Stephen had no words in which to answer him. He walked across the room and held out his hand silently. Sheridan hesitated for a moment and then took it and held it fast in his own two hands.

"Maybe the day is coming," he said, "when you'll not give me your hand, when you'll turn your face away from me. But whether or no, I take your hand to-day, and may the Almighty God bless you and keep you."

He turned and left the room. Heverin shambled after him. It did not please Heverin that the principal part in the interview had been appropriated by Sheridan. He had imagined himself acting greatly in the tyrant's vein, Ercles' vein, and, like the lion, roaring extempore. He had in fact been snubbed and ridiculed by Mr. Manders. Sheridan, whom he thoroughly despised, had moved emotion.

CHAPTER XVIII

THINGS got much worse in the neighbourhood after Mr. Manders refused to listen to the deputation which was sent to his office. The members of the League committee were extremely angry at the contemptuous way in which their ambassadors were treated. Heverin gave them a detailed account of the interview. Nobody, except perhaps Father O'Sullivan, understood the reference to Roman history; but everybody realised that Heverin had been laughed at. No man in the world likes being laughed at. An Irishman likes it less than any one else. To be abused is the natural lot of Irish politicians, members of leagues and adherents of any cause. It is not at all unpleasant to be abused, because abuse affords an excellent opportunity for replying in even more violent language. The frown on the face of an opponent is nothing. His smile is the

thing that irritates to the point of madness. Mr. Manders had smiled. He even continued to smile. His face beamed with benevolent delight when he met a prominent Land Leaguer on the road. The more savagely Father O'Sullivan and Mr. Heverin scowled or snarled the more cheerfully Mr. Manders smiled. He even winked confidentially at any one who happened to be standing near him, as if he invited appreciation of a comic situation. The feelings of the leaders of the League became extremely strong and bitter. They hated Mr. Manders, not only officially, because he was a land agent, but with a keen personal hatred.

Father Staunton was still confined to his room and could exercise no restraining influence on the people. It is doubtful whether, even if he had been well, he could have done much. In bed he could do nothing. It was Father O'Sullivan who represented to the people the power of the Church and the spirit of religion. The return of Stephen Butler also helped indirectly to increase the ill-feeling. The local leaders of the League were anxious to widen as far as possible the breach between the people and the landlords. There was always a risk that Stephen's personal popularity, and the fact that he was a member of the Nationalist party, might give him an influence with the people. Honest enthusiasts, such as Father O'Sullivan, dreaded such influence, and it would have been fatal to the power of men like Pat Heverin. In Ireland, perhaps more than anywhere else, personality counts in a struggle. The people's leaders are always anxious to undermine the power of the man whom the people know and like; but a demagogue will frequently rage for a long time against the unpopular opinions of a popular man without being able to make his position really intolerable.

Stephen's first reception in the streets of Dhulough was not a real test of his tenants' feelings

towards him. There were many strangers in the village that day who had come to do business at the fair. Several leaders of the League were there, and the Dhulough people were nervous and uncomfortable. It was well understood in those days that a man was not wise who showed himself friendly to one counted as an enemy by the League. And all landlords, good or bad, were enemies. The struggle which was going on throughout the country was a desperately severe one, and it was impossible for men on either side to weigh accurately the justice of what they did. But the old feelings of personal affection for Stephen, and the old respect for his family were not dead in the heart of the people. When the fair was over and they had their village to themselves they spoke to him again, though not so freely as they used to do before the troublous times. Some of them even confided in him that they dreaded the power of the League. But they spoke under promise of secrecy. They were not very brave, any of them. It seemed to Stephen, listening to what was whispered to him, that the people were being bullied and cowed, but he was not sure of this. The men who complained to him were not the best men, the most independent or the most intelligent. It was quite possible that those who abused the League privately were in reality only anxious to keep themselves safe; were desirous of having friends on both sides, so that whatever the issue of the struggle they might be on good terms with the winning party.

