

the man's hands and kissed his cheek. "Shure, God wouldn't let me die till I've seen you once again. 'Now let Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word,'" he added. Then after an instant, he said: "Don't me break it to her—to your mother, Terry. Oh, God be praised! 'Tis just in time you've come, for you'll set things right—Terry, Terry."

But the quick ears of love had heard; the ears that had listened so long had grown acute beyond all usual measure. They heard the voice of the old woman calling from the bedroom.

"Terry, my son—oh, my son, my own son!"

A moment later her arms were round him, for thus much had Norah and Nolan done.

"There was a piece in a newspaper—I got it down in New Orleans," he said at last. "Lifted out of a sermon preached at Askatoon it was, and I came as quick as I could. I ought to have come before, but—"

He paused, for some one was entering the room—the ghost of a man, as frail and worn as one that has come back from the desert, its famine and its thirst.

"Oh, 'tis you—'tis you—and in good time!" he said feebly, and in a voice husky with weakness. "You can take my place, Terry, for I'm not feelin' so well as I might; but 'twill be all right in a day or two if you'll take the shift. Turn and turn'll do it."

"She'll need good care yet," Nolan said. "They'll both need watchin', but the worst is over, and they're steppin' out into the sun—out into the sun."

"But I've earned me bed and bread this past year and more. Shure, I can say that, Terry. 'Tis all I can say. I owe them for the rest."

"Owe them—God's love, owe them! I tell you what, man, I owe you two lives as dear to me as my own, and I mean to pay you for them, one way or another."

"How d'ya mean to be doin' that?"

"Well, first, I'll be settin' you up

in any business that you like—when you're filled out again, and look like a man and not a disembodied spirit."

"Norah's a fine woman—oh, the finest and finest! To think that I've come into such a family! Put yere hand behind yere ear, Terry, and hear the news I've for ye. Norah's to be marryin' of me when we can lay hands on a priest—if ye think I'm not too old for her," he added innocently.

"Well, of all the blasted—" But Terry turned away to choke back his tears!

A week later Nolan sat in the sun on the maple stump in front of the house, singing to himself:

"Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that Clancy married?"

Ah, darlin', how we footed it—the grass it was so green!

And when the neighbors wandered home, I was the guest that tarried.

"What's that you're singin', Nolan?" said Norah's voice behind him.

"Oh, just a little anthem of the happiness that's comin' to us, Norah, dear." But he winked slyly to himself.

(THE END)

DID HE MEAN THAT?



"My mirror tells me I am getting more beautiful every day."

"Well, after all, that's no reflection."