

me, right now," and then he unburdened himself. "Oh, Brian, come and tell the rest," and he did, and there was rejoicing in the house of Bailly.

But that adage about the nice and men comes in right here. When Bryan returned to his master's residence, he was informed that a telegram had come from Mr. Bentley saying that he would not be home until the following afternoon.

"He'll be too late" exclaimed Mr. Lynch, when he heard this, "to save Bart's, and Nora's, and the childers' things, and that ugly divil, that lazy lout, that snakin', thavin'—that worum, that rapscallen of a deputy-bailiff will walk off wid ivery loose thing about th' place. By the Mother av Mawses! he won't if Oi can help it," and with a look that boded ill for the minion of the law, he rushed off to his stable-room to hatch some plan to circumvent the unsuspecting deputy-bailiff.

The result was, Bryan held a whispered conversation with Bart. Bart laughed and nodded his head. I saw him, and made him tell me what it was all about. In fact we all did more than smile that night, when we gathered together upstairs, and listened to the noise below. We might have laughed outright if we were not so anxious about the result. I believe Larry and I did laugh once, when we heard Bryan break forth into a Bacchanalian song downstairs, the refrain of which was:

"Kape up yer sperits,
I've got him as full as th' moon
On its last quarter.
An' sure an' bedad!
It's me last quarter too."

Bryan had, much against his inclination, made friends with the deputy that evening, and had played a couple of games of draughts with him. It was about the only game Mr. Lynch could play, he was quite a proficient, and it so happened that his guest also prided himself on his skill in the manipulation of the frisky chequer.

Nora afterwards prepared a little spread in the dining-room, at which we all presided.

"It's thur last noight in th' house" said Bryan, "and as they'll lose ivery-thing in th' marnin' (consternation depicted on the faces of all of us) they think they moight as well have one last male to celebrate, as it wur, thur lavin' th' owld house—bad cess to yer ugly mug" (this under his breath.)

Then Bart, Nora, Larry and I retired upstairs, while Mr. Lynch and his now bosom friend—the deputy-bailiff, played another game of draughts, the deputy coming out victor. Then Mr. Lynch produced a couple of suspicious looking bottles, and the deputy's eyes glistened. Mr. Lynch carefully removed the corks from both, and poured out two generous potions. Courtesies were exchanged, and in the promiscuous drinking which followed, it would have perhaps puzzled a stranger why Mr. Bryan Lynch always poured his own liquor out of the same bottle. A slight sniff at that same would have explained matters—it was filled with *cold tea*.

To look at them, a casual observer would imagine that Mr. Bryan Lynch was the more drunk of the two. He told yarns in a loud tone of voice, with unsteady speech, and much gesticulation with both hands and feet, varied occasionally with an extremely drunken laugh, while his companion, in a somewhat maudlin state, listened with the utmost gravity to the funny portions of Bryan's yarns, and chuckled immoderately when tears would have been much more appropriate. Then the deputy's head dropped forward on the table, as Mr. Bryan reached the refrain of his fifth song:

"An' a wee dthrop o' th' crathur
To ossist toired nathur—

Bedad! it's assisted this divil moightily," and Mr. Lynch heaved a huge sigh of relief, and wiped his perspiring brow, after which he lifted the now inanimate form of his guest to the