

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

Mistress Flynn and the Pot of Gold

By FRED. D. STOREY

THE story I told ye yisterdy respectin' me uncle Lanty O'Hoolahan's queer adventure wid the Little People reminds me that I disremember if I could ye how the fairies showed old Kitty Flynn the very identical shpot where the trisure wor buried.

"Is it shpot?" siz you.

Sure there wor shpots enough for a bad case av the measles, an' plinty lit to make an illigant dress-coat for a leopard. It's thrue for ye, the trisure wor't in all thim shpots; but thin ye couldn't be so onreasonable as to expect a man to find pots av gold scattered around as thick as buttercups, especially as it wor a woman av a-searchin' for it, an' old Mistress Flynn at that, who iverbody knows wor as short-sighted as me uncle whin he used to mate me on the street afther the fairies mel his fortune. An' if ye'll be sayin' that she wor, besides, as deaf as a post an' as wake as wather, it's not meself as I be onpolite enough to contradiid ye.

"But," siz you, "Phalim," siz you, "yare wandin'-in' from the pint."

Right 's are, honest, siz I, an' that 's precisely what old Kitty did afore she found the pot av gold. An', be the same token, she niver did find that gold at all.

Ah, but it's the mane old miser she wor—as rich as a money-linder!

How ould she wor nobody knew; an' even they daren't revele the secret for fear av losin' their caracther for truth an' veracity in the community.

"Uncle," siz I, "Kitty Flynn's an' excadingly ould woman," siz I.

fern, almost within rache av her arrum, wid his head restin' on the top av a convanient toadstool an' his legs comfortably crossed over a leaf av the bracken, lay wan av the Little People, fast asleep.

"T is the fairy postman," murthered she. "There 's the little leather mail-bag, an' the blue jacket wid brass buttons, an' the shrovepipe hat wid the gold band. Ah, but it 's the lucky woman I am this day," siz she. "The Little Man knows iverly crock av gold an' trisure that 's buried in the County Roscommon."

"An', houldin' her breath for fear av wakin' him, she crep' up shly, an' clutched him wid both hands. The Little Man kicked an' struggled, but it wor no good; for Kitty had him so tight that his heart leapt intil his mouth an' his ribs curled round his back-bone.

"An' what may ye be a-wantin' wid me, good woman?" siz he, whin he wor fairly awake.

"Good woman yersill," siz she, in a huff.

"Mistress Flynn, madam, at yer sarvice, thin," siz he.

"I want ye to lind the help av yer assistance to a lone widdy," siz Kitty.

"I know nothin' respectin' the trisure," siz he.

"Who axed ye?" siz she.

"I see it in yer eye," siz he.

"Troth, ye'll see it in me pocket afore we part company," siz she.

"I don't know where it is," siz he.

"Ye do," siz she.

"T is a long way off," siz he.

"We'll tramp it," siz she.

"But I'm late," siz he, "an' the king expects me."

"Thin ye mane to sarcumtransmigrate the wuruld, ma'am," siz he, "seein' as it 's on'y yer back as is facin' for home."

"Niver ye trouble yer head nayther about me face or me back," siz she. "They'll moind their-selves," siz she.

"Can I carry it for ye?" siz he.

"Ye cannot," siz she. "Ye can carry yerself off, an' I'll be thankful, an' good luck to ye."

"Joy go wid ye, thin," siz he. An' he went away wonderin' at her lack av appreciation av his improvin' an' intertainin' conversation.

As soon 's his back wor turned, Kitty grabbed hould av the collar av the fairy's jacket an' tuk him out av the back ag'in.

"Is it much farther?" siz she.

"It is," siz he. "Ye go along the road over an' beyant Benauchlan, an' whin ye rache t' oher side av the hill, ye turn down the lane forinst Larry Barry's houldin', an' whin ye come to the Widdy Green's turfshack, wid the little clamps av turf round it, ye cross the shlie, an' folly the pad road for a mile or so, through the church meadows, an' past Drunmocha-a-Vanaghan bog, ontill ye come till a large tin-acre field wid a fairy fort in the cinter av the middle av it," siz he.

An', be the same token, I may as well be explainin' to ye that a fairy fort is in the nayture av a mound wid an' iverated depression in it, undernath the which the Little People hould their court.

An' in that field," siz the Little Man, "in a shpot I'll direct ye to, ye'll find the gold."

"Sure," siz Kitty, "t is me own field ye 're afther describin'." For Kitty minded the fairy ring she had seen early that mornin'.

