

man who *did not* shoot him will soon be in gaol."

"What!" Father Aylmer impetuously exclaimed.

"I mean, sir," James again answered, "the man who *didn't* shoot Quirk will soon be in gaol."

"Come!" cried Father Ned. Come, I know."

"Father?" answered the Pilgrim.

"Crichawn will be arrested," cried Father Ned.

"You have it, sir. The man most hated by Charles Baring—except, may be, Mr. Seymour—is the man for the gallows, and——"

"Dead men tell no tales?" said the curate.

"You have it, again," answered the Pilgrim.

Father Ned Power now assumed look and tone of great solemnity. He took James the Pilgrim by the hand.

"James Feehan," said Father Ned, "you can solve this mystery. Stop," he continued, seeing James the Pilgrim putting up his hands in a kind of deprecation. The good and the bad trust *you* James. The good value you, and the bad themselves trust you—because they believe you will never betray a man, and can nearly always give him good advice. Come; *you* can solve the mystery."

"James!" Father Aylmer said, while the tears flowed down his cheeks; "James, Crichawn is good—oh, so good—oh, so good!—to be sure, poor Mr. D'Alton was hard upon Paddy Hayes; and Crichawn loved his brother; but, you know, James!"

"Oh, sir, I believe Crichawn to be as innocent as you are; and with the help of God and holy Mary he'll put down his enemies; but there is not a hand's turn of Charles Baring for years that Crichawn doesn't know; and Charles Baring's life is no life until Crichawn is out of the way."

By this time the party had arrived at the Crag, and John the butler, and Nelly Nurse, and Maureen Bour a deaf girl, and the coachman, all came to bid them welcome. They were all in dreadful excitement; and Nelly Nurse wrung her hands, and moaned, and declared the poor master would never get over

the whole thing, and thanked God that dear Miss Amy was out of the way.

"Woll, John?" Father Aylmer asked, "are we to see your master?"

"Oh, his honor is waiting for you. He expected you."

They turned towards the staircase.

Nelly touched Father Ned on the shoulder.

Having got a corner where Father Ned saw he was expected to present himself, Nelly Nurse, in awfully grave accents, warned him. "See, Father Ned, see! Mind that *Maureen Bour*. She is Master Charles's servant. She spent half the morning in his room; an' she's not half so deaf as she pretends to be. If you see her near ye up stairs remember what I said."

"All right, Nelly," answered Father Ned.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton was in his bedroom. He was unable to go down stairs. But even the old man's room had undergone wonderful changes—it looked fresh and refined, if not rich and magnificent; and the clergyman saw at once the changes and surroundings of old D'Alton, of Crag.

The old man rose from the chair as the clergymen entered the room, and walked as quickly as he could towards Father Aylmer. Evidently he labored under intense feeling. He placed his hands on the old pastor's shoulders, looked into his eyes, and for one moment seemed petrified—or stunned. He then gave a loud groan.

"Oh, Father Aylmer!—Father Aylmer!—I told you that God would not forgive me in this world, and that I should give life for life. I must die—must die!"

"Oh, Mr. D'Alton! think better of God's mercy, even in this world. Has he not sent me—your old friend, and Father Ned here? and James——"

"Is James here?" anxiously inquired the old man.

"He is sitting in the hall," answered Father Ned. "But, Mr. D'Alton, what is your view? Why——"

Old Giffard D'Alton's senses were quick. He turned towards the door which opened on his room and pointing to it by signs, bade Father Ned examine the apartment. Father Ned was not