

what a spring there is in him," he went on. "Come down here to the gate." He waved his hand towards the wooden gate of Rody Flynn's field, and the white greyhound instantly flew over it. Then the long slender hand was waved the other way, and the greyhound flew back again. This was repeated half-a-dozen times, to the infinite delight of Rody Flynn, and the evident astonishment of the little brown cow, who raised her head high and gazed wildly at the snow-white hound, as he sprang gracefully backwards and forwards over the wooden gate.

"He's a beautiful animal, George," said Rody Flynn, delightedly. "I never saw a handsomer greyhound."

"I know," interrupted poor crazed George Ponsonby, "the one in the Queen's County. I wish I could get one look at that dog in the Queen's County. But look at this, Rody." And he pulled up the leg of his tattered trousers, and pushed down his stocking, exhibiting his skin, with the remark, uttered as if to himself, his wandering eyes resting for a moment on the limb—"Tis small, but 'tis straight."

"I told you before what to do to that," said Rody Flynn. "And if you don't do it you'll have a sore leg that maybe 'twont be easy to heal. Cold water several times a day, that's the best thing for it."

George Ponsonby let the trousers drop over his skin, but did not mind pulling up the stocking, and, seeming to forget all about it, blew his whistle and walked away, followed by the beautiful white greyhound.

George Ponsonby's leg reminded Rody Flynn that one of his patients, for whom he felt great sympathy, was probably in his workshop at that moment. He had just quickened his pace lest the patient might go away under the impression that he had gone some distance from home, and the poor fellow's hand was in so bad a state, and the walk from the mountain was so long, it wouldn't do to disappoint him, Rody thought—when three long-legged, wild-looking, pigs rushed past him at full gallop. Turning round he saw two policemen running breathlessly after the pigs, greatly encumbered by their rifles. There was a shallow pool of mud at the turn of the road, a hundred yards or so further on, into which the three wild pigs plunged, and commenced rooting with all their might.

"For heaven's sake, as they have stopped at last, let us take a little rest," said Acting-Constable Finucane—who was a slender-waisted and military-looking young man, with well-oiled hair and whiskers—just as they had come up with Rody Flynn.

"I wouldn't take a five-pound note to go through the same hardships again," returned Sub-Constable Joe Sproule, letting himself fall on his back against the slanting fence of Rody Flynn's field, crushing numberless primroses, and pushing his head under the hawthorns on the top, feeling the coolness pleasant to his heated face.

"Who is that strange-looking fellow with the white greyhound we have just passed?" Mr. Finucane asked, looking ruefully down upon his mud-bespattered uniform.

"Ye can't be long in this part of the coun-

try," replied Rody Flynn, "or ye'd know Ponsonby."

"We're only a few weeks in this county," the military-looking acting-constable answered, taking a showy handkerchief from the breast of his jacket, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "We belong to the Gurthnaboher station. But who or what is he?"

"He's a poor harmless fellow that's going about," Rody Flynn replied. "His mind is not right. His grandfather was a Protestant clergyman; but his mother made a foolish marriage. Both she and her husband died, and poor George was someway not right in his mind, and is going about from one place to another—here to-day and there to-morrow—just like a poor fellow—another gentleman's son—I know in the Queen's County."

"I knew he was a gentleman," said the sub-constable, who held a branch of the white-thorn, under which his head was thrust, between his teeth. "The first look I gave at him I knew he was a gentleman."

"It must be hard for a gentleman to disguise himself," said Rody Flynn, raising his eyebrows and laughing, as he turned round expecting to catch a glimpse of the scarecrow figure in the tattered green shooting jacket going up Ballykiraun hill. But another tall figure, in whitish cord knee breeches and long-tailed blue body coat, caught his eye near the next turn of the road. It was Sammy Sloane's clever rival, Murty Magrath, who, no doubt, had been out on business that morning—like Sammy himself—to soothe in some measure his irritation at the turn affairs had taken in regard to the election of a fit and proper person to represent the county in the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland.

