

light was rendered very dull by the snow falling outside. Tim now and then gazed up at the window, and could see the flakes of snow eddying past, some alighting on the window panes and making fantastic forms in white-robed outlines. 'I wonder when will the snow cease falling,' said Tim. 'It must be coming near the time to start, and I must not miss this chance. Something tells me I will be lucky this time. If I catch the leprachaun it will put a stop to Molly's talk.'

About half a mile from Tim Grady's farmhouse there was a circular wood, called by the neighbors 'A

of red velvet, and could easily be distinguished from any of the rest of the fairies. He was scarcely a foot in height, and was as swift in his movement as forked lightning. No man—not even Tim—could hope to catch him by fair means; and most men considered it impossible to capture him by any other means, so cunning was he; but Tim was not one of these latter. Tim's grandfather had given secret information to him that on every Christmas Eve, from the time the village clock began to chime the hour of twelve until it had chimed forth the twelfth stroke, every fairy stood



SANATORIUM GROUNDS AT ROTORUA.

Forth.' In the centre of this wooded circle there was a large green sward. On this grassy place the fairies or good people held high revel on every Christmas Eve. Tim could not remember the Christmas Eve on which he had not wended his way to this spot in hopes of beholding the revellings of the fairies. Although his luck had always been bad, he yet retained the firm conviction that they did meet there, and that the man who could capture their leader was on the sure road to untold riches. The leader was dressed in a neat suit

motionless, and had no power to move unless touched by the hand of man. Tim's plan was to steal up close to the fairies' rendezvous and advance to the red leader. Then, the moment he heard the first stroke announcing the approach of Christmas morn, capture him, and then secure him before the twelfth stroke had been given.

As Tim dozed by the fire he was revolving in his mind the plan thus formed, and calculating its chances of success.