

were already married to the eldest sons of good houses ; heirs-in-tail, against whom their fathers could only fulminate innocuously ; and as old Fitz-Urse made his dashing daughters liberal allowances, they and their husbands awaited the course of nature in tolerable comfort.

But alas ! things had not gone so smoothly with Miss Fanny Fitz-Urse. She was in sore trouble, poor girl, at the very time she was dazzling Denny Cronin on the sea road. She had played a big game for Captain Sherrit of the 149th who had been doing duty at the Cleggan depot for nearly a year ; and it looked to her now very like a lost game too. She had still a trump in her hand, however, and with its aid she hoped to bring in her long suit yet. And that was what she was thinking to herself when she looked so pleadingly at Denny that she made his heart flutter like a winged snipe. Of course Miss Fitz-Urse was well aware of the effect she had, in a moment of abstraction, produced upon the shambling galoot in the big check tweeds. But she was too well accustomed to admiration to give it much thought, and it was driven clean out of her head by the approach of her brother, whom she spied at that moment, hurrying to meet her. Jim Fitz-Urse was a thick-set man, who looked shorter than he was. He wore a full black beard, and his rough hair hung unkempt about his ears. He might have passed—only that his clothes were those of a modern sailor-man—for the original of Captain Teach's portrait, which you will find in Captain Charles Johnson's History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pyrates. Fitz-Urse had run away to sea as a boy, and had risen to the post of mate on board an Island schooner, when an advertisement in an Auckland paper called him home, to find that an incipient softening of the brain had brought his father to look more kindly upon the son whom he had hitherto treated with harsh intolerance. Jim had certainly seen rough times, and the stories told about him would make your hair stand. How these stories came to Cleggan it is not easy to say ; but it is certain that, in consequence of them, people were in awe of Jim Fitz-Urse—a fact that did not at all displease him.

"Well, Fanny," said Jim, as he led his sister to a quiet nook among the rocks where they could talk without fear of being overheard ; "have you brought that son of a cow, Sherrit, to book yet ?"

"That is just what I want to see you about, Jim," said Fanny. "No. He says that much as he wants to, it is impossible for him