gate  
had been before, and sittin' cross-legged on the  
topmost bar was the queerest little old man  
Larry had ever seen."

"It was no bigger than a two-year child, but  
his face was as wizened an' wrinkled as if he  
was four hundred. He was dressed in an old-  
fashioned coat an' breeches as green as the  
grass, had shining buckles in his shoes, and on  
his head a bright-red cap. By all them tokens  
Larry knew that the little old man was a lepre-  
chaun, an' his mouth began to water for some  
of the gold he knew the old gentleman must  
have hid in the ground somewhere about, an'  
his heart began to thump. But Larry was not  
the boy to be afraid, so he put a bold face on  
when the leprechaun, with his head cocked on  
one side and a knowing twinkle in his eye, said  
to him."

"That's a fine baste yez drivin', Larry!"

"Troth, yer honour, an' ye may say that  
same," replied Larry, donin' his cauboon  
strappin' his foot, for he thought it best to be  
civil."

"An' so yer drivin' the cow to market be-  
cause she's lost her milk; an' ye mane to ax  
seven pound tin for her?" said the leprechaun  
with a comical chuckle.

"Bedad, an' I am!" exclaimed Larry, openin'  
his eyes and slapping his thigh in amazement,  
an' sure it's the knowin' old gentleman yer  
honour is!"

"Thrus for you," said the leprechaun; an'  
maybe I know besides, that Larry McCann's  
goin' to the bad for love of the prettiest girl in  
Wicklow! But pluck up a sperit, Larry, don't  
be cast down. It's I that owe Pether Quin a  
grudge this many a long day, for his maneness  
in chudin' the fairies of their due. Niver a  
fairie's drop (milk) has a prophitatory offerin'  
to the Good People. It is to be found in Pether's  
cow-house door; and niver a turf or a prairie  
or a east-of-entail has he for a poor shivering  
beggar or omadhaun' (dillo), 'bad cess to him!'

An' so, Larry, I mane to befriend yez, for it's  
yez that have the warm heart and the open  
hand, an' we'll back him against the cold  
heart and the tight fist any day! and the lepre-  
chaun plucked off his red cap and swung it over  
his head, as if in high glee."

"Larry, with another scrape of his foot,  
thanked the green-coated old gentleman, an'  
asked him if he meant to show him where to  
find a pot of gold."

"Ay, an' that I do; but, Larry, an' here he  
looked slyer than ever, 'the fortin' is in your own  
right hand, man, an' it's I that mane to tache  
ye to find it there.'"

"Larry opened his great brown hand, an'  
turned it over, and looked in the broad palm.  
"Divil a bit I see of a fortin' there," says he.  
"Whisht!" says the leprechaun. "Go on wid  
yer baste, an' when ye meet a man wid his  
breeches knees untied, an' his coat-tails down  
to his heels, an' a wisp of straw in his shoes to  
kape his toes warm whor they poop out of his  
stockin's, an' a cauboon widout a brim, thin  
yez'll know the man that'll bid for yer cow" an'  
give ye nine golden guineas for her, an' dirty  
notes."

"Nine guineas! bedad, an' that's more than  
— Larry stopped short.  
"The leprechaun was gone, an' the gate was  
gone, an' the poor cow walked on as if she had  
never been stayed."

"Perhaps she never had," suggested Fred.  
"Now, Mither Fred," said Margaret, "if ye  
interrupt me agin wid yer regualar doubts, I  
shall stop, an' yez'll never hear how it all ended."

"Go on, Margaret," urged I, and Margaret  
obeyed.

## CHAPTER II.

"Larry's surprise an' the leprechaun's pro-  
mises drove Kitty out of his head, an' he stepped  
toward Dublin with something of his ould  
lighsomeness; when list as he crossed the  
caneal bridge he saw Kitty Quin standin' on her  
aunt Riley's door-step in Chamberlain-street,  
dressed as illigantly as a lady, an' lookin' as  
grand an' as proud as a queen."

"Well, Kitty's face went crimson, an' Larry's  
heart gave a great leap; but she jist made him  
a stiff kind of cursey, an' the door bein' opened,  
went in widout a word."

