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like — not a bit like th' O.C. o' a Division torkin' t' a buck private.

" 'Beg yer pardon, Sir!' I sez, 'but if you let 'im go back t' Dyvidsburg I fink 'e'll be quite contented. Seems like 'e wants t' be wiv Sorjint Slavin an' Constable Yorke agin.'

" 'Fink so?' sez 'e, pullin' 'is oweld moustache, 'I sure do, Sir,' I sez. 'So be it, then!' 'e sez, turnin' t' Kilbride, but th' Inspector 'e sez nothin' — 'e on'y larfs. An' then they went away."

Redmond, giving vent to a delighted oath, came out of his sulks on the instant.

"Hardy!" be cried, "you're a gentleman! . . ."

"Nay!" was the other's disclaimer. "A drunken oweld soweljer-son . . . that's all."

But Redmond heard him not. With elbows resting upon the balcony-rail he was looking beyond the Elbow Bridge, beyond Sbagnappi Point — westwards to Davidsburg, his face registering the supreme content of a man who had just attained his heart's desire.

THE END