

# NO DEFENSE

By GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Right of Way"

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### THE MURDER.

Synopsis.—Returning home after a day's shooting, Dyck Calhoun, gifted young Irish gentleman of the time of the French and American revolutions, meets Sheila Llyn, seventeen-year-old girl visiting in the neighborhood. They are mutually attracted. Sheila never knew her dissipated father, Erris Boyne, her mother having divorced him and assumed her maiden name. Reaching home, Dyck finds Leonard Malloy, son of Lord Malloy, with a message from the attorney general summoning Miles Calhoun, Dyck's father, to Dublin. They go to Dublin and there Malloy quarrels with Dyck and a duel is arranged. They fight with swords and Dyck is victor. Erris Boyne, secretly in French employ, gets Dyck drunk and tries to persuade him to join in revolt against England.

### (CHAPTER IV—Continued.)

"What's that you say about French ships in the harbors of Ireland?" he said in a tone that showed interest. "Of course, I know there's been a lot of talk of a French raid on Ireland, but I didn't know it was to be so soon."

"Oh, it's near enough! It's all been arranged," replied Boyne. "There'll be ships—warships, commanded by Hoche. They'll have orders to land on the coast, to join the Irish patriots, to take control of the operations, and then to march on—"

He was going to say "march on Dublin," but he stopped. He was playing a daring game. If he had not been sure of his man, he would not have been so frank and fearless.

He did not, however, mislead Dyck greatly. Dyck had been drinking a good deal, but this knowledge of a French invasion, and a sense of what Boyne was trying to do, steadied his shaken emotions; held him firmly in the grip of practical common sense. He laughed, hiccupped a little, as though he was very drunk, and said:

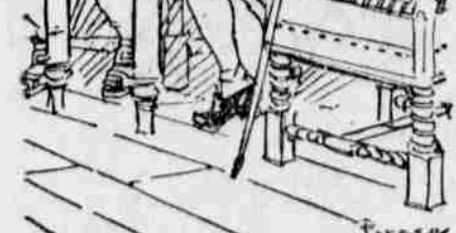
"Of course the French would like to come to Ireland; they'd like to seize it and hold it. Why, of course they would! Of course; but what astounds me is that a man of your standing should believe the French are coming here now to Ireland. No, no, Boyne; I'm not taking your word for any of these things. You're a gossip; you're a d—d, pertinacious, preposterous gossip, and I'll say it as often as you like."

"So it's proof you want, is it? Well, then, here it is."

Boyne drew from his pocket a small leather-bound case and took from it a letter, which he laid on the table in front of Dyck.

Dyck looked at the document, then said:

"Ah, that's what you are, eh?—a



Dyck Looked at the Document.

captain in the French artillery! Well, that'd be a surprise in Ireland if it were told."

"It isn't going to be told unless you tell it, Calhoun, and you're too much of a sportsman for that. Besides, why shouldn't you have one of these if you want it—if you want it? Listen to me, Calhoun," reaching out a hand to lay it on Dyck's arm.

Dyck saw the motion, however, and carefully drew back in his chair. "I'm not an adventurer," he said; "but if I were, what would there be in it for me?"

Boyne misunderstood the look on Dyck's face. He did not grasp the meaning behind the words, and he said to him:

"Oh, a good salary—as good as that of a general, with a commission and the spoils of war! That's the thing in the French army that counts for so much—spoils of war. When they're out on a country like this, they let their officers loose—their officers and men. Did you ever hear tell of a French army being pinched for fodder, or going thirsty for drink, or losing its head for poverty or indifference?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, then, take the advice of an officer of the French army resident in Dublin," continued Boyne, laughing, "who has the honor of being received as the friend of Mr. Dyck Calhoun of Playmore! Take your hand in the game that's going on! For a man as young as you, with brains and ambition, there's no height he mightn't reach in this country. Think of it—"

Ireland free from English control; Ireland, with all her dreams, living her own life, fearless, independent, as it was in days of yore. Why, what's to prevent you, Dyck Calhoun, from being president of the Irish republic? You have brains, looks, skill and a wonderful tongue. None but a young man could take on the job, for it will require boldness, skill and the recklessness of perfect courage. Isn't it good enough for you?"

"What's the way to do it?" asked Dyck, still holding on to his old self grimly. "How is it to be done?" He spoke a little thickly, for, in spite of himself, the wine was clogging his senses. It had been artistically drugged by Boyne.

