



THE FOREST RUNNER.

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE,
Author of "The Westerners."

CHAPTER I.

THE TIMBER THIEVES.



IN every direction the woods. Not an opening of any kind offered the mind a breathing-place under the free sky. Sometimes the pine groves—vast, solemn, grand, with the patrician aloofness of the truly great; sometimes the hardwood—bright, mysterious, full of life; sometimes the swamps—dank, dark, speaking with the voices of the shyer creatures; sometimes the spruce and balsam thickets—aromatic, enticing. But never the clear open sky.

And, always the woods creatures, in startling abundance and tameness. The solitary man with the pack-straps across his forehead and shoulders had never seen so many of them. They withdrew silently before him as he advanced. They accompanied him on either side, watching him with intelligent, bright eyes. They followed him stealthily for a little distance, as though escorting him out of their own

particular territory. Dozens of times a day the traveler glimpsed the flaunting white flags of deer. Often the creatures would take but a few hasty jumps, then wheel, the beautiful embodiment of the picture deer, to snort and paw the leaves. Hundreds of birds of which he did not know the name stooped to his inspection, whirled away at his approach, or went about their business with hardy indifference under his very eyes. *Blasé*

porcupines trundled superbly from his path. Once a mother partridge simulated a broken wing, fluttering painfully. Early one morning the traveler ran plump on a fat, lolling bear, taking his ease from the new sun, and his meal from a panic-stricken army of ants. As beseemed two innocent wayfarers, they honored each other with the salute of surprise and went their way. And all about, and through, weaving, watching, moving

like spirits, were the forest multitudes which the young man never saw, but which he divined, and of whose movements he sometimes caught



for a single instant the faintest patter or rustle. It constituted the mystery of the forest, that great, fascinating, lovable mystery which, once it steals into the heart of a man, has always a hearing and a longing when it makes its voice heard.

The young man's equipment was simple in the extreme. Attached to a heavy leather belt of cartridges hung a two-pound axe and a sheath knife. In his pocket reposed a compass, an air-tight tin of matches, and a map drawn on oiled paper of a district divided into sections. Some few of the sections were colored, which indicated that they belonged to private parties. All the rest was State or Government land. He carried in his hand a repeating rifle. The pack, if opened, would have been found to contain a woolen and a rubber blanket, fishing tackle, twenty pounds or so of flour, packages of tea and sugar, a slab of bacon carefully wrapped in oiled cloth, salt, a suit of underwear, and several extra pairs of thick stockings. To the outside of the pack had been strapped a frying-pan, a tin pail, and a cup.

For more than a week Thorpe had journeyed through the forest without meeting a human being, or seeing any indications of man, excepting always the old blaze of the Government survey. Many years before officials had run careless lines through the country along the sections. At this time the blazes were often so weather-beaten that Thorpe found difficulty in deciphering the indications marked on them. These latter stated always the section, the township, and the range east or west by numbers. All Thorpe had to do then was to refer to his map and compass. He knew just where he was.

The map he had procured at the United States Land Office in Detroit. He had set out with the scanty equipment just described for the purpose of "looking" a suitable bunch of pine in the northern peninsula, which, at that time, was practically untouched. Access to its interior could be obtained only on foot or by river. The South Shore Railroad was already engaged in pushing a way through the virgin forest, but it had as yet penetrated

only as far as Seney. Marquette, Menominee, and a few smaller places along the coast were lumbering near at home, but they shipped entirely by water. Although the rest of the peninsula was finely wooded, a general impression obtained in the craft that it would prove inaccessible to successful operation.

Furthermore, the magnificent timber of the Saginaw, Muskegon, and Grand River valleys of the southern peninsula at that time occupied entire attention. Men did not care to bother about property at so great a distance from home. As a consequence, few knew as yet even the extent of the resources so far north.

Thorpe, however, with the far-sightedness of the born pioneer, had perceived that the exploitation of the upper country was an affair of a few years only. The forests of Southern Michigan were vast, but not limitless; and they had all passed into private ownership. The north, on the other hand,

would not prove as inaccessible as it now seemed, for it possessed the entire waterway of the great lakes as an outlet. Sooner or later there would be a rush to the new country. He resolved to anticipate it,

and by acquiring his holdings before general attention should be turned that way, to obtain of the best.

He was without money, and practically without friends; while Government and State lands cost respectively two dollars and a half and a dollar and a quarter an acre, cash down.

But he relied on the good sense of capitalists to perceive, from the statistics which his explorations would furnish, the wonderful advantage of logging a new country with the entire chain of great lakes as a shipping outlet at its very door. In return for his information he would expect a half interest in the enterprise. This is the usual method of procedure adopted by "land-lookers" everywhere.





We have said that the country was quite new to logging, but the statement is not strictly accurate. Thorpe was by no means the first to see the money in northern pine. Outside of the big mill districts already named, cuttings of considerable size were already under way. The logs were usually sold to the mills at Marquette

or Menominee. Here and there along the best streams men had already begun operations.

But they worked on a small scale, and with an eye to the immediate present only; bending their efforts to as large a cut as possible each season, rather than to the acquisition of holdings for future operations. This they accomplished naïvely by purchasing one "forty" and cutting a dozen. Thorpe's map showed often, near the forks of an important stream, a section or so whose coloring indicated private possession. Legally the owners had the right only to the pine included in the marked section; but if any one had taken the trouble to visit the district, he would have found operations going on for miles up and down stream, wherever good pine was to be found. The colored squares would prove to be really nothing but so many excuses for being on the ground. The bulk of the cut, he would discover, had been stolen from unbought State or Government land.

Thorpe was perfectly informed of this. He knew that in all probability many of the colored districts on his map represented firms engaged in steals of greater or less magnitude. He was further aware that most of the concerns stole the timber because it was cheaper to steal than to buy,

but that they would buy readily enough if forced to do so in order to prevent its acquisition by another. This other might be himself. In his exploration, therefore, he decided to employ the utmost circumspection. As much as possible he purposed to avoid other men; but if meetings became inevitable, he hoped to mask his real intentions. He could pose as a hunter and fisherman.

During the course of his week in the woods, he discovered that he would be forced eventually to resort to this expedient. He encountered quantities of fine timber in the country through which he traveled, and some day it would be logged, but at present the difficulties were too great. The streams were shallow, or they did not empty into a good shipping port. Investors would naturally look first for holdings along the more practicable routes.

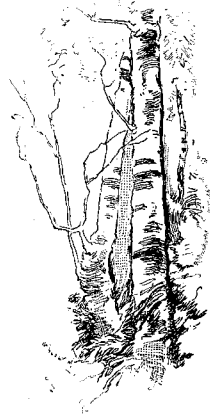
A cursory glance sufficed to show that on such waters the little red squares had already blocked a foothold for other owners. Thorpe surmised that he would undoubtedly discover fine unbought timber along their banks, but that the men already engaged in stealing it would hardly be likely to allow



Thorpe.

him peaceful acquisition.

For a week then he journeyed through magnificent timber without finding what he sought, working always more and more to the north, until finally he stood on the shores of Superior. Till now the streams had not suited him. He resolved to follow the shore west to the mouth of a fairly large river called the Osawinamakee. It showed, in common with most other streams of its size,



land already taken, but Thorpe hoped to find good timber nearer the mouth. After several days' hard walking with this in view, he found himself north of a bend; so, without troubling to hunt for its outlet into Superior, he turned through the woods due south with the intention of striking in on the stream. This he accomplished some twenty miles inland, where also he discovered a well-defined and recently used trail leading up the river. Thorpe camped one night at the bend and then set out to follow the trail.

It led him, for upwards of ten miles, nearly due south, sometimes approaching, sometimes leaving the river, but keeping always in its direction. The country in general was rolling. Low parallel ridges of gentle declivity glided constantly across his way, their valleys sloping to the river. Thorpe had never seen a grander forest of pine than that which clothed them.

For almost three miles, after the young man had passed through a preliminary jungle of birch, cedar, spruce, and hemlock, it ran without a break, clear, clean, of cloud-sweeping altitude, without underbrush. Most of it was good bull sap, which is known by the fineness of the bark, though often in the hollows it shaded gradually into the rough-skinned cork pine. In those days few people paid any attention to the Norway, and hemlock was not even thought of. With every foot of the way Thorpe became more and more impressed.

At first the grandeur, the remoteness, the solemnity of the virgin forest fell on his spirit with a kind of awe. The tall straight trunks lifted directly upwards to the vaulted screen, through which the sky seemed as remote as the ceiling of a Roman church.



Ravens wheeled and croaked in the blue, but infinitely far away. Some lesser noises wove into the

stillness without breaking the web of its splendor, for the pine silence laid soft, hushing fingers on the lips of those who might waken the sleeping sunlight.

Then the spirit of the pioneer stirred within his soul. The wilderness sent forth its old-time challenge to the hardy. In him awoke that instinct which, without itself perceiving the end on which it is bent, clears the way for the civilization that has been ripening in Old World hot-houses for a thousand years. Men must eat, and so the soil must be made productive. We regret, each after his manner, the passing of the

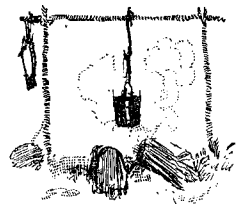
Indian, the buffalo, the great pine forests, for they are of the picturesque; but we live gladly on the product of the farms that have taken their places. Southern Michigan was once a pine forest! Now the twisted stump fences about the most fertile farms of the North alone break the expanse of prairie and of trim "wood lots."

Thorpe knew little of this, and cared less. These feathered trees, standing close-ranked, and yet each isolate in the dignity and gravity of a sphinx of stone, set to dancing his blood of the frontiersman. He spread out his map to make sure that so valuable a clump of timber was still unclaimed. A few sections near the head waters were all he found marked as sold. He resumed his tramp light-heartedly.

At the ten-mile point he came upon a dam. It was a crude dam, built of logs, whose face consisted of strong buttresses slanted upstream, and whose sheer was made of unbarked timbers laid smoothly side by side at the required angle. For the present its gate was open. Thorpe could see that it was an unusually large gate, with a powerful apparatus for its raising and lowering.

The purpose of the dam in this new country did not puzzle him in the least, but its presence bewildered him. Such constructions are often thrown across logging streams at proper intervals, in order that the operator may be independent of the spring freshets. When he wishes to "drive" his logs to the mouth of the stream, he first accumulates a head of water behind his dam, and then, by lifting the gates, creates an artificial freshet sufficient to float his timber to the pool formed by the next dam below. The device is common enough, but it is expensive. People do not build dams except in the certainty of some years of logging, and quite extensive logging at that. So Thorpe knew, that he had to deal, not with a hand-to-mouth timber thief, but with a great company preparing to log the country on a big scale.

He continued his journey. At noon he came to another and similar structure. The pine forest had yielded to knolls of hardwood, separated by swamp-holes of black-thorn. Here he left his pack, and pushed ahead in light marching order. About eight miles above the first dam, and eighteen from the bend of the river, he ran into a



"slashing" of the year before. The decapitated stumps were already beginning to turn brown with weather, the tangle of tops and limbs was partially concealed by "popple" growth and wild raspberry vines.

To Thorpe this particular clearing became at once of the greatest interest. He scrambled over and through the ugly debris which for a year or two after logging operations cumbered the ground. By a rather prolonged search he found what he sought—the "section corner" of the tract, on which the Government surveyor had long ago marked the "description." A glance at the map confirmed his suspicions. The slashing lay some two miles north of the sections designated as belonging to private parties. It was Government land.

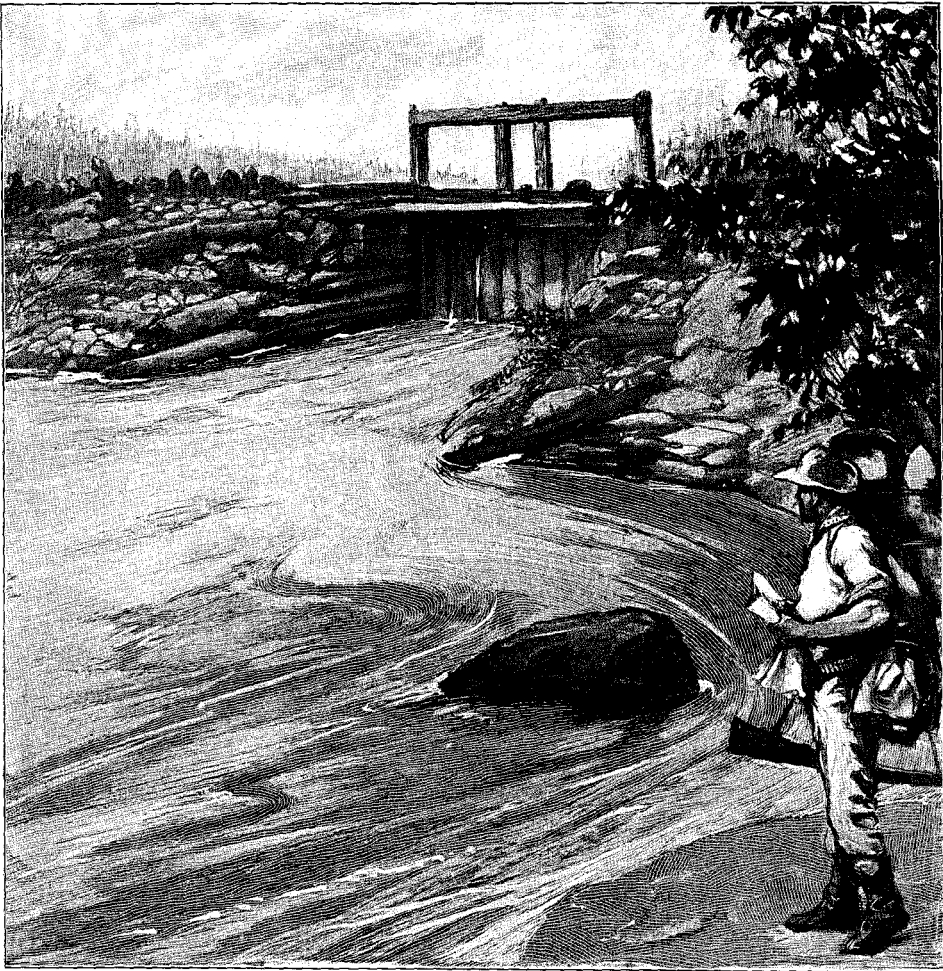
Thorpe sat down, lit a pipe, and did a little thinking.

As an axiom it may be premised that the shorter the distance logs have to be trans-

ported, the less it costs to get them in. Now Thorpe had that very morning passed through beautiful timber lying much nearer to the mouth of the river than either this or the sections further south. Why had these men deliberately ascended the stream? Why had they stolen timber eighteen miles from the bend, when they could equally well have stolen just as good fourteen miles down river?

Thorpe ruminated for some time without hitting upon a solution. Then suddenly he remembered the two dams, and his idea that the men in charge of the river must be wealthy and must intend operating on a large scale. He thought he glimpsed it. After another pipe he felt sure.

The Unknowns were, indeed, going in on a large scale. They intended eventually to log the whole of the Ossawinamakee basin. For this reason they had made their first purchase, planted their first foothold, near the



"It was a rude dam built of logs."

headwaters. Furthermore, located as they were far from a present or an immediately-future civilization, they had felt safe in leaving for the moment their holdings represented by the three sections already described. Some day they would buy all the standing Government pine in the basin; but in the meantime they would steal all they could at a sufficient distance from the lake to minimize the danger of discovery. They had not dared appropriate the three-mile tract Thorpe had passed through, because there the theft would probably be remarked, so they intended eventually to buy it. Until that should become necessary, however, every stick cut meant so much less to purchase.

"They're going to cut, and keep on cutting, working down river as fast as they can," argued Thorpe. "If anything happens so they *have* to, they'll buy in the pine that is left; but if things go well with them, they'd take what they can for nothing. They're getting this stuff out up river first because they can steal safer while the country is still unsettled; and even when it does fill up, there will not be much likelihood of an investigation so far in-country,—at least until after they have folded their tents."

Thorpe knew that men occupied in so precarious a business would be keenly on the watch. At the first hint of rivalry, they would buy in the timber they had selected. But the situation had set his fighting blood to racing. The very fact that these men were thieves on so big a scale made him the more obstinately determined to thwart them. They undoubtedly wanted the tract down river. Well, so did he.

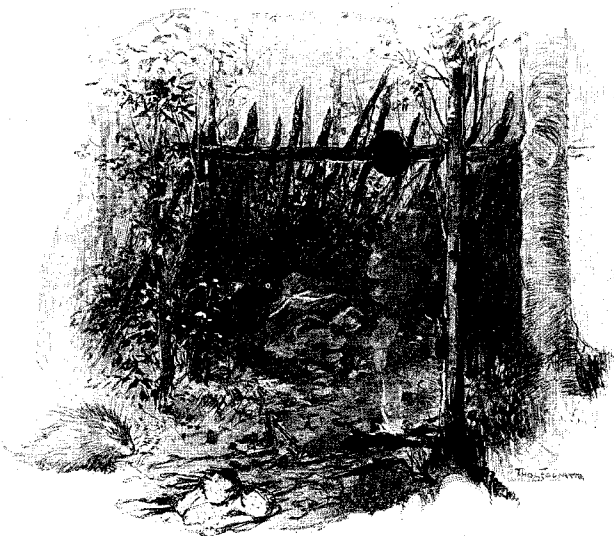
He purposed to look it over carefully, to

ascertain its exact boundaries and what sections it would be necessary to buy in order to include it, and perhaps even estimate it in a rough way. In the accomplishment of this he would have to spend the summer, and perhaps part of the fall, in that district. He could hardly expect to escape notice. By the indications on the river he judged that a crew of men had shortly before taken out a drive of logs. After the timber had been rafted and towed to Marquette, they would return. He might be able to hide in the forest, but sooner or later, he was sure, one of the company's land-lookers or hunters would stumble on his camp. Then his very concealment would tell them what he was after. The risk was too great.

For above all things Thorpe needed time. He had, as has been said, to ascertain what he could offer. Then he had to offer it. He would be forced to interest capital, and that is a matter of persuasion and leisure.

Finally his shrewd, intuitive good-sense flashed the solution on him. He returned rapidly to his pack, assumed the straps, and arrived at the first dam about dark of the long summer day.

There he looked carefully about him. Some fifty feet from the water's edge a birch knoll supported, beside the birches, a single big hemlock. With his belt ax, Thorpe cleared away the little white trees. He struck the sharpened end of one of them in the bark of the shaggy hemlock, fastened the other end in a crotch eight or ten feet distant, slanted the rest of the saplings along one side of this ridge pole, and turned in, after a hasty supper, leaving the completion of his permanent camp to the morrow.





CHAPTER II.

THE CRAFT OF THE FOREST.

IN the morning he thatched smooth the roof of the shelter, using for the purpose the thick branches of hemlocks; placed two green spruce logs side by side as a cooking-range; slung his pot on a rod across two forked sticks; cut and split a quantity of wood; spread his blankets; and called himself established. His beard was already well grown, and his clothes had become worn by the brush and faded by the sun and rain. In the course of the morning he lay in wait very patiently near a spot overflowed by the river, where, the day before, he had noticed lily-pads growing. After a time a doe and a spotted fawn came and stood ankle-deep in the water, and ate of the lily-pads. Thorpe lurked motionless behind his screen of leaves; and as he had taken the precaution so to station himself that his hiding-place lay down-wind, the beautiful animals were unaware of his presence.

By and by a prong-buck joined them. He was a two-year-old, young, tender, with the velvet just off his antlers. Thorpe aimed at his shoulder, six inches above the belly-line, and pressed the trigger. As though by enchantment the three woods creatures disappeared. But the hunter had noticed that, whereas the doe and fawn flourished bravely the broad white flags of their tails, the buck had seemed but a streak of brown. By this he knew he had hit.

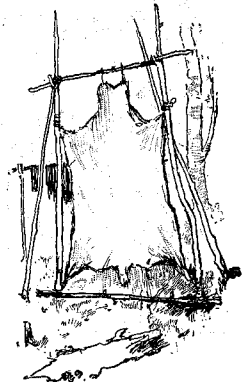
Sure enough, after following for two hun-

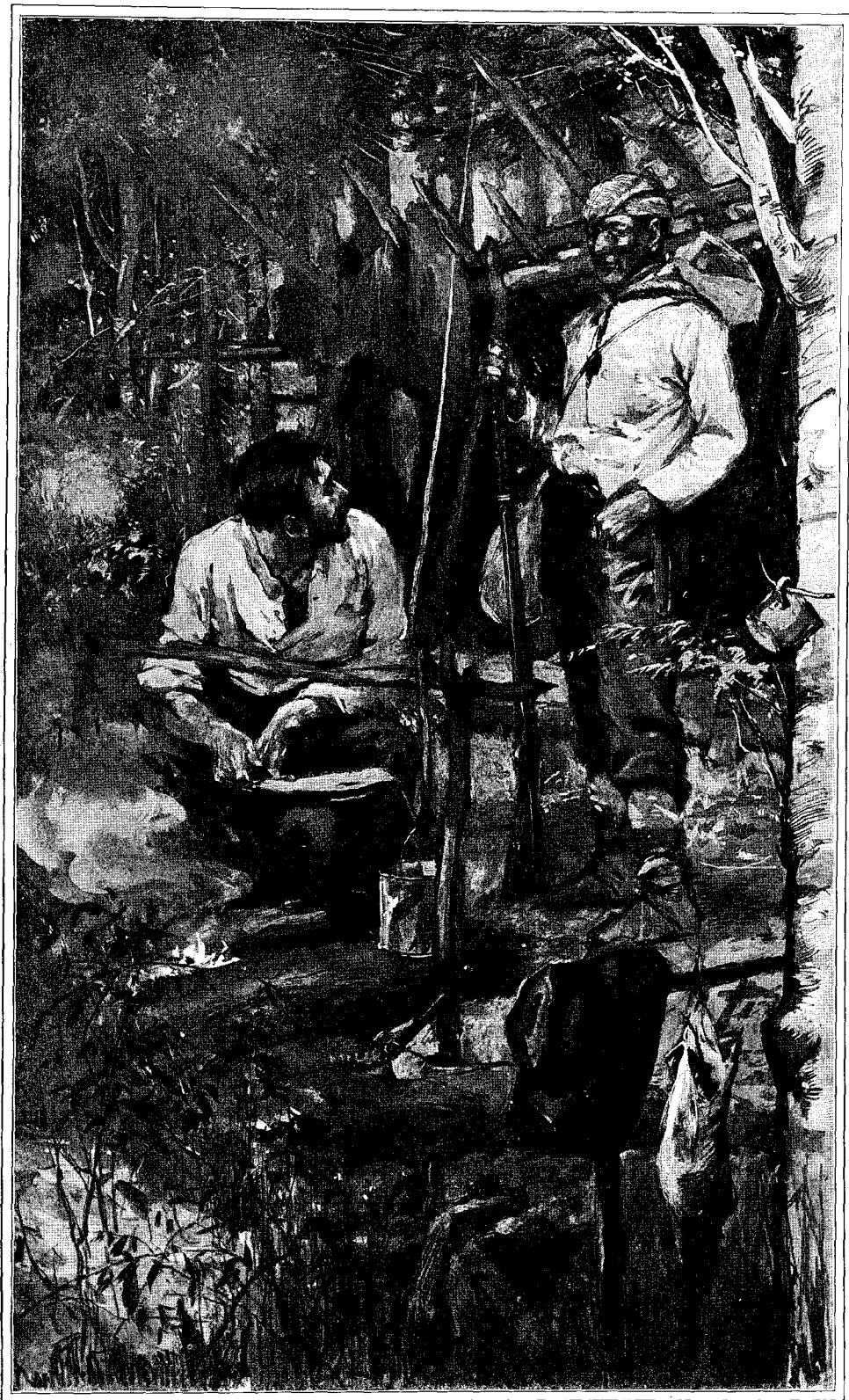
dred yards the prints of sharp hoofs and occasional drops of blood on the leaves, he came upon his prey, dead. It became necessary to transport the animal to camp. Thorpe stuck his hunting knife deep into the front of the deer's chest, where the neck joins, which allowed most of the blood to drain away. Then he fastened wild grape-vines about the antlers, and with a little exertion drew the body after him as though it had been a toboggan. It slid more easily than one would imagine along the grain, but not as easily as by some other methods with which Thorpe was unfamiliar.

