

and a nasty log I believe! So Mac Grath told me." He crossed his legs. "You see this dying business is awful inconvenient. It takes a lot of bother getting ready. So I just went away, nice and easy, no bother, no packing, and no funeral." Tim knocked the pipe against a side of the slab, "Well, she can't have the laugh on me. I'm going!" but the parson, grasping his arm, found not a spectre but good hemp sleeve and under it a strong sinewy arm.

"Stay awhile," said he, but Tim shook his head.

"No, and have her fool me! Hm!" He got up and went across the churchyard to his house. The parson felt a trifle more convivial now that his enemy was about to take his long journey back to Hades, once more.

"Ah Tim, she wouldn't do that. But just as you say. You must be chilly, you're shivering so!"

"I am that cold that I'll shiver to pieces! Can you lend me your coat, parson?"

The parson flung off his coat and passed it over silently. Tim put it on with a word of thanks. Then unfastening the mare, he patted her steaming flanks. The horse turned an inquisitive eye on the parson, then pawed the ground impatiently, and snorted. Tim jumped on, and bending low as the horse turned away, he called "Good night!" Then,— "How long are you going to stay, parson?"

"Till she comes!"

"You don't think she'll serve tea, do you? Catch her muddying her little foot!" Tim tossed some dried heather out of the parson's coat's pockets. The parson bit his lips and walked back, while Tim galloped away and was lost to view with the ruffled coat flapping about him much as it did about the parson.

The parson walked on down the boarded path, through the gate, and up the road toward home. It was but a short way.

"'And the graves shall give forth their dead,' " he murmured.

When he arrived at his humble parsonage, he went directly to