

breathing like a hot-air engine in front of me, and made my explanations to the company. I told the tale of "Rudder Grange," and showed them how it was like to a stationary wash-tub—at certain stages of the tide.

I was listened to with great attention. When I had finished, the tall woman turned around and faced the assemblage.

"An' he wants a cook to make soup! In a canal-boat!" said she, and off she marched into the back-room, followed closely by all the other women.

"I don't think we have any one here who would suit you," said Mrs. Blaine.

I didn't think so either. What on earth would Euphemia have done with that volcanic Irishwoman in her little kitchen! I took up my hat and bade Mrs. Blaine good-morning.

"Good-morning," said she, with a distressing smile.

She had one of those mouths that look exactly like a gash in the face.

I went home without a girl. In a day or two Euphemia came to town and got one. Apparently she got her without any trouble, but I am not sure.

She went to a "Home"—Saint Somebody's Home—a place where they keep orphans to let, so to speak. Here Euphemia selected a light-haired, medium-sized orphan, and brought her home.