

"Oh, bedad! he's a fine old gentleman they have got there coinin' money for them. That's *his* business, and he's at it hard and fast from one year's end to the other. He's at the head and foot of everything that's goin' on, an', as I told you before, it's him that has the coaches and everything commodious just waitin' for you and me. All the people call him Uncle Sam, and they go now and then to visit him where he's sittin' in state in a fine grand house at a place they call Washington."

"And can any one that likes get in to see him where he makes the money?"

"'Deed an' they can, and put their *comether* on him, too. He's not a bit proud. Didn't I shake hands with him once myself?"

"Shake hands with the President!"—"with the ould gentleman that makes the money!" "And what did he say, honest man?"—"what does he look like, at all?"—"I'm sure he was ever so grand!"

"Grand! why, God help your wit, you could hardly look at him for the goold and silver—he'd dazzle your eyes!"

"Maybe he's a sort of a conjurer," put in old Dolly Sheehan, who had succeeded after much trouble in making her way through the crowd. "If he wasn't he'd never be able to coin all the money that's in America. It's like he might tell me where I'd find Philip."

"Philip who?" asked the hunchback quickly and earnestly. There was something in the name that struck a chord in his heart, or, at least, in his memory.

"Why, Philip Sheehan, to be sure—that's *my* son that's in America!"

"And *you're* Philip Sheehan's mother?" questioned Paul, with a sudden change of manner, and he fixed his keen, bright eyes on the wrinkled face before him.

"The sorra one else I am, my good man!—maybe you know Philip yourself!"