

	PAGE
OFFERED A DELICATE HAND TO EACH OF HER OLD FRIENDS	80
BULGER'S REPUTATION	82
'WE'VE GOT TO START IN AGAIN FAIR'	85
BULGER	91
WALKING FROM CLAIM TO CLAIM	94
'SUTHIN'S GOT TO BE DONE WITH THAT BULGER'	97
'ALONGSIDE O' LITTLE MEELY BAKER'	102
IT WAS BULGER!	107
IN THE TULES	108
HE WAS STANDING MID-LEG DEEP IN THE SURGE	113
HALF LIFTING, HALF DRAGGING HIS BURDEN	115
'WELL—GOOD-BYE, MORSEY'	123
HE EXAMINED THE BODY	126
'WHO ARE YOU?'	130
'IT WAS ABOUT HERE, I RECKON'	135
HE REACHED A SECURE POSITION IN THE FORK OF THE TREE	141
MORSE STAGGERED FORWARD	146
A RED INDIAN	148
STEPHEN MASTERTON	149
COMPLETING HIS REPAST WITH PURPLE GRAPES	156
SHE LOOKED TALLER, OLDER, AND EVEN PRETTIER	176
A FIGURE IN A PARTI-COLOURED DRESS SUDDENLY STARTED INTO ACTIVITY	183
'DIDN'T HE FIND MASTERTON STEEPED IN THE INIQUITY OF PRACTISING ON AN ORGAN?'	187