

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROCKER
CHAPTER XXVII
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Whist overhead the moon sits abstruse.—Paradise Lost.

Maurice became one of our family circle quite easily and naturally. Auntie liked him, uncle liked him, Mrs. Vane liked him, and it only remained for me to follow their example...

Tuppence was a large, ugly, nondescript white dog; not a setter, not a spaniel, not a retriever, not really belonging to any known tribe, but, like many plain people, of most engaging manners...

Maurice never hinted, in the most distant manner, by word or look, that he even remembered the hateful compact that once bound us to each other; so I speedily put all recollection of it among my least-used thoughts...

After dinner we generally sat in the front of the house, especially on moonlight nights. Various comfortable wicker chairs were set about the gravel sweep, while the ladies sipped out final cups of tea, and Maurice smoked and talked shikar...

But, ardent sportsman although he was, I fancy that No. 6 shot, conical shells, and arsenical soap occasionally palled—and now and then Maurice found time to take a little turn with me...

mouth and glancing askance at my sudden elevation.

"Not at all," I answered, briskly. "Why should I stand if I can find a seat?"

"Surely the top rail of a gate is rarely considered available as such." "And why not?" I asked.

"Very likely; but it is not good style for you to be sitting on it. Let me bring you out a chair?" "Maurice, next time you're thinking of making a pun, please give me timely notice, and I shall flee; puns are atrociously vulgar, ten times worse than sitting on a gate."

"Hullo," coolly interrupted my cousin, "who are the couple on the maidan?" "Or when the moon was overhead, came two young lovers lately wed."

quoted Maurice, indicating two individuals who had just come into view, walking arm-in-arm with an air of supreme beatitude. "Oh, Miss Ellis and her intended, I suppose," I answered, nearly overbalancing in my endeavor to turn and obtain a good front view.

"How affecting, it's all very well now; but this time two years will they take moonlight walks for the sake of each other, and just society?" "I see no reason why they should not," replied Maurice, knocking the ash of his cheroot.

"Well, I fancy that they will be rather tired of one another by that time," I answered with a yawn; "cold mutton and weak tea will speedily quench sentiment. There is but little romance in darning old clothes! They will be frightfully poor"—shrugging my shoulders—and when poverty comes in at the door, we all know that love flies out of the window."

"May I ask if those remarks are suggested by your own experience?" asked Maurice, in a tone of cool disapproval. "How can you be so ridiculous? Certainly not."

"Then where did you pick up those ideas? scarcely at Gallow," he observed with lowering brows and a peremptory tone of voice. "I picked them up, as you call it, on board ship, from a Mrs. Roper, who made me a present of a great deal of good advice gratis."

"Indeed, how kind of her!"—ironically. "I hope you are not going to be so selfish as to keep it all to yourself. Pray share some of her golden precepts with me." "You are most heartily welcome to all I can remember," I answered, generously; "but her little hints are only intended for ladies. She imagined that I was coming out to India to be married (as a matter of course) and gave me all manner of wise instructions. In the first place, she said that I was not to think of the military; they were pleasant, but ridiculously poor."

Here Maurice bowed with the deepest gravity. "And she strongly recommended the civil element to my particular notice. She said, 'I pursued glibly, 'that to marry for love and without ample means was simply madness, and that a certain amount of mutual affection was the safest basis for a happy home.'"

"You are speaking like a book—pray continue." "She said that it was better to be 'an old man's darling than a young man's slave.'"

"Always provided that the old man was rich—a poor old man would be a sorry bargain," interpolated Maurice rudely. "I could hear by the tone of his voice that his temper was rising, and that he was surveying me with the gravest displeasure was only too apparent. Here was a grand opportunity to tease him just a little bit, and find out if his anger was as easily aroused as in days of yore. I would adopt Mrs. Roper's worldly, wicked utterances as mine own for this occasion only, and observe the result!"

"She said that men were April when they woo, December when they wed," I continued fluently. "She reserved to be tossed over to the sharks!" Maurice, savagely. "She said love was a kind of crime—a sort of mental disease alluring to especially the young—a kind of moral whooping cough."

"That will do. I can't stand any more of Mrs. Roper just at present," interrupted my cousin, brusquely. "I suppose that you young ladies would not wish for anything more intellectually interesting than a long tele-a-tele with that amiable woman. No doubt she had a mob of girls sitting figuratively at her feet, the whole way out. But somehow Mrs. Roper did not agree with me." (To judge by his face she certainly did not.) "I should like to know if you have profited by Mrs. Roper's well-meant instructions?"

