

the great Moorish wall, they carved the letter "T," and added, in their simple ignorance of English, " Butt ove fourtin summr."

But of fourteen summers. The gipsy woman was right. it was only a little life.

Aping-Ayres was right, for he had said truthfully, " Lady Derry, if they ever live to grow up."

Tinwhumpinny had been right.

"Why, Robbie, it is like a tomb, and what a wonderful tomb, too."

The man whose tortured brain and body were fighting in the throes of brain-fever, knew nothing of these things.

Week followed week, he was actually conscious of nothing around him.

When the relief party had come, and the rebellion had subsided, they had searched among his papers, and had sent for Martha Cray.

Dear angel woman that she ever was, she had answered that call directly, and at once started upon a journey, that seemed to be taking her to the other end of the earth.

The man never recognized her, never knew that she had arrived.

Martha must have understood in those long watches, something of a great, great love. Night after night the broken words and answers would be the same, sometimes a prayer was added; but the muttering always continued:

"Is that original? If so, it's very clever. God! yes, I'll give him a home. Oh, Tinwhumps, Tinwhumps, you little Bohemian! Dear God, I never learned how to pray, but give me enough money to buy him food; we haven't got any now, and I'm trying hard to lead a different life. Yes, yes, yes, of course, he brings wild flowers wherever he goes. Yes, yes, yes, and poetry, too, he is an artist to his finger tips. No, no, Tinwhumps, all books are taboo for you, you know. Ha, ha, ha, you don't mind that as long as I talk. Oh, but, Tinwhumps, I cannot talk to a child the way a child ought to be talked to, you know. Oh, God, please hear me and teach me exactly what I ought to do for him for the best. Ugh—a cross, come indoors, Tinwhumps, a tomb? What a horrible idea, come indoors. I tell you I will sizzle in hell before I bring