

was as dead as a herring, and he had little doubt if the family should lay hold of him, that his own was not much farther from its close. After much perplexity and several cold fits of terror during which the gallows danced many a hornpipe before his mind's eye, he luckily bethought him of the window! The height was considerable, but Tom wisely calculated that the chance of a broken leg was preferable to the certainty of a dislocated neck so he let himself drop on the ground. Finding his limbs whole, he ran across the country with all the speed of which he was master, towards a forest on which the window looked. After some hard running, he reached the hill where he had hid his harp, and judging that the hue and cry would be quickly raised after him through the country, he determined to lie concealed till night-fall, and then continue his journey homeward. Accordingly, he crept in amongst the furze bushes, and covered himself so completely, that he thought it was impossible for the sharpest eye to discover him.

In the mean time, the family of the chieftain were perplexed to think what could be the cause of the long delay made by their lord and the professor of beauty in the room which they had locked themselves in. Hearing no noise, they knocked at the door, but of course received no answer. At length, their suspicions being awakened, they broke in the door, and their sensations may be imagined on beholding the great O'Neil weltering in his blood, the window open, and no account of the stranger. Their astonishment giving place to grief, and their grief to rage, they dispersed in all directions, seizing whatever weapons they could lay hands on, and breathing vengeance against the murderer.

McEnairy heard, from his place of concealment the hue and cry that was raised after him, and was ready to die with fear, when unexpectedly, he felt his legs grasped hard, just above the ancles, by two powerful hands. He uttered a yell of despair, and kicked and plunged with all his might and main, but to no purpose. He was dragged forth from his hiding place, and thought all was over with him when suddenly a well-known voice addressed him in the following words:

"Well, tell me, what do you deserve from me now, after the manner in which you have acted?"

At this question Tom ventured to look up, when to his great relief and joy, he beheld his Man standing before him.

"What do you deserve, I ask you?" said the Man.

"I deserves to be pulled asunder between four wild horses," answered Tom, with a look of humility.

"Very well," said the Man, "since I see you have some sense of your merits, I will protect you this once, although it would be serving you right if I left you to fall into the hands of your pursuers. But rise up now, boldly, and come with me to the Castle."

"To the Castle!" cried Tom in terror, "is it to be torn in pieces you want me?"

"Do not fear that," replied the Man, "tell then when you meet them, that you could not finish the operation without my assistance, and leave the rest to me."

Tom allowed himself to be persuaded, and both went boldly forward towards the Castle. When the multitude beheld McEnairy they rushed towards him with horrible outcries, demanding his immediate death.

"Stop! stop! hear me!" cried Tom.

"We won't hear you," they exclaimed with one voice, "you murderer, what made you kill the great O'Neil? We'll make small bits o' you."

"Don't," said Tom, "if you do, the great O'Neil will never rise again."

"No wonder, when you cut the head off him."

"Be quiet," said Tom, "an' I tell ye he'll be as brisk as a kid in half an hour. The operation isn't half done yet, for I couldn't finish it rightly without my man, as he had something belonging to the profession that I couldn't do without."

"'Tis true for my master," said the Man, "let ye fall back, if ye want ever to see the great O'Neil again."

The people were appeased, and McEnairy, with his Man, entered the room in which the body lay. When all was made fast, a strong guard being now set on window and door, the Man took up the head, and shook a little powder on the wound, after which he placed it on