

meekly licked the tip of the sergeant's shiny boot.

"No nonsense now," said the man firmly. "You can't humbug me, and you understand that as well as a Christian. Run home with you."

The dog sprang up, resumed his careless air, and trotted calmly from the park by the road-way through which he had come.

The sergeant sauntered on. It was a charming September morning. He met a few pedestrians and many nurses and children. It was yet rather early in the day for the carriage people to be out.

A succession of angry childish shrieks made him suddenly wheel round, and look in the direction from which he had come. Two nurses and two children stood by the stone seats near the group of bronze figures erected to the memory of John Boyle O'Reilly.

The sergeant strolled slowly back to them. One of the nurses bent over a little girl who was sobbing violently, and was stamping her foot at a foreign-looking lad with a pale face,