

known boys called smugglers, and pirates, and rapparees, and worse than that, that was divvle a bit worse than them that misnamed them, and may be a trifle better."

"Yes; I remember your story. And didn't you say there was some girl——"

"Oh, her they called Flamenka? Of course there'd be a girl; and of course she'd be no good at all, when the real trouble came. If she'd been worth the salt to her tail, she'd have brought the boys down to save their captain, like another once didn't in Kerry; but 'tis all one they are. 'Tis Mistress Maguire she'll be by now—bad cess to the spalpeen."

"Flamenka—Mistress Maguire?"

"Now, that's good! Sure your honour'll be better already, if joking's a sign. Mistress Maguire—that'll be the colleen that was in it at Tralee. But 'tis all one they are—every one of a sex that'll marry a Maguire. Don't trust 'em, your honour—no, not one. They'll lade a boy into trouble; and when he's in it they'll lave him there, and take up with the first spalpeen that can keep a cow," he added, with a beaming smile.

I had formed my own opinion as to the amount of blame due to a girl who preferred a decent Maguire that kept a cow, to so evidently hopeless a scapegrace as my friend Phil. However, it was not the season for a lecture—if it ever is; nor was I in a sympathetic mood. Besides, I was a little tired, after my long disuse of exercise; and if I was not sympathetic, Phil was. We were at the entrance of a café, or some such place; so, moved