

mount and go; for Mary had persisted that she could travel—joy makes such marvellous healing. When the moment of parting came, Pierre was not there. Mary whispered to her lover concerning this. The priest went to the door of the hut and called him. He came out slowly.

“Pierre,” said Shon, “there’s a word to be said between us that had best be spoken now, though it’s not aisy. It’s little you or I will care to meet again in this world. There’s been credit given and debts paid by both of us since the hour when we first met; and it needs thinking to tell which is the debtor now, for deeds are hard to reckon; but, before God, I believe it’s meself;” and he turned and looked fondly at Mary Callen.

And Pierre replied: “Shon McGann, I make no reckoning close; but we will square all accounts here, as you say, and for the last time; for never again shall we meet, if it’s within my will or doing. But I say I am the debtor; and if I pay not here, there will come a time!” and he caught his shoulder as it shrunk in pain of his wound. He tapped the wound lightly, and said with irony: “This is my note of hand for my debt, Shon McGann. Eh, *bien!*”

Then he tossed his fingers indolently towards Shon, and turning his eyes slowly to Mary Callen, raised his hat in good-bye. She put out her hand impulsively to him, but Pierre, shaking his head, looked away. Shon put his hand gently on her arm. “No, no,” he said in a whisper, “there can be no touch of hands between us.”

And Pierre, looking up, added: “*C'est vrai*. That is the truth. You go—home. I got to hide. So—so.”

And he turned and went into the hut.