

you how much it iss!"

Murphy grasped his hand and shook it cordially, his face lit up like the town hall on the Fourth of July, with a real old Irish smile.

"Well! Whatcha think of this! If it ain't you and Rachael! Howly mither av th' saints! How are you? You an' your weights come flyin' out av Hivin without no warnin' 'tall. Where you been all this while, Jakie?"

"Moify, honest, I never seen you comin' or I wouldn't a t'rowed it. Oi, Oy, I thought for a minute I'd smashed your feets to pieces."

"Sure, now, it would take more av a weight than that," laughed Murphy, all his troubles forgotten in his delight at seeing his old friend again.

THE horse turned its head and looked squarely around at them.

"Looky there! Rachael remembers you, Moify! Ain't it a smart one? I give you my word, she gets it smarter and smarter every day. Honest, if some day she says it to me, 'Good-morning, Jakie, you little fool, why don't you hustle and gif me my water?' I ain't one bit surprised, such a smartness that horse got herself."

"Gwan!" said Murphy. "That there ain't no horse, that's a cat with nine lives. Didn't I see her fall dead in T'irty-nint' Street last summer? And didn't I turn in the call for the dead-waggon? An' when the S. P. C. A. officer comes sashaying up to get you pinched for drivin' such a old bag o' bones, you was nowhere around them parts? It's my duty to run you in now."

Jakie laughed gleefully. "It's you I gota thank for that, Moify. What was it you got in your eye so's you couldn't see me?"

"Sall right, Jakie. I nearly got it in the neck for that. It took you so long to make your get-away. What wid your cryin' over Rachael an' all, I thought I'd have to put yez in me pocket to git rid av yez."

Murphy stood six feet two and weighed two hundred and fifteen pounds, while Jakie's head just reached the third button on his uniform coat, and he was the size of a shrimp in comparison.

"Is this where you hang out now, Jakie?" he asked, mindful of his long pause.

"Gerviss, sure it is. This ain't your beat, is it, Moify?"

"You betcher. I got to be movin', the sergeant is apt to be droppin' around in a minute. See you again in about an hour, so long."

Jakie was too much surprised to speak and watched the bulky figure of the only friend he had in New York, or the world for that matter, disappear in the crowd, before he gave Rachael her nosebag, and clambered inside his hansom to think.

His other name was, to American tongues, absolutely unpronounceable, and so he had shortened it to Shimoleski. His companions in the stable and on the stand had further simplified it to Shi, and as Jakie Shi he was known to such fame as comes to an obscure Hebrew cab-driver, undersized, with a face lined by a thousand smiles and a thousand expressive grimaces a day until it looked like a youthful hickory nut.

Grimaces, oaths and a shrill, *Look-out!* being the stock in trade of most of the sinful band of cab-drivers, Jakie had a full supply. His oaths were rare, but so terrible that he thought it prudent to utter them in his native Russian Yiddish, but his high, eerie, "*Oi-Vay!*" followed by one of his fiendish faces and a threatening sweep of his whip rarely failed to clear the way for him.

For Rachael, pride of his lonely heart, he kept all his smiles. The brigand from whom he bought her swore that she had once been a race-horse and Jakie firmly believed it.

She was the very apple of his eye and for her he bought the choicest food, though he went hungry himself. She knew his hopes and fears and modest ambitions, and his opinion of those timorous fares who ventured to dispute his prices or made rude remarks about her "fine points"; for try as he would, Jakie could not fatten her.

HE never doubted for a moment that only for his heart-broken tears she would have "stayed dead" that dreadful day when she had fallen in the heat, and Murphy himself, providentially on hand, had declared her dead. Jakie was thinking of that now.

How the crowd was laughing and jeering at his grief when the all-important S. P. C. A. officer had come pushing his way up, and declared that he must be arrested for cruelty to animals. As if he could be cruel to Rachael!

How Murphy had created a diversion by roughly dispersing the crowd and had somehow managed to let him get away.

