

THE ELF-ERRANT

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The Elf-Errant by Moira O'Neill

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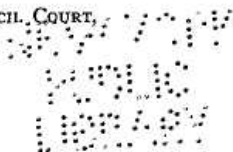
MOIRA O'NEILL

THE ELF-ERRANT

THE ELF-ERRANT BY
MOIRA O'NEILL, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE
GLENS OF ANTRIM." ILLUSTRATED BY
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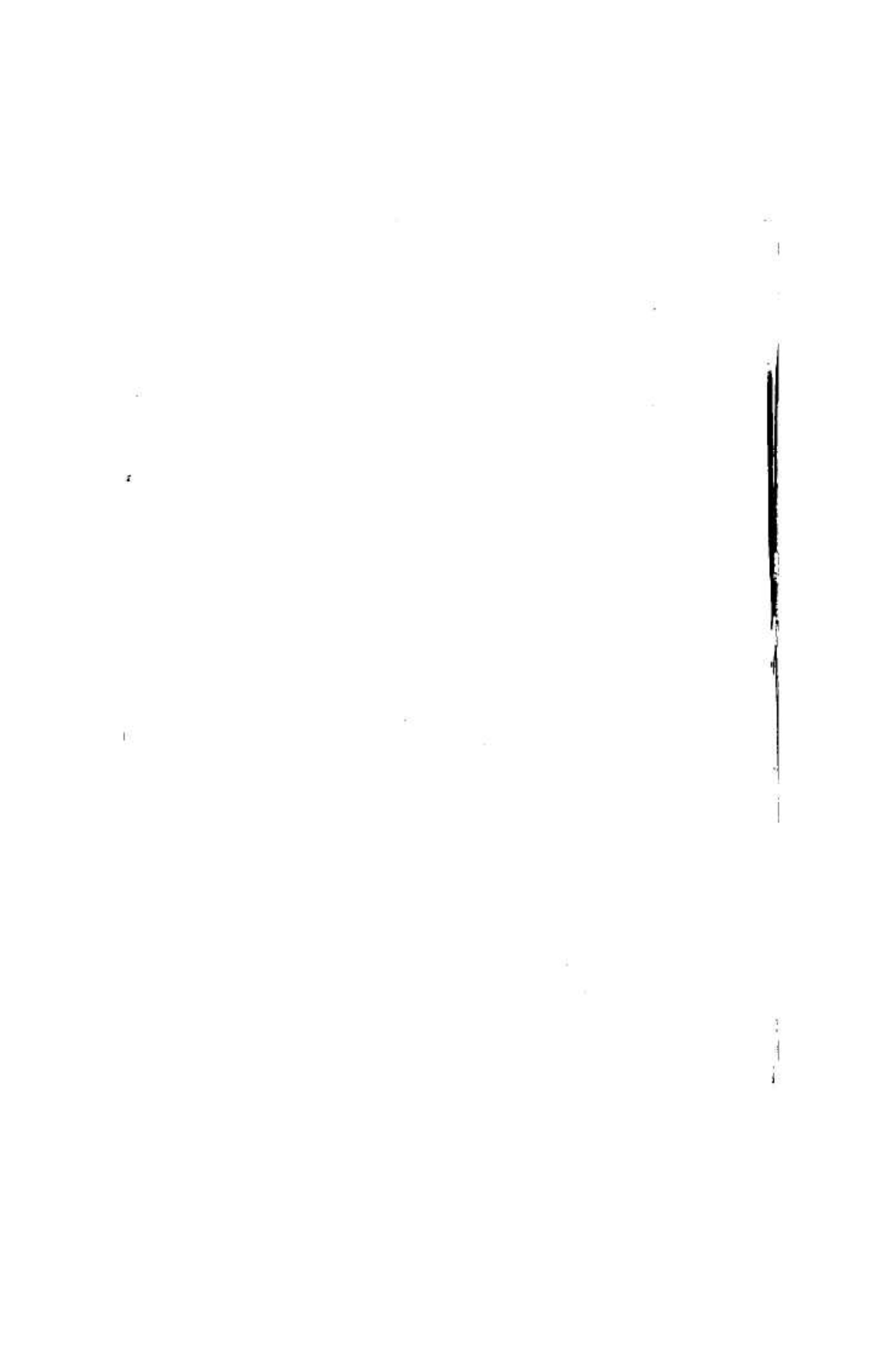
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THE ELF-ERRANT.

CHAPTER I.

GREEN AND RED.

HE came over to Ireland between the leaves of a Shakspeare, and to this day nobody knows whether his coming was a mistake or not. The place, however, was in "The Tempest," just at Ariel's song—

Where the bee sucks, there suck I.

It was a very good place, and he felt quite comfortable. In any other book he might have been crushed; but Shakspeare never crushes any living thing, and besides, he has a peculiar tenderness for little elves.

No sooner was this Elf set free, than he flew straight out at the window; for he had a passion for the open air, and a prejudice against staying too long in one