

made plenty o' money on them, if they hadn't began to jibe me? an' sure you know, asthore machree! that flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it to hear the devils makin' their game o' me. Throth I warned them often enough what I'd do, but they wouldn't take any heed, an' so it wasn't my fault!"

"Och! then, may God give you betther understandin', Oonagh, an' me more patience, for if I don't need it, no man ever did—make haste, an' get me my supper—we'll soon be beggin' our bit from door to door!—If God hasn't said it!" And Brian, smothering his anger as he best might, applied himself to the business in hands, while Oonagh on her part testified as little concern as though nothing had gone wrong—nay as though the ill-fated ten shillings were still safe in the deal box. All that evening Brian was more thoughtful than usual and scarcely spoke a word, and early the next morning he abruptly called to Oonagh to get him his breakfast before he went to the mill—

"Musha Briney, what are you goin' to do at the mill?"

"What am I goin' to do?" retorted Brian sharply. "What would I be goin' to do but to get that look of oats groun', bekase it'll sell betther in mail; an' with your fooling I havn't another thing to pay the rent! God send that it may bring as much as 'll pay it?—an' ochone! but I'm the poor man this blessed day afther workin' hard an' long to earn a little penny—now its all gone!—But sure there's no use in frettin' for what can't be helped!" he sagely added, "so have a bit ready for me to ait when I come back from Barney Hanagan's—I'm goin' over for the loan of his horse to carry the sack to the mill."

Well! Brian came back with the horse, eat his breakfast, and placing the sack on the horse's back with Oonagh's assistance, deposited himself in its rear and trotted off to the mill. When there, he had, of course, to wait for his turn, and what with that and some minor delays it was evening when he got back. He found his notable help-mate entirely occupied in assorting and classifying the fragments of the luckless crockery which she ranged according to their various sizes in front of the vessels on her little dresser (a kind of open cupboard). "Arrah, then, Oonagh!" cried Brian, as he stumbled over the heap which occupied the centre of the floor. "Arrah, then, Oonagh! in the name o' God what's this you're about?" Upon this Oonagh turned short round.

"Ah, thin! do n't you see what I'm doin'?—I'm jist fixin' up these pieces of crockery here—troth, Briney! they're worth the whole money, they look so purty on the dresser—an' sure when I

bought them with our own money isn't it the laste I may have them to look at?" and she returned to her useful labor with all possible eagerness.

"Come out here, you poor foolish cra-thur!" cried Brian, angrily, "an' give me a han' with this sack!"—

"Och, throth an' I will, Briney dear!" and poor Oonagh in her eagerness to assist Briney, forgot all about the heap of crockery, and therefore fell right over it. There is no knowing how long she might have lain sprawling amongst the broken fragments had not Brian dragged her up, and restored her to her feet,—while she muttered a heavy malediction on the unlucky crocks (as she called them). Between them the sack of meal (no longer oats) was restored to its place in the farther corner of the kitchen, where it remained safe—for that night at least.

When Brian was going to his work next morning he laid an injunction on Oonagh that she should sift the meal as soon as possible, adding the not unnecessary caution, "And mind that there's no mistake this time, Oonagh! for if any-thing happens the mail, we're done for as sure as gun's iron!"

"Tut, tut, Briney!" rejoined Oonagh, reprovingly, "isn't it a shame for you to be talkin' as you are—arra! what 'id happen it?"

"What do I know?" returned the other; "but I'm puttin' you on your guard."

"O you needn't be a bit afeard!" And with this assurance Brian walked away with his spade over his shoulder. He was no sooner gone than his wife (in the ardor of her industry) got to work at the sifting, and how it befell will be seen hereafter.

Many an anxious thought did poor Brian Mul-vany send that day after his meal—ever as he worked did the sad question present itself, "What in the world will I do, now, if that simple creature lets anything happen the mail?" At length dinner-hour, long expected came at last, and Brian thrusting his spade into the ground left it there, and hastened home. Though his own little cabin was at no great distance (probably not more than a couple of hundred yards) yet from the fact of its lying behind a hill he could not see it till he had gone round the base, along which his path lay. When he did catch a glimpse of it he was more than astonished on finding it and every object in its immediate vicinity clad in a livery of white. He entered the house. Oonagh appeared in a similar robe of "spotless innocence"—face and hands, clothes and all were white as the fields and hedges without.