"Listen to me, Calhoun," continued Boyne. "I've known you now some time. We've come in and gone out together. This day was inevitable. You were bound to come to it one way or another. Man, you have a heart of iron; you have the courage of Caesar or Alexander; you have the chance of doing what no Englishman could ever do—Cromwell, or any other. Well, then, don't you see the fearful moment as come in Irish life and history? Strife everywhere! Alone, what can we do? Alone, if we try to shake off the yoke that binds us we shall be shattered, and our last end be worse than our first. But with French ships, French officers and soldiers, French guns and ammunition, with the trained men of the French army to take control here, what amerration of our weakness, what confidence and skill on our side! Can you doubt what the end will be? Answer me, man; don't you see it all? Isn't it clear to you? Doesn't such a cause enlist you?"

With a sudden burst of primitive anger, Dyck got to his feet, staggering a little, but grasping the fatal meaning of the whole thing. He looked at Erris Boyne in the eyes. His own were bloodshot and dissipated, but there was a look in them of which Boyne might well take heed.

"I tell you this, Erris Boyne; there's none has ever tried me as you have done! What do you think I am—a thing of the dirty street corner, something to be swept up and cast into the furnace of treason? Look, you! After today you and I will never break bread or drink wine together. No—by Heaven, no! I don't know whether you've told me the truth or not, but I think you have. There's this to say—I shall go from this place to Dublin castle, and shall tell them there—without mentioning your name—what you've told about the French raid. Now, look you, by God, you're a traitor. You oughtn't to live, and if you'll send your seconds to me I'll try and do with you as I did with Leonard Malloy. Only mark me, Erris Boyne. I'll put my sword into your heart. You understand—into your filthy heart!"

At that moment the door of the room opened, and a face looked in for an instant—the face of old Swinton, the landlord of the Harp and Crown. Suddenly Boyne's look changed. He burst into a laugh, and brought his fists down on the table between them with a bang.

"By Joseph and by Mary, but you're a patriot, Calhoun! I was trying to test you. I was searching to find the innermost soul of you. The French fleet, my commission in the French army, and my story about the landlord are all bosh. If I meant what I told you, do you think I'd have been so mad as to tell you so much, d—n it? Have you no sense, man? I wanted to find out exactly how you stood—faithful or unfaithful to the crown—and I've found out. Sit down, sit down, Calhoun, dear lad. Take your hand off your sword. Remember, these are terrible days. Everything I said about Ireland is true. What I said about France is false. Sit down, man, and if you're going to join the king's army—as I hope and trust you will—then here's something to help you face the time between." He threw on the table a packet of notes.

"They're good and healthy, and will buy you what you need. There's not much. There's only a hundred pounds, but I give it to you with all my heart, and you can pay it back when the king's money comes to you, or when you marry a rich woman."

He said it all with a smile on his face. It was done so cleverly, with so much simulated sincerity, that Dyck, in his state of semi-drunkenness, could not, at the instant, place him in his true light.

Never in his life had Boyne performed such prodigies of dissimulation. He realized to the full the dangers he had run in disclosing the truth; for it was the truth that he had told.

So serious was the situation, to his mind, that one thing seemed inevitable. Dyck must be kidnaped at once and carried out of Ireland. It would be simple. A little more drugged wine, and he would be asleep and powerless—it had already tugged at him. With the help of his confederates in the tavern, Dyck could be carried out, put on a lugger and sent away to France.

There was nothing else to do. Boyne had said truly that the French fleet meant to come soon. Dyck must not be able to give the thing away before it happened. Already the wine had played havoc with him; already stupefaction was coming over his senses. With a good-natured, ribald laugh, Boyne poured out another glass of marsala and pushed it gently over to Dyck's fingers.

"My gin to your marsala," he said, and he raised his own glass of gin, looking playfully over the top to Dyck. With a sudden loosening of all the fibres of his nature, Dyck raised the glass of marsala to his lips and drained it off almost at a gulp.

"You're a prodigious har, Boyne," he said. "I didn't think any one could be so completely."

"I'll teach you how, Calhoun. It's not hard. I'll teach you how." He passed a long cigar over the table to Dyck, who, however, did not light it, but held it in his fingers. Boyne struck a light and held it out across the small table. Dyck leaned forward, but, as he did so, the wine took possession of his senses. His head fell forward in sleep, and the cigar dropped from his fingers.

