

dhrras of an evenin' at the quollity's houses."

"Oh, you know how to play, then?" enquired the stranger.

"Wisha, middlin'," said Tom, "indifferent enough, dear knows."

"And what business have you going out as a harper if you don't know how to play?"

"Wisha, I do'n' know—what else am I to do?"

"Let me hear you play a little."

Tom took down his harp, but he had scarcely struck a few notes when the stranger put his hands to his ears and begged of him as a favor to play no more.

"Oh," said he, "you're no good. What in the world put it into your head to set up for a musician. Why, man, you'd scandalize yourself the first place you'd come to. I never heard such bad music in all my life, unless it might be at Christmas when the pigs do be killing. Who in the world was it persuaded you to take up the profession of music?"

"Why, then, who else only my wife?" replied Tom, "sure'tis aisly known that no one but a woman could ever think of anything so foolish."

"Well, we must only see what can be done," said the stranger. "Show me your hands."

He took Tom's hands between both his, and rubbing them a little, after which he said:

"Now try what hand you can make of it."

Tom took up the harp, but such was the exquisite harmony which his touch no drew from the instrument that he had well nigh lost his wits in ecstasy.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "where am I? or is it a phœnix I hear? or one of the children of Lir singing upon the Sruih na Moile? I never heard sich music in all my days! I'm a made man—you're a jewel of a taicher to me this morning."

"I could taich you more than that," said the stranger.

"Could you now?" asked Tom with a curious grin.

"I could so."

"What is it av you plaze?"

"I could taich you how to make ugly men handsome."

"In airnest?"

"Not a word of a lie. Take me into

your service and I'll show you how'tis done."

"Me take you!" cried Tom, "sure it would be much better for you to take me. What business would I have of a boy, that isn't able to keep myself, let alone a servant."

"Don't mind that," said the stranger, "I have a fancy to serve you beyond others, and I'll ask only what wages may be reasonable according to the gains we make."

"If that be the case," said Tom, "I'll take you and welcome, an' where are we to face now?"

"To some ugly man's house, to be sure," replied the stranger.

"Where are we to find 'em?" asked Tom, "if it be our thrade to make ugly people handsome, we'd starve in the county of Limerick, for there's nobody in want of us."

"That's not the case with other parts said the stranger—"I now I think of it, I'll tell you where we'll go. There's a gentleman named Shaun an Phiona, *i. e.* John of the Wine, who, lives at Carrigfoile down by the river's side; and there's not an uglier man from this to himself, nor a good piece a past him. Let us go there, and do you begin playing a little upon the harp, and if they find fault with your music you can offer to alter his lineaments, and leave the rest to me. He'll pay you well, I'll engage."

"With all my heart," said Tom, "you are a surprising man, and I depend my life upon you."

They travelled along together, the stranger instructing Tom, as they proceeded, in all that it behoved him to say and do, when they should arrive at Carrigfoyle. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make, it was late in the evening when they reached the gate of Carrigfoile Castle.

"There's some great givin'-out here to-day, surely," said Tom McIneiry, "there's sich a fine smell o' griskins."

"There always is, mostly," replied the stranger, "there isn't a better warrant in the country to keep an open house, than John of the Wine, though he bein' so ugly."

They blew the horn at the gate and were admitted without question, that being a gala day, on which all persons were allowed to partake of the festivities