

expression, and then indicated considerable satisfaction, as he exclaimed:

"I do declare, Marg'ret, you *have* got head for business. You've hit it, even if a of the bad money should be traced to store. But just isn't it a special prov that we didn't take him again when he back from Sam Reeves? 'Time an' ag I felt as if it would be only just an' merciful to hire him again, but somethin' inside of me kep' sayin' 'don't do it.' I didn't once imagine 'twas a voice from heaven. I actually kept thinkin', over an' over, that it was the selfish instincts of a depraved nature, like all men's got. I hope I didn't grieve the Holy Spirit by such misunderstandin'."

"I hope," said Mrs. Barkum, laying down her knife and fork with an imposing crash, "that you didn't commit the unpardonable sin. 'Tain't no small matter, layin' the doin's of God to your own sinful nature. What *are* you thinkin' about, starin' out of the window that way, Squire?—what *are* you scribblin' with a lead pencil for?"

The Squire did not answer for a moment; then he said:

"Lem was in an' around the store for nine weeks; s'posin' he made change only once a day, which is a small average, an' only gave out a single bad dollar each time, I'm fifty-four dollars ahead. Let's give it to the Lord, Marg'ret—it ain't right to keep such money; an' if we subscribe it to some benevolent society, it'll bring us trade. An' the Lord'll——"

"Why, what's the man thinkin' about?" exclaimed Mrs. Barkum. "If Lem gave out a bad bill, makin' change for you, don't you s'pose he took a good one out of your money-drawer to pay for it? *You* don't make anything by it—don't you see?"

The Squire dropped his head in his hands. "Oh, dear me," he exclaimed, "why didn't I see that before? Now if anybody should swear a bill back on me, 'twould be a dead loss. We took him out of charity, Marg'ret, an' if we lose anything by him, charity ought to pay for it. Seein' that such a matter *may* come up, let's cut off our subscriptions to the Bible Society an' everything else, an' mebbe we'll get through without any loss. I wish I *could* let the Lord's business alone, so he could 'tend to it himself—I always blunder at it."

CHAPTER XXII.

WESTERN COURTS AND WESTERN JUSTICE.

Lem galloped along towards New Philadelphia, not so much from fear of the officers of the law as of Hixton. He saw from the bluff overhanging the river bottoms, the

steamboat round up to the front of the warehouse which constituted the principal part of Philadelphia, and he quickened his pace. He threw his bridle over one of the ends of a horse-rick in front of the warehouse, and was stepping upon the steamboat's plank, when he felt a hand on his shoulder; looking quickly around, he beheld the Sheriff from Mount Zion. Lem turned pale, and then red, while the Sheriff said:

"I wasn't looking for you, but I guess I'd bett' take you along. I've got your boss."

"Hixton?" screamed Lem.

"Ah, *that's* the secret, is it?" exclaimed the Sheriff. "Well, I'm sorry for *you*, if you *did* break your word."

"I didn't" said Lem, with considerable indignation, "I——"

"Stop, my boy," said the Sheriff; "I'm not prosecuting attorney, and I don't want to be a witness against you. Don't say a word that'll commit you, unless you do it to your lawyer—that's my advice. But you're going to have a hard row to hoe. And I've got an unpleasant duty to perform, which the quicker it's done the better. So saying, the Sheriff slipped a pair of handcuffs upon Lem's wrists, led him to his horse, and placed him thereon. Then he whistled to one of his deputies, who came from the warehouse, and with whom he held a whispered consultation, after which he mounted his own horse and led Lem's toward the village of Mount Zion, seven miles distant. When the Sheriff was well out of sight, his assistant started, leading a horse upon which sat Mr. Binkle, his hands fastened behind his back, and his feet strapped under the saddle. Arrived at Mount Zion the Sheriff put Lem into an upper chamber, and Mr. Binkle into the single cell of the jail.

The regular session of the county court, which opened on the first day of the following week, had no lack of business before it. Cases of assault and battery, petty larceny, neighbourhood quarrels, suits for large amounts of money, and other cases peculiar to the dockets of courts in new countries, were numerous, but the grand jury knew its business, and quickly found a bill of indictment against Lemuel Pankett for conspiring with Martin Luther Binkle, and other persons unknown to the court, to emit utter, circulate, pass and exchange imitations of the notes of banking institutions in good repute. About the same time it was whispered about the town that Mr. Binkle had turned State's evidence against the remainder of the gang. The county pulse was up to fever heat; by mutual consent the attorneys in the cases on the calendar for the next day

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