

ready given me my liberty, but truth to tell, I hed no hcart in raisin' my hand agin yeh. I hed the idee thet yeh wuz in the right, an' I hed no sympathy fer Casper, but I couldn't help myself. I'm sorry fer Casper," he added, gazing earnestly at the dead man's face, "an' I'll be lonesome without him, fer I'm a bad man, like him, only I don' like raisin' my han' in cold blood agin eny man."

"Don't you think you could give up your wild life and reform?" I said, speaking kindly to him and shaking his hand as he was about to go.

He cast his eyes on the ground and returned my pressure, as he said, "No, I don't think so. Yeh see, it's like this, I started wrong an' hev follied along the broad road so long thet I don't think I could find my way in any other path. I've been a very wicked man fer many years, an' they's quite a big collum uv crimes chalked up agin me, an' I could never hope ter git 'em rubbed out. Besides, I'd be awful lonesome ef I tried to be good. Come to think on it," added Jack, after musing for a time, "I don' know as I'd care to be religious, anyhow. I wunst knowed a missionary, an' he wuz the cussedest hypocrite an' sneak yeh iver seed. He allus looked es solemn es a church, an' his long prayers 'd turn eny man's stomick, pa'ticularly 'f yeh knowed he didn't mean it."

"But he may have been a poor sample," I said, "and I'm not suggesting that you turn missionary, but that you give up your present kind of wild, wicked life. Believe me, Jack," I added earnestly, "there is something far better than the life you are leading."