HERO TALES OF IRELAND

As Good as the Arabian Nights.

Collected in the Original Irish from the Lips of Irish Story Tellers.

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PART IV.

Fin MacCool, Faolan, and the Mountain of Happiness.

When Fin MacCool and the Fenians of Erin were at Fintra they went hunting one day, and the man who killed the first deer was Dyeermud. When the hunt was over they returned to the place where the first deer was started, and began as was usual, to prepare the day's feast. While preparing the feast they saw a ship sailing into the harbor, with only one woman on board. The Fenians were greatly surprised at the speed of the vessel, and Dyeermud said to Fin: "I will go and see who is the woman coming in that vessel."

"You have killed the first deer," answered Fin, "and the honors of the feast on this day are yours. I myself will go down and see who the woman is."

The woman cast anchor, sprang ashore, and saluted Fin when he came to the strand. Fin returned the salute, and after a while she asked: "Will you play a game of chess for a sentence?"

"I will," answered Fin.

They played and she won.

"What is your sentence on me?" asked Fin.

"I sentence you, under bonds of heavy enchantment," said she, "to take me for your wife."

Fin had to marry the woman. After a time she said: "I must leave you now for a season."

Fin drove his sword then with one mighty blow into a tree stump, and said: "Call your son Faolan (little wolf), and never send him to me until he is able to draw the sword from this stump."

She took the stump with her and sailed away homeward. She nursed her son for only three days, and preserved the rest of the milk for a different use. The boy was called Faolan, was trained well in the use of all arms, and when 10 years of age he was skilled beyond any master. One day there was a game of hurley, and Faolan played alone against twenty-one others. The rule of that game was that whoever won was to get three blows of his club on each one who played against him. Faolan gave three blows to each of the twenty-one men; among them was one who was very much hurt by the blows, and he began to say harsh words to Faolan, and added: "You do not know your own father."

Faolan was greatly offended at this. He went home to his mother in tears, and asked: "Who is my father? I will never stop nor stay til I find him."

"What caused your vexation?" asked the mother. "Why do you ask such a question at this time?"

Faolan told her the words of the player. At last she said:

"Your father is Fin MacCool, chief of the Fenians of Erin, but you are not to be sent to him till you can draw his sword from the tree stump into which he drove it with one blow."

"Show me the sword and the tree stump," said Faolan.

She took him then to the stump. With one pull he drew out the sword.

"Prepare me food for the road," said Faolan. "I will go to my father."

The mother made ready three loaves of bread, kneaded them with the milk which she had saved, and baked them.

"My son," said she, "do not refuse bread on the journey to any one whom you meet; give it from these loaves, even should you meet your worst enemy."

She took down a sword then, gave it to him and said:

"This was your grandfather's sword; keep it, and use it till a better one comes to you."

Faolan took a blessing of his mother, set out on his journey, and was walking always till he came to a harbor where he found a ship bound for Erin. He went on board, and was not sailing long when a venomous hound rose up in the sea and cast such high waves at the vessel as to throw it back a long distance.

Remembering his mother's advice about sharing the bread, Faolan threw one loaf to the hound. This seemed to appease him. He had not sailed much further when the hound rose again. Faolan threw out the second loaf, and the beast disappeared for awhile, but rose the third time and drove back the vessel. Faolan threw the third loaf, and after disappearing the third time the hound rose the fourth time. Having nothing to give, Faolan seized a brazen ball which his mother had given him, and hurling it at the hound with good aim, killed him on the spot. As soon as the hound fell, there rose up a splendid youth, who came on board, and, shaking Faolan's hand, said:

"I thank you; you delivered me from enchantment. I am your mother's brother and there was nothing to free me till I ate three loaves kneaded with your mother's milk and was then killed by you with that brazen ball. You are near Ventry Strand now; among the first men you meet will be your own father; you will know him by his dress, and when you meet him you are to kneel down and ask for his blessing. As I have nothing else to give you here is a ring which you are to wear on your finger, and whenever you look at it you will feel neither cold, thirst, nor hunger."

When they landed the uncle went his own way and vanished. Faolan saw champions playing on the strand throwing a great weighty sledge. Knowing Fin from his mother's description he knelt down at his feet and asked for his blessing.

"If you are a son of mine," said Fin, "you are able to hurl this sledge."

"He is too young," said Dyeermud, "to throw such a weight, and it is a shame for you to ask him to throw it."

The youth then, growing angry, caught the sledge and hurled it seven paces beyond the best man of the Fenians.

Fin shook hands with the youth, and his heart grew big at having such a son. Dyeermud shook his hand also and swore that as long as he lived he would be to him a true comrade.

When dinner time came Fin bade Faolan sit down at his right hand, where Conan Maol, son of Morna, sat usually. Fin gave this place to Conan to keep him in humor. Conan grew enraged now and said: "It is great impudence for a stripling to sit in my place."

