

Among all these lay a folder, yellowed with the lapse of time. Opening it, Desmond read its contents aloud. "My lads, it began, "all the spoil is here for you, my free companions of better times. Give up the life at sea when you have divided it among you, and I only ask as my share that you will ask some Priest to pray for my soul. Jerry Elwood."

Desmond dropped the paper in amazed wonder.

"I was right, old chap," said Doctor. "The piratical tendencies of this *gentleman* will not be hereditary."

I was lost in wonder. The awful old pirate had asked, as is the fashion of every Irishman, for prayers for his soul.

Now I understood why it happened that this man, with all his atrocities could have inspired love in the bosom of a lady of gentle birth. Doubtless, he had not always been the ferocious fiend we imagined him to be.

My father said quietly, "We must see to it that the prayers he asks for are said."

"We will attend to that, Ben," said Doctor, gravely.

And so they made a division of the treasure. Doctor told me to keep the casket and its contents, and I have vowed never to part with them. I often look at them, and try to picture to myself the scenes through which their jeweled beauty have passed.

Alas, that life should be so fleeting. All this happened, it seems, but yesterday, and now all those good friends are separated, some are cold in death. My father's violin will never more make wondering music, for the hand that awakened it is still. My gentle little mother, too, has gone to a better home. And the ladies Elwood.'

It is only seemly to tell of the happiness that both Desmond and Doctor found awaiting them at the old house, and that through its gaunt and lonely chambers, made hideous by the presence of that atrocious man who had asked in his last hours for prayers, echoed the happy laughter of children. Once, too, I visited Doctor in the beautiful old home from which his grandfather departed as a felon so long before, and I found its loveliness a reward for my long journey.