

have been taught to believe that every man's hand is against them, and to look upon all strangers as probable spies or revenue officers in disguise. Most of them are densely ignorant, and very few can read and write, or have ever heard a sermon, or know anything of God except as a name to swear by! And yet these men have a high standard of honor in one respect—they never break their word; and knowing this characteristic of the rough men they have in charge, knowing, too, the absolute necessity of some outdoor life, the prison officials accord the privilege of a yard bond.

A yard bond, in the Atlanta jail, gives the breaker of revenue laws, providing his character is otherwise good, the freedom not only to stroll about the walled prison yard, but to extend his walk out upon the street the length of the jail inclosure, where he can lounge on the wooden steps of Thompson's grocery next door, or, squatted on the ground in a circle of congenial spirits, play "mumble the peg" with a rusty jack knife.

Mrs. Holden, the jail "angel," who visited the prison twice a week to distribute tracts and newspapers, along with sympathetic and encouraging words, had been attracted from the first to Lem Collins, the elder of the brothers. There was a wistful appeal, which she divined rather than saw, in his faded blue eyes and hollow face. It was only after many attempts to win his confidence that she succeeded in getting him to speak of himself, and his wife and child, a little girl four years old; and at the mention of "my baby Callie," his eyes brightened and into the rough voice there crept a softness that told his listener that the child was the joy and the pride of her father's heart.

One day, Mrs. Holden found jailer Poole in a state of great excitement. His bristly red hair stood up even more aggressively than was its wont, and his flabby cheeks showed a choleric increase in color. Mrs. Holden

paused beside his desk. "I hope nothing is wrong, Mr. Poole," she said, in her gentle tones.

"Yes, ma'am; wrong enough," he answered, as he threw his pen on the desk and shuffled to his feet. "That perticler pet of yours, Lem Collins, skipped his bond yistiddy. 'Tain't likely, nuther, you'll ever see hair nor hide uv the yaller hound ag'in. He's the fust moonshiner who ever bolted since I kerried the keys ter this jail—and that's been many a year."

"Lem Collins broken his bond? There must have been a reason for his running away, Mr. Poole," Mrs. Holden said, with a look of much concern.

"Yes, ma'am; you are right there. He got a letter from the doctor what's tendin' his kid. She's been sick a long spell with the fever, and the doctor wrote there weren't no chance fer her ter git well, and ef Lem wanted ter see her alive he hadn't no time to lose gettin' home. I read the letter to him myself, and it's upst me ever since, rememberin' how Lem looked when I read out about the baby callin' fer him all the time. He didn't drop nary tear nor word, but he—just looked! I telephoned to Judge Claxton an' Lawyer Hull about lettin' Lem go home, and tried ter give it to 'em straight' bout his dyin' child, but it weren't no use; both uv em said that ef they let Lem go home, all the other moonshiners would be gittin' friends to send for 'em to see their dyin' folks; and I reckon mebbe they was right. But I tell you I did hate ter tell Lem he couldn't go. He took it quieter than a mouse, an' didn't say nothin', but when I went ter lock up at six o'clock he was gone, an' not a man would say what time he was seed last. His brother was lyin' down on his cot all day with the toothache, an' pretended not ter know nothin' about him. I telephoned ter perlice headquarters that he had run away, an' they have been a huntin' fer him ever since, but they hain't got no tracks uv him yit."

A week later, when Mrs. Holden

got off the street car in front of the prison she saw Lem Collins sitting in the sun on the jail step. Watt sat beside him, the fingers of one hand closed around his brother's shirt sleeved arm, expressive of a wordless sympathy.

Mrs. Holden went up to them quickly and held out her hand to Lem. "I hope your little daughter was not so sick as the doctor thought, Mr. Collins," she said kindly.

Lem looked at her with a dull misery in his lustreless eyes, and replied, as he extended his hand to meet hers: "She was 'bout gone when I got ter her. It's mor'n forty mile from 'Lanta, an' I had ter walk most uv ther way, but she knowed me—my baby Callie knowed me, an' she died in my arms a-smilin' an' tryin' ter call 'pap'." He stopped, and his eyes wandered to where the sun was slowly dropping out of sight behind the tops of the tall houses.

Mrs. Holden laid her soft palm over the moonshiner's rough brown hand; she could not trust her voice to speak. Then Lem's eyes came back to her face.

"You uns hev been powerful good ter me an' Bud," he said laboredly. "I reckon you uns took me fer a ornery cuss when I runned off, but I didn't 'low to stay long. I jes' had

ter go, and when we uns put little Callie in her grave alongside uv 'other three, I put right out from ther buryin' groun' an' walked night an' day. I got here las' night."

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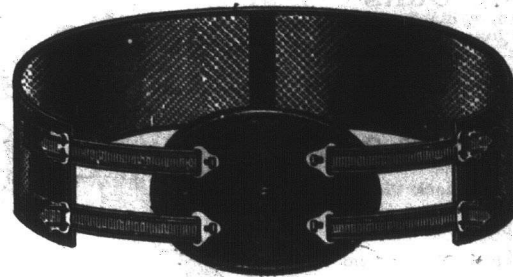
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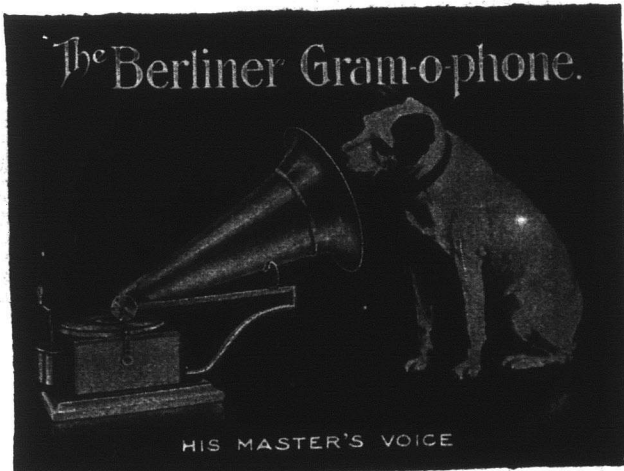
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