

A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL

"Not yet."

Miss Lady was already frantically pulling the blankets from the submerged Chick.

"Wait for Mr. Flathers to carry you," she cried, springing to the ground and looking up at him anxiously. "Remember you are going to tell them everything. You are helping to save Mr. Morley, and you're doing it for me."

The eyes of the pale, spindle-legged child, standing in the end of the wagon, flashed past the courthouse to the barred windows of the adjoining jail. Suddenly his legs fell to shaking harder even than they had shaken at the hospital, and his lips quivered threateningly.

"Chick!" cried Miss Lady despairingly. "You are n't going to fail me — you are going to stand by me, are n't you?"

For a moment he shut his eyes very tight, then he transferred the small quid of tobacco which had been his one solace in the past hour, from his right cheek to his left.

"Sure!" he said resolutely.