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## AN OPEN DOUBLE DREAM.

BY WM. B. WALLER.

Written for the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.

I see the dark old "shanty" called "school-house in the woods." Poor little six years old, with naught of this world's goods. Spelling book in one hand, his dinner in the other. Prepared, if not the best, by the kind hand of his mother.

I journey oft in sorrow to his cheerless place of learning. Ignorant, innocent child, know not why, but yearning. For something greater, better, something brighter still.

Than "To books, to books, to books," by that dreary P. Cahill.

And then again I dream, I see my poor old mother. Toiling in the midnight, preparing me and brother.

To enter college—that good old "Mountain Home." Just risen from its ashes, with glided cross and dome.

From which the hours are numbered and waited to the breeze. O'er rocky glens and laurels; mid oak and chestnut trees—

—red chestnut tree for Sumpter— we buried him near the Church. And on his lonely grave-stone the birds do sing and perch.

Ah yes! That Church—vandal touch it not—Tread softly—ground holy—'tis a sacred spot.

The rocks themselves would answer, could Saintly Brute speak—Beneath your feet he placed them—strong and yet so weak—

Bind it, support it, as vines hold the tottering tree; Renew it, improve it, repair it—it was his.

Who gave it—FORGET IT NOT, and from its shrine May glory and benedictions for ever, ever shine.

## WHAT TOMMY SAID.

Uncle John—Well, what do you mean to be when you get to be a man? Little Tommy (promptly)—A doctor, like pa.  
Uncle John (quizzically)—Indeed; and which do you intend to be, an allopath or a homoeopath?  
Little Tommy—I don't know what them awful big words mean. Uncle John; but that don't make no difference, 'cause I ain't goin' to be either of 'em. I'm just goin' to be a family doctor an' give all my patients Hood's Sarsaparilla, 'cause my pa says that if he is a doctor, he's 'bliged to own up that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best family medicine he ever saw in his life.

## The Story-Teller at Fault.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

At the time when the Tuatha Danaans held the sovereignty of Ireland, there reigned in Leinster a king who was remarkably fond of hearing stories. Like all the princes and chieftains of the island at this early date, he had a favorite story-teller, according to the custom of those times, who held a large estate from his Majesty, on condition of his telling him a new story every night of his life, before he went to sleep, and sometimes with the laudable purpose of lulling him into that blissful condition. So innumerable was the genius of the king of Leinster's story-teller, that he had already reached a good old age, without failing, even for a single night, to have a new story for the king; and such was the skill and tact which he displayed in their construction that, whatever cause of state or other annoyances might prey upon the monarch's mind, one of his story-teller's narratives was sure to make him fall asleep.

In the course of his career, the story-teller had married a wealthy and high-born lady, daughter of a neighboring lord of that country, with whom he lived in peace and prosperity during many years. There is nothing, however, in this world that is not subject to decay or change, and even the human mind, which, from its spiritual nature, might well be supposed incorruptible, is doomed to share the infirmities of the frame, with which it is mysteriously united. The progress of old age began to produce a sensible influence on the imagination of the story-teller. His fancy grew less brisk and active, and the king observed that he began to diversify his incidents with a greater number of moral and philosophical reflections than he conceived to be necessary to the progress of the narrative. However, he made no complaints, as the story-teller's reflections evinced a great deal of judgment, and the grand object in view, that of setting the king to sleep, was as perfectly accomplished by his philosophy as by his wit or invention.

Matters thus proceeded, the story-

teller growing older and older and more and more philosophical and less and less fanciful, but he was yet true to his engagement, and never failed to have a new story at nightfall for the king's amusement. Every day, however, brought increasing indications of an intellectual crisis, which would not be very distant.

One morning the story-teller arose as usual, and as was his custom, strolled out into his garden, and through the adjacent fields, in order to turn over in his mind some incidents which he might weave into a story for the king at night. But this morning he found himself quite at fault; after playing his whole demerit, he returned to his house without being able to think of anything new or strange. In vain he sent his fancy abroad; it returned as empty as it left him. He had no difficulty in proceeding as far as "There was once a king who had three sons," or "There lived in the reign of Ollav Folla," or "One day the king of all Ireland," but further than that he found it impossible to proceed. At length the effort came to announce to him that breakfast was ready and his mistress waiting for him in the house. He went in and found his wife seated at the table, and looking much perplexed at his delay. She was not long observing the air of chagrin that overspread his countenance.

"Why do you not come to breakfast, my dear?" said his wife.

