

## IV

## COMMERCE AND SENTIMENT

“UPON me sowl,” said O’Halloran, as he and Captain Fambrough went forward, the big Irishman leading the way, “I’m afeard I’m tollin’ you into a trap.”

“How?” asked the captain.

“Why, there’s three of the Johnnies comin’, sor, an’ the ould man an’ the gurrul make five.”

“Halt!” said the captain, using the word by force of habit. The two paused, and the captain took in the situation at a glance. Then he turned to the big Irishman with a queer look on his face.

“What is it, sor?”

“I’m in for it now. That is my father yonder, and the young lady is my sister.”

“The Divvle an’ Tom Walker!” exclaimed O’Halloran. “’T is quite a family rayunion, sor.”

“I don’t know whether to make myself known or not. What could have possessed them to stay here? I’ll see whether they know me.” As they went forward, the cap-