

While I was here restin' meself oi fill into a dape slape and a drame took howld o' me moind. A thick cloud appeared so that oi could not see at all at all, and a big lump av a fella stud forninst me chair wid a gowld Jew's harp in his hand.

Whin oi loked at him he grinned, and placin' the Jews harp to his taath he began to play a few sheeney airs.

All this toime oi was lukin' at him and admoin' his gall and me in me own house.

"Who are yez?" sez oi.

"Oi am Prince o' Air" sez he, "Knoight av Aerial Spooks, Knoight Commander av Fads and Knoight Difinder av the Kays."

"Will oi'm Patsy Toolan," sez oi, last noight to-noight, and to-morra noight, and pwhat the divil do yez want? Oi'll have nothin' t' do wid princis or gevermint at all at all."

Wid this he woved his shillaley in the air three toimes and oi closed me oies. Whin oi opined thim agin, there he stud wid a grane vist on and and a piece av shamrock on his coat.

"Arrah Be Japers?" sez oi "oi know yez Mulvaney yer one av us."

"Oi'm Prince av the Animatid Shades" sez he, "and oi cum t' rade yer drame."

"Oi'm but a poor knoight av the hod," sez oi, "but will yez condicind t' till me pwhat manes that cloud forninst me?"

Wid this he woiped the air wid his sthick and the cloud partid. And there befur me oies sittin' on the soide av the road wid his pick besoider him was Dinnis Hinnisey loightin' his poipe.

"Arrah! Hinnisey," sez oi, "but yez have a foine cinch. Here's me always wurkin' at a hod job and yez can take yer pick all the toime."

"Till me," sez oi, "pwhat is that womin wid her arrums bare and a muskitty net shoirt waist on as if she's afther lavin' off bakin'?"

"That," he sez, sez he, "is the lathest strate driss. It's said t' be cool" sez he.

"Howly St. Patrick," sez oi, "it may be cool but it luks warrum."

"Cast yer oies," sez he, "up t' the cornur av the strate and till me pwhat yez see."

"Oi see," sez oi, "sum young wimmin wid baby carriages and a grate assimblage av angry dispirate lukin' min. Are they anarkists or politicians?" sez oi.

"Nayther," sez he, "they are nurse goirls flirtin' wid the yung fellas on the boardin' house steps across the way. But do yez see that big buildin' across the strate?"

Sez oi "oi do".

"That is the residence av Mr. J. G. Gustavus Biggun. He is prident of half a dozen thrusts."

Just thin the hause samed t' divoide so that oi cud see insoide. Here oi saw crowds av min and wimmin talkin' an' chatterin' to-

gether. All the wimmin were drissed the same, or were undrissed the same wud be nearer the marruk.

"That," sez he, "is society: one thryin' to outshine the other in jewels an' paint an' powther. In fact, one thryin' to show more than the other in all things both natural and artificial."

"But who are those wimmin wid peaked faces," sez oi, "and an exprission on thim loike the foremin av a big job?"

"Those," sez he, "are Mrs. Cormorant and Mrs. Eagle, two vultures av society who make up pwhat they lack in beauty wid the sharrpness av their tungs."

How long oi wud have been seen' things loike this oi do not know, but at this moment a little man caught me oie who was wavin' his hands and talkin' to a crowd av people.

On askin' who it was oi was towld that the little man was a big siege-gun in politics.

"Arrah Be Japers!," sez oi, "oi elave oi know him. He's the f-lla that got up the Rifirindum elictions. The divie fly away wid him!"

"Yer roight," sez he, "He wantid t' make himself solid so he prached Rifirindum. In order to have a loop-howle t' squeeze through, he made a proposition to the payble who wantid t' dhrink at home. "Now," sez he (afther he had counted thim on the sloy and found there were 200,000 av thim,) "now," sez he, "we will see pwhat the payble sez" sez he. "If 212,000 av yez vote against supportin' the bar we wont drink in publick, but will make arrangemints wid the hotel-kapers to deliver it at our back duers." "Now Toolan" sez he, "you know the result."

Just thin a familiar figger appeared befur me oies, wearin' a dicer' carryin' a cane and smokin' a cigarete. Oi cud hardly belave me own oies that this was me owan woife Biddy Toolan.

Oi turned to the Prince av Animatid Shades but he was gone.

Turnin' agin to me woife, oi sez, sez oi "Be the howly murtherin' sowl av me departed granmuther, yez omathun ye, yez hussy, it's owld Oireland yer disgracin' yez rid-hidded, spalpeen av a"

Biff!!!! Bang!!!!

Just thin the firmamint was opined befur me in all it's glory. Oi saw stars an' comits, and awakenin' oi found Biddy standin' befur me belaborin' me wid the rollin'-pin and tellin' me oi'd be late fer the parade, and tillin' me she'd taech me to call her names.

Jumpin' up oi grabbed me tall silk hat and rushed outsoide.

The parade was passin' and the distant strains av a band up strate playin' "The Wearin' av the Green" caught me ear.

Oi rushed into the house agin, put on me green sash, and had just toime t' jine the parade as it was enterin' the hall.