

around the place, and he had such a hungry look that I offered him a couple of apples.

"Go away, you young thief!" shouted the woman, striking at the boy with a club which it seemed she kept on hand for such cases. "If you come around here any more, I'll call the police."

The boy fell back into the shadows, and the woman then directed me as best she could, how to reach the depot. No train would go out before morning on my route, but I wanted to get to the depot as soon as possible, knowing that Fred would be there, or be searching for me. I had only passed on half a block when the strange boy came pattering up behind me and touched my arm.

"Never you mind what the old woman said back there!" he whispered. "She came out of State Prison only last week, an' she ar' the worst old thief in the world. You is a gent, you is, an' if you want to go to the depot, I'll lead you the way."

I believed the boy's assertion, and looked upon him as a martyr. I was even sorry that I had patronized the old woman, and wondered at her audacity in daring to heap such an insult on the boy. He walked along beside me, chattering like a magpie, and finally got to telling me about a horrible case of murder which had occurred that day. He described everything so graphically, and so much at length, that he secured my whole attention, and I only found myself again when hearing the bells strike ten.

"It's only a little way further now," he replied in answer to my question; "I'll soon land you right at the door."

I had told him about my getting lost, about Fred, that I believed Fred would wait for me, or perhaps secure assistance from the police, and search for me; and so he laid his plans accordingly. It must have been about half-past ten when he halted in front of an ill-looking building, and asked me to wait a moment on the walk while he went in and spoke to his uncle. We were off the business streets, away from stores, street-cars and pavements, and the neighborhood was composed of saloons and houses of still worse character.

"Come in a minnit, Johnny," whispered my guide, coming to the door and beckoning to me.

I went in after him, and found myself in a saloon. There was saw-dust on the floor, pictures of prize fighters on the walls, and a smell of beer and tobacco which made me sick. A stout, fat man, with red eyes and ugly face, came out from behind the bar and extended a big greasy hand for me to take.

"It ar' sing'lar what things do happen in this world!" he exclaimed, laughing, as if greatly pleased. "It warn't over fifteen minutes ago that your friend Fred war here looking for you. I knows Fred; he ar' a mighty fine chap, he ar'; says he to me as we took a glass together, says he: 'If Frank comes around here, do you ax him to stop until I come back. I will take a turn about, an' be back in an hour; that's what he said, my boy, an' so ye can sit down in the back room for a short time an' be sure that he'll come in afore the bells strike again.'"

I believed every word of his statement, and why shouldn't I? How should he know about Fred and our journey, if Fred had not been there? I did not stop to think that I had told the boy, Jimmy, all about it, and that he could have repeated my statements to the man, and thus allowed the villain the foundation for concocting a plausible story. I went into the back room, which had no furniture except a bench or two, two or three chairs and a table, and sat down with the expectation that Fred would soon be along.

A novel entitled "Claude Duval, the Highwayman," lay upon the table. I had never even seen a book of the kind before, and from being interested in the wood-cuts, I at length began reading the wonderful adventures of the robber hero. I read page after page, utterly forgetting where I was. I heard men come in and go out of the front room, heard the bar-keeper moving about, but no sound took my attention from the narrative until the man opened the door and came in.

"Well, Mister Frank, it's after midnight!" he exclaimed, "an' your friend hasn't come back yet. But, it ar' all right. I promised him to wait until midnight, an' then if he didn't come, back I war to put you all nicely away to bed, an' send you over to the depot at five o'clock in the morning. So I'll call Jimmy and tuck you away."

"But—but I'll go to the depot," I replied. "If the boy will go with me, I'll give him a dollar." It frightened me to think of staying there all night in such evil company.

"That's it, you see," he continued. "The p'leece regulations don't permit any one to be out after midnight. If any of the peelers caught you out after this time, they'd lock ye up for burglary, an' it would be ten years in State Prison at the least. Ye can have a nice bed, sleep like a bug, an' afore daylight ye'll be over to the depot safe an' sound."

There was no other way than to submit, but something told me that the man meant me evil, and had there been any way of escaping from the room I should have made an attempt. The man gave a sharp whistle, and the next moment Jimmy came in with a lighted candle in his hand.

"Light the young man up to bed, Jimmy, an' be sure to give him No. 17," remarked the man, and I caught a look passing between them which made me tremble.

