

"It's me sister's good name agin your convanience," said Ted. "The wan is of some importance, the other—— We shall spake just as little or as much as we plase, Mr. Tom Lyndon, without askin' ye lave."

"All right," said Lyndon, with a supercilious nod. "You can do precisely as you please; but when the reckoning comes don't blame me."

"The reckoning is here," cried Ted in a voice which gave his passion vent. "Where you stand here, ye blessed villain, ye'll tell me what it is ye mane to be afther? Is Kitty Rooney your lawful wife, or is she not? If she is not, by the Blessed Virgin, I'll kill yez where ye stand."

They were both young, and their worst passions were aflame; also, they were equally matched. No man saw that fight save the ghostly trees and the shivering birds among the dripping boughs. But it was a fair battle, and the one who fell died game.

Before noon that day, as Father O'Hagan was putting on his brogues for a tramp through the muddy glen to visit a dying man at the farther side of the parish, Ted Rooney, white faced and dishevelled, burst into the manse. In a flash of intuition Father O'Hagan guessed what had happened before Ted spoke the fatal words.

"I've come to give meself up, yer riverence," he said, in a voice of unnatural calm. "I've killed the squoire. They'll foind him lying at the Dareen gate. Send fur the police!"