

story yet to my satisfaction, an' I want you to help me."

Mr. Langton was silent. He could not see of what use he could be, unless to share the profits (the only part of the business that was quite rose-colour in his eyes).

"You see," Mr. Murphy went on, "I'm already a marked man wid these Papist varminits, an' as shure as iver they caught me on awars that moment 'ud be my last. Now, I've had enough o' the spy business, an' I want you to do the rest for me. You're safe enough, but my life isn't worth tin minnits purchase."

Mr. Langton now saw the explanation of his friend's generous confidences. Looking into the bailiff's livid face, he saw depicted there an arrant cowardice, which all the man's desire of wickedness could not overcome. For, as is Irish bravery bravest of the brave, so is Irish cowardice the most contemptible of poltroonery.

The valet hardly liked better the task sought to be transferred to him. Of all his earthly possessions, he valued chiefly his skin, which, no doubt, he thought more handy as it was than as it would be, punctured by a score or so of rebel pike-heads. Indeed a tooth-drawing could not have convulsed his face into wryer grimaces than did his amiable friend's proposition.

"You see," said Mr. Murphy, noting his hesitation, it is out of pure frin'ship' for yerse I mentioned the matter to you at all, for I might aisyly ha'done it myself an' pocketed the goold like a miser. Av coorse, whin you don't want—"

"I didn't say that, Mr. Murphy," said Mr. Langton hastily, as the other made a motion to go. "I'll be most 'appy, I'm sure, to do henny-thing for so—so hexhilarating a hobject."

"Come, now, that's what I call manful talk," said the bailiff, encouragingly. "The thruth is, the work is all done before you, an' all we want is to have some one thrack the bird right into the nist so that there may be no mistake about it. You can do that to-night, an' thin we'll have the reward all to ourselves."

"To-night?"

"Aye! I heered 'em last night in the orge appointing a great meetin' o' the rebels for to-night at Monard. I'll show you the place, an' the man, an' thin you have only to keep your eye on him, an' follow him at a safe distance right to the door of his hiding-place, wherever it is."

"And is that all?" said Mr. Langton, swallow-

ing a deep draught of beer to screw his courage to the sticking-point.

"Do that much, an' the prize is ours," said the bailiff. "But, mind!—av you aint mighty cautious our game is up, an' they'll lave the daylight through yer ribs as sure as you have a head on yer shoulders."

"Eavently jingo!" cried Mr. Langton, piously, "adn't we better say a prayer?"

"Better another quart o' beer, av you're inclined to say anything," said the bailiff.

"Well, ere's your very good 'ealth, Mr. Murphy! 'Ere's success to our little game! And 'ere's, if the worst do come to the worst, 'ere's that Sarah Jane may never take on wid the black-whiskered fellow in the Blues!"

"I looks to-wards you, Misther Langton," said the bailiff, draining the quart of beer at a draught.

CHAPTER XXII.

SNOOZER MAKES A SENSATION.

As night deepened into midnight, Mr. Langton and his tutor in spy-science set out by bye-ways and dark places for the rendezvous of the rebels at Monard. As the night was pitchy dark, and their way, in order to the avoidance of inquisitive eyes, lay through woods and lonely lanes, neither of them was in heroic mood, and their journey was a succession of starts and spasms, of teeth-chattering and knee-knocking, which threatened momentarily to collapse in helpless terror.

Murphy was, however, much the worst coward of the two. Though reckless bravery did not count among Mr. Langton's failings, there were occasions which corked down his nervousness Jack-in-the-box-wise; and such a one was the present, when the chances of martyrdom were outweighed by the tempting reward, by the trifling services that would win it, and (in no remote degree) by the liberal supply of beer pressed into the service to supplement his courage.

Whether this last item had anything to do with creating ghosts in every dark corner they passed, and peopling their path with imaginary rebels, armed to the teeth and blood-thirsty to their toe-nails, we do not pretend to decide. Certain only that Mr. Langton said several edifying prayers *en route*, and Mr. Murphy a few oaths that must have inevitably appeased the Devil, if the sable potentate ever dreamed of harming so dear a friend.

They reached their destination at last unharmed of man or spirit, and found to their satisfac-