"Ah, well—ah, well, we must do some business now!" remarked Boyne. He leaned over Dyck for a moment. "Yes, sound asleep," he said, and laughed scornfully to himself. "Well,



Noreen Drew the Knife Out With a Little Gurgling Cry.

when it's dark we must get him away. He'll sleep for four or five hours and by that time he'll be out on the way to France, and the rest is easy."

He was about to go out to the door that led into the business part of the house, when the door leading into the street opened softly, and a woman stepped inside. She had used the key which Boyne had forgotten at his house.

At first he did not hear her. Then, when he did turn round, it was too late. The knife she carried under her skirt flashed out and into Boyne's heart. He collapsed on the floor without a sound, save only a deep sigh.

Stooping over, Noreen drew the knife out with a little gurgling cry—a smothered exclamation. Then she opened the door again—the side-door leading into the street—closed it softly, and was gone.

Three hours afterward the landlord opened the door. Erris Boyne lay in his silence, stark and still. At the table, with his head sunk in his arms, sat Dyck Calhoun, snoring stentoriously, his drawn sword by his side.

With a cry the old man knelt on the floor beside the body of Erris Boyne.

### CHAPTER V.

#### Dyck in Prison.

When Dyck Calhoun awoke, he was in the hands of the king's constables, arrested for the murder of Erris Boyne. Also, the landlord was ready to swear concerning a quarrel he had seen when he opened the door for a moment. Dyck, with sudden caution, only said that he would make all clear at a trial.

He could not believe he had killed Boyne; yet Boyne had been found with a wound in his heart, and his own naked sword lying beside him on the table. The trouble was that he could not absolutely swear he had not committed the crime.

The situation was not eased by his stay in jail. On the contrary, it began with a revelation terribly repugnant to him. He had not long been lodged in the cell when he received a visit from Michael Clones, who stretched out his hand in an agony of humiliation.

"Ah, you didn't do it—you didn't do it, sir!" he cried. "I'm sure you never killed him. It wasn't your way. He was for doing you harm if he could. An evil man he was, as all the world knows. But there's one thing that'll be worse than anything else to you. You never knew it, and I never knew it till an hour ago. Did you know who Erris Boyne was? Well, I'll tell you. He was the father of Sheila Llyn. He was divorced by Mrs. Llyn many years ago, for having to do with other women. She took to her maiden name, and he married again."

"Good God! Good God!" Dyck Calhoun made a gesture of horror. "He's Sheila Llyn's father! Good God!"

Suddenly a passion of remorse roused him out of his semi-stupefaction.

"Michael, Michael!" he said, his voice hoarse, broken. "Don't say such a thing! Are you sure?" Michael nodded.

"I'm sure. I got it from one that's known Erris Boyne and his first wife and girl—one that was a servant to them both in past days. He's been down to Limerick to see Mrs. Llyn and the beautiful daughter. I met him an hour ago and he told me. He told me more. He told me Mrs. Llyn spoke to him of your friendship with Erris Boyne, and how she meant to tell you who and what he was. She said her daughter didn't even know her father's name. She had been kept in ignorance."

Dyck seated himself on the rough bed of the cell and stared at Michael, his hands between his knees, his eyes perturbed.

"Michael," he said at last, "if it's true—what you've told me—I don't see my way. Every step in front of me is black with treachery. To tell the whole truth is to bring fresh shame upon Mrs. Llyn and her daughter, and not to tell the whole truth is to take away the only chance I have of getting out of this trouble. I see that!"

"I don't know what you mean, sir, but I'll tell you this. None that knows you would believe you'd murder Erris Boyne or any other man."

Dyck wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"I suppose you speak the truth, Michael, but it isn't people who've known me that'll try me; and I can't tell all."

"Why not, if it'll help you?"

"I can't—of course I can't. It would be disgrace eternal."

"Why? Tell me why, sir?"

Dyck looked closely, firmly at the old servant and friend. Should he tell the truth—that Boyne had tried to induce him to sell himself to the French, to invoke his aid against the English government, to share in treason? If he could have told it to anybody, he would have done so to Michael; but if it was true that in his blindness he had killed Boyne, he would not seek to escape by proving Boyne a traitor.

Dyck had a foolish strain in him, after all. Romance was his deadly foe; it made him do a stupid, if chivalrous, thing. Meanwhile, he would warn the government at once about the projected French naval raid.

