



SENATOR ROBERT CULPEPPER LOGWOOD'S aged, smiling negro servant opened the heavy door leading to the Senator's private office and bowed low as William J. Scott, President of the Mesquite, Gulf & Southern Railway, entered. Senator Logwood rose from his leather-upholstered chair and bowed with his accustomed dignity. As he did so a last pink ray of sunlight from the western window touched his silver-white hair and framed his classic countenance in a gentle glow that seemed to express his pleasant personality.

"This is indeed a pleasure," said the Senator. "Have a seat." Turning to the negro, he said: "George, move that ashtray a little nearer."

"Can I have half an hour?" asked Mr. Scott rather timidly, as was the custom of all of Senator Logwood's clients.

Senator Logwood slowly lighted another cigarette, then reached into a drawer of his desk and extended a box of cigars. "My friend," he replied, "you can have all night. It is a great

pleasure to have you with me again. I have just been reading a rare old document which refers to the early history of the State of Mesquite, and I have wanted some one to enjoy it with."

Scott looked embarrassed. "Senator," he said, "you know we all love you because of your interest in the early history of Mesquite, but the truth of the matter is that I know so little about it that you would just be wasting your time on me; and I am full up to the neck with trouble."

"That is an unfortunate shortcoming of yours," remarked Senator Logwood as he flicked some ashes into an ornate brass container at his elbow— "always in a hurry. Where do you think you are going? As my friend John Ruskin says, —now, I venture to state you never read Ruskin, and yet that old gentleman knew more about railroads even back in his day than you do now—we are all in a hurry, and we don't know where we are going. Don't ever worry; this is a lovely world, and a man ought to get a lot of pleasure out of running

a railroad.”

Scott laughed heartily. “The hell he ought!” he exclaimed. “I wish you had mine.”

“I can see right now,” said the Senator, “that you are in no mood to talk about anything but some pesky little trouble that you have had with that streak of rust you own. What have you done—run over somebody’s cow?”

“You didn’t miss it far,” said Scott. Senator Logwood prepared to listen.

“We have a lot of suits pending in the lower counties,” Scott began, “and they are coming up at the next term of the district court, which will be held in Carrizo day after to-morrow. These are damage suits; some are for personal injuries, and the amounts asked are quite large. The smaller suits we have settled as they came up. On the suits we can beat, we went to trial. The cases now pending are suits for considerable amounts of money, and we have obtained continuances as many as three or four times. The biggest case now pending is a suit for damages to a cattle shipment, amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars, and that one is the first on the docket for day-after-to-morrow morning. Now, we want to pay these claims, and we will pay them, but you understand how hard it is to finance a young enterprise like ours. In short, what we want to do is put these cases off just as long as we can, and eventually pay interest to the injured parties for the delay. It is hard to go into the market now and get money at even a fairly high rate of interest.”

Senator Logwood interrupted: “Then what you want me to do is get these cases continued again until the next term of court, which would give you six months?”

“Yes,” replied Scott.

“How many times has this twenty-five-thousand-dollar suit been continued?”

“Four times,” Scott replied.

“That’s a good many times,” remarked Senator Logwood with a faint smile.

“It sure is,” said Scott. “That’s the reason

we are coming to you, Senator. Our local attorney down there, Mr. Sullivan, has done very well for us on these cases, but he is at the end of his rope.”

“And you think I can go down into a section of the country where I am not known, and get you a fifth continuance in a suit in which the other side is probably presented by very able counsel?”

“I am not handing out any compliments, Senator, when I say that I believe you can do just about anything you start out to do,” said Scott.

SENATOR LOGWOOD stared blankly at an old-fashioned horse-pistol which rested on a velvet cushion under a glass case close to his desk. It was a relic of early days in the State of Mesquite. Scott observed the Senator’s fixed attention, and hoped earnestly that it did not portend a long account of some forgotten skirmish and the family history of the user of this barbarous-looking implement of warfare.

