

the judge derided afterward as those of a sentimentalist attempting to interpret murder as virtuous conduct. As long as I defended the slayer of Red Saunders I had the jurors with me; even the shooting of the Indian agent might be condoned as an act of natural wrath provoked to the degree of actual madness; but when I came to the killing of Sarde, the whole court turned against me with a disdain which chilled me, silenced me. Myself one of the sworn constabulary, Sarde's brother officer and a justice of the peace, how could I defend what seemed, by all the evidence produced, his ruthless murder, deliberate, unprovoked? The real facts of the Sarde-la Mancha duel, begun in former years and now completed, I was barred from telling, and in default of that excuse the crime seemed monstrous.

My plea was therefore based on the apparent confusion which brought a stone age savage before a civilized court, to be judged, not as he should be, by the sanctions and usages of savagery, but by the customs of a strange, a mysterious, an invading and hostile people. What chance would one of us have, tried by the unknown customs of the heavenly host before a court of angels? The jurors laughed at me.

So, with a stinging self-contempt I sat down, a