"Michael," said Dyck, rising, "see my father, but you're not to say I didn't kill Boyne, for, to tell the truth, I don't know. My head—he put his hand to it with a gesture of despair—my head's a mass of contradictions. Do you know it seems a thousand years since I entered that tavern? I can't get myself level with all that's happened. That Erris Boyne should be the father of that sweet girl at Limerick and the husband of Mrs. Llyn shakes me. Don't you see what it means? If I killed him, it spoils everything—everything. If I didn't kill him, I can only help myself by blackening still more the life of one who gave being to—"

"Aye, to a young queen!" interrupted Michael. "God knows, there's none like her in Ireland, or in any other country at all!"

Suddenly Dyck regained his composure; and it was the composure of one who had opened the door of hell and had realized that in time—perhaps not far off—he also would dwell in the infernal place.

"Michael, I have no money, but I'm my father's heir. My father will not see me starve in prison, nor want for defense, though my attitude shall be no defense." So bring me decent food and some clothes, and send me to here Will McCormick, the lawyer. He's as able a man as there is in Dublin. Listen, Michael, you're not to speak of Mrs. Llyn and Miss Llyn as related to

Erris Boyne. What will come of what you and I know and don't know, Heaven only has knowledge; but I'll see it through. I've spoiled as good chances as ever a young man had that wants to make his way; but drink and cards, Michael, and the flare of this d—d life at the center—it got hold of me. It muddled, drowned the best that was in me. It's the witch's kitchen, Dublin is. Ireland's the only place in the world where they make saints of criminals and pray to them; where they lose track of time and think they're in eternity; where emotion is saturnine logic and death is the touchstone of life. Michael, I don't see any way to safety. Those fellows down at the tavern were friends of Erris Boyne. They're against me. They'll hang me if they can!"

"I don't believe they can do it, master. Dublin and Ireland think more of you than they did of Erris Boyne. There's nothing behind you except the wildness of youth—nothing at all."

Dyck smiled.

"You've a lot of faith in me, Michael—but I'll tell you this: I never was so thirsty in my life. My mouth's like a red-hot iron. Send me some water. Give the warder sixpence, if you've got it, and send me some water. Then go to Will McCormick, and after that to my father."

Michael shook his head dolefully.

"Mr. McCormick's aisy—oh, aisy enough," he said. "He'll lep up at the



"I'll Fight—Before God, I'll Fight to the Last!"

idea of defendin' you, but I'm not takin' pleasure in going to Miles Calhoun, for he's a hard man these days. Aw, Mr. Dyck, he's had a lot of trouble. Things has been goin' wrong with Playmore. 'Pon honor, I don't know whether any of it'll last as long as Miles Calhoun lasts. There'll be little left for you, Mr. Dyck. That's what troubles me. I tell you it'd break my heart if that place should be lost to your father and you. I was born on it. I'd give the best years of the life that's left me to make sure the old house could stay in the hands of the Calhouns. I say to you that while I live all I am is yours, fair and foul, good and bad." He touched his breast with his right hand. "In here is the soul of Ireland that leps up on the heights for the things that matter. There's a song—but never mind about a song; this is no place for songs. It's a prison-house, and you're a prisoner charn—"

"Not charged yet, not charged," interrupted Dyck; "but suspected and arrested for a crime. I'll fight—before God, I'll fight to the last! Good-by, Michael; bring me food and clothes, and send me cold water at once."

When the door closed softly behind Michael Clones, Dyck sat down on the bed where many a criminal patriot had lain. He looked round the small room, bare, unfurnished, severe—terribly severe; he looked at the blank walls and the barred window, high up; he looked at the floor—it was discolored and damp. He reached out and touched it with his hand. He looked at the solitary chair, the basin and pail, and he shuddered.

"How awful—how awful!" he murmured. "But if it was her father, and if I killed him—his head sank low—" "If I killed her father!" "Water, sir."

He looked up. It was the guard with a tin of water and a dipper.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### Mother and Daughter.

"I don't believe he's guilty, mother."

The girl's fine eyes shone with feeling—with protest, indignation, anguish. Sheila Llyn was a champion who would fight to the last gasp for any cause she loved.

"Let us go to Dublin, mother," she said with a determined air, after reading the clipping.

"Why, my dear?"