“That is a very interesting part of the State, which you gentlemen are developing,” mused the Senator. “I think it would be a pleasure for me to ride over it on your railroad. You know, I went over the country as a young man on horseback. I feel a great deal of pride in my connection with the gentlemen who are aiding those brave pioneers to realize the glorious possibilities of that section of our great State. I will go to Carrizo, Mr. Scott, and see what I can do. I cannot promise you anything. The trouble with you business men is that you do not adequately respect the judiciary, and as a matter of fact, you ought not to be coming to me to ask me to throw an obstacle in the way of the functioning of our courts; but I can understand the peculiar difficulty of your present situation, and I will do what I can for you. We will not discuss my fee in this matter, because I know that you will be glad to do what is right if I succeed; and if I do not succeed, I will not feel

that you owe me anything. I am very hopeful that I may meet some old friends of mine down that way, and if I do, it will be my pleasure to entertain them while I am there. I would like to give them an old-fashioned barbecue. I will just ask you to leave with me a check for one thousand dollars for my expenses, and that will probably be all I shall want.

SCOTT drew out his check-book, and Senator Logwood handed him a pen. As he wrote, Senator Logwood continued: "Is Judge Woodward still the district judge down there?"

"Yes, replied Scott, blotting the check. "Well, then, I am glad you came," said Senator Logwood, "because I have always wanted to meet the Judge. He is a distant relative of an old friend of an old friend of my father's and my father mentions him in some letters written before the Civil War. I would be glad to show you those letters," said Senator Logwood, and he started to rise.

"Now, listen," objected Scott: "I have no doubt that those letters are very interesting to you, but to tell you the truth, they would bore me to death. I wish you wouldn't get them."

Senator Logwood resumed his seat, "I feel sorry for you, Scott," he said, "you get mighty little out of life, so far as I can see. All you have on your mind is that petty trouble about those suits, while I am looking forward to a very pleasant visit in your section of the country. You ought to read more of the history of the State of Mesquite and learn something more than the mere topography of the ground your railroad covers."

"I don't doubt you are right," said Scott; "and some day I am coming up here to the capital and buy you a good dinner and let you tell me about the history of Mesquite until we both drop dead." Scott laughed and tossed the end of his cigar into the ash-tray. "Good night, Senator!" he said. "I may be on the train with

you, or I may go on down there ahead of you. Goodnight and good luck!"

"Good night, young man!" said Senator Logwood. "I hope you will not be too busy to attend the little barbecue I am planning. I see they have some bandit raids down along the border. I hope they do not become serious. I don't see how those bandits found their way through the border-guard."

"Neither do I," said Scott as he opened the door. The aged negro servant bowed low and closed the door behind him.

GEORGE was grinning from ear to ear as he laboriously climbed aboard one of the dingy and weather-beaten passenger coaches of the Mesquite, Gulf & Southern Railway the following day. He had placed the Senator's three heavy leather traveling-bags on board and had made the Senator comfortable. Now he was climbing aboard with his own baggage, which consisted of a sauce for the barbecue in a large glass container wrapped in a woolen blanket.

George had two virtues which made his position secure with Senator Logwood, regardless of his feebleness. One was that he bowed in precisely the way that Senator Logwood liked to have a servant bow when a guest entered his office; and the other was that he could mix a barbecue-sauce which the Senator declared no man had equaled to his knowledge during forty years.

George seated himself and his precious package in the Jim Crow compartment. The bell rang; some one shouted, "All aboard," and with several nervous jerks the little train rattled away over the uneven roadbed toward the dusty hills in the distance with their scraggy growth of stunted bushes and trees.

The train had been on the road two hours when Senator Logwood drew from his vest pocket his heavy gold Swiss watch and consulted it as though the action were a

ceremony, as indeed it was. Eleven o'clock! He opened one of his traveling-bags and drew from it a vacuum bottle and poured a drink. The conductor standing in the doorway in front of him watched the Senator with growing alarm and then walked toward him.

"Don't you know it is against the law to drink on the train, Colonel?" he asked.

"I am not a colonel," objected Senator Logwood as he took his second drink. "Logwood is my name—Senator Robert Culpepper Logwood. I live in the capital of the State of Mesquite. I am not now a senator, but I did have the honor of serving my State as a senator many years ago, and I am proud to say that the people who knew me, knew that I served my State well, and the title 'Senator' has stuck to me. You probably do not know that a member of the State senate is not subject to arrest?" The Senator lifted his eyebrows by way of demanding an answer to the question and poured another small drink.

"I don't know anything about that," said the conductor, "but I do know that it is against the law to drink on a train."

