

"What became of Gallagher?" was the question that followed.

"No one knows rightly, arrah; he was a bad feller, but he knew more about the man that shot at Mr Pinkerton than he let on. Sure, someone saw him one night carrying Mr Philip Fitz Martin in his arms an' taking him off in a boat to America, but the boat sank an' no wonder, with a murderer on board. They say Gallagher's body was never found, but Mr Phil's was, forty miles down the coast, and Miss Molly buried him at her own expense, although when he was alive he didn't deserve it."

"There's Biddy Maloney," interrupted this spinner of fiction founded on fact. "She's housekeeper now that the old house is turned into a new castle, and it is the proud woman she is. Sure, she was housekeeper for his lordship at the Lodge before anyone knew who he was, and isn't he sendin' Paudeen to the best school in Dublin? He took a great fancy to him and he's on the yacht now with an elegant suit of new clothes. There's the boys he is the ringlader of; look at them, with the bogdale torches in their hands. They're innocent enough when they are not up to mischief. I hear they were greatly disappointed yesterday. Ye see, they think a great deal of Paudeen now that he's goin' to Dublin, and they planned a little surprise for him on their own account. Paudeen is great at bird-calls, an' didn't he teach them all how to whistle them. Well, they wanted to go along the cliff, and just as the yacht came in sight light their torches an' set up the golden plover call. They had rehearsed it when Dr Mahan heard of it and stopped it. He told them that his lordship was once very fond of shootin' golden plover, an' one day he heard the call, an' lookin' up saw