"Thin," siz he, "yer title to the trisure 'll be the clearer."

"Shall thanks to ye," siz she, "for givin' me what 's me own already."

Well, afther a long an' tajus walk, they kem to the field; an' whin the Little Man p'inted ont the place, she shcraped up a little hape av earth, an' set the turf indways on the top av it.

"I'll be sure to rayconize it ag'in," siz she.

"Ye will," siz he; "an' now me contract 's complete, I'll be havin' ye, av ye please."

"Do n't be unaisy!" siz she.

"I'm not," siz he, "but ristless. 'T is m' expictat at the king's court."

"Tell 'em ye wor subpanned as a spictant witness in another court," siz she.

"But I've lethers to deliver," siz he.

"An' I've lethers to resave," siz she; "an' they 're printed round the rim av a gold piece, an' whin I rade thin ye can go," siz she.

"What 'll ye be doin' wid me?" siz he.

"Takin' care av ye for the night," siz she, "an' seein' ye do n't overshlope yerself as ye did the day."

An' away they went, an' in course av time they rached Kitty's house, whin, siz she, to the Little Man, "Av ye 'll give me yer word not to lave the room, but to deliver up to me in the mornin', I'll let ye loose for the night," siz she; "but av ye do n't I'll tie ye, hand an' fut, to the bidpost."

The Little Man gave his word, an' afther a bit they sat down quiet an' peaceable over a big bowl av strabout an' butthermilk.

As Kitty wor clearin' off the dishes aftherwards she chanced to pape ont av the windy, whin, turnin' to the Little Man, she siz:

"Consume yerself! There 's that mischavous ould gossip Bridget O'Hara a-comin'. Sure av she'd stayed till she wor wanted she'd wait ontill all the sands in Ould Father Time's hour-glass wor scattered over Bundoreen Beach," siz she.

"Good avenin'," siz Bridget O'Hara, as she lifted the latch an' opined the door, "an' good avenin' till ye, Mistress Flynn."

"Good avenin'," siz Kitty.

"An' how d' ye find yerself the day?" siz she.

"Tired wid a hard day's worruk," siz Kitty, "and longin' for shapel!"

"It 's meself as wont be hinderin' ye," siz Biddy, "but I heard a foolish story from Mike Lanigan the day, an' I thought it me duty to be tellin' ye av it."

"What wud ye expict from a donkey but a heehaw?" siz Kitty.

"He siz that ye 've bin pochin' in Drumdarra wood, an' he mit ye wid a sackful av hares an' rabbits an' wid a brace av phants under yer arrum," siz she.

This put Kitty in a phandary; for she see Biddy wor just aten up wid curiosity, an' she did n't know how to be explainin' the bag, whin the Little Man helped her out av the shcraps by upsettin' the shool on which Biddy wor s'ated, an' topplin' her over on the flure.

"Sure yer house is bewitched," siz she, as she picked herself up and flew ont av the room in a rage.

THE next mornin' Kitty wor up, an' sthirrin' afore Benauclan top wor a blushin' at the first wink av sunrise. She tuk the Little Man, who delivered himself up accordin' to agrament, an' put him under a milkpan on the flure, wid a big stone on the top for a solid foundation. Thin she shouldered a shpade an' med straight for the trisure field.

But, begorra! she c'ud scarce belave her eyes at the sight that met her whin she got there. The field wor covered from ind to ind, an' from cinter to diamether, wid little hapes av earth, each wid a turf on top exactly like the wan she med the night afore.

"Milia murther!" she screamed. "Ch'atin' roguery! rascalty! villainy!" siz she. "Thim thaves the Little People have bin here the night an' ch'ated me out av me hard-earned gold. I'll niver find it under all thim hapes, av I dig for a century," siz she.

An' she ran about the field like wan possessed, sthumblin' over the hapes an' flingin' the turves around, thyrin' to find the identical shpot she marked the previous afternoon. But it stands to sinse she c'ud n't. The Little People wor too cunning' for that. Ivery hape wor as much like his brother as two paps, an' av course it wor onpossible to indicate a turf, wid thousands av 'em shuck all over the field like plums in a puddin'.

"At all evints," siz she, "I'll take it out av that desavin' little vilyun at home," siz she. "I'll tache him to chate me out av me trisure," siz she. "I'll mark a shpot on him that he won't be apt to mistake."

An' she totthered to'rds home ag'in, wid her limbs thrimblin' under her, br'athin' dipridation an' vingince on him.

