

"All right, then," he said, "only you know you needn't stand on ceremony with me—needn't walk through the streets with me unless you like."

He spoke seriously, and without bitterness; but putting the point aside as lightly as I could, I started for the court with him.

Outside the court there was a strong muster of people from our district, and especially of the Barker's Buildings set; and as we made our way through their midst I could gather that the burden of their song was "Poor Sugar-Bags!" Inside, too, the court was crowded; but, following in the wake of my companion, who pushed forward with a most business-like air, I secured standing-room at a point from which I had a good view of the prisoner's face when she was brought in. It was a younger, more comely face than from the brief glimpse I had obtained of it on the previous day I had supposed it to be; but it was deadly pale, and wore a haggard, despairing expression, that left no doubt as to the intense agony of mind she was enduring. Though many eyes sought hers, she kept her gaze steadfastly fixed on the ground, save once or twice when she turned it timidly to where Braidy sat watching with a look of kindly sorrow in his soft brown eyes.

The examination was a short one, being merely a formal preliminary to a remand, the only evidence given being that of the constable who had arrested her, and who spoke to expressions having fallen from her which amounted to a confession that she was the person who had struck the blow.

With eyes still averted, and the agonized expression of her countenance unchanged, she was taken from the bar, and her removal was greeted by a general sigh of relief among the spectators, the majority of whom immediately left court.

On reaching the street a man accosted my companion, who, turning to me, exclaimed in his jerky, self-satisfied way, "Business! Must be attended to, you know; soon knock it off, though; won't detain you long; mind just stopping old Braidy if you see him going?"

In less than a minute after, Braidy did come out, and touching him upon the shoulder, I bade him good day.

"Oh, good day, sir," he replied, looking up; "I saw you come into court with Shiny Smith."

"Shiny Smith!" I exclaimed; "is that his name?"