"Well, I can inform you quite extensively on that subject, then," continued the Senator. "In the next place, you are trying to enforce a law which is retroactive so far as I am concerned. I have been taking a drink at eleven o'clock every morning for forty years. In brief, I have been following that custom for nearly a quarter of a century before this law you are talking about was ever heard of; so you see your law is retroactive so far as I am concerned, which makes it unconstitutional, contrary to the Bill of Rights, and God only knows what would become of you if you were to enforce that law against me. You just keep that law to enforce against young folks. How old are you?"

"I am fifty-two years old."

"Well, then you are old enough," said Senator Logwood, "to know, without having studied law, that my statements are correct.

Now, if you will just step back here, we will have one more little drink, and then if you catch any young man on this train drinking liquor, by Gad, sir, sir, you and I will throw him off this train!"

"That's what we will do," said the conductor. "In the meantime, put that bottle under your coat while you walk through the car."

"I see you are a man of understanding," remarked the Senator. "Discretion is always the better part of valor. Are you acquainted with Judge Woodward, the district judge of this judicial district of the State of Mesquite?"

"I am," replied the conductor.

"He will get on the train at Brushy Creek, I am informed," said Senator Logwood. "When he gets on, I want you to point him out to me without attracting any attention at all. I want to meet the Judge. I have some matters pending in his court."

At one o'clock that afternoon the train stopped at Brushy Creek and one passenger got on. The conductor led him to a seat across the aisle from Senator Logwood, calling him by name in a voice that was audible the length of the car, and telling him the names of the various attorneys who were on the train en route to Carrizo to try cases during the session which was to open the following day.

Judge Woodward was a man of enormous bulk, with cheeks burned red by the glaring sun of a semitropical climate. His blue eyes were merry, and even in repose his countenance suggested that he was thinking about something very funny.

He caught hold of the seat in front of him with both of his fat, hairy hands and let himself down into his own seat with about the same sound that would have been made if a large sack of bran had been dropped. He exuded a sigh and placed his feet on the window-sill.

Senator Logwood did not look at him. The

Senator was never in a hurry. He drew his silver cigarette-case from his coat pocket, lighted his cigarette very slowly and fondled the case a few seconds, admiring the monogram, before he replaced it.

Judge Woodward watched the operation with interest. He was impressed with the neat appearance of Senator Logwood. He looked at the Senator's silver hair and then studied his perfect profile. Senator Logwood knew exactly what the Judge was doing and gave him plenty of time. Then he turned very slowly in his seat and met Judge Woodward's eyes. Instantly Senator Logwood's face lighted up with interest. He stepped into the aisle and extended his hand.

"Have I the honor to meet Justice Horace Woodward of the seventy-third judicial district of the State of Mesquite?" he asked.

"That very same," said the Judge as he attempted to rise and failed. "Sit down."

"I am Senator Robert Culpepper Logwood," the Senator stated, "and I am delighted to meet you. Some clients of mine asked me to come down to your court, and I told them that I didn't think they had a leg to stand on in any court, but that I would be glad to spend some of their perfectly good money to come down here, because there are some people in this part of the State I know, and more than anything else, because I wanted to meet you. You are a distant relative of my father's closest friend, and he mentions that friend several times in some letters which I have preserved."

"Yes, I have been told," interrupted Judge Woodward, "that you have one of the finest collections of original documents and letters in this State."

"It is pitifully small," said Senator Logwood. "All our collections of historical documents and relics are pitifully small, but I am proud to say that I have not been unmindful of the duty of a patriotic citizen in this regard. I want you to read these letters." He drew them

from his coat pocket and handed them to the Judge. Judge Woodward handled the aged brown paper very carefully and read the letters.

Those are very interesting, Senator," he said. "I remember my father mentioning both the writer of the letter and the man referred to."

"You are a younger man than I expected to meet," said Senator Logwood.

JUDGE WOODWARD was so pleased that he could not help showing it. "To-morrow will be my sixtieth birthday, Senator," he said.

"Well, now, who would believe it!" exclaimed Senator Logwood. "I knew you ought to be a man of about fifty. I had not the remotest idea that to-morrow was your birthday, and I hope you will not say anything about it to these other gentlemen, because I have a little treat in store, and we will just consider the matter of it being a celebration of your birthday as private between us two. My old servant George has got a bottle of barbecue-sauce up there in the other car, and as I said to you before, I am not coming down here with any expectation of winning a lawsuit; the fact of the matter is, when you see my performance in court to-morrow morning, you will realize that I have about the poorest case that a good lawyer ever traveled two days to try. We are going to have a barbecue. I didn't know what the occasion of it would be when I started, but now we know what this barbecue is going to be about. It used to be no uncommon thing in this State, Judge, to have a barbecue when district court met. No political campaign was ever considered a complete success without a dozen barbecues, but the good old times are about gone, and I reckon George is the only one left in the great State of Mesquite who knows how to mix a barbecue-sauce. Judge, do you reckon we will have any trouble getting a yearling or some sheep down there?"

"I don't think we will have a bit of trouble," replied the Judge. "And so far as that barbecue-sauce is concerned, you set entirely too much

store by that—because, to tell you the truth, there never was any burr-headed darky could mix a barbecue-sauce as good as I can mix it myself.”

“I am delighted to hear that,” said Senator Logwood, “because it would be a great pity to have such a noble art die with our generation.”

Judge Woodward slapped his fat knees with his fat hands and roared with laughter.

“I am serious about that,” said the Senator.

“I know you are,” replied Judge Woodward, “and that is what makes it so funny. I have heard about you, Senator Logwood, but nobody ever could describe you one half as fine as you are. I can see right now that the rest of this trip is going to be a pleasure to me. If you will excuse me a few minutes, I will go back in the other car and pick up one or two choice spirits with whom I have years of acquaintance anteceding my judicial capacity and we will go up into the baggage-car and play a little poker.”

TEN minutes later the game was under way. “Senator, you recall the Hogg-Clark campaign, do you not?” asked the Judge while he shuffled the cards.

“I most certainly do,” replied Senator Logwood. “The primary was in the summer, and I was making speeches while the snow was still on the ground. That was a terrible campaign.”

“Which side were you on, Senator?”

“I was a Hogg man,” replied Senator Logwood. “However, I never entered into the animosities of that campaign as bitterly as many of the young men of that day did. They were both fine men, Judge. Nearly everybody knows it now, but I knew it then. To tell you the plain truth, Judge, it was a toss-up with me which side I would be on.”

Judge Woodward clapped his hands and laughed heartily.

“I wanted to get into politics,” continued Senator Logwood. “I heard Judge Clark speak, and a short time later I heard Hogg speak. I

counted the ponies tied to the railing around the courthouse each time, and there were three times as many ponies tied to that railing when Hogg spoke as there were when Clark spoke; so I decided to support Hogg.”

“Senator, if you ain’t just a plumb delight!” declared Judge Woodward as he pounded the table and laughed again.

The first hand was being played when William J. Scott came into the baggage-car. “Gentlemen,” he said, “there is a small party of bandits raiding through this section of the country to-day. It is just barely possible that they might stop this train. Are you gentlemen armed?”

“That is a very embarrassing question,” declared Senator Logwood. “You have no right to force members of the bar of this State to testify against themselves in the very presence of the court. Moreover, as I stated to you a few days ago in my office, you are a born kill-joy; *Gloom* is your middle name. We will all appreciate it very much if you will get out of this car. Speaking *amicus curiae*, I will state that your presence in this game will be distasteful to the judge before whom you have litigation pending, and we will thank you for your absence.”

HALF an hour later Scott again invaded the baggage-car. “The bandits are headed toward Carrizo,” he said. “I do not think they would attempt to attack us near so large a town, but they are going through that county. They may cross in front of this train. Would you gentlemen mind bringing your suit-cases up here with you?”

“Certainly not,” replied Senator Logwood. “Go back and tell my servant George to get the suit-cases and bags. You point them out to him and have him bring them up here. Tell him to be very careful with that bag of mine sitting next to the window, because I have a vacuum-bottle in that bag.”

"Well, we will just fine you one vacuum bottle for contempt of court," said Judge Woodward, "for not having sent for that bag long before this."

"That will be entirely agreeable to me," said Senator Logwood. "I am an old-fashioned man, and I never lay myself liable to a charge of improper conduct with the court; but in a case of emergency like this, I feel that the court has a right to confiscate any goods which a member or the bar may possess, and which might be necessary to the health of the court's kidneys. The defendant pleads guilty and thanks the Court for the Court's mercy."

"Hurry up with that bag," roared Judge Woodward as Scott disappeared.

A few minutes later George came in with the precious bag and opened it in front of the Judge. "I always take my drink at eleven o'clock," said Senator Logwood, "and I do not take another until five-thirty in the afternoon. If you gentlemen will excuse me a moment, I will send a telegram."

Senator Logwood hurried back to the rear coach, where he found Scott. "Please take a telegram for me," he said.

Scott drew a notebook from his pocket. "This is to Mack Mason at San Jacinto," said Senator Logwood. "Tell him to start instantly by auto toward Carrizo and to drive without interruption for food or sleep until nine-thirty o'clock to-morrow morning. Tell him to call me by long-distance then. Send this at the next stop without fail. Leave the train and remain with the operator until the message is sent. This is important. I had not the remotest idea that I could do anything for you, but we are going to continue all these cases."

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Scott. "You haven't bribed the Judge have you, or got him drunk?"

Senator Logwood recoiled as though from a blow. "Young man," he said, "I will attribute your remarks to the stress of emotion and to

your surprise, but you have wounded me to the heart. I never bribed a man in all my life, nor have I ever used any improper means or influence with any public official or any other citizen. I am shocked and grieved that you should think for one moment that I would be guilty of such an outrage against the honor of the State I love. We will drop this subject now, and I will try to forgive you at some later date. At present I cannot."

"Senator—" began Scott, but his voice choked and there were tears in his eyes. He tried to control himself and beg the Senator's pardon, but he could not speak. Senator Logwood stood looking at him with an expression of amazement and contempt. Finally Scott said: "I'll send the telegram."

"Very well," replied Senator Logwood.

Mack Mason had just returned to San Jacinto when he received the telegram. He had been on a scouting-trip for Senator Logwood, learning intimate details about members of the legislature in order to keep Senator Logwood advised of the complexion of that body so that he could take care of the interests of his clients at the coming session.

Senator Logwood was a professional lobbyist, but very few persons knew it, least of all, the members of the legislature, though all of them knew that Mack Mason was a lobbyist, and most of them attributed to him the uncanny success of Senator Logwood.

Mason read the telegram and laughed heartily. "Now, what kind of devilment do you reckon that white-haired old darling is up to away down there among the coyotes?" he asked himself. Ten minutes later his big car was roaring down the road with muffler wide open, breaking every speed-law of the State. He did not waste time to send a telegram to Senator Logwood. Between themselves they never wasted words. Logwood had never given him an order he had not carried out.

THE little hotels of Carrizo were crowded shortly after the Mesquite, Gulf & Southern passenger train arrived that evening. Attorneys and their clients come from far and near. The sleepy little town was humming with activity. Dingy little restaurants were crowded. Every billiards and pool-table was in use, and a dance was in progress on the wide veranda of the most pretentious hotel in the city. Gaping crowds of ten to twenty men pointed out Judge Woodward as he waddled along the sidewalk, greeting his constituents with hearty guffaw, slapping them on the back and roaring with laughter at every jest.

Senator Logwood left the crowd early and opened negotiations for the digging of a barbecue-pit and purchase of a yearling and the delivery of four-foot lengths of firewood. It would be necessary to begin that night in order to have the barbecue ready for the following evening. During the course of the evening, rumors floated in about the bandits and the route they were taking across the county. There was almost a thrill at eleven o'clock that night when word came that the bandits had torn two rails from the track of the Mesquite, Gulf & Southern Railway not long after the passenger train had gone by. If the train had been as late as it usually was, there might have been an encounter after all, but for some unexplainable reason the train had been on time that evening. The word also came that several deputy sheriffs and some citizens were hot on the trail of the bandits and might meet them by dawn. A deputy sheriff was holding a telephone-wire open to the border guard. Two hundred soldiers were on the *qui vive*, and it was even reported that a company of three State rangers had been sent for, though many doubted that the situation was that serious.

AT nine-thirty o'clock Senator Logwood went to the office of the telephone-company and informed the manager that

he was expecting a call. One minute later he was talking to Mack Mason.

"Where do we go from here, Senator?" asked Mason.

"Where are you?" asked Senator Logwood.

