

rollicking stanza that rendered it infectious, irresistible. For as he paused the voice of the woman that had reminded him of the song capped the verse neatly.

"An' whin we get the route
Wid a shout,
How they pout!
Wid a ready right-about
Goes the bould soldier-boy!"

O'Rourke caught his breath, startled, stunned. "It can't be——!" he whispered. For if at first her voice, subdued in distance, had stirred his memory with a touch as vague and thrilling as the caress of a woman's hand in darkness, now that he heard the full strength of that soprano, bell-clear and spirited, he was sure he knew the singer. He told himself that there could be no two women in the world with voices just like that; not another than her he knew could have rendered the words with so true a spirit, so rare a brogue—tinged as that had been with the faintest, quaintest exotic inflection imaginable.

But she had stopped with the verse half sung. His pulses quickening, O'Rourke leaned forth from the window and carried it on:

"O, 'tis thin the ladies fair
In despair
Tear their hair!
But—'Tis divvle a bit I care!
Cries the bould soldier-boy!"