

one hotel-tout was on the platform. He came up, and, in imperfect English, announced that his hotel was open and very comfortable. The girl, a bright-eyed, capable-looking person with fair curly hair, looked somewhat doubtfully at the man.

"What do you think, Rupert?" she said. "Do you know any of the hotels here?"

"Better go with this man, I suppose," he answered. "It's sure to be all right, and we can't stay in the street."

In a few minutes the two were following their conductor, who was wheeling their worldly goods on a hand-barrow down one or two broad streets; then he turned down a small side street and stopped before a door flanked by some barred windows.

"I think he is bringing us to the gaol," said Rupert, cheerfully, while his sister clung involuntarily to her juvenile protector.

"Oh, Rupert!" she cried, "I can never go in there."

"Nonsense, Ada!" replied the boy, the more brave as she grew more timid. "It's all right; they won't hurt us. Here's a mild little slavey