"I know not who you are," said Faolan, "but from what I hear you must be Conan Maol, who has never a good word for any man, and I would break your head on the wall, but I don't wish to annoy people present."

It was a custom of the Fenians in eating to set aside every bone that had marrow for Oscar, and as Faolan had a thick marrow bone in his hand he began to pick out the marrow and eat it. This enraged Oscar, and he said: "You must put that bone aside as the others put their bones; that is my due and I will have it."

"As the meat is mine," said Faolan, "so is the marrow."

Oscar snatched at the youth and caught the bone by one end. Faolan held the other end. Both pulled till they broke the bone, then seizing each other they went outside for a struggle. As the two were so nearly related the other men stopped them. Fin took Oscar aside then and asked: "How long could you live if we let the youth keep his grip on you?"

"If he kept his grip with the same strength, I could not live five minutes longer."

Fin took Faolan aside then and asked the same question.

"I could live for twelve months if he squeezed me no tighter."

The two then kept peace with each other. All were very fond of Faolan, especially Dyeermud, who was a good, loyal comrade, and he warned Faolan to distrust and avoid Grainne, Fin's wife, as much as he could. The youth was learning, meanwhile, to practise feats of activity and bravery. At the end of twelve months the Fenians were setting out on a distant hunt for which they had long been preparing. On the eve of the hunt Grainne dropped on her knees before Fin and begged him to leave Faolan with her for company until he and the rest would return. Fin consented and Faolan stayed with Grainne.

When all the others had gone to the great hunt, Faolan and Grainne went also to hunt in the neighborhood. They did not go far and returned. After dinner Grainne asked Faolan would he play a game of chess for a small sentence. He said that he would. They played and he won.

"What is your sentence on me?" asked Grainne.

"I have no sentence at this time," replied Faolan.

They played again and she won.

"Now put your sentence on me," said the youth.

"You will think it soon enough when you hear it. You are not to eat two meals off the same table nor sleep two nights on the same bed till you bring me the tallow of the three oxen on Sliav Sein (Mountain of Happiness)."

When he heard this sentence he went off, threw himself face downward on his bed, and remained there without eating or drinking till the Fenians came back from the hunt. Fin and Dyeermud, not seeing Faolan when they came, went in search of him.

"Have you found Faolan?" asked Dyeermud of Fin, when he met him soon after.

"I have not," answered Fin.

Dyeermud then went to see if he could find Faolan in bed. As the door of his chamber was fastened, and no one gave answer, Dyeermud forced it, and found Faolan on his face in the bed. After they had greeted each other Faolan told of the trouble that was on him.

"I gave you warning against Grainne," said Dyeermud, "but did you win any game of her?"

"I did, but have put no sentence on her yet."

"I am glad," answered Dyeermud, "and let me frame the sentence. I swear by my sword to be loyal to you, and where you fall I will fall also. But be cheerful and come to the feast."

They went together, and Fin seeing them was glad. He knew, however, that something had happened to Faolan. Dyeermud went to Fin and told him of the mishap to the youth. Fin was troubled at what had come on his son.

"I have sworn," said Dyeermud, "to follow Faolan wherever he may be."

"I will send with him," said Fin, "the best man of the Fenians."

Dyeermud, Oscar, and Goll, son of Morna, were summoned.

"What is the greatest feat you have done or can do?" inquired Fin of Goll.

"If I were to stand in the middle of a field with my sword in my hand on the rainiest day that ever rose I could keep my head dry with my sword, not for that day alone, but for a day and a year," answered Goll.

"That is a good feat," said Fin. "What is your greatest feat, Oscar?"

"If I open a bag filled with feathers on a mountain top of a stormy day, and let the feathers fly with the wind, the last feather will barely be out of the bag when I will have every feather of them back into the bag again."

"That is a very good feat," answered Fin, "but it is not enough yet. Now, Dyeermud, what is your feat of swiftness?"

"If I were put on a space of 700 hedged acres, and there were 700 gaps in the hedge of each acre, and 700 hares were put on each acre of the 700, I would not let one hare out of the 700 acres for a day and a year."

"That is a great feat," remarked Fin; "that will do."

"Chew your thumb, O Fin," said Dyeermud, "and tell me if it is fated to us to come back from the journey?"

Fin chewed his thumb. "You will come back, but the journey will be a hard and a long one; you will be ankle deep in your own blood."

Dyeermud went to Faolan and told him what sentence to put upon Grainne.

On the following day Fin led Grainne forth for her sentence, and Faolan said: "You are to stand on the top of Sliav Iolar (Mount Eagle) till I come back to Fintra; you are to hold in your hand a fine needle; you are to have no drink saving what rain you can suck through the eye of that needle, no food except what oats will be blown through the eye of that very needle from a sheaf on Sliav Varhin, and Dyeermud will give three blows of a flail to the sheaf to loosen the grain."