The woman's eyes, with their long lashes, looked searchingly into her daughter's face. She felt, as the years went on, that Sheila had gifts granted to few. She realized that the girl had resources which would make her a governing influence in whatever sphere of life she should be set. Quietly, Sheila was taking control of her movements, and indeed of her own daily life. The girl had a dominating skill which came in part from herself, and also to a degree from her father; but her disposition was not her father's—it was her mother's.

Sheila had been told by her mother that her father had passed away abroad when she was a little child.

She had never seen her father's picture, and her mother had given her the impression that their last days together had not been happy. She had always felt that it was better not to inquire too closely into her father's life.

She was as bonny a lass as ever the old world produced—lithely, with a body like that of a boy, strong and pleasant of face, with a haunting beauty in the eyes, a majesty of the neck and chin, and a carriage which had made Michael Clones call her a queen. She saw Dyck only as a happy, wild son of the hill-top. To her he was a man of mettle and worth, irresponsible because he had been given no responsibility. He was a country gentleman of Ireland, with all the interest and peril of the life of a country gentleman.

"Yes, we ought to go to Dublin, mother. We could help him, perhaps," Sheila insisted.

The mother shook her head mournfully.

"My child, we could do him no good at all—none whatever. Besides, I can't afford to visit Dublin now. It's an expensive journey, and the repairs we've been doing here have run me close. My dear, our best place is here. Of one thing I'm sure—if Dyck Calhoun killed Erris Boyne, Boyne deserved it. Of one thing I'm certain beyond all else—it was no murder. Mr. Calhoun wasn't a man to murder any one. I don't believe—her voice became passionate—"he committed the murder, and I don't believe he will be hanged."

The girl looked at her mother with unveiled surprise. "Oh, dearest, dearest!" she said. "I believe you do care for him. Is it because he has no mother, and you have no son?"

"It may be so, beloved."

With impulse Sheila swept her arms around her mother's neck and drew the fine head to her breast.

At that moment they heard the clatter of hoofs, and presently they saw a horse and rider pass the window.

"It's a government messenger, mother," Sheila said.

As Sheila said, it was a government messenger, bearing a packet to Mrs. Llyn—a letter from her brother in America, whom she had not seen for many years.

The brother, Bryan Llyn, had gone out there as a young man before the Revolutionary war. He had prospered, taking sides against England in the war, and became a man of importance in the schemes of the new republican government. Only occasionally had letters come from him to his sister, and for nearly eleven years she had not had a single word from him.

Sheila watched her mother reading, and saw that great emotion possessed her, though the girl could not know the cause. Presently, however, Mrs. Llyn, who had read the letter from her brother, made a joyful exclamation.

"What is it, mother dear?" Sheila asked eagerly. "Tell me!"

The mother made a passionate gesture of astonishment and joy; then she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, with the letter—which was closely written, in old-fashioned punctiliousness—in her hands.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she said. "How strange it all is! Your Uncle Bryan is immensely rich. He has no children and no family; his health is falling."

She seemed able to get no further. "Well, what is it, mother?" asked Sheila again.

For an instant Mrs. Llyn hesitated; then she put the letter into Sheila's hands.

"Read it, my child," she said. "It's for you as much as for me—indeed, more for you than for me."

Dyck is released from prison after four years.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### FRENCH USE ENGLISH WORD

Academy Which Keeps Language Correct Decides to Admit "Gentleman" to the Dictionary.

The French academy, which devotes long sittings to the task of keeping the French language absolutely correct, and which regards all foreign words introduced into the language with horror, has just made an exception in favor of an English word, which is henceforward to have a place in the official dictionary of France, says the London Telegraph. This is the word "gentleman," which is very frequently used in modern writing and conversation rather than the time-honored gentilhomme, which ordinarily means nobleman, but which, in the new edition of the dictionary, is to be described as meaning "a man who without being noble by race, has lofty sentiments, elegant manners, and does noble acts." With regard to the word "gentleman," it is to be described in the dictionary as "an English word sometimes employed in French in the metaphorical and moral sense of the word gentilhomme."

This is undoubtedly not the last time the French academy will be called upon to give an official welcome to an English word which has become current in the French language; for example, the word "home" is becoming a great favorite, and the misuse of the words "smoking" and "dancing" for "smoking jacket" and "dance hall" has become so usual that the English origin of the words is quite forgotten.

Remove Stains. Soften old stains with castor oil or lard and they will come out more easily. The gasoline or benzine will remove all traces of the medicine.