

puckerin' his forrerd ; Oi've seen 'em do 't many's the toime. Wan surgeon in the nick av toime is like to do more good than forty doothers at a funer'l."

"We can get no surgeon; that is out of the question," said the lady curtly and positively.

Once more O'Halloran fell to studying the pattern of the quilt. He even went so far as to count the pieces in one of the figures. Flora and her mother resented this as a piece of unnecessary impertinence, and moved restlessly about the room.

"That is what they call the broken stove lid," explained Jack, seeing the big Irishman's apparent interest in the quilt pattern.

"Now is that so?" said O'Halloran. "Upon me sowl it looks as if the whole chimney had tumbled down on top av it. Faith! Oi have it!" he exclaimed with a laugh. "Oi'll rope in the chap that drinched me the same as if Oi was a sick horse. 'T will be somethin' traymenjous, upon me sowl! He's a bloomin' pillmaker from wistern New York."

The big Irishman paused and hugged himself with his Samson-like arms as he bent over with laughter.