

Foot—manin' Mick—comin' round by the counther, or I'm mistaken in his step, to see how you're amusin' yourself at his expense on the present occasion.

With that, my dear, who should march up to the little blind windy, that was betune us and the shop, and raise the crown of the old caubeen that glazed it for many a day, but Fogarty himself, with both his eyes starin' out of his head, and a face upon him the length of a milestone.

"Is Harry able to keep his legs to-night?" says he over to me, for he only could see one of us from where he was standin'. "If he is," says he, "the sooner he's over to Toomen the better," utterin' the last words in a low fearful whisper.

"Is it the tumblers, you mane?" says Harry, staggerin' out of the room, and bilin' up at havin' the likes of dhrunkness even'd to him, "If it is," says he, "come in here and I'll pay you on the double for them, and ather that, if you have no sarious objection, I'll mix you on the flure with them, and let you know that I'm of the Thraeys that knows the differ not all as one."

"Harry," says Mick, appearin' noways angered, although he was'nt aisily to be matched in regard to a blackthorn, "keep your bravaderin' for a more shutable occasion, for it's rather likely that you won't be long without a plasin' opportunity of amusin' yourself to your heart's contint; but eugger and may be I'd dhrup a word in your ear that will put you on some other thrack, instead of quarrelin' with me, who'll take the liberty of appalin' to you accordin' to the Fogarty's, at the next fair, in respect to mixin' me with your dirty delf that I'd scorn to minshun, and knew nothin' of at all, until you let it out yourself."

When he was done, my jewel, Harry seemed to collect himself, and was lanin' over against the little windy in an instant; but, oh merciful Father! since the hour that I was born I never saw such an altheration take place in the face of mortal man as took place in his, while Mick went on with whatever he was tellin' him.

In the coorse of a minute or so, when Fogarty left off, over he bounces to where I was sittin' in amazement, and if he wasn't as

sober as if he was goin' to confession, I'm not here this blessed night.

"Jack," says he, whippin' up a coil of new rope that he bought in the mornin' over at Grady's, "saddle the horses, and let us be off like lightenin'; for the new Gauger and the party that came to town last week are on scent; and if they get the large still and this runnin' into their hands, I'm a done man, and need never show my face in Toomen, or think of Mary Thrainer again."

"How do you know?" says I, jumpin' to my feet as if the house was fallin' in upon us.

"Mick has just got the wind of the word from town, and sent over Terry to put the boys on their guard, and help them to make away with the tubs and things afore the mad dogs get that far," says he, "and what do you think further, but he has larned that Barny Higgins is at the bottom of the whole of it, and that he is a great friend of Yalla Doyle, who went to Dublin two or three days ago, to buy some presents, as he hints, for Mary, in the hopes of dazzlin' her with his fine riches, and who is now thyrin' to get her away from me, tellin' Cerny that he is as rich as a Jew, and that I am no match for her, although the yalla thraitor never laid an eye upon me, and knows no more about me than he does about the man of the moon."

"Nor about me, neither," says I, "for he never saw my face, as I kept away from that part of the townland, and never darkened my uncle's doore since he was off the notion of givin' her to you; except, indeed, when I stole over at night to comfort the poor girl with a word from yourself, when all the world was asleep, and to hear the sad tale that she had to tell of the cruel way in which she was besieged by that black-hearted thief. Yes, Harry dear," says I, "although I never had the courage to tell you till now, that backbitin' robber is brakin' the young craythur's heart, in regard to the manner in which he spakes of you; and what is worse than all, Pether Grady got a whisper yesther-day, that my uncle gave his consint, as he has been led to believe that you are a dhrinker, and not worth a shillin', and that, consequently, the marriage is to take place to-morrow night, if a priesht can be got to 'is-