"Why not?" I asked, with a nod of easy assent, clasping my hands round my knees, and regarding the dark cloud gathering on my cousin's brow with increasing complacency. "Although you never made us tremble for the Thames in old days, doubtless this species of social science is your second nature. I suppose you are one of Mrs. Roper's most creditable pupils?"

"A young lady who has so thoroughly enfranchised herself from all old-fashioned, silly ideas about romance, sentiment, and love, will never marry, of course?" pursued Maurice, in a key of scornful interrogation.

"Do I look like an old maid?" I asked, glancing down indignantly. "If you think that I am going to braid St. Catherine's tresses, you are greatly mistaken," I answered, with a nod at once of defiance and decision.

"No doubt you are a very marketable young person, and are by no means disposed to underrate your own attractions," returned Maurice, giving the gate an unintentional shake that nearly precipitated me to my mother earth. "I presume you have no rooted objection to people being in love with you?" he added, with an air of mocking inquiry.

"Not the smallest," I replied impressively; "and now, Maurice, let me give you a capital riddle by way of a change." "A riddle?" he echoed ill-temperedly; "I hate riddles—never guessed one in my life."

"Well, then, it's high time you made a start; can you tell me the best way to retain affection?" "To retain affection—to retain affection!" he muttered to himself, in a tone of reluctant expectation. "To have lots of money, I suppose. Heaps of coin!"

"No; try again," I observed, encouragingly. "No use in my trying. I would never guess it if I stayed here till breakfast time to-morrow."

"Well, then, I suppose I must tell you," I said graciously, leaning forward, and looking down into his handsome, scornful face with the air of a young Minerva. "The best way to retain affection is—listen, never to return it. Capital, is it not?" But no applause followed; on the contrary, my cousin preserved a prolonged and somewhat unusual silence; a faint shivering of peepul leaves was the only sound to be heard for quite five minutes.

"I'm getting quite stiff," I exclaimed at last, springing lightly down and shaking out my frills and flounces; and in so doing disturbed my cousin's reflections. Turning towards me, and speaking in a very frosty tone, he said: "I suppose you think that all your miserable adorners were merely brought into existence for the amusement of your idle hours? I am sure that that is one of the foremost and most important tenets in Mrs. Roper's belief. May I ask you to accept a little piece of advice from me? These sentiments, just now so eloquently expressed, whether in jest or earnest, borrowed or your own private property, sit but ill upon a girl of your age; and although, goodness knows, with a deprecatory gesture, 'I am no great champion for love-making and such like, I would strongly and most earnestly urge you to keep those opinions to yourself for the future; and now I think we had better go in,' so, tossing away his cheroot, he led the way towards the house in a highly indignant frame of mind."

Hurrah! Maurice was in a temper—a cool, contemptuous, polite temper. I ran after him, quickly, and detaining him by the arm, said, "Maurice, you are really not angry with me, are you? I was only in joke, you silly boy; indeed, that was all, I urged, eagerly. He turned and surveyed me critically; but my smiling face completely dispelled his ill-humor, and with an air of intense relief, he said: "Joking! Well, I'm sincerely glad you mentioned it. Your practical joking has merely taken a newer and more refined shape."

"You looked so serious, and so awfully shocked, Maurice, I really could not resist it, and only my face was in the shade, you must have seen how I was giggling! I have a perfect horror of Mrs. Roper. I can assure you; and all her advice went in at one ear and went out of the other." "You seem to have remembered a good deal of it, notwithstanding," returned my companion, eyeing me dubiously.

"Well, never mind her; I am sorry I mentioned her," I answered, lesslessly. "Let us change the subject; it is too soon to go in yet." I went on leaning against the gate: "tell me something about yourself. What have you been doing all these years? You are twenty-seven now, are you not? and I am past nineteen. How time flies!"

I paused. I felt the hot blood surge my hair to the very roots. According to grandfather's bargain, in less than a year I would have been Maurice's wife. Luckily, neither my blushing nor my sudden confusion was noticed by my companion; he was leaning his arms on the gate, and staring fixedly at the stars. "I've been soldiering most of the time; nothing specially remarkable has happened during the last five years," he answered, abstractedly. "And have you no romance of any kind? I am sure you have, you're so sensitive on the subject just now."

