

"Well! I *did* know a Philip Sheehan once——

"You did! The Lord's blessin' on you, then, and tell me where he is!"

The hunchback shook his head. "I wish I could, granny! but, sure, maybe it wasn't *your* son at all. The one I mean was a waiter in a hotel——"

"That's him—that's him!" cried the old woman joyfully, and she caught hold of Paul's hand, and held it fast, as if any one that had seen her son was the next best thing to himself, and to be prized accordingly. "Sure, that's just what he was at in the last letter I got from him. But where—where is he now? If you know, God bless you and tell me, an' you'll be doin' an act of charity, for he's all I have in the world, an' I don't know where to face to after him."

Was there a tear in the hunchback's eye, but late so full of fun? There was, and his dark sallow cheek turned pale, but he pretended to look another way and avoided the old woman's piercing glance. He forced a laugh, too, and tried to shake off the withered hand that was on his arm, but he tried in vain, the hand would not stir.

"Hut, tut, granny! let me go! I was only making fun! What should *I* know about your son?"

"I tell you, man! you *do* know!" screamed the crone with sudden vehemence, "I see it in your face, and I'll never let go of you—never—never—till you tell me!" She put her old wisened face almost close to his, and peered into his eyes, as if she could read the secret there. "Tell me now, like a decent man—where is Philip Sheehan—*my* boy Philip?"

"I tell you I don't know!" said he doggedly.

"I tell you, you *do*—you *do*! an' I must know, too!"

"You're an unmannerly woman, so you are——"

"I'm Philip Sheehan's mother—d'ye hear that—an' I see you know where he is, but you're playin' tricks on me—don't blame me, agra!—don't blame me,—don't be angry with me for askin'—sure he's all I have, an' I sold my little place to go