

LITTLE SULLY COMES THROUGH 309

way. Understand, I ain't sayin' whether you should have done whatever you did or not. But startin' a fire is kind of serious work. Might mean jail. So I'm hoping you didn't."

"But I didn't, Pop. Honest!" says Sully. "I tried to tell 'em. Course, though, when they——"

"Yes, I think I understand," says I. "As for the other—pastin' Dishler's face on the monkey—that sounds more like your work, although I don't figure just how you could do it so well."

"Slippy's old man does wall paperin'," suggests Sully.

"So he does," says I. "And he might have done that job while he was sleep-walkin', eh? Or he might have left some paste around handy. But I guess you boys had better call it quits on Dishler. And no more night prowlin' from you, young man. Understand?"

"All right, Pop," says Sully. "I'll lay off it."

And I leaves him to finish his supper.

"Well?" says Sully, who's been out in the livin' room all this time with her fingers gripped, listenin'.

"Extenuatin' circumstances," says I.

"But—but he didn't do all these dreadful things Mr. Dishler accuses him of, did he?" she asks.