

I HAVE no great likin' for thim mesilf," said Patsy Moran, skilfully lighting his pipe from the one that Tim had silently handed him and settling back comfortably on his end of a Central Park bench; "yet 'twas only me good luck that saved me from bein' wan of thim."

The phlegmatic Tim smoked peacefully on without comment, but Patsy, who required no other



"Patsy," says he, "it's frinds we are first, and wan of us is a polayecman afterwards."

response from Tim than his presence, continued reminiscently:

"Yis," he said, "but for good luck and a bit of my own judgment I'd be tremblin' for me job on the polayce force this minute—dependint for the rint on whether I could get it from Hinnisey for not seein' his place was open Sunday mornin' whin I was takin' a drink over his bar, or whether me sergeant had already took ivry-thing Hinnisey had for the offense of havin' it, tellin' him he might keep the rest if he would report me for drinkin' on duty. Sure, and in the place of that I'm me own master of mesilf, livin' free and comfortable by industrious burglin' and drivin' the polayce distracted, may the devil dance on the blue backs of thim—hiven forgive me for sayin' so!"

"But they was a time whin I was temptid into wantin' a job on the force, and this was the way of it. 'Twas in me early twinties, and faith, it's the fine, upstandin' lad I was in thim days, with all the women gittin' beyond thimselves entirely over me, and me that careless and go-lucky. It was only me good luck saved me from wan of thim the same day it kept me from throwin' mesilf away on the polayce force, and if iver a man made his way with a woman with ivrything ag'inst him—well, I'll be tellin' ye."

"It was me and Dinnis O'Toole with the eyes of the two of us on the same polayce job, good friends as we was—sure, I loved him like a brother and he treated me liko-wan, bad cess to him! But we was frinds thin, and whin the word come to us that the man holdin' the wires to the givin' of that job was old Michael O'Grady up in Westchester County, Dinnis comes to me and says he, with wan of thim lady-trust-me looks from the big eyes of him: 'Patsy,' says he, 'it's frinds we are first, and wan of us is a polayecman afterwards,' he says, noble.

Patsy Moran and the Orange Paint

By ARTHUR SULLIVANT HOFFMAN

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

"Yis," says I, swellin' with pride at bein' so honorable.

"We're playin' fair and the best man wins," he says.

"Yis," says I.

"Thin," says he, "let the two of us go up together to old man O'Grady's place in the country and settle it wanet and for all like gentlemen, lettin' him choose atween us. Are ye with me?"

"I wouldn't be lettin' ye go alone for worlds," says I, still feelin' honorable and turnin' cold at the thought of him goin' to O'Grady unbeknownst to me. "It's the true frind ye are and I'll not be goin' back on ye."

"Will it be this afternoon, thin," he says.

"Sure," I says, takin' quick thought of the new clothes I was wearin' and knowin' Dinnis couldn't raise the money by afternoon

into the ditch and quits speakin', whin who should we be meetin', drivin' along in his bit of a cart, but old man O'Grady himself!

"We stops him, both talkin' to wanet, but afore we could tell our business he says he must be goin' on after the mail and for us to wait where we was and ride home with him whin he comes back. Which we done, or begun to do, only by this time we was so nervous about each other that Dinnis wandered around in the woods and I stretched out on the grass by the roadside.

"I was watchin' him, suspicious, but pristinly I rolled over and went to sleep, with the warm sun shinin' down on me back, knowin' me wits would carry me through with O'Grady if I didn't wear thim out with usin' thim afore-hand.



"It's a wise man that knows whin a fool has the best of him."

for better than the shabby wans on the back of him.

"So up we went. O'Grady, havin' made his pile, was livin' comfortable on his own place in the country and addin' to it, bein' a capacious man, by keepin' his hold on politics on the East Side. He was so rich his home was a matter of a mile from the station and we went the way on foot, takin' no sorrow of it, for the sun was shinin', the flowers bloomin' ivry-where, and the bees hummin' soothin' and pleasant-like—and the country's a fine place to go to whin ye can come back ag'in."

"We was trudgin' along through a bit of woods, nayther of us talkin' much by reason of thinkin' how he could git a medal from O'Grady for bein' fair and honorable whilst he was makin' the other look like the last words of a drunken man before he falls

"It was Dinnis woke me, and the eyes of him was bulgin' out like eggs.

"Tare and ages!" he says, "what's happened ye?"

"Me!" says I, blinkin' me eyes.

"Who's done this to ye, Patsy?" he goes on, fairly yellin' at me. "What devil has been at ye whilst I was away? Oh, wirra, wirra, man, if O'Grady iver sees ye now it's more like he will be killin' ye than anythin' else! 'Here,' he says, 'roll over ag'in and let me see the back of ye wanet more. Holy saints, look at that, now! 'Down with Tammany!' across your shoulders! And runnin' crooked down from it—hold still but one minute—no true Irishman iver done that—'Bless Boyne Water!' And down wan leg is 'Ireland for the English!' and along the other 'Down

with the Pope!' and startin' from your hip-pocket is a blasphemous suggestion to the polayce! Ivry letter of it all in orange paint! Oeh, man, if O'Grady iver sees but wan letter of that ye're lost intirely, and by all the powers here he comes now, jaunтин' along in his bit cart, though he ain't seen us yet! Keep your face to him—no, they's no time to be lookin' at it now—and crawl back where ye can sit with your back ag'inst this tree and your legs flat out along the concealin' ground, and don't move annything but your tongue whilst he's with us! I'll do what I can, but for the love of hiven, sit tight!"

"With the first words of him me brains threw the sleep from thim and me heart stopped beatin' with sickenin' fright of what he was sayin'. I could see immediately that thim words painted on the back of me would murder all me chanets with O'Grady—and me fine new suit, besides! Young as I was, I seen it was no time for mere thinkin'—me wits was quick to tell me that—and in less time than it takes a potato to roll into a barrel I was scrunchin' and wormin' and wigglin' along on me back—alanna, thim poor clothes!—and was sittin' tight ag'inst a big tree with me legs flat out along the ground and niver wan of thim yellow letters showin', praise be.

"And with that, Old man O'Grady, havin' come close by with his head down a-studyin', looks up and sees us. 'Whoa!' says he. 'Well, gentlemen, here I am and ready for ye. Will ye be gittin' in with me, or has your frind changed his mind, Mr. O'Toole?' he says, put out over a young man like me showin' him no more respect than net to git up whin he come.

"Well, sor," says Dinnis, "it ain't his mind he's wantin' to change. You see sor," he says, givin' me a black eye right in the start of it and leavin' me no chanet to tell me own lies, 'it's not over strong he is—Moran's the name, sor, Patrick Moran—and the walkin' was a bit too much



"Are ye a luntyie?" says she, gaspin' for breath."

for him. The sun makes him this way, sor, but he gits all right