



"'And who would be giving you the right to speak for me?' She asked"

"Is it leavin' Ballyheigue you would be havin' me doing, James Doyle?" he said hotly, "and at the bidding of Black Tim Kerrigan? I will not, indeed. And you may be tellin' Kerrigan that if ever he does be takin' Mary Ellen Conerty's name upon the dirty lips of him again, it is not so easily he will be gettin' off."

"Hear that now!" came a voice from the group before him. "It is bloody murder he will be plottin'."

Danny took no notice of this speech. He had stepped out from the wall and stood facing Doyle with eyes ablaze with anger. The latter gave a taunting laugh. "An' is it Mary Ellen Conerty?" he cried. "Is it she that would be takin' up with a jailbird the likes of you, she that holds herself above all our heads? Faith, 'tis small thanks you will be gettin' from her for all your pains."

But at this moment Mary Ellen's voice broke in upon their ears, low

and tense and vibrating in its wrath.

"And how would you be knowin' that, James Doyle?" she asked, and in her quiet tones was a cutting edge of contempt before which Jimmy Doyle, great bully though he was, quailed. She pushed her way through the group to Danny's side as she spoke, and stood there with head thrown back and flushed cheeks, confronting them as she had done on that day long ago.

"And who would be giving *you* the right to speak for me?" she went on, searching Doyle's abashed countenance with a glance of stinging scorn. "You to be upholdin' Tim Kerrigan's cause. It was not Kerrigan's money that saved you when the landlord would have turned your mother and yourself out upon the road last Lady Day. It may be that you were not knowing from where it came, but there's others that does. Where went the money that Danny Doolan did be