But there was one man whom Stephen found quite unchanged. Old Rafferty neither respected, loved, nor feared the League. He made no secret of the fact that he defied public opinion. He paraded through the village street one morning and announced to every one he met his intention of going up to Dhulough House to have a talk with Stephen Butler. Men looked at him,

some with admiration, some doubtfully shaking their heads over his rashness, some very suspiciously. But Rafferty took no notice of the hints that were given about the folly of his conduct and the consequences that might ensue.

"I wasn't afraid in the old days," he said, "when we thought there was real fighting to be done, and when we knew that there was hanging waiting for any of us that was caught. Do you think I'm afraid of you and your League now?"

To Stephen he talked freely.

"This is what comes of your Parliament work," he said, "your going over to England, and your fine talk with English people. See the state that Ireland's got into, and you away from it."

"Come now, Rafferty," said Stephen, smiling, "you can't blame me for the Land League. I know you think we ought to be fighting with pikes in our hands——"

"Guns," said Rafferty, "not pikes."

"Well, it appears that the people have taken to shooting with guns at last. I'd have thought you'd be satisfied."

"Satisfied?" growled Rafferty. "Satisfied with a parcel of cowards who shoot from behind hedges and shoot at other Irishmen—as good Irishmen, maybe, as themselves? That's not the kind of shooting we wanted. We were for going out into the open and shooting fair in battle against Englishmen. I don't call this work fighting."

"Well, but from all I hear, it's Fenians like yourself who are at the bottom of the worst of this Land League work. They tell me that only for the Fenians that are scattered up and down the country there'd be no backbone in the League at all."

"Fenians, indeed! Would you call them Fenians? Maybe they were Fenians once, but they've been got at by politicians, got at and talked to and seduced. What do the leaders, the

real leaders of the Fenians, say about the League? Tell me that?"

"I don't know. How on earth could I know? You're the only Fenian I ever spoke to in my life."

"Well, I know. And I'll tell you. But what's the good of talking? You're a better Irishman than the most of the gentry. You're a good Irishman; I'll say that for you. If you weren't, I wouldn't be here talking to you. But you're like all the rest, like every man of your class I ever heard of; you want to put down all the mischief and villainy there is in the country to the Fenians. It's little any of you know about the Fenians, or what they felt, or what they wanted. But if somebody's boycotted or somebody's cattle are killed, you all say it's the Fenians that did it. When old Father Staunton was hooted in the street the other night, they said it was the Fenians that led the people on, though myself, that is a Fenian, was the only man in the place to stand up for him."

"Why did you do that? I thought that Father Staunton, like all the rest of the clergy, was against your movement?"

"So he was; so they all were. But that had nothing to do with the case one way or other—either good or bad. Would I stand by and see an old man, that everybody knows is a good man, insulted for holding his own opinions and sticking to them? It's little, as I was just saying, that you know about the Fenians. We were always for freedom—every man's freedom—and against tryanny, whether it was the tyranny of the English or the Church or the people themselves."

His talk with Rafferty interested Stephen. He became more intimate than ever with the old man in the course of the next few weeks. Visiting the hut on the island he was shown treasures other than manuscripts and books. He saw letters written by leaders of the Fenian movement

in the days of its strength, and more recent letters from members of the organisation exiled in America. He examined Rafferty's dearest possession, his rifle. It was kept carefully cleaned and oiled. Once before his imprisonment Rafferty had hoped to use it. Even now, though the prospect of an armed insurrection was utterly remote, he cherished the weapon and had it ready for instant use.

"A good enough gun," said Stephen, handling it, "though hardly up to the latest patterns."

"It would shoot straight yet."

"No doubt it would. I'd rather it was in your hands, Rafferty, than owned by some of the hangers-on of the League. I wouldn't like to trust them with it. I'm afraid it's a bad use they'd make of a gun like that."

"There's very few men in the parish knows I have it, and there wouldn't be that few itself only that I had to trust my things to them to keep for me the time I was in gaol."

