

down. When he got into the fresh air, it seemed like coming back to life from the depths of a musty tomb, and, although what he had witnessed had fallen far short of his expectations, still he was proud of the boast that in sweet security from the prying eyes of every British spy in the Green Isle, he had explored a celebrated private distillery and had thus become master of an important secret which any promotion-seeking official in Her Majesty's Service would give a good deal to know.

A few nights after this subterranean expedition Larry happened to be on one of his accustomed visits to McShane's farmhouse. Denny being, on that particular occasion, in need of help to prepare for another night's disilling, asked his young friend to descend with him to "the hole" in order to lend a hand in the work. Larry, like most other youths of his age, had a special tendency towards anything that might possibly give a little chance for excitement, so he readily consented. The still and other utensils had to be thoroughly washed, and arranged in their respective places. Although Larry worked as earnestly as he ever did before, still a considerable time had elapsed, and he was feeling fairly well tired ere everything was in readiness. He often relates that this is the greatest extent to which he ever had the audacity to aid in defrauding Her Most Gracious Majesty, and adds with a smile that such a terrible disregard for law and order did not go long unpunished. Just as the work was completed Denny noticed something that gave very good reason for the utmost alarm and dismay. The water on the floor had risen considerably and was still slowly but surely mounting. The exit sewer which was, composed of very small pipes, had evidently become choked up, and now the water was coming in from above without there being even the remotest possibility of its getting out. All the *poten* manufactured for some time before, not a great deal indeed, but still too much to lose, was rather carelessly stowed away, and so was in imminent danger of being spoiled by the rising water. But this was only a minor consideration. A thousandfold more painful and embarrassing was the fact that Denny,

before descending, had given instructions for the trap door to be carefully fastened and covered from above, and not to be opened until "the boys" would come to begin the night's work. Moreover it might possibly be several hours yet before "the boys" could arrive. What was to be done? Denny and Larry found themselves locked up in their underground prison, with the water gradually rising around them. There did not exist the slightest possibility of escape; they might shout themselves hoarse without anyone above ground hearing the least sound. Denny tried to open the sewer but his efforts were unavailing, as the obstruction had lodged at a considerable distance inward. He next attacked the trap door but here too, his attempts to escape the threatened danger were ineffective. The water soon covered the elevated hearth where a bright fire had burned only a few minutes previously, and still continued to mount higher, higher, higher. Although Larry stood in the most elevated position he could find, the water soon reached above his knees and he began to shiver from cold and fear. Bitterly did he lament the day he had discovered the still-house secret, and many a solemn resolution did he form that he would never again take part in such unlucky subterranean operations. When the still-house was about half full of water Denny caught hold of a floating vat, and, jumping into it, padded his way by means of a rather superannuated broom stick to where the sewer mouth was located. Here he made one more attempt to let the water go, but this final effort, like the former, was utterly useless. As he returned sailing across the apartment like some modern Noah in a roofless ark, his clumsy boat suddenly capsized pitching him headforemost into the muddy depths. Had both not been in so serious a predicament, Larry could have burst his sides with laughter at this comical mishap, especially when Denny sent forth a volume of ejaculations concerning the dangers and disadvantages of underground navigation. But under the circumstances there was no place for laughter, as the position now seemed almost deperate. Denny took Larry in his arms in order to keep as much of his body as possible