

well in its way; but the moment I saw my bucky look sarchingly about him, and take a sly peep thro' the windy as he stole by it like a cat, I saw by the glimpse that I got of this faytures afore he reached the doore, that accordin' to the description given by Phil Cassidy, there passed into the shop, if he was alive and upon earth, naither more nor less then Mr. Kelly, the new Gauger.

The moment I saw the doore close behind him, I bounced across the yard into the kitchen, and glided into the room where Harry was sittin', lookin' as if he was completely mulvader'd, and putendin' to be singin', in the greatest glee in the world, a well known favourite song of his, "ma chruiskeen lawn," swarin' at the same time, betune every varse, that he didn't care now for all the Gaugers or Rivinue men in creation; and, that if ever one of them attempted to set his foot in Toomen—after the narrow escape that he had, the day afore, with the load he brought into town, he'd conshume them, by the dozen, through the manes of Gunpowder; and, maybe, des-throy the townland, if not the whole counthry itself, at one surprisin' stroke.

"You're very consaited and warlike to-night," says I, when I got opposit' him out, and knowin' that my soger in the shop could hear everyword that we utther'd, "and" says I, winkin' over at him, "I think it would be a great dale fittier for you to be home to night with the few pounds you have in your pocket, then be spendin' it foolishly here, now that you have got through cleverly with everythin', and escaped the information laid against you, by raison of the boys puttin' the Informer on the wrong sint.

"What's that to you?" says he, boilin' up, murryah, but at the same time given me a nod to show that he undherstood well what I was at.

"It's no matter what it is to me," says I, "but I'm tellin' you the thruth; but there's not much use in spakin' to you in your presint state; although I have often tould you that my cousin Mary would never become a Thraycy on your account, unless you give up that infernal and insartin' business of yours, and turned your hand to somethin'

more lawful and pleasin' to herself and her friends."

"If you wern't a blood relation," says he, "and somethin' undersized," raison his voice that you could hear him over at Finnigan's, "I'd let you know that you'd mind your own affairs the next time, and keep you from middlin' in mine in the way that you are," says he sthrikin' the table with his fist.

"Be me sowl," says I, a little nettled like, "but I consave it would require some body to have an eye after you to night, by raison of all that cursed lickier you have taken; and endeavour to make you put your foot through that blackguard infatuation still of yours, that I hope never will return from Rooskey, again; although I don't wish any bad luck to them that borrowed it.

"I won't put my foot through it," says he, givin the table another thump that I thought would split it, "but, as soon as I can get it back, I'll run oceans of it, in spite of the divil or the Gauger," which is all the same thing," says he, stuttherin' and stammerin' the whole time, as if he was on the verge of bein' done for completely.

"Plase yourself, my man," says I, makin' a little clatther like with my feet, "but in the name of God, let us be goin' home out of this; for its now past eight if not more; and we have as long as three miles and a half afore us as ever was thravelled, if not another half to the back of it."

"Divil resave the toe will I lave this to night," says he, rappin' for another tumbler which he well knew would come purty wake, "nor maybe for a week yet," says he, "for any livin' sowl that ever brathed the breath of life."

"Very well," says I, "if you're detarmined to stay, you may do so; but into town I'll go and stop at my cousin Pethers, and call for you purty betimes in the mornin', if you're able to raise your head, as I don't like to go over without you."

"Shute yourself," says he, quite dbrowsy like, "for I'm able to look after myself, and to give you another varse too" says he, endeavourin' to get out a line or so of his favourite, at the same time; but the only music that was harde inside, was that of his