If I had had the courage to demand that he let me out on to the street, and backed up my

demand by threats of police and arrest, perhaps he would have let me go. But, I had not the courage, and followed the boy through the hall, up the stairs, to the end of another hall, and then he opened a door and ushered me into No. 17. It was a lonesome room. The floor was uncarpeted, and the furniture consisted of a single chair, a bed and a wash-stand. There was but one window and that was heavily curtained.

"It's a nice cheery place," remarked the boy, holding the candle up so that I could see all around. "You'll be asleep directly you strike the bed, an' ye won't know anything more till I call ye in the mornin'."

He took out his knife, cut the candle in two, so as to leave me but half an inch, and then placed the light on the stand and went off. I took the light and looked under the bed, into an empty closet, and then sought to fasten the door. There was neither lock nor bolt; the most I could do was to place the stand and the chair against it. Had I had sufficient light to last the night through, I should have sat up all night. But the candle was already nearly gone, and I hastily undressed and jumped into bed, shivering like one with the ague.

The light went out a moment after, and the darkness was so black that I could not see my hand at my nose. I remained awake until the bell struck one, and then, having heard no stir below, my courage began to return. I soon made myself believe that I had been unduly suspicious, and when this feeling got possession of me, I began to feel sleepy, and it was not long before I was fast asleep.

I dreamed. I dreamed that some one came up stairs, softly pushed the door open, and came in with a shaded light and looked at my face. Another figure crept in, and I heard a whispered voice say:

"We've got his money, an' now we must croak him an' put the body out of the way!"

As I dreamed this I awoke. I did not move and did not open my eyes, but I fully awoke, and in an instant realized that there was a light in the room and that some one was at the bed.

"Put up your knife, Jim," continued the voice. "We don't want any blood. We'll git the big feather bed, pile it on to him, an' he'll be smothered in a jerk, an' the doctors won't know what killed him!"

As they moved softly away I opened my eyes and saw the bar-tender and the boy Jim. I was so frightened that my limbs were numb; my throat was so parched that I could hardly swallow; I had no mind and knew not what to do, the two returned in a moment with the bed and placed it on the floor, and set their light on the stand.

At that moment there came a kick on the door below, and some one shouted to be let in. As no one answered, the kicks came harder, and the voice called in louder tones.

"That's Tom," whispered the bar-tender. "Confound him, why couldn't he stay away! Wait a minute an' I'll go down an' send him off."

The man went down and Jimmy stood in the door to listen to what was said. As soon as the street door was opened, a wrangle commenced, and Jimmy ran down, leaving the light on the bed. My numbness disappeared in an instant, and I leaped out of bed and donned my pants in a second.

Where should I go? I did not know: all I cared was to get out of the room. Passing through the door I entered another bedroom further down the hall, the door stood open, and the light shone in so that I could see quite plainly. There was no closet, no place to hide, and I had turned to go out when my eye rested on a small trap door in the ceiling over the bed, being the means of communication with the garret. I leaped on the bed just as the door below was slammed shut. Catching hold of a hook in the wall, I climbed on the head of the bedstead, pushed up the trap, and in another moment was in the garret.

I was not a second too soon. I was softly replacing the door when I heard the murderers pass the bedroom. Everything was still for a moment, and then I heard a fearful oath, a suppressed yell from the boy, and there was the sound of heavy feet in the hall. The door of the room was pushed open, and I saw the light of the candle and heard the excited tones of the bar-tender. He looked under the bed, jerked the clothes off the bedstead, and then ran out. I heard him opening doors and turning things around, and at length the two ran down stairs. I suppose they made a search of the lower part, as they were gone fifteen or twenty minutes. When they came back they entered the room below me, searched all around, and then I heard the bar-tender say:

"The chap has got away, but I don't know how. Not a door or window ar' open, and yet he's gone!"

I trembled so that I believed they could hear the boards shake, but they went out. They were a long time overhauling beds and closets, but at length gave up the search and went down stairs. The bells struck three as they went down, and for four long hours I hardly moved an inch from my first position.

I thought that I should hear other people stirring in the house, and thus have a chance to give the alarm and make my escape. I listened attentively, but not a footstep was heard, and it was evident that the part of the house that I was in, had no other occupants that night. It was plain that the man had purposely given other guests, if there were any, rooms in other parts of the house, that his scheme to murder

me might not be interfered with by the interference of others.

