

He Fell Among Thieves

Harry lingered in the shabby bedroom until the darkness began to fall, and the howling dogs gathered into packs to course about the streets and make the night hideous. He was physically a little sick with hunger, and his heart was like a leaden coffin for dead hopes. He seemed to care wonderfully little, he thought, and indeed no one knows the real bitterness of such times as these till afterwards. Memory brings back their hideous nightmare, and the sufferer learns what he endured.

He arose at last, and wandered aimlessly into the street, toying with the coin as it lay lonely in his pocket. He passed a little French bakery where he had been wont to buy his daily loaf, and his foot went for a moment on the threshold. He went by somehow, not knowing why he resisted his own hunger, unless it were that the unbroken coin was a sort of a symbol to him. His careless steps took him up the steep cobbled pavement of the hill of Galata, and led him to the Grande Rue. He shrank a little from the light of the shops and the eyes of the lounging crowd, but he hurried his heart and went on. He passed the hotel where he had spent his first few days of hopeful waiting, and pulled up short before the narrow entrance of the Concert Flamm.

The Concert Flamm was one of half-a-dozen cafes chantants which at this time decorated the Grande Rue de Pera. The main features of all were identical. Each had a small band of Bohemian musicians, each had a fat and under-dressed lady who sang indecent songs in French, and a meagre English young person who would not have been tolerated at a penny gaff in the east end of London, who interpreted the ditties of her native land. The nightly concert afforded the dimly-lit, possible shelter to the proceedings of a little gaming den, where a polyglot crowd punted for silver pieces on a roulette table with 24 numbers and a double zero. A highly respectable fat Greek in a frock-coat and a top hat spun the wheel and raked in the money. Play can pretty high sometimes when an adventurer with money in his pockets comes that way, but even at its worst the fat Greek made a fat and a prosperous thing of it.

Harry lingered at the door of the place for a minute or two. He had been there before, and knew its character. The amusements it offered had no great attraction for him as a rule, but anything looked better just then than strolling the streets. He walked up the dirty uncarpeted stairs, and stood for a moment at the doorway. The fat Frenchwoman, in a low-necked, short-sleeved dress, had long since been old enough to know better, but she crooked her sinewy fingers with a faded smile, and withered and leered, and ogled a thousand times more persuasively than she fancied on the side of a victim. The young man, faint and heartick, cast his uninterested eyes about the room, and seeing nobody that he knew there passed through it and into the apartment where the fat Greek presided over his toy roulette. The two profitable zeros. There was not more than half-a-dozen players about the table, for the hour was early. Harry stood looking on for a while, cursing his solitary coin with his finger-tips. His acquaintance with French literature was not large, but out of it there floated into his mind a phrase of Rousseau's. He quotes it approvingly in the *Pierre et Chagrin*, and it was there that he found it. "I understand play," said Jean Jacques, "only when between a man and absolute ruin there stands his last crown."

"That's my case," thought Harry. He stood fingering his piece, wondering where he should place it. His eye lighted on zero, his hopes were there. He took the thought as an inspiration, and threw down the coin. He had chosen the red zero by hazard, because it happened to be nearer to him than the other. There was a faint tinge of hope in that; red is the color of hope. His heart began to beat wildly, and he had no courage to watch the revolving wheel. Turning his head away, and doing his best to look uninterested, he saw Harry staring at him from a corner, looking pale and awestruck, and by no means like a man who had found an elementary dinner. In the surprise of seeing him Harry forgot his stake and crossed over.

"I thought you were going out to dinner!" he said.

"I was, my son," the Cressian responded with a flickering smile; "but my man was out. I suppose he had forgotten me."

"Then," said Harry, "you haven't dined at all today?"

The Cressian shrugged his shoulders, with a repetition of the flickering smile, but gave no verbal answer.

"I suppose I have thrown my last mediocrity away," said Harry. "I'll see what's become of it."

He crossed over to the table, and there on the red zero lay a small pile of gold and silver.

"Is that mine?" he asked swiftly. No body answered him. It was not the fat Greek's business to understand English at that moment. He began to stammer in French "Est-ce que ceci—"

"Rein ne va plus," cried the croupier, and spun the fatal wheel, warning of Harry's hesitating fingers.

"Oui, monsieur," said a fezzed bystander, "vous avez gagné, mais vous êtes trop tard pour retirer la mise."

