

George savagely, as he threw himself out of the sleigh. Bridget's honest face appeared in answer to the door-bell. She nearly convulsed Letty with her cry of,

"Och! Miss Helen, I'm kilt entirely wid joy, jist."

"Now Biddy, do be decent, and get us away, upstairs or somewhere, where we need not see all these folks," said George.

"And, Biddy, don't forget the supplies, for I'm famished," whispered Letty.

"Bless your little sowl, but it's meself as will fetch ye somethin' to ate, quicker than ye can think," and she hurried off.

"She thinks she has paid me a compliment now, calling my 'soul' little," said Letty. "But I'm almost 'kilt' myself, with the joy of being home again," and she hugged Helen, and told George, if she was sure it was quite the proper thing to do, she could almost hug him. "Here comes somebody I can though," as Harry bounded in, having met Bridget on her way after the supplies. He took them both into his arms together; but he held Helen closely long after Letty had danced herself off.

"George, we never can thank you enough for this," said Harry.

"I expect pay for all my good deeds some of these days," said George, from his perch on an arm of the sofa.

"Who is to pay you, I should like to know?" said Letty.

"Not you, puss;" with a twitch at her curls.

"I say, young man, you'll have to get me a wig some day, if you don't stop pulling my hair."

"Harry," said Helen, speaking for the first time, "could you tell papa ~~without~~ letting any one else know? I want him so much."

"I'll try;" and Harry went down.

The father came up, his handsome face all aglow with pleasure. Bridget brought up the supplies in great abundance, to Letty's delight. George followed her to the door.

"Now, Biddy, mind you don't let any one in here but the mistress. Of course she can come if she wants to. And, Biddy, don't mention to her, or any one, that the young ladies have come," and he offered her a bank note.

"I'll be sure to do as ye towld me, sir; but do ye think I can't serve me own without the money," and she stalked off without looking at it.

"Good stuff, I declare! I'll make friends with you, Mrs. Bridget," he said to himself. "You may be useful to Helen and me yet."

One of the servants came up, and seeing Bridget in the upper hall, called out,

"Do you know where the Doctor is?"

"And what if I did, thin?"

"You're to send him down directly. Mrs. Norton wants him."

"And what if he's had a call, and is miles away from here, how would I send him thin?"

"Rogers," said Mary, passing the order, "tell Mrs. Norton that the Doctor has had a call, and is gone away."

"Ye lyin' spalpeen! I niver sed so. A body can't suppose a case but ye must go and tell it for thruth."

"Where is he then?"

"Indade I didn't say I knowed where he was; and if yez want him, ye can jist be afther findin' him."

Mrs. Norton herself came up.

"Bridget, where is the Doctor?"

"Misther George is in here, if it's him ye're afther wantin'," she said maliciously.

"Mr. George—who do you mean?"

"Well, Misther Harry thin; it does'nt make any difference to me."

"Harry would do, I suppose," and she went in.

"Indade thin, it was a sorry day for this house, when yere black shadow crossed its doors," said Biddy, when she had shut the door. "But I'll outwit ye yet, ye mane crayter, or me name's not Bridget Mulholland."

Mrs. Norton stood mute with astonishment at the scene before her.

"Some friends of mine," said George, with a low bow; "please give them a welcome for my sake."

Her eyes fairly flamed; but she made a show of greeting the girls, and turning to Harry said, "Can I depend on you to assist in entertaining my guests?"

"Not to-night. There is too much attraction here."

"Howard, of course you will come down."