

my hands."

The horse dropped instantly, for the ball had passed through his brain.

And then rose a cheer wild and loud that made the very heavens ring again, as Randall was seen flying up the hill on Moll Pitcher, clear of all danger, his long black hair floating on the breeze, and his broken arm still visible in the sling.

Whilst the crowd stood cheering and gazing after the young outlaw, Else Curley followed by several of the constables hurried up where Hardwrinkle had fallen. Else was first on the ground. "Hah!" she cried, about to utter some malediction, but suddenly stopped and bent down to gaze on the face of the fallen man. He was lying under the horse.

"What's the matter—is he hurt?" demanded the constables.

"Ay, he's hurt," responded Else, dryly.

"He don't move—how's that?"

"He's dead!"

"The horse, you mean."

"Horse and man," said Else, "they're both dead."

The police, assisted by the country people, soon succeeded in relieving the body from the weight which had fallen on it—but life was gone. The clay, indeed, was still warm, but the soul had left it, to give in its account at another tribunal.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Soon after the fatal accident related above had occurred, Captain Petersham accompanied by his friends reached the spot and finding no life in the body, ordered it to be taken back to the court house and there await the pleasure of the family.

"How sudden and how shocking," exclaimed the priest, "already gone to meet his God."

"It's a very deplorable accident, I must confess," said the Captain, "very indeed: and now that he's gone, I protest, sir, I'm sorry for him. The unfortunate man sat

many a long day with me on the bench here—and though he often provoked me, still by the lord Harry, I could never wish him dead. But this regret is useless now," he added. "Where is Lanty Hanlon?"

"Haven't seen him," replied the priest. "I hope the mad fellow has escaped the fire."

"Hope so—and where is Curley, too? I wonder is she alive."

"There she is, please yer honor," answered somebody at his side, "there she is, spakin to the ladies."

"The very woman, by George it is!—But has no one seen Lanty? I fear he's hurt or killed."

"Divil a fear of him, Captain, darlin, he's as sound as a throuth," said the same voice.

The Captain turned and saw an old woman in a blue cloak and nightcap (both rather worse for the wear,) leaning on a staff, and apparently old and sickly, to judge from her cough and the stoop of her shoulders.

"Where is he—when did you see him last?"

"Ugh! ugh! oh dear, this cough's killin me! When did I see him last, is it! Well, I didn't see him since ye seen him last yerself, Captain," and the speaker laughed as if there was something very amusing in the question.

"What!" exclaimed the Captain, "what! eh! whom have we here?"

"Whisht, whisht, the constable's beside ye, there. Don't mintion my name for yer life. Don't ye remimber the warrint ye sent afther me for taking the loan of Miss Hardwrinkle?"

"I do—and I tell you now, Lanty, what you may rest assured of."

"Well, sir?"

"That you'll be hung if you stay here—you will, sir. By the lord Harry you will."

"Me?"

"Ay, you, sir!"

"The dear. That high."

"Qui try—the immedia longer."

"Cud Captain No."

"Are you Miss? H fence?"

"We responde his face."

"And Wh Captain, up here, and she yit."

"Ho I'll mak A sir."

"A d well, se morrow fit. Se leave, fo Cap his cap, caped."

"Sho replied sir, you med out stables I shall kee still No confusio W Sir I suspe W case."