

"What else?"

"I don't know. But since a certain harper played nere the other day before our door, Mary, I have observed, has never been herself since."

"What the d—l has that got to do with the affair?"

"Oh, perhaps it has."

"Perhaps ! nonsense."

"But, Henry, you must know that he came the second time, and gave her a serenade."

"You're as great a humbug as Charley."

"No—I vow that I am serious."

"Ha ! ha ! ha !—now that's a good one—Mary in love ! eh ?"

"I haven't said *that*. But, Henry ! believe me, but I think if Mary ever had a lover that got lost, she has, these few days past, been carrying herself just as any one placed in such circumstances would be likely to do."

Henry said nothing, but grew more serious. His wife, remarking this, immediately said : "Tell me now, Henry, was such ever the case ?"

"That Mary had a lover ?"

"That got lost, Henry."

"Sure every lover gets lost."

"Nay—never mind that—but you know what I mean."

"Perhaps that she had, Emma !"

"Perhaps she had !"

"Emma ! I wish I knew that she had ; ye women are so inquisitive, that if I knew such a thing about her I would now have a fine opportunity to tease you by my silence, and your own curiosity."

"Had she ?" persisted Emma.

"She had. Is not Charley a living proof of the fact ?"

"But Fitz Maurice was not lost"