

rough. I've done me best to train her, but it ain't much good; and anyhow it wouldn't niver have done to ask a lady to come and live in a hool like this."

That Tim should have failed in his efforts to train his wife was in no way remarkable, as I believe better men have often broken down over the same experiment; but the idea of a lady living with Tim Cassidy either in a hole or anywhere else was so funny that I could not restrain a smile. Tim paid no attention, however, but went on.

"It's a fine state of things, this, in the ould country now, sir," he said.

"I should say it was rather a bad state of things," I replied.

"Thim landlords are havin' a bad time of it now, ain't they," said Tim; "I'm thinkin' I'll sell the ould place here and go back."

"You think you'd get a farm for nothing, eh! Tim?" I inquired.

"Bedad, now, and that's it," said Tim. "I suppose there'll be farms to be had for the askin', and ne'er a rent to pay at all at all."

"The only difficulty is that you might be shot if you took one," I replied.

Tim reflected on this and immediately changed the subject. He was the best hand at changing the subject that I ever met.

"Do ye play cyards?" he asked.

"Well, I sometimes play a game at whist," I said.

"What's whisht?" said Tim. "I asked ye did ye play cyards?"

"Whist is a game at cards," I mildly remarked.