

most on the pot of gold. The human blood had been shed on the vessel, and so its magic bonds were loosed. Tim was a millionaire. Tim, as he looked down at the awful sight, could only think of Molly as she was in the days of old, the fairest girl in the whole countryside, the best singer and the neatest dancer, and the kindest-hearted colleen. He could only think of how she watched by his side in his sickness, how near she was to him in misfortune, how she toiled and strove from morn till night and without complaint. He never knew until now how dearly he loved Molly, and what her value was. He looked at the gold for a moment, but only a moment, for he hated it now with all his soul. It was nothing but blood-money. He jumped into the pit and caught up Molly in his arms, and he

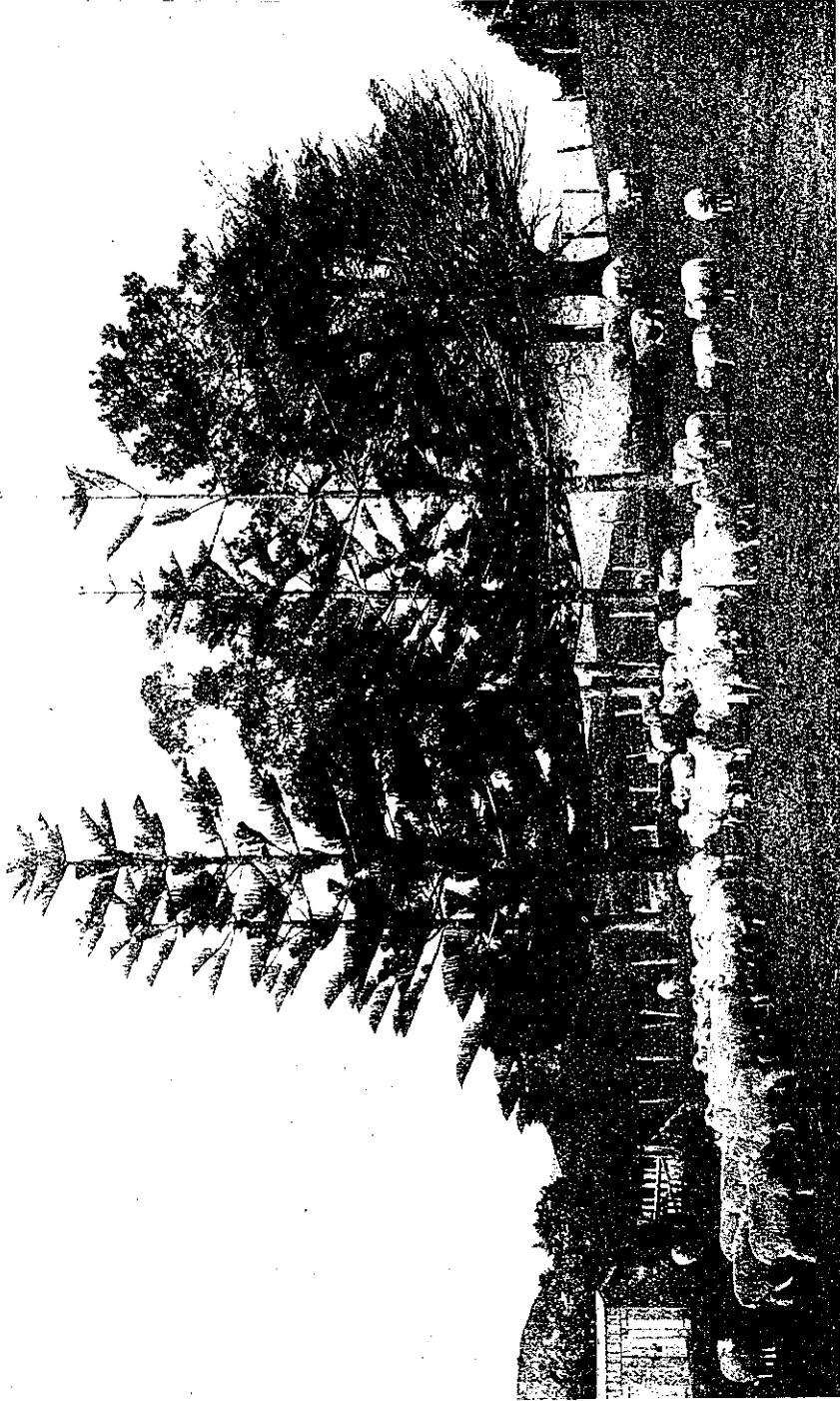
'Won't I? I guess I will, and be a multi-millionaire as long as I have Molly.'

The fairy leader to save his own life restored life to Molly, but not before Tim had filled in the earth and forgotten where the place was in which the gold was buried.

Tim woke up with a start, and for a time was doubtful as to his surroundings. Eventually it dawned on him that he had had a very realistic dream, the particulars of which he related later on to his wife.

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Tim and Molly sat down to dinner on Christmas Day, and they were as happy as people could be. 'Many



PASTORAL SCENE, ORURA VALLEY.

gently raised her up and laid her on the ground above. In his desperation, he had taken a resolve that the fairy leader should restore Molly to life or lose his own. Tim brought the captive to where Molly lay lifeless, and explained in grim accents the conditions of his getting off with his life to join his fairy companions.

'But,' said the red leader, 'if I restore life to Molly, that pot of gold closes up again, and you will lose all memory of its place.'

'I don't care if all the gold in the world disappears, so long as you restore Molly to life,' exclaimed Tim.

'But you won't be a millionaire then,' said the fairy.

people,' remarked Tim, 'are millionaires and don't know it.'

'True for you, Tim,' said Molly, 'they don't know it, because they have not the worry of millionaires.'

Tim forgave Molly's hit at him. 'After all, there was no equal to her,' remarked Tim to himself. Molly, in her white cap and graceful gown that had seen more than twenty Christmas Days, could not put it out of her mind that Tim preferred her to millions of gold pieces.

'There's no one like Tim,' thought Molly.—*The Irish Rosary.*