Chapter IX.—Murty Magrath and the Two Policemen—The Glenmoyan Pigs—The Rural Policeman's Paradise, as Pictured in Sub-Constable Joe Sproule's Youthful Dreams—The Reality as He has Found it.

Murty Magrath, who had been loitering at the turn of the road, as soon as he saw that he was observed, moved on at an ordinary walking pace, and bade Rody Flynn and the policemen the time of the day very civilly, passing the forefinger of his right hand, while he spoke, all round his unusually long neck, inside the high white cravat which covered the long neck up to the ears, and seemed to press uncomfortably upon his windpipe. "What o'clock might it be?" Murty asked in the most innocent and natural way imaginable, as if the question had been suggested by the watch-key, which the military-looking acting-constable managed to display below his belt.

"A quarter to two," the acting-constable replied, having with much trouble got his Geneva watch from the fob of his tight-fitting trousers.

"Good God!" exclaimed Joe Sproule, getting his head from under the hedge, and staring in amazement at his superior officer, "you said it was only eleven when we had the misfortune to meet these three devils. How far is it from the cross beyond the second hill?" he asked, turning to Rody Flynn. "It

seems we took two hours and three-quarters to come from that."

"Tis about three miles," was the reply. "Ye must walk mighty slow."

"Walk!" said Joe Sproule, getting upon his legs with a groan, like a man very bad with the rheumatism. "The devil a walk; 'twas all running and tumbling. I never saw the like of it," continued the sub-constable solemnly, as he buttoned up his jacket. "That black pig must have an 'open Sesame,' for d—n the gate along the whole way that didn't fly open the minute he pointed his nose at it." Rody Flynn chuckled; but Murty Magrath passed his finger between his white cravat and his windpipe, and looked innocently unconscious, as he asked Rody Flynn "Was he coming home?"

"I am," said Rody, stepping out to keep up with the policeman, with whom he seemed disposed to be companionable.

The three lean pigs with an abrupt grunt rushed out of the pool of mud, and stood in line across the road, as if determined to defend the pass against all comers. Joe Sproule fell back a step, and clutching his rifle dropped upon one knee and "prepared for cavalry," without waiting for the word of command from his superior officer.

"Begob, it is dangerous," muttered Murty Magrath, thrusting all his four fingers between his cravat and his windpipe. "Let us non-combatants stand aside."

"Hush-h-h!" said Joe Sproule, advancing cautiously for a yard or two.

But the three lean pigs stood firm, with their snouts pointed to the enemy.

"I'll show 'em the cold steel," said Joe Sproule, drawing his sword, but never for a second removing his eye from the three pigs. The flash of the cold steel had the desired effect, for the three lean pigs wheeled round with another abrupt grunt and scampered off in the way they should go.

"They're Glenmoyan pigs," Murty Magrath remarked, as the party moved on again. "They seem to breed for speed and endurance in Glenmoyan. Look at the limbs of the black fellow; did you ever see such bone and muscle? Not an ounce of idle flesh. 'Tis quite different down here. The trouble you'd have here," Murty Magrath observed feelingly, turning to the military-looking acting-constable, who was showing symptoms of feebleness about the knees—"The trouble you'd have down here is to make them walk at all. There's a very gentlemanly herd of pigs about Shannaclough," added Murty Magrath impressively, turning to Rody Flynn, as if for corroboration of the assertion.

"Well, there's a great change both in pigs and people in regard of walking," said Rody Flynn. "I remember when every man and every pig walked to the fair of Cloughbeg, as a matter of course. Now both man and pig must drive—even comin' into our own little market."

"Yes," returned Murty Magrath, "you won't find a more gentlemanly herd of pigs in Ireland. They take the world easy, and are always contented so long as their bellies are full. But if you put the Glenmoyan pigs in a coach they wouldn't be satisfied."

"Did you see that!" exclaimed Sub-Con-