

"Let's go up to his room and see."

The farmer took the lantern and led the way upstairs into a sleeping room.

"Say, Jake," he exclaimed, as he shook the sleeping man vigorously, "there's a travelling man here that wants to go to Brownsville."

"All right," grunted Jake, drowsily; "tell him he kin go."

"But he wants you to drive him," persisted the farmer, giving him another shake.

"Let him to go the devil!" muttered Jake. "Lemme alone."

"I don't want to go to the devil; I want to go to Brownsville. See?" interposed Pete, as he stepped to the bedside. "Look here, Jake, there's fifteen dollars in it for you."

At the words "fifteen dollars" Jake opened his eyes and turned over.

"Cash?" he inquired.

"Sure. See here," and Pete produced a roll of bills. "I'll peel off three of these fives if you land me at Brownsville in the morning."

At the sight of the money the hired man sat up in bed. He glanced at the window, against