

so many ass loads even then that they had to draw lots to see which was to be kept, and indeed Michael Molloy was the disappointed man when the lot went against him. I met him meself outside the town where he was emptying the creels on the roadside. 'Why are ye doin' that?' I asked. 'Arrah, because,' says he, 'it's ashamed I'd be to be seen takin' it home agen. Didn't himself come into the cabin the very first day he was here and talked to me and Sally as if we were his equals, an' didn't I crack jokes with him, not knowin' who it was, at all, at all. Sure, when I found out that it was himself, I was quakin' in me shoes an' dreaded a notice of eviction. Instead of that, isn't it the fine farm he gave me and the new house. It's a hard case indeed that I cannot give a few sods of turf for the bonfire.' "

"But how are they to know the time to light the bonfires?" came the question from another part of the crowd.

"Oh, that's aisy enough; Mr Martin Doonas is to let off a rocket before the yacht comes round the headland. By the time she's at the quay they'll all be in full blast. Sure, every house is to be illuminated too. As I was comin' down they were fightin' outside Mary Hannagher's for candles. The divil a one can be had now for love or money and they're offering Mary two-pence apiece for dips three a penny."

"There's Jimmy Sweeny an' Bridget an' the child Miss Molly swam into the river after and rescued from drownin'. Throth, it's fat an' well Jimmy looks compared with the lantern-jaw he had when he was evicted. Wasn't it himself was payin' the rint for him all the time and Gallagher sayin' he was a middleman and a rack-renter?" "