I asked, in a tone of confident conviction. "Do you think that I would confide in a little heretic like you?" he answered, turning round with a laugh. "No, no; the fagots and the San Benito ought to be your fate." "But, joking apart, speaking quite seriously, you might make me your confidante. Do tell me all about her?" I urged, in a wheedling tone. "I could imagine that Maurice's experiences would be thrilling. He was extremely handsome. He was twenty-seven—eight years older than I—and it was inconceivable that he had not had, at least one serious love affair."

"Come, Maurice, I'm waiting to offer my appreciative sympathy." "Well, I'm afraid you'll have to wait some time," he answered, with a provoking smile. "Do you think I am going to give you a right of way through my mind, and have all my most sacred secrets and tenderest reminiscences ridiculed and discussed by you and Mrs. Vane. No, no! certainly not."

"Well, I think you might tell me all about her, considering that I am the nearest relation you have in the world," I urged, with an aggrieved expression that had ever proved irresistible with Uncle Jim. But Maurice was evidently of sterner stuff than that heavy old shikarry. "Her," he echoed, leaning me against the pier, and surveying me with folded arms. "You womankind always imagine that a man must have some kind of what you call a 'her' in the background. Do you know that I have an inscription written on my heart?" he added, suddenly dropping his voice and looking gravely into my expectant eyes. "An inscription on his heart! Mary of England and Calais flashed into my brain; how immensely interesting!"

"Tell me what it is? You may be sure I shall never repeat it," I exclaimed, eagerly. "You will never breathe it to mortal," he said, coming nearer to me. "On your word of honor?"

"Never," I answered, most solemnly. "It is," he whispered mysteriously. "Trespassers will be prosecuted. Ah! Miss Nora," he said, as he looked towards the other couple up the avenue; "good turn deserves another; I took a rise out of you that time."

"Seeing that he was not inclined to give me his confidence, it suddenly struck me that I would do a really generous deed, and tell him my little secret. "Would you like to hear about my love affair, Maurice?" I asked gravely, and, indeed, with some natural embarrassment.

"Yours?" he echoed, scoffingly; "of course, we have had quite enough of looks for to-night; any one but a born fool could see that you are as completely heart-whole as I. And being at a loss for some comparison, I heard him mutter, 'as I myself.'"

"Here are my syce and horse, and here is Mrs. Vane," he added, as Violet and Dicky Campbell strode suddenly into view. "I fancy that the latter viewed my long tele-a-tele with Maurice with some disfavor, for as he and I followed the other couple up the avenue he made some captious allusions to good-looking cousins, and old friends being shunted—in fact, he made himself exceedingly unpleasant. We loitered so long, arguing and quarreling, that Maurice and his Arab passed us en route home; he was captain of the day, and in undress uniform, and nothing became him better than his blue patrol jacket and gold laced cap. I paused to wave him an adieu as he cantered by, and, partly to aggravate Dicky and partly to please myself, turned and looked back and watched him galloping across the moonlit plain till he was lost to sight."

Then I went into the house, closed the piano, folded up our pet chair-backs, and took leave of my aunt for the night. "Why did you stay in doors all the evening, Vio?" I said to Mrs. Vane, between two yawns. "To be candid with you, I had on a pair of new shoes, and as one of them presses me sore, I found sitting down more agreeable under the circumstances. By the way, what a long talk you and Maurice had this evening!" she added, as we lighted our candles previous to retirement; "may I make bold to ask the topic of your discourse?"

"Most kindly welcome. We had two topics under discussion—'hearts and love'—and I broke into song: "Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life, As love's young dream! And next to that there's naught so nice As—strawberries and cream."

"Be quiet, Nora; you'll wake your uncle," said Mrs. Vane, angrily. "So you were discussing love—a most congenial subject—with your cousin in the moonlight? Not at all so bad for a young lady who is a sworn enemy to flirtation. Seriously, Nora?"

"Seriously, Violet, your pretty little mouth was never intended for preaching"—bissing her—"and, seriously, I'm going to bed;" and, brandishing my candle with a gesture of farewell, I turned and abruptly departed.

TO BE CONTINUED

INDIGESTION AND CRIME

Here is a specimen of the pagan nonsense with which the August Atlantic Monthly supplies its readers: "Crime is dependent to a great extent on health. Poverty causes ill health; ill health causes crime. Religion does not affect crime one way or another. The greatest criminals are often religious. Medieval Europe was religious and criminal, and there are many other instances which might be cited. Honesty is inborn in all; it is part of the 'Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world'; it requires no teaching. What must be acquired is the ability to give effect to it. Crime is a physical, not a spiritual disease."

