

THE SHEPHERD OF SUNSHINE-SHADDER

out whole, we air bound ter give out in some new quarter."

"I've never spoken of it, Limpy, but my heart promises to give out some of these bright days. I consulted a specialist when in the city last and we had a plain talk, and I left him feeling that I cannot count on many years; it may be only months; but it don't worry me, old friend, I'm quite prepared to go; it's only the thought of those who might need me, and the love I have for these dear old hills—"

"Don't think on it, man," Limpy protested, as he checked a rising sob and pushing back his chair prepared to leave. Peter Paul followed him to the door, and as Limpy clasped the thin white hand which had through the years relieved much pain and suffering, he mumbled brokenly:

"Forget yer trouble, man Paul; we cain't spare ye yet. You've been both air 'n' light ter us tired souls, made up our homes 'n' helped to warm our hearths, 'n' sometimes—What hev' we done fer ye? Oh, wicked 'n' perwerse generation."

The quiet routine of the Sunday following Limpy's chat at the manse was depressingly disturbed by the largest funeral ever seen in Sunshine-Shadder.

As early as the grey dawn of the Sunday morning gigs, single rigs, democrats and unwieldy waggons, packed with the young and old of the district for many miles around, rattled down the zig-zag hill to pay their last tribute to Peter Paul, the bright and guiding star of the hillside, whose brilliancy had sud-