

her fair and yet keep to the truth. 'Sure it's making fun of me you are,' said he. 'You don't need a poor boy like me to tell you what you are. If you've no looking-glass, every clear stream you meet must show it to you.' 'Do you love me, then?' said she. 'Oh, my lady,' said my uncle, still keeping his hand on the scapular, and thinking of his own little sweetheart, 'sure I could never be so bold as to say I loved a grand lady like you.' 'But you may say it,' said she; 'and if you do, I'll take you to a country so beautiful that you never dreamed of the like, and I'll give you a palace to live in finer than the Queen of England's, and rich clothes to wear, and servants to wait on you, and you'll never have to do a hand's turn that you don't like from one year's end to another.' 'I'm afraid I wouldn't be fit for that kind of life,' said my uncle. 'I'll make you fit for it,' said she. 'Pluck up your courage, and take the good fortune that's waiting for you. You'll never get such an offer again as long as you live.' 'It's too great an honour for the likes of me,' said my uncle, still trying to put her off civilly. 'No, not a bit,' said she; 'nothing's too great an honour for those that I love; and I love you,' said she, laying her hand on his sleeve, 'and if you come with me I'll be your wife and your slave.' 'Madam,' said he, 'I don't want you to be my slave, and neither do I want to be yours, and so, than king you for your kind offer, I hope you'll forgive me for refusing it.' 'But I never will,' said she; 'it's some miserable mortal woman that's keeping you away from me.' 'Well, madam,' said my uncle, 'I won't deny it. There's a girl that I'm promised to, and I'll never forsake her.' 'What!' said the lady, frowning as black as a starless night, 'would you choose a poor drudge of a girl out of a cabin, her figure made coarse and her hands hard with work, her eyes made dull with toil and trouble, her skin tanned and freckled with the sun and wind, and her dress ragged

and old, to my lily fairness and softness, my silken robes and rich jewels?' 'I wouldn't give a hair of her innocent head for all your wicked beauty, and all your fine clothes, and palaces, and jewels besides,' said my uncle, speaking out at last like a man. 'You're a fool,' said she, 'and a mean-spirited creature into the bargain; but for all that, since I have taken the fancy, I must have you, or it will be the worst day for you ever you saw. You haven't said "No" to me yet, and you'd better not; for if you do, it will be the last word you'll ever speak.' 'You'll do what you're permitted to do, and no more,' said my uncle, 'and I'm not a bit afraid of you. If I didn't say "No" before, I say it now, and you may do your worst!' With that, something seemed to hit him a blow on the head, and he fell flat and senseless on the ground. When he wakened it was broad day, and he didn't feel much the matter with him, only a dizziness and soreness of the head, and there wasn't a sign of what had happened in the night only the fairy rings on the green bank. He was married to his sweetheart soon after, and many a time I've heard him joke her about having a husband that might have been married to the Queen of the Fairies. And now, my lady, I hope I haven't tired you with my story."

"No, Matty, it's a very pretty story; but I'm sorry you see any likeness between me and the wicked Fairy Queen."

"Only just the green dress and the beauty, my lady," said Matty; "and there's this difference, that her beauty was false, while yours is true. They say beauty's only skin-deep, and so it is with some; but your beauty's as deep as your heart, and any one may see the heart's sweetness and goodness shining through it. But sure I ought to ask your ladyship's pardon for making so free; but it is just a way I have of speaking my mind, and every one excuses it in old Matty, for they know he means no harm. And how's all up yonder?" and he pointed with his thumb