

otherwise, I am quite capable of meeting by the help of God?"

"Would it be a great comfort to you to know that I shall protect your father and you?"

"You, sir!"

"Yes, Amy D'Alton; can you depend on me?"

"Well, every one depends on you. I can only thank God, if He has sent me a protector."

"He has."

After some further confidential conversation Mr. Meldon was going away.

"Then," he said, "You are quite prepared?"

"Quite," answered Amy.

"And my man may occupy some place near the back hall door?"

"Certainly."

"And you will not have me remain or send any other to you?"

"Well," she replied, "there can be no necessity."

The heroes of the Glen were true to their patriotic resolve; and the more so now that they had heard Mr. Giffard D'Alton was away. The scapegrace Mr. Charles had been faithful, and was in the evening furious at having heard that Mr. Meldon had spent a long time at the Crag. But the anticipations of to-morrow—the large sum he would possess, the scenes and persons concerned and dependent upon his success—occupied his mind so much that his annoyance had only half its place. He listened here and there, and went from apartment to apartment. At seven or eight o'clock, he announced to his cousin that business required him to be away till the next day.

Amy was too accustomed to such movements to make any remarks. She merely said, "*Au revoir*."

Nothing could be more quiet than the Crag that blessed Monday night. It was St. Augustine's day; and the twinkling stars were reflected from the purple leaves, on which a shower or two had fallen. Slieve-na-Mon was listening, and the stream in the Glen was stealing along, as if afraid to be heard.

The great house clock struck twelve. "Crichawn" was snugly settled in an old carriage in the coach-house; and he had with him a brown mastiff, whose head was on "Crichawn's" knee.

It struck one o'clock! It was half-past one. Silence and darkness reign. "Crichawn" feels disappointment. His ears are erect; he even holds his breath.

At length the dog commenced a low growl.

"Hush! 'Heethor!' lie down, dog, lie down!"

The obedient creature lay down, wagging his tail.

"Crichawn" has an eye on the courtyard. He sees a man plainly coming over the yard wall. He knew the man well. Another comes the same way; a third, a fourth, a fifth.

Softly as cats they tread. They wear no shoes, and their faces are covered with black handkerchiefs; but "Crichawn" knows them, every one but one.

"*Tha go maith!*" said "Crichawn."

"If I wanted to take 'em all, 'Heethor,' wouldn't you and I do it?"

The dog shook himself and rose to his feet.

"Oh, no, 'Heethor' we're goin' to convert 'em only. We are our own police, my dog," he whispered.

And Heethor was quite appreciative.

The thieves took only one half hour to accomplish their work; then out came the first man who had entered. He carried nothing—only a cloth cap. Then came a man with a low hat.

"Up, Heethor!" quietly said "Crichawn." "Look at that hat!"

Heethor wagged his tail rapidly, as he looked through the square hole in the coach-house gate.

"Mind that hat, me boy."

The dog gambolled around his master.

"Stop now; down!" said "Crichawn," and the dog lay down at his feet.

The third man, middle-sized, not old, yet overweighted, carried a bag over his shoulders, and only for the help of the two remaining men could hardly have carried one half such a burthen. But with their help he got on.

They have all of them got away. Wonderful their exultation and the glorious feelings springing from the name which "in better times" this deed shall give the doers! It was really wonderful! Untold wealth, in gold and paper, acquired in one half hour, without a blow, and without suspicion!

"Heethor," very softly said "Crichawn," "Heethor! bring me that hat."