

like his own, was to give—always to give—nothing in return, claiming only a pipeful of tobacco at the end of the day, and a tranquil smoke over the morrow's game to the boys.

David passed a hand across his eyes, and moved to the anvil, and took up the hammer. "Ye can run away with the lad," he said, turning to Dan Foster's lad. "Stay, here's a sixpence for ye to spend on yourself. Billy, 'tis work and play again, as i' the old days. Just bend your back to the bellows."

THE END.