

Me afeard of a ghost ! I'm too well used to thim now. But as he had no time to make his pace, he may have somethin' heavy on his sowl, and might lay a pennance on me that I never could perform—I know he is in thruble."

"How do you know that?" asked the widow.

"Know that, ma'am ! he appeared to his son, they say, on Sunday night, smoking his dhudeen at the fire ; the boy happened to waken and look from the room into the kitchen, and there he saw his father, very melancholy like in himself. Ever since that he lays a good fire down and a pipe of tobacco on the hob before he goes to bed. And Shane-dhu sa^h him since standin' under a tree by Grange Castle, reading his prayer book—its azy seen he's in thruble—the Lord forgive him his sins !"

"Had he his head on him, ma-bouchal?"

"I don't know how he could well read or smoke adout it, tho' I never heard of a ghost that had a better right to appear with his head under his arm, as the Dallahans do, they say. I never saw one, barrin' the death-coach and headless horses."

"I thought you'd give up gold seeking and turn yourself to something useful since the night you were disappointed at the Barrack wall," said his mistress.

"That was no-fault o' mine, or the dhrame either ; the money was there, but I was robb'd and plundher'd, ma'am, if ever a man was ; the devil take the thieves, and that it may nivir do thim good that got it ! Some ould soger or officer hid his booty there, and maybe he did'nt get it honest—maybe he got it by plundhering the dead in the field o' battle, or the livin' in a sack'd town, —or maybe he chated the King, for many a man that houlds his head high done that, in the ould wars, and in furren parts. Maybe he got it by making contracts, and then sending out a ridge-meat of horse and foot to dhrive all the cattle before them into the barrick-yard, and then charging Government so much a head—so my father that followed the wars so long, said some o' them did. Faith ! he knew an officer who had a contract for buryin' the dead, who made one coffin do for all, by manes of a sliding bottom ; this was dhrawn out at the grave, and down the dead man wint ; he was covered up, and there was no more about him. 'Come bad go bad,' they say, and may all my ill luck go wid it."

"How did you lose it, Corny?"

"Well ! I gave John Madigan a hint—jist the the wind o' the word—and what does he do but goes hims-elf and gets it ; when I wint, Lucy there, came wid me."

"Now, Con, it's a great shame for you, so it is," said the blushing girl.

"Faix ! and you did, and held the lantern too."

"Twas so sure. I did'nt want to give shares to others. A great blow it was too ; howsumever, I dug—dug—dug,—sayin' my prayers as hard as I cu'd. At last I cum's to a flag. 'Here it is, Lucy !' said I hitting it a prod ; 'here it is ! and our fortin's made, and the fortin of our sivin ginerations.' But I was spaking to the wind ; sorra a blessed syllable she heard, for the first word wasn't out o' my mouth when she fell down in a faint—dead as a doore nail, with joy or fright, I don't know which—she can tell you herself ; so I ups and throws a bottle of whiskey slap in her face, for we hadn't a sup of wather—not the bottle, but the contents I mane,—and slapped her hands, and bawled in her ear till I thought she was gone ; at last she opened her eyes, looked up in my face and sighed, the crathur ; 'Corny,' says she, 'I'm a poor, wake girl,' says she, 'not fit to be the wife of a shrugglin' man ; but I wish I was as rich as Dives for your sake.'"

"Now, Con—indeed I did'nt. Is'nt it a shame for you, now ? The back o' my hand and the——"

"May I never stir but thim was your very words ; 'arra^h ma colleen bawn dheelish,' says I, givin' her a kiss.

"Corny Carroll ! well if you ever——"

"Afore God and I did so. 'Arn't we all as one as book sworn, *ma colleen bawn dheelish* ?' says I ; 'sure I'm as rich as Nebicodnaazer the King o' the Jews,' says I. 'Where's the treasure ?' says she. 'Wait a bit and you'll have the full o' your aprin in no time,' says I, jumpin' into the hole again, and lifitin' out the flag. 'Now for the crock !' says I ; and sure enough there was a crock, and a big one too ! but not as much money as would jingle on a tombstone. 'Robbery !' says I ; 'Jack Madigan, you're a desaver,' says I ; 'you have the goold, and de devil do you good wid it !' Wid that I came home, thinking all the way it wasn't worth his while to lave the crock behind.

"I thought poor Lucy wu'd cry her eyes out ; It was a heavy blow to us both, ma'am. Jack's risin' his head of late and so well he may, for his pouch is lined with my money ; I'll nivir go behind the bush, but some bad ind 'll cum ov it, and more o' that to him."

"I think I could throw some light on that af-fair," said Mrs. Mortarty ; "Madigan told my son of your intentions, and both went with a milk pan of mine, and laid it in the place you went to dig, and covered it with a flag ; and as to his prosperity, I have rented him a farm lately, and given him two cows to begin the world with ; you know he's Brian's foster-brother ;