

"Favver!" called the boy. The next moment he was in the arms of a fair-haired man with a Van Dyke beard and brown eyes. He had a birthmark upon his right cheek—three moles formed like a triangle.

"The kid was lost so I brought him home," said Hogan entering the small room and shutting the door behind him. The man slowly seated the boy in the chair, then faced the detective, a half smothered suspicion in his eyes.

"I cannot thank you enough," he began impetuously. "His mother and I have been distracted. His mother is out looking—" He bit off the sentence, suspicion rife in his eyes. "How did you know where the boy lived?" he finished slowly.

"Oh, favver, he's such a good man," exclaimed the boy looking at Hogan with drowsy, friendly eyes.

Hogan looked at the floor, finally at the pale-faced man.

"Charles Fairchild, you're my prisoner. Captain Schmidt would like to see you at the station house. You're wanted on that forgery charge," he blurted out harshly.

The man looked at him with unseeing eyes, the blood slowly ebbing from his cheek. He fiercely gripped at the table he had been leaning against, then dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands. The boy, the sleep frightened from him, gazed at Hogan with wide,

"I'm sorry," said the detective doggedly, "but it's my duty." But even as he said it he knew that it was his ambition.

Then footsteps sounded in the corridor, the hall door was flung open and a woman entered. As her eyes met those of the boy she gave a strangled cry and, flying across the room, she clutched him fiercely to her breast. She sobbed and laughed over him, utterly oblivious to the dramatic tableau at her back. The man was looking at her, love in his eyes, a weary smile upon his white lips. Hogan's eyes, likewise, were riveted upon the slim graceful figure. Then the woman, laughing and gurgling and pushing the red gold hair away from her forehead, struggled to her feet, the boy in her arms.

"How did you find him, Charley—" For the first time, apparently, she noticed the big figure of the plain clothes man standing silently by the door.

"O-o-h, this gentleman found—" She faltered and her voice trailed away as her eyes met those of Hogan. The old rose in her soft cheek died quickly.

Hogan's gaze never flinched. He knew now why the boy's eye had drawn his soul. He was looking into a pair of gray eyes he had not seen for twelve long years. The eyes of the woman he loved. And by every law of God and man the boy he had held in his arms should have been his.

There was intense stillness in the shabby little room. The man's eyes were traveling from Hogan to his wife and back again. He was too stunned by the sudden wreck of his life to understand.

Then Hogan turned slowly to the door.

"I—I am very glad that it was my luck to find the little chap. Better keep an eye on him in the future," he said heavily. He looked straight at the man. "Chicago, I believe, is a pretty safe city for children. Good-night," and opening the door, he passed quietly out. Honor and ambition were defeated; love, charity triumphant.

In the course of another two years, the old Police Commissioner's faith in his wayward son was vindicated. The prodigal returned, weighed in the balance of human achievement and found not wanting. He came on a flying visit from Chicago where he held a responsible position with a prominent bank. He brought with him his wife and son. Of that reconciliation little need be recorded. There were many tears and many smiles. Suffice, that shortly afterwards one John Hogan, plain clothes man of the ——— Precinct, took an unprecedented leap up the ladder of fortune. He did not receive his long coveted step in promotion. He skipped it. He was officially created a captain with a strong recommendation for an inspectorship. And he wonders why the old Commissioner happened to select him for the honor.

No End to This Game for Two

Said He: "It is sweeter to give than receive.

Of a whipping this doubtless is true, But of kissing I cannot believe

It holds good till I've tried it. Can you?"

Said She: "I don't know; let's each give and receive,

And so come to proof of the prop. Now you give, and I'll take, and we'll leave

The one to decide who cries 'Stop!'"

This shaving each morn is a terrible bore;

And whenever I'm at it, I wonder the more

Why, instead of the hair on one's head growing thin,

One shouldn't grow bald on his lip and his chin!

"How much, Parson?" asked the bridegroom, after the greetings were over.

"Oh! whatever she's worth to you," replied the clergyman gallantly.

"Whew! I say, what do you take me for—an Astor feller?"

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reproachful eyes, scrambled from the chair, and running over to his father, flung his arms about his neck. Hogan turned and glowered at the opposite wall.

Finally the man raised his head. He had aged ten years in that one minute.

"Let me go!" he demanded hoarsely, inarticulately. "Let me go, I tell you! You don't know what it means to me—to the wife—to the boy. I'll pay you—I'll—There, let me go," his voice was pleading, imperative. "No one will ever know. God, you don't know how I've worked to turn over a new leaf! Give me a chance!" He clenched his hands in an agony of supplication, passion. "I starved, I sweated to—to scrape a home together! To—to be an honest man. I've got a small one out in Chicago. My record was against me here. I came on to bring back the wife and—boy. I've got a good position. I'm in a fair way of leaving an honest name for the boy. Don't, for God's sake, don't drag me back to hell! Give me a chance, man to man! Only one little chance!"

"It's not my order, it's headquarters," said Hogan gruffly.

"Go on, give me a chance!" reiterated the man frenziedly. "It's nothing to you—everything to me. I've hoarded every honest penny; my wife has starved, starved, to pay off that forgery. I'll pay the bank every penny if you only give me a little time. Upon my honor as a—" He choked on the word "gentleman." "Just one chance," he cried hoarsely. "For—for—the boy's sake. I'm not a felon. I went wrong. I'm of good family. Fairchild isn't my name. I disgraced my right one, but I'm living honorably under it in Chicago, where they don't know my record. Don't brand me a criminal! For God's sake, don't! It will kill my father—mother—wife—all, all." He sprang to his feet, his chest heaving, his hands working. The boy had huddled in the chair, staring at Hogan with wide, reproachful, wounded eyes.