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altogether like steam does, but the growl stays be the silver fire.

"Shaun must have thought he was at some movin'-picture show, but he goes out of the smaller kitchen an' enters a third kitchen, an' there was a green fire, its flames leppin' up on a pot that was hangin' by a lock of golden hair that was fastened to nothin' at all.

"It's queer doin's in this house," says Shaun, "but it doesn't take away my appetite. I hope this soup is good to eat or I'll begin on me shoes."

"HE's just goin' to dip the third feather into the broth when a little bird flies out of the broth, all golden.

"Oh, ho!" says he, "that's it, is it? Well, I can't digest gold any better than copper or silver, an' if it isn't breakfast time I'll go up an' see what's in the forbidden room."

"So up the stairs he goes, climbin' them as lightly as if he was a goat, an' when he comes to the door of the room, there is the key right in it.

"It didn't take him long to turn the key in the lock, an' then the door opened of its own accord an' Shaun whistled.

"There was nothin' to ate in the room, but there was a girl there that me mudder said was the most beautiful girl that had ever been seen outside of Ireland, although she'd not occasion much talk there. But me mudder said that Shaun thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She had cheeks like roses an' a mouth like a pink, an' eyes like forget-me-nots, an' teeth like the petals of daisies—gee, I never liked that, but me mudder said it was part of the story—an' when she spoke Shaun forgot he'd ever heard the fifty harpers in his father's hall. Her voice made him forget he was hungry.

"But the beautiful girl was only using her voice to tell him that he had struck the unluckiest day of his life.

"Not on your life," says Shaun, "I was engaged this morning by your husband—"

"He's not my husband," says the girl, makin' a face. "He's a wicked man, an' if he has engaged you, he has probably told you to sweep the stable, an' when he comes home an' finds it hasn't been done, he'll sit down to dinner with you, an' you'll be the dinner."

"Oh, if that's the case," laughed Shaun, "I'll do the job at once. I never swept a stable, as my father

is a king, but I've seen it done by the grooms, an' it's not much of a job."

"Unfortunate man," says the beautiful girl. "It's a fairy stable, an' if you sweep it the usual way it'll become dirtier for every pass of the broom. But if you take the broom be the brush an' sweep with the handle the stable will be clean in a twinkling."

"It's you're the good-natured thing," says Shaun, an' he leans over to kiss the pretty pinks of lips she has, but she hands him out some pink for his own cheek with a slap of her hand.

"THAT made him love her all the more, an' he spent the day tellin' her the story of his life an' listenin' to hers. She was the daughter of a fairy an' her name was Fiona, an' the giant kep' her in this room on the twenty-fifth floor of his private skyscraper.

"When the lowin' of the two-headed cow showed Fiona that the giant was on his way back—you see, his farm was a hundred miles long an' it took him all day to go to the pasture where the cow was, an' the next day it took him all day to lead her to pasture again—Fiona warned Shaun that if he didn't get to work at once, the giant would have a very appetizing dinner.

"So Shaun slid down the banisters until his hands begun to burn, an' then he jumped down a flight at a time an' was soon in the barn, where he tried to sweep in the usual way, an' in a minute you'd suppose the stable hadn't been cleaned since the first barn was built.

"He soon had enough of that, an' reversed his broom an' in the wink of a couple of eyes the barn was as clean as a snow

winder.

"When Shaun heard the giant walkin' up the lane to the house an' the earth tremblin' wid every tread, he begun to whistle an' went out to meet him.

"Well, have y' cleaned the stable?" roared the giant, who was in a bad humour as the cow had kicked over the milk an' his day's walk had gone for nothin'.

"Long ago," says Shaun, with a grin. "Why don't you give me somethin' hard? I've been awfully bored with nothin' to do but that."

"Oh, ho!" yells the giant, lookin' up at the twenty-fifth story. "You have seen Fiona, unless you are lyin'."

"Sir, I don't lie!" cried Shaun, drawin' his sword, which made the giant laugh an' go off to the stable to see for himself.

"Yes," said he when he came back, "you have seen Fiona. You never thought of this with your own brain."

"Is Fiona the red dog that laves his growl behind him?" cried Shaun, lookin' as silly as he could.

"You'll know soon enough," roared the giant, an' then he went into the kitchen an' begun to yell at the cook.

"An amiable man," said Shaun, an' makin' a bed in the hay he fell asleep, forgettin' that he had aten nothin' all day. His dreams was all of Fiona, an' he made up his mind to free her from the wicked old giant.

"The next mornin' when Shaun woke up he was so hungry he begun to gnaw at his belt, but there wasn't a hayporth of nourishment in it—so me mudder said, whatever a hayporth is—an' when he found a dozen eggs in the hay he made short work of them, atin' them raw.

"THEN he goes out of the stable an' there is the giant just lavin' the house to go take the double-headed cow to the pasture, a hundred miles away.

