

of familiarity, most probably without bringing any equivalent reward.

A man's second year at college is much like his first. The months slipped by until autumn became winter, and winter, spring, bringing us once more into the throes of examinations. Only one incident of this session is worth recording, as showing the old method of administering the law and the way in which the law was treated in former times.

One evening just after the theatre was out Clooney, Joe Rellek, a student in one of the law offices, Cutler and I were strolling homeward. We stopped for a few moments on the sidewalk, opposite the lodging-house of Rellek, and were very earnestly discussing the play, when a burly French policeman came along and addressed us—

"Vot you do here?"

Rellek went on talking, paying no attention to the question, and the bobby gently laid a hand upon his shoulder. "Vot you do, here? Move on; go at the house!" he said with some acerbity.

Rellek drew himself up. "Take your hand off my shoulder, sir!" he said. "Don't you know the law better than that? How dare you talk to a peaceable citizen in this manner? I'll report you to your chief."

"Vot you stay here, den," replied the bobby. "Go at your home; you cannot stand on the pavement all de night."

Rellek began to pace a beat of about six feet.

"I can walk up and down here all night," he said, "and I defy you to arrest me. The law distinctly specifies that, if you do not immediately cease to annoy me, I will procure your dismissal from the force."

"Go it, Rellek," whispered Cutler, "he's weakening."

The policeman stood speechless with wrath. It requires quite an intellect to distinguish between the dignity of a man's position and his own importance, and some policemen are prone to think more of their own majesty than of that of the law. For example, a bobby who has had a snowball dropped down his neck by a schoolboy will give more attention to capturing the culprit than in arresting a burglar. The policeman was angry, and laid hands once more upon the collar of our legal luminary.

"You come wit' me," he exclaimed, determinedly, "and you can tell de superintendent vat you vill."

We were about to rescue Rellek, when he waved us back.

"I'll go with you," he said to the policeman with calm dignity, "and it will cost you your place and the city a round sum in damages. Come with me, boys, and see the fun."

Clooney and Cutler set out willingly enough, but I replied:

"Thank you, I'll not put my head into the lions' mouth, if I know it. Justice is one thing and law another, too often for my taste. I'll see you all in the morning I hope." And giving the bobby a wink, which to this day I swear he returned, I put my hands in my pockets and sauntered home.

About one o'clock next morning Clooney returned and told me a woeful tale, interspersed now and then

by a hearty laugh at his own expense. It appears that on the journey to the station Rellek continued his exposition of the law, and with the knack of seeing things as he wanted them to be, a knack which he has nobly used in the profession in which he is now a leader, he managed so to inspire Cutler as to make him engage in the war of words, and between the two, the policeman, whose knowledge of English was imperfect, was led to fear for his position and yet to look upon the two as dangerous characters. Clooney himself thought the policeman doomed, for Rellek brought in every law that did and did not affect the subject from Magna Charta to Viet. 30th, and more. As soon as the party arrived at the station the policeman charged them with being disorderly and interfering with him in the discharge of his duty, and the chief looked up severely from his book and asked their names.

"Joseph Rellek," said that worthy, stepping forward, "and I have a grave charge to make against that policeman."

"All in good time, sir," replied the chief. "Your occupation?"

"Law student."

"Your name, sir?" This was to Cutler. Cutler was a medical student, and with the instinct of his class was prepared to meet the law.

"John Smith, musician," he replied. "But please do not let my name appear, as my family is sensitive." The chief then turned to Clooney and enquired his name. Clooney was in a state of distraction between Rellek's answer and Cutler's, and unconsciously took a middle course.

"Bionardo Clake," he said hastily.

"What's that, young man?" exclaimed the chief, looking up. "No fooling here, if you please."

Cutler and Rellek giggled right out, and even Clooney himself could not help smiling at the absurdity of the name became apparent to him.

"Take those men to the cells," exclaimed the chief, "I have had enough of this."

"Not if I know it," said Rellek. "You must hear our defense, or at least take bail. You cannot keep us here all night."

"Well, gentlemen," replied the chief, "you cannot expect me to hear your chaff with patience. Give me your names, and bail, and you may go."

They managed to scrape up enough bail money, and left the station, Clooney annoyed, Cutler glum, and Rellek gloating over the drubbing he would give the policeman in the court next morning. Clooney resolved to jump bail, but the others swore revenge and said they would have their money back, with an apology. Cutler's mishap was noised abroad next morning, and the word was passed for all the medical students to muster at the college and march down to the court in a body to see the trial. Clooney and I resolved to attend in a private capacity, and at nine next morning a great concourse of students, marching in regular order, singing songs and armed, I regret to say, with femurs, set out through the streets to behold the great and historic trial of "the Queen vs. Joseph Rellek, law student, and John Smith, musician."

(To be continued.)