

so much to tell you something that has just happened," Isabel said in her impulsive way, looking up into his face with an expression of grave anxiety clouding her brow.

Max took the white, shapely hand she offered him, and tenderly clasped it in both his, then relinquishing it reluctantly, he seated himself on the marble door-step beside her, and eagerly inquired what she had to communicate.

"Oh, something dreadful!" she answered piteously. "I never felt so frightened in my life."

"What has occurred to disturb you?" Max inquired in tones of tenderest sympathy.

"Papa is going to evict some of the Arranmore tenantry, and they have uttered threats of vengeance."

His face clouded as he listened, and Isabel saw he shared her alarm, still he spoke encouragingly.

"You must not fancy the worst. What does Mr. Crofton think about it?" he asked.

"Oh! he only laughs at my fears; says the fellows dare not carry out their threats, but I think differently; and so would you, if you saw them glare on him with such bitter hate. I shudder when I think of it. You know what lawless acts have been committed in a case like this."

"Who are the men? Where do they live?"

"In Glenmore. One of them is called Larry Flannagan, a desperate-looking man he is, who seems capable of committing any outrage. Papa is mad to arouse the enmity of such a fellow," observed Isabel gloomily.

"Why does he evict these men? Are they in arrears of rent?"

"Oh no! but he wants their land to erect mills on, which, he says, will vastly increase his income."

"Then it is to benefit himself he does this?"

"Yes; isn't it cruel and unjust? I won-

der how he can be so hard-hearted!" exclaimed Isabel, in tones half sorrowful, half-indignant.

"It is hard on the poor men to be evicted from their homes for no fault of theirs, but we must hope they will not be induced to commit any outrage on that account. Some of them belong to my flock; I will see them and preach patience and submission under these trying circumstances."

"But isn't it very cruel of papa to act so? You cannot think how it grieves me," and Isabel's eyes filled with tears. "He will be sorry for it some day when they burn the house over our heads," she added, with a choking sob.

They will do nothing of the kind," said Max, cheerfully. "You must not give way to such gloomy apprehensions. Put away these thoughts from you, and do not allow your mind to dwell on this painful subject." But although he spoke encouragingly he felt there was just cause to dread some terrible act of revenge if Mr. Crofton persevered in his intentions of rendering the tenants of Glenmore homeless to enrich himself, and he returned home that evening thoughtful and depressed, having, however, in some measure, quieted the fears of Isabel Crofton.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW CHARACTERS.

THE coast of Connemara is indented with picturesque inlets from the Atlantic, which add to the wild grandeur of the scenery. About a mile from Elm Lodge, near one of these inlets, in a secluded hollow, stood a fisherman's cabin. At the door of this humble dwelling, about a fortnight after the stormy interview between Mr. Crofton and the tenants of Glenmore, a pretty peasant girl might be seen one evening as the glorious sun was again sinking behind Muilrea, steeping its gigantic peaks