

will find the cure.* But people walk up the hills and down the hills and all they see is flowers. Flowers! As if God Almighty! honor and praise to Him!-had nothing better to do with His time than be making old flowers!"

"Things no doctor could cure the wise people cured" agreed the sergeant.

"Ah, musha, 'tis I know it," said Dan bitterly. "I know it, not in my mind but in my own four bones".

"Have you the rheumatics at you still?" the sergeant asked in a shocked tone.

"I Have. Ah, if you were alive, Kitty O'Hara, or you, Nora Malley of the Glen, 'tisn't I'd be dreading the mountain wind or the sea wind; 'tisn't I'd be creeping down with my misfortunate red ticket for the blue and pink and yellow dribble'drabble of their dispensary".

"Why then indeed," said the sergeant,

"I'll get you a bottle for that.

"Ah, there's no bottle ever made will cure it"

"That's where you're wrong, Dan. Don't talk now till you try it. It cured my own uncle when he was the bad he was shouting for the carpenter to cut the two legs off him with a handsaw."

"I'd give fifty pounds to get rid of it" said Dan magniloquently. "I would and five hundred."

The segeant finished his tea in a gulp, blessed himself, and struck a match which he then allowed to go out as he answered some question of the old man. He did the same with a second and third, as though titillating his appetite with delay.

Finally he succeeded in getting his pipe alight and the two men pulled round their chairs, placed their toes side by side in the ashes, and in deep puffs, lively bursts of conversation, and long, long silences, enjoyed their smoke.

"I hope I'm not keeping you?" said the sergeant, as though struck by the length of his visit.

"Ah, what would you keep me from?"

"Tell me if I am. The last thing I'd like to do is waste another man's time."

"You wouldn't waste my time if you stopped all night."

"I like a little chat myself", confessed the policeman.

And again they became lost in conversation. The light grew thick and colored and, wheeling about the kitchen before it disappeared, became tinged with gold; the kitchen itself sank into cool gayness

with cold light on the cups and basins and plates of the dresser. From the ash tree a thrush began to sing. The open hearth gathered brightness till its light was a warm, even splash of crimson in the twilight.

Twilight was also decending outside when the sergeant rose to go. He fastened his belt and tunic and carefully brushed his clothes. Then he put on his cap, tilted a little to side and back.

"Well, that was a great talk", he said.

"'Tis a pleasure" said Dan "a real pleasure"

"And I won't forget the bottle for you"

"Heavy handling from God to you"

"Good-bye now, Dan"

"Good-bye, Sergeant, and good luck."

Dan didn't offer to accompany the sergeant beyond the door. He sat in his old place by the fire, took out his pipe once more, blew through it thoughtfully, and just as he leaned forward for a twig to kindle it, heard the steps returning. It was the sergeant. He put his head a little way over the half-door.

"Oh, Dan!" he called softly.

"Ay, Sergeant?" replied Dan, looking round but with one hand still reaching for the twig. He couldn't see the sergeant's face only hear his voice.

"I suppose you're not thinking of paying that little fine, Dan?"

There was a brief silence. Dan pulled out the lighted twig, rose slowly and shambled towards the door, stuffing it down in the almost empty bowl of the pipe. He leaned over the half-door while the sergeant with hands in the pockets of his trousers gazed rather in the direction of the laneway, yet taking in a considerable portion of the sea line.

"The way it is with me, Sergeant" replied Dan unemotionally, "I am not".

"I was thinking that Dan; I was thinking you wouldn't".

There was a long silence during which the voice of the thrush grew shriller and merrier. The sunken sun lit up rafts of purple cloud moored high above the wind.

"In a way," said the sergeant, "that was what brought me".

"I was just thinking so, Sergeant, it only struck me and you going out the door."

"If 'twas only the money, Dan I'm sure there's many would be glad to oblige you".

"I know that, Sergeant. No, 'tisn't the money so much as giving that fellow the satisfaction of paying. Because he angered me, Sergeant."