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was foolish when we were workin' with Micky's Jim. It's all me fault and sorrow is on me because I made ye suffer. Maybe ye'll go home some day. If ye do, go to me mother's house and ask her to forgive me. Tell her that I died on the year I left Micky's Jim's squad. I was not me mother's child after that ; I was dead to all the world. My fault could not be undone—that's what made the blackness of it. Niver let yer own sisters go into a strange country, Dermod. Niver let them go to the potato-squad, for it's the place that is evil for a girl like me that hasn't much sense. Ye're not angry with me, Dermod, are ye ? "

" Norah, I was never angry with you," I said, and I kissed her lips. They were hot as fire. " Darling, you didn't think that I was angry with you ? "

" No, De-mod, for it's ye that has the kindly way ! " said the poor girl. " Would ye do something for me if iver ye go back to yer own place ? "

" Anything you ask, Norah," I answered, " and anything within my power to do."

" Will ye get a mass said for me in the chapel at home, a mass for the repose of me soul ? " she asked. " If ye do I'll be very happy."

When I raised my head, Moleskin was in the room. He had stolen in quietly, tired of waiting, and perhaps curious to see the end. He removed his cap and stood in the middle of the floor and looked curiously around. Norah sat up in bed and beckoned Ellen to approach.

She opened her mouth as if to speak, but there was a rattle in her throat, her teeth chattered, her hands opened and closed like those of a drowning man who clutches at floating sedge, and she dropped back to the pillow. Ellen and I hastened to help her, and laid her down quietly on the bed. Her eyes were open, her mouth wide apart showing two rows of white teeth. The spirit of the girl I loved had passed away. Without doubt, outside and