

in the direction in which the house of Dunran lay.

"All quite well, Matty."

"Well, indeed I'm glad to hear it. And is Mr. Frank at home?"

"No, he's in Dublin, but I expect him home to-night. Do you want to see him?"

"Well, my lady, I've a message for him—a very particular message; it's from an old friend, but I'm not at liberty to mention his name. And indeed I was charged not to delay a minute in giving it to him."

"Is it anything I ought to know?" asked Katharine.

"To tell you the truth, my lady, I came here with the intention of telling you, but I don't know—I'm not sure if I'd be doing right——"

"Oh, don't tell me if you think it wouldn't be right," said Katharine, smiling, and perfectly unsuspecting of coming evil.

"I mean right to you, my lady," said Matty. "I can't find it in my heart to make you uneasy."

"Uneasy! What do you mean, Matty?" and Katharine turned from the tall, yellow rose-tree from which she had been cutting some perfect blossoms, to look inquiringly at Matty.

"Yes, my lady, uneasy about Mr. Frank."

"Mr. Frank? Why should I be uneasy about Mr. Frank? Tell me at once;" and growing very pale, she let the flowers drop from her hand, their rich blossoms strewing the ground unheeded.

"Well, my lady, I hope there's no cause to be afraid. The message is from one that's a true friend to Mr. Frank. You mustn't be too much frightened, my lady; but it's a message to let Mr. Frank know that there's men watching to take his life."

"To murder him!" said Katharine, pale and trembling, but not losing her self-possession. "Fenians, of course?"

"It's not for me to say who or what they are," said Matty; "all I've got to do is to

deliver my message, and I'll just keep to that. He's never to stir out alone, and he's to suspect an enemy in every stranger, and he's always to carry a good revolver; that's the message. And it's best that you should know it, my lady, for you'll be more careful for him than he would be for himself, and you'll see that he takes proper precautions, and if he does he'll be safe."

"But to-night," said Katharine—"the last train comes in late, and he will have only a groom with him coming from the station. They may be watching for him then, and he will not know. But he must know," she added, hurriedly—"he must know at once."

"Yes, my lady, you must contrive to give him warning."

"Matty," said Katharine, "you know who these men are, and where they are to be found. Can you believe it right to screen such wretches from justice—men who deliberately and in cold blood can plan to murder so good a man, so just and liberal a landlord, so kind and generous a master, so true a friend to Ireland and to her best interests; one who cares for neither creeds nor parties, but only for truth and justice?"

"I do believe he is all that, my lady, as far as any Englishman can be," said Matty.

"He's not an Englishman," said Katharine; "he's a true Irishman."

"Oh, my lady," said Matty, "he has the English blood. Sure the first Wingfield that settled in Ireland was one of them Undertakers.* But far be it from me to say aught against Mr. Frank. God knows, Ireland would not be the distracted country she is if all Englishmen had been like him, and long sorry I'd be to see any harm befall him—why else am I bringing this message?"

"I suppose it was Maurice Byrne sent it," said Katharine.

* Englishmen, to whom were granted the conquered Irish lands on their undertaking to "plant thereupon" so many families—none of the native Irish to be admitted. Among these "Undertakers" were Sir Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spenser.