

CHAPTER VI.

"Your honour," said Phil Dwyer, while he was brushing my clothes the morning after that, "I've been thinking—which is never worth while but now and then—and what I've been thinking is that y'd be the better for a mouthful of fresh air."

"Fresh air?"

"Of course. Not that the air here's as fresh as it might be, but 'tis better than none."

"But——" It was such a new idea to me that I should do anything but wait for Mári, that it seemed as if he had suddenly proposed a flight over the moon for a change.

"Mr. Gray," said Phil, putting his heels together, and facing me as if on parade, "'tis as plain as the pikestaff on my face that if ye don't pull yourself together, y'll never be a bit the better till ye die. 'Tis all well enough to have a woman to fuss over a man when he can't fuss over himself; but there's not the woman in life that can fuss over a man half as well as he can fuss over his own self as soon as he can fuss at all. I've taken a liking to your honour, and I'm not going to see a gentleman that's nearer an Irishman than I've met since I was in Tunis, wasted to the shadow of a bone for the want of a drop of air. There," said he, throwing open the window, "that's the way to dale with *you*. And now, your honour, come along. 'Tisn't so often as St. Tib's Eve that I put my foot into where