

worrying. "And why?" she cried, shrilly. "Why is it? What's wrong? I can make nothin' of it!"

Miss McCarty began to explain the situation as delicately as she could.

"Well!" Mrs. Regan broke in. "Well now! Did y' expect a woman to grin an' say 'Thank yuh kindly, miss,' when yuh come to take her son from her? Did yuh? Fer if yuh did, yuh got less sense than yuh look. Faith, if *you* had no one in the wide worrld but Larry, yuh'd not welcome the girl that came fer him, neither." There were tears in her eyes.

"But, Mrs. Regan," the girl put in, quickly, "he never said that he wanted —"

"Ach!" Mrs. Regan made a gesture of contempt for such nonsense. "What does it matter what he said er did n't? There he is — like he'd just buried his gran'-mother — turned agin his meals — an' that bad tempered there's no livin' with him. Are we all of us to be made miserable be such-like nonsense? Take shame to yerself, girl!"

"Well" — the girl smiled — "what do you want me to do?"

"Marry him! Marry him, an' let's have some peace in the world. I don't know who y' are, an' I don't care. There's no livin' with him without yuh. Take him an' be done with it. Can yuh cook?"

"Yes," she said, amused. "I think I can cook."

"Where are yuh from, annyway?"

"I'm from Dublin. I went to London as a lady's maid. I came here as a traveling-companion — and