

cheerfully as a rule, for he kept the village store, and trusted to reimburse himself by overcharges in the future.

One day I sat on the bridge, smoking, and indolently pretending to fish. The most accomplished fisherman with his most cunningly devised fly had never been known to catch any of the "big fellows" whose habitat was beneath the bridge. Occasionally one of them was "jigged," but as the villagers were sportsmen, this seldom occurred. Besides, the Fishery Warden lived only a few yards away; and he was known to have a keen eye on his business. Also, almost every house in the village had one or more windows looking towards the bridge.

Fabulous tales, however, were told of the fish that had been caught there by Felipe Doucette, the ne'er-do-well. He told them. Also he knew every incident worth relating that had happened in the country side during a quarter of a century. For a chew of "Hickey's" he would spin yarns the whole of a long summer afternoon. Therefore I was glad when I saw the ungainly figure in grey trousers, blue shirt and battered old sou'wester shambling along the road towards the bridge. For it was Felipe.

He sat down beside me with a cheery "Fine day, sar," and I handed him my tobacco. Biting off a cheekful, he proceeded to decorate the bridge with tobacc-juice sketches. Then he began to talk, the klick-klack of the grasshoppers serving as punctuation marks.

And this is the story he told:

"Perhap' I nev' tol' you dot yarn 'bout how Tom Heron he fin' de schoolmastaire. No? Well, eet was lak dees.

"Long'back feefteen-twenty year ago dey hav ver' queer teachaire up dere at de school on de hill. He ver' clevaire fellows at de college an' all dat, but hees head cram so full de many tings dat he know dat eet no hold dem all easy, an' so eet get—how you say—crack. For all dat he ver' good teachaire, an' de trustee dey not sen' heem away, for dey