

made excuse, so an hour after the court opened, the clerk shouted:

"The State vs. Pankett."

The populace had evidently anticipated some such accommodating arrangement for an early trial, for the room was crowded. Men stood in the window sills, and crowded the judge more closely than was comfortable while among the lawyers, in front of the jury box, and directly facing the prisoner, on a chair considerably placed for him by a deputy who owed him considerable money, sat Squire Barkum. The good man's mind was too severely overborne by sorrow to admit of his being idly curious: he leaned back in his chair and looked out of the window, behind the Judge, into the clouds—looking, as he afterwards said, to see if he could find out where sin originated, and consequently like most human beings who meddle with things above their comprehension, looking in the wrong direction.

"Lemuel Pankett! Lemuel Pankett! Lemuel Pankett!" shouted the Sheriff; "come into court!"

The crowd near the door opened, and in a moment Lem, escorted by his late companion at cards and tobacco, Deputy-Sheriff Turner, was conducted to the prisoner's box. Everybody leaned forward and enjoyed a good stare, while the prisoner dropped his eyes, and his face flushed. Good Squire Barkum stood up, adjusted his glasses, and looked reproachfully at the prisoner, noticing which, Lem held up his head and stared defiantly. The sorrowful old man groaned and sat down.

A jury was soon empaneled; the only question propounded to any jurymen by Bill Fussell, who had volunteered as Lem's counsel, being as to whether he had within six months received any counterfeit bank-notes which he believed had been brought into the county by the accused or any supposed accomplices. Numerous witnesses were called, and established the fact that they had received counterfeits, mostly large notes, which had in every case been traced to Lem Pankett.

Finally the clerk said:

"Call Martin Luther Binkle."

"Martin Luther Binkle! Martin Luther Binkle! Martin Luther Binkle! come into court!" shouted the Sheriff.

Mr. Binkle soon appeared, assisted by a deputy; his handcuffs were removed, and he took the witness-chair as if it was his customary lounging place, winked at his own lawyer, bowed to the judge, rubbed his hands, and looked about him with an air of general proprietorship. When the oath was administered, he kissed the book with a hearty smack, as if he enjoyed the operation; and but for a temporary cloud which

passed over his brow as he noticed something apparently displeasing in the gallery, he seemed a good natured, wide-awake business man.

"Mr. Binkle," said the prosecuting attorney, "do you know Lemuel Pankett, the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long?"

"A few days—about a fortnight, say."

"Have you ever known him to have counterfeit money in his possession?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much—or how much at a time?"

"Off and on, perhaps a thousand dollars—three hundred dollars on one single occasion."

"You know the money was counterfeit?"

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"Because I'm an expert in that sort of thing—I supplied it to him myself."

"Had he any accomplices?"

Mr. Binkle looked at his counsel; the lawyer frowned.

"I decline to answer that question," said Mr. Binkle. "Under my arrangement with the authorities, I am only bound to give such evidence as will criminate the prisoner."

"Do you know whether he spent any of these counterfeits?" asked the prosecutor.

"Yes, sir, he did."

"How do you know?"

"Because he hadn't a da—hadn't a cent when I first saw him, and was half crazy because he hadn't. I gave him a twenty-dollar counterfeit, and in an hour he was back with a bottle of liniment, and nineteen dollars in money."

"Any other cases?"

"I gave him three hundred dollars in counterfeits one day, and in twenty-four hours he was back with three good horses and nearly a hundred and fifty dollars in good money."

"Did anybody else give him any bad money to spend?"

"Yes, sir—my partner."

"What's his name?"

"May it please your honour," exclaimed ex-Judge Compston, Binkle's attorney, springing to his feet, "I object to the witness answering that question. The law holds that the mere possession of counterfeit money is a misdemeanor, and punishable to the full extent of the law, made to cover the worst cases of counterfeiting. The witness has established this. I object to the putting to him of any irrelevant questions."

"Tain't the fair thing to play on a gentleman, in an up-and-down business transac