

laughed; the Squire very nearly hallooed. Terence looked round him in undisguised amazement.

'I would not have known the old place,' he said, turning to Nora.

Nora gave a quick sigh.

'Where is my mother?' said the lad then.

'She has gone upstairs with Aunt Grace; but run after her, Terry, do,' said his sister.

Terence gave another glance round, in which pride for the home where he was born kindled once more in his dark eyes. He then rushed up the stairs three steps at a time.

'Why, then,' said the Squire, 'it's cramped and bothered I am in these clothes. What possesses people to make Merry-andrews of themselves night after night beats my comprehension. In my old velveteen jacket and knee-breeches I am a man—in this tomfoolery I do not feel as good as my own footman.'

'You look very well in your dinner-dress all the same, O'Shanaghan,' said Mr Hartrick. And he added, glancing from Nora to her father, 'I am glad to see you quite recovered.'

'Ah! it's she has done it,' said the Squire, drawing Nora forward and pressing her close to his heart. 'She's a little witch. She has done fine things for me, and I am a happy man to-night. Yes, I will own to it now, I'm a happy man; and perhaps there are more things in the world