

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

CHAPTER V.

“**A**H!” said Delaval, as he stooped over his host, probing and dressing the wound: “time has told, and sooner than we looked for, that the work of ‘tumbling the landlords’ has begun. And now to discover the miscreants!” said he, finishing with deft fingers his self-assumed task. Then he resumed, as if a thought had just occurred to his mind:

“It would not surprise me if our friend Bralligan counts for something in this business.”

“Bralligan! always Bralligan? Why, what the mischief makes you suspect him?” broke in the Colonel, testily.

“No matter! If he is innocent there will be no harm done. It is just possible we may find a clue, nevertheless. So I will just make out a warrant for his apprehension, which you can sign; and we will have this affair sifted.”

“Nonsense, man!” replied the uncle. “We are not in France, where they can arrest people on mere suspicion.”

“No! but we are in Ireland, where habeas corpus is suspended, and which in point of fact is under military law. These are not times to stand upon ceremony; and with or without warrant, I shall take it upon myself to institute a strict search for the assassin, else were I derelict of duty both to the public safety and to one whose security I am bound to seek by every obligation, whether of love or relationship.”

“I will be no party to any vexatious proceedings against an honest fellow like Barney, you may rely upon that, Delaval,” said the Colonel; “I would as soon suspect my son there, who risked his life to catch the scoundrel.”

“Well, I will myself assume the responsibility. But it is strange,” continued the Frenchman suspiciously, “that coming so close upon them, as Monsieur my cousin must have done, he could find no trace whatever. Did the earth swallow them up? Did they vanish in smoke? They could not have run along the naked hill-side without one glimpse being seen of them, either from