

"Got off with a cool million, I reckon," said the judge grimly; "by the Lord Harry, I wish I could have laid him by the heels."

Caleb smiled faintly. He was leaning back in a big armchair by the fire, and the window before him commanded a view of the mountain trail where he had told Diana that he loved her. He had not yet recovered from the miracle of finding himself under Colonel Royall's roof. He glanced now about the room and noticed the fine air of simplicity and comfort; the deep-seated leather chairs, the old mahogany table, the portraits of Colonel Royall's mother and his grandfather in the uniform of the Colonial Army on the walls. On the table was a great cluster of roses from Diana's hothouses. "I am glad Jacob went," he said quietly.

"Of course!" said the judge with sarcasm, "it's my belief that William Cheyney warned him in time. It's like the old fool!"

"Dear Dr. Cheyney!" said Caleb warmly.

"Dear Dr. Fiddlesticks!" snapped the judge. "I reckon I know William; we played alleys together when we were boys and I licked him about as often as he licked me."

"The eternal bond of friendship," smiled Caleb.

"He's got off Jacob and you got off Zeb Bartlett," grumbled the judge, "and if you keep on, at your present gait, you'll be governor of this State in two years. Then I suppose you and the doctor will empty the penitentiary."

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