

THE PHOENIX PARK MURDERS

—of I knew not what, and, leaning forward, called out, “King, what is it?” Then he came down the steps to me and, pointing to the headline, said, “Look!” And I read, “Murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke!”

I heard the train coming in, and tried to pull myself together, for the awful significance of the horrible thing to my lover, just released from Kilmainham on the Treaty, came home to me with a rush of pain. His face was ashen, and he stared, frowning heavily, before him, unconsciously crushing the hand I had slipped into his until the rings I wore cut and bruised my fingers.

I said to him, “Quick, you must catch this train. See Davitt and the others as arranged and as many more as you can find. Go, you will know what to do, but you *must* meet them all at once.” He turned heavily away, saying, “I shall resign,” and I answered as I ran beside him to the platform, “No, you are not a coward.”

Before I left Blackheath I wired to Willie to bring Parnell to dinner at Eltham if he could possibly manage it, and spent one of the most terrible days of my life considering the effect this awful crime would probably have upon my lover's career.

Willie came down that evening, Parnell with him. They were both very gloomy and depressed, and Parnell, after his greeting of me—as though this were our first meeting since he came out of prison—sat gazing stonily before him, only glancing across at Willie with the stormy flare in his eyes when the latter—who was really sorry for Parnell, as well as shocked at