

OUR SHORT STORY PAGE

The CROCKS O' GOOLD

By HERMINIE TEMPLETON



NE June morning on a market day at Fethard, while the sun was as yet winking and blinking a sleepy eye over the top of shadowy Slieve-na-mon, Darby O'Gill stood upon the threshold of his cottage, impatient to be off to the town.

"Don't dare tell me another thing," he said, fiercely.

"I was only going to say that ye mustn't be stayin' so late at Fethard that ye'll have to be takin' the short cut home through Hagan's meadow after dark. Ye know they do be sayin' that most an'ny night now ye can see lights moving 'round in the ruined abbey where the crocks o' goold are hid."

"What put the crocks o' goold till yer head?" asked Darby, suspiciously.

" Didn't Mrs. O'Hara tell me only last night that ye put the challenge on her Domonic to go huntin' for them? "

"Huh! Domonic O'Hara! We hear ducks talkin'! That came out of the bottom of the fourth grade of punch. Haven't ye an'ny thing sensible to say, me good woman?"

"With all the an' it's this: If ye should meet up with that blaggard Bothered Bill Donohue, the tinker!"—Bridget wagged a warning finger—"have no civility for him or he'll be wantin' to come back with ye to spind the night."

The three counties were in Fethard by the time Darby reached the old town gate, and from that on it was a slap on the shoulder here, and a bone-crushing hand shake there, and a "God save ye Darby, me boughal!" everywhere, so that the afternoon was come and gone before the busy lad could spare a thought for any of Bridget's commissions. But through all the friendly greetings of the day there smoldered a constant worry in the man's mind, for whichever way he turned, the sharp gray eye of Bothered Bill Donohue, the tinker, followed him from place to place.

"Bad luck to him," muttered Darby, ruefully, "if I ring the thithering blaggard home wid me Bothered Bill drives the two of us. 'Whist! I know what I'll do, I'll slip till Murphy's stable here an' hide awhile out of sight, an' when the rover's gone I'll whip over to Dugan's an' lurk till the back due with me."

No sooner said than done. When at last he ventured over and poked a cautious head in at the back door of Dugan's shop a well-known voice hailed him: "Come in, Darby asthore, I've been waitin' for ye this half hour. I'll be goin' home wid ye the night I'm thinkin', to give ye a hand wid the tubs." And there, sitting calmly on an upturned tub, jolted Bothered Bill Donohue, the tinker.

The two were the last at the market.

As the two men went stumbling along the dark road, Darby was thinking. "By the livin' farmer I have it! I'll tell Bill that I'm goin' over to the abbey to dig for the goold an' I'll ask him to come over an' help me. 'An' when he rayfuses me—as of course he will—I'll stand him on to Bridget, an' it's myself will be in his blaggard this for the new shillings."

Just then Bill spoke up, as if vaguely divining what was in his companion's mind. "My, but ye're the bould man, Darby O'Gill! They were sayin' all over the market to-day what a courageous hayro ye was to be goin' wid Domonic O'Hara after the crocks o' goold in the old abbey."

In spite of the bulges the hero's chest swelled.

"Well, well, ye! Bill," he swaggered, "I'm at a loss about takin' that same Domonic O'Hara; he has no more control over his long tongue than if it be lowered to yerself, and the wurrud knows that if an'ny warrud so much as mentions a phous wurrud while he's diggin' for them crocks o' goold, in a twink he may be turned into a big yellow ox, or into a bit of a starved wren. Now ye know yerself, ye warrud in yer life; an'—"

"Bad luck to me if I'll do it," interrupted Bill, promptly.

"It'll be near midnight be the time we reach Hagan's meadow," went on Darby, "so we'll have Domonic O'Hara go diggin' for himself, an' me an' you'll go parthers."

The offer was like sousing Bill with a tub of cold water. He stood still in the road and shivered.

"Shop!" he chocked. "There's neither luck nor grace in talkin' that kind o' talk."

"I'll go into the abbey here," Darby continued, calm as Bill had disappeared.

"Oh Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

When they had sung the powerful charm many times the little fiddler said: "Well, first and foremost, it's not in the abbey at all that the crocks o' goold are buried, but under the yew tree in the great court where the monks do be lyin'."

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

When they had sung the powerful charm many times the little fiddler said: "Well, first and foremost, it's not in the abbey at all that the crocks o' goold are buried, but under the yew tree in the great court where the monks do be lyin'."

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."

"On Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conon More Come out of the mountal, they're wettin' me sore, Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em."

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sofers and champenees to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye."