

If the reader has ever had the heavy grip of a sheriff's officer laid upon him he will bear witness to its ponderosity and the utter feeling of helplessness that momentarily follows. Brother Larkin was a man constitutionally brave, himself a major in the late war who had seen service in well-fought fields, but he may be pardoned for blenching a moment and even cowering under the unexpected blow.

"Is this a jest Colonel Westcott?"

"No jest, Tom Brailey, my name is Carroll and I am a detective, these gentlemen are also detectives and we are bound to have you."

"What is the charge?"

"Now Tom, that thing is played. You know too much to try any gab on us. Be a man and yield quietly."

"What is the charge?"

"Will you go with us peaceably?"

"What is the charge? Don't you dare to lay your hand on me again until you explain the charge and show your authority."

"Our hero had by this time backed into the corner out of which opened the door to the baggage room. On one side of him was the high desk of the book keeper, and the passage way was so blocked up with large trunks on the other hand that his own portly form occupied the whole entrance. As he stood facing the chief detective, his eye now kindled up with a sense of the deceit that had been practised on him all the evening, he was undoubtedly a dangerous subject.

Evidently the detectives so viewed it, for the spokesman dropped his tone.

"Now Tom Brailey"

"My name is not Tom Brailey. You will see my name in the register George Alexander Larkin, I have ample papers about me to prove my identity. Had you asked it instead of playing the dirty sneak all the evening as you have, I should have satisfied you in five minutes. But now explain the charge and show your authority, or the first man who lays hands on me dies the death!"

And the display of a pocket six-shooter, and the sharp click of its lock, and the steady aim from an arm brawny and untrembling that bore directly upon the officers' head, served to clinch these bold words. A dead silence of a minute ensued. A brief conference with the landlord who was watching the proceedings and the officer yielded, he exhibited the telegrams he had received, showed the marked resemblance between the bank-robber and our excited friend, proved his own identity by the testimony of the landlord and in a conciliatory tone requested that no further defense be made.

So Brother Larkin consented to accompany the party to the house of detention. Placing his pocket-book in the hands of the clerk and restoring his pistol to his pocket he had moved a few steps towards the door, when a new and more startling incident was added to the drama, the chief detective drew from his own pocket the rattling objects which might have been specie but proved to be handcuffs, and began to arrange them for use upon our brother's hands.

All the soul of the outraged man now rose in arms. He sprang back to his corner at a bound, prostrating one of the officers in the act. He again drew his pistol, cocked it at a motion and fired upon the officious detective with so good an aim as to knock the hat from off his head, an inch lower would have made a vacancy in that department forever. Cocking the dangerous little machine again, he held it forward and,