"T is no good me tellin' ye, honeys, for ye won't belave me! But whin she got home, an' lifted the pan, there wor n't enough lit under it 'to fill a crack in the eye av a needle. The Little Man wor gone!

She s'ated herself on the flure, an' wailed an' laminted like a keener at a wake. An' all over the house—under the bidstead, an' in the corners, an' among the crockery, an' up the chumleys—she c'ud hear the Little People dancin' an' paterin', an' lapin' about an' mockin' her wid lafture an' mirrimint at the clever way they'd turned the tables on ould Mistress Flynn!

"At anny rate," siz she, whin her aggravation had gone down a bit, "av I can't find the gold, the little ribbels have lift me good turf enough for next winter's fuel widout me disturbin' me own," siz she.

"He, he! Have they, though!" siz an invisible vice be her elbow. "Luk at yer turfshack!"

Kitty flew to the door, gave one luk, an' sunk all av a hape be the threshold.

"T is the last shroke av an evil fortin on a poor lone widdy," siz she. "The blaggards hev scattered me own turf all over the trisure field, an' 't will cost me eightpence a load to get 'em home ag'in. Ocheone! Ocheone! I'm destroyed an' ruined intirely."

What 's that ye 're sayin', acushla? Did she iver find the gold? Faith, me darlins, that 's a quary I'm onable to answer ye! All I know is that she died amazin' rich, an' an ould rusty iron pot wor dis-kivered in the barn which iverbody said wor the wan she found the trisure in.

So ye see that, afther all, the matter remains what the gentleman av the legal profession wud call an' opin question!

But Gunga wasted her husband's wages in buyin' fine clothes for herself and for her baby, Rami, whin Anunda saved all the money she could for the benefit of her husband and their baby, Sita.

After some years, when the two little girls were about five years old, Gunga's husband reproached his wife constantly, because by her extravagance he was still poor, whin Anunda's husband had been able to purchase cows and goats with the money which she had saved.

Gunga could bear her husband's reproach no longer. She became violently jealous of her sister, whom both the men praised, and at last she resolved to kill her. So one day, when the sisters were drawing water from the talao, or large deep tank, on the edge of which they bathed, Gunga pushed her sister into the deepest part, where she seemed to drown. But the god Krishna changed her so that her soul went into the body of a large tortoise which lived in that tank, and every day, when the two children bathed there alone (for Gunga was afraid to bathe again in that tank), the old tortoise swam to little Sita, and gave her good things to eat, which made her very strong and plump.

Gunga asked her daughter: "What makes your cousin so plump, while you are so lean? Do I not give her only the scraps, while you have always the best food, as much as you can eat?"

Little Rami then told her mother about the tortoise which fed her cousin, and Gunga's anger was great. She told her daughter to feign sickness, and to ask her father (when he inquired about her health) to kill the big tortoise and to make soup for her of its flesh.

Sita heard, and ran in distress to the tank. Finding the tortoise, she cried: "Oh mother, they will kill you to make food for my cousin!"

"Never mind," said the tortoise. "I know they will kill me, and they will give Rami my flesh for food, and to you only a small bone. Take that bone and plant it in the yard, and visit the place for three days. Then you shall find me again in another form."

Everything happened as the tortoise foretold. She was killed and made into broth. The meat was eaten by Gunga and her child; and a bone was given to Sita, who concealed it and at night planted it in the garden. Next day she prayed and wept there; and as her tears fell upon the ground, to her great astonishment a young mango-tree six feet high rose from the earth. On the second day the tree was twenty feet high; and when the child prayed with her little arms round the stem, the green flowers opened on the branches. On the third day the tree was full grown, and as soon as Sita came to say her prayers under its shade, the fruit ripened, and the leaves rustled and whispered kind words to her from her mother.

Sita brought her basket and held it under the tree while the beautiful ripe fruit fell into it. Then she took the basketful to her aunt and cousin. Gunga then went to the tree; but no fruit fell into her basket, and when she sent a man to pick the mangoes they all withered in his hands.

So the farmers told the women and children: "Let no one pick this fruit but Sita; for it is plain that the gods have given her this tree for herself."

There was never such a tree in the world. Every day in the year it furnished her with a large basket of ripe mangoes, some of which she gave to the family, and the rest she sold.

Her father kept the money for her, and when the children grew to young maidens there were many offers of marriage for the pretty Sita, who was quite rich; but none for her cousin Rami.

