

AT THE LAST.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide.

And flowers the sweetest at the eventide,

Morning is lively, but a holier charm Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm;

And weary man must ever love her best, For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear

A holy fragrance, like the breath of pray-

Footsteps of angels follow in her trace, To shut the weary eye of Day in peace.

All things are hushed before as she throws O'er earth and sky her mantle and repose; There is a calm, a beauty, and a power, That Morning knows not, in the Evening hour.

"Until the Evening" we must weep and toil,

Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil.

Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny, way,

And bear the heat and burden of the day. Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide, ed for Kansas. Like Summer Evening down the golden

-From the Watchman of Sept. 7, 1866. THE LION AND THE LAMP

Dad Tully folded the newspaper, bit the tip off a cigar and spat it out with unnecessary vehemence. Thereafter, for several minutes, he sat gazing off toward the distant blue foot-hills beyond which Mt. Shasta lifted its head hoary with eternal snow.

"Seems to me,' he complained presently, "that the peak of Shasta is about the only pure thing a feller can gaze on these days."

"Now what's run up your back, Dad?" I queried.

"Humans," he replied. "All my life I been one of these fellers that love human beings, but the older I grow human beings, but the older I grow all their wars. When he was thirty a the more I hate humanity. These girl in San Antonio decided to reform European nations—they're just one him, so she married Dennis and bore reeking mass of ingratitude, and that's something that'd anger a sheep. I get tired reading about Uncle Shylock."

"Well, have you ever found that gratitude is a comomn characteristic of the human race?" I queried. Verberg's Broken Arrow outfit. Nat-uraly young Mendel looked after the legal angles of the deal for his father

'Yes, I have-up to the p'int where it began to hurt to pay the note, and Cosgrave. then most generally they wanted a rebate and if they couldn't get it they to be attacked by heart disease after Still I've had some pretty fine neigh-if first Jew to cast a covetous eye on a and yelling like mad, before he man-

them used to be a pastoral people, pain of excommunication and getting wondering hither and yon with their

cut off in the will. The old man's So, acting on this prehistoric hunch, life partner for him if the boy seri-Mendel's father opens a little general ously objects, but he stands pat on his repugnance to mixing the blood of store in Dos Rios and prospers mightpatriarchs with that of a Celtic tribe all beef and no brains or manners.

Well, Mendel's maybe the butt end of a month wondering exactly what he's going to do about it. Then one And howers the sweetest at the eventide, And birds most musical at close of day, And saints divinest when they pass away. So plumb gentle-hearted he prefers to the livery stable there's a passel of men out in the adjoining corral fixing to hitch a couple of wild broom-tails eral with credit at his store too. He's to a breaking cart. The livery stable proprietor, which he's one of the horse-handlers present, sees Miss Sheila and sings out:

"Here's a couple of broncos

like it," says Sheila.

breaking cart ten minutes with these critters hitched to it." "How much will you bet?" says

Things are so bad in the district at-The livery man said he'd bet a hun-

Silverberg's predecessor out that two hundred, at even money, she'll we're all seriously considering returnguarantee to drive them mustangs up ing to the ancient doctrine of personal the main street of Dos Rios, turn 'em responsibility. There's been a revival and drive back into the corral with of cattle rustling, murder and other 'em. "Just give me a couple of corobjectionable crimes. Right off Men-del convenes a grand jury and before ed," she says; "then open wide the the indictments can be written up there's a cloud of dust to the north The bet's made. They bl

into the breaking cart—which the pole's so long and the nags hitched tide; And leave behind us, as we pass away, And leave behind us, as we pass away, taken any exercise beyond setting in Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping old man Silverberg's the owner of reins. The livery man opens the Broken Arrow outfit and is run- gate. the

preferred a buckboard and a pole her team some slight education with team and Mendel is like him that the bit; then she heads them out way, too, only more so. In fact, Men- through the gate, turns on one wheel del can't even work up an interest in cows. The law's his mistress. and goes down the main street of Dos Rios in standing jumps. And the Come to think of it, he had his eye first man to see her coming is Mendel Well, Sir, at the height of his suc-Silverberg!

