



"The light of battle was in her eyes"

of Ballyheigue, and once more she held out her hand to him.

"Good-bye," she said a little shyly, "An' thank you again for helping me. An'—an' I didn't mean to be rude about Kerry. It's only that Dublin's me heart's home and I'm strange-like here yet."

Danny took the hand, with many vague emotions surging in his breast.

"Sure, ye won't be a stranger long," he blurted out. "An' its proud and pleased I'd be to fight your battles any day. Good-bye now and a glad meeting to us and that early."

He watched her slim figure until it was swallowed up by the door of the shop and then turned away, an expression of grim resolve upon his face. Ten minutes later Jimmy Doyle, lounging peacefully against the wall of his own cabin, was surprised to find himself seized by the collar in a grip of iron and shaken violently to and fro. He struggled feebly.

"Quit it now, Danny Doolan," he gasped. "What is it that ails you this day at all, and you to be setting on me like this?"

But Danny maintained his hold. "Sure, I'll give you that an' more too, if I ever catch you harming hide or hair of Mary Ellen Conerty again," he replied. "An' I'll give the same to anyone else dares lay a finger on her. So you may pass that word on."

He released his captive with a final shake and walked hastily away, leaving Jimmy, dizzy and panting with the effect of his oscillations, gazing after him in wild bewilderment.

Danny's prophecy was fulfilled. As the years went by, Mary Ellen gradually ceased to feel herself a stranger in a strange land and entered more and more into the life of the little village. Popular she would never be—she held herself too daintily aloof from the rough voices and loud laughter of the fisher lads and lasses—but