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Y, D. hands a moment incoherently, fighting to take control of the fierce passion of horror and agony of pity that beat through every fibre of her, possessing hcr. "Stop!" she said again; and then managed to say: "How dare you! . . . Oh, how dare all you

men be met together here to do this—to do such a thing—to do such a thing—" She stopped abruptly, and stared at the men, as if they were things incredibly monstrous; and they, on their part, looked round at her and the Judge, only then aware of their advent.

"Let him go at once!" said old Mrs. Judge Barclay, speaking again, as her voice became once more a controlloble possession. . . . "Let him go to his mother. . . Let them both go."

Across the ring of men the mother had fallen suddenly on her knees; her mouth was jabbering breathless words of prayer, her hands outstretched at arms' length, her fingers twining and intertwining madly.

"Save . . . him!" came her voice at last, no louder than a hoarse whisper, yet having a strange quality that seemed to make the very leaves above them stir and rustle. And, with the two completed words, she pitched forward, out of the relaxed hands of the two men who held her, on to her face, with a little thump, her forehead and nose ploughing into the trampled mud beneath the tree.

There came a queer, little inarticulate cry from Jem, and he began to fight desperately, bound hands and feet as he was, towards where his mother lay on her knees and face; but the Sheriff and one of the men caught him and dragged him back beneath the over-reaching bough. The Sheriff signed hastily to old Judge Barclay, and the Judge put his arm about his wife to lead her away. But she tore from him, and faced the Sheriff.

"It'll be all right, mum," said that man. "You go along quiet now with the Jedge. We ain't goin' to hurt Jem more'n the flap of a fly's tail. Don⁴t ye worrit"

"You're going to hang that young man as soon as I've gone!" burst in Mrs. Barclay, very white-faced, but with now a strange shining in her eyes. "That's what you mean to do!"

"Yep," said the Sheriff, scratching his head, and trying to catch Judge Barclay's eye. But Judge Barclay was looking only at his wife, with something that was new in the way of his look.

"Yep," said the Sheriff again. "Jem's boun' to hang, sure, r um, but we ain't goin' to hurt him worth a mench. We'll turn 'm



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