

THE LUCK OF THE MOUNTED 303

Yorke. "Gully! . . . He's to be 'bumped off' this day-month. . . ."

There came a long, tense silence.

"G——d!" broke out Yorke suddenly, arousing Redmond out of the deep reverie into which he had sunk on receipt of the news — "the look on that Eugene Aram face of his . . . when the jury filed in and threw the book at him! . . . I can't forget it somehow."

"Well! yeh want tu thin!" remarked Slavin bluntly. "Quit ut! . . . d'ju hear? . . . 'Tis no sort av talk, that, for a sick room. . . ."

And hereafter they all avoided the sinister subject.

Presently McCullough came limping in on his crutches, and ere long that wily individual succeeded with his customary ingenuity in inveigling the company into a facetious barrack-room argument. Later they commenced relating racy stories.

Slavin's deep-set eyes began to twinkle and glow, as he unburdened himself of a lengthy narrative concerning a furlough he had spent in his native land many years back, in which Ballymeen Races, a disreputable "welshing" bookmaker, himself, a jug of whiskey and a blackthorn stick were all hopelessly mixed in one grand Hibernian tangle.