

310 SHORTY McCABE GETS THE HAIL

"Not half," says I.

"There!" says Sadie. "I just knew he didn't."

And after dinner she calls down from upstairs for me to come take a look. "He's asleep already," says she. "See?"

And say, with his curly head snuggled down on the pillow and his long lashes quiet on his cheeks, and a peaceful smile playin' around the corners of his lips, he does look more or less like a young cherub. As we stands watchin' him I hears the door buzzer. Tellin' Sadie to stay there I tiptoes out easy. It's the Hon. Hi, on hand to the minute.

"Well, McCabe," says he, "have you given him that thrashing?"

"Not yet," says I.

"What?" says he. "Then when do you intend——"

"Not until I catch him doin' something worse than I'd do if I was in his place," says I.

"Very well," says he, shruggin' his shoulders. "You know the alternative. It will be a somewhat disagreeable duty for me, but I shall make a charge of malicious mischief."

"Think you can prove it?" says I.

"I shall try," says he. "You may expect an officer up in the morning."

"Dishler," says I, "have you thought out just what kind of a figure you're goin' to cut