Faolan and Dyeermud set out on their journey. They travelled three days, and saw no house in which they could rest for the night.

"When we find a house," said Dyeermud, "we will have from the people a lodging, either with their good will or in spite of them."

"I will help you in that," said Faolan.

On the evening of the fourth day a large white-fronted castle appeared in the distance. They went toward it and knocked at the door. A fine young woman welcomed them kindly and kissed Faolan. "You and I," said she, "were born at the same hour and betrothed at our birth. Your mother married Fin to rescue her brothers, your uncles, from the bonds of enchantment."

They sat down to eat and drink, the young woman, Dyeermud, and Faolan; they were not long eating when in came four champions, all torn, cut, and bleeding. When Dyeermud saw these he started up and seized his sword.

"Have no fear," said the young woman to Dyeermud.

"We are returning from battle with a wild hag in the neighborhood," said the four champions; "She is trying to take our land from us and this is the seventh year that we are battling with the hag. All of her warriors that we kill in the daytime she raises at night, and we have to fight them again on the next day."

"No man killed by my sword revives, and these will not if I kill them," said Dyeermud.

"They would revive after your sword," said the four champions.

"Do you stay at home to-morrow," said Dyeermud, "Faolan and I will give battle to the hag and her forces; no one whom we slay will trouble you hereafter."

The four champions agreed and gave every direction how to find the wild hag and her army. Faolan and Dyeermud went to the field; one began at one end, and one at the other, and fought till they met in the middle at sunset and slew all the hag's warriors.

"Go back to the castle," said Faolan to Dyeermud, "I will rest here to-night and see what gives life to the corpses."

"I will stay," replied Dyeermud, "and you may return."

"No, I will stay here," said Faolan; "if I want help, I will run to the castle."

Dyeermud went back to the castle. About midnight Faolan heard the voice of a man in the air just above him. "Is there any one living?" asked the voice. Faolan with a bound grasped the man, and, drawing him down with one hand, pierced him through with a sword in his other hand. The man fell dead, and then, instead of the old man which he seemed at first, he rose up a fresh young man of 22 years. The young man embraced and thanked Faolan. "I am your uncle," said he, "brother of the poisonous hound that you freed from enchantment at sea. I was fourteen years in the power of the wild hag, and could not be freed till my father's sword pierced me. Give me that sword; it belonged to my father. It was to deliver me that your mother gave it. I will give you a better blade still, since you are a greater champion than I. I will give you my grandfather's sword; here it is. When the wild hag grows uneasy at my delay she herself will haste hither. She knew that you were to come and release me, and she is preparing this long time to meet you. For seven years she has been making steel nails to tear you to pieces, and she has sweet music which she will play when she sees you; that music makes every man sleep when he hears it. When you feel sleep coming on stab your leg with your sword; that will keep you awake. She will then give you battle, and if you chance to cut off her head let not the head come to the body, for if it comes on the body all the world could not take it away. When you cut off her head grasp it in one hand and hold it till all the blood flows out; make two halves of the head, holding it in your hand all the while, and I will remove the stone cover from a very deep well here at hand, and do you throw the split head down into that well and put the cover on again."

The uncle went aside then and soon the hag came through the air. Seeing Faolan she began to play strains of beautiful music which were putting him to sleep, but he thrust his new sword in the calf of his leg and kept away sleep. The wild hag, outwitted, attacked the youth fiercely and he went at her in savage earnest. Every time that she caught him with her nails she scraped skin and flesh from his head to his heels, and then remembering his mother and being aroused by his uncle he collected his strength and with one blow cut the head off the hag, but he was so spent from the struggle that it took him some time to seize the head, and so weak was he that he could not raise his hand to split it.

"Lay your sword on the head, the blade alone will split it!" cried the uncle.

Faolan did this. The sword cut the head and then Faolan threw the head into the well. Just as he was going to cover the well the head spoke and said: "I put you under bonds of heavy enchantment not to eat two meals off the same table nor sleep two nights on the same bed till you tell the cat of Gray Fort that you destroyed the wild hag out of her kingdom."

The uncle embraced Faolan then and said: "Now I will go to my sister, your mother, but first I will guide you to this hag's enchanted well; if you bathe in its water you will be as sound and well as ever."

Faolan went, bathed in the well, and when fully recovered returned to the castle. Thinking Gray Fort must be near by, he did not rouse Dyeermud, but went alone in search of the cat. He travelled all day, and at last saw a great fort with the tail of a cat sticking out of it. "This may be the cat," thought he, and went around the whole fort to find the head. He found it thrust out just beyond the tail.

"Are you the cat of Gray Fort?" inquired Faolan.

"I am," said the cat.

"If you are," said Faolan, "I destroyed the wild hag out of her kingdom."