verberg has an unfortunate experience. He falls in love with the only daughter of Dennis Cosgrave, a wild Irishman who comes out to Texas in the early days for the good of Irehim, so she married Dennis and bore pounds in her but not making much At fifty Dennis drops into his title and a fortune, so he comes out to the of a success of her job. She's check-ed the speed of the runaways about "Bowker," half and isn't a bit excited, but her Panhandle and buys out old ma Sillegal angles of the deal for his father and while doing so he meets Sheila that she knows from experience that them tired horses will listen to rea-

a period of ten years and I'm sorry Still I've had some pretty nne neigh-bors from time to time, although if I've got to be fair I must admit that the most appreciative folks I ever met for the had a weakness for the Irish. Then he got ierked along, half on the Then he got ierked along, half on the did some talking. Mendel Silverberg

the boy a letter explaining just what on for quite a while until the sheriff given you a uspended sentence-for he'd tried to do to her and how the sent a new deputy down there that your mother's sake." willing to lay off selecting Mendel's clout on his jaw was plumb necessary wasn't known locally. Every night to save them both from a worse fate, he kept his eye on the slaughterbut while Mendel was too much of house corrals, and one night four men before and looked at young Dennis a gentleman not to forgive her and drove eight head of steers into the like he'd like to cut him up with an

Silverberg imported a very lovely One man escaped. It seems there female specimen of his own people was just enough starlight for the cor-and her and Mendel got married and ral fence to show and the fourth man made a go of it from the start. The jumped his horse over it and the bride's popular and helps increase her posse swore the animal cleared it with husband's popularity, so presently we a foot to spare. They fired after the elect Mendel county judge. He serves man but didn't stop him. However, with credit four years and then runs they'd heard him talking and noticed for Congress. However, the voters that he stuttered some.

figure they need Mendel at home So they went looking for a man worse than he's needed in Congress, who rode a jumping horse and stut-"Here's a couple of broncos worse than ne's needed in Congress, who rode a jumping horse and stut- what you need is something to do-that'd give you a run for your money, so they defeat him, and he sticks on tered. Sheila's boy rode a descendant and if there's danger and adventure that bench for the next twenty years of the Irish hunters his wild grandand never has a decision reversed on father had imported thirty years be-him. fore—and he stuttered. When they No, naturally I don't stick in the found the horse the animal had a Panhandle that long. I kept moving. crease across the point of his right Every few years I'd look south and rump. Looked like it might have see a cloud of dust on the horizon, been made by a pistol bullet.

and I knew it was sheep. So I'd move on. But one day about ten years ago I wandered back to Dos Rios. There wasn't many of the old Sheila's boy swore the animal had ripped itself on a projecting nail in the rear of the barn and showed the nail with some blood and horsehair on faces left, but Mendel Silverberg was it. He swore he'd gone to bed at holding court and I knew he'd remem- eight o'clock that night and his mothber me and be glad to see me, so I er and the hired girl swore it, too. He walk over to set awhile in his court, hadn't been identified by the officers figuring to have a visit with him in of the law and the three men caught with the stolen steers swore the

Court was just taking up when I fourth man was not Sheila's son. On found a seat and I stood up with all the other hand, there was abundance the rest when Judge Silverberg come of proof that Dennis O'Hara was a in. He'd changed a lot. Never having close pal of theirs.

his library reading, he'd aged beyond Well, there was nothing but cirhis years. He was thin, with curly cumstantial evidence against Sheila's. white hair, and the expression on his boy, although on account of its being fine face was like nothing so much as mighty strong everybody believed he was guilty. So when the testimony the kind, benignant face of Christ. His eyes rove over the court and was all in and Sheila and her son sat smile at everybody. Pretty soon he there in court looking up at Mendel sees me and beckons me up to the bench to shake hands with him; then bench to shake hands with him. The bench to shake hands with him bench to shake hands with him. The bench to shake hands with him bench to shake hands with him. The bench to shake hands with him. one Big Moment. Sheila had got a morning he's made aware that he little bit out of shape with the years should have retired some time prev-"I want you to set right there, Jeb," he says, as wistful as a boy. "I've got a mean case to try today and I figure of a woman. Her son was like need your moral support. But first her-big, fiery, good-looking, with reckless black eyes. I knew the blood I've got to pass sentence on a feller that was in him and the testimony The sheriff raps for order and the proved him a waster without clerk announces that one James Bowvisible means of support.