"I have no mind to eat anything," replied the story-teller. "As long as I have been in the service of the king of Leinster I never yet sat down to breakfast without having a new story to tell him in the evening, but this morning my mind is quite shut up, and I don't know what to do. I might as well lie down and die at once. I'll be disgraced forever this evening, when the king calls for his story-teller."

"That's strange," said the wife, "can't you think of anything new at all?"

"Nothing whatever; the door of my mind is locked against it."

"Nonsense," said his wife, "can't you invent something about a giant or a dwarf, or a bean mhor (huge woman), or a booch (champion) from foreign parts?"

"Oh, it is easy enough to find heroes," replied the story-teller. "But what am I to do with them when I have them?"

"And can't you invent anything at all?"

"I can not; our estate is gone from us forever; besides the open show that will be made of me to-night at the palace."

"When the story-teller's wife heard this dreadful news, she broke into a fit of crying and weeping, as if all her friends and relatives were dead. At length her husband prevailed on her to be composed.

"Well," said she, "let us sit down to breakfast, at any rate; the day is long yet, and maybe you'd think of something or another in the course of it."

The story-teller shook his head, as if to intimate his distrust of his contents, but sat down to breakfast as his wife desired. When all was removed and they had sat for a while in silence—

"Well," she asked, "do you think of anything yet?"

"Not a pin's worth," said the story-teller. "I might as well lie down and die at once."

"Well, my dear," said the lady, "I'll tell you what you'll do. Order your horses and chariot, and let us take a good long drive, and maybe something might come into your head."

The story-teller complied, and the chariot was prepared. Two of his finest horses were harnessed to the carriage, and these favorite hounds followed them. After driving a long distance, they took the road homeward once more, and toward evening, when they came within sight of their own demerit, the lady again asked her husband if he had yet thought of anything to tell the king.

"There is no use in my attempting it," he replied, "I can think of nothing. I am as far from having anything new as I was when we left home."

At this moment it happened that the lady saw something dark at the end of the field at a little distance from the road.

"My dear," said the wife, "do you see something black at the end of that field?"

"I do," replied her husband.

"Let us drive towards it," said the wife, "and perhaps it might be the means of putting something into your head which it would answer to tell the king."

"I'll do as you desire," replied the story-teller, "though I am sure it is no use for me."

They turned the horses' heads and drove in the direction pointed out by the lady. When they drew near they saw a miserable looking old man lying on the ground with a wooden leg placed beside him.

"Who are you, my good man?" asked the story-teller.

"Oh, then, 'tis little matter who I am. I'm a poor, old, lame, decrepit, miserable creature, sitting down here to rest a while."

"And what are you doing with that box and dice I see in your hand?"

"I am waiting here to see whether any one would play a game with

me," replied the old booch (beggar man).

"Play with you!" exclaimed the story-teller. "Why, what has a poor old man like you to play for?"

"I have one hundred pieces of gold here in this leather purse," replied the old man.

"Do you go down and play with him," said the story-teller's wife, "and perhaps you might have something to tell the king about in the evening."

He descended, and a smooth stone was placed between them as a gaming table. They had not cast many throws when the story-teller lost all the money he had about him.

"Mach good may it do you, friend," said the story-teller, "I could not expect better hap in so foolish an undertaking."

"Will you play again?" asked the old man.

"Don't be talking, man; you have all my money."

"Haven't you a chariot and horses and hounds?"

"Well, what of them?"

"I'll stake all the money I have against them."

"Nonsense, man!" exclaimed the story-teller, "do you think for all the gold in Ireland I'd run the risk of seeing my lady obliged to go home on foot?"

"Maybe you'd win," said the booch.

"Maybe I wouldn't," said the story-teller.

"Do play with him, husband," said the lady. "It is the second time, and as he won before, you might win now. Besides, I don't mind walking."

"I never refused you a request in my life that it was possible to comply with," said the story-teller, and I won't do so now."

He sat down, accordingly, and in one throw lost horses, hounds and chariot.

"Will you play again?" asked the booch.

"Are you making game of me, man?" said the story-teller, "what else have I to stake?"

"I'll stake the whole money and all against your lady," said the old man.

The story-teller looked surprised, and was turning away in silence when his wife spoke to him again:

"Do, my dear," said she, "accept his offer. This is the third time, and how do you know what luck you may have! Besides, if you lose your estate to-night, as you are afraid, sure I'd be only a bother to you all our life."

"Is that the way you talk?" said the story-teller, "you that I never refused a request to, since first I saw you?"

"Well," said she, "if you never refused me a request before, don't refuse me this one now, and maybe it would be better for us both. You'll surely win the third time."

They played again and the story-teller lost. No sooner had he done so than, to his great astonishment and indignation, he beheld his lady walk away and sit down near the ugly old booch.