Now that the light has broken, we must change our antiquated ideas of criminals. Has that lean and sallow

alderman accepted a bribe? Prescribe for his dyspepsia at once. Has a portly bank president absconded? Well, if his appendix had only been removed, no doubt, he would now be an honored and trusted official. Beware, too, of the church-going Christian. He is just as likely to steal your purse, or burn down your house as is the atheistic anarchist. More likely, indeed, for the "great-est criminals," it must be remembered, "are often religious."

"Ages of Faith," when numerous saints walked the earth, prove that conclusively. But, perhaps, the editor of the Atlantic Monthly was nodding and by mistake inserted as a serious article in the body of his magazine what was written as a satirical paper for the "Contributors' Club."—America.

THE MILLIONAIRE

Andrew Mahaffy, very gorgeously dressed, came down the Cregagh Loaning until he reached the gap in the hedge which separates the potato field from the road. He climbed on the earth bank and looked over. John Kerrigan was picking up potatoes newly turned out of the ground.

"I declare to me goodness," said Mahaffy, "I believe your John Kerrigan." "The stooping man straightened himself and looked at Mahaffy blankly. "That's the very man I am," he began to say, when he recognized the stranger. "You don't mean to say you're Andrew Mahaffy?" Mahaffy jumped down into the field and gripped him by the hand.

"I do that," he said. "Sure I'm queer and glad to see you again!" Kerrigan gazed at him for a moment oddly, and then said. "Och, dear you're lookin' queer and like yourself! Sure, I never thought of seein' you again! There's not a bit of differs in you."

"Oh, now, don't be sayin' the like of that. Sure you didn't know me the minute you saw me?" "Och, sure, I was all through other with stoopin' over the potatoes. Man why didn't you tell me you were coming, and I would have met you at the station."

"I didn't want anyone to know I was here till I got here." He looked round quickly. "You see I have to be a careful man." "Sure, what are you afraid of?" "Oh, never mind! It's queer and fine to be home again. It's thirty years since I was here before!" Kerrigan nodded his head. "Ay, it's that every minute of it. It's queer long while! Man, you're lookin' well in it! You're like a gentleman with them clothes on!"

"And I am a gentleman, too! He dropped his tone to a solemn whisper. "Do you mind old Major Magrath that was the rich man about here when I went away?" "I do that. Sure he was in the bankruptcy court with drinkin' and horse racin'!" "I'm sorry to hear the like of that. He was a brave, decent man. What would you think he was worth at his best?"

"Indeed, I don't know. It must have been a queer lot, for they put him in the court for a great deal, and he could only pay one and fourpence in the pound." "Well, what would you think he was worth?" "I don't know. Maybe it was a lot, and maybe it wasn't so much!" "Would it be a 1,000 pounds?" "It might and it might not!" "Would it be 20,000 pounds?" "Oh, for dear sake hold your tongue! Sure there isn't that amount of money in the whole of Ireland not since the day I was born. May an Englishman would have the like of that?"

Mahaffy swaggered up to the gap in the hedge and back again. "I could buy twenty Englishmen at that price any day," he said, "and never feel the loss!" "Och, away er that with you!" exclaimed Kerrigan, incredulously. "Sure, you're coddin'! It's a million-aire I am!"

"God help us, you don't say so!" "I do. I could give you 5 pounds down for every spud you have in the field, and not know the differs; I could indeed. I'm the richest man in America!" "Dear oh! You must have got on well to be like that."

"Got on! Man, John, I can't stop! I couldn't be poor if I tried. If I wasn't to do another stroke of work in my life, and was to spend money as hard as I could from dawn of day to the dark of night, I couldn't get rid of it! I'm here now talkin' to you and doin' nothin' and over there," he pointed toward the Atlantic. "I'm gettin' richer and richer every minute!"

John Kerrigan gaped at him. "Man dear," he said, "you must be richer than ever old Magrath was!" "Magrath?" exclaimed the millionaire, contemptuously. "I could buy and sell a hundred Magraths! What's a Magrath to a man like me? Do you know who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland when I went to America?"

