

that Marie Loise had had a love disappointment and had wanted to marry a young fellow now in America.

"Tell me his name!" demanded the man imperiously.

"I don't know it" Matiacha had had to admit, feeling a little ashamed of herself for having betrayed her friend and growing frightened by the American's strange look.

The shadow of The Absent One thus came between the two fiancés and threatened their future happiness. The unhappy man was burning to question his fiancée but dared not do so. He was therefore consumed with jealousy and felt that he would go mad with rage and grief. One morning he could stand it no longer and went straight to Matiacha and said to her sharply: "Your half-confidences are poisoning my life. I insist upon your telling me all that you know!"

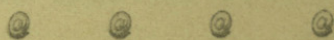
For a moment Matiacha thought of refusing and then succumbed once again to the pleasure of telling her friend's secrets. With all Marie Louise's enthusiasm she repeated, down to the smallest detail, the account of The Absent One which she had had from Marie Louise. She described his appearance, bragged of his skill as a pelota player, his upright character, his great physical beauty. She gave particulars of the Fair, and the Wedding, and the incident of Corpus Christi. As she was speaking the American's face lightened: all these souvenirs described himself. He was the pelota player, he was the singer, it was he who had played the drum. The Absent One was none other than himself!

His delight soon passed, however, and a great sadness overcame him. Had he changed so greatly that when she had seen him again Marie Louise had felt such a great disappointment that she dared not voice it ^{even} to her friend?

Yes, that was evidently the case..His eight years in America had completely altered him. He had grown fat and his hair was getting thin. He had left his youth behind on the other side of the Atlantic and it was only his triumphant youth that had left any indelible mark on Marie Louise's heart.

The American's silence surprised Matiacha and she grew frightened that she had told him so much. She now tried to obliterate the disastrous effect of her words. "That was only a silly little romance, of no importance whatever," she explained. "I am certain that in no time Marie Louise will have forgotten all about it."

"Forgotten", echoed the American. And to Matiacha's astonishment he repeated, just as Marie Louise would have done, in tones which betrayed far more pride than bitterness, "If you had known him, you would have understood his grief. He is the sort of man who is never forgotten."



The American and Marie Louise have long since banished their painful memories. Only Matiacha has failed to understand ~~bill)wall~~ and she still awaits The Absent One's return. She fears that he will be terribly grieved when he finds that Marie Louise has married but she ~~comforts~~ ^{comforts} herself with the proud reflection that she at least will be there to console him.

PETTANE'S LOGIC

Although he always wore a smart suit and polished in white canvas sandals, carrying a cane, he was pretentiously swinging first his cane, but never succeeded in making anyone believe that he was a Basque.

God alone knew, however, what efforts he had made for years not to be treated as a stranger and to persuade others to forget that he had been born under other skies, as he 11.001 Pettane's Logic . The day when he came under the luminous reflection of the sun.

Unhappily, his passionate desire to be regarded as one of themselves, instead of flattered by their acceptance, merely exasperated them. It was as if he had been told by Bernard spoke of the Eskual-herri, he would say 'the country', 'the traditions'; in vain he made the discovery that one of his great-grandfathers had been born in the country, his admirably persistent efforts to be accepted as one of them were of no avail; it seemed as if he had been told that twenty different tricks of the trade were enough to make him a Basque but could never make him one of the Basques. His blood ran through the veins of the Basques.

Had he, for example, been born in the district by jowl with a trawler and a fisherman, could he play

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Although he always wore a beret and walked about in white canvas sandals, carrying a maquila of bamboo pretentiously swinging from his wrist, Monsieur Bernard never succeeded in making anyone believe that he was a Basque. God alone knew, however, what desperate efforts he

had made for years not to be treated as a stranger and to persuade others to forget that he had been born under other skies, as he himself had forgotten from the day when he came under the luminous radiance of our own.

Unhappily, his passionate desire to be regarded as one of themselves, instead of flattering his neighbours, merely exasperated them. It was to no purpose that when M. Bernard spoke of the Eskual-herri, he would say 'our country', 'our traditions'; in vain he made the discovery that one of his great-grandfathers had come from the Pyrenees; his admirably persistent attempts to woo municipal honours were of no avail; it served him not to discover no less than twenty different origins of the Euskarien peoples. These tricks deceived no one and there was not a soul in the district but could prove that not one drop of true Basque blood ran through the veins of Monsieur Bernard.

