

afterward, "I thought 'twas a joke he was playin'." **HIS**
She was nothin' at all to look at. An' old enough **MOTHER**
to marry two of him!") He did not notice how his
mother received Miss McCarty; he was only anx-
ious about how Miss McCarty would be impressed.
And the mother received her as a rival who, at first
sight, disproved all the formidable reports concern-
ing her; and Miss McCarty showed no more
impression than is indicated by the deepening of
reserve.

She had a broad, flat forehead; and her eyes
were set under it, far apart and colorless, with a
quiet despondency of expression. Her mouth had
the same flatness—a wide mouth, thin-lipped and
full of the character of a woman who has a mind
of her own. When she sat down she folded in her
lap a pair of immaculate hands, large, firm, very
white, and evidently very capable. Her physical
largeness was obviously of the same quality of
graceful strength.

"Well, now!" Mrs. Regan said, at last. "Will
yuh tell me somethin'? Wherever did yuh meet?"
Her excitement gave her voice the shrillness that
made her sound shrewish to those who did not
know her.

"Downtown," Larry answered, with his eyes
still fixed on the girl.

"Do yuh work?" the mother asked her.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I've always worked." And
she spoke in the voice that had glamored Larry.

It was not the voice of a dialect; it was not even
markedly the plaintive intonation of the Celt. It
was a rich full breathing of deepened vowels and
blurred consonants that put a sort of pastoral gentle-
ness and charm on every word—as soft as an Irish
mist on the green undulations of an Irish landscape.

"What do yuh do?" Mrs. Regan demanded.

Larry answered for her: "Sbe'a a manicurist."

"A— What's that?" she cried, annoyed because
the girl had an appearance of ignoring her.