

his words. He must have seen this, for he said with a twinkle in his eye: "I should have made a first-class Blue Light — rammin' double-charges home in this way. Well, I know I'm speakin' truth, and the Blue Light thinks he is, I s'pose; an' it's too big a business for you an' me to settle in one afternoon."

The sound of horses' feet came from the path above our heads. Barnabas sprang up.

"Orf'cer an' 'rf'cer's lady," said he, relapsing into his usual speech. "'Won't do for you to be seen a-talkin' with the likes o' me. Hutup *kurcha!*"

And with a stumble, a crash, and a jingle of harness, Gunner Barnabas went his way.