

The tears run down me nose, and wan of thim splashed on Larry's hand, for I seen him look at it a moment. Then he wispered in me eer.

"Come, auld girl" ses he, "hop into the little masheen, which is joost around the corner. Maybe" ses he, "we can injuice sum sinsible praste to do us a like favour to-nite."

And so we wint sneeking out thegither, wid only the Frinchman to obsarve us, and he wid his mouth gaping open and smiling a bit beside, for Mr. Harry do be arfter giving him the hole of me forchune to act as witniss.

"But dont you be arfter wurring swatehart" ses Larry Mulvaney, "for tho ye're puir yersilf now darlint, its a ritch man I'll be air long, wid the grand promisses of Mr. Harry."

"Ah, go wan Larry Moolvaney," ses I, giving him a squaze of his arm, "it's