

that crowd quic' er 'n' a cat could lick her ear! That's what he would, mister, fur he was game an' he could handle a gun beautiful. But" (in my fancy your worthy tough always draws his sleeve across his face at this juncture) "I suppose it *had* to be—prob'ly it was God'l Mighty's will. There's the pole over yander front o' Min's place we strung Soapy and Bob to, an' there wuz n't no inquest on *hem* — not much there wuz n't, for the coroner himself helped at the lynchin' — *everybody* helped 'ceptin' that pigeon-livered cad of a preacher. He wanted to deliver a lecture to the crowd on the majesty of the law an' that kind o' thing, but he got left on his little