But intercourse with Rafferty was almost the only pleasant thing in Stephen's life during the three weeks which followed his return home. As the League tightened its grip upon the people they became less and less inclined to be friendly with him or to listen to what he said to them. Mr. Manders became more than ever aggressive, and determined to carry things with a high hand in the face of any opposition. Mr. Hegarty seemed frightened and puzzled. He became, as the trouble darkened over the country, entirely absorbed in his mystical religion, and turned his eyes away from what was happening round about him. Mrs. Hegarty complained petulantly. She viewed the Land League and its doings with great dislike, because she thought it would drive the gentry out of the country and render Dhulough a duller place than ever to live in. Lord Daintree stayed in London. Dean Ponsonby never let slip an opportunity of impressing upon

Stephen his belief that the whole agitation was the result of the Home Rule movement, and that Stephen himself, by his nationalism, was endangering the lives of all the decent people in the community. Father Staunton was still obliged to stay in bed, and was seldom able to receive visitors.

There was much talk of strong measures to be taken by the Government for the suppression of the League and the restoration of law and order. The task of governing Ireland, never at the best of times very pleasant for an Englishman unless he has a strong sense of humour and no conscience, was in those days a most hateful one. To restore order it seemed absolutely necessary to ignore law. To stand by the law and maintain the ordinary constitutional safeguards of individual freedom would have meant admitting the supremacy of the League as the governing power in the country

A plan was hit upon of appointing special magistrates, endowed with peculiar powers, and sending them down to the districts where the League seemed strongest. One of these, a Major Thorne, included Dhulough and Cuslough in his jurisdiction. He was a man of immense energy, fine personal courage, and a conviction that the trouble was entirely due to the work of a few iniquitous agitators, who stirred the people up to do things they never would have done if left to their own devices. Acting on this belief, he went through his district, not unlike St. Paul in his unregenerate days, hauling men off to prison. He obtained permission to arrest any one who struck him as ill-disposed and turbulent. Many of his victims were greatly pleased when he laid hands on them. These were men of no particular occupation and very limited means of living. They went joyfully to prison, confident that they would be well fed, comfortable, and in a fair way to acquire a profitable reputation as martyrs. Others disliked being arrested for

various reasons. Some of them had comfortable homes of their own, which they preferred to prison cells; some were making money, and resented being taken away from their business. Others were really anxious to further the cause of the League, and they hated the enforced idleness of captivity. But Major Thorne, as befitted a good Englishman, was quite impartial. He shut up those who objected just as determinedly as he did those who went out of their way to get arrested.

It was not very long before Major Thorne and Mr. Manders became acquainted. Between them they planned a blow which they thought likely to seriously injure the League. Mr. Heverin, the treasurer, and, next to Father O'Sullivan, the most important man in the League at Cuslough, held a large tract of grazing land on Lord Daintree's estate. For this he resolutely refused to pay any rent. Mr. Manders knew, as indeed everybody else did, that Mr. Heverin could perfectly well pay if he liked; but Mr. Heverin did not like. It suited him very well to graze his cattle rent free on some of the best land in the district. It also suited him to boast at League meetings of his defiance of Mr. Manders and his fidelity to the cause of the people.

A blow at Mr. Heverin would certainly injure the League. Major Thorne and Mr. Manders discussed the matter carefully, and decided that they would seize Mr. Heverin's cattle.

"He has thirty of them on the land," said Mr. Manders, "as fine beasts as you'd wish to see. They are worth the rent he owes three or four times over."

"Ah!" said Major Thorne. "Then we can afford to do the thing in style. It will be no harm if we pile up the expenses a bit."

Mr. Manders chuckled.

"The beasts will fetch their price if we send them up to Dublin, but it won't come to that.

Heverin will pay up at the last moment. You see if he doesn't."

"We'll have to go cautiously, or he'll have them driven off on to somebody else's land, and we won't be able to identify them. I've been tricked that way once or twice already. We'll make a surprise visit of it."