"Is that the way you are leaving me?" said the story-teller.

"Sure, I was won, my dear," said the lady; "you would not cheat the poor man, would you?"

"Have you any more to stake?" asked the old man.

"You know very well I have not," replied the story-teller.

"I'll stake the whole now, your lady and all, against yourself," said the old man.

"Nonsense, man!" said the story-teller, "what in the world business would you have of an old fellow like me?"

"That's my own affair," said the booch, "I know myself what use I could make of you; it is enough for you if I am willing to consider you a sufficient stake against all I have."

"Do, my dear," said the lady; "surely you do not mean to leave me here after you?"

The story-teller complied once more and lost.

"Well," said he, with a desolate look, "here I am for you now, and what do you want with me? You have the whole of us now, horses and carriage and mistress and master, and what business have you of us?"

"I'll soon let you know what business I have of you, at any rate," said the old man, taking out of his pocket a long cord and a wand.

"Now," he continued, "as I have possession of your property, I do not choose to be annoyed by you any longer, so I propose transforming you into some kind of an animal, and I give you a free choice to be a hare, or a deer, or a fox, whichever of the three best hits your fancy."

The story-teller, in dismay, looked over towards his wife.

"My dear," said she, "do not choose to be a deer, for if you do, your horns will be caught in the branches, and you will be starved with hunger; neither choose to be a fox, for you will have the curse of everybody down upon you; but choose to be an honest little hare, and every one will love you, and you will be praised by high and low."

"And is that all the compassion you have for me?" said the story-teller. "Well, as I suppose it is the last word I have to say to you, it shall not be to contradict you at any rate."

So he made the choice of the hare, and the old man immediately threw



the cord around him and struck him with the wand, when the transformation was effected. Scarcely had the poor hare taken a step or two, in order to divert himself, when the lady called the hounds, and set them after him. The hare ran the dogs followed. The field in which they happened to be was enclosed by a high wall, so that the course continued a long time in the sight of the old man and the lady, to the great diversion of both. At length the hare, panting and weary, ran to the feet of the latter for protection. But then was witnessed a singular instance of the caprice and mutability of the sex, for the story-teller's wife, forgetful of all his kindness, experienced during a long course of years, unfeelingly kicked him back again towards the dogs, whence arose the proverb long current in after times, *caith se a glab no com* (she threw him into the hound's mouth), as applied to all who act with similar ingratitude. They coursed him a second and a third time, and at the end of each the lady acted with the same heartlessness, until at last the old man struck the hounds and took the hare into his lap, where he held him for some time, until he had sufficiently recovered his strength. He then placed him on the ground, and, putting the cord around him, struck him with the wand, on which he immediately reassumed his own form.

"Well," said the old man, "will you tell me how you like that sport?"

"It might be sport to others," replied the story-teller, looking at his wife, "but I declare I don't find it so enticing but I could put up with the loss of it. You're a droll man, whoever you are. Would it be asking an impertinent question to know from you who you are at all, or where you came from, or what is your trade, that you should take a pleasure in plaguing a poor old man of my kind in this manner?"

"Oh," replied the stranger, "I'm a very odd kind of a man—a kind of a walking good-for-little fellow—one day in poverty—another day in plenty—and so on—but if you wish to know anything more about me or my habits, come with me in some of my rambles, and perhaps I might show you more than you would be apt to make out if you were to go alone."

"I am not my own master to go or stay," replied the story-teller with a resigned look.

When the stranger heard this, he put one hand into the wallet which he carried at his side, and drew out of it, before their eyes, a well looking middle-aged man, to whom he spoke as follows:—

"I command you by all you heard and saw since I put you into my wallet, to take care of this lady, together with the carriage and horses and all, and have them ready for me at a call, whenever I shall require them."

He had scarcely said these words when all vanished from the story-teller's sight, and he found himself, on a sudden, transported, he knew not how, to a place which he recognized as the Fox's Ford, well known as the residence of Red Hugh O'Donnell.

On looking around, he saw the old man standing near him in a dress still more grotesque than before. His figure was now erect, though tall and lank, his hair grey, and his ears sticking up through his old hat. The greater part of his sword was exposed behind his hip, he wore a pair of tattered breeches, which, at every prodigious stride he made over the marshy ground sent the water in jets up to his knees; and in his hand he carried three green boughs. It happened on this very day that O'Donnell and his followers and kinsmen were partaking of a splendid banquet in his house. They were very merry, feasting and playing at innocent games, and as the story-teller and his companion drew near, they heard one of the guests exclaim, in a loud and commanding tone:

(To be continued.)

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