

gate, growing in volume as it advanced—the swish, s of bare feet on soft ground. She turned from the v of the sleeping sea, to behold a small peasant child in dress and dirty apron speeding up the drive.

The child neared her; then swerved away as if in and continued her flight towards the house.

A sudden impulse seized Clodagh.

“Come here!” she called. “Where are you going

For an instant the child looked too frightened to spe then her lips parted.

“Misther Asshlin—beyant at Carrigmore!” she inarticulately; and, turning, she fled onward to the hou

Clodagh stood still for a moment; then she also turn and recrossed the gravelled pathway.

She walked forward, scarcely feeling the ground bene her feet. Her heart beat fast; a cold premonition through her, chilling her blood. Something was ab to happen! The inertia that lay upon her mind was be shattered! Something was about to happen!

As she reached the hall door, she saw the child van into the stable-yard by the small latched door in the gr wooden gate; and saw Mick, escaped from confineme come careering towards her. But for once she took heed of his manifestations. Scarcely even noticing th he followed her, she passed into the hall, and from ther to the dining-room. There she stood for a long ti listening—listening intently. At last the sound s instinctively waited for reached her—the sound of a shar wailing cry. With a frightened gesture she put her han over her face; then let them drop to the back of a cha that stood beside the centre table.

She stood holding weakly to this chair, her limbs tre bling, her face white, while the wailing sound drew near growing more spasmodic as it approached. At last th door was thrust wide open, and Hannah burst into th room, her face blanched, tears streaming from her eye her whole air demoralised.

“Miss Clodagh, Masther Larry!” she muttered in articulately—“Masther Larry!”

Clodagh held to the back of the chair.

“What is it?”

“Gone! Drowned!”