

gram, but they might get one into trouble. People who forget these things on their dirt-heaps, dare to claim them before the magistrates, sometimes, but I'll not give them the chance. Once melted up, silver never reappears except in the pocket. Will you oblige me by making these into ingots, Father Methusalem?"

"With pleasure, comrade, with pleasure," said the old man, "but we must be quick about melting it, and you about selling it. Several silver mines have been discovered near Valparaiso, a pick is put into the earth, and presto, the metal gleams. So silver is going down in the Parisian market."

"Bah," said Rat-de-Cave, "there is a tariff for silver."

"There is a tariff, true; but just take your ingots to the mint, my lad, and see what price they will offer you. It is a fine establishment, we must not speak ill of our neighbors; but suspicious, inquisitive, meddling; one cannot go there with an ounce of gold but they must know precisely where he got it."

"How much will you pay for silver, then, Methusalem?" asked Rat-de-Cave.

"Sixty-five centimes the gram," said Methusalem, "and I lose on it, it is merely to oblige a customer."

Rat-de-Cave shook his head, incredulously.

"And you, Pomme d'Api," asked Methusalem addressing a boy about fourteen years of age, whose pallid, worn face betrayed an early acquaintance with vice, "did you open many carriage doors last night, or pick up any cigar ends?"

"I should think so," said the boy, proudly, "there was a beautiful actress; a piece, the 'Drame de la Misère,' the play began at three o'clock; there was a crush and a crowd, no one looked out for his pocket. But the coming out was best of all, the street was packed, every one wanted carriages at the same time. I had ten of