Had he, for example, ever been seen in an inn cheek by jowl with a tralurari and a farm labourer? Could he play

but that, no doubt, was the way with all Cascoins and wouldn't a hand at muss? If ever he went to the judge's stand when a pelota match was being played, was it not to ask a lot of silly questions which drove the 'chacharis' to frenzy. He couldn't even pronounce the few Basque words he had acquired with such difficulty without making his hearers rock with laughter. He didn't even know how to throw the ball. When he touched it, the ball went off at a tangent and hit a neighbouring roof instead of hitting the wall ahead.

No, this Southerner-from-the-North or Northern-Southerner - it was difficult to know which to call him - was a transplanted object clinging to the Basques as the ivy tries to cling to oak.

Avoided by everyone in the village, there was nobody to say a good word for him had it not been for Pettane, the metayer. Pettane was a great, good-natured fellow, less suspicious and more talkative than the ordinary native of Labourd, and he did his best to persuade others to share his liking for the "Cascoin." "He's a good fellow, not nearly so stuck up as you think," Pettane would explain, and then go on to relate how the stranger often came to Chiquitoinea to tell him the political gossip and, on one occasion, had even brought him a cutting from a plum tree, which, however, had not struck. The kind apologist went on to find excuses for all M. Bernard's little failings, of which his neighbours complained. It was indeed impossible to deny that his friend would greet a man one day and not even look at him on the next but a good friend - which he could visit every day.

but that, no doubt, was the way with all Cascoins and wouldn't be thought rude anywhere else but amongst the Basques.

It was true, too, that when M. Bernard paid his men their wages, he never thought of thanking them - and everyone knows how warmly the true Basque responds to a word of thanks - but the omission was surely due to oversight or else shyness, surely not to any feeling of contempt on his part as some sensitive souls had supposed. When he had asked M. le Cure to preach in French, he had not reflected that thus would have meant that countless peasants who knew nothing but Basque would have gone without their sermon. If he was not more agreeable in his manners, this was because M. Bernard still suffered from being looked upon as an outsider, as much so as he had been on the day of his arrival. "To please us all," ended Pettane sententiously, "the man would have to be perfect and that's impossible, as we all know. Even the ants, tiny as they are, throw a shadow."

Pettane, in his sympathy for the friendless townsman, took him to his heart. He generously helped him with his garden, stood by his side at High Mass, and, so as to converse with him more readily, even began to learn French. His "s'il vous plait" were pronounced with an elegance which earned the outspoken praise of all.

One day M. Bernard was in a very confidential mood and he confessed to his friend that his greatest dream was to own not only his little house and strip of garden in the village but a good sized estate which he could visit every day.

The worthy Pettane took as much trouble about the business as if it had been his own. He sounded all the neighbouring landlords with great discretion and to get better information, frequented the Markets and visited the Pelota matches. He even neglected his labours on his own land to be of assistance to his friend "Messie" Bernard. "Ah, Pettane!" Bernard had once said to him, "what I should like is to own an estate like yours. Who is your landlord, by the way?"

Pettane, who was sharpening a fork at the time, left off for a moment to look at his fine clover field, his two plots of maize, and his eyes strayed across to the distant hillock which hid from view his oak trees, whose young foliage was concealing the marks of recently cut timber.

"It's not too bad," he observed in proud tones which belied the modesty of his words. "Still, I've a dreadful landlord, so hard and avaricious and stingey!"

"Won't he sell?" asked Bernard.

Sell! At the very ~~his~~ idea Pettane's high shoulders and pointed chin shook with silent mirth. Pettane was sure that he'd never sell the land to anyone.

Pettane's efforts on his friend's behalf met with no success. In vain he told anyone who would listen to him that M. Bernard would be the most accommodating, the best, the most generous of landlords. No one was prepared to sell his land.