The secret was well kept. It was only on the morning when the expedition started from the barrack at Dhulough that anybody guessed what was going to happen. Then Mr. Heverin, hearing the news from a breathless messenger, bestirred himself. In a wonderfully short time the people at Cuslough and the neighbourhood were roused. A crowd, which rapidly increased in size, marched along with the attacking force of police and bailiffs, hooting and yelling. Neither Major Thorne nor Mr. Manders appeared to be frightened or even annoyed. They sat on opposite sides of their car and chatted pleasantly. They laughed frequently. The people tried to delay the march by getting in front of the horses and refusing to move. Major Thorne and Mr. Manders took the lead on their car and drove on steadily, still laughing. The progress of the force was slow, but the distance was not very great. Heverin's land was reached just as some friendly neighbours had succeeded in collecting the cattle into a mob preparatory to driving them off the threatened farm. The bailiffs went forward and seized the animals.

Mr. Heverin himself arrived on the scene. He had driven quickly after the police, and was just in time to see his cattle captured by the bailiffs. There was a pause. The people looked at Mr. Heverin for guidance. Mr. Manders and Major Thorne consulted together.

"If he pays now," said Mr. Manders, "we'll have broken the back of the League. No man will feel himself safe if we can force Heverin to give way."

"If he doesn't pay," said Major Thorne, "I'll drive the bullocks over to Dunbeg and rail them to Dublin. I'll have them auctioned there, and Heverin will lose a pretty penny over the business before he's through with it."

Mr. Heverin, whose attitude and face were calculated to express the most heroic determination, sat on his car. He showed no sign of wavering, and made no offer to pay the rent due. The crowd cheered him enthusiastically. Major Thorne gave an order to the bailiffs. A gap was broken in the wall of the field and the cattle driven through it on to the road. The crowd hooted and groaned angrily. Major Thorne arranged his force for the march to Dunbeg. In front he placed ten policemen armed with carbines. Next came the car on which he and Mr. Manders drove. Behind it were four mounted police. Then came the whole thirty of Mr. Heverin's cattle herded by the bailiffs, guarded by more police on foot. In the rear were four more cars, each occupied by two policemen. The crowd stood in the field watching the preparations for the start. Major Thorne gave the command to march. Mr. Heverin, with a fine sense of dramatic fitness, seized the opportunity for delivering himself of a speech. The people gathered round him eagerly. It is always pleasant to listen to a speech, and Mr. Heverin, though not naturally a first-rate orator, was likely to be moved to fine effect by the circumstances. There were about two hundred people present.

Mr. Manders leaned across the well of the car and said—

"Let us stop and hear the speech. It's sure to be interesting."

But Major Thorne was an Englishman, and like all Englishmen bent chiefly on doing his duty. There didn't seem to him to be any amusement to be got out of listening to Mr. Heverin's speech; and it was a long way to Dunbeg. He was also

not frightened, for Major Thorne was not an easy man to frighten, but a little uneasy.

"I don't like it," he said. "There are two hundred people there at least, and there's a nasty look about the crowd. We'll get on as fast as we can."

Loud cheers were heard from the field where the crowd was gathered. It was evident that Mr. Heverin's speech was meeting with general approval. There were more cheers and then a fierce yell. Mr. Manders and Major Thorne stood up on their car and looked over the heads of the cattle and the police at what was going on behind them. The crowd was in motion, running.

"They are after us," said Major Thorne.

"I think not," said Mr. Manders. "They are in the fields. They mean to pass us. I don't see Heverin with them. He probably feels that he's not in training for a cross-country run."

Mr. Heverin was in fact following along the road on his car. His habits, as Mr. Manders suggested, were not those of an athlete. Besides, the prudent commander keeps in the rear of the forces he sends forth to battle. The crowd gained rapidly on the police. They leaped ditches, flung down stone walls, and ran strongly across the fields. They streamed past. Mr. Manders watched them with interest.

"You wouldn't see better running than that at sports where you paid a shilling at the gate," he said.

"What the devil are they up to?" asked Major Thorne.

"I shouldn't wonder if they meant to cut us off at Knocknagoona."

"If they do," said the magistrate grimly, "I'll teach them a lesson they won't forget."

"Knocknagoona," said Mr. Manders, "is a nasty spot."

