

"Johnny is to go to Waterford College next week; and you need never do anything, only thank God and the Blessed Virgin Mary!"

All fell upon their knees again except poor Ally, and fervently and reverently bowed down in such thankfulness as good hearts always feel in the presence of the benignity of Providence.

Thus have we Father John Hayes, now working away across the Atlantic, though unable to assist his family when the crisis arrived. Before that dark time there was varying fortune, so that the wolf was kept from the door until the day of fate which drove Paddy Hayes in despair from Giffard D'Alton's house.

But we have remained too long away from the Crag. The young girls formed an attachment which lasted long and happily for both. The arrangements for the visit were made with gladness of heart and many words of bright anticipation.

Leaving the hall-door, the Pilgrim called Mr. Meldon aside.

"That's the young gentleman," he said, pointing to Mr. Seymour; "that's the gentleman that won three hundred pounds from Mr. Charles Baring."

"Precisely—only the sum was five hundred."

"And has Mr. Baring paid?"

"Every shilling."

"I see," said the Pilgrim. "Cunneen!" said the Pilgrim. "Cunneen!" he repeated—"you are a biting dog, Cunneen."

"Oh!" Mr. Meldon replied, "you have experience of God's dealings, and you know that His turn always comes."

"But is not your friend in danger? Baring must be desperate."

"We shall 'watch and pray,' James; and employ the Pilgrim and 'Crichawn.'"

CHAPTER X.

SHOWING WHY MANY MYSTERIES ARE NOT SOLVED—THE RETURN OF MR. CHARLES BARING, AND THE VISIT OF AMY D'ALTON TO MELDON.

We frankly admit that there has been some undue mystery about the robbery at the Crag. What became of the immense treasure? Where are the robbers

to be found? Why has not Mr. Giffard D'Alton burned the Crag and invented a new vocabulary of blasphemies to build up a rampart between himself and the workhouse? And, we ought to add, where is Mr. Baring? Has he been put in jail?

Now, however reasonable it may be that readers feel curious, and are even tempted to become critical, in the presence of such inconsistencies, we assure them all and several that, at the time of Mr. Meldon's visit to the Crag, not a single breath of rumor existed regarding the very bold and unjustifiable attack upon the Crag and the robbery thereof. Even the police were spared the pangs of mind and weariness of travel which a knowledge of such a nefarious violation of "law and order" should necessarily entail.

We will communicate this much—that "the Captain," as Mr. Charles Baring was called, did not present himself at the Crag for four or five days. His uncle became solicitous; because, he fairly argued, "Where could Charles be without money; and if Charles had money where was the money got?" But Mr. Charles did come home within a week, at all events, and had even ascertained that he ran no risk. That information came from a sure source—the police,—all whose experience for a week or more had turned inside out, and learned with industry.

It is quite certain that Mr. Charles Baring recognised the dog, and therefore was aware that his complicity in the robbery was known to one person, at least; but many more things than that were known to "Crichawn," and the last bad deed made no great difference. There is no question of Mr. Charles Baring's hatred both of Mr. Meldon and "Crichawn;" and with a fair chance of getting rid of both, it would be well if they had their prayers said. But "the Captain" was wise enough to conclude that, great enemies as Meldon and "Crichawn" were, the law and the hangman were greater.

Mr. Charles Baring accidentally performed a good work the day of his arrival. Mr. Giffard D'Alton had the house in an uproar, and the servants flying from before his face. Too much turf had been found in the kitchen grate