"I'm in the same county you are in," replied Mason. "I sure burned a lot of gasoline. I don't know where I am at, but it is some little prairie-dog hole in this county. I mean the same county you are in. I could have made it into Carrizo, but I thought maybe you didn't want me to come in."

"You are getting more sense all the time," said Senator Logwood. "I didn't want you to come in. Have you heard anything about the bandits?"

"I haven't heard anything else," replied Mason. "I seem to be right behind those bandits or just ahead of them, I don't know which. We must have been playing tag with each other all night."

"What have you heard as to an encounter with a posse?"

"Well, they had the encounter, all right," said Mason, laughing. "There were about six men in the posse, and they attacked the bandits at dawn this morning. They don't know how many there were, but it was too many; they exchanged a few shots, and then they had to run. A deputy sheriff named Simms was shot through the calf of the leg and dropped behind, and the bandits got him. When last seen he was toting a bundle of cartridges on his back with his hands tied behind him, and a bandit was whipping him along with his riding-quirt. The posse is gathering help to attack again, and the Mexicans are making toward the border."

"That's fine," said Senator Logwood. "Now, you drive up to within a mile of Carrizo and then get a horse. No news of this has come in yet. Those fellows are evidently excited, and they haven't telephoned. Ride your horse right up to the courthouse, rush into the courtroom and yell the news. Do you understand?"

"You must want a continuance," said Mack Mason. "What's the matter— didn't you have time to work up your evidence?"

"That will be enough out of you, young man," said Senator Logwood. "Hurry, because a telephone-message from that posse may spoil everything."

"I am on my way," said Mack Mason, and he hung up the receiver.

BEFORE ten o'clock the courtroom was crowded. Most of those inside were attorneys, litigants and witnesses. Spectators lounged about the doors and windows, or stood in groups in the courthouse yard, exchanging gossip.

The crowds respectfully parted to make a way for Judge Woodward as he strode pompously and this time solemnly toward his bench. The big chair, with its high, carved back, creaked painfully as he sat down.

Senator Logwood respectfully pinched the light off the end of his cigarette and tossed it into the cuspidor as the Judge sat down.

"Mr. Sheriff," said Judge Woodward, "have order in the courtroom." The courtroom was already impressively quiet, but the deputy sheriff shouted with a tremendous voice: "Have order in the courtroom." Then he strode to the window and shouted the accustomed announcement that the court was in session, all of which ceremony was regarded with solemn awe by the crowd.

Judge Woodward nodded to the clerk of the court, and the clerk read: "No. 4682, Simon Greenwood vs. the Mesquite, Gulf & Southern Railway Company."

A wizened little man who crouched behind heavy spectacles said in a high, piping voice: "The plaintiff is ready, Your Honor." Then he looked toward Senator Logwood, as did the Judge.

Senator Logwood rose very slowly from his chair. "If the Court please," he began, "the

defendant in this case will ask a continuance. It is with extreme reluctance that we again ask the indulgence of the Court, and we realize that this case has already—"

There was a commotion and some exclamations from the crowd outside the door. "Mr. Sheriff, have order!" commanded Judge Woodward impatiently.

The sheriff strutted to the window and shouted: "Have order out there!"

As he turned from the window, Mack Mason came stumbling through the doorway, his face caked with dust and perspiration, one leg of his trousers ripped to the knee and flopping about. He wore no hat and his eyes were bloodshot. Mason was naturally clumsy, and he gave the impression at once of a man reeling with fatigue.

"Men," he shouted "I have just come in with news from the posse. They met the bandits; Deputy Sheriff Simms was wounded and captured."

"Get out of here and report to the sheriff's office!" shouted Judge Woodward. "You are interrupting the Court."

"Do I understand this court to say," demanded Senator Logwood, "that this court is not interested in the fact that bandits are raiding this county and that a gallant peace officer who has bared his breast to the bullets of marauders threatening the peaceful homes of American citizens and their wives and children is not to be given protection? I have never in my life been guilty of contempt of a court, but by Gad, sir, I call upon this jury and your deputy sheriff and upon every good citizen of the State of Mesquite, within the hearing of my voice go to the rescue of that brave man. When we have done all that is humanly possible for him and those who are with him, it will be time enough to try these cases;— time enough for me to place my person and my property at the disposal of this court, offering no defense for the contempt I am now committing."

Senator Logwood turned to the crowd. "Why do you stand there like cowards?" he shouted, his face livid and his arms extended. "You, sir," he said to Mason, "whoever you are, lead the way!" To the crowd he shouted: "Bring me a horse!"

THERE was a roar of approval. Mack Mason went stumbling out of the door again, followed by Senator Logwood. The deputy sheriff pressed a pistol into Senator Logwood's hands as they were crowded together in the narrow doorway. Mason was the first one on his horse. Senator Logwood was second; but by the time they had crossed the courthouse yard, fifty men on horseback were following. When they turned a corner of the courthouse square, Senator Logwood looked back anxiously. Judge Woodward had just mounted a horse which was struggling to gallop. The Senator smiled, then pulled off his hat and gave his horse a resounding smack on the flank. He shrieked a "Rebel yell" that was echoed from every direction for a quarter of a mile and finally drowned by the clatter of horses' hoofs. A cloud of dust, which was increasing in size, showed that the crowd was gathering very rapidly. Senator Logwood spurred his horse hard and managed to catch up with Mack Mason.

"Not so fast, you fool!" he yelled.

"All right, Senator," replied Mack Mason with a chuckle. "How did you like me little performance?"

"Very good, very good," replied Senator Logwood. "But that work on the trousers was a little crude."

"I thought so too," said Mason, "but I couldn't sew them up with the pocket knife I cut them with; so I had to let it go."

"A good rider," said Senator Logwood, "wouldn't tear his trousers like that. It is never done in this country."

"On the whole, though, wasn't it a pretty classy performance?" asked Mason.

"It was fair," said Senator Logwood. "It was tolerably fair."

A CLOUD of dust swept between Mason and Senator Logwood, preceding a squad of twelve men who passed them with a yell. Senator Logwood rode closer to Mason. "Are you leading us toward the bandits?" he asked.

"Senator," replied Mason, "I haven't the remotest idea where them bandits are."

"I thought not," said the Senator. "I am going to drop behind; I am too old for this sort of foolishness. You ride on as hard as you can."

Senator Logwood slowed his horse, and presently the entire crowd had passed him. He slowed to a walk. Then he heard hoof-beats to the rear and looked back. Judge Woodward hailed him from a small cloud of dust.

"You have damn' near killed me, Senator," said the Judge. "Let's go on back and see how that barbecue is coming."

"I will do that with pleasure," said Senator Logwood. "But let me first apologize to you as a man, and I will apologize to you later in court. I was excited, Judge."

"Forget it, forget it, forget it!" said Woodward impatiently. "Let's first ride over to the little creek near here and wash our faces and get this mud out of our necks. I am nearly choked."

There were no fences along the roadside, and so they turned their horses into the brush.

The water of the creek was just in sight when a fusillade was fired from somewhere beyond the creek. Bullets whistled around them. Senator Logwood's horse stopped suddenly, trembling.

"My horse is shot, Judge," said the Senator.

"Now, ain't that hell?" said Judge Woodward. "Right here is where the two best lawyers in this whole State get killed by a passel of bandits."

Senator Logwood dismounted and helped

the Judge off his horse. Several more bullets whistled near. Senator Logwood's horse fell to the ground, while Judge Woodward's horse started off toward the road as fast as it could run.

Judge Woodward and Senator Logwood dropped behind the body of the quivering horse on the ground and held their pistols ready for action. Bullets began to hit the ground near them. "Let's just lie low, Judge," said Senator Logwood very calmly. "The boys will hear those shots and come back. Sound carries well on a day like this, and the wind is in our faces."

"**I** WISH we had that bottle, Senator," remarked Judge Woodward. "I never needed a drink worse in my life. If those fools keep up that shooting, they can't miss me many more times because I am a large part of the scenery wherever I am."

"I can't see them," said Senator Logwood, "but I believe they are within range of our pistols."

"I haven't looked," said Judge Woodward. "Hang me if I ever expected to die as thirsty as I am this minute."

Senator Logwood peered cautiously over the horse and strained his eyes in the glare of the morning sun. Suddenly there was a sound of firing far behind the little creek, followed by a burst of fire from a point near the creek.

"Our boys have wheeled and taken them in the rear, Judge," said Senator Logwood.

"Then they will be passing this way," remarked Judge Woodward. "We are in for it now."

"I think so," agreed Senator Logwood. "Are you a good shot?"

