

humor at the loss of his money. He slept sounder that night than the previous one, his alarms having died away. The next few nights were spent at the theatre, in company with others of the gang.

The club, as they called themselves, met again, and having in the meantime marked out a couple of stores, another raid was made, with similar success as the previous ones.

The excitement consequent on the robbing of two stores in one night was great, and the police were blamed for their inactivity, some even going so far as to say that they (the police) must have had a hand in it themselves. As may be supposed, the police were indignant, and became doubly vigilant; they determined to save their characters, and capture the burglars if possible.

Bill Jones meeting James soon after, gave him information of the next burglary.

"I say, Jim, we're going to make a grand haul on Saturday night. Hoffman's store on — street is to be entered, and you and I are to take part in it."

"Bill," answered James, "I'm afraid we'll be caught this time. That store is in a very public place, just in the centre of the city."

"I know it," replied Bill; "but there's not the least danger; the police are blind, and will never see us. We have entered stores just under their noses, and they couldn't see us! Don't be afraid, Jim."

"I'm not afraid," again answered James, "but there's been so many stores broken into lately, that the police are mad because they can't catch us, and they'll be on the look-out now, sharper than ever."

On Saturday evening, the club of young burglars met, according to appointment, in their room. The early part of the evening was spent, as usual, in debating over their past successes and of the probable success of the raid they were about to make that night; and indulging