

who stood at a little distance from her. His nurse, or attendant, for he was rather too old a child to come entirely under a nursery *régime*, supported him by her presence, and would have taken his hand in hers if he had not drawn it from her.

“And sure you’ve hurt her this time with your murderin’ Frenchy temper,” exclaimed the little girl’s nurse, looking away from her sobbing charge at the silent boy. “It’s a batein’ you ought to have. Come now, tell us what you were after a-doing to her?”

“He took me by the arm and the leg, and he swepted the ground with me,” cried the little girl peeping at him from between her fingers.

“Och, the young villain,” interrupted her nurse, “and did you?”

The boy shrugged his shoulders. “Yes, it is true; but afterwards I embraced her.”

“By the soul of love, but you’re the queer boy,” responded the nurse warmly; “and it’s the likes of you makes the men that thinks they can drag us women round the earth by