"The worst in the world," said the Judge.

"Then let me have your gun," suggested Senator Logwood. Judge Woodward immediately complied.

The firing grew hotter, and Senator Logwood with a pistol in each hand stood up. "I

see them now, Judge," he said.

"Yes, and they are going to see you," thundered Judge Woodward.

"Not a chance, Judge," said the Senator. "You are a good enough poker-player to know that those fellows cannot see anything but what is behind them right now. They are scared."

Judge Woodward peered over the side of the horse. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "They are coming right this way."

"Yes," said Senator Logwood. "I could get one now, but I am afraid to draw their fire. Our boys are dropping them."

Bullets began to whistle overhead again. "Have they seen us?" asked the Judge.

"No," said Senator Logwood. "Some of our boys are shooting a little wild."

"You had better lie down, then," said Judge Woodward.

"I'm going to open fire in about ten seconds," replied Senator Logwood.

"All right go ahead," said Judge Woodward. "I have said my little 'lay-me-down-to-sleep' and kissed myself good night." He laughed.

"Simms is in sight," said Senator Logwood. "He is wounded, but he is getting away from them, Judge. A scared man is certainly a powerful animal when he sees a chance to get away. I am watching two Mexicans. They are going to see Simms in a minute. When they do, they will shoot at him, and I am going to shoot first."

A second later Senator Logwood fired. He aimed very carefully, waited for the smoke to clear, then fired again.

"I got both of them," he said. "Simms didn't know who fired, so he dropped. Judge, you stay here, and I'll make toward Simms. He is not armed."

"I would a sight rather you wouldn't," answered Judge Woodward. "But go ahead."

Senator Logwood walked boldly forward through the brush. He had gone only a short distance when he drew fire. One bullet

scratched his arm and another burned his shoulder. "Lucky that wasn't the right arm," he muttered as he dropped to his knees and began crawling toward Simms.

The posse of citizens was gaining rapidly on the bandits, who did not know which way to go, when Senator Logwood's unexpected fire broke out in front of them. Finally, in confusion, they turned directly toward the town with the posse sweeping around them. One minute later the posse came upon Senator Logwood sitting on the ground, beside Simms, his pistol in his hand, holding one remaining cartridge for emergency. The fight lasted only a few more minutes. The score at the close was eight bandits killed, three captures and six of the posse wounded. The remainder of the bandits escaped.

Judge Woodward acted as toastmaster at the barbecue that night, and recounted with embellishments the conversation between himself and Senator Logwood while they were entrenched behind the dead horse.

When the Judge concluded his recital, there were calls for a speech from Senator Logwood.

"Gentlemen," said the Senator "I am the host for this occasion, and it would be very unseemly for me to appear to accept all the praise that has been heaped upon me by the Judge. I am a very tired man to-night; I am too old for such a strenuous day, and I wish merely to say before I go to bed, that Mr. William J. Scott, who is my client, has assured me that he will make ample provision for Mr. Simms who is the real hero of this somewhat turbulent day, and now I bid you all good night."

When court convened the following morning at ten o'clock, Judge Woodward again nodded to the clerk, and he again read: "No. 4682, Simon Greenwood vs. Mesquite, Gulf & Southern Railway Company."

The wizened little man behind the spectacles rose from his seat and said:

"If it pleases the Court, we will ask a continuance. The Court will understand that the

very unusual occurrence of yesterday may have profoundly affected the minds of the jurors. The Court is cognizant of the fact that counsel for the defense in this case has achieved a popularity in this county since yesterday, which would make it extremely hazardous for the plaintiff to attempt to go to trial, especially before a jury of his comrade-in-arms."

Judge Woodward cleared his throat noisily and said: "It is the opinion of the Court that none of these cases in which Senator Logwood is counsel should be tried at this term of the court. This court will be willing to entertain motions for change of venue in any of these cases if the plaintiffs desire to present them."

Senator Logwood rose very slowly and said in a low tone: "The defendant will offer no objection either to continuance or change of venue, and we will assure the Court and counsel in these cases that we will make our most earnest endeavor to be ready for trial at the next term of court."

Senator Logwood turned to leave the courtroom. A ripple of applause was heard. "Have order in the courtroom!" shouted Judge Woodward ferociously, and the deputy sheriff echoed the cry even more ferociously.