It is a very nasty spot for irregular fighting. The hill is steep, and half-way up the road bends

sharply to the right. A few yards further up it bends to the left again and rises more steeply than ever. Between the two bends is a bridge across a stream, and the bridge is very narrow, not nearly so wide as the road before and behind it. Just beyond the bridge a detachment of Mr. Heverin's supporters was gathered. Some of them were armed with sticks; all of them had stones; and there were stones piled ready to hand, a reserve of ammunition, at the sides of the road. Above the bridge, commanding it across the angle of the road, were more men, and these also had piles of stones ready.

The ten policemen who marched in front halted at the sight of the crowd. Major Thorne stepped off his car and walked out in front of his men. A yell greeted his appearance, and a few stones were flung at him. He stood without speaking until the crowd stopped yelling. Then he said—

"Unless you disperse at once I shall read the Riot Act and order the police to charge."

Another yell, and more stones answered him. One of the stones knocked his hat off, and rolled it to the side of the road. There a gust of wind caught it and whirled it over the low wall into the stream below. It floated down the current. Major Thorne turned and ordered one of the constables to fetch the hat. The man scrambled down the bank, and along the edge of the stream. The current was rapid, and the hat might have escaped him altogether if it had not grounded on a submerged rock. The constable waded in and captured it. The crowd laughed and cheered derisively. Major Thorne waited bareheaded. Mr. Manders, who disliked looking ridiculous, stepped up to him.

"Never mind your hat," he said, "go on without it."

"I can't," said Major Thorne. "I have the Riot Act pasted on the lining inside, and I haven't another copy with me."

Mr. Manders cursed the hat and the Riot Act. The constable regained the road, and handed the hat to its owner. The precious document which lined it was damp but still legible. Major Thorne read it with due solemnity. He ordered the police to lay down their carbines and draw batons. Mr. Manders came up to him again.

"There's something going on on the road below," he said. "Maybe you'd better see what it is."

Mr. Heverin's supporters had apparently ceased to take any interest in Major Thorne or the Riot Act. They were gazing over the heads of the police at something which was taking place at the bottom of the hill. Major Thorne and Mr. Manders got up on the wall and looked. A car with two horsemen beside it was beginning to climb the hill.

"That," said Mr. Manders, "is Stephen Butler on the black horse. I wish to God he'd have stayed at home. The Lord only knows what he'll do now he's here."

"The other fellow is a priest by the looks of him," said Major Thorne.

"It is. It's Father O'Sullivan. And the man on the car is Heverin. Now what the devil——"

He stopped. Stephen Butler rode forward, waving his hand. He pushed his horse through the cattle, and came up to Mr. Manders.

"It's all right!" he shouted. "Heverin will pay. He has the money with him. Come back and take it. For God's sake don't start a fight with the men in front of you!"

Mr. Manders and Major Thorne walked back towards Heverin's car. Stephen Butler rode across the bridge and began to speak to the people.

"If," said Mr. Manders, "that priest is persuading Heverin to pay up I'll eat your hat, Major, Riot Act and all."

Father O'Sullivan was certainly trying to persuade Heverin to do something. He leaned

from his saddle, spoke, apparently very earnestly, and gesticulated with the whip he held in his hand.

"Well, Heverin," said Mr. Manders cheerfully, "so you've decided to pay up, like a sensible man. It's a pity you didn't do so sooner. You might have saved us a lot of trouble—not that I'm grumbling; it's a fine day for a drive—and yourself a lot of expense. I've a fine bill of costs against you now, and I shouldn't wonder if Major Thorne charged you with the damage done to his hat, including the price of a new copy of the Riot Act. However, that's your affair; and anyway your friends have had a run for their money."

Mr. Heverin's hand was in his breast-pocket when Father O'Sullivan spoke.

"He's not going to pay."

"Maybe there would be no harm in my asking," said Mr. Manders, "what business it is of yours whether he pays or not? I don't recognise your right to interfere in the matter one way or another."

"I've as good a right to interfere as Mr. Butler has," said the priest. "You didn't object to his trying to persuade Heverin to pay."

