

fore he would try to save him. However, it was his case, so the day before the trial he went to see the prisoner once more. Just as cool-headed as ever, and with a smile he told the lawyer to be seated, and then asked him what he had done on the case.

"Nothing," was the curt reply.

"Good," with a smack of the lips and a rub of the hands. "Now, here is what I want *you* to do. When all the witnesses have been heard for the prosecution I want you to ask the court if an autopsy was made of the dead man's body before he was buried. The answer will be no. Then I want you to insist on an autopsy being made. Remember, you must win this point," and for the first time the lips of the prisoner twitched slightly. "That," he continued, "will cause a delay of a day, at least; I shall give you further instructions later."

The day of the trial had come at last; and such a trial, too. Why there wasn't a man in the whole room who could have entertained the least suspicion that this man was innocent. There was no opposition at all. The man had done the shooting in open day. He was seen by an eye-witness, and even the instrument of death, which had done the deed, lay on the table with the initials J. C. in plain sight. "Yes, he was guilty," said the world; but wait, here is *the other side*.

"Your honor, I insist on an autopsy. No matter if the prisoner be poor, mean, or of ill repute, still he is human, and has an unqualified right to justice, and justice demands an autopsy." The request is granted. The court decides in his favor; designates a surgeon to do the work, and dismisses the proceedings for the day.

The following morning the prisoner and his accusers once more stand face to face. The countenance of the young lawyer is lit up with a strange light. He is happy because he sees *the other side*.

"Has the required examination been made?" was asked. "Yes," and the surgeon took the witness chair. "The bullet entered the right temple and penetrated to the opposite side of the cranial