

take it alone. What I want to tell yer quiet and friendly, old pal, is that yer drawfted out—all the way out—for good."

"'Sh—did ye think I wasn't knowin' it, me b'y?" Macnamara's face clouded. "Did ye think I wasn't knowin' it? Go an' lave me alone," he added quickly.

Henry Withers went out pondering, for he was sure it was not mere dying that fretted Macnamara.

The next day the end of it all came. Henry Withers had pondered, and his mind was made up to do a certain thing. Towards evening he sat alone in the room where Macnamara lay asleep—almost his very last sleep. All at once Macnamara's eyes opened wide.

"Kitty, Kitty, me darlin'," he murmured vaguely. Then he saw Henry Withers.

"I'm dyin'," he said, breathing heavily. "Don't call anny one, Hinry," he added brokenly. "Dyin's that aisy—aisy enough, but for wan thing."

"'Ere, speak out, Pete."

"Sure, there's no wan but you, Withers, not a wife nor a child av me own to say, 'Poor Peter Macnamara, he is gone.'"

"There's one," said Henry Withers firmly. "There's one, old pal."

"Who's that?" said Macnamara huskily.

"Kitty."

"She's no wife," said Macnamara, shaking his head. "Though she'd ha' been that, if it hadn't been for Mary Malone."

"She's mine, an' she 'as the marriage lines," said Henry Withers. "An' there's a kid—wich ain't mine—born six months after! 'Oo says no kid won't remark, 'Poor Peter Macnamara, 'ee is gone, wich 'ee was my fader!'"