This maddened Gunga, who got up, one night, and cut down the tree. Her husband was very angry, but as it could not be helped, there was nothing for it but to use the wood to feed the fire.

Sita managed to save one cluster of green leaves from the tree, and this she bound up with a beautiful bunch of flowers, and, sorrowing, cast it into the river as an offering to the god Krishna.

The god pitied her devotion, and as the flowers floated down the stream a voice called to her: "Return to-morrow." Now she knew that this was no mortal voice which spoke to her; so the next day she returned, and cast another offering of flowers upon the stream; and before they touched the water, a hand rose out of the river and grasped them. When this disappeared Sita perceived a lotus-flower floating on the stream—such a flower as never was seen before, for it shone like the moon and sparkled as the stars.

The girl then knew that the gods had helped her again to recover her mother in another form; for when she entered the stream the glorious flower approached her and rested on her shoulder, where it spoke sweet, motherly words to her.

The fame of the flower went into all the country, and thousands came to see it; but no one except Anunda's child could approach it, for when any one else tried to touch it, it closed its leaves and vanished under water. But Gunga was happy, because there were no more suitors for her niece, now that the mango-tree was dead.

At last the Prince heard of the wondrous flower, and came to the river to see it. He sent in his servant to pluck it—but in vain. The whole army went after it, but none of them could even touch the lotus. At last the Prince said: "I will make any man my vizir who can gather that enchanted flower; if a woman plucks it, I will give her a handsome dowry; and if a maiden brings it to me, I will make her my wife."

So Sita covered herself from head to foot in a veil, and walked up to her waist into the river. The flower immediately shone brighter than ever, and approached the girl in the water. When the soldiers saw it approaching, they rushed in to gather it; but it again receded, until the Prince ordered them to come out and to leave the veiled woman alone. In another minute the flower was in her hand, and she, still veiled, stepped out of the river and offered the lotus to the Prince.

He took the flower, and as he did so he raised her veil, exclaiming: "Here is a blossom still more beautiful than the enchanted lotus!"

Then he married the maiden, and they placed the flower in a golden vase on a bracket between their thrones, and there the flower bloomed all their happy lives.

Sita, the Princess, did not punish her cruel Aunt Gunga, because of her own affection for her uncle and for her little cousin; but she gave them a pension and sent them to live on a fertile island, so that Gunga should not come near to hurt her.

The Princess took good care of her father, and when her eldest son grew to be twenty years old, he piously performed the obsequies of the old man, who died at that time.

And if you look at the carved ivory thrones in the palaces of Travancore, you can see how the magic lotus is carved on them all, which shows that the wonderful story has been believed for many years in the land of Hindustan.



MISTRESS FLYNN DISCOVERS A FAIRY RING

"Ould!" siz he. "She wor an ould woman whin yer grandfather, rest his soul, wor a boy, an' she's an infant in arrums now to what she wor thin. She's a dale oulder nor what she appears to be," siz he.

"Bedad," siz I, "she luks it."

Have yer iver taken notice, childher, that the less toime an ould man has lift to spend the money, the more grady he is to be graspin' av it? Av course ye have n't; but it's thrue for all that, an' quare enough for a conundrum. If it wor meself, now I'd be for skamin' the half av me life to lay hould av the cash, an' the lave av it for shcrapin' the time together to spend it aisyly an' plisintly. Now the reverse av the contrary av that wor the way wid ould Kitty. Niver at rest but whin she wor tollin' an' moilin' afther money an' lands an' tinsimint.

Well, as I wor on the ave av informin' ye, ould Kitty wor trampin' home from Bengoil wid blazin' hot day in July, hungry as a bear, wid rheumatism in her jint's an' a big market-basket in her arrums—an' all beca' she wor too mane to pay ould Malone the carrier a contempible thrippenny bit for a ride, an' he owin' her a matter o' tin shillin' for prates, wid no more chance av gettin' out av debt than he had av gettin' intil Parliament. It was tremendous hot, so Kitty tuk the short cut through Drumdarra wood to avoid the hate. She wor a bit narvous too, for she had come be a bit av her property situated close be the outskayts av Bengoil, intindin' to see how Tirrince Fahay wor gettin' along wid a job o' ditch-diggin' she had set him at. Ould man Murphy, havin' nothin' else to do, accompanied her; an' wud ye belave it?—there in the middle o' the field, right forinst Tirrince, an' he not a-noticin' it, fairy ring since she wor a little gal, an' the sight o' this wan made her a bit narvous—which wor not on'reasonable, ye must admit.

