

A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL

"Yes, mam, I was. Everybody was. Court room packed to the doors. I sez to Iseling this morning, I sez, 'I'll make the noon delivery all right, but the rest of the day's my own. It ain't only because of my former connection with the Sequin family,' sez I; 'it's because Mr. Don Morley is a personal friend of mine. He's white an' he's square,' sez I, 'an' the open-handedest young gent I ever done a favor for. If it's a case of standin' by him in trouble, or losin' my job,' I sez, 'why ta-ta to the job!'"

"But when you left," urged Miss Lady, "what were they doing? How did people feel about it?"

"Mighty shaky, mam. They ain't got a scrap of good evidence fer him, an' enough ag'in him to sink a ship. Old man Wicker's son is puttin' up a stiff fight, but he's up against Kinner, an' Kinner could convict St. Peter hisself!"

"But can't they get the truth out of Sheeley? Can't they force him to tell what happened?"

Phineas shrugged contemptuously: "Sheeley lost his memory when he lost his eye. One was put out with lead, an' the other with silver. Says now he was n't in the fight at all."

"It's a lie! He wuz!" Chick had risen from his pillow, and was leaning forward excitedly.

"What do you mean, Chick? How do you know?"