Weeks went by and Pettane had abandoned all hope of

finding an estate for his friend when one fine morning M. Bernard entered the kitchen at Chiquitonea in a state of triumphant happiness. "Do you think that I am going?" Pettane, Pettane. I've got my land. Whose do you think it is? Yours, my friend! I bought it from your landlord without any very great difficulty. I've said nothing to you about the negotiations because I wanted to give you a surprise. From St. Martin's day I shall be your landlord and you'll see how splendidly we shall get on together."

Pettane's bony face showed no sign of surprise, neither joy nor displeasure. "What did you have to pay for it?" he enquired.

"Sixty thousand francs."

Pettane smiled and shook his head in a way which disconcerted M. Bernard. Then he remarked that the price was too high.

The whole village knew of the purchase by the next day and on the following Sunday everyone came up to Pettane after High Mass to congratulate him.

"Well, Pettane!" they said, "aren't you delighted now? You'll be greater friends with M. Bernard than ever now this has happened."

"My relations with him will always be excellent," answered Pettane, "but I shall see him much less frequently in future. I am leaving Chiquitonea. I've got a little house in the Amotz district."

For a few moments complete silence greeted this astonishing news. At last some one summoned up courage to ask him why he

was leaving M. Bernard.

Pettane's lips grew scornful and all recollection of past friendship fled from him. "Do you think that I am going to acknowledge that outsider as my landlord?" he said bitterly.

MIKELA .

Doubtless in the days when no more than three dozen cottages bordered the roughly cobbled street of the village between the church and the fountain, Chiquitoinea looked no smaller or less attractive than the neighbouring cottages. But now that, to the right, there had sprung up a pretentious villa with pink walls behind a garden gay with hydrangeas, while, on the left, the bakery had added two new floors, old Mikela's little home had become a sorry sight.

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Visitors who admired the 'Norman' style of the villa, which passed for Basque architecture, and the square bakery, bright with blue paint, had no eyes for the irregular eaves or rain-discoloured front of the house, which no whitewash could ever brighten. In this ever-smart, ever-clean village, so beloved of the gaping tourist, Chiquitoinea was always shocking the neighbours. For quite a long time now they had learnt how to hide unpleasant things behind their houses - manure heaps, poultry

the grain and straw which once were littered about as far as the pelota ground, - all were now out of sight. But old Mikela still littered the unfenced bit of land in front of Chiquitoinea with the rabbit hutch, firewood and dried vine-sticks. There, too, she kept her worn-out sabots and the spade with which, even now, she sometimes tried to get rid of the pushful serrel and the invading nettles. Alas! in the trembling grasp of the old dame the spade made little impression on those troublesome weeds!

The poor old soul had grown deaf and walked with difficulty, so she no longer could go out and look after the neighbours' children. She remained sitting at the door all day, telling her rosary. When she spoke, which was but seldom, it was to call

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The misery of Chiquitoinea made the villagers sad, although its shabbiness caused them some annoyance. M. le Curé shared this sorrow despite the fact that of all his parishioners Mikela was the one who gave him least cause for satisfaction. Unaided and alone, the old woman made a disturbance at every Sunday's service. As she advanced along the aisle, stooping under her threadbare cloak, Mikela sent a shudder through every other woman in the congregation, while even the men watched her from the galleries above.

From time immemorial those who owned Chiquitoinea had had the place immediately under the pulpit. There were the two chairs which had belonged to Mikela's grandmother. On reaching the spot Mikela first arranged the chairs noisily, then moved them so as to spread out her black shawl on the floor of the church. Next, she sat down and glanced defiantly to right and left, to see if anyone was trying to trespass upon the space she had thus reserved for herself. Then she made up her mind to murmur her prayers, but her "Ave Maria" and "ora pro nobis" sounded so loud that they were heard by all within earshot.

