

ould heart for a million like him. And listen to me, Else Curly, for I'm goin to tell ye a sacret. I know that man off an on for a month and more—not that I was iver much in his company, but I watched him, and watched him too for a raison o' my own, and I tell you plainly, Else, if he opened his purse to me ivery day in the year, and it full o' good guineas, I cudn't feel it in my heart to touch one o' thim."

"Arrab, you cudn't now!" responded Else, in a half incredulous, half jeering tone. "By my word it's mighty big spoken of you, Mr. Hanlon. E' thin might a body make so bould as to ax yer raisins; faith they must be powerful ones intirely."

"I have no particklar raisins," replied Lanty, "he niver did harm to me nor mine that I know of. But I don't like him.—There's something wrong about him, and I feel't somehow when I'm near him; there's a dark spot in him somewhere that the bright light niver reached yit, Else."

"Humph!" ejaculated the old woman, looking sharply at her companion, "you suspect him of something?"

"I do."

"And what is it, Lanty?"

"I can't tell," replied Lanty, "it's a mysthery to myself. But he has that in his eye that's not luck. What brings him down here so often I'd like to know?"

"Why trout fishen av coorse, what else?" replied his companion.

"Pshaugh, nonsense, Else Curly, you can't run 'Donal' on me that way, cute and all as ye are. That man don't care a brass farthin for the best fishin in Donegal from Onea river to Malin Head. I see it in his very motions. There's not a dhrap o' sportman's blood in his body."

"Oh no! not a dhrap, because he don't go into the doldrums like Uncle Jerry at every fin he sees risin above the water. Humph! pity but he wud."

"The fish he's after don't live in wather, Else Curley, and you know it," replied Lanty, laying his finger on the old woman's

shoulder and whispering the words into her ear.

"Me!"

"Ay, in troth, jist yerself! Else, and sorra much iv a parish wondher it id be aither, some o' these days, if it turned out that he was try to buy one Else Curley o' the 'Cairn' to bait his hook for him into the bargain."

The old woman endeavored to look astonished at the accusation, but there was a faint smile in the corner of her mouth she could not entirely suppress. A stranger would have called it a contortion of the lips, but Lanty Hanlon was an old acquaintance, and knew her better.

"You needn't try to consale it, Else," replied Lanty, "for do yer best you cudn't consale it from me. I know ye too well, ould woman. There's a sacret about that man and the Lees, and no mortal in this neighborhood knows it but yerself."

"A sacret—tut, you're dhramin," replied Else, turning away and laying her thumb on the latch of the door "a sacret indeed, arrah, what in the wide world put that in yer head?"

"The fairies," responded Lanty, "ha! ha! will that plaze ye."

"Indeed, then, Mr. Hanlon, one 'id think ye come from that same respectable stock yerself, ye know so much more nor yer neighbors," retorted Else.

"Well, good evenin, Else Curley. I must go, for I've business to do, and I find my company's growin troublesome besides. But take a word o' warning before I start. If yer bent on makin money out iv this stranger—and if he's willing to spend it on you and yer sacrets, well and good, I'm content. But listen to me, Else. Make the *laste* offer to thrifle wid a sartin person you know of—say but a wrong word—breathe but a single bad breath, was it as low as the very weasels, and my hand on my conscience, Else Curley, from that minit I'll forget that we were iver acquaint, and my vengeance will purshue ye both till