

her's, drove up with an empty cart on his way home. "Why, bless my sowl, Oonagh Mulvany!" he exclaimed, pulling in his charger, "is it there you are, an' bad scan to you?"

Troth an' it is, Jemmy agra, and I'm in the devil of a hobble this minit."

"How's that, Oonagh?"

"Why I bought these crocks from that man there awhile ago, an' the devil a know I know how to get them home, an' I'm sure Briney's a'most starved wid the hunger afore this, an' I donna what to do."

"Oh! bedad if that's all, Oonagh," cried the good-natured fellow, as he leaped to the ground, and at once commenced placing Oonagh's merchandize in the cart; "oh! then, if that's all, I'm the very boy that 'll bring yourself an' your crocks home to Briney in less than no time. But, God bless me, Oonagh!" he added, suddenly changing his tone, "what are you going to do with all the crocks?—are you goin' to sell them?"

"Troth you jist guesssed it, ma bouchal; I laid out ten shillings in them, an' I'll sell them for what 'll pay the rent for us. Don't you think that I will, Jemmy?"

"Ahem!" coughed Jemmy, to whom Oonagh's peculiarities were not unknown; "why, then, to be sure you will, Oonagh! oh! but it's the pity o' the world that you hadn't thousands to lay out, you're sich a fine managin' woman. Troth I expect you'll double your money on them any how."

"Musha, Jemmy, are you in earnest?"

"In earnest—och then it's myself that is—but here we're at your door, Oonagh, so I'll jist help you out with the crocks, as I know Brian's away at his work." Oonagh having, with Jemmy's assistance, reached the ground, proceeded to range the crocks in rank and file along the front wall of the house, and Jemmy, who found some difficulty in restraining his mirth, gladly hurried away. When Oonagh entered the house she found that Brian had been cooking for himself, so that (her fears on that head being removed) she sat herself down quietly to exult in the anticipation of his surprise. In the joy of her heart she began to sing, when all of a sudden a strange sound fell upon her ear, something like an echo. She got up in great trepidation and went to the door—the sound was again heard, and to Oonagh's great surprise it seemed to issue from the depths of her new purchase. The sagacious reader need not be told, I presume, that it was the wind whistling amongst the hollow vessels. This discovery effectually ruffled the usually turbid mind of Oonagh.

"Arrah! then, is it mockin' me ye'sare, yeugly

things, afther me laying out all my money on ye? Well, if that doesn't bate all!—But jist wait till any one catches me buying crocks again—that's all I say!" She had scarcely resumed her seat and her song, when the whistling recommenced and with increased violence. "Well, be this and be that," cried Oonagh in a passion, as she laid hold upon Brian's stick which stood in a corner: "if ye's have the impudence to do it again, there's not a crock of ye' all, but I'll smash into smithereens. I didn't bring ye's here to make game o' me, ye ungrateful villains!"

They did do it again, however, notwithstanding this passionate admonition, whereupon Oonagh in the plenitude of her indignation, belabored the offenders so lustily with her shillelah that she did literally smash them to atoms. "Ha!" she shouted as she shivered the last survivor. "Ha! I b'lieve you'll not make game o' me any more—take that now, an' see how you'll like it."

And taking yet another look at the demolished crocks, she wiped away with her apron the heavy drops of perspiration with which the unwonted exercise had bedewed her face. She sat down again to her spinning, and spun away with might and main till Brian made his appearance.

"Why, Oonagh, what's this?" he asked, when on approaching the door, he found the ground strewn with the broken fragments of crockery.

"Ay, what is it—troth you may well ax, Briney!" cried Oonagh, still considerably excited. "What would it be but them rascally crocks, that I had hardly brought about the house when they began to mock an' jeer me, jist as if I was a born fool."

"But what crocks were they, Oonagh?" asked Brian again, who already felt some strong misgivings touching his funded property.

"Why the crocks, to be sure, that I went and bought the day in the market, where I thought that I'd sell them again for double the money and that we'd have a good pound note instead of the ten shillin' you left me."

"An' so the ten shillin' is gone, after the three ginneas?—Och, Oonagh—Oonagh—what am I goin' to do with you at all, at all! Och, wirra! wirrastru! an' afther all the promises you made me. Ochone—ochone! but I'm the poor unfortunate man to have sich a fool to my wife—ochone! ochone!" And poor Brian wrung his hands in despair. Oonagh, so far from seeing anything foolish in her conduct, was fully of opinion that she had acted as a wise woman should.

"Arrah musha, Briney!" she exclaimed, "don't be makin' a show of yourself that a way!—Now don't you know as well as I do that I would have