

can, but, remember, I am not to be questioned about it. Go home and hold your peace but come and see me the day before the trial."

"But really"——

"Shut up, I'm busy," retorted the question mark, as he turned the pages of an old newspaper. Further remonstrance was useless. Why this fellow was worse than crazy; in fact, he was a fool, and the only thing to do was to enter a plea of insanity.

Once outside the cell the lawyer proceeded to look up and trace the case. The facts as he gathered them from the papers were as follows: July 14th, Mr. John Mills is shot in the streets of M—— at high noon by an unknown equestrian. At the time of the shooting or immediately afterward the horse of the assassin reared so badly that he lost the grip on his revolver, and it fell in the dust. Without stopping to pick it up he left the town followed by a band of citizens whom he soon evaded successfully. One man had seen the deed committed, and had picked up the revolver where it had fallen. It bore the initials J. C. on the pearl handle.

July 16th, the jury, at the coroner's inquest, renders a verdict that Mr. John Mills received his death from the hands of an unknown assassin, July 14th.

July 21st, James Carter, a tramp, is arrested on the charge of shooting Mr. John Mills; pleads not guilty, and is placed in the county jail to await trial in the October court. Carter does not deny his presence in the town on the day of the murder, and admits of having had a grudge against the dead man. He also says the revolver belongs to him, but still he pleads not guilty of the crime.

Such were the facts of the case as the world knew them; but what about *the other side*, his side, the side on which his reputation as a lawyer was staked. Surely the man was innocent because he represented him, but yet, how could he be? He would go and see him again. For the tenth time he went, and for the tenth time he was told to "shut up." Entirely disgusted he would return to his office fully determined to see the man strung up be-