

"Been to the — he hasn't been —" Meadows raised himself to a sitting posture and spoke with bitter violence. "What did ye expect he would do? Come whinin' to the back dure loike a dog who licks the bones some other dog has thrown away? Goldie Meadows, ye are me own flesh an' blood, an' Oi've done me best in a pore man's way to train ye up in the way ye should go, but will ye tell me, honest now, what in the name av hiven makes ye think he *iver would* come to the cabin — afther this? Do ye *expect* him?"

She shook her head.

"That's what makes it so hard, Dad. He will never understand."

"Understand what?" Meadows roared. "That a gur-rul whose mother was the bravest lady in County Galway, who faced hardship an' poverty an' the disinheritance av her family — fer they thought it a disgrace fer a Fitzgerald to marry the loikes av me — was too big a coward to spake a wur-rud an' prove his innocence? Maybe ye'll be afther hopin' he'll think ye the only, original Christian, k'apin' so rigorous-loike to yer promise?"

"Oh, Dad, for God's sake, don't! You torture me!"