Whether at High Mass or Vespers, whether M. le Curé was in the pulpit or the Cantor intoning the Creed, Mikela's one interest

was that her rights were respected by the congregation. Neither exhortations to patience and humility from the pulpit, nor the flickering of the altar candles, nor the choir's more-or-less successful harmonies succeeded in diverting her attention. If, however, on a winter's day a muddy shoe as much as brushed against her black carpet, she scolded audibly. If, when the procession wended its way past, a drop of wax fell on her chair, she voiced a protest. Every Sunday, when an acolyte, holding out his basket of consecrated bread as if it were his chistera (pelota bat), touched her chair as he went by, she reprimanded him noisily. Even M. le Curé himself took care to keep the offertory ~~plate~~ plate well away from Mikela as it went its round. The old woman, looking fierce and scornful, ^{continued praying} ~~went on with her prayers~~ contriving, at the same time, to scowl angrily at her neighbour, Chanetta, the baker's aunt.

Chanetta had only recently come back from America and was little disposed to occupy the place in the church reserved for the bakery folk. Their place was in a dark corner, near to the Confessional box, to which the curé would willingly have relegated Mikela. That an interloper like Chanetta should move her seat to the centre of the nave, quite near to her own, Mikela could scarcely endure, though between these two women there had never been such a scandalous scene as had occurred when Mikela found an ignorant stranger occupying her seat. The faithful had ^{enjoyed} ~~found~~ the ensuing hubbub far more ^{than} ~~diverting than~~ the curé!

It will be seen therefore that when he succeeded in finding a purchaser for the old woman's cottage M. le Curé could feel

that he was ensuring happiness for Mikela and peace for his flock during the services of the church.

'What a tumble-down ruin,' he reflected, 'when Mikela led him into the kitchen, the only habitable room of Chiquitoinea.

'Mikela can never regret leaving this'. She was, indeed, delighted with the news he brought. She had never hoped for such a stroke of luck and was overjoyed to learn that someone had offered fifty-five thousand francs for the old ruin. And when the good curé went on to explain that he was proposing that she should go to a hospice in the neighbouring town and spoke gently of the kind nuns in their white whimples, the good meals and the bright, warm rooms she would find there, Mikela was in ecstasies. What would she have to renounce for this paradise? thought the old lady as she looked around her. Nothing but four ruined walls, only held together by the ivy; a miserable kitchen with holes in the flooring through which the toads crowded in summer; and a patch of garden overgrown with mint and verberna through which a stunted pear tree forced its barren branches. What was there now left to recall the days long over when old age and misery had seemed so impossible? What could she now find to regret? she tossed her head wearily. 'What does it matter if

"And who may be the happy purchaser, M. le Curé?" she asked clasping her hands.

"Chanetta, your neighbour's aunt. She has been wanting to build for some time".

Chanetta! At the sound of this name, the old woman stiffened and her hands fell to her sides.

stiffened and her hands fell to her side. As the curé went on speaking, she seemed to see the gaunt figure of her fellow-worshipper and to hear the scraping of the chair whose proximity always annoyed her so intensely. "Then she would have this house and the place in the Church that goes with it, eh?" Mikela asked suddenly, straightening her bent frame.

"Of course, she would," replied the Curé. "not that you will still want it, Mikela, so what does it matter if Chanetta or any one else has your chair? "

The poor old woman shook with silent rage. She looked around her once again. The empty kitchen and her tiny garden seemed to lose something of their squalor. After all, she had always lived in the place. In that cupboard, over there, she kept her prayer book, not that she could read it, and the threadbare cloak in which for so many Sundays she had sallied forth proudly to the Church. "I refuse the offer," she said firmly, "I shall keep this house."

"Don't be silly, Mikela," remonstrated the Curé. "Do you want to keep this house merely to go on living in it like a beggar?"

Mikela tossed her head proudly. "What does it matter if I am a beggar under my own roof, M. le Curé?" she asked, "if I am always a good Christian in the House of the Lord?"

LAZINESS REWARDED .

PIARRÉS D'HALDUNBEHEREA paced up and down the salla (living room) of his farm.

He was a robust old man of medium height. His thick white curls framed a ruddy clean-shaven face, which was always lighting up with the kindest, brightest smile imaginable.

Everything in his proud carriage and features and his calm but determined expression bespoke energy. It was, indeed, the predominant characteristic of this sturdy old Basque gentleman, who, day in and day out, tended his ancestral inheritance.

Father of thirteen children who, following tradition, were either in America or living under the parental roof, Piarrés was also the master of the old house which stood out on the hill side, proudly displaying its red timbers, overhanging eaves and carved stone windowframes. He owned, too, the woods and meadows which stretched down to the avenue of plane trees and the dusty white road below.