"Thim's Dublin manners, I suppose," thought  
Larry, as he went on, with his heart achin'  
worse than ever; while Kitty, watchin' him  
from behind the window-blind as far as she  
could see, felt the tears run over her burnin'  
cheeks, an' then wiped them off angrily, as if  
ashamed of her natural feelin's, and blamed  
herself for being silly."

"Larry hardly knew how he got to the mar-  
ket, but sure enough there he met that same  
identical man the leprechaun had told him of.  
An' more, by token, he mane Larry a bid for  
the cow. He bid eight pound ten, but Larry,  
heartened beforehand, stuck out for nine gul-

in comparison with the palace Larry was in  
when he came to his senses. The walls were  
brighter than sunshine or rainbows, an' gold,  
an' silver, an' precious jewels were as plentiful  
as prairie. There were gardens with trees an'  
flowers, the likes of which were never in all  
Ireland, an' the birds were all crimson an'  
green an' laylock, an' sung sweeter than thrush  
or nightingale. It seemed to see all this at  
once, an' many a curious thing beside, which I  
disremember, and amongst it all the good people  
were as busy as bees in a hive."

"Almost the first thing he saw was the dead  
fairy lying on a bed of Indian moss, under a  
delicate silken quilt, with a tressy wreath of lilies  
of the valley on his head, and forget-me-nots  
all about him. There was a fine bird of para-  
dise singin' over him asoft an' sweet, it charmed  
the very soul of Larry. There were fairies  
watchin' the corpse, but sorra wan of them was  
sobbin' or cryin', an' sure that same bothered  
him."

"It was not long he was left to stare about  
him. One of the good people put an inch rule  
into his hand, and set him to measure the  
corpse, an' sure that same came as natural to  
him as hopin' the cabbage. Then he was taken  
to a fine fairy workshop, whor everything was  
as neat an' orderly as if it had just been cleaned.  
There was piles of wood of all sorts, an' one  
ould browline towled Larry their manes; and  
there was lots of bright tools, an' another wee  
ould fellow towled him their names; an' then  
two or three showed him how to use them. Then  
they gave him the wood an' the tools, an'  
he made an illigant little coffin as sly as if he  
had been at the trade all his life."

"The dead corpse was lifted in by the moor-  
ners as never moored, an' Larry studied down  
the lid as cleverly as any undertaker in Lein-  
ster."

"As the funeral procession, wid the coffin in  
the midst, moved away to the fairies' churchy,  
the ould browline who first took notice of Larry  
said, 'Very natly put together, Larry McCann;  
sure an' ye're a credit to yer teachers. Take  
yer wages, man, an' go.' Larry put out his  
hand and stooped for the glitterin' purse that  
wor held out to him, an'—whisht!"

"He was lyin' on his back, with his  
early head on a hard stone, under a  
big tree, wid the morning sun shinin'  
full in his face, Powerscourt falls tum-  
blin' in foam down the great high  
rocks that frowned above him, leapin'  
over big boulders, an' rushin' away wid  
a roar under a little wooden bridge  
just beyant."

"Larry rubbed his eyes, sat up, an'  
rubbed them agin, an' sure the more  
he looked about him, the more he was  
battered."

"He gorra, an' this is a queer  
chuck to be sarvin' a man," says he,  
as he scrambled to his feet, wid his  
bones as stiff an' sore as if he had been  
beaten with a shillibilly. 'Is it myself  
I am, or somebody else?' an' where have  
I bin?' an' by the powers, how did I  
come here at all, at all? Is it thrunk,  
or dreamin', or ashape I am this blessed  
mornin'?' He jabbers, the Good People—"

"Larry stopped, an' crossed himself,  
an' brought him of his wages, an' all  
that was in his grip was dead leaves."

"But he gave a great jump, an' cried  
out, 'Plane leaves, bedad; an' it wur  
fairy gold, an' that liver turns to  
leaves! An' it's a plane tree I'm lyin'  
under! Musha, but that's a rare joke!'

"In another minute his heart sank,  
an' he thrimbled with fear lest he had  
been paid for the cow in fairy gold  
too, an' should find only yellow leaves  
in his pocket. But, faith, the nine  
bright, golden guineas—not dirty one-  
pound notes—were solid and safe."