But Kitty found it wor no better in the shade nor in the sun, for the trees kep' ont iverly breath av air, an' made it as close an' sulthry as a Dutch oven.

Siz she to herself, as she put down the basket an' s'ated herself on a log to rest awhile, siz she, "Quoth the Cook to the Duck, 'Which wud ye prefer: to be roasted afore the fire, or stewed in a saucepan?' Siz the Duck to the Cook, siz he, 'If it's all the same to yerself, I'd sooner be biled in a shtrame av cold wather.'"

An' if I had the full av a cup av that same cold wather at the present moment," siz she, "I'd be more thankful an' less thirsty. Me heart's broke," siz she, "wid the load an' the fatigue an' the hate."

Purty soon she began to get drowsy, an' wor in the act av composin' herself for a nap; whin she sat up suddin-like an' siz:

"Whisht!" siz she. "What 's that beyant?" An' well she might; for right under the shade av a big

"Av ye don't show me the shpot," siz she "ye'll not on'y be late, but late laminted." (Which, as yerself can see, wor a joke.)

"Lave me go," siz he, "an' I'll tell it to ye."

"I'll lave ye go, siz she, "whin ye show it to me."

"Thin come along," siz she.

"I will that," siz she.

An' off they started, she carryin' him, her two hands clasped round his waist wid a grip av iron, an' wid a bag slung over her back to hold the gold in.

"Which way do I go?" siz she.

"Shtaight be yer nose," siz he.

"D' ye mock me?" siz she. For, sure, her nose p'inted shtaight upwards in a line wid the north star.

"Niver a bit," siz he. "T is right before ye as ye go."

An' she forgot the hate an' the hunger, an' the provisions in the market-basket, an' hobbled along like a paydristrian at a walkin' match.

They had been thravelin' for some time, whin who should happen along but Mike Lanigan, the hedge schoolmaster.

Whin Kitty see him, she siz to the Little Man: "Here 's that interferin' blatherskite, Mike Lanigan, a-comin'. For fear he 'll be obsarvin' ye, I'll jist drop ye intil the bag," siz she. An' widout aven a "by yer lave" or an "axin' yer pardon," she dropped him in, keepin' all the time a sharp holt on the mouth av the sack.

"Good mornin', Mistress Flynn," siz Mike, wid an illigant flourish.

"Mornin'," siz she, shortly, for she ached to get rid av him.

"Pax taycum," siz he, purtly, for he wor a very edicated gentleman, an' so larned that he aven used to dhrame in the dead languages.

"What packs o' tay come?" siz she. "I niver ordered anny, an' whoiver siz I did 's an imposthor, an' I won't take 'em!"

"Ye miscomprehend me, ma'am," siz he, wid a wave av his hand. "T is a cotation from the ancient Latin, an' it manes, 'Pace be wid ye,'" siz he.

"Troth, I'd a dale rather that p'ace 'd be wid me," siz she, "than Mike Lanigan or anny sich jabberin' haverill," siz she.

"Ye 're complimenthary, ma'am," siz he, for he wor n't aisy to offend. "An' what have ye in yer sack, if I may make so bould?" siz he.

"A lig av pork," siz she.

"T is a lively lig," siz he, for he see the Little Man a-squirmin' in the sack, an' would make the fortin av a race-horse av he could match it."

"I mint a suck-horse," siz she.

"Is it dhressed?" siz he.

"T is alive," siz she.

"Where may ye be taken it?" siz he.

"Home," siz she.

The Transmigration of ANUNDA.



LONG, long time ago, an ancient Hindu myth relates, there lived two pretty orphan sisters, who had industriously supported themselves by spinning since the death of their parents. The elder sister was named Gunga; and as she was the handsomer, she was rather vain, and spent more money on dressing herself than was needed by her younger and patient sister Anunda. One evening, as they were sitting spinning at their cottage door, and regretting that none of the village young men came to pay them attention, because they were poor, two fine young farm-laborers passed their way, and asked for a drink of water. Gunga sat and

talked to the young men, while Anunda fetched them some fresh milk in a *lota*, or cup.

The young fellows admired the girls very much, and told them they were traveling in search of work. Then the sisters told them the Rajah wanted gardeners for his orchard, on which the men replied: "If we obtain that employment through your kindness, we shall come a-courting you, for it is long since we have met maidens so beautiful and so kind."

The Rajah engaged them both; and as they were excellent gardeners, he soon gave them good wages, and then they lost no time marrying the two pretty orphans.