

At his trial the jury brought in a verdict of guilty without hardly a thought. After all, six or seven people saw Jed beat old Sam Elkin to death right outside the saloon, and a couple of gents who tried to hold him back even got their own noses broke for the trouble. Judge MacKenzie duly passed sentence that Jed was to be hanged by the neck till dead, and that was that. To the surprise of everyone gathered there, though, Jed just smiled at the judge and said, "try it."

*The sentence was carried out.*

*After that, the town of River Flats lived in fear of Jed Morston.*

It didn't go off the way it was supposed to. It would be quite a while before the town could get over the hanging of Jed Morston—it surely would.

For a while no one said a word about it, till the shock finally wore off, and then no one couldn't hardly talk about anything else. Most of the folks in town pure didn't know what to make of it all. Myself, I had my own notion as to what went on, but I decided it would be better to sit back for a spell and watch what turns things took.

Well, after the hanging the town was on edge every time Jed rode in. Men passing on the street that would scarce have given 'im a second glance, now tipped their hats with a cordial hello; and ladies that'd normally a'looked the other way and tried not to notice him, now smiled pleasantly as they quickened their pace. The storekeepers gladly handed over whatever Jed asked for in supplies and whatnots, puttin' everything on his bill, which they never expected t'see a dime of.

*Fear of the man who should have been dead.*

Jed was comin' into town every day now, as opposed to every Sunday the way he used to—and he'd end up at the bar, sniffin' after Mabel Bell. As a woman of the saloon it was Mabel Bell's job to try to get