"If you did," said the cat, "you will kill no one else, for the hag was my sister."

The cat rushed at Faolan then, and, bad as the hag had been, the cat was far worse. The two fought that night furiously, till the following morning, when Faolan cut the cat in two halves across the middle. The half that the head was on ran around trying to meet the other half, but before it could do so Faolan cut the head off the front half. Then the head spoke and said:

"I put you under bonds of enchantment not to eat two meals off the one table nor sleep two nights on the one bed till you tell the kitten of Cul Mac Cip that you killed the cat of Gray Fort and destroyed the wild hag out of her kingdom."

Faolan then hurried forward to find the kitten. Thinking that her place was near, he did not go back to the castle for Dyeermud, but held on the whole day, walking always. Toward evening he saw a castle, went toward it, and entered it. When inside he saw half a loaf of barley bread and a quart of ale placed on the window. "Whoever owns these, I will use them," said the youth.

When he had eaten and drunk he put down a fire for the night, and saw a kitten lying near the ashes. "This may be the kitten of Cul Mac Cip," thought he, and, shaking it, he asked: "Are you the kitten of Cul Mac Cip?"

"I am," said the kitten.

"If you are," said Faolan, "then I tell you that I killed the cat of Gray Fort and destroyed the wild hag out of her kingdom."

"If you did," said the kitten, "you will never kill any one else," and starting up the kitten stretched and was as big as a horse in a moment. She sprang at Faolan, and he at her. They fought fiercely that night and the following day, but Faolan toward evening swept the head off the kitten, but as he did the head spoke and said: "I put you under bonds of heavy enchantment not to eat two meals off the same table nor sleep two nights on the same bed till you tell the dun ox that you slew the kitten of Cul Mac Cip; killed the cat of Gray Fort, and destroyed the wild hag out of her kingdom."

Before setting out Faolan saw a brass ball on the window and taking it said to himself: "I may kill some game with this on the road." Away he went then and walked on till he came to where the road lay through a wood; near the road was a forester's cabin. Out came the forester with a hundred thousand welcomes.

"Glad am I to see you, gladder still would I be if your comrade Dyeermud were with you," said the forester.

"Can you tell me where the dun ox is?" asked Faolan.

"In this wood," said the forester, "but do you bring your comrade to help you against the dun ox; by no chance can you slay him alone. The dun ox has only one eye, and that in the middle of his forehead; over that eye is a shield of white metal; from that shield two bars of iron run back to the tail of the ox. Behind him two champions are always on guard, and when any one nears him, the ox sniffs the stranger and roars out, the champions lean on the bars then and raise up the shield. When the one eye of the ox sees the person approaching that moment the person falls dead. What are your chances of slaying that ox? Go back for your comrade."

"I will not," said Faolan; "the ox will fall by me or I by the ox."

"It is you that will fall," said the forester.

Faolan entered the cabin, where the forester treated him well. Next morning the forester showed the path that lay toward the place where the ox was. Faolan had not gone far when the ox roared, and, looking in the direction of the roar, he saw the two champions just seizing the bars to raise up the shield, so, failing other means, he sent the ball with a well-aimed cast and crushed in the forehead of the ox through the shield. The ox fell dead, but before falling his eye turned on Faolan, and he also dropped dead.

Dyeermud slept a hero's sleep of seven days and seven nights. When he woke and found no tidings of Faolan he was furious, but the four champions calmed him, and the young woman said: "The wild hag may have killed him, but if as much as one bone of his body can be found I will bring him to life again."

Dyeermud, Faolan's betrothed, and her four brothers set out and, coming to the battlefield, found the army of the wild hag slain, but no trace of Faolan. They went to the well then and saw the split head there.

The six went to Gray Fort and found the cat dead, the hind part in one place, the fore part in a second, and the head in a third.

"The head must have sent him to the kitten of Cul Mac Cip," said the young woman; "that kitten has twice as much witch power as the cat and the old hag; all three are sisters."

They went further and, finding the kitten dead, went to find the dun ox; "for Faolan must be dead near him," said the young woman. When they came to his cabin the forester greeted them and gave a hundred thousand welcomes to Dyeermud, who was surprised and inquired: "How do you know me? I have never been in this country before."

"I know you well, for I saw you two years ago in combat with the champion of the Eastern World on Ventry Strand. Many persons were looking at that combat, but you did not see them. I was there with the others."

"Have you seen a young champion pass this way?" asked Dyeermud.

"I have," said the forester, "but he must have perished by the dun ox, for I have not heard the ox bellow this long time."

The six spent that night at the forester's cabin, and, setting out next morning early, they soon found Faolan. The young woman bathed him with some fluid from a vial, and, opening his mouth, poured the rest down his throat. He rose up at once, as sound and healthy as ever. All went to the ox, which they found lying dead, and the two champions also; and, searching about, they found the brazen ball sunk in the earth some distance away. Faolan took it up carefully. They went back to the forester's cabin and enjoyed themselves well.

