

## AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

### CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)



WHILE the minister hung between life and death, the negro he had sacrificed himself to save, stood at the bar of justice, awaiting the verdict that was to determine his fate. When it was announced his trial would be held during the present court's sitting, Harry Earle went to the leading lawyer of the town to secure him in the prisoner's behalf. The lawyer was his warmest friend, hence he was unprepared for the prompt refusal.

"You know, Earle," he explained, "I have offered myself for the Legislature and I cannot antagonize voters, as I should do by espousing the nigger's cause. It would count dead against me at the Blue Lick, and you know that is a precinct not to be disregarded. Moreover, my sympathies are not with niggers, as you know; for I cannot forget a father and two brothers, a home made desolate and a fortune ruined. But there is John Caldwell, he's a Northern sympathizer, and will be glad to defend Pete."

Mr. Earle was turning away, with a bitter expression on his face, but his friend stopped him.

"Is your interest in the nigger because of Mr. Gray?" he asked.

"Partly," returned Mr. Earle; partly because his mother was my

own nurse, and wholly because I know the boy is innocent. Jack, it's awful to let the wrong man swing!"

"Earle," said he, bringing his hand down with force on the table, "I'd do anything for you, yes, I'd stake my chance of being elected, to accommodate you; but I can't defend a nigger!"

"That's all right!" returned Mr. Earle. "You can't expect a man to go against his sentiments."

"Get Caldwell," continued the lawyer. "It will be a case followed with attention, tell him, and there is splendid opportunity for him, if he but knows how to properly grasp it. I'll see that you are appointed on the jury, and a friend in the jury box is worth twenty lawyers."

Harry Earle had slight relish for the promised appointment, but he heroically put his own inclinations out of sight in his efforts to save Pete. Mr. Caldwell was a thin, keen-eyed man, considered a good lawyer, but never popular because of his extreme Yankeeism; while his opponent was the hail-fellow-well-met of the entire community, the possessor of a brilliant intellect, a certain persuasive eloquence, and the invincible weapons of wit and ridicule. It was his boast he had never lost a case if he found an adversary open to ridicule or discovered a point on which he could turn the flash-light of his wit. But he realized the case under consideration admitted of no such handling; the tragic