

alone in the world. He was a manly-looking fellow and apparently heeded but little the fierce wind as it whirled the fine snow about the buildings and piled it in drifts across the streets and in the yards, though his clothes were thin and served but poorly to keep out the cold.

He was a stranger in the city, that was evident for he hesitated in the best-known part. He was alone and to be alone in a large city at night in the dead of winter, friendless and unknown, is worse than being lost on the prairies or in the woods, for it tantalizes you with the hope of comfort and shelter and torments you with its refusal.

He was awed at the magnificence of the place; it was so much larger and better than he had expected, and for a time forgot the conditions which surrounded him in admiring some of the building he came across as he wandered about.

Without money he could not hope to get accommodations at the hotels, so he decided to look for an acquaintance of his father's before it became too late. He was reasonably sure he would find a night's lodging there.

He wandered aimlessly about the streets, inquiring of all whom he met if they had ever known a man by the name of Schmidt; but he always received a discouraging answer.

As he passed along one of the streets, he found himself opposite a place from which came the sound of music and dancing. It was the old Market Hall, and the appearance of warmth and comfort inside made him long to be there.