

during its progress. Its termination was as abrupt as was its start. Lynch had barely parried a thrust which had it reached its mark would have pierced his heart. The check, quick and unlooked-for, put his adversary slightly off his guard. It was a surprise which proved fatal, for it gave Lynch an opening of which in the impulse of ungovernable passion he did not hesitate to take advantage. Following up the check with the rapidity of lightning, he made a pass and sent his blade through the Spaniard's body.

For one indescribable moment all was mad confusion and bewilderment in the brain of the hapless victor. Then, the naked heinousness of his act stood out before him. It was murder, foul, unnatural and cruel. In it he beheld hospitality outraged, and that in a land in which hospitality had become a national virtue. Then, as so often happens in the reaction after some terrible excitement, the cold, clear light of truth broke in upon his recovered senses, and he saw not only the fatal folly but the absolute groundlessness of his jealousy. At the sight of the prostrate figure on the strand before him the scales of blinding passion dropped from his eyes, and unutterable grief and shame filled his soul. Flinging his sword into the rising tide, he threw himself on his knees beside his wounded friend in the wild hope that life had not yet fled. But on feeling heart and pulse he could detect only their last beat and flutter. The wound, alas, was mortal.

For several minutes the self-deceived lover paced the strand now in hot tears, giving vent to the grief and remorse that racked him, again picking up, as he did more than once, the sword of his dead friend to put an end to his own miserable

existence. But with the first recoil from the thought of self-destruction, came a passionate longing for life.

What to do or whither to turn the steps of the fugitive he was unable to determine. The tide was fast coming in, its silver hem on the dark strand drawing nearer and nearer to the motionless body that lay all unconscious of its approach. What to do with the body was a thought which, since tears and bewailings had expended themselves, had more than once crossed the mind of the rash and wretched murderer. The rising tide seemed to answer that question; in a brief space it would carry away the ghastly evidence of his guilt; and vain hope whispered that with his secret locked close in the arms of the Atlantic, he was safe. And so passively regarding the dwindling strand as the swelling tide closed in upon it, touched the remains of poor Gomez, and soon caught them in its giant embrace, he turned his face away from the fateful scene and made for the fastnesses of Connemara. There, he thought, in that profound solitude where there were scores of retreats inaccessible to law, and amid a people who, although inhabiting the same country, were yet cut off from the "Tribes" or governing families of the city by a line of cleavage as marked as that between countries under different crowns, he might spend weeks until chance would throw in his way some barque bound for other lands.

All night he walked, reckless of the rough road, the boulders against which his feet struck, or the exact point at which he was to lie in concealment. His only concern now was to get farther and farther away from the offing in which he had left the blood-stained corpse of his murdered friend—from the vision