

one day would be his. Terence was now permanently settled in his uncle's office, and was likely to make an excellent man of business. Mr Hartrick was glad of this, for he would much prefer the O'Shanaghans to have money of their own in the future, rather than to depend on him to keep up the old place. Inwardly the Squire was fretting and fuming a good bit at Mr Hartrick really owning Castle O'Shanaghgan.

'I must say, after all's said and done, the man is a gentleman,' he remarked to his daughter; 'but it frets me sore, Nora, that I should hold the place under him.'

'It's better, surely, than not having it at all,' answered Nora.

'Yes, be the powers! it is that,' said the Squire; 'but when I say so it's about all. But I'll own the truth to you now, Nora: when they were smothering me up in that dreadful bedroom before you came, mavourneen, I almost wished that I had sold the place out and out.'

'Oh, but, father, that time is long over,' answered Nora; 'and I believe that, after all, it will be good for the poor people round here that you should stay with them, and that there should be plenty of money to make their cabins comfortable, and to give them a chance in life.'

'If I thought that, there'd not be another grumble out of me,' said the Squire. 'I declare to