

first time, the girl who was henceforth to share his life! To use his own words: "When God was bestowing the good looks on Irish womanhood, poor Sarah must have been absent." Yes, in the matter of personal charm and beauty, she was sadly lacking and, to crown my uncle's sorrows, she had he averred, "all her back teeth."

Perhaps, the other members of the company noticed my uncle's air of dejection, or, perhaps, it had a clouding effect on them, but at any rate, a sort of gloom seemed to descend on everybody. There was no attempt at animated conversation, the things discussed being mere platitudes--the bad weather, the deplorable state of the crops and the low prices for farmstock without a word being said in the realms of romance and love--in which sphere my uncle was quite an authority!

At last, the dreary conversation was suddenly relieved when one of Sarah's aunts said in the most plaintive tones:

"We'll be lonesome after Sarah now."

My uncle took the cue to galvanize himself to spontaneous action. Suddenly standing up, he buttoned his coat and made for the exit. For a moment he faced the company and said he, with the most challenging and impish expression:

" 'Pon my word, 't isn't I'll be the cause of making you lonesome" and hastily left the room!

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Last year, I was present at the wedding breakfast of my cousin, Eileen, Uncle Dinny's youngest daughter. She shed tears on the occasion, but they were tears of gladness. I wondered what caused her tears. Perhaps, it was the speeches at the wedding breakfast, or maybe, the memory of her father-- God rest him! -- who staunchly believed in the Gaelic proverb, "The dowry goes over the cliff but beauty never fades" the day he married--Peg!

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