

folks inside the house was playin' on the organ and singin' like. So dad lights his dark-lantern—leastways mine.”

“How yours?”

“Well, sir, I bought it with my own money, me havin' read about Flyin' Dick—he had a dark lantern, so I thought I'd get one. And dad stole it from me and said I hadn't ought to have it.

“Well, he lighted the lantern, and arter a while I seen him comin' out, so I sneaked away, so as he shouldn't see me. Next morning I seen a bundle tied up in a red handkerchief on a shelf in our shed at home. And I opens it an' sees chips and sackin' soaked in coal ile. I thought he was a-going to start ingin-drivin' agen, and these wos to light the fire under the biler.”

“Well, what then?”

“I watched the old man, and next arternoon I seen him take the bundle. I sneaked arter him and seen him put it on the shelf in the table at the Herkimer House.”

“And then you cut away?” said the magistrate.

“Yes, sir, I did.”

“Call Mrs. Anderson!” said Mr. Larrap.

The friend of Fritz's mother soon made her appearance, a little flurried, perhaps, by having to appear in a police court, but at the same time