"Good mornin'," says Shaun, with a toss of his head to show that he wasn't afraid of the old giant. "What is it to-day?"

"To-day ye must catch me stallion that's grazin' on the shores of Lough Erne an' bring him to the stable to be groomed.

Once a month I groom him."

"An' is that all?" says Shaun.

"Oh, yes," says the giant, wid a roar of a laugh; "when that's done you can play the pipes, or do anything at all, so's you don't visit Fiona."

"Oh, I'm sick of Fiona, whatever it is. I'm sure it's nothin' to ate, for I hadn't a bite nor a sup yesterday at all, at all. Sure it's little care you take of them that honours you be bein' your servants."

"Oh, the grass is long an' there's plenty of it, an' you're welcome to all ye can ate," says the giant, roarin' again so loud that he broke a pane of glass in the henhouse that lay forinst them. An' wid that he starts off to lead his cow to the pasture, an' she bellerin' out of her two heads at once, for, like everyone else, she hated the giant.

"As soon as the giant had gone, Shaun called to Fiona, an' when she put her head out of the window, he asked her to let down a rope as there was no use of walkin' an' the elevator was out of order.

"She, bein' the daughter of a fairy, let down her hair, an' he pulled himself up hand over hand on it. Twenty-five stories long is a good head of hair.

"When he climbed in at the window an' saw Fiona he fell dead in love wid her.

"Come for a walk," says he, an' without ever stoppin' to put on any walkin' shoes, but all barefooted, she went wid him, an' they were soon wanderin' over the hills an' lookin' out to the seven seas where the sun turned the waters to gold. An' they wished they was sailin' on the golden sea. "But," says Fiona, "it wouldn't do yet. What did the giant ax ye to do the day?"

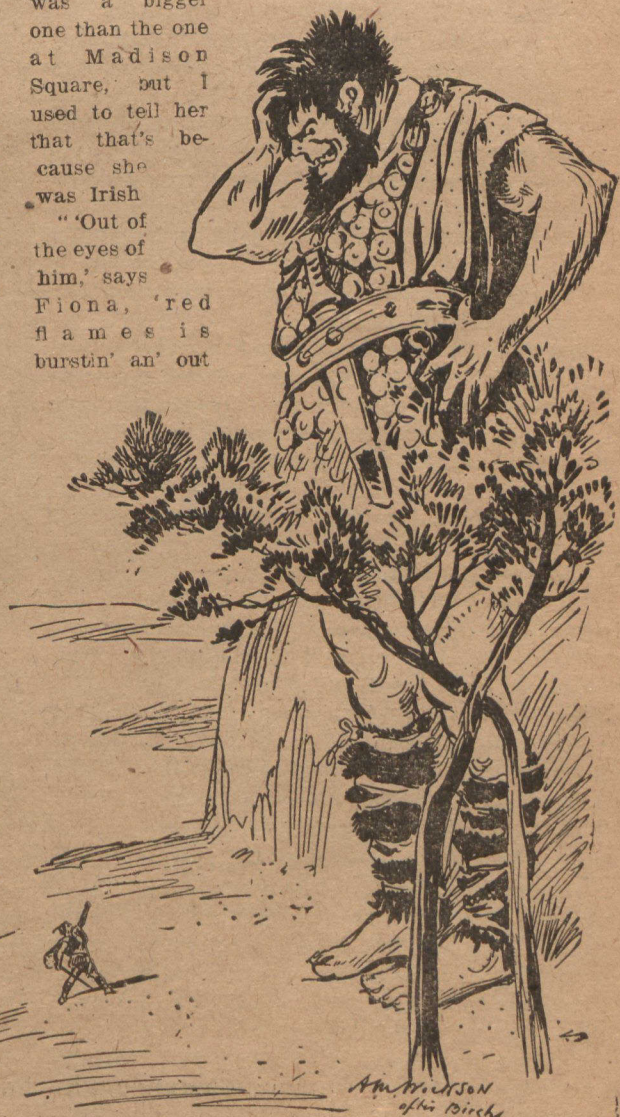
"Oh, it's nothin' at all," says he. "I'm to bridle his stallion that's grazin' be Lough Erne." Me mudder said that Lough Erne was the same as Erne Lake, an' it would be a great place for picnics, she said. She was often there when a girl, for she came from Enniskillen, which is near by. But of course this was all centuries ago. Long before '98, she said, which is the same as an American sayin' 'before-'76,' which I learned at the Parish School.

"It's nothin' at all," says he, but she says, "It's more than a grate dale. Have ye seen the stallion?"

"I have not," says he, "but I've seen many a one in the Dublin Horse Show, an' it's little I fear them." Me mudder used to say that the Dublin Horse Show

was a bigger one than the one at Madison Square, but I used to tell her that that's because she was Irish.

"Out of the eyes of him," says Fiona, "red flames is burstin' an' out



"Sir, I don't lie," cried Shaun, drawin' his sword."