"I do that," said John. "It was the Duke of Gloucester!" He pronounced the title in three syllables. "Me daughter's married to his son." "Oh, now, I wouldn't believe the like o' that! Your coddin' me altogether!" "It's the truth I'm tellin' you, and no lie! She couldn't be married himself, only he's too old!" Mahaffy looked about him proudly. "I can

mind the time well when we were young, and the old duke was drivin' through the town here, and we were takin' off our caps to him, an' thankin' God he wasn't taking no notice of us! . . . And me daughter Mary's married to his son!"

"Sure, indeed, it's the queer world." "They stood for a time in silence, looking towards the sea, beyond which Mahaffy's millions were relentlessly piling themselves up for his benefit. "Ay, it is indeed," said the rich man, and then he turned boisterously to Kerrigan and slapped him on the back. "And how's the world been treatin' you?" he demanded. "Sure, you don't look much!"

"I've not done so bad, you know! I got a bit of land in the Land Purchase, and I'm doin' bravely!" "Och, you'd have done better if you'd come with me to America when I wanted you. I suppose you're married?"

"Ay, I done brave and well for meself, I married John Henry Tanner's daughter!" "You don't say! Old Sarah?" "She wasn't so old and her dad gave her a brave bit of money and cattle when I married her!" "Man, John, you always had your nose well in that house. I had a notion of her meself once!"

"You wouldn't have got her!" "Well, maybe it was as well I didn't. I would have stopped here instead of going to America, and I wouldn't be no better off than you are."

"I'm not so badly off as you think. There's the farm, and the cattle, and one thing and another! . . . Oh, but the way you have to work! You couldn't leave your farm for a year, and come back and find yourself richer than when you went away, could you? I don't suppose you were ever out of this, were you?"

"I go to Ballyshannon every week, and I was in Belfast for the fair once!" "Belfast! What's that? You never were in America. You could put Belfast in a street in New York, and no one would know it was there!"

"Ay, it's a terrible big place. I'd be afraid to be there me lone!" "Man when I look at that water there, and think America's on the other side of it, I want to jump in and swim across. I can't bear to think there's work bein' done over there, and me not doin' it!" "What would you be workin' for, with all that money?" "I can't stop workin'. I'm always thinkin' of it, day and night. I lie awake at night with it! . . ."

"Sure, that's a complaint I never suffer from. I can tell you I'm not sorry to stop workin'. I never knew a man in this land that was!" Mahaffy kicked a potato scornfully. "You don't call that work, do you?" he said. "Diggin' potatoes out of the ground! I've got thousands of men under me, more than you've got in the whole of Donegal. That's work. Hundreds and thousands of men doing what you tell them! I've made men rich by a word, and made them poor again with a nod. I have that."

"You're like a king! . . . Kings are nothing to me. I'm like a hundred kings rolled into one king. I tell you, John Kerrigan, sittin' over there in America I can make that money in England walk the streets with hunger. I can, with one word. I've done it."

"God save us, man, the law wouldn't let you do that!" "Law! What's law to the like of me. I can make laws to suit myself. I can do what I like with the world!" "It's the queer responsibility! I'm brave and powerful me! I'm the richest farmer here. My daughter married a solicitor in Donegal!" "I'm brave and looked up to."

"Och man you're nothin' to me." "You'll come on down now you're here and see Sarah!" Mahaffy nodded. "I'll come the length of the house with you, but I can't stop long!" "You'll have a bite of something to eat?" "I'm not much of an eater!"

"Aw now, you'll have a bite of something! I couldn't have you comin' in the house, and not offer you nothin'!" The two men walked down the Loaning until they reached the farm at which Kerrigan lived. A heap of manure lay in one corner of the yard and a heap of turfs in another. Cart ruts made the ground uneven, and in wet weather, like a swamp. The door of the house was open, and fowls strayed in and out.

"Man," said Mahaffy, "we wouldn't stand a mess like this in America!" "What mess?" asked Kerrigan. "All this disorder and through other." "Sure, that's nothing. It's always like that!" "Do you never want to tidy it up?" "Sure, it's natural! . . . He shouted in at the door, "Sarah, come out, for dear sake, and see who I've brought to see you!"

Mrs. Kerrigan came out. "Good morning sir!" she said, when she saw Mahaffy. "I declare she doesn't know me!" exclaimed the millionaire, laughing. "Woman-a-dear, do you mean to say you don't know him?" said Kerrigan. His wife shook her head. "I do not, indeed," she replied. "Oh, you know him rightly! It's America Mahaffy that went to America, and he's a millionaire, and

his daughter's married to a duke's son!" "Glory be to God! . . . Come on in, for dear sake, and not be standin' out there in the through other, and the dinner near ready! I'm right glad I bailed the beef the day and not the morrow. Sure you'll have a bowl of broth for your dinner and beef, too!"

