

above the icy water. The minutes seemed hours to the anxious waiters, and nothing could be heard in the deep stillness save the trickle, trickle, trickle, of the water from the spout, as it gradually collected its forces for the utter destruction of two imprisoned and helpless victims. This sounded to Denny's ears as the nailing together of the hastily improvised scaffold sounds to the ears of a condemned criminal whilst, silently within his cell he awaits the hour of doom. At length there is something kind enough to break the dreadful monotony; a noise is heard in the direction of the entrance; somebody is opening the trap door; the two prisoners are saved. Yes, saved! saved! they both joyfully cry out as they make their way to the end of the narrow passage. Then a great splash is heard followed by a string of oaths, each one of which is strong enough to shock the conscience of a Cromwell. The boys had arrived to begin their night's distilling, and one of them, on jumping into the hole in the usual way, had of course landed in about three feet and a half of water. In about

five minutes the two prisoners were hauled out to fresh air and freedom, and you may be sure it required more than an ordinary quantity of *poteen*, hot, to restore animation to their benumbed limbs. That was the last night's work ever performed in the famous distillery, and it was only about the fourth time it had been used. The proceeds never paid half the expenses incurred, so owing to the difficulty of running the business with profit, it was finally abandoned. Shortly after his narrow escape from being "drowned like a rat" Larry donned a new pair of long pants, and even to this day the thought of Denny McShane sailing in his tub, with an old broomstick for a paddle, is sufficient to put him into roars of laughter, no matter where, or under what circumstances such a thought presents itself. The old farm-house, with its mysterious barn, will long be regarded as an object of interest, nor will Larry McFury soon forget the night he helped to defraud Her Most Gracious Majesty.

J. F. RUSTICUS.

