

"LET THE ROOF FALL IN"

the taste of the pot ? To think of it ! And come all the way from Tralee to find her ! "

She was very flustered, and full of the " paper " she had got against Dan Maguire, and all that had happened. But that her niece's husband had had neither bite nor sup in her house was the immediate thing that mattered. Not because he was Lord Ranmore; it would have been the same if he'd been John Moro, or Dennis O'Flanagan. She busied herself over the peat-fire, talking and exclaiming all the time.

Derry was all haste to carry his newly found wife off with him, but he had to wait for the meal that was being prepared, which he shared, by the way, with the driver of the outside car, whom Mrs. O'Brian " couldn't be thinking to lave outside there with nothing in his stummick but the rain," that now was coming down heavily. During the meal he heard how Rosaleen had come to the farm, and the surprise it had been.

" I hadn't seen her since she was a baby, since me poor brother was killed, and I went all the way to Dunmanway only to hear that her ladyship was taking care of the child, bringing her up to be a lady, and a companion to herself when she was old enough."

Something was said about the convent, and the surprise it was that her ladyship had carried out her promise that Rosaleen should remain a Protestant. There was a whole, long, running story of how the O'Dalys came to be Protestants, and about Rosaleen's English mother. Derry scarcely listened ; he was watching Rosaleen, thinking how beautiful she was, and reading now quite easily that it was love of himself that filled her eyes and heart.

That her niece had made a grand marriage, and then come back to the farm at Tralee, and asked to be taken in, seemed to have made very little impression on Mrs. O'Brian. Wasn't she her own brother's child ? Rosaleen