

young Thracy about his father, down at the cel-wire?"

"Is it how I came to lose both my front teeth, you maue?" rejoined Jack, with a bright twinkle of his merry grey eye, which induced the runner to give me a slight nudge in the ribs, as much as to say, "now for it, now we'll have it!"

"Troth, then, it's thatsame, if its pleasin' to you," replied Jemmy, "and sure I am that this gintleman, our friend here, will be glad enough to listen to it, for I'm given to undherstand that 'the Irish rogues and raperies is but a reading made easy' to it, and that it aqels, if it doesn't hate all out, the histhry of Fin Mac Coul himself!"

I of course expressed the delight it would afford me to hear anything from the lips of Mr. Trainer; and begged that he would be so kind as to favour us with the narration in question, as it would not only tend to keep our eyes open, but, doubtless, be edifying in the extreme, since he appeared to be intimately connected with the story.

To our joint solicitations, Jack expressed his utmost willingness to accede; so, after taking a long pull at the little "pannikin," clearing his throat with a short determined "hem!" and throwing himself back against the huge masonry, until the red glare of the fire played full upon his humorous countenance, he ran his fingers once or twice through the scant grey locks that were scattered over his brows, and began as follows:

CHAPTER I.

The landhrey maids of the sky were just beginnin' to wring out their ethayreal duds, and make a common shough of the nate little town of Mohill and the surrounding counthry, when Harry Thracy—a succend cousin of my poor mother's, the Lord rest her sowl in glory—was comfortably sated by my side, in Mick Fogarty's small backroom, quietly finishin' his eight or ninth tumbler of as good ould potticen punch as ever dhrew a tear from you, and talkin' over the days when black gandher Hoolahan bate long Paddy Grady at the seven weeks' dhrinkin' across the very same table that was then sthramin' afore us.

"Jack," says he to me aafter makin' a a spyglass of the vesshel he had just put to

his lips, "if I get clear with this job," man-in' a heavy runnin' that was goin' on over at Toomen, "begorra, I think I'll be able to bring your uncle Corney all round again regardin' my poor darlin' Mary, although I don't know, from Adam, what on earth has got into him; for ever since yellow Doyle took the farm beside him—and that's now upwards of three months ago—he seems altogether off the notion of givin' her to me, and is not inclined to look the side of the road I'm on, and to offer me his hand or a dhrop as he used to do. "Howsomever," says he, "I suspect I did middlin' well in comin' over here to-day and taking a taste in the way I am, as it will be apt to keep the new-comers in their quarters; for surely they'll never dhrame that there is anything goin' on beyant when Johnny the spy was here towards evenin', and knows that I'm goin' to make a night of it, or at laste believes so. But," says he, risin' cautiously, till he got fairly ballaust in his brogues, "it's rainin', I persave, and be me sowl, for some raison or other, I'm fairly bewildered in regard to the time, although I'm of opinion it's not very late yet," says he, pulin' out his watch at the same moment, and fastenin' his eye upon the back of it, if you plase, for no small while, as if nothin' in life would do him, short of makin' out the time to the very second, and showin' that the divil a hair was turned upon him.

"It's aither eight or nine, Jack," says he, pushin' it back into his fob again, "for the candle's bad, and I'm a little dizzy; but, notwithstandin', through other and all as I am, be me conscience, I'm able to pass muster yet, as you persave," says he, shlashin' down his hands by way of comin' to a kind of "attinshun," which same ended in the destruction of four as illegant tumbler as ever you clapt an eye upon, and the powdherin' of a bran new picther that cost one and fourpence at Misses Knowlin's, not half an hour afore he enthered the doore.

"That's mabouchal," says I, sein' what was done, "but you're the soger in earnest; and if you have'nt got through with your exercise to your likin', or come to attinshin' accordin' to parade, you have drawn it pretty decently with your thricks, for here's Splaw