

to appear at ease. Then from force of habit, "Will ye have a dhrop on the house?"

"Are you going down to the 'Hall'?"

"Such was my intintion," lied Meadows, glibly.

He stole a glance at his companion. His face was pale and tired-looking. His eyes had that strained appearance one sees in persons who try to bear pain without flinching. His gait was not nearly so get-to-the-point as it had been the first time Meadows had seen him. He walked as though trying not to drag his feet.

They spoke of casual, inconsequential things until, seated in the little office behind the "Hall," Tim said with considerable emotion,

"Oi want to thank ye, Chris, fer the courtesy ye showed to Goldie. Shure, an' it isn't ivery man who would have gone to jail, rather than save his hide. Belave me, bye, whin Oi tells ye, Oi appreciate it."

Kleath rose and walked about the small room. "It was nothing," he said, shortly. "The fact that I was called upon to do nothing but sit still and be acquitted, robs me of any heroism you good Dawson folk try to fasten upon me."

"That ain't the idea, at all, at all," argued Meadows, with great earnestness. "Iverybody