About seven o'clock, when it was fully daylight, the bar-tender came up and made another search. He finally passed down, and then I began to think what I should do. I had more courage now that daylight had come, and I determined to escape from the house.

As near as I could judge from the noise of vehicles passing, I was over a room which fronted the street. I would drop down, open the window, and then call a pedestrian. A moment after making up my mind I moved away the trap and dropped down on the bed. As I stood there one hand clutching the headboard to steady me, the brutal face of the bar-tender appeared at the door.

"Oh, ho! you were up there, eh!" he exclaimed, creeping slowly toward me and his blood-shot eyes looking like the eyes of a wolf. A gave a loud yell and jumped to the back-side of the bed. As I put my hand up on the wall it encountered a heavy bed-wrench hanging on a hook, and I clutched it as a hard-pressed hunter might pick up a stick to defend himself against a panther.

The man crept slowly up, his hands outstretched, and as he reached the bed he made a grab for me. In my fright I leaped right at him, screaming loudly and struck him a heavy blow on the temple with the wrench. He staggered, clutched at my legs, swayed this way and that, and finally fell to the floor.

In an instant I was off the bed and running down stairs. Without a halt I passed through the street door, unlocked it, and gained the street just as a policeman was passing.

"Here! what does this mean!" he exclaimed, seizing my arm. "What have you been doing?"

I was so excited that I could not speak coherently. The ordeal through which I had passed had frightened me almost out of my wits, and now I was in the hands of an officer. I was unsophisticated, and in a strange city where no one knew me. Everything was new and strange and calculated to work upon my boyish fears. Suppose the bar-tender was dead? I should then be charged with killing him. If he was alive he would be a witness in clearing up the matter; and my experience in that den had shown me that he was capable of committing any crime. If he would commit murder he would not stop at committing perjury and I should be held for trial, put in jail and perhaps sent to State Prison. My fears led me to place the worst phase upon the matter, and it was sometime before I could sufficiently collect my thoughts and control myself to make any intelligent statement of the occurrence. The policeman held me firmly while I stammered out a few broken sentences. He saw that I was terribly frightened, and discovered also, from my manner that I was a stranger, and evidently unused to the ways of a large city. He told me that I should not be harmed, and asked me to tell a straight story of the affair.

A crowd gathered, and I finally managed to state my case. A dozen men rushed up stairs, and the proofs were there. The bar-tender, unconscious, lay on the floor, and in his pocket was my wallet, every bill in which I could identify. The rooms were in confusion, the bed under which they had planned to smother me, was on the floor, with the balance of my clothing, and so they had to believe my story.

An officer went to the depot and found Fred, who had searched all night for me, and then we went to the office of the chief of police and made our statements. We were to be held as witnesses, he said, but an hour after an event happened which allowed us to resume our journey. The bar-tender breathed his last, and was beyond punishment in this world. A coroner's jury was summoned and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts given in my testimony. The bad character of the deceased was so well known that no corroboration of my testimony was required. It was a clear case of justifiable homicide on my part, and I was told that no proceedings against me would be had, and I was at liberty to depart when and where I choose. I would have been held that I might testify against Jimmy, only the police had a charge of burglary against him which would certainly send him to prison, and so Fred and I went on our way.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN AN EAST-END PAWNSHOP.

In the window is a display of articles of every imaginable variety, from a copy of Dr. Watt's hymns to an old-fashioned blunderbuss. Here are violins and feather-beds, fish-hooks and flat-irons, boxing gloves and Bibles, watches and dumb bells, brandy flasks and celestial globes. Within is a hotch-potch of humanity scarcely less diversified in its elementary components. Big and little, old and young, clean and dirty, male and female, bundles and babies, are all jumbled up together in one laughing, crying, gossiping, grumbling, noisy throng, all but filling the little shop. In the better class of pawnshops little private boxes are arranged, apparently as a concession to any degree of shyness a customer may experience in negotiating a loan with "uncle." The extremely poor, however, know little of the scruples of gentility. There is, indeed, one little watchbox, but it is out of repair, and seems to be disregarded. "He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," says Poor Richard; the appearance of this throng, however, scarcely bears out the truth of the aphorism. Sorrow-

