'What did he do with it?'

'Supported himself and an invalid sister.'

'He had bills to collect last week, and he failed to turn in all his collections.'

'What did he do with the stolen money?'

'It went into a gambling shop. He was lured into it by some of his fellow-clerks. He didn't know the danger, and the stories they told him of sudden gains turned his head. He lost from the start, and it was the attempt to retrieve these early losses that swelled the defalcations.'

'That's an old story,' said the grim merchant.

'Painfully told and painfully true,' asserted the young man.

'There is a proposition, I suppose?' growled the merchant.

'There is,'

Before the old man could pursue his queries there was a rap at the door.

'Come in,' said the merchant.

A clerk entered.

'The gentleman from Atlanta, who desired to see you at three o'clock, is here, sir,' he said.

'Tell him I'm engaged this afternoon,' said the old merchant. 'I will see him at nine to-morrow morning.'

'He wished me to say that he will be obliged to return home to-night, sir.'

'If he can't see me at nine, let him write,' said the merchant sharply, and the clerk withdrew.

Then the grim old man turned back to the youth.

'Before we go any further in this matter,' he said, 'I want to know what interest you have in it.'

'An interest that has nothing to do with dollars and cents,' said the youth, with a little smile.

The old man shook his head doubtingly.

'Friend of the sister's, perhaps?'

The face of the youth flushed a little.

'I have never seen her,' he said.

'But why should you stick by the boy?'

'Because he needs a friend,' said the young man simply, and stretched his arm back and laid his hand on the hand of the boy.

The boy, crouching behind his friend, uttered a quick sob.

'Stop that,' said the old merchant sharply. 'We can't have any disturbance here.'

There was a little silence.

'What's your proposition?' he abruptly asked.

'It's very simple,' replied the man. 'We propose that you take back this erring but contrite boy and that you give him the chance to pay back the amount he has taken. Let him pay a part of his salary each week until the delinquency is wiped out. In the meantime you hold that letter as proof of his misdeed.'

The old merchant frowned.

'That would be establishing a very bad precedent,' he growled.

'There is one other condition,' the young man went on. 'The affair is to remain a profound secret, known to no one outside of this room.'

The old man opened his eyes.

'Are you awake to the fact that I am considered a hard man?' he slowly asked. 'Haven't you heard that most of my five hundred employees regard me as a soulless tyrant?'

'I have learned to distrust popular prejudice in these personal matters,' replied the young man. 'My own father has been held up to the world as an example of heartless greed and cartooned and vilified, when I know he is the best of men.'

But the old merchant did not heed his words. He was looking at the boy's letter.

'In the first place,' he said, 'we might as well destroy this. It could make trouble in the future.' And he tore the envelope and its contents into fragments. Then he looked up. 'Boy,' he said, 'come here.' The lad arose and stepped to the desk. The old man looked him over. 'You may go back to your place,' he said. 'Each Saturday afternoon you will bring to me two dollars from your salary. If I find that you are faithful and ambitious, you may rest assured that I will recognise the fact in a practical way. Should your sister notice that your salary is apparently decreased, you may say to her that you are investing it in a sinking fund by my personal advice. That is all. Return to your work and tell the cashier that you were detained by me.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the boy, brokenly.

'I fancy your thanks are all due to this smiling Samaritan here,' said the old man. 'He has saved both your life and your honor, and if you ever forget it you are—well, certainly not the boy I am willing to aid.'

The lad caught the young man's hand and pressed it and then hurried from the room.

'One moment,' said the old merchant, as his visitor arose. 'If you are not employed or wish a change, I would be glad to offer you a place.'

'Thank you,' said the young man, 'but I am well satisfied with my present place as I never hope to be with any form of labor. I'm a natural idler, you know.'

The old man shook his head as though he doubted this, and there was a wistful look in his eyes as he regarded the young man.

'I regret that you cannot come,' he said. 'I would like to have you near me. You are a very unusual sort of young man. But you'll promise me one thing—you'll come in to see me from time to time, won't you?'

'With pleasure,' replied the visitor. 'It will give me the chance to inquire after my protege. And from what he told me I think I would like to know more about his invalid sister.' He looked at the old man and smiled. 'Perhaps we might do something to make her dull life a little brighter.'

The old man nodded as if in answer to an appeal.

'I feel sure we can,' he said. Then he put out his hand. 'Before you go I want to know your name.'

'Greer, Dunham Greer,' replied the young man.

'Greer,' repeated the old man. 'You said something a moment ago about your father. I didn't quite catch the remark. Is he the railway king?'

'He has been called so,' Dunham replied.

'Understand me,' said the old man, 'I don't think any more of you on this account.'

'Why should you?' cried Dunham, lightly. 'At times I have found it a positive handicap. A rich man's son gets credit for very little useful behavior in this prejudiced world. It's quite discouraging.'

But he laughed as he said it.

'Thank God that riches haven't spoiled you,' said the old man, solemnly.

And their hands met in a warm clasp.

That evening Dunham critically stared at himself in the glass in his hotel room.

'Well, Dunnie, my boy,' he said to his smiling reflection, 'you missed an important business engagement in Buffalo, and, what is worse, you don't look as if you regretted it in the least. You are quite a hopeless case, old fellow. Good-night.'—Exchange.

THE TRAMCAR ACCIDENT

There are many jokes about the difficulty of finding policemen when there is any trouble which requires there presence, but, as a matter of fact, there is very little excuse for such things. The average policeman does not hide from trouble, and the policeman who is above the average seems in time to develop a sixth sense with regard to law breaking. He has presentiments and intuitions which other men have not. He seems to scent danger in the very air.

Policeman McDonough had observed this in older officers, and of late he had begun to be conscious that the same sensitiveness to impending or actually occurring breaches of the peace was developing in himself. He was a married man. A devoted wife and four children, the eldest a bright, merry-hearted lad of ten, who, albeit a mischievous youngster, was the pride of his father's heart, lived in a flat in Avenue B, one of the busiest and noisiest thoroughfares in the city. When McDonough was transferred from uptown to a downtown station, the family moved to Avenue B, so that every day as he paced his beat he might have the comfort of a smile from his wife, and a hilarious waving of hands from the children as he passed. He was a devoted husband and father, and, indeed, had to endure many a joke from his comrades at the station-house because of being such a family man and such a favorite, not only with his own children, but with all the children in the block. But this tenderness of heart by no means detracted from his manly qualities. There was no better or braver man on the force than he, as he had often proved. His quickness of perception and willingness to risk his life in the performance of his duty made him well liked by his superiors. There was not a man in the station had a keener nose for trouble than he, or was quicker to locate or abate it. The peculiar sixth sense of the policeman was developing in him rapidly.

One hot day in June, as he passed his beat on Sixteenth street, walking toward Avenue B, and thinking he would miss the usual greeting from his wife and children for once, as they had gone in the morning for a day's outing in the country, there suddenly came over him that sense of something impending, which he had felt two or three times before on the eve of some