

Macnamara trembled; the death-sweat dropped from his forehead as he raised himself up.

"Kitty—a kid av mine—and she married to Hinry Withers—an' you saved me, too!—" Macnamara's eyes were wild.

Henry Withers took his hand.

"'Ere, it's all right, old pal," he said cheerfully.

"What's the kid's name?" said Macnamara.

"Peter—same as yours."

The voice was scarce above a breath. "Sure, I didn't know at all. An' you forgive me, Hinry darlin', you forgive me?"

"I've nothing to forgive," said Henry Withers.

A smile lighted the blanched face of the dying man.

"Give me love to the b'y—to Peter Macnamara," he said, and fell back with a smile on his face.

"I'd do it again. Wot's a lie so long as it does good?" said Henry Withers afterwards to Holgate the engineer. "But tell 'er—tell Kitty—no fear! I ain't no bloomin' fool. 'E's 'appy—that's enough. She'd cut me 'eart out, if she knowed I'd lied that lie."