



MRS. GOODFELLOW'S MONEY.

I REMEMBER very well the day that we first saw the old woman with the shaven head. I was twelve and Johnnie was ten. It was about sunset that she came and begged mother for the love of God to take her in for the night. She had a wild look in her eyes, and her clothes seemed huddled on anyhow. She wore neither bonnet nor cap, and her head was shaved bare from the crown to the poll. Father was away that day. He had gone to a fair twenty miles off to sell a young cart-horse for his master, Farmer Bridge. If he had been at home, I doubt whether the old woman would ever have been let in. But mother was Irish, and it went against her to refuse hospitality to any one.

Mother was very pretty. She had dark, curly hair, and real Irish dark blue eyes. She was very merry. I remember how she would put her hands on her hips and dance a jig in the middle of the kitchen to amuse us children, and gay and sweet her laugh used to be when father tried to talk the Irish.

She told us to take our supper outside that evening, and eat on the doorstep. But we went across the road and sat on the fallen tree, and Tim Hegarty brought his there too, and we told him about the old woman. His mother came out on her doorstep to listen, and shook her head. There are only the two cottages just on the edge of the common, nearly a mile from the village. Widow Hegarty and Tim lived in one, and we lived in the other. Tim is the same