Well, Sheila and the Judge looked owe you." at each other- a long look it wasand while I'm no judge of loving looks, it struck me I saw something that day in Sheila's eyes that wasn't just neighborliness. Mendel was a mite embarrassed and in a thoughtful way he stroked his jaw whilst seeking the to me. I do not seem to know you, my exact words he wanted to employ in friend.' his charge to the jury. Of course it would have to be the jaw with the old

bulge on it and of course Sheila would have to notice that unimportant point. At least I judge she noticed it because the tears come in her eyes and I reck- are about to make good your prom-oned her mind went backtracking to ise, eh?" come between her and a happy marriage.

that's the limit, for you deserve hanghis ideas with ease. He talked consid- it I'll put you out of night was a dark brown, whereas the a pleasant good morning. defendant's horse was well known to starlight a light bay horse would look dark brown. He analyzes all of the evidence, dwelling on those aspects of on the jury that they must give mature consideration to these points. Well, son, that sure was a masterly piece of work, that talk to the jury. "Ten years is a long time, Jeb. Lots Mendel was strictly within the law, of them threaten but I've never never wavering his duty as a just judge-and yet it seemed to me he was selling the jury his idea of the case all the time instead of letting them figure it out for themselves. He was bi-planting doubts in their minds. as to their ability to decide such a delicate case and yet be quite certain Mendel looked at me sort of pitiful. they were going to be just to the de-

He rubbed the old lump on the jaw a gentleman not to forgive her and drove eight head of steers into the like ned like to cut him up with an join in the laugh on himself, away corral. In the darkness the deputy ax. "What are you going to do with down in him something else had been and his men closed in on this cheap your life, Dennis?" he yells all of a gang of sneaks thieves and captured sudden, like he's a mite high-sterical. 'You've stole cattle and made an unjust judge out of an old friend.

You're plumb worthless, and you got. brains enough and character enough to become something worth while." "I-I don't know, Sir," the boy quavers.

"Well, I know," says Mendel Sil-verberg. "You're full of repressed energy. You're wild Irish-the kind in the doing of it, you'll be interested in your job. Physically, you're perfect. You can ride anything that wears hair, you can rope in expert company and if you shoot at anything I'll take the short end of any bet you'll hit it. You belong in the Texas Rangers, and if you'll give me your word of honor to go straight hereafter, I'll ask the governor to appoint you.

"I'll go straight, Sir," says young Dennis. "I'm not an ingrate. You're giving me my chance and I do not de-serve it. I'll tote square with you,

"Very well, then, you're going to work for a living and quit sponging off your excellent mother. You'll go down on the border, where you're not known, and you'll start from scratch and make good. Get out of here!" That certainly was a curious trial!

Well, Dennis stuck in the Rangers after Mendel got him the appointment, and everything that Mendel heard about him for the next eight years was to the boy's credit. He

ious and gone to Europe to live.

It's Mendel's habit to walk from his home to the court-house, and one morning as he steps out his front gate man says to him:

"Morning, Judge Silverberg. I'm back! I'm here to make good what I

Mendel looks at the man but so much water has flowed under the the bridge since he'd sentenced James Bowker he don't recognize the feller. "I am not aware," says the Judge,

"You sent me to the pen for ten years. I'm Jim Bowker. I behaved myself and they let me out. And I'm here now to keep my promise.

