

A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL

"'Bout the slot machine?" queried an anxious voice from the blankets.

"About everything. Nobody is going to hurt you, or blame you. You are n't catching cold, are you? Here put on my gloves, and you must n't talk, not another word."

For an interminable time they splashed through the slush of the road, before they came to the pavements of the city. Looking out of the wagon, they could see the broad yellow waters of the river with its long, black coal barges, and the dim outline of Billy-goat Hill, growing fainter in the distance.

"Faster, Mr. Flathers, drive faster!" implored Miss Lady.

Phineas willingly laid the whip across the flank of the little mare, and they dashed along, through the crowded thoroughfare into a broad street of warehouses, where they followed the tramway straight across the murky city. All the while the sleet beat on the red top of the wagon and rattled under the horse's hoofs, and Miss Lady sat clasping Chick, counting the passing moments.

At last the dark courthouse loomed up ahead of them, and Phineas rounding a curb by a fraction, dashed for the open square.

"Morley case gone to the jury?" he hung half out of the wagon to shout to a man coming down the wide steps.