

HOW LARRY McFURY HELPED TO DEFRAND THE QUEEN.

"Hail, horrors, hail! Welcome, Cimmerian cellar!
 Of liquid bullion inexhausted mine!
 Cumean cave!—no Sibyl thy indweller:
 Sole Pythoness, the witchery of wine!
 Pleased I explore this Sanctuary of thine,
 A humble votary, whom venturous feet
 Have brought into thy Subterranean Shrine;
 Its mysteries I reverently greet,
 Pacing these solemn vaults in contemplation sweet."



If you ever have the good fortune, or bad fortune perhaps, to visit a certain locality at East Tyrone, not far from Ireland's greatest lake, and if you are gifted

with even ordinary powers of observation, you cannot help noticing the curious tumble-down ruins of what was, once upon a time, a very comfortable farmhouse. It is situated only a short distance from the public highway leading into Cookstown, a place so named, peradventure, on account of the great culinary abilities of its inhabitants. The dilapidated structure in question possesses many attractive features, well calculated to arouse the attention of a tourist. It is a long one-story building, having at its south western end a combined barn and stable to which is attached a kind of shed, formerly used as a shelter for calves during stormy weather. The massive walls of stone and lime, lashed by the storms of many a succeeding winter, are now so cracked and crumbling that they threaten with instant destruction anyone fool-hardy enough to venture within their time-hallowed precincts. The thatched roof has so far gone to wreck as to serve but very poorly the end for which roofs are generally intended. It is overgrown with grass and weeds, which, together with the half rotten straw, form a tolerably comfortable nesting-place for many a winged messenger of song. Indeed this same roof is of such a spongy nature that it keeps up

a constant rainstorm within the building for at least forty-eight hours after rain has stopped falling outside; so, taking into account the number of rainy days annually allotted the Green Isle, you can imagine how much fair weather there is to be had inside the whilom comfortable mansion we are describing. The interior is divided into three apartments of about equal size. The middle one which once served as the kitchen, can be easily distinguished from the others by its ample fire-place, now, alas! colder and drearier looking than the bleak mountain-side that rises in the distance. When we last visited the building, half the window glass was gone, and the only commodity one could find inside, was a liberal supply of ozone, carried by the strong fresh breezes from Slieve Gallion's noble brow. The former occupants of this once comfortable home, crushed by pitiless and repeated reverses for fortune, had, a few years previously, abandoned the cherished scene of childhood's joys and sorrows, and followed thousands of their exiled fellow-countrymen to the great Land of Promise in the West.

Nor is the locality in which this structure stands entirely devoid of interest to lovers of the thrilling and supernatural. Every glen, country lane and lonely tree around has its blood curdling and ghostly associations. A stone's throw away stand the ruins of a forge where, one wild winter's night, old Archy Doris shod a three-footed horse for the fairies. Here on the other side is a lonely lane where a strange man of extraordinary stature used