

OUT WEST

that there is a nigger to be hung right here tomorrow and I'm looking for a man to do the job. If you feels like a-undertaking of this 'ere business there's one hundred dollars in it for you."

There was no hesitation on Jim's part—he agreed at once to officiate in the morning as Lord High Executioner for the small insult of one hundred dollars.

James was a handy man, a bit of a carpenter, somewhat of an axeman, quite a respectable blacksmith, but a poor hangman.

Nothing daunted, with the prospective wealth of one hundred dollars staring him in the face, James easily erected a fair scaffold, not what you would call first class, but sufficiently serviceable for at