

Miss Ann's lips came tight together, and without another word, she turned her back and marched for the front gate.

"An' git 'im soon," called out the undaunted captain, whose pipe was now going to his satisfaction.

"I'll git him soon enough to make you sorry you ever said them words, Solomon Hale," cried Miss Ann, turning angrily about. "'I reckon you put that there dog o' yours up to this here business an' it won't be well fer you, mind that. You ain't a-goin' to say 'taint so? Course you ain't. You can't.'"

Now, as a matter of fact, the accused could have denied this most emphatically and most truthfully, but he disdained to take notice of such a charge.

"I knew it!" and she marched grimly away.

But she did not know that the captain's dog had been locked in the barn all day, because he had come home early that morning with red spots on his white coat. And she did not know that, after her visit, his master went out to the barn and gave him a trouncing such as he had never had before in all his life.

There was something else Miss Henny did not know, and that was that, next day, Small, lawyer from town, dropped Smart, lawyer from town, at her neighbor's gate before driving on up the hill to see her. Neither did she know that both lawyers from town had stopped at the hotel to drink mutual prosperity and heavy costs. But, then, it was not at all necessary for her to know that.

Through all the nightmare of goings and comings, legal ostentation and cliental acquiescence that followed, the plaintiff and defendant saw nothing of each other. The arrival of the two worthy brethren of the law had put an end to all intercourse, and the atmosphere was daily growing more charged with feeling as the Henny-versus-Hale thunder-cloud loomed before the approaching sessions. Miss Ann's lawyer had eaten her cookies, drunk her raspberry vinegar and persuaded her that she had a clear case, so she meant to carry things through to the bitter end. The defendant's lawyer

had smoked his client's tobacco and done his best to instil confidence, so that the captain would as soon have thought of climbing to the top of his barn and trying to fly as of going near the enemy, had not something awful happened on the very night preceding the sitting of the court.

Miss Ann was frizzing her bangs in front of the stove, next morning, when she got such a start she almost squealed. A red-faced man with stiff whiskers was standing at the back door.

"Git your bunnet," said the captain, shortly.

Miss Henny stared.

"Git your bunnet!" he commanded, in a voice that made her jump. "There's somethin' down in the back pasture I want to show you."

Miss Ann went on frizzing.

"Where's your dog?"

"Kennel," said Miss Henny, curtly.

"Lie!" said the captain, equally curt.

"I ain't a-talkin' to the likes o' you. You ain't wanted here. G'wan home!"

"Git your *bunnet*!"

She took it off the peg and obediently followed him out of the yard, down the lane into the back pasture to the north-west fence-corner. Then she screamed. On the ground were marks of a fierce struggle, and in the corner lay two white bull-dogs, their jaws fastened in each other's throats, and both quite dead.

"Both of 'em game—" began the captain, in admiration, but a sudden burst of tears from Prinney's mistress brought him up short.

"Now don't do that. I ——"

"Don't talk to me. Ain't you got sense enough to go home when you ain't wanted? Don't you say 'nother word!"

She went on crying quietly. Solomon Hale went slowly and thoughtfully back to the house to put on his Sunday clothes, and get ready for town. He was not due at the court-house until two o'clock, so it was nearly noon before he hitched up for the seven-mile drive.

The sun was beating down on the road in a blaze of heat that set the whole landscape quivering, and the weeds on either side