

"come of the gran' ould race an' entitled to the fine ould name."

Besides Mary O'Neil, and a slip of a girl to help her, who spoke as broad Scotch as if she had come from *Glaisga*, though she was thoroughly Irish in every other respect, there was William O'Hara, the gardener, who also drove the car and did a great many things besides. He was a thin, wiry man, and one of his eyes was white and of no use to him; but the other was a quick, bright eye, dark and funny, and he certainly *saw* more with it than many a man does with two. Uncle had picked him up in far-away Kerry, and he belonged to the family ever since. Mary O'Neil and he quarrelled sometimes. When she was cross she called him "Silver-eye" and he called her "Mother Bunch."

They both joined in flying out at the "slip of a girl," whose name was Bella Wiley, in the most outrageous manner, if she said a word between them when they quarrelled for Mary said she was a stranger just come in for a bit, while they were "residents," whatever she meant by that.

When I came to uncle's first, he gave me a great many story books, in a little box with a sliding lid, that had been his when he was a boy.

"Here, Miss Janetta Nicholson," he said, laughing at my wondering gratitude, "here are some of my favorite authors. Here you may read the melancholy 'History of Cinderella,' and the lamentable tale of 'Bluebeard,' 'The Sleeping Beauty,' 'Beauty and the Beast,' 'The Yellow Dwarf,' and many others equally true and interesting."

I revelled in my books, finding in them the Wonderland I had longed for but never entered. Before I had exhausted them I discovered that as wonderful stories were told around the kitchen fire by William O'Hara and Mary O'Neil, and the stories they told they believed in entirely themselves.

Aunt West, although she indulged me very much, disapproved of my staying in the kitchen—not for fear I would listen to fairy stories, for I think she half believed them herself—I know that she believed in banshees—but for exclusive reasons, lest I might acquire Mary's vulgar manner of speaking or William's Kerry brogue; and William had enough and to spare of the rich Kerry brogue—could have supplied a dozen little girls.

"It would be too dreadful, Janetta," said aunt, "for you to learn vulgar manners, or acquire a Kerry brogue, you have imitation so large. (I had been mimicking William O'Hara, I am sorry to say). What would your dear mamma think?"

To wean me from the kitchen, aunt made me a present of a beautiful doll, dressed, she said, like the lovely Lady Blessington. Indeed her ladyship's portraits show her in just such a funny cap as my doll wore when in full dress, stuck up in the crown and with Brussels lace side-whiskers. I think my doll was the prettiest, and might have addressed her ladyship in her own verses,

"Who'd rave about my lady,  
With her pale and languid face,  
If they could see my pink cheeks,  
Edged round with Brussels lace?"

I named my doll Lady Blessington. Mary shortened it up to Lady B., and I took great delight in her. But when uncle and aunt were out spending the evening, and it came to be between the daylight and the dark, the kitchen drew me down to it. It was a nice kitchen, had once been small—an apartment in the house, but uncle had enlarged it by building an addition, and took the wall away, leaving a supporting arch between the two portions. There was a very large double window at the further end filled with geraniums, on which Mary bestowed great care.

I knew that when the evening dropped down there was a bright peat fire, with a bit of blazing bog fir in the front, in