

side of the landing by a tinkle of the hand-bell, and bore stout witness on the culprit's side.

"Did ye see her leg, I'd make so bould as ask, or did ye take her worrud for ut? And—av there was anythin' to show barrin' a flaybite, is ut natheral a boy wud parrut wid his furrst breeches widout a kick? Sure, they're the apple av his eye, and the joy av his harrut! And her—wid her talk av bendin' his will and breakin' his temper! is ut like ye wud lay a finger on the Captain's eldest son, to plaze the likes of her?"

"The Captain has said himself—over and over—that a sound thrashing would be a capital thing for Carry," Mrs. Breagh returned.

"He praiches—ay, bedad!—but does he ever practuss?" demanded Nurse, smoothing her apron with out, matronly hands, and getting very red in the cheeks. "Niver fear but he'd be too wise to bring a curse upon himself by ill-thrating a motherless child!"

"*Motherless!*" What did the word mean? Carolan wondered, recalling how Nurse would describe some particularly down-hearted person as being as long in the jaw as a motherless calf. And now Mrs. Breagh was saying, in the kind of voice some good people use for the purpose of Scriptural quotation, and which is not in the least like their accents of every day . . .

"Solomon said, 'Ho that spareth the rod'—but you Catholics *never* seem to read the Bible. And I always treat Carolan as if he were my own child—and you know I do! 'Ssh! Here comes the Captain—and I *think* I hear Baba crying. . . ."

And Nurse, with the honours of war, retired to the nursery on the other side of the landing, as Captain Breagh's hasty footsteps and the jingle of his scabbard were heard on the stone stair. A minute later he entered the room. But during the minute's interval Carolan had had time to