"The sun was dancin' brightly on  
the waters as Larry hastened along the  
narrow footpath by the stream, an'  
turnin' sharp off before he reached the  
fountain waters of the bridge, mount-  
ed the crooked an' dangerous way up  
the steep banks to the high road, wonder-  
ing why the good people couldn't  
have laid him down under a roadside  
hedge, or in a green field, instead of  
carryin' him out of his way intirely to  
Powerscourt Falls. It was all a mystery an'  
a dream to him, an' as he went along he kept  
repeating, 'A fortin' in my hands, the ould  
leprechaun said he'd be afther showin' me.  
Shure an' mightn't it be somethin' more than  
the plane leaves he ment? Ah, Kitty me  
thinkin' if I'm stavin' days over since ye saw  
me last. Two seven-an'-twenty shillings that's  
more than more than seven years' wages!'

"From the day he saw Kitty at the pattern,  
Larry McCann had taken to savin' his money.  
It was kept in a crack hid under the thatch of  
the barn, an' there he went quietly before he  
put a foot on the kitchen floor. Takin' seven  
one-pound notes an' ten shillings out, he put the  
nine guineas in, an' took to his father the price  
he had fixed on the cow."

"Where have ye been, ye vagabone, all this  
blessed night?" cried old McCann, as the broth-  
er of a boy put his bright curly head in at the  
door."

"All night, father, all night, did ye say?"  
cried Larry, bewildered; for ye see, Mither Fred,  
he thought he had been a week with the good  
people."

"Yes! all night; for isn't the sun shinin' an'  
this blessed Midsomer-day, ye spalpeen? Is it  
drunk ye are before the dew is off the  
daisies? Ah, Larry, Larry me! it's the  
wrong way yez goin' over since Kitty Quin  
showed ye the cold shoulder; but cess to the  
whole lot of them! But wher's the price of  
the baste? If ye were thrunk, sure yez since  
left to take care of that."

"Ay, an' sure when he found he had not been  
more than a night with the fairies, he had  
sense enough left to keep his own secret. His  
mother said a mighty change had come over  
Larry, but sorra a guess had she where it came  
from."

"He put the potteen aside when it came his  
way, an' took to the farm so kindly, he went  
about his work whistlin', and did as much in  
one day as he had ever done in two. Then he  
went an' arrand to Dublin with the cow, an'  
brought back a lot of carpenter's tools, an' some  
dale boards. He put them in an old shed that  
was tumbled down, unknown to any one but  
his brother Pat. Then he put a door on the  
pigsty, to kape the pigs out of the house, an'  
persuaded his father to have the holes in the  
mud floor of the kitchen filled up; an' contriv-  
ed somehow to make the farm decent and com-  
fortable, with odd bits of improvement here an'  
there."

"Amongst it all, he an' Pat got the crooked  
walk of the shed to stand upright, an' mended  
the thatch, an' put the roof again on its two  
bings, an' put a look on the door, without a  
word to father or mother. An' then, sure, he  
contrived to put up some sort of a carpenter's  
bench, after the pattern in the fairies' work-  
shop. More wood was got, an' troth, one morn-  
in', to her surprise, Mrs. McCann found a new  
dale table, an' a dresser, an' an uly-chin in her  
kitchen, the like of which wasn't in all Ennis-  
kerry."



"AN' LIFTED HIMSELF ON HIS KNEE TO LOOK ABOUT HIM, AN' THERE HE SAW HUNDREDS OF LITTLE PEOPLE NO MORE THAN A SPAN HIGH."

to join in the fun. He was jist in time to hear  
his father repnte his insult, an' accuse Larry of  
wantin' Kitty's hundred pounds; an' then Mike  
fired up, an' took his friend's part like a Trojan."

"And what's a Trojan, Margaret?" asked Fred  
demurely, with another sly blink at me.

"Whisht, Mither Fred, an' don't be afther  
interruptin', or we'll never get to the 'Good  
People at all,' said Margaret, ignoring the ques-  
tion."

Thus admonished, Master Fred allowed the  
story to proceed.

"But Mike could not bring his father to reason,  
even though he offered him a draw of his  
pipe. More by token, he himself was unwilling  
to let his sister marry a man who had neither  
house nor furniture of his own."

"It's not for the likes of her to lay her head  
under a father-in-law's roof, an' have her childer  
runnin' over a flure that is not her own," said  
Mike. "I'd say nothin' agin the match, Larry,  
if ye had but a farm or a house of yer own, or  
even the bits of things to make a house decent  
for the lass."