At camp he skinned the deer, cut most of the meat into thin strips, which he salted and placed in the sun to dry, and hung the remainder in a cool arbor of boughs. The hide he suspended over a pole.

All these things he did hastily, as though he might be in a hurry, as indeed he was.

At noon he cooked himself a venison steak and some tea. Then with his hatchet he cut several small pine poles, which he fashioned roughly in a number of shapes and put aside for the future. The brains of the deer, saved for the purpose, he boiled with water in his tin pail, wishing it were larger. With the liquor thus obtained he intended later to





THE MEETING OF THORPE AND THE INDIAN.

remove the hair and grain from the deer-hide. Toward evening he caught a dozen trout in the pool below the dam. These he ate for supper.

Next day he spread the buck's hide out on the ground and drenched it liberally with the product of deer-brains. Later the hide was soaked in the river, after which, by means of a rough two-handled spatula, Thorpe was enabled after much labor to scrape away entirely the hair and grain. He cut from the edge of the hide a number of long strips of raw hide, but anointed the body of the skin liberally with the brain-liquor.

"Glad I don't have to do that every day!" he commented, wiping his brow with the back of his wrist.

As the skin dried he worked and kneaded it to softness. The result was a fair quality of white buckskin, the first Thorpe had ever made. If wetted it would harden dry and stiff. Thorough smoking in the fumes of punk-maple would obviate this, but that detail Thorpe left until later.

"I don't know whether it's all necessary," he said to himself doubtfully, "but if you're going to take a part, take it thoroughly; and if you're going to assume a disguise, let it be a good one."

In the meantime, he had bound together with his raw-hide thongs several of the oddly shaped pine timbers to form a species of dead-fall trap. It was slow work, for Thorpe's knowledge of such things was theoretical. He had learned his theory well, however, and in the end arrived.

All this time he had made no effort to look over the pine, nor did he intend to begin until he could be sure of doing so in safety. His object now was to give his knoll the appearance of a trapper's camp.

Toward the end of the week he received his first visit. Evening was drawing on, and Thorpe was busily engaged in cooking a panful of trout, resting the frying-pan across the two green spruce logs between which glowed the coals. Suddenly he became aware of a presence at his side. How it had reached the spot he could not imagine, for he had heard no approach. He looked up quickly.

"How do?" greeted the newcomer gravely.

The man was an Indian, silent, solemn, with the straight, unwinking gaze of his race.

"How do?" replied Thorpe.

