

“Well, then, we ain’t got nothin’ to do wi’ how Danny Lemmons got in. He’s slicker’n sin, an’ he mought ’a’ run the picket lines at night; but shore as shootin’, he can’t run ’em in the daytime. Now, how ’ll he git out?”

“Perhaps he has already passed here,” Deomateri suggested.

“Well, sir,” said Chadwick, “he’s come to town on business, an’ he’ll try to attend to it.” Then Chadwick told his companions about his adventure with Mrs. Lemmons and the baby.

“By George, Deo!” exclaimed Blandford, swinging himself into his saddle, “this begins to look like sport.”

“For the baby?” inquired Deomateri.

“For all hands,” said Blandford gayly.

“But ef Mizzes Lemmons lays her eyes on Mister Lemmons,” remarked Chadwick, “the baby ’ll lack a daddy, an’ the lack ’ll be no loss.”

Thereupon, the three men turned their horses’ heads into Peters Street and rode toward the hill where Chadwick had found Mrs. Lemmons. They rode leisurely, watching on all sides for the hunchback. When