

gap. I fell over it and the gun went off. It struck me on the leg. It's been pumping blood like mad. After the first I didn't dare stir. The bleeding ought to be stopped as soon as possible.

His eyes closed. It had been an obvious effort to him to speak.

Miss Glynn had always held it to be the duty of every man and woman to become as efficient as possible in as many directions as possible. One form her activity had taken was attending ambulance classes. She could make a tourniquet and a bandage with any well-shall we say medical orderly?

She disappeared for a second or two and then came back, tearing something white and dainty and much befrilled into strips as she came. She had found a stick which was suitable for her purpose.

She never looked at the man while she bandaged the leg above the wound and twisted it tightly by means of the stick. Then she dipped some of her strips in the water which ran in a little hollow close by, and washed the wound itself before binding it up.

The man lay with his eyes closed. He was extremely handsome, with strong features under the mass of roughened, golden hair. The mouth, unhidden by any moustache, was beautifully moulded; the throat was splendid.

Despite her perturbation of mind, Mary noticed the rough country clothes he wore, evidently made by a village tailor. Yet he was a gentleman quite obviously and distinctly a gentleman. A big fellow, too. As he lay stretched out now on the sod his limbs were enormous.

Suddenly he opened his eyes and asked for water. She brought it to him in the hollow of her hands, and he drank. Then he smiled at her. The smile transformed his face, gave it an innocence, a goodwill, which were very alluring.

'Now, you will be pretty easy,' she said. 'It won't bleed any more. Will you be quietly while I go for help?'

'Where?' He caught at her dress and fingered it, as though he were unwilling to let her go.

'To the gamekeeper's cottage close by, in the first instance. We must have the doctor first. Then I shall have you carried to Lismoyne House.'

'But, why?' he asked. 'Why not to my own house? It is nearer. I am—'

'I know,' she said quietly. 'You are Sir Teig O'Donnell. What would happen to your mother if you were brought home like this?'

'Why,' he said, 'the shock might kill her.'

The color was returning to his cheeks. For the life of her Mary Glynn could not but find him pleasant. She did not draw away the fold of her skirt from his fingers.

'So you see,' she said, as though she were speaking to a child young and dear, 'it will be better for you to be taken to Lismoyne. We shall nurse you, Aunt Marcella and I. Aunt Marcella is as quiet as a mouse, who sits in the chimney corner till she is needed, and then she is invaluable. Your mother must be told, quietly, so as not to frighten her. She can come to you if she will. Lismoyne is big enough.'

When she had spoken she had a ridiculous feeling that she ought not to have said it. Was she getting to be as mad as the rest of them?

'I know,' he said. 'You are very good to me. You are Miss Glynn, of course? I have seen you when you have not seen me. How good you are to me! You were going to put me in prison, weren't you?'

'There,' she said, 'you've talked enough. We shall have plenty of time to talk over those things. They should not have put up the barbed wire. It wasn't playing the game. Now keep very still while I am away.'

She ran to the gamekeeper's cottage as swiftly as Atalanta. One messenger was dispatched for a doctor, while another went to the house for materials to form a litter. She saw to every detail of the removal herself. It was the oddest piece of topsy turveydom. Harding, who had been summoned to help, being a man and logical, whistled to himself over the illogicality of women. Miss Glynn had spoken harshly to him about the barbed wire; but she was unjust. She would remember later that she had given him a free hand, and would make the injustice good.

It was Mary's own idea to convey the news of her son's accident to Madam O'Donnell, through Father Roche, who was a man of the world, and had a way of regarding the O'Donnell's, and for the matter of that, Miss Glynn, with a pleased humorous smile, as though they were children. After the interview with Mary, and having seen the invalid lying on a big bed in

a room, the comfort of which was in odd contrast to the bareness of everything at Spook Castle, the priest went away, twinkling to himself at his own thoughts.

An hour or two later, Madam O'Donnell appeared, leaning on his arm. She was a little, delicate, black-browed, oval-faced lady, with a sense of her own importance, which would have been ridiculous if it had not been so obviously sincere.

She was, at first, all for removing Sir Teig to the Castle, and when she was dissuaded she gave it with an air as though the Queen yielded the Heir-Apparent to a subject's care.

'He would be twice as long getting well with us as he'll be there ma'am,' said Father Roche to her afterwards.

Other thoughts, he bent to himself, although he used to smile so much, as though enjoying a very delicious joke, that it made Madam and Cecilia wonder what it could be about.

There was plenty of time for Sir Teig and Mary to discuss the question of the poaching before Sir Teig was well enough to be moved from Lismoyne to Spook Castle. Meanwhile the friendship between Madam and Cecilia and Mary grew, so that it was quite simple and easy for the larder at Spook Castle to be better stocked than it had ever been before, without anybody poaching the game. Mary's sense of humor was certainly developing in the right way when she smiled to herself over Madam's acknowledgment of her gifts, which were as though she did the giver great honor by her acceptance.

Even when Sir Teig was downstairs on a sofa, and might have been transferred to Spook Castle, he seemed in no great hurry to go.

'When you are able to get about again,' Mary said to him one day, 'will you still poach on my preserves?'

'It would be within my rights,' he said. 'But gratitude forbids.'

He had a couple of puzzled lines down the centre of his young, white forehead, just where the tan left off with a startling suddenness. The tan was still there, despite his illness and his immurement. He was wondering where the supplies were to come from, since pretty well all the game of the countryside must be counted as of the preserves of Lismoyne.

There had been a good deal said between them which ought to have led up to a solution of the difficulty, but always at the psychological moment, the young man had pulled himself up short, the girl had changed the subject quickly.

'There is no question of gratitude,' she said, with her eyes down. 'You got hurt through me, and Aunt Marcella and I have nursed you back to health again. The poaching is nothing; it is the point of view. If you still believe you have a right to the things, your refraining from taking them will be nothing.'

'Of course, we have the right,' he said with a flash.

'Then of course you have the right to everything here?' she said, looking at him from under her long eyelashes.

'In equity, yes,' he answered. Then he burst out passionately. 'If it was mine, if it was mine in law, I know what I should say, Mary.'

'And why not say it?' she said sweetly. 'Why not let it be yours in law as it is in equity? There, there, be quiet. You are not strong enough—Ah, yes; I loved you from that morning.'

'Teig would have been a poacher to the end if Mary hadn't married him,' Lord Dunfanaghy said later on with a chuckle to Father Roche. 'Now—by jove! I should not be surprised if you found him one of these days preaching the Game Laws. He's building the wall, and the people won't mind it from him. And he's putting floors in the cabins and new thatch on them, and building styes for the pigs. To be sure the people say, 'His honor knows what's best.' It's an idyll, to be sure; but by and by, when they've settled down, you'll find Teig turning into a very good sort of squire. Mary is learning from him, and he's learning from Mary. A very good sort of international arrangement, I call it.'—Katharine Tynan in the Catholic World.

He went to the butcher; also the baker;  
He went to the grocer and cabinet-maker;  
He even enquired of the new undertaker,  
And asked the distiller and brewer!  
And all of them said  
That for colds in the head,  
And the best for the chest as proven by test  
Was Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

TUSSICURA.—A most effective remedy for coughs and colds of every kind and in every stage. Try it.