

lett's eye, and was on the point of saying something, when the old lady spoke.

"Don't mind him," she said. "He never shot anybody. Why, Marty would n't harm a flea."

"Oh, I would n't, would I? Hey?" he cried peevishly. "Who made you so wise? Hey? How do you know but what I shot a man whiles you was asleep and had him drug off? How do you know but what I done it? Hey?" Mr. Shacklett turned half around in his chair and glared at his wife. "Tell me that — hey?"

"Why, honey, I would n't 'a' believed it if I'd 'a' seen it — much less when I did n't. You'll make this good woman here believe that a parcel of murderers is harbored in this house, and then she'll go out and set the law on us."

This rather cooled Mr. Shacklett's indignation, but it still smouldered and smoked, so to say.

"Much I care for the law," he said, trying to snap thumb and middle finger, a trick he failed to compass, though he made three trials. "Ain't we got no prop'ty rights? Hey? Must we set down here and be run