and had been one of Captain French's corps of yeomanry.

He reported that the captain and one of his men had taken Eileen away about ten minutes previously, and that their destination had been Deerfield Castle, a place about four miles from the bridge, in the County of Kilkenny. A relation of the Captain's, a Colonel Moorhouse, owned the castle, and as the place was well fortified, he doubtless considered that he would be safe there.

And now with the thought in our minds to overtake him we went out into the street. We took our way towards the bridge, along a roadway which literally ran with blood. In some places we had to walk over a double layer of dead bodies of British and 'rebel' alike. The King's troops had by this time been driven over the Barrow into the County Kilkenny.

Young Heywood had borrowed a musket from one of the Shilmalieres (a native of the Barony of Shilmalier, in County Wexford) we had overtaken on our way, but he would not leave behind his beloved pike, so I carried it, as well as my own.

The country around us being quite familiar, we knew that the road to Deerfield Castle, which a horseman would have to take, was a very circuitous one. Our nearest way lay through the fields, a short cut, and this we took, running with all our might. If luck were on our side we would intercept Captain French and his captive after he had left the main army and turned to gain the Castle.

Heywood, who from the first moment he heard of the abduction of Eileen, semed to have but one thought in his mind, led off swift as a greyhound. I must confess that I was out of breath and glad of a rest when we came to the castle road, though my companion showed little signs of distress.

As fortune would have it we had not long to wait. Heywood and I, screened from view by a large thornbush, were gazing intently into the distance, when suddenly I noticed his breathing becoming labored with excitement.

'They are coming,' he cried in a joyful voice. 'Hide low, William, or the villian may see us and turn back.' We waited there until the hoofbeats sounded near, then Heywood leaped to the middle of the road, and presented his musket. I was over, too, in a trice, and we faced the Captain.

He was caught finely, being all alone, and he was bearing Eileen, gaged and bound, before him. At sight of us he grew pale with fear and made as if to turn and fly, but a sharp word from Heywood showed him the folly of the attempt.

'Unbind the prisoner and set her down,' commanded Heywood, 'and then we'll talk with you.'

Captain French complied. He was cooler by this time and saw that he might as well give in with good grace. I took my dear sister from his hands, and great was my joy when she assured me that she was unhurt and unharmed. In that moment of gladness I felt my desire of revenge on the Captain die away utterly.

Not so with Heywood, however, for coming up to the Captain and keeping him covered with the musket, he ordered him to discard the pistols from his holsters. Then he threw his musket aside, and taking his pike in his hand spoke sternly:

'Now, Captain French, we'll fight it out, man to man, sword against pike, horse against foot, and may the best man win.'

The Captain measured his opponent with a soldierly eye, and with some irritation in his tone demanded: 'Why should I fight you, a stranger,—were it her brother here I could understand.'

'You fight me,' said Heywood, proudly, 'because I have the honor of being Eileen Kavanagh's accepted lover and future husband.'

The Captain turned to me where I stood supporting my sister, who had grown suddenly faint.

'Must I fight this man?' he asked, a kind of entreaty in his tone.

'As God is above me,' I answered earnestly, 'you shall not, unless you so wish it. I have had enough of bloodshed for one day, and this poor girl can ill bear scenes of violence.'

'Then I decline to fight,' he said. 'I saw those pikemen fight to-day. I wouldn't have one chance in ten for my life with this bodkin I carry.'

Heywood looked at me and I returned his look as steadily. I saw that he desired to make the Captain fight.

'I meant what I said, Laurence,' said I. 'As God is my judge, I will have no bloodshed here.'

But Heywood was still sullenly wavering when Eileen's voice called out 'Laurence!' The word and tone were enough. The fierceness died out of the pikeman's face, and he came at her call, a tender look in his eyes. I made a swift gesture to the Captain and he wheeled about and galloped off, muttering a word of thanks.

Leaving the lovers to their greetings, I walked away a short distance watching the receding horseman. Suddenly a startling thing occurred! The Captain had gone about three hundred yards, when, quick as a deer, a pikeman leaped from behind the hedge and confronted him. I heard a cry of surprise from the horseman, and the voice of the pikeman telling his opponent to prepare, and then they closed on each other. The sword of the soldier failed to ward off the pike, and he was lifted clean out of his saddle and flung violently to the road, where he lay a moment in the throes of death, and then became quite still.

The pikeman looked an instant at his victim, then, turning, strode off in the direction of Ross.

But Laurence Heywood, running forward, musket in hand, shouted to him to come back, and the man paused irresolutely. Something, however, in the look of Heywood deterred him and he came towards us with a slow and sullen gait.

'So it's you, Maurice Brennan,' my companion said, addressing him in a menacing voice; 'it's you who did that fine piece of work. Tell us now why you took the life of a man who was spared by your betters?'

The man regarded Heywood a moment angrily. 'Aye, I'll show you, Laurence, if you want to know,' said he. 'Look here, will you, please.'

He flung off his hat, unwound a blood-stained cloth from his head, and showed a scalp deeply scorched and burned, entirely destitute of hair, a terrible sight, indeed!

'You have been pitch-capped!' exclaimed Heywood, with a gesture of horror. 'What fiends did this, my poor fellow?'

The pikeman pointed towards the dead body of Captain French.

'He did it—he and the men he commanded, when they caught me near Taghmore a week ago. I vowed I would have his life, and I took it in fair fight; what have you to say about it?'

'Nothing,' replied Heywood, in a subdued voice, 'nothing but that he deserved his fate richly, and that I'm sincerely sorry for you. Let us shake hands, for we are all brothers in a great cause.'

They did so, and the pikeman made part of our company in the slow journey back to the town. We found the Wexfordmen still in possession and passed through in safety on our way to the camp at Corbett Hill, where we gave Eileen into the hands of friends. Then the three of us made our way back to Ross, and took part in the last scenes of that great battle, when the British again captured the town.

The rage and despair of those last terrible days come back vividly to my mind as I write. After Ross came the final defeat on Vinegar Hill. It was at the end of that bitter day that Laurence Heywood, my dear friend, fighting heroically, got his death wound.

A few hours after the battle Maurice Brennan and I found him lying among he dead. He was still living and recognised us. 'Tell Eileen I died for Ireland, and thought of her at the last,' he whispered. Shortly afterwards he died.

Eileen never married, but I, her brother, cared for her tenderly till the end. It was her comfort to climb the hill and kneel over his grave in prayer, till she, too, was called away to that home of bliss where loving and sundered souls are reunited.—Rev. J. B. Dollard.