

SUNSHINE-SHADDER

edge of the verandah and fastened his eyes upon the dim outline of a vehicle coming down the hill.

"Billy's in good time the night," he declared as he shook the ashes from his pipe and hurried into the store, where he turned up the lights preparatory to sorting mail.

A few minutes later a passengerless stage drove up before the door, and once the mail bag had been swung into the hands of the nearest they one and all filed into the store.

Limpy quickly conveyed it to the partitioned space, where he closed the door and drew down the wicket shutter. Brightening up his steel-rimmed glasses reposing above his grey-tufted eyebrows, he adjusted them very precisely and proceeded to sort and stamp the weekly budget.

Grouped outside the partition wall, the crowd, which had quickly multiplied, patiently waited, encouraged by the stamp and rustle within. Then quite unexpectedly the wicket flew up and heralded a press forward to face the much-loved man within. All eyes were riveted upon the package in Limpy's hand, and as he thumbed the letters over supreme pleasure or evident disappointment lined the faces of those who hurried away or collapsed upon one of the several barrels and boxes scattered about. Limpy never remained in the office after the satisfaction of distribution, and once he had turned down the light he stumped towards the group and, settling himself upon a box behind the counter, beamed good-naturedly upon his friends.