

officer commanding was a great gossip, a great disciplinarian, soldier, magistrate, administrator, tyrant, friend—nothing by halves. He called me a fool for being sentimental, and furtively smuggled bottles of port to the cell by way of a tonic, to give his prisoner strength for the coming ordeal. Then he chaffed me, and his tongue raised blisters.

"Buckie," he said once, "do you remember a young chap we called the Blackguard?—La Mancha's brother. He was killed arguing with a horse. This Charging Buffalo reminds of him somehow. We'll have him fat before we kill him, Buckie."

No horse or man ever escaped Sam's memory.

"Buckie," said the prisoner, "I don't like fooling Sam."

"Trust him to the limits. But how about the Brat? A scandal would spoil his chance of being inspector?"

"I remember, Buckie, once, when he was a very wee brat, he woke from a dream, screeching as if there were no hereafter. 'Oh, Mummie, Mummie!' he sobbed, 'a fox has biten off my tail, and a slug-gard's in my bed!' You know, he wouldn't make a good inspector."

"Don't spoil his chance."

"Well, perhaps not." Then, with a whimsical