

Her hands — her useful working hands — went fluttering towards each other.

"Oh!" she said again.

"Is it a boy?" said I.

That revived her.

"A boy?" Tryphena said. "A *boy*! No, sir! What do you take me for, I want to know? Why, it's a *girl*. A baby girl. The loveliest thing—tiny—all crumpled up."

"Is it as new as that?" I said.

"Yes, *sir*," she cried, "it's new! It's new all right. It's brand new, for it only came last Wednesday."

She laughed again. Happiness came effervescing out of her.

"It's mine!" she said.

"But where will you put a baby in your tiny flat?" said I. "Who will take care of it while you are out?"

Tryphena's face fell just a trifle.

"The nuns will keep her for me till I—till I have the money for her," said Tryphena. "There's money yet to earn. I can't have her yet—to keep."

She paused a second.

"But," she said, "when I've earned the money—then I'll have her."

She paused another second.

"It's not long to wait, I guess," she said; "time passes."

She rubbed.

"Sundays I'll have her out," she said; "the Sisters say I can. Sundays I'll fetch her good and early."