"Do you know where the Mountain of Happiness is?" inquired Dyeermud of the forester during the night.

"I do not," said the forester, "but I know where the Black-Blue Giant lives and he knows every place in the world. That giant has never given a meal or a night's lodging to any man. He has an only daughter who is in love with you since she saw you two years ago in combat with the champion of the Eastern World on Ventry Strand, although you did not see her. This daughter is closely confined by the giant, fearing she may escape to you, and if you succeed in reaching her, she is likely to know, if her father knows, where the Mountain of Happiness is."

"How did you get tidings of the giant's daughter?" asked Dyeermud.

"I will not tell you now," said the forester, "but I will go with you to guide you to the giant and I may give you assistance. Here are three keys, the keys of the castles of the dun ox, of the kitten of Cul Mac Cip, and of the cat of Gray Fort, they are yours now."

"Those keys are not mine," said Dyeermud, "they belong to Faolan, who slew the three owners."

"If Faolan slew them," said the forester, "he had assistance, which caused you to come to him."

"Keep the keys till we come back," said Dyeermud.

The seven travelled on then and were going ten days when they saw the giant's castle. Now this castle stood on one leg and whirled around always.

"I will use my strength on that castle to see if I can stop it," said Dyeermud.

"You cannot stop it," said the forester. "I will stop it myself. Do you watch the door of the castle, which is on the top of the roof, and when the castle stops spring in through the door and seize the giant, if he is inside, and compel him to give a night's lodging."

The forester then made for the castle, and, placing his shoulder against one of the corners, kept it standing still, and Dyeermud, leaping in by the roof, came down before the giant, who had started up, knowing something was wrong when the castle stood still.

Dyeermud and the giant grappled each other so fiercely and fought with such fury that the castle was shivering. The giant's wife begged them to go out of the castle and fight on the open, and not frighten the life out of herself and the child in her arms.

Out went the Black-Blue Giant and Dyeermud and fought until Dyeermud brought down the giant and sprained his back. The giant let a roar out of himself and begged there for quarter.

"Your head is mine," answered Dyeermud.

"It is," said the giant, "but spare me and I will give you whatever you ask for."

"I want lodging for myself and my company."

"You will get that," said the giant.

All then went into the giant's castle, and when they were sitting at dinner Dyeermud ate nothing.

"Why is this?" asked the giant.

"It is the custom of the Fenians of Erin," said he, "not to eat at a table where all the members of the house are not present."

"All my people are here," said the giant.

"They are not," answered Dyeermud; "you have one daughter not present."

The giant had to bring the daughter. They ate then. The forester talked after dinner with Dyeermud and said:

"The giant's daughter has a maid; you must bribe her to give you the key of her mistress's chamber, and if you come by the young woman's secrets, she may tell you where the Mountain of Happiness is, if she knows."

Dyeermud went to the maid. "You will not be here always," said he; "your mistress will marry me and leave this castle; then you'll have no business here. I will take you with us if you give me the key of the chamber."

"The giant himself keeps that key under his pillow at night; he sleeps only one nap, like a bird, but sleeps heavily that time. If you promise to take me with my mistress I'll strive to bring the key hither."

"I promise," said Dyeermud.

The maid brought the key and gave it on condition that she was to have it again within an hour. Dyeermud went then to the giant's daughter, and when her first wonder was over he asked: "Do you know where the Mountain of Happiness is?"

"I do not; my father knows well, but for some reason he has never told me, so he must have fared very badly there; but if you lay his head on a block and threaten to cut it off with your sword he will tell you, if you ask him, but otherwise he will not tell."

"I will do that, and I will take you to Erin when I go," answered Dyeermud.

"Where is the Mountain of Happiness?" asked Dyeermud of the giant next morning.

He would not tell. Dyeermud caught the giant, who could not resist him on account of his sprained back, drew him out, placed his head on a block and said: "I will cut the head off you now unless you tell me what you know of the Mountain of Happiness. The Fenians of Erin have but the one word, and it is useless for you to resist me; you must go with us and show us the way to the mountain."

The giant, finding no escape possible, promised to go. They set out soon, taking all the arms needed. As the mountain was not far distant they reached the place without great delay. The giant showed them the lair of the oxen, but after a promise that he should be free to escape should danger threaten.

"I know all the rest now," said the forester. "Do you," said he to Dyeermud, "stand straight in front of the lair, and I with Faolan will stand with drawn swords one on each side of the entrance, and do you," said he to the four brothers, "knock down the entrance and open the place for the oxen to rush out. If the head of each ox is not cut off when he stands in the entrance the world would not kill him from that out."

