

"See that now, and would you be pleased to tell me what part of America you're bound for?"

"New York. Is it there *you're* goin'?"

"Wisha, then, myself doesn't know *where* I'm goin' to. There's a boy of mine somewheres in America, and I'm just goin' to try and make him out. I haven't a soul in the world but him, you see, an' I didn't get e'er a word from him this two years come Candlemas. I think my old heart would grow young again if I only had a sight of him, so I sold my little place—a house and garden I had—and thank God! I got enough for it to bring me out."

"Well, but, granny," said the sympathizing Ally, as she sat down by the old woman, "sure you don't know whether your son's livin' or dead when you didn't hear from him these two years?"

"Livin' or dead!" repeated the dame sharply, "why what would kill him? Don't I know very well he's livin'? why wouldn't he? An' I'll find him out, too, with the help of God, before long! The last letter I had from him was in a place they call Hi-o, or O-hio, I dont know which, but I suppose it is not very far from New York. Did you ever hear of such a place?"

"Well, no, granny, I did not, but, as you say, it can't be very far from New York."

"Only a matter of six or eight hundred miles, or so," said a gentlemanly man with a sun-burned face who had been an amused and interested listener to this colloquy.

"Six or eight hundred miles!" screamed the old woman in blank despair, "Christ save us! your honor's not in earnest!"

"I am, indeed, my good woman, very much in earnest, as you will find to your cost unless you have some money by you."

"Six or eight hundred miles!" repeated the old woman as if to herself, "why, if it's that, I'll never be able to *get* there. How long would it take a body to go, please your honor?"