BALLYGULLION

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649071081

Ballygullion by Lynn Doyle

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

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LYNN DOYLE

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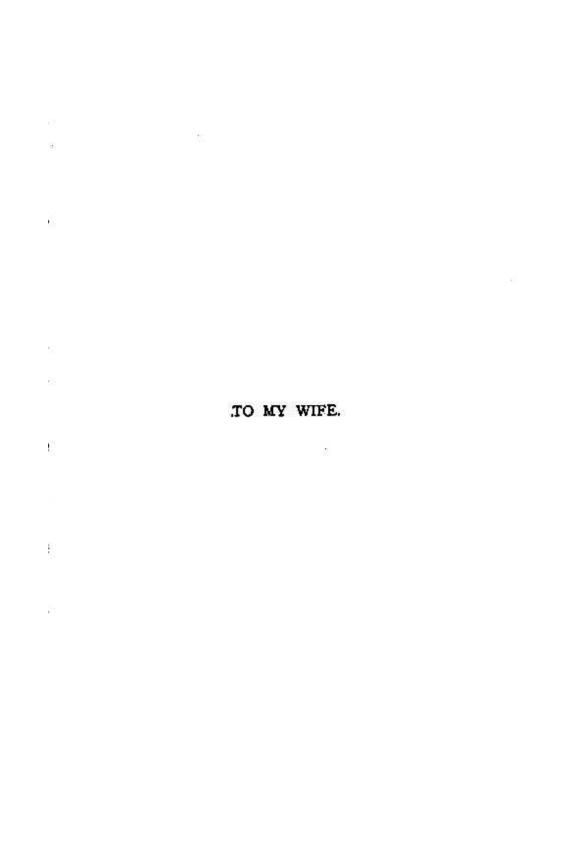
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MAUNSEL AND COMPANY, LTD. 96 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN. 1908.

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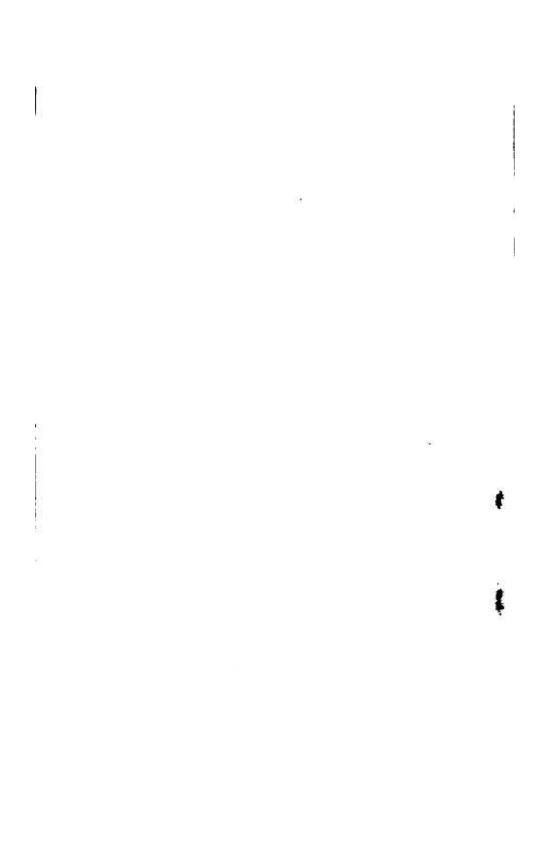
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CHAPTER 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

My sporting associate and occasional client, Mr. Patrick Murphy, opened the door of my Belfast Office about twelve inches, insinuated himself through the aperture, and seating himself on the extreme edge of a chair, regarded me anxiously.

I had seldom seen him so serious. The humorous twinkle in his eye was quenched momentarily for the first time in our acquaintance.

- "I suppose ye hadn't time since mornin' to look intil that," he said, nodding his head towards a pile of manuscript on my desk.
- "I'm sorry to say I had, Pat," I answered. "In fact, I read it all through."
- "An' what might ye think av it?" he asked cautiously.
- "I think we'll print it, Pat," said I. "But I want to know first if it's all your own."
 - "Ivery word av it, Misther Doyle," he said.
- "Who wrote it all out for you then, Pat?" I said. "It's not in your hand, surely?"
 - "Ye may swear that," he answered. "I wasn't