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(Ten Years' London experience.)

82 PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

(3 doors above G. & T. Young, Jewellers.)

by Joe Cooney. But great as his hurry was—knowing that the firkin would be called for during the evening—the good-humoured cooper stopped more than once to press his hands on his ribs, and have a silent laugh as he recalled some of the incidents of the chase after the three Glenmoyan pigs, and the sub-constable's comments thereon. The graphic account of the episode of the tinker's wife, and the new tin kettle in particular, appeared irresistibly droll to Body Flynn; and as pictured the scene to himself he unconsciously made his neighbour, Nell the cobbler, represent the principal female actor in the little drama. It was then rather startling to see the identical Nell with a tin kettle—though not a new one—in her hand, rush into the workshop with dishevelled hair and a wild, anxious expression in her not-to-be-described countenance. Nell pulled her hopeful son Jacky after her, and, pointing to that promising youth's forehead, looked with an inquiring and terrified gaze into Body Flynn's astonished face.

"What happened him?" Body asked.

"Bidia' Terry Hanrahan's mule," Nell the cobbler answered, keeping her eyes still fixed upon the cooper's face.

"I thought it was only the skin was rubbed off till I saw him this minute in Bully's Acre, as I was goin' for a kettle av water, and them big red lumps on his forehead like roseberries."

Body Flynn put on his spectacles, through which his eyes began to sparkle, as, with his head thrown back, he examined Jacky's wounds.

"'Tis proud flesh," he remarked.

"Is there any danger?" Nell asked, in an intense terror.

"Let it alone," returned Body Flynn, "an' 'twill be well in a couple of days. People have wrong notions about proud flesh. 'Tis only a sign that a wound is gettin' well."

"God-'lmighty bless you!" ejaculated Nell the cobbler, dropping upon a firkin which happened to be placed conveniently for a seat near the door. "I'll never be the better of the fright. I thought 'twas his brain was comin' out. Ho! you limb of the devil," she exclaimed, suddenly recovering her energy, and seizing Jacky by the hair of the head. "What am I to do wud you? As bad as your father is, you are fifty times worse, you are! you are!" And her hard knuckles sounded sharply upon the culprit's skull, till with a yell he disengaged himself from her clutches, and rushed out of the door, displaying his bare feet and long shanks in a manner which would at once have suggested to an unprejudiced observer that Sub-constable Joe Sproul had caught Jacky the cobbler's most characteristic personal peculiarity when he referred to him while passing Bully's Acre as, "that chap with the ankles."

At the moment Sub-Constable Sproul and Acting-Constable Finnican were passing, having spent quite a pleasant half-hour with their new friend the bailiff in Larry Foley's tap-room before delivering their dispatch at the police barrack. They were comparatively cheerful, and evidently beginning to take a brighter view of human life. Joe Sproul had just remarked that after all, he began to think their lives had fallen in pleasant places. He caught a glimpse of the cooper's merry face, and, remembering the pretty girl he had seen at the door an hour or two before, felt a not unnatural desire to see her again.

"Come in for a minute," said Joe Sproul cheerily, "till we have a talk with 'mine host of the cherry-tree.' He'll tell us something about that mysterious sheriff's officer."

Joe Sproul walked smilingly towards the cooper's door. He laughed good-naturedly on seeing the "chap with the ankles" rush out against him, rubbing his shock head and howling fearfully. But in another instant Body Flynn was amazed to see Sub-Constable Sproul recoil into the middle of the road as if he had encountered a hyena. Nell the cobbler stood in the doorway with the tin kettle in her hand.

"Were you ever a tinker's wife in Limerick?" Joe Sproul asked, clapping his open hand over his mouth.

"No," Nell the cobbler answered; "but I was a tinker's first and second cousin in Limerick. I remember you."

