By arrangement with Longman, Green & Co.
All rights reserved.

LISHEEN

By Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D.
Author of "My Neighbor," "Luke Delmege," "Lisheen," "Glenanaar," etc.

CHAPTER VII

IMMENSE SUM

"If any one had told me a few weeks ago," thought Bob Maxwell, as he trudged up the hill toward the field where the heifers were feeding, "that I, Robert Maxwell, Esq., gentleman and landlord, would be engaged this Sunday afternoon in violating British law, and upsetting British order, by frustrating the execution of her Majesty's writ, I should have deemed him a madman. In the eyes of the law, I am about to do a most unjustifiable thing; in the light of conscience, a deed that is praiseworthy. Which is right? Or are both? Is the law justice, or shall justice be the law?"

But the die was cast. He drove the heifers out of the little valley where they were feeding, on through the broken fence, and on to the high road that led up to the mountain. He had only a rough hazel rod in his hand, and he shouted the Ho! Yoho! Yoho! so far that scared the lads shooting from their lofty lines. There was a distance of about three miles up along the mountain road to the glen where Mike Ahern's cottage nestled; and, as the sight met Maxwell's eyes, he felt some latent energies stirring within him. He had accomplished the greater part of his journey, and the shooting lodge belonged to Kilgoff, who suddenly, by some chance of fate, and consequently, also, through him, Bob Maxwell, was brought into the last few minutes of life. They had fought, strong men, and that is a matter to Bob Maxwell's mind, more than they did for love. Long in the career of adventure, there had arisen between the young lady and the young man, a strong and the secret antipathy which is strong, and the secret antipathy which is strong, and the secret antipathy which is strong,