

the hair of our heads, and then make it up with a — I'm sorry for ye, me dear — Bad luck to ye."

"Hush now, Bridget," interposed the second nurse, stepping nearer the boy. "Wait till you hear the rights of this. Tell us now, Master Eugene, what did Virgie do to you?"

The boy's eyes flashed; but he said quietly enough, "Would you have me a talebearer? What would my grandfather say? Ask the child" — and he pointed to the still sobbing Virgie with as grand an air as if he were really the man that he felt himself to be.

"He h-h-hurt my pealings," wailed Virgie dismally.

"Your pealings; it's feelings you mean, rose of my heart," said her nurse, drawing the child nearer to her. "Tell your good Bridget what you did to the naughty boy."

The little girl, for some reason or other, was shy about confessing the provocation that she had given her playmate; but her nurse, whose curiosity had been aroused, was determined to extract a confession from her, and adroitly