Murphy had always been his friend. Many was

the time he had done him a good turn and more than once had helped to pay his stable bill when business was bad. Jakie quite forgot that he had done Murphy good turns, too. All he thought of now was that somehow something was wrong and he must set it right.

"Rachael," he said, as he brought her a pail of water from the fire hydrant, "Moify is our frien' and we is a coupla *schnorrers* if we ain't good frien's to him, ain't it?"

Rachael evidently thought the answer too obvious for a reply, but she looked very kindly at the returning Murphy, nevertheless.

"Well, how's business, Jake?" said he, feeding Rachael the sugar he had just begged for her.

"Fierce, rotten, bum," said Jakie, cheerfully, "but we don't care. Rachael an' me we both says so long as we got our board an' clo's we ain't worryin'. That's all anybody gets anyhow, belief me, Moify."

"Honest, they oughta have you in the Museum of Natural History, Jakie, wid a sign on yecuse, 'Only Jew in the world that don't want to be rich an' don't care no more for money than the Rocky-Stilts do for their right eyes, bedad.'"

"Say, what kind of a song an' dance did you do over Rachael to bring her to life, an' where you been all this while?"

"Oi, dot was easy. I sneaked along the street keepin' me eye glued onto the dead-waggon an' when it gets pretty near to the dumps I see Rachael move her feets a little an' I know she ain't dead an' she wants it I should get her a doctor."

"I seen a vetinary place an' I gets the guy an' takes him along by me. He gives Rachael some-things from out of a bottle and pretty soon she is better. I give him five dollars and the dead-waggon chofewers two dollars each and they lets me take her away."

"The horse-doctor he says it all she needs is a good rest out by a pasture what he knows in the country, and so I takes her there. It costed me twenty-five dollars, but I don't care it one damn bit, I assure you, belief me. Nothing is too good for my Rachael, even if it costed fifty dollars."

"Then I hear it there is a cheap sailings by the second-class to the old country and so while Rachael has it a good rest, I go."

"Phew! Jakie! Travelin' abroad. You must have money. Look out I don't shake you down for a few bones some foine day."

JAKIE came close and looked earnestly up into Murphy's face. His eyes were filled with one of the finest and rarest emotions in the world, true, unselfish friendship.

"Moify, I just wisht it with all my heart and insides that you should shake me down for every penny what I got it, if you wants to. I can see it you been in trouble. Your looks is different. What're you doin' here? This is the most rottenest beat in New York, ain't it?"

"It sure is. Jakie, you are a good fellow all right. But it ain't money I wants, it's me old beat back. You see, I got hol' of a drunk an' I shook him down for twenty and I'm broke if he didn't turn out to be a frien' of one of the big guys, an' so I got suspended for two weeks an' me beat tuk away from me. Sure, I didn't know what to make of it. But niver you moind. I'll be even wid that guy for reportin' me if it takes me forty years and I lose me job entirely! You're hearin' me!"

"Sure," said Jakie, thoroughly awed by Murphy's angry face. "You show him to me, and me an' Rachael runs over him for you."

Murphy turned away to hide a smile and his eyes fell on the object of his wrath approaching. "Jakie, Jakie! Talk of the devil, he's sure to appear. There's the dirty loafer comin' now. See, that's him with that Dago-lookin' feller what's dressed up like the Duke of Cork."

"*Massel und Brocher!*" exclaimed Jakie. "Moify, shall I run over him now as they comes it across the street?"

"Be the powers, I think they're lookin' fer a cab. I'll just light out fer a minute, keep your eye on 'em fer me, Jakie."

"Hansom, keb, sir?" shouted Jakie, in an unusually persuasive tone, as they approached. The pair stopped and critically looked at the horse.

"That's a fine bunch of bones. Can she go?" asked Murphy's enemy.

"Can she go! Sure she can; she used to be a racer. Just you get in and see."

Not until after he got his directions and was safely perched on the box did he give vent to the smothered oath expressing his contempt and life-long hatred for anyone who defamed his noble steed. Then he picked up the reins, spoke to Rachael, and they were off.

