

you hear, is my mare feeding in yonder pasture. I have her haltered to a tombstone."

"Is your horse gray?" asked the parson in a wished voice.

"Aye, 'death ever rides a gray mare.' When you die, parson," he chuckled and took a long puff at his pipe, "when you die, you'll have to rent a side saddle!"

The parson rubbed his cold hands together without any reply. It was no place for repartee, but for very careful conversation, he reminded himself. Tim scratched another match on the stone to relight his pipe. He turned impressively.

"Parson," he said in a different tone, "we might as well out with it. We're both watin' for the same girl, I guess."

"For the same girl—?" The parson leapt up, and paced the grass, thrusting his hands in his pockets.

"For the dearest girl as has ever graced God's green earth! I went by there, and heard her voice. I was na going to stop. But man, I couldn't help it. She was singing 'The bonny, bonny, banks of Loch Lomond,' I stopt the mare to listen, by and by I was up to the window, a-looking in. She came and saw me," he said, "and I thought she was agoing to fall, but she sang on,—'Ah the bonny, bonny, banks—' " he stopt.

"Sometimes her voice is a trifle awry," added the parson who was gaining confidence, and felt as if he could thrash Tim, spectre or no spectre.

"Awry? God man!" Tim ejaculated. "Pretty soon," he went on "pretty soon, I saw her at the old spring, drawing a pitcher o' water. 'Tim' says she, 'meet me in the kirkyard this e'en.' And she looked up at me so sweet and pretty, I—I—" Tim grinned broadly.

"What?" asked the parson, hoarsely.

"Why, I just condescended." He cleared his throat. "So here I am."

"And it's a year ago you were killed, Tim?"

Tim coughed. "Yes—oh—oh—yes, so I was, by the freshets