

suitable match for his daughter. They spent the evenings in the parlor, singing, and chatting and romping about. Little Willy called him his brother, and often took him to ride, and hunt about with him. Alice, too, joined in some of their rambles, and then, mounted on Willy's pony, she rode around the fields, with Frank and Willy her escort.

It was in the evenings when collected around the parlor fire they presented a true picture of domestic bliss. After tea, Mr. Maher and Frank took a quiet glass of punch, whilst Alice, seated at the piano, poured forth her mellow, thrilling songs. Frank often sat beside her, and joined in the song. These were pleasant nights, and as Frank rose to return to his uncle's, he felt happy, for there was one fond heart he could call his own. Alice called over to Father O'Donnell's on the day on which Frank was about returning home. They spent the morning rambling about their favorite walks, renewing their vows of love, and building fairy palaces for the future. Frank had sent home his horse, so he set out through the country with his gun and dog, and Shemus-a-Clough as a companion.

After travelling a few miles, and meeting with but little shooting, he sat down to refresh himself. Shemus, with his club, took his seat beside him. Shemus's feet were of immense size. This was owing, in a great measure, to the frost and cold, for Shemus never wore shoes but on one occasion.

"Don't your feet be sore, Shemus?" said Frank, looking at his swollen cracked feet.

"Sometimes, sir; they are used to the road now though; use makes murther."

"Why wouldn't you get shoes, Shemus? I'll get a pair made for you this winter."

"No use, sir; Father O'Donnell gave me a pair once, and I couldn't wear them."

"Why so, Shemus?"

"I'll tell you all; shure I couldn't carry them."

"Try another pair now; I'll get them for you."

"Divil a bit; it would be only throwing away money for nothing; for the priest said to me one day, 'Shemus, will you have shoes; if so go down to Toomy, and tell him that I sent you for them; and be the same token, tell him, that it was yesterday he sold me boots;' so down I goes. The priest told me get a pair of shoes says I. 'Did he?' says he. 'To be sure he did; so hurry out wid him.' 'O, wait for your time,' says he, 'there is luck in leisure.'

'By my soukens, thin, I will go back and tell his riverence.' 'O, don't,' says he; 'come in and try some.' So in I goes; phoo! I might as well go whistle jigs to a mile-stone. Shure divil a one would come near me at all. 'Now go home and tell his riverence to get a pair of lasts made for you, and I will make the shoes.' So I did, and well be done of him, but went out to the carpenters and tells them to make lasts for me; so they set to work, and when they was finished I set out wid one under each arm. O, mustha, but they were as big as two rounling pins. If you wor to see me with me new shoes and a fine bran new pair of stockings, that Mrs. Hogan made for me out of an ould blanket, for any others would not fit me, begor I was grand intirely, and I had a new hunting coat and cap.

"Shemus," said the priest, "you must run to Cashel of a message for me, and don't let a blade of grass grow under your feet, for I'm in a hurry."

"Off I started like fun; after two or three miles they began to shlap and clatter on my feet. Bad scan to ye's, says I, shure ye are playing the dickens with me entirely. By and by I looked down, and there was my heel all skinned. I took and flung the fellow in a field of wheat; after a short time the other got as bad; I flung him after his brother."

"What did my uncle say?"

"What did he say? Shure he was mad, but how could I help him: shure I could get him for him afterwards; for one day I went into a cabin and there I saw my beautiful shoe turned into a cradle for the baby."

"I believe I might as well not get any for you so?"

"Sarra use thin."

"Is it long since ye had any hunt, Shemus?"

"Last Tuesday; begor we had the fun intirely. Isn't it pleasant work, Mither Frank; shure we met a fox at Grove, and thin to see all the jintlemen with their red coats and caps and they collected around the cover, and the huntsmen bating the bushes this way," and Shemus jumped up and struck a bush with his cudgel; "and, thin, to see the hounds this way," and he threw himself all fours, and ran along the ground, crying "bow, wow, wow!" and thin to hear him when the fox got up; begorra it was as good as any music to hear the cry they set up, and thin the jintlemen fell at cracking their whips and shouting "yoicks tallyho! yoicks tallyho!" and away they dashed.