"Come away!" exclaimed Joe Sproul, almost breaking into a run. "This is frightful! This is the most memorable day of my life. Unmerciful disaster follows fast and follows faster. 'Tis on the cards that the Belfast Orangeman is waitin' at the next crossroads to pay his respects to me. An' the Cappawhite four-year-old selectin' nice-sized wans in the quarry on the hill. An' if there's a bog

between this an' Gurtanatoher station an' a Jacky-the-Lanterner specially detailed to lead me into all the deep holes, 'twon't surprise me in the least. A gentleman's life indeed! Hurry on an' be damned to you.

CHAPTER XIV.

The words "That lad o' mine" roused Julia Flynn out of a reverie into which she had fallen over her needlework, as she sat by the window with her eyes fixed upon Joe Cooney's bunch of lilac. She started up, twisting her abundant brown hair hastily into a fold down the back of her neck, that an artist would have admired, and tying a red ribbon round her throat before the little looking-glass that hung in the midst of half-a-dozen pictures about its own size on the wall at the right-hand side of the window; her boarded bedstead, papered with newspapers, occupying the other side. Julia took a look at her profile, right and left, in the little looking-glass, glanced at her shoes and stockings to see that they were tidy; threw her light blue cloak over her shoulders, and seizing the little can from the stilling in the kitchen, hurried through the workshop to the street door. She need not have been in such a flurry, however, for Davey Lacey was at his post earlier than usual, and the little brown cow would not be on the lookout for her till nearly an hour later. Davey took his eyes from the poplar tree and opened the half-door for her. But Julia drew back for a moment till Father Feehan and Mr Robert O'Keefe, who were driving down the street, had passed. Then Julia Flynn tripped on to milk the little brown cow, looking brighter and fresher and happier every step of the way. The breeze was cool and fragrant. The sky was clear and cloudless. Only the dome of the mountain was blue—all the rest, down to Martin Dwyer's orchard, being quite distinct. The two oblong fields, like an open green book laid back upward against the grown hillside up near the summit of the first range, Julia knew, belonged to Con Cooney. She knew that witty and clever sheriff's officer, Murty Magrath, remarked one day while standing at the door of her father's workshop, that no matter how poor old Joe Cooney might be, he was every year getting up in the world; and that however slovenly his system of cultivating his land, no one could deny but that it was "high farming." Julia Flynn's violet eyes often wandered to that lonely-looking home among the heather, while milking the little brown cow morning and evening. It would be pleasant, she used to think, to live up there, and milk little cows in those green fields, the boundaries of which were so wonderfully straight and regular. But she always said to herself that she would never leave her father unless Charlie came home and married a good wife to take her place. Charlie could not rest if he did not first see the world. Why, even his father had the Queen's County to talk about; and how could he be contented unless he knew something of what was going on beyond these bills that seemed to shut out the busy world on every side from Shannaclough? But Charlie always said he'd come home, and work cheerfully with his father after a few years. He was a bright-eyed, manly little fellow—as Body Flynn's son had every right to be—when he went away. Now he was a bearded man, with a rather stern expression in his face—which was quite out of place in the face of his father's son—if the photograph which Julia always carried in her bosom was to be believed. Julia's heart leaped as she imagined Charlie coming to spend Sunday with them—yes, with her and Con Cooney—in that lonely home among the heather. This vision had often presented itself to Julia Flynn, only to bring a flush to her cheek and brighter light into her eyes. But this evening, for some reason or other, the thought of Charlie—good-humoured, bright-eyed, manly little Charlie paying that Sunday visit to the mountain, brought the tears to her eyes; and Julia, standing by the side of the little brown cow, bent her head, and covering her face with her hands, let the tears have their way. Julia wondered at herself. These fancies had never even taken the shape of hopes. And even if they had, nothing had happened to make their realisation less likely than it had ever been. Yet she never had been so morbid before.

"God send it is not anything that has happened to Charlie," said Julia, with a deep sigh that came very near being a sob. But Julia might have found the real cause of her emotion in the look that met hers while she untied the string that fastened Con Cooney's coat a few hours before. She never asked herself what that look meant, nor even consciously thought about it at all; yet that sorrowful look