The Indian without further ceremony threw his pack to the ground, and, squatting on his heels, watched the white man's preparations. When the meal was cooked he coolly produced a knife, selected a clean bit of hemlock bark, and helped himself. Then he lit a pipe, and gazed keenly about him.

The buckskin interested him.

"No good," said he, feeling of its texture.

Thorpe laughed. "Not very," he confessed.

"Good," continued the Indian, touching lightly his own moccasins.

"What you do?" he inquired after a long silence, punctuated by the puffs of tobacco.

"Hunt; trap; fish," replied Thorpe with equal sententiousness.

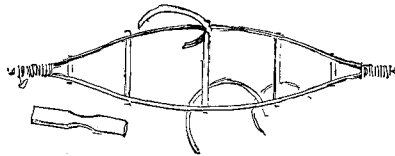
"Good," concluded the Indian, after a ruminative pause.

That night he slept on the ground. Next day he made a better shelter than

Thorpe's in less than half the time, and was off hunting before the sun was an hour high. He was armed with an old-fashioned smooth-bore muzzle-loader; and Thorpe was astonished, after he had become better acquainted with his new companion's methods, to find that he hunted deer with fine bird-shot. The Indian never expected to kill or even mortally wound his game; but he would follow for miles the blood-drops caused by his little wounds, until the animal, in sheer exhaustion, allowed him to approach close enough for a despatching blow. At two o'clock he brought in a small buck, tied scientifically together for "toting," with the waste parts cut away, but every ounce of utility retained.

"I show," said the Indian; and he did. Thorpe learned the Indian tan; of what use are the hollow shank bones; how the spinal cord is the toughest, softest, and most pliable sewing-thread known.

The Indian appeared to intend making the birch-knoll his permanent headquarters. Thorpe was at first a little suspicious of his new companion, but the man appeared scrupulously honest, was never intrusive, and even seemed genuinely desirous of teaching





THOMAS F. BARRY.

"You gottum chief's eye," replied his companion with simplicity.

Thorpe looked at the Indian again. There seemed to him only one course.

"Yes, I'm a lumberman," he confessed, "and I'm looking for pine. But, Charley, the men up the river must not know what I'm after."

"Then they gettum pine," interjected the Indian like a flash.

"Exactly," replied Thorpe, surprised afresh at the other's perspicacity.

"Good," ejaculated Injin Charley, and fell silent.

the white, little tricks of the woods brought to their perfection by the Indian alone. He ended by liking him. The two rarely spoke. They merely sat near each other and smoked. One evening the Indian suddenly remarked:

"You look 'um tree."

"What's that?" cried Thorpe, startled.

"You no hunter, no trapper. You look 'um tree for make 'um lumber."

The white had not begun as yet his explorations. He did not dare until the return of the logging crew or the passing of some one in authority at the up-river camp, for he wished first to establish in their minds the innocence of his intentions.

"What makes you think that, Charley?" he asked.

"You good man in woods," replied Injin Charley sententiously. "I tell by way you look at him pine."

Thorpe ruminated.

"Charley," said he, "why are you staying here with me?"

"Big frien'," replied the Indian promptly.

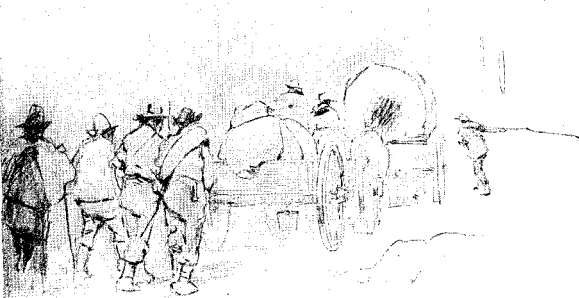
"Why are you my friend? What have I ever done for you?"

With this, the longest conversation the two had attempted in their peculiar acquaintance, Thorpe was forced to be content. He was, however, ill at ease over the incident. It added an element of uncertainty to an already precarious position.

Three days later he was intensely thankful the conversation had taken place.

After the noon meal he lay on his blanket under the hemlock shelter, smoking and lazily watching Injin Charley busy at the side of the trail. The Indian had terminated a long two days' search by toting from the forest a number of strips of the outer bark of white birch in its green state, pliable as cotton, thick as leather, and light as air. These he had cut into arbitrary patterns known only to himself, and was now sewing as a long, shapeless sort of bag or sack to a slender beechwood oval.





Later it was to become a birch-bark canoe, and the beechwood oval would be the gunwale.

So idly intent was Thorpe on this piece of construction, that he did not notice the approach of two men from the down-stream side. They were short, alert men, plodding along with the knee-bent persistency of the woods-walker, dressed in broad hats, flannel shirts, coarse trousers tucked in high-laced "cruisers," and carrying each a bulging meal-sack looped by a cord across the shoulders and chest. Both were armed with long slender scaler's rules. The first intimation Thorpe received of the presence of these two men was the sound of their voices addressing Injin Charley.