"Oh, not today, Judge," says Bowker, grinning like a mad dog. Mendel commenced to speak. He ain't got the guts of a chicken so I'm had a deep, musical voice, and he talk-ed so plain folks could follow him and of these days when you least expect erable about the value of circum-stantial evidence and how it should be I'd just as lief not be killed today. horse seen jumping the corral that if it's all the came to you, I'll bid you be a light bay. Nevertheless, in faint lite and trots off down to the courthouse. Within the hour the sheriff picks up Jim Bowker and frisks him it that look bad for young Dennis, on him he has to turn him loose. Im-then outlining the aspects that was in mediately the district attorney swears the defendant's favor and impressing out an insanity warrant against Bowker and he's took into custody and tried for his sanity in Judge Silverberg's court a week later. There's all kinds of experts on hand to prove him insane, but there ain't a single expert on hand to prove this here Jim Bowker is sane! Mendel, being a just judge, notices this deficiency, so he tells Bowker to hire the best brains in Texas to defend him and prove him sane, and send the bill to him. So Bowker done that and Mendel fines him sane and turns him loose. And the next morning the skunk picks the Judge up at his house and follows him down the street, cursing and abusing him at every step, but just loud enough so the Judge can hear him and nobody else. Bowker ain't figuring on being sent up for six months for disturbing For a month that thing kept up. Every morning Bowker picks the Judge up in front of his house and follows him down-town. In the afternoon he picks the Judge up at the court house and follows him home; when opportunity offers he curses him. Does the Judge pack a gun? He don't. He's not familiar with guns. They're like horses to him. He don't understand them and he's afraid of them. The sheriff urges him to have a body-guard and he does. Right off Bowker disappears for a month and the body-guard lays off. And the next morning Bowker's back on the job again. I reckon that feller Bowker was a pretty smart man. He knew the Judge had a perfect right, in view of the threats to kill him made by Bowker, to tunnel the skunk on sight. But he knew, also that little, mild, kindly gentle-hearted Mendel just didn't have guts to do it. They'd frisked Bowker so often and failed to find a weapon on him that if the Judge had wafted him hence his political enemies would say he'd killed an unarmed man. Friends of the Judge tried hard to pick a fight with Bowker so's they could kill him on general principles, but he was too slick for them. He was enjoying breaking down the Judge's morale, as the feller says, and he didn't figure on losing any of that enjoyment. The Judge begun to break finally. He lost weight. He couldn't sleep. He was plumb nervous and he got dyspepsia. Each morning he stepped out of his house to walk to the court house he expected would be his last, but-he never missed that morning walk. Mendel Silverberg had a sort of courage a fighting man ain't got.

one of the nicest, squarest little men that ever come to the Panhandle. He's guide, philosopher and friend; he loans money on cattle in bad years and many a loan he writes off to prof-

he's stampeded into office.

jolt himself rather than ruin some friend that can't afford it. He's lib-

I reckon maybe he stirs up some sentiments of gratitude among his Gentile trade, for when his son Men-

del comes back from college with a lawyer's sheepskin and hangs out his Miss Cosgrave." shingle in Dos Rios, Mendel gets the trade of the cattle industry, even if our trade is all we can afford to give

"I've broken worse and made 'em

"I'll bet you couldn't stay in this him when he asks for a retainer. Mendel's a chip off the old block, so when he runs for district attorney

Sheila.

torney's office before we kick Mendel dred, so Sheila says if he'll make it

The bet's made. They blindfolded the broncs and hitch 'em. Sheila gets where a lot of undesirables are head-

"Drag off the blindfolds," yells

She circles that big corral a few knew him to fork a horse, though. He times at sixty miles an hour, giving on Congress in them days I reckon.

