

"Yes, sir, I have; he kicks me and knocks me about."

"And Mr. Kingstone has been kind to you?"

"Yes, sir, he have."

"On Tuesday, the fifteenth of October, your step-father gave you a thrashing?"

"Yes, sir, he did."

"How do you fix the date?" said the magistrate.

"I sell papers, y'r Honor, and when I was looking the paper over on that day to see what to call out, I seed a bit where a boy had been beat to death by his step-father, and I thinks to myself that's like me, an' I kep the paper—here it is, y'r Honor—and the man got ten years for manslaughter."

"All right, that 'll do," said the magistrate.

"Well, on that Tuesday night you did a bit of detective business, didn't you?" said Mr. Larrap to Tom.

"Yes, sir, I followed the old man."

"You mean your step-father?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you follow him 'for?"

"To see if I could get anythin' agin him, so's he could be put in quod."

"Well, go on."

"I tracked him to Mr. Kingstone's farm. He went in there and across to the wood-house. The