

phere, itsilf. Gosh, but Oi'm sorry that pore bye is dead."

From Barney, Tim's mind naturally flew back to Kleath and he found himself playing with a thought which throbbed insistently and would not be ignored.

"Oi've just got to see Chris," he decided, at last, "even if Oi do nuthin' more than thank him fer the way he behaved to Goldie — fer the sacrifice he was goin' to make fer me little gur-rul. Maybe — afther Oi've talked to him a bit — maybe —"

Meadows made his preparations for the street with feverish haste, fearing every moment to be caught by Goldie on her return from the purchase of supplies. He cursed the slowness of his movements and the wobbling state of his limbs as he skirted the back streets in an endeavor to reach a certain inconspicuous spot where he would be protected by a fence and where he could anticipate Kleath's home-coming from the plant.

He had not long to wait. Kleath wheeled round at the sound of his name and grasped Meadows's hand in a cordial clasp.

"I *am* glad to see you about again, Tim," he said. "How are you feeling?"

"Shure, an' Oi may recover, but Oi'll niver be the same," answered the other, with an awkward attempt