All was done at the forester's word. The entrance was not long open when out rushed an ox, but his head was knocked off by the forester. Faolan slew the second ox, but the third ox followed the second so quickly that he broke away, took Dyeermud on his horns and went like a flash to the top of the Mountain of Happiness. This mountain stood straight in front of the lair, but was far off. On the mountain the ox attacked Dyeermud, and they fought for seven days and nights in a savage encounter. At the end of seven days Dyeermud remembered that there was no help for him there, that he was far from his mother and sister, who were all he had living, and that if he himself did not slay the fierce ox he would never see home again; so with one final effort he drove his sword through the heart of the ox. He himself was so spent from the struggle and blood-loss that he fainted and would have died on the mountain but for his companions, who came now. They were seven days on the road over which the ox passed in a very few minutes.

The forester rubbed Dyeermud with ointment, and all his strength came to him. They opened the ox, took out all the tallow, and, going back to the other two oxen, did in like manner, saving the tallow of each of them separately. They went next to the castle of the Black-Blue Giant.

"Will you set out for home to-morrow?" asked the forester, turning to Dyeermud.

"We will," answered Dyeermud.

"Oh, foolish people!" said the forester. "Those three oxen were brothers of Grainne, and were living in enchantment; should she get the tallow of each ox by itself and entire she would bring back the three brothers to life, and they would destroy all the Fenians of Erin. We will hang up the tallow in the smoke of the Black-Blue Giant's chimney; it will lose some of itself there. When she gets it it will not have full weight. We will change your beds and your tables while you are waiting, so as to observe the injunction. You must do this, for if you do not make an end of Grainne, Grainne will make an end of you."

All was done as the forester said. At the end of a week when Faolan and his friend were setting out for Erin, the giant and his wife fell to weeping and wailing after their daughter, who was going with Dyeermud.

"We will come back again soon," said Dyeermud, "and then will have a great feast for this marriage."

"It is here that I will have my marriage feast, too," said Faolan.

The forester, who was an old man, said perhaps he might have a marriage feast at that time as well as the others. At this they all laughed.

The giant and his wife were then satisfied, and the company set out for the forester's cabin. When they reached the cabin the forester said to Dyeermud. "As I served you, I hope that you will do me a good turn."

"I will do you a good turn," said Dyeermud. "If I lose my life in doing it."

"Cut off my head," said the forester.

"I will not," replied Dyeermud.

"Well," said the old man, "if you do not you will leave me in great distress, for I, too, am under enchantment, and there is no power to save me unless you, Dyeermud, cut off my head with the sword that killed the oldest of the oxen."

When Dyeermud saw how he could serve the forester he cut off his head with one blow, and there rose up before him a young man of twenty-one years.

"My name is Arthur, son of Deara," said the young man to Dyeermud. "I was enchanted by my stepmother, and I am in love with your sister since I saw her two years ago on Ventry Strand, when you were in combat with the champion of the Eastern World. Will you let your sister marry me?"

"I will," replied Dyeermud, "and she will not marry any man but the one that I will choose for her."

"I helped Faolan," said Arthur, "in all his struggles, except that against the dun ox."

Next day all went to the castle of the four champions and their sister, and leaving the women in that place they set out for Erin.

When the Fenians of Erin saw them sailing in toward Ventry strand they raised three shouts of joyous welcome. Whoever was glad or was not glad, Grainne was glad because there was an end, as she thought, to her suffering. Indeed, she would not have lived at all had she kept the injunctions, but she did not; she received meat and eggs on Sliav Iolar from all the women who took pity on her and went to see her. So when she got the tallow she weighed it, and finding it some ounces short she gave out three piercing wails of distress, and when Dyeermud, who was of fiery temper, saw that Faolan was not going to punish the woman he raised his own sword and swept the head off her.

Fin embraced Faolan, and welcomed him. Dyeermud went to his mother and sister.

"Will you marry a young champion whom I have brought with me?" asked he of his sister.

"I will marry no one," said she, "but the man you will choose for me."

"Very well," said Dyeermud, "there is such a man outside." He led her out, and she and Authur were well pleased with each other.

Dyeermud, with his sister and Authur and Faolan, set out on the following day, and never stopped nor stayed till they reached the castle of the four champions and their sister, and taking Faolan's betrothed and Dyeermud along with them they travelled on till they stopped at the castle of the Black-Blue Giant. Faolan's mother was there before him, and glad was she and rejoiced to see her own son.

There were three weddings in one at the castle of the giant: Authur and Dyeermud's sister, Faolan and the sister of the four champions, Dyeermud and the daughter of the Black-Blue Giant.

When the feasting was over Faolan's mother called him and asked: "Will you go to my kingdom, which is yours by inheritance, the country of the Dark Men, and rule there?"

