

A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL

"I got shut up in the saloon," continued Chick, evidently torn between the desire to be a hero and the fear of the consequences, "an' it was night, an' I went to sleep."

"Yes, yes!" pressed Miss Lady; "go on."

"Then they come in an' got to rough-housin' an' I crawl up-stairs an' lay on me stommick an' peek through the crack. An' Sheeley an' the Drunk they got to scrappin' like I tole you. An' then while the big one was tryin' to git Sheeley to quit, the Drunk he come over to the door right where I was layin' at, an' he steady hisself against the wall an' bang loose at Sheeley with a pistol."

"Would you know the Big One again? Oh, Chick, try to remember what he looked like!"

Chick shook his head, "Naw, I don't 'member what none of 'em looked like. But you know which one he was; he gimme the silver knob offen his whip."

Miss Lady sprang to her feet: "We must get him to the courthouse, Mr. Flathers. Quick! Help me with his clothes. I 'll put on his shoes and stockings."

"But the train —" began Phineas.

"We can't wait for it!" cried Miss Lady. "You must drive us in the wagon." In a surprisingly few minutes Chick, bewildered but interested, was fully clothed. "Give me the blankets off the bed and