"Carajo!" says Mendel and turns cess as district attorney Mendel Silwhiter'n paper, for he's certain he's going to see Sheila killed before his we convicted yesterday." eyes. And since his five-foot-three ker is up for sentence on conviction gentleness covers just five-foot of a charge of man-slaughter. three of read sand, Hendel runs out Bowker is then invited by the Judge to stand up and state if he knows any into the street and tears after that cart with the speed of two antelopes. Sheila is standing up in the break-ing cart with both hands wrapped around the reins, pulling for every ounce of the hundred and seventy-five reason why judgment should not be pronounced upon him. The feller said he had one very good reason and that was that he wasn't guilty, that he hadn't had a fair trial and was being railroaded to the pen by a lot of

half and isn't a bit excited, but her arms is aching and she figures to let have had a fair trial and the evidence them mustangs run themselves rag- was sufficient to have justified a verged over about five miles of prairie to dict of wilful homicide. It is the sentence of this court that you be confined in the state penitentiary for

son

flocks. Bellefonte, Pa., September 28, 1928.

ily during the next thirty years. He's

"Take this heathen Zing o' mine, for instance. The first time Zing and I meet up, Zing's in the middle of Fall River and can't swim a lick. To add to his hard luck the place he happens to be abidin' at that minute is all of twenty feet deep, and Zing's gone down for the first time. He's too far out for me to drop my rope over his head and snake him ashore, so I swim horse in and rescue the critter. I'd have done the same for a cur dog; there wasn't no danger to me. Just a mere matter of being obligin'.

"Yet Zing elects to feel under oblilife. It sems the Chinese got a theolife belongs to the feller that saves water out of him, Zing quits a good job to come to work for me at less wages. I got him yet. I can't get

I reckon (old Dad continued) I only meet up with one white man that was true love has a habit of rising superworthy to be coupled in the betting ior to racial and religious differences. with Zing when it comes to giving evidence of a sincere appreciation for past favors. I'm running a fair-sized little cow outfit in the Texas Pan-two-thousand-dollar piano. Sheila handle at the time and more or less of the law has managed to seep in west of the Pecos. We've quit hanging horse thieves and cattle rustlers when we catch 'em red-handed. There's a growing inclination to leave the catching of these deranged humans to the sheriff, and when the sheriff gets lax or there's a suspicion that maybe he ain't as eager on the clean-up as he might be, a deputation of prominent citizens waits on him and gives him twenty-four hours to

Dan Roscoe's our sheriff and a most willing little hombre, maybe five feet three in his bare feet and weighing all of a hundred and twenty pounds besides. For all that, he's right masculine and never seems to get tired. I've known him to ride three threequarter thoroughbreds to death-thirty-six hours in the saddle without sleep or food-and at the end of the journey light on his man like an apple dropping off a tree. Also Dan Roscoe used some intelligence in selecting a bar to the nuptials. He points out

up and adds a cubit or two to the majestic stature of the blind lady with the scales, and that's Mendel Silverberg. Mendel's parents first come to Texas in a peddler's wagon, but customers are few and far between, which makes the peddling trade more or less discouraging. Finally the old man wanders into the Panhandle and sort of stirs up the sleepin' memories of his race. While our Hebrew brethren were the first to invent interest

from which I judge that our modern advisability of Mendel's action in letcivilization ain't much for the up ting it be known to all and sundry that he's out to win Sheila Cosgrave; he's a good-looking boy and beauti-fully educated. He's even studied music and can make a piano talk; he has nice manners and a most engaging way with him; he's witty, he has brains and he's an up-and-coming citizen without a mark against him.

him a daughter.

But he's got one bad drawback. He can't ride a horse and he won't learn. My private opinion is that Mendel's afraid of horses. Anyhow, who ever met up with a Jewish cowboy?