"I will," said Faolan, "on condition that I am to be sent for if ever the Fenians should need my assistance." He then gave his share in the land of the wild hag and his claim to the castles of the cat of Gray Fort, the kitten of Cul MacCip and the dun ox to Authur and Dyeermud, and these two shared those places between them. They attended Faolan and his wife to the country of the Dark Men, and then returned. Faolan's mother went to Fintra and lived there with Fin MacCool.

END OF PART IV.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

The Marine Editor Reports the Attempted Lynching of His Chief.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!—We are not the editor and proprietor of the *Kicker*. We are not the man with a private graveyard. We are not the Mayor of this town. We are simply the marine editor on a salary of $7 per week. For the time being we are in charge of the office, and owing to events which occurred yesterday we have decided to get out this extra sheet and give the full details of one of the most damnable outrages ever perpetrated on a newspaper man in this Western country. As this sheet goes to press the office is full of citizens, extending their sympathies and breathing threats of bloody revenge. One word from us would precipitate a massacre, but we shall not utter it. As a marine editor we are calm and calculating.

Sunday morning the editor of the *Kicker*, who is also Mayor, mounted his mule and rode over to Clinch Valley to dig some trailing arbutus to transplant to his private graveyard. For a year past the cowboys over there have been after his scalp, and on two occasions have almost secured it. He should not have gone in that direction, knowing what might happen, but he takes great pride in his p. g., and was bound to secure some of that arbutus to trail over the ten graves within it.

What happened after the editor had dismounted from his mule just beyond Squaw trail we gather from his own lips. He had found the vines he was in search of, when fifteen cowboys dashed in on him and cut off all escape. Before he could draw his gun he was seized and bound, and later on was carried to a tree and preparations made to hang him. We do not know what thoughts flashed through his brain as he stood there with the noose over his head and a circle of implacable foes surrounding him. It is not our business to know. We do the marine at $7 a week, and are very practical about it. He probably thought of his mother—his p. g.—heaven—the office, and other things.

The first move of the cowboys was to run our chief up to the limb, hold him there for ten seconds, and then drop him to his feet again. He assures us that while the sensation was novel it was also decidedly unpleasant. He thinks it was this first pull which so stretched his neck that a No. 15 collar now goes almost twice around it. The object was to secure him and make him beg for mercy, but he assures us that he did not lose one jot of nerve, and that as soon as he could get his breath again he dared them to do their worst. There is a yawning gulf between a marine editor and the proprietor of a great city paper, but we think our chief tells the truth in this particular. When pulled up the second time sparks of fire danced before his eyes, his feet felt like ice, and the only thought he had was that our esteemed contemporary would come out with a double-leaded, black-bordered article and lie about him in the usual vein. As near as he can figure, he was suspended for fifteen seconds this time. We have no doubt that during this epoch he thought of all the mean things he ever did. We say this without thought of criticising him. No marine editor would think of criticising his editor-in-chief.

When lowered for the second time the *Kicker* man found that his voice had changed from bass to falsetto, but he assures us that he used it extensively to denounce the crowd as thieves, cowards, assassins, brave yeomen, jail birds, and so on. There were ten in the crowd, he had driven out of town on different occasions, and he taunted each one with the fact. He offered to fight the whole mob if turned loose, and he warned them that his death would be terribly avenged. When they drew him up for the third time they made the rope fast, calculating to finish him, but just then Col. Roberts's mule train from the railroad came into view and the whole gang took to flight. Our chief thinks he had dangled for about four minutes when cut down, and, as his marine editor, we are bound to agree with him. The Colonel had him placed in a wagon, poured whiskey down his throat, and he revived before the train reached town. He is now at his boarding house, and his mind is the subject of the best doctor in town, who says he will not be out for a week or two, and will not get over the shock for months. His neck appears to us to be fully eighteen inches long, his eyes twice their normal size, and up to an hour ago his hair was still standing on end. He is very calm, however, and his mind is very clear. As a marine editor on seven dollars a week we pronounce him a game man, and we predict that as soon as he is able to sit a mule and handle a gun the number of tombstones in his p. g. will rapidly run up to eighteen or twenty.

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PLANTATION FABLES.

Brother Fox Smells Smoke.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

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One day the little boy was going through the negro quarters yelling at the top of his voice, repeating the refrain of a nonsense song he had heard the plough hands sing.

"Hi, my lady! Bringer, ho!"

When he came near Uncle Remus's house, the old man called out:

"Heyo, dar! Who dat?"

"Me! It's me—me! Bringer ho!"

"Well, I 'clare ter gracious I'm glad er dat! I low'd maybe it uz ole Brer Rabbit gwine by sellin' mustard poulices. You holler like 'im."

This, of course, was a challenge to the little boy to ask for a story, and he accepted it.

"Shoo!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, after he had teased the youngster awhile. "I done tole you dat tale too long ago ter fergit about."

