

An' she puts the name o' bea'st on to me an' the nature o' bea'st into me, like a curse!"

"To-morrow? An' ye'll fight him fair, Denny?"

"Aye, to-morrow — man to man — wid empty hands!"

The girl turned and entered the house, and the skipper went up the path at the back of the harbor and wandered over the snowy barrens for hours. It was dusk when Bill Brennen found him.

"Skipper," said Bill, "the lads bes at it again. They wants to know when ye'll make a trip to St. John's wid the jewels? — an' where the jewels bes gone to, anyhow?"

"Jewels!" cried the skipper — "an' the entire crew o' 'em fair rotten wid gold! I'll dig up the jewels from where we hid 'em an' t'row 'em into their dirty faces — an' they kin carry 'em to St. John's an' sell 'em to suit themselves, the squid!"

So he and Bill Brennen tramped off to the northward; and Mary Kavanagh was aware of their going.

Mary was busy during their absence. She unearthed the necklace, and with it and the key from behind the skipper's clock, made her way to the