

must think that I've been starved at home, and that I've come here to feed up."

"Sure, sir," said Tim, "it was me wife thought you'd be hungry after your drive; I must interduce ye to me wife, but sure there's no crame for the tay." "Esmeraldy!" he shouted, "Esmeraldy! *apportez crème douce pour Monsieur.*"

"Heavens!" I exclaimed to myself, "Esmeralda in the backwoods! Is it possible that an Esmeralda can have married Tim Cassidy!" But when Esmeralda made her appearance with the *crème douce* my dreams were dispelled. She stood six feet in her stockings, broad-shouldered and muscular, truly a magnificent woman, and when I saw her it became evident to me that in providing my supper she had done unto others as she would they should do unto her. Notwithstanding her superb proportions, however, there could be no doubt that Tim was "boss," as, after saying a few words and smiling benignly on me, she disappeared, and Tim lighted his pipe while I nibbled at the boiled goose. When I had completed my repast, Tim put down his pipe and with a very solemn air he said,

"What do you think of her?"

"Think of whom?" I asked.

"Me wife," replied Tim.

Now I had always been of opinion that to tell a man frankly what you thought of his wife was to tread on very delicate ground, so I said that she appeared to be a very fine woman.

"Bedad, now, and ye may say that," said Tim. "Havn't I seen her carrying three sacks of flour on her back into me barn, and there's ne'er a man hereabout can do the same. But ye see, sir," he added confidentially, "she's