

if the young girl knew the mother perhaps it wasn't deserted after all."

"*Perhaps* it wasn't!" Mr. Flynn's tone held many meanings. It was the tone of one who knows human nature to the core, and weeps for it.

"Was it a boy or a girl?"

"Really, Amelia, what do you think I am?"

"Just a man, I suppose!" said Miss Flynn crossly. "You are thinking now twice as much about dinner as you are about that poor deserted child."

"If you would do the same, my dear, the potatoes might not be quite stone cold!"

Miss Flynn lifted the covers from the tureens. "If I did not know better, Sam," said she, "I would think that you were absolutely the most heartless——"