On this particular day Piarrés stopped every time he passed the open window to admire the beauty of his beloved Eskual-Herri. His gaze fell first upon the plain below him, from which, here and there, a brown roof peered out. Then it rested for a while on the bracken clad hills bathed in sunlight, and finally strayed across to the Rhune and Pená-Plata whose indigo slopes stood out in clear outline against the blue sky.

The old man's eyes rested tenderly on the slopes of his own lands, on the crops which his own hands had sown and the apples

trees which he had planted so many years ago. Each furrow in the fields spoke of his unceasing toil.

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The salla was the finest and largest room in the farm. It was furnished with austere simplicity. Seated chairs of bright hue and an arm chair with a picture of a Basque gentleman hung on the wall. Piarres paced up and down the salla (living room) of his farm.

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You, The salla was the finest and largest room in the house. It was furnished with austere simplicity - a long table, straw-seated chairs of bright hue and an arm chair. On the walls hung crude drawings by his young daughters, a picture of the Sacred Heart, a sprig of laurel leaf blessed by the priest, and a coloured print of Louis-Philippe, then the beloved King of France.

As Haldunbeherea's pacings took him past the half-opened door leading to the kitchen he could see his wife superintending the preparations for the midday meal. In the depths of the hearth-place the two farm-hands, Laureench and Guanés, their work over, were sitting on the carved wooden bench enjoying idle gossip. Soon fragments of their conversation floated across the kitchen to the master of the house and an all-too-familiar dispute began.

"Laureench, go and get some cider from the cellar for the meal."

"Not I. I went yesterday. To-day it's your turn."

"No, it was my turn all last week. I'm not going!"

"Well, I won't, anyhow!"

Haldunbeherea heard all this and smiled ironically. He stood still for a moment in silent reflection, then drawing a chair to the table and reaching for the ink pot, he sat down and wrote two short notes, which he carefully sealed.

The two farmhands, who by now were sulking in the other room, were awakened from their idle reverie by hearing their names called loudly by their master. They entered the salla together.

amaz "Zer da Nausia (What is it, Master)?"

"Here are two important letters to be delivered at once. You, Laureench, take this to Donio of Ainhua, while you, Guanés, must go to Harameder of Ascain. I want an answer by return. Start at once and get back as quickly as possible."

Neither uttered a ^{word} ~~word~~. How could they protest in their master's presence? Without a sound, they went downstairs and set out on their errands.

The burning rays of the noontide sun beat fiercely out-of-doors. Only the ceaseless chirping of the grasshoppers disturbed the silence. All nature seemed asleep in the stifling heat.

The two men had not got far from the house when their tempers began to rise. Fancy having to walk for hours in the torrid heat!. What was the message that the Master must need send so urgently? He could not even give them time for their meal! Why couldn't he have chosen some other time? Still, it was useless to complain, they must obey orders. Soon they reached the point at which their roads parted. Laureench took the winding mountain path to Ainhua, while Guanés continued along the white road in the thick dust of which the snakes left their sinuous track as they wriggled out of his way.

Three chimes from the church tower broke the heavy silence as Laureench got back from his errand. On the road to the farm he could see Guanés ahead of him. Although dropping with fatigue, he hastened his steps and caught up his fellow-servant just as their master came to the door to meet them. The two men, scarlet-red and sweating from their exertions, stared at one another with

amazement: each had a bottle in his hand.

"Master," they said in unison, "this is what they gave me at the farm when they read your letter."

"Yes, there is cider in those bottles," observed Piarrés, looking at each man in turn. "I hope that now you have had to go so far, you will both learn a lesson and next time, when the cider is wanted, you won't be so long in making up your minds whose turn it is to get it!"

"In this way - and the anecdote is a true one - this stalwart etchekeo-jaun punished laziness and ill-humour.

Piarrés d'Haldunbeherea was my grandfather.

WHICH WAS RICH ?

