

"He is fond of his master?"

"You may say so! good right he has. Would you ever guess that that sarvint is uncle to the 'Queen of the May'? Deed, then he is. An' more betoken, you'll see Mr. Charles give Mr. Meldon and 'Crichawn' (that's the sarvint's name) a wide berth as they call it. 'Crichawn' would make chayney of two ov 'im."

"Pray what is the meaning of 'Crichawn'?"

"The meaning of 'Crichawn' is a small pyatee—a useless thing, unless for the pigs—it's so small. Troth, thin, the name does not fit Tom Hayes one morsel."

Five men passed the speakers in a knot. The strange man started.

"Good-bye, my good fellow," he said; and he moved off and joined the newcomers. "I thank you for all the useful information you have given me," were his last words. "These are friends of mine."

The scene was wonderful all day. The dancers had their "country-dances," and their "moneen jigs," and their hornpipes, and their "reels," and their laugh and joke, the rockets of all merry-making; and two milk-white tents up in a corner had their occupants, and within, as well as without, all was merry, and no one was drunk. The gentlemen and ladies, in the intervals of the dances, came and mingled with the peasantry; and, among them all, no one was more attentive and kind than Mr. Meldon, who had a good word for all and singular, but particularly for the "Queen of the May."

Mr. Meldon was a man of grand physique, though clearly he had reached a few years over the time given to the perfection of widows. He stood full six feet, muscular, graceful, and well dressed. He had a profusion of black hair, and so far as his eyes assimilated him, you might imagine him the father of the "Queen of the May." He wore a ring worth a fortune, and dark spectacles which he rarely removed. He was very correct in his address, and, in manners, dignified and easy. He had arrived in Kilsheelan only eighteen months before, and had purchased a small property on which he lived in great seclusion. He had made himself

acquainted with every one, but no one had acquired much knowledge of him. The idea of his being English seems to have had its origin in the fact, that all his letters came from London or from Leeds, and that from time to time he had one or two visitors who evidently came from the sister kingdom. What he was himself, however, "no man cared to ax 'im."

"Now, a moment of culminating interest seems to have arrived. The scattered crowd is concentrating. The "long dance" formed a large and beautiful circle—quite a Tipperary diadem! The "Queen of the May" is standing in the midst, surrounded by seven maidens attired like herself, and singularly attractive. The circle breaks for a moment, and four young men, glowing with healthy excitement, enter, bearing a small mahogany table, on which stood a magnificent crown of flowers of the richest dyes, woven in a circle of golden thread. As soon as the table has been laid on the grass, led in by two fine Tipperary boys—and looking just the man he was, we behold Mr. Meldon. All the neighbors round had asked him to crown the "Queen of the May," and he came that day to lay the glittering prize on the head of Alice Hayes, his nearest neighbor. Such a scene! such cheers, and congratulations, and good wishes, were never heard before by the banks of the Suir, in the midst of which the crowned queen, the "Angel of Slieve-na-Mon," gracefully curtsied to Mr. Meldon, and as gracefully made her acknowledgments to the people.

There was one among the crowd who scowled and bit his lips, and seemed at one time going to become dangerous. That was Mr. Charles Baring. In fact, he had placed his hand in his breast somewhat suspiciously and convulsively; but he heaved a sigh, and drew his hand forth again and tried to look indifferent.

The "Crichawn" had tapped him on the shoulder, and pointed out to him seven or eight men, standing apparently in expectation near the hedge; and Mr. Charles Baring turned away to look for his drag, and, perhaps, seek the companions whom the "Crichawn" indicated as awaiting time.

Going home in the evening, Mr. Mel-