

From the bench: "Had you seen the prisoner before?"

"No, sir, I saw him for the first time when he was examining a shetland shawl that lay on the counter close to where I placed the money."

"And you are sure that the clerk had not removed it?"

"I don't think so, sir, because she was a little further down the counter at the time."

"Did you observe the prisoner acting suspiciously at any time?"

"No, sir."

"And you are sure no one else was near you on the outside of the counter except the prisoner and the lady whom the constable referred to?"

"Yes, sir."

A fair-haired, flat-ironed-looking young man in a "Prince Albert" coat next came forward, evidently the star witness for the prosecution, and the little, deep-set eyes of the prisoner sparkled like fine cut diamonds as they pierced the unhappy youth who looked far more uncomfortable than did the prisoner.

"Your name is Reginald Fitzgerald?"

"Yes, sir. I am employed as floor superintendent in the dress department of Sellus & Co. This morning, shortly before nine o'clock, I saw the prisoner examining goods at various counters. I did not see him purchase anything and continued to keep my eye on him."

"He was examining a number of Shetland shawls near to where this young lady was making certain purchases. I had to leave that section for a moment to direct a lady to another department, and on returning, I received a complaint from the clerk who was serving the prosecutrix, that a ten dollar bill had disappeared from the counter. The prisoner was walking away. I followed and asked him to accompany me to the manager's office."

"Is there anything known about this man?" the magistrate inquired, looking round among the officers present; but as no one could identify Michael, he was invited to relate his own history.

"Yer 'anner, t'e only thing I ivver shote in my life was a handful of green gooseberries out of widow Flaherty's garden in Tipperary. I came to this country last year with seven dollars in my pocket, an' my mother's honesty in my heart. I spent the seven dollars long ago, but, thank Hiven I haven't parted with a drop of me honesty from that day to this. I got a job the furrst day I looked fur wan—from a grr-ate, big chap in an office in Main Street—to do a bit of section wurk on the new railway, and when the frost shtopped that job, I took a dead man's place in a loggin' camp. I've been at wurk ivver since till three days ago, when I came to town wid the rest of the bhoys."

"As sure as God's in hiven, sir, I'm an hone t man. I came into the city wid fifty-five dollars in me pocket. I wurked hard for ivvery cent of it an' two hundred more that I sent home to me mother in Tipperary. I went into that store, sir, seein' their bargain sale advertisement in the papers, t'buy two elane shirts for meself an' a nice shawl for the old lady; but there was such a crowd of wimmen around the shtuff I couldn't get a look in anywhere till they thinned out a bit, an' just as I was makin' a cut for the shirts, that young gentleman in the double-barrelled frock coat asked me to shtep into the boss's office."

"An' here I am, yer 'anner, but I shwear all my people were honest folks. My gran' father died fightin' fur Queen an' country, sir, at Balacava. He was a grr-ate fightin' man was my gran' father, sir. He niver went into a fight but he came out with the loss of a limb of some sort. He was in twinty-four engagements, an' the ginerall said, when they were buryin' him, that he did more for the glory of ould Ireland than the whole of the battalion that was left."

"If that sweet young lady has lost tin dollars, yer 'anner, an' thim haberdasher people can't find it for her, begorra, sir, I'll make it good to her twice over!" fairly screamed the gallant little Irishman; "but for the love of hivin" (throwing out his hands in an earnest appeal to the young woman) "don't think, me jewel, that it was shtolen by Mickie Doolin."

The blushing young Scotchwoman

raised her eyes in response to this appeal, and they spoke eloquently to the fact that such a thought, if it ever had an existence in her mind, was the last one she could any longer retain.

"If I could see that grr-ate big fellie that gave me the jab with the section gang, I know he wud give me a good kyarakter an' tell ye what a hard wurkin' sober man I was. He tould me when I was paid off at Moose Creek that when he had another jab, I wud be the furrst man he wud put on it, as I wasn't a loafer, an' my breath niver smelt of the drug shtore."

"Do you know that man's name, Michael?"

"No, yer 'anner; he knows mine, but I don't remimbr his. Ye see it's well nigh a year ago since I furrst saw him in his offiss in Main Street, an' there was a grr-ate crowd there that day signin' on to go west. I niver saw him again till he came up to Moose Creek about a week before we were paid off, but I could pick him out of a whole army-corps of min. He was a grr-ate big fellie an' a fine man t' wurk fur—that is if ye were fit fur the jab an' kept off the booze."

Here Michael was abruptly cut short by a flutter of excitement around the side entrance to the court room. There was the distinct rustle of silk drapery and a woman's voice struggling with an unmistakable shortage of breath. The next moment, like a full blown whirwind, there burst into the court the identical society female who had been making purchases at the bargain sale that morning.

"Your worship—poof! I am deeply grieved—poof! to have been the innocent cause of much inconvenience—poof! and what might have been serious consequences to this young man—poof! who, I understand has been charged with theft."

"He is perfectly innocent, your worship—poof! A ten dollar bill that did not belong to me was found in the inside of my umbrella when I got home and the moment my niece discovered it I came down to the store where I was informed of all that had taken place—poof! poof! poof!"

"Your worship, I was looking at goods near to where the young lady had placed the money on the counter to pay for her purchases, and by some means it must have been swept from the counter into the umbrella which I carried in my hand."

"I need not assure your worship that I am deeply grieved at the circumstance and will do all in my power to make the fullest reparation to this young man who has suffered through my fault, and also to the young woman for the annoyance and inconvenience to which she has been subjected."

"Well, this must be gratifying to you, Michael. You are discharged and you leave the court without a stain on your character. You may also be glad to know that even if this lady had not appeared in your behalf I should not have convicted you on the evidence that has been put before me. In fact I don't think the case should have been brought into court at all."

A buzz of satisfaction swept through the dingy old court room as brave Mickie Doolin, "with his bundle on his shoulder" stepped lightly from the dock into freedom, and looking, even among those stalwarts of justice, more like a leader than a captive.

Congratulations came as thick as hail stones, but the crowing glory of it all came when the little Scotch lassie modestly expressed her acknowledgements. Her blue eyes mirrored the intensity of feeling that was in her soul and it went straight home to the core of Mickie Doolin's heart.

Fortune, like misfortune is never stingy in her attentions when the humor seizes her, and on this day she seemed to have reserved the very last "slice of luck" that was in her gift for this young son of Erin.

Just as he stepped into the street in the company of Magilligan (who was doing his best to obliterate all memory of the painful incident) Mickie fairly blazed with excitement as, but a few paces ahead of him his eye caught the burly figure of a well-known city man in conversation with another.

"There's the grr-ate man who gave me my furrst jab!" he cried, and rushed



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