

A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL

It was unjust, cruel, infamous! Surge after surge of indignation swept over her. She would fight for him against them all. She would get up and tell what she knew of the story, and his reason for staying abroad.

"Is n't he magnificent?" whispered Connie, clasping her arm; "he has been perfectly calm and quiet like that all along, and yet think what it means to him! Look at his eyes!"

Miss Lady could not look, the grip at her throat was tightening and a dull roar sounded in her ears.

"But if he loses, Connie? If he loses, what then?"

"He won't lose. He's going to win. You ought to have heard him this morning. He was perfectly magnificent! Even Mr. Gooch said he made him think of Lincoln. Listen to him now!"

Miss Lady followed Connie's adoring gaze until it rested on the stern, earnest face of Noah Wicker, then the truth rushed upon her.

For a moment a blindness seized her, then she sprang to her feet and lifted her face to Don. He had been waiting for that look ever since she entered the court room, and when it came he was ready for it.

As Noah Wicker sat down amid a thunder of applause, and the jury, after a brief charge from the bench made ready to retire, a slender, black-gowned