

made use of the presence of the sergeant, who had by this time arrived on the scene.

"See, lovie dove," she murmured in the child's ear, "here's a great big monster of a policeman, and he's looking at ye. Tell him sharp."

The little girl shuddered, hid her face in her nurse's breast, and whispered, "I 'sulted his remperor."

"And you served him right," said Bridget. "The grasping old frog-eater. If I had a child that worshipped his bones, it's shutting him up in prison I'd be after doing till he learned better sense," and she made a vindictive gesture in Eugene's direction.

Her nurse's championship restored courage to the breast of the little girl; and slipping from her knee, she jumped nimbly to the stone seat beside them, and stretched out both her tiny hands toward the noble head carved above her.

"I 'sulted him," she cried, tossing back her curls from her flushed rosy cheeks. "I made a face at him like this," and she screwed up