

the Pilgrim's words, and he felt the time of action might be coming.

He kept the pistol very plainly exposed in his right hand.

"You come out armed, sir," were the first words spoken by Baring.

"I nearly always carry arms about me, sir. I have been living in wild, undisciplined regions. But you want *me*?"

"Yes, I want to warn you."

"What means that language to a stranger, sir?"

"I tell you, sir, you are well known; and I tell you to keep clear of my house and of Miss D'Alton."

"Miss D'Alton!"

"Yes, sir, Miss D'Alton is affianced to me; and——"

"Stop, pray; has Miss D'Alton affianced herself to you?"

"A more proper person has affianced her to me—her own father."

"Oh," Mr. Seymour replied; "fathers very vainly do things of that kind in a free country. Miss D'Alton is her own mistress."

"Oh, her money! You know it! You rascal! You cheat! You blackleg! Have you courage to meet an injured man—her own flesh and blood? Are you a man of honor?"

"Mr. Baring, I will meet you anywhere, by night or by day, alone or in company," answered Mr. Seymour calmly.

"Well then, well then,"—and he choked though he made himself intelligible,—"*bring—one—one man—to the centre of Cool-na-muck, after to-morrow at seven in the morning,—one man to witness your last breath—seven in the morning mind! Will you come, sir?*"

"Certainly," and he added very quietly, "I shall bring two dozen leaden bullets."

They parted.

"*Mo gradh thu!*" (My love you are), said "Crichawn," who had heard every word.

CHAPTER XI.

SHOWING HOW THERE WAS NO DUEL, AFTER ALL---THE SHADOW OF THE "FEVER TIME" AND THE CHARITY BEGOTTEN OF SORROW---AN IRISH HURLING MATCH THIRTY YEARS AGO.

WE will make no mystery about the

duel, which never came off at all. The next day but one, Mr. Charles Baring found himself in a raging fever, and fighting a duel, in which the chances for the time were pretty evenly balanced between death and life. The danger of losing all mental coherency was imminent; for already Mr. Baring had commenced to rave; and therefore Amy D'Alton dispatched a messenger in all haste for Father Ned Power. But the young man would see no priest; he was "in no danger," he said; he would still be able to "avenge himself on his enemies;" and he over and over cursed some name between his ground teeth which the nurse thought was like "Cunneen."

Amy was in deep affliction, of course, particularly as he had refused the consolations of faith, and, unhappily, reasoning with Mr. Baring was now out of the question. She could only pray and suffer, poor child. Sympathy, at all events, within the Crag, had died the day of her birth.

But Mr. Meldon was now doubly attentive, and Mr. Clayton Seymour was evidently deeply moved. It need not be said that Amy was not allowed into the sick room, and indeed the medical men wished her away from the house, if it were possible. But Amy would not leave her father, and the old man could not be induced to stir. A great change, however, was visible in him. The shadow of a coming doom seemed to have spoken an effective warning; and Mr. Giffard D'Alton swore seldom and complained little during a month.

The fever became dreadfully epidemic during July, so that the hospitals in towns and cities became so crowded that numbers of beds were laid in open sheds in the yards; and in rural districts people tossed themselves in fiery delirium on straw laid along the roads.

Father Ned was in great requisition; and, finally, became simply a wonder to the world. His "rounds" averaged twelve hours a day, and the people prepared for death twenty and even two score in four-and-twenty-hours. He was sometimes obliged, in the cabins, to remove one or two from the bed, and, having heard their confessions in a corner, to bring them back in his arms, and place them beside the sufferer who had