

“ Watch out, Blandford ! ” cried Deomateri in great good-humor ; “ don’t scare the baby. If it lets out another link it will go into spasms. Come here, chicksy,” he said to the baby. “ Poor little thing ! Hushaby, now ! ” He tried in vain to quiet the child, but it would not be quieted. He walked up and down with it, clucked to it, tried to give it his watch to play with, dandled it in his hands, but all to no purpose. It continued its hoarse and gasping cries.

Meanwhile, Chadwick and Blandford were giving attention to Danny Lemmons. They searched him from head to foot, and took from him every scrap of paper they could find on his person. Blandford did the searching, and he was not at all gentle in his methods. The hunchback was captured, but not conquered.

“ Good God A’mighty, gentermen ! can’t a man come an’ git his own baby atter his wife’s run off wi’ some un else ? How you know she did n’t tell me to take an’ take it home to Sugar Mountain ? Dad blast you ! Ef you ’ll jest gi’ me a fair showin’ I kin whip arry one on you ! I’m a great min’ to spit in your face ! ”