

tiger, he leaped on his captor and sought to wrench the blunderbus from his hand. In the collision the shot went off, startling the evening echoes far and wide.

The men were locked in a life and death struggle. With all the force of despair, the coward was transformed into a blind furious machine; over and over again he sought with supreme effort to fling his antagonist bodily to the ground; his strength was trebled, but he had to deal with a giant of iron nerve, unshakable as a rock. The conflict could not last long, Murphy's feeble courage was soon exhausted, and was pressed heavily to the ground, struggling obstinately still.

Then, as he found his chances growing more and more desperate, the ruffian filled the Pass with shrieks of "Murder!" and "Help!" bellowed again and again at the top of his voice till the whole country through the calm evening air seemed to be ringing with the cry of "Murder!"

Ryan knew what his object was, but made no effort to stifle his cries: only, as he continued to struggle with might and main, pressed him down more securely.

But suddenly there came a response to the assassin's cry for help, and the noise of horses' hoofs clattering along the road from Clonmel at a gallop, came faintly at first, then louder and louder. Help was at hand. Who could they be?

Then the bailiff redoubled his shouts of "Murder!" and Ryan tightened his hold on the captive, as two horsemen at full gallop clattered into the Pass, and reined in their steeds with a sudden shock as they came upon the dreadful scene, where on one side lay the murdered baronet, on the other two armed men locked in deadly encounter; one horse lying lifeless beside its master, the other galloping away in wild terror.

"Good Heavens! what is this?" exclaimed one of the new-comers—a frightened white haired old gentleman, whom his best friends would barely recognise as Mr Sackwell, M. P., so much had the rash courage that would have led Monard Fenicles to death or glory long ago, shrunk into its boots at sight of the slaughterous scene; and as for the great Smile of Universal Benevolence, it had assumed a similitude, which would have passed muster in any school of small boys as the overture to "a big cry." "Good Heavens. What is this?" exclaimed Mr. Sackwell again, rubbing his eyes incredulously.

"Murder! Murder! Murder!" bellowed the bailiff: then, as Ryan released him, he leaped to his feet and rushed towards Mr. Sackwell, who backed away nervously before him. "Oh! Mistor Sackwell! 'twas an angel that sint ye! The masher has been murdered!"

"Sir Albin Artslade murdered! Oh! horrible!" exclaimed Mr. Sackwell. "I told him to-day how 'twould be—he would not have the escort. And who—who—who—is—the—murderer?"

"Shure you see him yerself, yer honor," whined the bailiff, pointing to Ryan. "He'd have med as short work o' me as of the poor masher only for yer honour cem up—I was thryin' to howld him, an' shure he has the life a'most strangled out o' me, the cowld-blooded villian!"

"It is a lie as black as hell," shouted Ryan at first awed by the ruffians easy impudence. "Av you hear me, sir," he said advancing towards Mr. Sackwell, more coolly, "I'll show you this is the rale murderer—an' robber to boot."

"P—please s—s—stand a l—ittle further back, my man," said Mr. Sackwell, with a nervous shudder: then turning to his son, who accompanied him, and who was surveying the scene with philosophical calmness: "Ch—Charlie, l—let you speak to those men—y—you have the pistols."

"Sir, this is the murderer o' Sir Albin Orshlade," Ryan continued, vehemently, "God is my witness! I see him fire the shot that kilt him. He murdered him for the goold in that bag there beyant, an' he wanted me to share the plunder. I'd sooner die fush—I was going to carry him this minnit to Clonmel Gaol, whin you cem up an' see me thrying to howld him."

"Ahem! that doesn't—ah—seem very likely," said Mr. Sackwell, senior, timidly.

"A cunnin' tale indeed, yer honour," cried Murphy, sneeringly. " 'Tisn't 'Dd be likely to commit murder whin there was a notorious rebel in the neighborhood. Plaze, yer honour! shure ye see him yerselves, how he was within ame's ace o' sindin' me ather the poor masher—God rest his soul this night! av it isn't superstitious to say it."

"Curse you for a driveling hypocrite!" cried Ryan, in utter disgust.

"I thank God, humbly, you can't call me a murderer nor rebel," retorted Murphy, with a malicious leer.

"Gintlemin, will ye b'lieve this lyin' coward?