

pale when she heard these sounds; but Mr Hartrick was already beginning to understand his Irish relatives; and as to Stephanotie, she sprang from the carriage, rushed up the steps, and thrust a huge box of bon-bons into Squire O'Shanaghgan's face.

'I am an American girl,' she said; 'but I guess that, whether one is Irish or American, one likes a right-down good sweetmeat. Have a bon-bon, Squire O'Shanaghgan, for I guess that you are the man to enjoy it.'

'Why then, my girl, I'd like one very much,' said the Squire; 'but don't bother me for a bit, for I have to speak to my English relatives.'

'Oh, come along in, Stephanotie, do,' said Molly. 'I see that you are just as eccentric and as great a darling as ever.'

'I guess I'm not likely to change,' answered Stephanotie. 'I was born with a love of bon-bons, and I'll keep it to the end of the chapter.'

But now Mrs Hartrick and Mrs O'Shanaghgan had met. The two English ladies immediately began to understand each other. Mrs O'Shanaghgan, without a word, slipped her hand inside her sister-in-law's arm, and they walked slowly across the magnificent hall and up the wide stairs to the palatial bedroom got ready for the traveller.

Then the fun and excitement downstairs became fast and furious. The Squire clapped his brother-in-law, George Hartrick, on the shoulder; the Squire