"BEGNAT won't do any better in America than here. One of these days he'll be very glad to get back to the fireside and a plate of soup at Iricinea." As the years went by without news of his brother, Begnat, Dominiche of Iricinea never failed to make this prediction whenever the exile's name was mentioned.

Not that he had ever had any warmer feeling than affectionate contempt for his younger brother. The lad had been sullen and morose, had never taken the least interest in a game of pelota, and would ¹⁴. Which was Rich ? drink, even on holidays.

Sometimes Dominiche thought pityingly of the unhappy existence Begnat must be leading across the seas, only to ^{recall} ~~think~~ with growing pride that, without having to lead a life of adventure for it, he, Dominiche, owned a solid old house, some lush meadows not an hour from the village, not to speak of a neat little vine that ran along the hill, a barn near-by, eleven head of cattle, and three long-tailed ponies with thick manes and bells that tinkled merrily as night fell.

One fine day, however, startling news reached the village from some returned emigrants from Ustaritz. It seemed that Begnat was now a tanner at Buenos Ayres and had made a fortune. It did not take Dominiche long to persuade himself that he had always been a believer in his brother's lucky ^{be} star. What unending satisfaction the thought of his rich brother gave him; he never ceased to talk of him! By degrees he grew so accustomed to the idea that some day Begnat, who was unmarried, must leave his

fortune to his nephews and nieces that, in the end, Dominiche looked upon it as a good thing. He considered that Begnat ought not to remain so long abroad with money which belonged to

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fortune to his nephews and nieces that, in the end, Dominiche looked upon it as already his and considered that Begnat ought not to remain so long abroad with money which belonged to Irioiënea! Ah! once the money was safely under the family roof Dominiche would'n't be slow in finding a good use for it!

The mere thought of the fortune that would be his some day led the good man to despise a certain six thousand francs tied up in an old handkerchief in his desk, though that sum represented many years of hard-won savings from the sale of timber. Dominiche now began to notice flaws at Irioiënea which he had never observed before. Its walls, save for the front of the farm which had a coat of whitewash on Rogation Days, had not seemed to call for attention since the day he married. Now, however, they looked sordid and he was troubled by the innumerable cracks in the roof, the state of the floors, the inadequate stabling, and the worn-out bread-oven in the kitchen. He determined to make great changes at Irioiënea, to purchase the adjoining lands and a flock of sheep, to procure a trap and two domestics. At first his wife and children were the sole confidants of these plans but it was not long before he was relating them to all and sundry, particularly to his sceptical and envious neighbour, José d'Haitzea, whose forced enjoyment gave Dominiche no little satisfaction. One fine day, the brother from overseas, after having kept them all waiting so long, at last arrived at Irioiënea. It took little time for Dominiche to discover that neither exile nor

good fortune had changed his disposition. He hardly spoke, was as suspicious as ever, and haggled over a franc just as he used to do. Before many days the good folk at Irioinéa had to admit, to their great consternation, that though the 'American' might be rich enough, he was most certainly a miser, too!

What a deception for them all! For some time Dominiche held obstinately to his belief that Begnat would present him with a nice little sum, but there came a day when the 'American' stated categorically that he had made his money ~~without~~ without any help and that he intended to dispose of it unaided.

It took poor Dominiche a long time to get over the shock. For, no sooner had the news of Begnat's return got round than a regular procession of beggars came to Irioinéa. First, the old man from Maloenea, whose bad ~~farm~~ prevented him from working and who must beg for his living if no one would assist him; then the Arbonne cousins who wanted a few hundred francs for their daughter's marriage; then the relations from Ascain who hoped to buy a Breton cow. Dominiche, torn between the shame of having to own up to his brother's avarice and the fear of meeting with a refusal from him, ended by putting his hand into his own pocket and repeating regularly that he "would arrange matters with the 'American'."

Fortunately, though his dreams might have been shattered, his daily life remained unchanged. It did not need his brother's wealth to ripen the vines, or to make the rich crop weigh down the maze stalks, or to send the sharp fragrance from the cider apples across the orchard. The six thousand francs lay safely hidden in the handkerchief and regained their old respect in the mind of

Dominiche. Had it not been for his earlier folly in talking so much and so imprudently about the fortune which never came to him, he would doubtless have ended by forgetting his disappointment. As things stood, an unworthy fear of what folks would say of him obsessed him for a long while. Still, in the end he put up with being the butt of the village wits. He only shrugged his shoulders when he thought of the guffaws of that great booby, Manech, or the slanderous insinuations which would come from the twisted mouth of back-biting old Ganichon of Aldapa. Even the merciless sarcasm of that miserable old José d'Haitzea failed to move him.