"Very well," said Mr. Manders. "Now, Heverin, which is it to be? Will you pay your rent now and the costs, or will you let those bullocks of yours be sent up to Dublin and sold for maybe half their value?"

Again Mr. Heverin's hand went to his breast-pocket. He looked at Mr. Manders. He looked at the police. He looked at the mob on the hill above him. He looked long at his cattle, but his eyes rested finally on the priest. Mr. Manders and the magistrate turned and walked away. Father O'Sullivan dismounted and tried to make his way to the crowd on the hill. The magistrate gave a brief order, and the police on the cars in the rear barred the way.

"I can't have that priest with the crowd," said the magistrate. "I've met men of his sort before. He's dangerous."

He walked on to the police who faced the mob with their batons in their hands. He stood in front of them again and warned the mob to disperse. A shout of defiance answered him. He turned to his men.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Manders. "Stop! Don't give the order to charge. Don't you see that Stephen Butler is among them?"

"I don't care a damn for Stephen Butler," said Major Thorne. "He must take his chance with the rest. Now, men, steady; charge!"

The police rushed forward. Stones flew among them; one man staggered and fell, struck on the forehead. Then they reached the crowd. Their short clubs fell with dull thuds that were audible above the noise on the arms and shoulders of the people in front of them. Stephen Butler turned his horse across the road and brandished his whip. He had a confused thought of getting somehow between the police and the people. Then the whole business was over. The police, most of them cut, all of them breathless, stood in the road. They had captured two prisoners. The rest of the crowd fled up the hill or over the stony land at the side of the road.

Mr. Manders ran forward to Stephen Butler.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

Stephen put his hand to his cheek and withdrew it covered with blood.

"A stone must have grazed me," he said; "but it's nothing."

Father O'Sullivan was allowed at last to pass the police who guarded the rear of the cattle. He ran up the hill.

"This is abominable," he said. "Who gave the order to charge the people? On whose authority were they beaten like dogs?"

"On mine," said Major Thorne. He was smiling in high good humour.

"It couldn't be helped," said Mr. Manders. "They were stopping the way and wouldn't disperse."

"If any life has been lost," said the priest, "or if anybody has been injured, I'll hold you responsible. I'll make you suffer for it if there's law or justice anywhere. Why didn't you let me through to the people? I'd have bidden them go home quietly. I wanted to prevent bloodshed."

"Did you?" said Major Thorne. "Then you went a d—d queer way about it. But there isn't any life lost. Sergeant, bring forward your prisoners."

The two men were led forward.

"Give me your names," said the magistrate.

There was no answer from the men. Then Mr. Manders pointed to one of them.

"That's young Sheridan," he said. "Peter Sheridan of Gorteen."

Stephen looked at the prisoner. It was the same young man who had spoken to him in Mr. Manders' office. He seemed neither cowed nor angry now while the police held him. His eyes met Stephen's unwaveringly, but with a look of great sadness in them. Stephen was moved by strong pity for him. He understood, looking at his face, that Sheridan was sorry, not for fighting, but for having been beaten and taken. He was sorry because his companions had run away, proving themselves unequal to bearing blows.

"Release the prisoners," said the magistrate.

Sheridan stood for a moment, bewildered. Then he turned and slowly walked away with hanging head and eyes fixed on the ground. The other man mumbled a voluble stream of thanks. Major Thorne turned his back on him and spoke to Mr. Manders.

"We've lost time enough here. We'd better be getting on."

Mr. Manders looked at Stephen, who sat a little apart on his horse.

"I suppose you'll go home now, Butler; or would you like to come on with us and see the end of the fun?"

Stephen dismounted and crossed the road to Father O'Sullivan.

"Will you allow me," he said to the priest, "to ride back with you to Dhulough? I should like to have a talk with you. I should like to see whether we cannot hit on some plan for preventing this sort of thing from happening in future." He spoke humbly as if he were asking a favour of the priest.

Mr. Manders, watching curiously, could not hear what Stephen said, but he heard Father O'Sullivan's answer.

