

He was soon joined by James, and the two proceeded at a brisk step to the rendezvous of the club, which was situated in an outhouse, in a back street, and well concealed from passers by.

As the two made their appearance, they were hailed with various exclamations and remarks, such as "Hallo, Bill! who have you got?" "Here comes another new member!" etc. Bill introduced his friend, saying he would make a useful member of the club; and the latter body welcomed James, who soon felt at home. The room was made tolerably comfortable, being provided with sundry articles of furniture, consisting of chairs, benches, and a table, upon which stood a handsome lamp. The club sat round the table, and discussed some project which was about to be carried out that night. The new member was sworn to secrecy, and told that he would participate in the proceeds of their hauls, if he would assist them. His consent was easily obtained; and after playing cards for a couple of hours, and partaking of supper, six members, including James, were detailed to go, some to watch, and others to effect an entrance into a store on one of the business streets of the city. This being James's first attempt, he was left to watch outside with his friend Bill Jones. No policeman made them afraid, and the party returned to their rendezvous successful, having obtained a considerable sum of money. The booty was divided equally between the whole, only a small sum for rent and expense of supper being retained.

Shortly after, the meeting broke up, and James went home, Bill Jones accompanying him as far as his door.

Upon entering the house, and retiring to bed, the young burglar began to feel some pangs of conscience, as the beginner in crime generally does.

"What would his mother say if she knew it?" or, "what if his father—Oh, I don't mind him, though."