

He went out obediently, closing the door. Another moment and we heard his whistle blowing violently in the street.

"Is that Moxon?" she asked, when he had gone.

"It is."

"What's he think of you bringing me in here?"

"I shouldn't attempt to say," said I. "Moxon's mind is one of the riddles I shall never solve. Sometimes I feel inclined to believe that he never thinks at all."

She sat silent for a moment or two staring at the fire, and then suddenly looked up quickly at me.

"Why did you bring me in here?" she asked.

It came to my lips to give some irrelevant answer. Why should I tell her? Would she understand it if I did? But there flashed across my mind the belief I always hold that above all creatures women are gifted with understanding, and I told her of the story I had just heard.

"And what's that to do with me?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied, "and everything. One woman in trouble is the whole world of women in distress. What I have to complain of is that they never come to me. You did. That's why I brought you in here. If this child in Ireland were to appeal to me——"

"How can she?"

"That's true," said I, "she doesn't know me."

She looked at me queerly—deedily is the word—