"I don't see how any good could come out of such a discussion."

Major Thorne was already seated in his car.

"Come, Mr. Manders," he said; "climb up and let us be getting along."

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Manders.

"Surely——" said Stephen to the priest again.

Father O'Sullivan interrupted him. "Those," he said, pointing to Major Thorne and the police, "are your friends. Go and arrange with them how to prevent this sort of thing from happening again, if that's what you want. I have nothing to say to any landlord."

He spoke truculently and all he said was plainly audible. Stephen flushed.

"I'm inclined to think," said Mr. Manders, "that Father O'Sullivan is right. You had better come with us."

"I'm not going to sit here all day," said Major Thorne. "March, men."

Mr. Manders sprang on to the car. In a few minutes the last of the police passed over the brow of the hill. Father O'Sullivan, without a glance at Stephen Butler, walked down the road.

A group of twenty or thirty men had gathered round Heverin's car. Father O'Sullivan spoke a few words to them. He pointed to Stephen, who sat alone on his horse on the bridge. The people groaned. Stephen could not hear what the priest said, but he did hear distinctly the shout that followed the groan.

"Traitor! traitor!"

Again he flushed, this time angrily. He turned his horse up the hill, and rode rapidly till he overtook the police. Mr. Manders greeted him as if nothing particular had happened.

"You're quite right to come with us. You'll enjoy seeing that ugly brute Heverin pay up at the last moment. And he will, you know. Then he can take charge of his own cattle, and we'll get comfortably home to dinner."

The procession of magistrates, policemen, bailiffs, and bullocks arrived at last at Dunbeg railway station. Two trucks, ordered beforehand by Major Thorne, stood ready beside the platform. The cattle were gathered, and the task of driving them in began. Mr. Manders lit a cigar. He offered his case to Stephen and to Major Thorne. Stephen refused. He went apart from the crowd of men and cattle and stood, miserable, by himself at the end of the platform. Major Thorne also refused to smoke. He had still to see the bullocks into the train, and his men home to their barrack. Till he was through with his duty, he permitted himself no indulgence. Mr. Manders shrugged his shoulders, and, making himself as comfortable as possible on a porter's barrow, smoked with satisfaction.

Mr. Heverin appeared on the platform. Mr. Manders, without turning his head, caught sight of him out of the corner of his eye. He winked with solemn delight at Major Thorne. As each bullock was driven in, Heverin took a step forward. When the first truck was full and its

doors secured, he came quite close to the truck on which Mr. Manders sat. The work of driving the bullocks into the second truck began. Mr. Heverin cleared his throat noisily. Mr. Manders smoked impassively and winked again, this time at a police-sergeant, for Major Thorne was looking the other way. Only two bullocks remained on the platform. Mr. Heverin's hand went hastily into his breast-pocket. He drew out a leather case. With trembling fingers he took from it a roll of bank-notes. Without a word he laid them on Mr. Manders' knee. The agent looked up with an expression of innocent surprise. Then he winked again, this time at Mr. Heverin.

"I suppose," he said, "Father O'Sullivan is at home by now?"

Then he counted the notes, put his hand in his pocket and drew out a stamped receipt.

"I brought this with me," he said, "because I thought you'd see reason before the day was out. The League is a very good thing, Heverin, but it would need to be better than it is before you'd lose fifty pounds for the sake of it. Good-night and safe home to you, Heverin. Come along, boys, you may leave the bullocks alone. Mr. Heverin will look after them now and drive them home himself. I hope you won't meet the boys we scattered on the way, Mr. Heverin. They might be angry with you, after getting their heads broken for them about nothing at all. Good-night, Mr. Heverin. It's a grand thing to be a reasonable man. It's better than being treasurer of a League, any day."

He rose from his barrow, threw away the end of his cigar, and walked up to Stephen.

"Did you see that?" he asked.

"It was vile," said Stephen, "abominable."

"Well, it wasn't your kind of nationalism exactly, was it? But, after all, what can you expect from fellows like that?"