

'THAT THERE MASON'

he'd lain three weeks in a beastly jail, fed on black bread, and denied his pipe. I don't say he came home much changed; but I allow the disappointment sunk as deep as his heart, and blacked it. And to this hour he's not fit company for man nor beast. Look at him as he leans!'

Laughing together, we strolled off for our drinks, and I saw Mason turn his head to watch us as we walked.

THE END.