ful faces there are among them, as, indeed, there are in all gatherings of the poor—pale, pinched, joyless faces, telling of lives full of worry and care, of scanty meals and unhealthy homes, and one incessant struggle with a hard, pitiless world. Here is a middle-aged woman with just such a face; she looks comparatively a novice at this kind of thing. Keen, eager anxiety is written in every line of her countenance as she hands in some little trinket and waits for the verdict. "Only half-a-crown, sir. I wanted four-and-six, if you please;" and there is a world of trouble in the tremulous undertone of hers. Three shillings is the utmost she can get, and she pushes her way through the crowd looking deeply dejected and scarcely repressing a quiver of the lip. It becomes evident before one has been a witness of the scene many minutes that the command of money is not the only qualification essential to these latter-day representatives of the old Dukes of Lombardy. There must be not only a capability of appraising at a minute's notice articles of all kinds, from a double-barrelled bootjack to a model steam-engine, but a certain degree of hardness of heart is requisite. For the most part, however, the people here are quite old stagers, whose goods oscillate backwards and forwards over the pawnbroker's counter with the most amusing regularity, and the refusal to advance all that is demanded is not always so very painful a duty. Yonder is a young lady with a black eye and a pugnacious-looking, self-asserting nose. She wants 8s on a dress, but can get only 6s, and is disposed to argue the matter. She contends in terms which betray considerable experience in financial negotiations of this kind that the offer of 6s is ridiculous. The stuff of which the dress was made was in last week for 4s 6d, and was only fetched out on Monday, and "its never been on nobody's back," and she stoutly maintains that she has a right to more than eighteenpence for making and lining. It does not pay, however, to argue with ladies whose elocutionary powers have been developed in the purlieus of Ractcliffe Highway, and the shopman quietly makes out the ticket as he thinks best, the disappointed borrower expressing her regret that she did not leave the stuff in for 4s 6d. Customers swarm in thicker and faster, and poor "James," the shopman, comes in for an amount of badgering and disrespectful chaff which goes to show that a general sweetness of disposition is another feature very desirable in a man in his position. One sturdy little dame noisily demands her boots, for which she has been waiting till her "feet's like dabs o' ice," and in a tone of mock severity she intimates her conviction that the spruce young shopman has lent them to his wife to go to market in. Eighteenpence had, it appeared, been raised on the security of the boots the previous Tuesday. The night before there had been a kind of valedictory "liquoring up," and this had resulted in financial embarrassments, from which no means of extrication could be devised but "leaving" the boots and going barefoot. They are handed to her presently, and she slips them on there and then, and marches out of the shop with the air of a person who has once more triumphed over misfortune. Something of the same kind probably has happened in the case of the rough-looking, worthy who comes in his shirt-sleeves to redeem his coat. It is not always imprudence of this kind, however, that brings these people to the pawnshop. There is an angry mother who has brought a little parcel in consequence of the unheard-of depravity of her youthful son. This little desperado has been climbing some-where where he ought not to have been, and has protruded the only pair of trousers he has in the world through a large square of glass, for which his mother has had to pay one and ninepence, and she gives free expression to her feelings in terms decidedly vigorous. As she unfolds her parcel it is evident that for the present, at all events, the unluckyurchin will have no chance of repeating the offence, and that he is now probably bewailing his indiscretion in tears and nakedness. Saturday night is more especially the time for redeeming goods, or "parting," as it is technically called, and bundles and parcels of all sorts and sizes keep thumping down a kind of wooden chimney behind the counter, the tickets as they are handed in being hurried away into some mysterious region by means of a piece of cord. Articles of every imaginable description are claimed and carried away, though for the most part the pledges appear to consist of little bundles of clothes which will do service on the Sunday and be brought in on the Monday. It would be curious to know what proportion of their incomes people of this class expend in the course of the year in the payment for pawn tickets and interest on loans.—Globe.

THEY EXCEL.—Doctor Josephus's Shoshonees Vegetable Pills now superiorly sugar-coated cannot be excelled as a Family Medicine for general purposes.

The Pills contain the active properties of Mandrake and Dandelion, as well as compound Extract of Colocynth and Extract of Hyoscyamus. Test them for your own satisfaction. One box contains about 25 Pills, and each Pill is a sufficient dose for an adult in ordinary cases. Try them.

A son of Paganini, Achille by name, has addressed from Parma, where he resides, a circular to the Italian music-sellers, offering to sell a certain number of the unpublished works of his father.