

you for a sensible woman, but now I begin to doubt it."

"Sensible or no, Sam Allen, that's my belief; and you may laugh as much as you please, you'll not laugh me out of it. So, good-bye, Mrs. Allen dear, an' many thanks for the pattern you gave me for Jennie's hood."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Lanigan," called Sam after her from his door. "Won't you put in a word for us here with your Virgin Mary?"

"Put in a word with her yourself, Sam," replied Mrs. Lanigan, looking back over her shoulder. "My doin' it would be little use when you don't or won't do it yourself."

A few minutes later Mrs. Lanigan and her children were kneeling before a little plaster statue of the Virgin ever Blessed, saying the Rosary, as was their hallowed custom before retiring to rest.

The Allens enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of poor simple widow Lanigan, and after talking the matter over for some time, decided that it was tiresome to hear Papists going on about "their Blessed Virgin," all as one, as if she could hear them or help them.

"They're a queer lot all together," observed Sam, with a yawn, as he arose and began to prepare for bed. "You never know what they'll come out with next when you get talkin' with them. I'd like to make the trial some day of Mrs. Lanigan's belief, as she calls it, in that Virgin Mary of hers. I'll see about it when I have time on my hands for a little fun. Any way, let us get to bed,—we have to be up early."

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The long dreary winter had passed away, and the emerald sheen of the Spring was in its transit towards the more mellow brightness of the summer. One evening, Mrs. Lanigan, coming home tired from work, was met some way down the street adjoining the court where she dwelt by no less a person than her neighbor,