"Hullo, Charley," said one of them, "what you doing here? Ain't seen you since th' Sturgeon district."

"Mak' um canoe," replied Charley, rather obviously.

"So I see. But what you expect to get in this God-forsaken country?"

"Beaver, muskrat, mink, otter."

"Trapping, eh?" The man gazed keenly at Thorpe's recumbent figure. "Who's th' other fellow?"

Thorpe held his breath; then exhaled it in a long sigh of relief.

"Him white man," Injin Charley was replying. "Him hunt, too. Him mak' um buckskin."

The land-looker arose lazily and sauntered



toward the group. It was part of his plan to be well recognized, so that in the future he might arouse no suspicions.

"Howdy," he drawled. "Got any smokin'?"

"How are you?" replied one of the scalers, eyeing him sharply, and tendering his pouch. Thorpe filled his pipe deliberately, and returned it with a heavy-lidded glance of thanks. To all appearance he was one of the lazy, shiftless white hunters

of the backwoods.

Seized with an inspiration, he said, "What sort of chances is they at your camp for a little flour? Me an' Charley's about out. I'll bring you meat, or I'll make you boys moccasins. I got some good buckskin."

It was the usual proposition.

"Pretty good, I guess. Come up and see," advised the scaler. "The crew's right behind us."

"I'll send up Charley," drawled Thorpe; "I'm busy now makin' traps." He waved his pipe, calling attention to the pine and raw-hide dead-falls.

They chatted a few moments, practically and with an eye to the strict utility of things about them, as became woodsmen. Then two wagons lurched by, creaking, followed by fifteen or twenty men. The last of these, evidently the foreman, was joined by the two scalers.

"What's that outfit?" he inquired with the sharpness of suspicion.

"Old Injin Charley—you remember, the old boy that tanned that buck for you down on Cedar Creek."

"Yes, but the other fellow?"

"Oh, a hunter," replied the scaler carelessly.

"Sure?"

The man laughed. "Couldn't be nothin' else," he asserted with confidence. "Regular old backwoods moss-back."

At the same time Injin Charley was setting about the splitting of a cedar log.

"You see," he remarked, "I big frien'."

(To be continued.)



"WHO SHOULD HE MEET UP WITH ON THE CROSSROADS BUT THE OULD FAIRY DOCTOR, SHEELA MAGUIRE."

DARBY GILL AND THE GOOD PEOPLE.

BY HERMINIE TEMPLETON.

ON the road between Kilcuney and Balinderg, Jerry Murtaugh, the car-driver, told me his story:

Although only one living man of his own free will ever went among them there, still, any well-learned person in Ireland can tell you that the abode of the Good People is in the hollow heart of the great mountain Sleive-na-mon. That same one man was Darby Gill, a cousin of my own mother.

One night the Good People took the eldest of Darby's three fine pigs. The next week a second pig went the same way. The third week not a thing had Darby left for the Balinrobe fair. You may aasily think how sore and sorry the poor man was, an' how Bridget his wife an' the childher carried on. The rent was due, and all left was to sell his cow Rosie to pay it. Rosie was the apple of his eye; he admired and rayspected the pigs, but he loved Rosie.

Worst luck of all was yet to come. On the morning when Darby went for the cow to bring her into market, bad scrans to the hoof was there; but in her place only a wisp of dirty straw to mock him. Millia murther! What a howlin' and screechin' and cursin' did Darby bring back to the house!

Now Darby was a bould man, and a desperate man in his anger, as you soon will see. He shoved his feet into a pair of brogues, clapped his hat on his head, gripped his stick in his hand.

"Fairy or no fairy, ghost or goblin, livin' or dead, who took Rosie'll rue this day," he says.

With those wild words he bolted in the direction of Sleive-na-mon.

All day long he climbed like an ant over the hill, looking for a hole or cave through which he could get at the prison of Rosie. At times he struck the rocks with his black-thorn, cryin' out challenge.

"Come out, you that took her," he called. "If ye have the courage of a mouse, ye murtherin' thieves, come out!"

No one made answer—at laste, not just then. But at night, as he turned, hungry and footsore, toward home, who should he meet up with on the crossroads but the ould fairy doctor, Sheela Maguire. Well known she was as a spy for the Good People. She spoke up:

"Oh, then, you're the foolish, blundherin'-headed man to be saying what you've said, and doing what you've done this day, Darby Gill," says she.

"What do I care!" says he fiercely.