His wandering look showed that he had only half understood, and the bystander repeated the phrase slowly with explanatory gestures. The fatal wheel slowed down. Harry's eyes counted the money hungrily. There was six golden lire lying there—almost 26 in English money. If he had not crossed over to Hamilton it would all have been his, and the pair of them could have lived upon it for weeks. He had been but a second too late, and he watched this flying gift of chance despairingly. The wheel stopped, and the marble made its last click. A tremendous silver between the shoulders drove him forward, half across the table, and Hamilton's voice roared "Bravo, Chokorishah Padishah!"

At this patriotic sentiment the little crowd laughed, but the fat croupier's face went green.

"Zero rouge," he said, as if the words

were plucked out of him, and began with Jewish fingers to count out the money for payment. Hamilton made a royal row with the croupier for having compelled the player to leave more than the maximum sum allowed by the rules of the bank, but Harry, crumpling the coins into his pocket, dragged the *Teichasse* away. They ran downstairs with flushed cheeks and kindling eyes, and raced up the narrow street until they came to the Concordia. They entered boisterously and demanded dinner, spread the glittering haul upon the table and counted it with eager hands and eyes. They had £106 Turkish, a full half of it in those noble five lire pieces which shine with so glorious a contrast amidst the ordinary metallic currency of the most bankrupt nation in the world. They laughed and sparkled at each other, calling for wine and chaffing the waiter who took their orders. They pledged each other with clinking glasses, and for one five minutes they were gay.

Then they dined. Ye gods! how they dined! The red mullet, the quail, the tomato farcel, the mutton cutlets—in the spring of the year the traveler finds nothing but these dishes in the capital of the European orient. In the days of their prosperity they grew weary of their eternal repetition, and would have exchanged them gladly, as the poets puts it, for "one ripe steak, one pint of ale." But the dinner was over they had half a mind to begin it again, but the counsels of prudence prevailed.

They sat over cigarettes and coffee, and Harry seeing himself free of the waiter's eyes, began again to count over his gains. This time he divided them into two equal sums, and pushing one pile towards his companion, raked up and pocketed the other.

"What's this, my boy?" asked the Cressian.

"That your share," Harry answered.

"No, no," said the other, pushing it back again, "I will borrow a piece or two if you will let me, but I cannot take it all."

"Chance-luck," said Harry. "If I had lost you would have gone without a supper. We counted this afternoon that the last piece belonged to both of us."

"Ah!" cried Hamilton, "but that was another matter."

"I should not have won it if it had not been for you. I should have been content with the six, and should have taken it. Come, it's a good gift of fortune. Take your share and be thankful."

Hamilton drew the pile together, and leaned an arm on each side of it.

"You want to see my share," he said. "You want to see the world. You want your chance. If you will let me pay you in the meantime by giving you what you want in that way I will take this as a loan."

"It belongs to you," Harry returned, but Hamilton clung to his point and won it.

(To be Continued.)

FUN, FACTS AND FICTION.

"Didn't get no prize climb'n' de greased pole, did ye, Eph?" "No, but I got 'bout a pound o' toffee lard."

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous and uses Carter's Liver Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her feel like a different person. At least so they say, and their husbands say so, too.

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Her brother (at 11 p.m.)—A thief just sneaked into the hall and stole the coat in the rack. Mr. Worthington (in the hall)—Deah! Deah! What I do? I'm afraid you'll have to keep me all night, don't you know. I can't go on the street without a cane, you know; I would be positively indecent.

Hair Magic. Is a good name of Dr. Brown's German Preparation for the Hair. It really works like magic. All who have used it pronounce it to be the best remedy for itching scalp, dandruff, itching hair, restoring gray hair, removing dandruff. Just try it. It is first-class. All druggists sell it.

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The certain fact as the burglars are heard sawing the bars, and Ethel, the heroine, rings the district telegraph bell for help. What happens then? Ten years elapse, and as the curtain rises the messenger boy appears.

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A new fireproof in the hands of the street fakirs is a small savings bank, into which the depositor puts his cash, which immediately disappears. The novelty consists in the fact that the bank is small.

Charles Dickens' old home in Doughty street, London, is for sale, or to be let on a long lease. It was from here that he wrote the letters of "Boz," when he was first winning his name and fame.