"Oh, now don't be putting yourself out, Sarah, for me. Sure, I couldn't touch it!" "Come on in now, and quit your talkin'!" The millionaire entered the kitchen and sat down.

"You'll be for stayin' with us a bit," said Sarah. "I can't. I've got to be in London in a day or two. I didn't intend to come here at all, but when the boat called at Moville, I just felt something comin' over me, and I got off and came to have a look at the place, and brave and glad I am. But I can't stop."

"Well, the dinner'll be ready in a minute." They sat talking together, recalling incidents of their youth, when a gunshot rang out. The millionaire jumped out of his seat. "My God!" said he. "What's that?" "Sure, what's the matter with you?" said Kerrigan. "You look as pale as a sheet. Sure, it's only someone shootin' a rabbit, or maybe a wild duck!"

The millionaire was trembling, and sweat gathered on his brow. He mopped himself with his handkerchief and his breath came quickly. "Me heart was in me mouth," he said. "I thought I was followed!" "Who would be followin' you here, anyway?" asked Sarah. "There's many would be followin' me if they knew where I was. I sleep with a revolver under me pillow every night, and guards watchin' the house when I'm at home!"

"Sure, and what for?" "I'm afraid of me life!" "And, what would anybody want to be killin' you for? You're not a landlord!" "You don't need to be a landlord to be afraid of your life. There's men has a grudge against you if you're rich!"

"Sure, you shouldn't talk like that. No one has a grudge against you unless you give them cause!" "I'm rich, I tell you. Lord save us, who's that?" "A young man, carryin' a gun, had entered the room as he spoke. "That's me son, Michael, that I forgot to tell you about. It was him was maybe shootin'. Did you shoot anything, Michael?"

"Ay, I shot a rabbit!" It was explained to Michael that the stranger was Andrew Mahaffy that went to America thirty years ago and was now a millionaire. "That's a queer lot of money," said Michael. "It is, indeed!"

"It's a big bit more than a 100 pounds, I'm thinkin'!" "Mrs. Kerrigan laughed at her son. "Hundred pounds," she said. "That's nothin'. He thinks 100 pounds is near all the money in the world because his Aunt Bridget died and left him that amount in her will. He has it in the bank this minute!"

The millionaire explained at great length that 100 pounds was what he sometimes spent on giving a small dinner party when Michael had calculated that his daily dinner cost about 9 pence and that 100 pounds at that rate would provide him with substantial meals for a number of years at that rate, he ceased to be overcome with the immensity of his own wealth.

"It's not stoppin' here you should be," said the millionaire. "It's no will of me own makes me stop in a place like this, I can tell you. I'd be goin' if I could! I'm no hand at farmin' at all, beyond maybe shootin' an odd rabbit or two!"

"Och, you'll never get fat on the like of that. America's the land for you, me boy. If you'll come out with me, I'll give you a job there for your dad's sake that'll make a rich man of you in no time, if you're anything in you at all!" "I'd like to go queer and well!" Mrs. Kerrigan pulled the table into the center of the room. "Don't be puttin' wildness into his head," she said, "but come on and have your dinner!"

They sat down to the meal. "There's a fine bit of beef for you," exclaimed John Kerrigan. "You'll not be gettin' as fine beef as that in America I think!" "Oh far finer, far finer! . . . No, not for me, Mrs. Kerrigan! . . . What are you callin' me Mrs. Kerrigan for, when me name's Sarah to old friends, as you know well! Now, come on with you and no nonsense, but give me your plate!"

"I couldn't touch it, Sarah, I could not, indeed! I suffer terribly with indigestion!" "What's that?" said Michael! "Oh, you can't enjoy your food. It gives you a pain to eat!" "I can't understand the like of that," said Michael. "I can't do nothin' for it. I've tried doctors all the world over! . . . I'll have a wee bit of bread and a drop of broth, maybe. Nothin' else!" "Sure, that's no dinner for a man," said Mrs. Kerrigan.

"It's all I'm ever able to take. There are worse than me. I know a man that has to eat charcoal, he has, indeed!" "Holy smoke!" exclaimed John. "are they all like that in America?" "Oh, you don't have time to take food at first, and you forget your sleep when you're making money, and when you've got it, you can't enjoy it the same. What keeps your heart up is the power!"