

weddin' goin' on, nor a dance even, in the three parishes. Where in the world are you goin' Biddy?"

"In troth, it's only jist to see a friend, Molly; and Tom 'll tell you when he comes back."

"Och! is that the way wid you Biddy? I see how it is. It's ould Peg you're agoin' to; an' all along of Lanty. There's no use in denyin' it—an' more's the pity, Biddy, *agra!* It's twice you ought to think of what you're about to do; that's not oncet before an' oncet afther—but two times both together, Biddy; for it's a foolish thing, an' one you'll be sorry for, may be. Take my advice, an' have nothin' to do with ould Peg and her grasy pack o' cards. It's bad fortin' they'll bring you, Biddy, dear, when she's afther tellin' you all that's good. For your own sake and and poor Lanty's, keep away from her; an' let throe love take its coorse!"

This sensible warning had little effect on Biddy Keenahan. Youth and love were bad subjects to reason with. Backed by Brian Oge's advice Biddy was resolved to pursue her adventure. She thought, that if Molly Fagan had wanted a husband for herself, she would not have been so averse to a consultation with "the wise woman." But, to satisfy her friend, she put a salvo on her own conscience, and vowed that she "wouldn't let th' ould pack o' cards to be cut or shuffled the night;" for that all she wanted was "a little bit of advice, which no one, barrin' Peg Morrin, could give her."

The moon was smothered in clouds when Biddy stepped into a little flat-bottomed boat, called a cot, and placed herself at one of the pointed ends that might have been called the prow had not the other been quite similar, there being, in fact no stern. At this other end Tom Fagan stood, and, with a long pole, shoved his fragile canoe across the broad, and at that passage, somewhat rapid stream. The fortune-teller's cabin looked like a black patch on the face of the little field, in a corner of which it stood. And, as Biddy threw a furtive glance at the massive bridge of Magany, with its vaguely defined arches, and thought of the many stories which proclaimed it to be haunted, she involuntarily shuddered.

"Is it a shiverin' you are, Biddy, dear?"

said the compassionate miller. "Wrap your cloak over you, for the night wind creeps up against the strame, an' stales into one's buzzum, without givin' a word's warnin'."

"It's not the wind Tom *agra.* It's something that's inside of the heart within me that's trimblin'! It's a dreary place you live in, Tom. Plase the Lord I'm doin' the right thing in goin' to ould Peg!"

"Arrah, niver fear, Biddy! The divil the harm she'll do you. What if she does look on your palm, or cut the cards with you? Sure, an' its throe enough, she tould me my fortin afore I married Molly, and every word comed to pass. Don't be turned agin by what Molly says. She's a very superstitious woman, Biddy; that's God's thruth, an' believes nawthin but what Father Rice at the Friary tells her. So keep up heart, like a good girl as you are. Here's the field—an' there's Peg Morrin's cabin—an' God speed you wid her. I'll wait here till you're ready, an' bring you back all the way home to the Grange. Now, jump over the flagers—that's it! cliver an' clane—away wid you!"

And away tripped Biddy, with a beating heart, though greatly reassured by Tom Fagan's cheering words. She kept her eye on the cabin before her, and neither looked to the right nor the left; for she was in the very field where young William Barrington had been recently killed by Gillespie, in a duel rarely paralleled for ferocity; and there was not man nor woman, on either side of the river, that could walk fearlessly through that field of a dark night, much less live in it, except Peg Morrin. But it was well known that she carried a protection about her from supernatural ills; and well might *she* walk or sleep, without fear of hurt or harm.

"The Lord save us!" exclaimed Biddy, with a suppressed scream, crossing herself, and clasping her hands together, as a rustling in the large alder bush close to the cabin was followed by a loud whine; while a pair of fiery eyes seemed to fix themselves on the terrified girl. It was only old Peg's black cat, as Biddy was in a moment convinced. In another, she was close to, and tapping gently at the door.