

All the affection he seemed capable of feeling was given to his young daughter, of whose beauty and accomplishments he seemed so proud. Hitherto she had experienced nothing but unvarying kindness from her stern father; his habitual moroseness was kept in check by the sunshine of her temper, and as yet he had not exhibited himself to her in his true character—that dark picture, however, was soon to be revealed. The green slope on which the house stood was dotted with ornamental shrubs, and two rows of young elm trees enclosed the gravel walk leading up to the hall-door. Approaching the house by this walk might now be seen half-a-dozen men dressed in the picturesque garb of the Connemara peasant—the blue frieze coat fastened by a rude clasp at the throat, and hanging loosely from the shoulders. On seeing the agent and the young lady sitting in the portico, their pace slackened, and there was a cringing servility in their look and manner as they slowly advanced. Mr. Crofton eyed them sternly, and the expression of his face was anything but encouraging. They seemed to feel the baleful influence of that cold blue eye, and hung back as if unwilling to address him. He it was who broke the silence.

"What brings you here?" he asked, in tones so harsh that Isabel started and looked at him in surprise. What a changed countenance met her eye, sending a thrill of pain through her heart!

"We came to spake about them cabins, your honour," answered one, a little bolder than the rest. He was a powerfully-built man, with a sinister expression in his flashing grey eye.

"What's the use of saying any more about them, Flannagan? I have already told you my mind, and—"

"But we thought sir," broke in another of the group, timidly, "that if you knew the trouble it put us to, the grief of the wife and the childher—laving alone ourselves—at being turned from under the roof that

sheltered us so long, you'd listen to rason, and not be so hard upon us intirely."

"And you came here for the purpose of telling me this, did you?" asked Mr. Crofton, a ring of cruel scorn in his passionate tones.

"Sure we did, your honour."

"Then you might have spared yourselves the trouble!" broke haughtily from him. "You ought to know by this time that I am not a man to be turned from my purpose by appeals from the like of you," and he surveyed the humble group before him with withering contempt.

"Well, if you won't listen to the cry for marcy, maybe you will mind the threat of vingince!" fiercely exclaimed Flannagan, brandishing the knotted shillelah he held in his hand.

"What! you dare to threaten, do you?" said Mr. Crofton in the hoarse tones of intense passion.

"Be asy, Larry! can't ye spake him civil?" whispered one of the party. "It'll be better for us in the end, man alive!"

But Larry Flannagan's savage nature was roused by the mocking scorn and cruel heartlessness of Lord Arranmore's agent, maddened, too, by the prospect of ejection from the humble home where his forefathers had lived contented before him. This portion of the estate was situated in an adjacent vale, called Glenmore, through which a deep stream wound its way. The site could be made available for the erection of grist and other mills wanted in the neighbourhood; and Mr. Crofton determined on ejecting the half-dozen tenants who rented the land, and leasing it himself with the intention of building the mills, from which he could derive so much pecuniary advantage.

"There's no use mincing matthers wid the likes of him, I tell ye!" fiercely retorted Larry Flannagan. "His heart is made of stone!" he passionately continued. "What hope is there of moving him when anything is to be gained? Isn't the mills to be his