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VOICES OF THE PEOPLE.

Masonic District Deputy Election.

To the Editor of the ADVERTISER:

A great many Masons of the London district were of the opinion that the owner of the Masonic column in the Free Press was taking his holidays as usual at this time of the year. But as he imagines he owns the district as well as his little column, he comes home this week to boom his candidature for D. D. G. M. His child-like simplicity in his advocacy for a second term for the present incumbent is very refreshing. He cannot help praising the incoming deputy, and credits him with doing eight-tenths of the degree-conferring in his own lodge for years past. Could he not go a little further and state what is a fact, as well, that many of the other city lodges have availed themselves of his abilities when they were unable to do the work for the past number of years?

Quite right, too, he is when he says that as D. D. G. M. for 1891-2, W. Bro. Bridle will be like the man on top of the hearse—not in it. That is, he will be no dead head like many members of the Board of General Purposes, but a very live and useful deputy. The owner of the column alluded to is challenged to produce in the district a Mason who is better posted in the work of the craft than all its departments than W. Bro. Bridle.

If such a compact as that stated, to have been entered into at Kingston existed, then the writer of the article in the Free Press has been himself the first to break it by advocating a second term for the present incumbent. I doubt his assertions that Middlesex Lodge waive their claim and ask the present deputy to accept a second term. His white about the prospect of Elgin and Middlesex combining against London is too transparent to have any effect. He counts on his candidature much better by quietly remaining away enjoying his holidays. If a Middlesex craftsman is in the field let him have his claim allowed. If not let the honors go round.

CITY PAST MASTER.

London, July 11.



The best move

you can make, no matter what you have to wash or clean, is to try *Pearline*. Don't try to get along without it. Housework will be harder, and it won't be so well done. The weekly wash will be a burden. *Pearline* lightens your labors. It cleans everything and injures no soap and double the economy.

Think a Moment Would it be necessary to peddle tin snuff to peddle tin snuff as good as *Pearline*? Why do they select names ending in LINE? JAMES FYLE, New York.

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ADVERTISE IN THE ADVERTISER

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

COMPILED TO JAN. 1, 1891.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

Train	Leave Toronto	Arrive London
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Mail Express (Sundays)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Limited Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Acorn (except Sundays)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

Train	Leave London	Arrive Toronto
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Chicago L.V. Exp. (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Mail Express (Sundays)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Pacific Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Acorn (except Sundays)	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.

[Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.]

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 385 Richmond Street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

COMPILED TO MAY 1, 1891.

MAIN LINE—Going East

Train	Arrive	Depart
Limited Express (A)	8:30 a.m.	2:55 a.m.
Atlantic Express (B)	11:30 a.m.	2:55 a.m.
Day Express	10:30 a.m.	2:55 a.m.
Pacific Express (C)	11:30 a.m.	2:55 a.m.
Mixed—No. 8 Freight (D)	8:45 a.m.	2:55 a.m.
Erie Limited (E)	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West

Train	Arrive	Depart
Chicago Express (A)	8:10 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
West End Mixed	8:10 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Erie Limited (B)	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
St. Louis Express (C)	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
Accommodation	12:30 p.m.	2:15 p.m.
Pacific Express (D)	12:30 p.m.	2:15 p.m.
Mail	12:30 p.m.	2:15 p.m.
Accommodation	12:30 p.m.	2:15 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Train	Arrive	Depart
Limited Express (A)	8:30 a.m.	2:55 a.m.
Atlantic Express (B)	11:30 a.m.	2:55 a.m.
Day Express	10:30 a.m.	2:55 a.m.
Pacific Express (C)	11:30 a.m.	2:55 a.m.
Mixed—No. 8 Freight (D)	8:45 a.m.	2:55 a.m.
Erie Limited (E)	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Train	Arrive	Depart
Chicago Express (A)	8:10 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
West End Mixed	8:10 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Erie Limited (B)	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
St. Louis Express (C)	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
Accommodation	12:30 p.m.	2:15 p.m.
Pacific Express (D)	12:30 p.m.	2:15 p.m.
Mail	12:30 p.m.	2:15 p.m.
Accommodation	12:30 p.m.	2:15 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

Train	Arrive	Depart
Express	10:15 a.m.	8:05 a.m.
Mail	8:45 a.m.</	