

what did they do but creep into the palace one night, and bewitch the water of the bath; and when I rose from my bed at the break of day, to take my dip, oh, the terrible thing that happened! I was changed to the loike you see me now; and all my ladies into frogs or lizards, or tiny bits of fish. Sure,' says the poor crayther, 'me heart is broke wid it intirely.'

"And isn't there any way ye can get changed back again?" says my great-grandfather.

"Just wan," says the lady, "just wan. I'll tell you what it is. If you'll give me three kisses, it won't be two minutes afther it before I'm a beautiful princess again. And I'll marry you and make you a prince, and we'll go back to the dacent parts of the world to live, and you'll have all that Leart can wish ever afther."

"Sure I'll do it," says my great-grandfather, "and glad to do it, too."

"And with that the fish-lady swam up to the edge of the pond, and he stoops over her and gives her first wan kiss, then another; but before he gave her the third the thought that all mightn't be right came into his moind.

"Just kape them two," says he to the lady, "and I'll go and ask Father Mooney about it, and come back to give ye the other. He's a knowledgeable person, is the father, and if there's deviltry in this he'll tell me."

"Oh, wurrah! The shriek the crayther gave and the way she clung to him! But he just soused her under the water, and off he went, a thousand little devils afther him. And crash came something, and the next he knew he was lying in the snow forninst his own cabin, with his dudeen in his mouth and a black bottle in one hand, a shillelah in the other, and Father Mooney preachin' a lecture on temperance over him, and remarkin' to the boys that was lookin' at him that they could see what a pass drink would bring a foiner fellow to.

"Not a drop have I had this day," says me great-grandfather; but the ideas had got into their heads, and they only laughed at him; and the next day, when he went into the woods again, to find the cave, makin' up his mind to give the other kiss, it was clane gone, and search as he might he niver found it again. And now you see it isn't a bit of a lie I'm telling you when I say that if my great-grandfather hadn't been a

fool I'd have been living in illigance this day, instead of blacking these boots.

"And maybe," added Con, picking up the boots as he spoke, "it's a princess you'd have been wan day, if you'd said 'yes' when I axed ye."

SEA PINKS.

An Episode of Club Day on the Isle of Man.

It was not every girl who was as lucky as Lizzie Milrea. Who and what was she? Just a Manx weaver of nets—nothing more.

But one's rank matters not if only one be the queen amongst one's kinship and acquaintance. Lizzie was this. But then the Milreas were a handsome race; its men were stalwart fishers, and its maids and matrons had deep blue eyes, and a quaint refinement of feature that in some vague way set them apart from the rougher-looking wives and daughters of fishermen.

The air of Peel was electric with expectation—the morrow was to be a holiday. All the shopkeepers were busy, and in every fisher's cottage there was a grand brushing up and arranging of the men's best clothes—clothes which were worn once a year certainly; perhaps, too, when the men went to church or chapel.

Some visitors—there were only a few such folk in the town, for the inroad of noisy mill-workers had not commenced—were being shown over the largest net factory in the place. Coming along the knobbly, stony street they had seen yards—millions of yards of nets, so it seemed, being hauled up from carts into a high warehouse window, that would be for storage or for mending; then they had gone on a few steps farther to the factory.

There were the looms, hand-worked—the best nets are not turned out by steam-power—rows of looms with a girl to each. Every girl was dressed in the same way, and her skirt was kilted high beneath a snowy broad apron; a little tartan shawl was pinned across her shoulders; her feet were bare, and the beat of treadles and the whirr of wheels and the clatter of cranks went on with a buzz and a burr.

The visitors went along, and looked, and watched. There were the creamy,