And Sheila's Irish blood runs true to form. She's a horse-woman, net, gation to me the rest of his natural and the champion female rough rider of the Texas Panhandle. Sheila's idea that if a feller saves a life, that of a good time is to break horses. materials for a needless funeral. She's five foot ten and weighs a hunit, so right off, as soon as I spill the dred and seventy-five, while Mendel rises five foot three and weighs a hun-nags are duck soup for me. You in- I sat up in my chair. yells. dred and eighteen. I reckon if he'd terfere and you'll cost me two hunbeen a big hombre and liked horses dred dollars and maybe a doctor's bill "Sheila Cosgrave's boy," he whisper- fendant. shet of the heathen and he runs me he'd have worked up a community of interest with Sheila in spite of his other handicap, for I've noticed that

Still, Sheila seems mighty fond of a foot of reins like two pups on an ists in the sovereign State of Texas. Mendel and lets him come out to the old sock, so Sheila, seeing there ain't He's been keeping bad company and two-thousand-dollar piano. Sheila split second in which to do that, this last scrape. He has never been couldn't and wouldn't play on a bet. Such law business as old Dennis has bunch of fives home on little Mendel from time to time he throws Mendel's Silverberg's jaw. Naturally Mendel let go the reins. way, too, so it looks as if the boys' got a fighting chance. In fact, bets Bigger men than him would have let are being laid at even money that go. He crumples up in the bed of the Mendel carries off the blushing bride cart and lies quiet, for he's out withwith old Dennis Cosgrave's blessing, out any necesity for counting ten ovwhen Mendel's old man gets on to the er him! Then Sheila gives her atracket.

Old Silverberg's what you call a and the whole wild outfit disappears patriarch. Orthodox. He knows the Talmud from cover to cover, he's got cloud of dust far out on the pairie. more money than most folks have In about an hour Sheila comes joghay, he's proud of his people and ging back through the town. proud of his boy and he sort of obbroncs which started out a light bay ects to this here prevalent idea that are now roan with sweat and dust; it's a come-down for a Cosgrave to their heads are hanging and they marry a Silverberg. He has a notion drag their feet like they had corns. he'd rather have one of his own peo-Sheila is standing up in the cart liftple for a daughter-in-law anyhow, ing 'em with the whip occasionally just to let 'em know who's boss, and and, in fact, he has the girl picked out for Mendel. Mendel Silverberg is nowhere in sight. Inquiry develops the fact that Sheila,

He's trying hard to give Mendel the rush into matrimony and scoffs at the thought of the absence of love being

to Mendel that his, old Silverberg's We have another half-portion in our country who backs Dan Roscoe up and add a public Dan Roscoe and see what a successful marriage that was! But Mendel won't listen to his old man worth a cent, so the patriarch takes the matter up with Dennis Cosgrave one day in the store. Of course Dennis flew off the handle. In some ways he wasn't too intelligent and when he come to town he generally dipped his nose in squirrel whiskey. So he hooted at the idea the sight of good feed and fat cattle of Mendel mating with his Sheila and ment, he also has our profound symsaid things that offended old Silverberg. Yes, he said aplenty. Trust the rest of his life. him for that.

that run around the seat of that cart. Then he got jerked along, half on the ground and half in the air, for fifty naid no attention to him. Stantial evidence and how it should be it just as her hot be kined today. Weighed. He reminded them that the I'm in the midst of an important trial deputy sheriff has swore that the and I wish you'd wait a week. And the air, pawing. That's Mendel's him?" "Ain't there no way to stop

chance; he leaps and lands belly down on the seat, wriggles into the cart-"Let him blow off steam," says and makes a wild grab for the reins. Mendel, and listened.

"Ten years from now, if I'm liv-ing, you—" says the prisoner, "I'll come back to Dos Rios and kill you, Yes, he's going to save his darling Sheila. Poor little Mendel. A whole lot he don't know about breaking horses! His spirit is heroic but the vouflesh is weak and nobody knows it bet-The sheriff closed his foul mouth ter than Sheila; and she don't need no

with a right smart smack and led the blue-print to tell her what'll happen feller out.

if Mendel don't let go those reins. There's going to be a glorious smash-Mendel smiled his childish smile. up among the buckboards tied at the hitching posts in the front of the stores, and Sheila loves life just heard of one of them making good. enough not to yearn to provide the Mr. Clerk, call the next case." "The people of the State of Texas

"Let go, Mendel darling!" she ells. "I'm all right. These here cattle stealing," says the clerk, and

