

it looked good to Camhere an' soon he was hard at work on his little hill farm.

Short after Camhere was settled on his farm, 'till one market day the news spread over Ballyhawn and the surrounding country, that on the next Sunday evening at three o'clock Camhere would fly from the top of Mount Gabriel, an all who wanted to see him must be on the top o' the mountain at that hour each to bring with him a good sized stone."

"Well Sir, there wasn't a dozen men or boys the country 'round, not to mention a good sprinkling o' girls an' women everyone with a stone, that didn't foot it to the top of Mount Gabriel the next Sunday. Foot it they had to everyone o' them, as there was no getting a cart or other vehicle up the steep hillsides. Never before or since was such a crowd assembled on Mount Gabriel. As the crowd collected old Mount Gabriel echoed with the laugh an' the joke."

"Stone after stone was added to the pile, as each one arrived an' added his stone some new joke was cracked. Still the pile grew."

"Camhere had not yet put in appearance. Three o'clock came, but Camhere was nowhere in sight. Half past three an' still no Camhere.

As a late comer added his stone to the pile somebody said: "Camhere will have enough stones to build a big addition to his cabin." "Not only that, said another, but enough besides to enclose all the fields he can till this year or next either," for the matter o' that.

Soon the hoax began to dawn on the crowd. They had brought enough stones to save Camhere weeks of tiresome labor. There was enough stones an' more to enclose his fields an' enlarge his cabin!

Now the crowd began to turn the joke on one another, an' the laugh an' the jest shortened the road as they turned their faces homeward.

You may be sure there wasn't many days passed before Camhere put his easily gathered stones to good use. Before long you wouldn't have known the cabin for the same. The fields, too, were soon enclosed, an' the hill farm throve and flourished, as it never did before.