

"Confound your tomfoolery, man: what do you mean?" asked the baronet fiercely.

"If you've been and 'eard it hall afore, Sir Halbin—"

"I've heard nothing, fellow."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Langton, with a manner of intense relief. "Hin that case, Sir Halbin, I can hafford you hevery hinformation."

"That is well!" cried the baronet vengefully. "Now, then, be quick and say what you know. In the first place, what brings him here?"

"He's been horganizing the rebels 'ere this month or more—I seen 'im myself a-drilling a small harny—and a drestle sight it was I hassure you, Sir Halbin—I can't hinagine how I ever did get hover it."

"D—your imagination!" cried his master, impatiently. "You're quite sure you saw him?"

"Saw 'im, Sir Halbin! I should rather think so! Hever since, there's a hitching in the calf of my leg, with great respect, sir, that—"

"Enough!" interrupted Sir Halbin, brusquely. "Where is this young fellow to be found?"

"I watched him twice, sir, and hevery time he disappeared somewhere in the hold Castle."

"Then the Castle is his hiding-place?"

"Undoubtedly, sir: some part of the Castle."

"This is very strange!" the baronet thought to himself, uneasily. "Could his stay at the Castle have anything to do with the illness of this caretaker, whoever he is? Could there be any connection between this, and the appearance of that uncommon face I saw the other day—that of the caretaker's daughter—which has been haunting me ever since? Assuredly there is some mystery here—some plot against my peace of mind, if my terrors do not deceive me! It must be seen to immediately, and crushed—ay, crushed ruthlessly! for I will have no spectres haunting me with their infernal tortures. See here, fellow"—turning to the valet, who kept dutiful silence—"think you this Gerald O'Dwyer has any accomplices in Kilsheelan?"

"None as I know, Sir Halbin, unless one—that ilconditioned wagabone, Tade Ryan, who, I take the liberty of hinforming your honor, is the most sanguinary individual I hever seen houtside the Z'logical Gardens."

"You have not seen him with the caretaker, or his daughter?"

Cressy was burning for the reply.

"No," said the valet, "I've not."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Cressy fervently, for the terrible suspicion was beginning to fasten

on her that perhaps Miss Rose Marton knew more of Gerald O'Dwyer than ever she had disclosed; nay, that perhaps the whole incident of the broken portrait was a well-acted lie.

She could not wait longer now. Gerald was in Kilsheelan, and in danger! And she alone could save him! How her heart jumped at the thought! What a flood of fevered sentiments deluged her brain! One thing only could she determine clearly—Gerald must be saved at once.

The screen behind which she took refuge, concealed a passage to the garden. Stealing noiselessly to the door which opened on this passage, she turned the handle tremulously but softly, and the garden once gained, hurried on, she knew not whither—out through the garden, flying past the amazed Marquis of Babblington, who in vain planted himself in her path—through the village, where the assembled dragoons and the young lady in ringlets at the new public-house stared after her agape with astonishment—never pausing a moment till she burst in upon Tade Ryan, while he sat gloomily over the hearth, with the news that treachery had at last found out his beloved chief.

Tade Ryan would have been astounded, if all relish of misfortune had not worn off from frequent tasting of it. As it was, he could only bless the good angel who thus unwontedly stooped to personal solicitude to save the paltry life of a rebel.

"Tade, you are the only one that can communicate with him," she said, earnestly. "I rely upon you to see him." These few sovereigns are useless to me, and you may want them," and she looked shudderingly around at the desolate walls and pale-faced children, as she almost trust her little purse into his hand.

Ryan repulsed the offer almost rudely.

"I know you name it kindly, Miss," he said, touching his hat coldly. "but av: I can't save the life of an O'Dwyer Garv for his own sake an' for yours, you may be sartin I couldn't save it for all the good av England."

"I didn't mean to offend you, Tade—indeed I didn't," Miss Arslade said. "See him at once if possible, and tell him that I—no, no, say nothing about me, but tell him that somebody will not forget to pray for him." And, having managed to slip the little golden treasure into poor Kitty's lap, unperceived by her husband, Gerald O'Dwyer's fair guardian angel vanished as she had come.

"Heaven bless her!" the wife exclaimed, fervently.