

## 302 CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END

The long lashes dropped over her eyes and hid them from my sight.

"Norah, do you remember me?" I repeated. "I am Dermod, Dermod Flynn. Say Dermod after me."

She opened her eyes again and looked at me with a puzzled glance.

"Is it ye, Dermod?" she cried. "I knew that ye were comin' to see me. I was thinkin' of ye often and many's the time that I thought ye were standin' be me bed quiet like and takin' a look at me. Ye're here now, are ye? Say true as death."

"True as death," I repeated after her. The phrase was a Glenmornan one.

"Then where is Ellen and where is the man that came here this mornin' and left a handful of money to help us along?" she asked. "He was a good kindly man, givin' us so much money and maybe needin' it himself, too. Joe was his name."

"Moleskin Joe," I said.

"There were three men on the street and they made fun of me when I was passin' them," said Norah, and her mind was wandering again. "And one of the men caught me and I tried to get away and I struggled and fought. For wasn't I forgiven for me sins at the chapel that day and I was goin' to be a good woman all the rest of me life? I told the men to let me alone and one of them kicked me and I fell on the cold street. No one came to help me. Who would care at all, at all, for a woman like me? The very peelis will not give me help. 'Twas Ellen that picked me up when the last gasp was almost in me mouth. And she has been the good friend to me ever since. Sittin' up at night be me side and workin' her fingers to the bone for me durin' the livelong day. Ellen, ye're very good to me."

"Ellen is not here, Norah," I said, and the tears were running down my cheek.