

A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL

waste away at last into icy streams that went rattling noisily down the gutters.

As the morning wore on Miss Lady grew more and more restless. Suppose the preposterous should happen, and for the second time twelve honest men should pronounce an innocent man guilty? Could Connie face the ignominy of the verdict? Would her fickle, inconstant heart steady to such a test? Suppose that once again the person on whom Donald Morley depended, should fail him in a supreme hour?

For the third time Miss Lady threw on her wraps. She could no longer stand the suspense, she must go to him, in case he needed her.

"'Fore de Lawd!" exclaimed Uncle Jimpson when her intention was made known to him. "I dunno what ole John 'll think of us, takin' him to de station a day lak dis! 'Sides de noon train's done went."

"Then we'll have to drive to town. Hitch up as quickly as you can!"

"But, Miss Lady, Honey, you fergit de sleet! Oie John 'ud slide 'round de road lak a fly on a bald spot."

"No matter! I'm going. Hurry!"

Myrteila, who was fashioning a dough man, under the personal supervision of Bert, looked up indignantly: