

"Now, pick up the coins," was the imperious command.

The culprit at once obeyed, and groped around as well as he could but nothing could he find. Several street urchins, who had been ahead of him, now stood near and jeered at his fruitless efforts. At length, straightening himself up, he turned to his captor. The perspiration was streaming down his face, and he looked the picture of misery.

"I can't find anything," he gasped.

"Well, then, apologise to the girl. Tell her you are sorry for what you did and that you will never do such a thing again."

With trembling lips the young man stammered forth a few broken words as he stood facing the surprised and abashed girl. It was hard to understand what he said, but that did not really matter. His punishment had been severe, and his captor felt somewhat satisfied.

"Now, clear out," he ordered, "and be thankful all the rest of your days that you have escaped so easily."

Scarcely had he finished speaking ere a large police officer forced his way through the crowd. He grasped the situation in an instant, and when he saw the man standing near the culprit, a light of recognition came into his eyes.

"Shall I take him, sir?" he asked, at the same time giving the salute.

"No, Sergeant, I think we had better let him go this time," was the reply. "He has been taught a lesson already which he is not likely to forget."

When the crowd saw that there was to be no more excitement, it quickly dispersed, and the stream of humanity surged along the street as before. The police-