

The game finished, the victors embraced the vanquished, and all cheered for the next merry meeting. The two detectives simply watched the break-up and kept their eyes upon their victim. "Crichawn" kept his eye upon them.

Amid the plaudits of the assemblage, in small gatherings, having donned their clothes, they go towards the gates or spring lightly over the hedges. The man who was "wanted," poor Hartnett, with two others, at length left the field. No stir was apparent among the officials. They took the matter very easy. They had only to see where the young man would put up for the night; and would not even interfere with his dinner appetite.

"Bad look to ye!" said "Crichawn" to himself; "and to the thraithor" he added.

He beckoned to an old friend, and they talked a while together.

"Jim you will come down about ten, to the house; an' I'll meet you there."

"Sartin!"

"Come," Mr. Meldon cried, "time to move off my friends." Then turning to Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, he added "I am extremely glad to know your good mother and yourself, and I shall be glad to know more of you."

"We shall do ourselves the honor of calling on you to-morrow, Mr. Meldon," the lady said.

"I am so glad!" whispered Clara; and then reddened at her imprudence. However, she was *not* overheard.

The family or families were really happy, and Mr. Charles Baring quite tolerable. He and his cousin were left at the Crag, and Clara and her father turned towards their home. In due time, "Crichawn" was able to go to his sister-in-law's, and he pretended to scold his niece for "being sich a Quaker." She would not go to the hurling match.

Jim enters.

"Well?" "Crichawn" asks.

"I served M——, body and bones, for a half sovereign; an' I made 'em take their book oaths they niver would tell my name; an' I sent 'em directly to the house, only four miles astray from where he is; an' I tuk him six mile an' a half the other way; an' he's near Turles now!"

"*Beanacht do Mhuire Mhahair orth sa*"  
(The blessing of Mother Mary! on you)  
said "Crichawn."

## CHAPTER XII.

SHOWING MR. CHARLES BARING'S CROSSES.

—WHO "THE YOUNG PRIEST" WAS;  
AND THE VALUABLE INFORMATION  
THE "FELON CLUB" MAN GAVE THE  
POLICE.

MR. CHARLES BARING found his difficulties rapidly increasing and the means of relieving himself lessening just as fast. He had exhausted not only the liberality of Mr. Cunneen, but he had made engagements of an extravagant kind with many people beside. So that in fact either his uncle's death or his marriage with his cousin became a matter of dire necessity. One result of these complications was that Mr. Charles Baring became importunate with poor Amy. She never for one moment gave Baring a hope—though she never offended or wounded him. Latterly, however, she was obliged to become emphatic enough; and finally she endeavored to avoid him. It was quite clear that she suffered; still only Nelly was fully aware of the cause of the pain. There was one more who knew it well and who shared the confidence, entirely for Amy's good; and that one was "Crichawn." He told Mr. Meldon, from whom he concealed nothing; and he knew that Mr. Meldon would prove "a friend in need."

As we have stated, Mr. Charles Baring hated "Crichawn," and hated him principally because he feared him; and although Baring was surrounded by a gang, half-robbers and half-day-laborers, they could not be induced to risk an encounter with the determined athlete, of whom the most wonderful exploits were related.

What was Mr. Giffard D'Alton's position in this affair so intimately connected with his affections? Well, the father of Amy D'Alton absolutely would never think of parting with her, even if a prince desired her hand. As has been stated, Amy's fortune was in her own right, and in whosoever's right it was, as long as she was unmarried, old Giffard had a *chance* of becoming its owner; and, for that chance he would sacrifice