

taken, the lord of Rathmore contrived to place in the satchell (where the gosssoon carried a change of clothing) a great amount of treasure. Thus were our poor travelers provided for. They made a tour over every part of the country, and this took a year and a day.

But the poor young chieftain sadly said, there was not in all Ireland a spot so handsome or one he loved so dearly as his own home, and "hit or miss" he would return there immediately.

"At long last" he reached the outskirts of his father's estates. But the journey home was too much for his strength, so his little active attendant pitied him, and he said:

"Master, look across that *double ditch* and tell me what you see."

"I see," he said, "a splendid horse, with saddle and bridle, ready for some more fortunate person than I am."

"Well, I will take that horse to you; you are now on your own estate, and who dare say a word against us. I have plenty of money to pay for the *garron* if his owners are not kind enough to lend him to a gentleman in distress."

"You may do as you please," was the response; the boy started off, and laying his hand on a three-barred gate, vaulted across it, brought the horse to his master, who seemed much pleased at the prospect of seeing his beloved father that night. But his happiness was of short continuance, for he heard the sounds of men in pursuit, and, looking behind him, half the inhabitants of the country seemed to be coming after, when, to his surprise and astonishment, he spied the curly-haired lad running towards them, and he, himself, soon followed his example.

"Now, what are we to do with this rich thief? He must be punished as much and more than if he were a poor man, for then there would be some excuse."

"That's so," says the curly-head, "and if the horse belonged to me, I would think hanging too good a death for the thief who would rob me; and if you take my advice, boys, you will hang him on the spot."

This was all the excited men wanted to hear; his own servant, said they, knows him better than we do."

"Hang him, hang him!" shouted the

multitude, while the owners of the stolen animal were fixing a gibbet.

"That will do admirably," said the apparently deceitful servant. "Here," he continued, "I am young and nimble," and he jumped up behind his master, and placing a rope on the limb of a large oak tree, he put the noose around his intended victim's neck, who never once opened his lips, he being perfectly sure it was the death Fate decreed for him. But no sooner did the friendly lad place the noose around his master's neck, than he laid the *aforementioned old hat on his head*, and then slipped the noose off his neck. He gave the horse a smart cut of a whip, and off started the frightened animal, and after him the crowd, quite forgetful of the fact that a human life had just been sacrificed, for, for all they knew or cared, it might have been so. (It will be remembered, that when the curly haired boy was about to be rewarded by the rich lord, whose daughter he had saved, he chose nothing but an old hat. This hat had the magic power of making its wearer invisible.) And now the friends were quite alone. Both seemed to be perfectly happy. They understood each other now, and the young chieftain, in the excess of his joy, lifted his benefactor up in his arms and bathed his face with tears of love and gratitude.

"And now, my dear, loving and generous master are you quite satisfied with me? Have I not proved faithful and trustworthy as I promised when you allowed me to accompany you!"

"Aye, truly you have far exceeded my expectations. I have often thought as I looked upon your comely face that a kind Providence, on seeing me so wretched and lonely, revealed to my mortal eyes the form of my guardian angel in you."

"And you were not far wrong. Do you recollect the day on which you left your ancestral home and its beautiful surroundings?"

"Can I ever forget it?"

"The first thing attracted your attention was a funeral, was it not?"

"That funeral again!"

"Yes you paid away without asking whether the unfortunate man about to be buried was a thief or a spendthrift. You did not judge him, but gave with a