

in crimson and golden light. She was busily employed mending nets for her brother, the young fisherman, for whose return she now watched impatiently, throwing her eyes frequently along the road leading to Carraghmore, whither he had gone in the morning to sell fish.

"What can be keeping Dermot so long, grandmother?" she asked, addressing an old woman who sat knitting inside the cabin door.

"It's more nor I can tell, Rose; but no doubt he'll soon be here."

However, sunset faded from the mountain peaks and twilight shadows were gathering in the glens and vales before Rose Kavanagh descried her brother's stalwart figure coming along the road. Just at this moment a column of red light shot up into the darkening sky.

"Holy Biddy! what blaze is that?" exclaimed the old woman, as she ran eagerly forward to watch the bright glare.

"Faith, I dunno! but it's likely Dermot will be able to tell us," was her granddaughter's reply.

A few minutes elapsed and then Dermot came rapidly up the breen or by-path leading to the cabin from the public road.

"Do you see the fire beyant there?" he asked with angry excitement.

"Sure we're not blind," responded Rose, curtly.

"Where is it, ahagur?" inquired the old woman.

"Where would it be, but in Glenmore," was the vehement reply. "It's the cabins in the vale set on fire by the peelers, afther the misfortunate crathurs was forced to quit," Dermot added, a gleam of fierce indignation in his dark blue eye.

"And that's what kept you so long, I suppose?"

"What else? and the heart-breaking sight it was to see the dacent people dhruv from their own door! and that villyn of an agent standin' by wid a face as stony as

his own heart. And it's all to betterther himself he done it," Dermot continued passionately; "to make himself rich at the expinse of others. Sure it isn't for the benefit of the landlord he's doing it at all."

"How will Mither Crofton be the betterther for it?" inquired Rose.

"Bekase he is going to build mills and make a fathory in the place; but let him take care, he'll find his match among thim he grinds so hard!" and an angry light flashed over Dermot's sunburnt face.

"They have vowed vingeance agin him?" said the old woman, interrogatively.

"Aye, have they! he'll get what he docsn't bargain for afore his death!" and Dermot laughed unpleasantly. The ring of that laugh grated on the ear of his grandmother.

"I hope you'll have no part in their revinge, Dermot," she said with grave rebuke. "I'm afear'd you mix yourself up too often with such things.

"Ach, granny! what makes ye think that?" he answered evasively. "What have I to do in this business at all? only that it rouses the sperit of a man to see his friends thrated so."

"Why did they wait till night to set the cabins on fire? was it to make a brighter bonfire," asked Rose, with a sarcastic smile.

"The agint and his bailiff couldn't get the crathurs to lave the cabins all day, till at last the peelers come, and then they had to march quick enough, I tell ye! Bad luck to the whole set of them!" Dermot added stamping his foot in fury.

"Why, where's the harm it done you that you take on so?" asked Rose in surprise. "Oh! now I undherstand," she added, after a moment's thought, "Celia Carroll's father is one of the men turned out of their little homes in Glenmore—poor Celia! and the mother so sickly herself! and the childher just out of the faver! Where will they get a roof to shelther them? Why