"They all make fun of me, and I deserve it," he repeated to himself, finding pleasure even in his humiliation. So, one day, to assure himself that the whole thing was not a dream, he decided to speak to his old friend Gorgorio when the two of them were away in the hills, shooting wild pigeons from the cover of a stunted oak tree.

Gorgorio felt no diffidence in telling him everything.

"It is quite true," he admitted. They do make fun of the 'American' of you. Their feeling for you, Gaichua, is one of compassion. ^{but not of}

"Gaichua! (poor fellow)! He felt sick to the soul at this deadly insult. It was only with the most strenuous effort that he succeeded in stemming the torrent of abuse that rose to his lips. He was so upset by the conversation that not a single bird fell to his gun for the rest of the afternoon. The autumn days went by - those beautiful October days so beloved of the sportsman, when the South winds whisper gently through the colouring bracken

and the golden sunlight enriches the reddening landscape. But Dominiche thought nothing of the tempting coveys that darkened the clear sky in their flight: Gorgorio's words haunted him hour by hour and he grew angrier each time he thought of them. To what a pass had come such great expectation, so much boastful ~~raucous~~ chatter, redeemed by so much courage and good humour! They pitied him! Was it not more galling, more cruel, to be an object of compassion than to be the butt of their jokes or even to have been so grossly deceived?.

From the moment that Dominiche learnt what people were thinking of him, time dragged heavily on his hands. The poor fellow no longer dared to go to the café or to be seen anywhere. On Sundays he now went to the earliest service, to hide himself in the darkness of the Church.

One morning as Dominiche was working in the fields he had a visit from José d'Haitzea. "Dominiche," he pleaded, "my landlord is demanding the four thousand francs I owe him and I haven't a sou. I can think only of your brother Begnat, who is so rich that he can't refuse to lend me the money."

For a moment Dominiche was too surprised to speak, then, clearing his throat, he stammered "I will ask him, but...but... when do you want the money?"

"By Sunday. Can I rely on you, Dominiche?"

"Yes, certainly."

The next week was terrible. Dominiche's courage entirely failed him when he tried to broach the fateful subject. More than once he decided to begin. On the first occasion he was

milking the cows while Begnat good-naturedly held a lantern for him; the next time was just before going to bed, after he had said his prayers; the third time when the brothers were on their way to Espelette one afternoon. In the end, however, he was always overcome by the thought of Begnat's meanness and so said nothing. *he gulped down his bitterness.*

Sad and discouraged, Dominiche felt sure that Begnat would refuse to help and then, what would his own reputation be worth? How he would be pitied on all sides when it got known that his brother wouldn't even lend him the wherewithal to help a friend in need! "Poor creature!!" "Gisa gaichur, forsaken by his own brother, bowed down by toil and family cares!" As he seemed to hear words so mortally wounding to his proud soul ring in his ears, he blushed for the very shame of it.

As for José d'Haitzea, he feared greatly that his appeal would not be met and arrived at Irioninea in the dusk of a Saturday evening, feeling more than anxious. "Well?" he asked his neighbour, "what does your brother say?" For reply, Dominiche drew out of his pocket an old leather wallet and handed some notes to José. "Here's the money, José," he added, "but don't let my brother know anything about it as I'm lending you my own money!"

"Your own money?", asked Jose in astonishment, "but what about that wealthy brother of yours ? "

Dominiche sadly watched his beautiful, long-cherished bank-notes disappearing between José's dirty fingers. Drawing, for his own benefit, a comparison between the generosity of a poor man

and the avarice of wealthy Begnat, he could not resist the pleasure of surprising José yet again. "Our American, no doubt, has a good many pesos but, if you must know the truth, I am richer than he is!", he observed, his heart swelling with pride as he gulped down his bitterness.