But Mendel's gone bog wild. He cousin, another wild imported Irish-won't let go. The strain is off the man, and named her first-born after ed. "She married her father's second

mustangs' mouths now and all on old Dennis and me. He's a devit on Sheila. Her and Mendel's tugging at horseback but as lovable a boy as exbut one thing to do and not more'n a has about broken Sheila's heart with raises her mighty right an crashes a charged heretofore with anything ex-

cept plain wildness-drunk occasionally, gambling, shot a man once but Bigger men than him would have let Sheila the day the jury turned him loose, if young Dennis hadn't been where he should not have been he wouldn't have had to shoot.

er him! Then Sheila gives her at-tention to the other matter in hand row outfit, Mendel?" I ask.

ie. all gone, however—beat him up and "I suppose, Dennis," he says pa-jog- threw him out. She has enough to ternal-like, "you realize you're a Her live comfortably the remainder of her lucky young feller." all gone, however-beat him up and days if this boy Dennis doesn't break her. She was in my chambers this judge! I told her so, but she didn't turn me loose." seem to understand that I must be a just judge. Poor Sheila! The world hasn't done very well by her."

He turned to the court-room and boilin' mad at his unnatural interferstarted his law mill; the prisoner was ence, has dropped him three miles out arraigned and pleaded not guilty; on the prairie, allowing he'd ought to when the court adjourned at five be made to walk home for his sins. Mendel waits until dark to make his the following morning the trial was appearance and I regret to relate that renewed.

when he shows up his right jaw is I got the details of the case from broke. So's his aspirations to enter the clerk up to the hotel. It seems the Cosgrave family via the bonds of there'd been a pennyante gang of cow holy wedlock. Old Silverberg's so rustlers operating in the northern horse, happy he sets up the drinks for the end of the country. They'd cut out rump. town, and although Mendel has our five or six fat steers in a farmer's admiration for his courage and our field and drive them to the local condemnation for his lack of judg, slaughter house, the proprietor of which stood in with these rustlers. pathy for his busted jaw. The fact The critters would be slaughtered is he carried a lump on that jaw all

Wise little Mendel Silverberg! He mouths now and all on old Dennis and me. He's a devil on says "No!" and takes no chances, so knew that when a feller is in doubt he in the wind-up of his instructions he tells them that if they have the slightest doubt as to the guilt of the defendant, it is up to them to give the defendant the benefit of that doubt.

The jury retires and Mendel takes me by the arm and we walk around town until the sheriff comes hurrying up to tell him the jury's ready to report. So we go back to the courtroom and the jury files in and hands the clerk a note which says they find the defendant not guilty.

When the court-room was empty except for Mendel Silverberg, Sheila, "Sheila's husband blew it in for her boy and me, Mendel calls the from our ken, as the poet says, in a her. She bounced him before it was young feller up to his desk.

I don't quite agree with your Honor," says Dennis. "I wasn't worried at no time. The jury couldn't do morning, pleading with me for the at no time. The jury couldn't do boy— as if I could—why, I'm the nothing else on the evidence except

"You are an unthinking young ass, Sir," says Mendel, and his thin face is whiter'n chalk. "You have robbed me of my honor. You're guilty, you pup, you're a disgrace to a decent mother! I was motoring through that town the night you and your friends o'clock a jury had been selected and drove those stolen beeves into the slaughter-house corral. I came by just as you jumped the fence and the

deputy sheriff shot at you. You went the street like a streak-and I followed youyou and your light bay horse, with blood streaming down its

"Perhaps your mother really believ-ed you had gone to bed at eight o'clock that night—but my opinion is that she did what any mother will do to save a worthless son. She perjurthat night and skinned and the hides ed herself like a lady! I wasn't anx-

and popularize the renewal of notes provided the security remained intact, still, we know that the majority of len Arrow ranch in the future under uried. Of course nobody can identify a closely, if the district attorney wasn't

(Continued on page 7, Col 1.)