Presently he opened the trap just a crack, in order to be able to overhear the conversation. A

little scheme he had found profitable very often. He applied his ear to it as often as he dared and was well rewarded.

He soon discovered that the Italian called his companion Vincent, and his name coincided with that of an Italian banker in the East-side. One of those geniuses, now, happily, no longer countenanced, who guarded the savings of their ignorant brethren in their "banks" and gave therefore, often, no receipt of any description.

MANY of them were the souls of honour, but a few proved to be the essence of dishonour and disappeared, taking the hoards of their trusting patrons with them. Jakie gathered that his passenger was of the latter ilk, from the disjointed sentences which reached him through the trap.

He was telling Vincent with apparent relish and an occasional hiccough, of the sudden departure of a "private banker."

"I suppose you wouldn't do such a thing," Jakie heard Vincent say, and then the clanging of an ambulance drowned it all. Presently he heard vehement and frightened words from the Italian, and then Vincent's sneering voice, "That's all right, my friend, but you can't bluff me that easy. You had better sign the pledge or else learn not to talk when you are full. You told me the whole thing from soup to nuts last night, and I'm dead onto you. Now, what's in it for me?"

Jakie was almost beside himself with curiosity, but try as he would he could only hear a word now and then and a final, "If you don't I'll squeal," from Vincent, as the hansom rattled up to the address he had given and he jumped out.

The Italian sat in a shrunken heap while Vincent, whose face wore a determined look, paid Jakie. As he ran up the steps the banker pulled himself together and called after him, "All righta. I coma here to-morrow at four 'clock to see you. I agree to nothing now." Vincent nodded his head and let himself in with a latch-key.

Jakie made note of the house and that like its neighbours in the street, it was a middle-priced boarding-house.

After a moment's hesitation, the Italian ordered him to drive to an address downtown in the better Italian quarter.

"I guesses it I ain't such a worser detetective. I betcha my life Moify is glad when he hears it all what I found out to tell him. If he an' me ketches this here pair from crooks, I betcha he gets it back his ol' beat and maybe, besides that, more, too."

The optimistic Jakie then applied himself to memorizing every scrap of talk he had heard and every significant detail.

At the smug-looking old brown-stone house where he alighted the Italian paid Jakie the exorbitant fare he demanded without a word. "Rachael, *lieben*," confided Jakie in her ear, "Vincent has got him dead to rights. He is scared stiffer as boards. He never noticed it that I held him up, an' when a wop don't notice a thing like that, you can betcher collar, bridle an' bit, Rachael, he's 'fraid to death."

It was getting late and he was hungry, so he turned homewards. Home for him was where Rachael boarded, and a hall-room in the house next door where he perched when not ministering to her, dining at a quick lunch, or playing pinochle with the stable-boys.

He could not resist the temptation to drive through Vincent's street again. Hardly had he turned the corner when he noticed a familiar figure on the sidewalk. Driving close to the curb he hailed her softly. "Oi, you Becky!"

She turned and favoured him with a smile that displayed fully half her teeth. "Hello, Jakie."

"Hello, Becky. Whatcha doin' 'way up he-ar?" he drawled in his best manner.

"Me? Oh, I got it a job by a boarding-house up the street now."

JAKIE'S heart leaped. What if it was the very house? He resolved on a bold stroke. Though not at all a ladies' man, he knew something of the ways of women. "Ain't that fine! But it ain't no news to me. I betcha I can tell it to you the number. Ain't it 99?"

"Yes! How did you know it?"

"Oh, *dat's* all right, an' somethings else I can tell you. A feller by the name Vincent lives it there also. Ain't I right?"

"Sure you're right. An' he's a fresh guy. I got it no use for him. But how do you come to know it so much about me—anyway?"

"Sall right, Becky. I ain't goin' to tell you. I don't forgets it you so soon as what you forgets it me. I often seen you, belief me, but I never gets it the chance to speaks to you. You got it always such piles from fellers there ain't no room for a

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