

ny came into requisition, and, with the manly assistance of this peacemaker, soon cleared the room of the ruffians. The victim was found to be Josephus Sycamore, better known as "Old Syc." Many a night he slept in the old log cabin used as a jail by the constable of the precinct. He was a rather tall man, wore a hat about three sizes too small, a canvas suit, and had a peculiar smile on his face when invited to "take something." He was taken to Billy's house, the blood washed from his face, and presented with a new suit of substantial, but not costly, clothes. After a rambling soliloquy, in which revengeful expressions figured prominently, he dozed off into a deep sleep.

Early next morning, Saturday, a warrant of arrest was served on Billy, but as none of the men attacked by him had been seriously hurt, he was allowed freedom on his own recognizance until the hour of trial, which was set for 10:00 o'clock the same day. It was a beautiful morning; the flowers sent their perfume through the gentle breeze, and the birds were twittering in the treetops. But a change had come over Billy's mind. He was uneasy. While knowing that the act of the night before was a just one on his part, he couldn't help but feel the stigma of being put under arrest on a criminal charge. When the hour for trial arrived, the court room was filled, and the prisoner imagined that as he saw the men whispering together, they were commenting unfavorably on his position. Becoming more excited as time went on, he lost that self-control and composure that an innocent man was expected to maintain. Two jurymen were rejected by the court, for having formed and expressed an unqualified opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, which caused Billy to show additional signs of uneasiness. He imagined that the finger of scorn was pointing at him from all directions, for engaging in a drunken row that did not concern him. Through expert cross examination by the prosecuting attorney, he was several times inveigled into contradicting some of his own statements. When "Old Syc" was called, he was still under the influence of the debauch of the night before, and made a very bad impression. After the testimony was all taken, the judge looked very grave. He was rather small of stature, knew no law, but had a wonderful amount of cunning when contemplating his individual interests; and as he sat gazing at the prisoner, one eye seemed to be censuring him, while the other seemed imploring the heavens for mercy. It would not have been unreasonable to accuse him of catering to the rough element, who had got worsted in the affray, and at the same time making an effort to gain a reputation among the law-abiding citizens, as being a terror to criminals. This is the rule, not the exception, among petty politicians, and the judge had never been accused of being an exception. After a few moments, the painful silence was broken, as His Honor arose and began to address the jury, which was composed of men who had a wonderful amount of confidence in the legal ability of the judge. I will not give his language, but simply state that he informed the jury that he knew more law than any of them, and that under the statutes of Idaho Territory, the prisoner was guilty of an unwarranted and unprovoked assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to do great bodily harm, and that the majesty of the law must be maintained. Without leaving their seats, the jury rendered a verdict of guilty, as instructed by the court. The judge again arose, and in a graver tone, requested Billy to arise, which he did, to listen to a long and tedious lecture on the disgrace of being convicted of a