"Larry went away with a very sore heart,  
miss, you may be sure, for he'd set his very soul  
upon Kitty Quin."

"An' sure an' that was the black morning for  
Larry! Tamin' a corner of a quickest hedge on  
his way home, who should he come across but  
Kitty, with a basket of ripe strawberries on her  
arm, an' she lookin' more temptin' than the fruit."

"Kitty had a tender drop in her heart, and  
seeing that he was sad, she set herself to dis-  
cover what it was about; and didn't she regret  
her curiosity in another minit?—for he poured  
out all his love an' his sorrow like a great gush-  
in stream, and held her hand as if he was  
drownin', an' only that could keep him from  
sinkin' quite."

"Taken by surprise, Kitty dropped her basket,  
an' would have fainted outright, had not Larry  
put out his arm an' caught her, and that brought  
her to her siven senses."

"Poor Larry mistook her faintness for a sign  
of her affection, an' in his joy kissed her sweet  
lips over an' over again. But Kitty soon told  
him the diff'rence."

"She said she had only fainted from the heat.  
She was sorry he had mistaken her friendship  
for a warmer feeling; but though she was  
ashamed her father should have suspected him  
of a mercenary motive, she could not encour-  
age his hopes. She should never marry with-  
out her father's consent; an' besides, her bring-  
ing-up had made her unfit for a farmer's wife, an'  
so she had determined—yes, determined was  
the word—never to marry any man who had not a  
good trade in his hands that would be a livin'  
either in country or town."

"Every word that Kitty said fell like ice on  
Larry's hot heart, an' he roared home as if he  
had had lashins of whisky; an' when he got  
there, he took the whisky to drown his sorrow  
till he wor drunk in earnest."

"There was nobody to tell him of the battle  
in Kitty's breast between love and pride, nor

him, when he heard a thin, weak voice callin' to  
him, like the wind through a keyhole.  
"The top of the mornin' to you, Larry!"

"The same to you, mither," answered  
Larry, slowly lifting his eyes, an' then rubbin'  
them to clear the cobwebs away; for straight  
across the road was a gate where never a gate  
had been before, and sittin' cross-legged on the  
topmost bar was the queerest little old man  
Larry had ever seen."

"It was no bigger than a two-year child, but  
his face was as wizened an' wrinkled as if he  
was four hundred. He was dressed in an old-  
fashioned coat an' breeches as green as the  
grass, had shining buckles in his shoes, and on  
his head a bright-red cap. By all them tokens  
Larry knew that the little old man was a lepre-  
chaun, an' his mouth began to water for some  
of the gold he knew the old gentleman must  
have hid in the ground somewhere about, an'  
his heart began to thump. But Larry was not  
the boy to be afraid, so he put a bold face on  
when the leprechaun, with his head cocked on  
one side and a knowing twinkle in his eye, said  
to him."

"That's a fine baste yez drivin', Larry!"

"Troth, yer honour, an' ye may say that  
same," replied Larry, donin' his cauboon  
strappin' his foot, for he thought it best to be  
civil."

"An' so yer drivin' the cow to market be-  
cause she's lost her milk; an' ye mane to ax  
seven pound tin for her?" said the leprechaun  
with a comical chuckle.

"Bedad, an' I am!" exclaimed Larry, openin'  
his eyes and slapping his thigh in amazement,  
an' sure it's the knowin' old gentleman yer  
honour is!"

"Thrus for you," said the leprechaun; an'  
maybe I know besides, that Larry McCann's  
goin' to the bad for love of the prettiest girl in  
Wicklow! But pluck up a sperit, Larry, don't  
be cast down. It's I that owe Pether Quin a  
grudge this many a long day, for his maneness  
in chudin' the fairies of their due. Niver a  
fairie's drop (milk) has a prophitatory offerin'  
to the Good People. It is to be found in Pether's  
cow-house door; and niver a turf or a prairie  
or a east-of-entail has he for a poor shivering  
beggar or omadhaun' (dillo), 'bad cess to him!'

An' so, Larry, I mane to befriend yez, for it's  
yez that have the warm heart and the open  
hand, an' we'll back him against the cold  
heart and the tight fist any day! and the lepre-  
chaun plucked off his red cap and swung it over  
his head, as if in high glee."