

galloped out of a side road and fell into line behind the Squire's buggy.

"Marg'ret," said the Squire, "the sin of blood-guiltiness is onto us."

"Squire," said Mrs. Barkum, "I know it. It's good we ain't livin' under the old dispensation, where blood had to pay blood."

"We're worse off than that, Marg'ret," said the Squire. "There's only one thing we can atone for it with."

"What's that?" asked the tearfullady.

"Money," groaned the Squire.

"That's so," sighed his wife.

"Lodge," said one of the smoothly-shaved men, "it's awful solemn. I wish I hadn't shot Binkle. almost."

"Sh—h—h!" whispered the other man. I'll run any risk to follow that boy to the last of him, but I don't want to be thrown away. I wish I was in the hearse with him."

"Don't be a——fool," replied Hixton. "You helped put him there; you've got to do lots for his old woman before you'll stand a chance of layin' comfortable in a hearse."

"That's so," whispered the counterfeiter.

"Marg'ret" said the Squire, "we've got to support the family."

"Let's," said Mrs. Barkum.

"We've got to eddicate the children," continued the Squire.

"I s'pose—we must," said Mrs. Barkum, rubbing her eyes.

"If we was in that hearse, Mar——"

"Don't Squire—don't," exclaimed Mrs. Barkum. "I ain't as strong as I used to be."

"If we was there, Marg'ret," repeated the Squire, "our money'd go to the county, and nobody knows who'd spend it. Let's give it all to the Lord some way other while we've got a chance."

"Anything, Squire," sobbed the old lady.

"We've got to come to it some day," said the counterfeiter to his companion.

"For God's sake, don't talk about it," said the horse-thief.]

"I only wish we was as good and ready as he was," said Lodge.

"We never will be—the miserable little pinched-up, knocked-kneed cuss," said Hixton.

"Let's swear off ev'rything," suggested Lodge.

"Agreed," said Hixton. "Shake hands on it. The way the air feels I reckon there's a witness mighty close at hand."

"So do I," said Lodge.

As the cortege reached the little cemetery, it seemed there were not fences enough in the neighbourhood to tie all the horses to,

and the interior of the cemetery appeared to be a very lively corral. The grave had been dug beside that of Lem's father, and everybody crowded as near to it as possible—everybody but the Squire, his wife, the counterfeiter, and the horse-thief. When the ceremonies were concluded and the people turned to leave the grave, Lodge and Hixton galloped off, as if to dodge the eye of justice, and the Squire drove away rapidly, apparently with the same end in view.

CONCLUSION.

After the villagers had sufficiently discussed the circumstances of Lem's final disappearance, it became slowly evident that a change had taken place in Squire Barkum. He was no less sharp in his bargains than ever, but it was noticed that after he had transacted his business with people who might possibly be in financial straits, he dropped his elbows on the counter, his head on his hands, and pumped them with great persistency. Then it was noised abroad that the Squire had absolutely forced an excellent assortment of groceries, and winter clothing upon the widow Morrow, who had for several years been trying to maintain in comfort three children too small to work, and had failed most pitifully.

Then the village postmaster felt that he violated no bond of secrecy in saying that every week the Squire received a letter, most illegibly addressed, and postmarked with the name of Lem's native village. It was also remarked by the Squire's competitors that about once a week, and nearly every week, the poor old man appeared at their stores in quest of a ten-dollar bill on some eastern bank, and he objected strongly to using a twenty.

One day a steamboat from Cincinnati dropped in front of one of the Mount Zion warehouses several heavy packages of boxed stone, not entirely concealed. Mount Zion curiosity was aroused, and finally gratified by the sight of a shapely monument over Lem's remains. Upon the four sides of the square shaft were Bible passages, not exactly innumerable, but extremely frequent, and all of them hinting at the salvation and consequent bliss of those who did what they could and loved much.

Then people heard that the Squire's pastor was very much exercised about the state of his parishioner's mind. The old merchant seemed first inclined to pick flaws in the doctrine of vicarious atonement, and then to substitute Lem Pankett for the sacred person