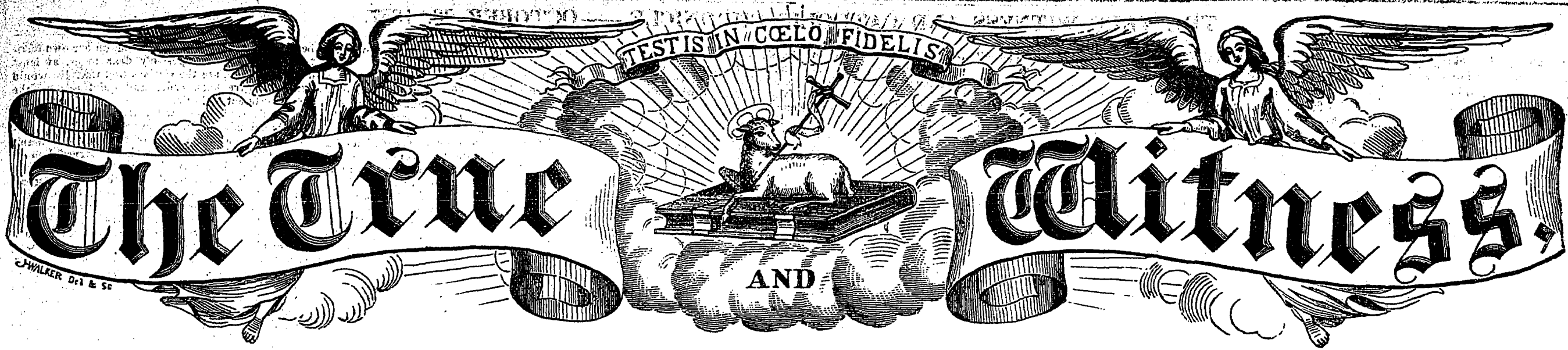


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THE RIVALS.

By Gerald Griffin.
CHAPTER XVII.

As he rode homeward in the dark, within a few miles of his own residence, he was hailed by a figure on the road side, which, on nearer approach, he distinguished to be that of a young woman. She waved her hand anxiously several times, and seemed impatient for his approach. "Is that you, doctor?" she said, as he came nearer, "Hurry in, hurry in, an' the heavens bless you! You never will overtake him alive."

out, so as to allow the entrance of a stranger, who presented an appearance somewhat superior to the people by whom she was surrounded. She was dressed in deep mourning stuff, with a widow's cap on her head, and a cloth scapulary, of the order of the Blessed Virgin, around her neck. Although her countenance bore the traces of recent affliction, yet there was an habitual calmness in her eyes, and around her mouth, which gave an appearance of serenity and even sweetness to the figure.

"Were you not rash," said Riordan, "to venture, unguarded, into the mountains?" "Aye," said the other, quickly, "there's the point. I have been sacrificed. Lacy took home the police as soon as I had lodged the Hares in gaol, and would not lend a man on any account. He knew that they were bent on my destruction, for so my murderer told me, and he was glad of it, for he was done with me, and he wished to be quit of the reward he promised me. And so he sent me, like Uriah, to the battle, and so I fell. Ah, Owen, cousin Owen. I wonder if your death-bed will be like mine! Bid Owen pray for me, when you shall see him."

acquainted with the impatient disposition of his master. Lacy, while his lips quivered with eagerness, made an effort to appear tranquil and indifferent while he asked the question: "Well, Switzer, where is Tobin?" "Dead, sir," answered the policeman, closing his lips hard. "Dead!" echoed Lacy, starting back with a look and action of feigned concern and ill concealed delight. "Is it certain, Switzer?" "I saw him down myself," replied the man, "I saw him in the hands of bitter enemies."

—I impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs nring'd at vis franc pledge:
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who filled pots of ale but half full.

Complaints were made of, and fines inflicted on, the barefooted proprietors of goats and pigs found trespassing upon the highway, notwithstanding all that human eloquence and ingenuity could do on their behalf. Penalties were imposed on publicans, for vending whiskey at illegal times, and sundry other whippers of justice were reprov'd for their audacity.

* Employed on their behalf.

† The customary fee of those attorneys who practise at courts.