

"An' Bill went down?"

"That was Pritchen, was it?"

"Yes."

"What were you doing to him?"

"Stretchin' his neck."

"I thought so. Did he confess?"

"Yes, coughed up everything."

"Poor chap!"

"It sarved 'im right. He was a bad egg."

"But he was not always bad."

"Ye don't say so! What changed 'im into sich a divil?"

"Drink, gambling and evil companions."

"It seems, sir, that ye knowed 'im afore he struck the North."

"Know him! I should say I did know him! He was my only sister's husband. Oh, Nellie, Nellie! How can I ever tell you all! But how about the men?" he suddenly asked, wishing to change the subject, which was becoming most painful.

"What, the b'ys down yon?"

"Yes."

"In a bad way. Nothin' left."

"And they've no food?"

"Not a scrap."

"Well, look here, Mr. Burke. There's the school room which the men can use until they get new cabins built. They will have to do their cooking outside, but there is a stove in the place which will