

skunk, helped to send us up and saved his own hide — damn him!" She cursed like a man, deaf to the severe reproof from the Judge.

"I thought it was funny Chris didn't show up at the trial. It wouldn't have been funny for any other man; it would have been natural for most of 'em to wash their hands of such as I. But Chris, you see —" she glanced at the dock for the first time, and looked quickly away — "was a sort of extraordinary fellow, and I kind of expected him to come!

"The reason he didn't was because he had met with an accident — and was in the hospital with concussion of the brain. Didn't know anything about me for weeks. Out of his head most of the time, and, when he wasn't, there was no one from the factory who cared about telling him. As soon as he did find out, however, he took the first train to me — I was glad to see him," she added simply.

"'Course, there wasn't anything he could do for me — but God, he was good! Give me another drink . . ." she called, harshly, covering her emotional lapse.

"Where was I? Oh, yes. . . . He came to see me at the 'Pen.' Instead of divorcing me and leaving me to worry out the rest of my life as best I could, he said he'd stick to me closer than ever