But the little boy protested so earnestly that the old man settled himself back in his chair, and began:

"Well, one time der wuz a man, en dish here man had a farm. He had pigs, en he had chickens, en he had ducks. He wuz gwine on farmin' en raisin' de pigs, en de ducks, en de chickens, 'twel bimeby one day, he miss a pig. He ain't say nothin', and next day he miss a chicken. Still he ain't say nothin,' en next day atter he miss a duck.

"Den he 'low, 'Hi! What kinder du'n's is dis?'

"He study 'bout it, en den he fix 'im up a trap en put a pig in it en set it out by de hoss lot. He ain't kotch nothin', but he see tracks 'roun' de trap.

"He low, 'Hey! dish yer look like Brer Fox been foolin' 'round here. I know him, kaze de holler er his foot makes a hole in de groun'.'

"Den he took de pig out en put a chicken in de trap. Nex' mornin' he went out, he did, en sho' duff dar wuz Brer Fox settin' in dar 'long wid some chicken fedders, en he look mighty 'umble-come-tumble.

"De man look at de fedders, en 'low, 'I glad you brung yo' bed wid you, kaze you'd a-sleep' hard ef you hadn't.'

"Brer Fox, he talk mighty perlite. He 'low, 'I wish you please, suh, turn me out. I wuz passin' by las' night on my way home from de dance, en I heard a chicken hollerin', en I come in for to see what de matter. When I got in de chicken wuz done gone, en den de door shut tight, en here I had ter stay.'

"Man say, 'Ef dot chicken wuz ter holler now, I bound he'd skeer you.'

"Brer Fox 'low, 'How come?'

"Man say, 'Kase he so close ter you.'

"Man got 'im a rope en tied Brer Fox hard en fas'. He tied all his foots tergedder en den he took Brer Fox home en hung 'im up on a nail in de wall, en tole his ole 'oman dot she mus' watch 'im twel he come home. Den de man went ter work in de fiel'.

"De man wife sho watch en watch whiles she shelled peas. Den she'd go en stir de stew in de pot, en come back en watch en shell mo' peas.

"Bimeby Brer Fox say, 'Look like you got a mighty heap er peas dar.'

"De 'oman 'low: 'Laws a massy, yes! A heap here en mo' ter come. Han's in de fiel' got ter be fed. Lawsy, yes! whole passel er peas, en mo' ter come.'

"Brer Fox say: 'Ef you'll take me down en onte me I'll shell dem peas fer you whiles you er fixin' de rest er de dinner. Den you kin tie me up ag'in en hang me on de nail.'

"De 'oman, she shuck her head, but she kept on studyin' 'bout it. Brer Fox, he keep on a-talkin', en he talk so sof' en he talk so sweet dat de 'oman put it down in her min' dat he ain't bad ez dey say he is. Den she took Brer Fox down en onties 'im, en he set in ter shellin' pens dez ez hard ez he kin. He kep' one eye on de 'oman, she kep' one eye on 'im. De 'oman stirred de stew in de pot, en Brer Fox, he fumbled wid de peas. De 'oman, she sif' de meal, en Brer Fox, he fumble wid de peas. The 'oman, she make bread in de tray, en Brer Fox, he fumble wid de peas.

"Hit went on dis away, twel bimeby Brer Fox make a break fer de door, but de 'oman 'uz too quick fer 'im. She slam de do', she did, en chase Brer Fox 'round de room wid a battlin' stick. She push 'im so close dat he bleedze ter run up de chimbley. Man, suh! dey wuz trouble den if dey never wuz none befo'. When Brer Fox lift up de chimbley he turned de pot er stew over, en put out de fier, en scald de 'oman. She gun a squall, she did, but Brer Fox done gone.

"Taint long fo' de man en de fiel' han's come home fer to get der dinner, en when dey fin' dey ain't no dinner dar den dey waz a-rippin. De man, he jower en jower, en de ole 'oman she tucken cry, twel bimeby she flew mad, en den she sot in ter jowerin', en she out-jower'd de man. She ax 'im how come he ain't kill Brer Fox whiles he had 'im, stidder oringin' 'im dar. What he kin eat up his didos en spile de dinner en scal' her all on de foots, en ruin her shoes, en put out de fier. De man say nothin'; he des hush up en go 'long 'bout his business, hungry dough he might be."

Well, Uncle Remus," said the little boy, as the old man closed his eyes and leaned his head back against his chair, "did the man catch Brother Fox?"

"De man ain't kotch 'im," responded Uncle Remus, "but he got kotch. When de man lef' his ole 'oman a-towerin' en a-jawin' at 'im, he went out in de pastur' en set on de fence. He set dar, he did, en he felt mighty bad. He done plum endone. He lean his head on his han' like somebody got de jawache.

"On top er de hill, not so mighty far fum dar, wuz the place whar Brer Rabbit live at. He see de man come out en set on de fence