

er seemed to think, however, that his wealth might finally make some impression upon the young lady upon whom his heart was set.

Pearce gathered up the scattered papers and placed them on the desk. Then he closed the window so that no further damage might be done. As he came out of the room two servants met him. He did not, however, deem it necessary to explain his intrusion, regarding it as an ordinary act of obliging consideration. He went to his office and forgot the incident, but it was revived in a marked way before that same evening was over.

Bolger, that was the name of the star boarder, had been robbed. He had left his room that morning for a bare five minutes. The window of his room fronted on the street. An organ grinder had come along with a whanging, disturbing instrument. Bolger was aroused from a late morning nap. He hurried on his dressing gown and went down the rear stairs to the kitchen, bribing the cook to run out and drive away the pest. When he returned to his room he found his diamond pin and two rings missing from the little stand where they had lain when he rushed away on his urgent errand.

"I know the thief," he declared to a group in the parlor. "If I find the jewelry thrown over the transom in my room by tomorrow morning, well and good. If not, I shall swear out a warrant."

Pearce was not in the room when this remark was made. He heard of it when he came home from a call on Annette. His intention was to go to Bolger and tell him of being in his room that morning. As he passed it on his way to his own, however, the absence of a light induced Pearce to consider that Bolger was either asleep or away.

Pearce was just leaving the house the next morning when a man waiting at the front doorway touched him on the shoulder.

"You are under arrest," he an-

nounced, and produced a warrant charging Pearce with the theft of the missing jewelry belonging to Bolger.

Pearce offered no resistance. All that was manly in his nature, however, came to the surface as, glancing back at the house, he saw the face of Bolger peering malevolently from behind a curtain. It was less the man mourning a loss than of one gloating over the opportunity to degrade and disgrace an envied rival.

Pearce was taken into the courtroom of the examining magistrate. Half a dozen other prisoners were seated just beyond him awaiting arraignment. Amid his own troubles Pearce did not particularly notice them. He had sent for his lawyer. The preliminary examination took place. Bolger appeared. His two witnesses were the servants who had seen Pearce leave the room.

It was just as Bolger was describing the pin and rings that there was an interruption. One of the other prisoners awaiting trial sprang up. With a quick dash she reached the side of Pearce. She clung to him, crying out to the judge:

"He was my friend. He is a good man. I will prove it."

"What is this?" demanded the baffled judge.

"You see, sir," went on the girl, "I am the girl arrested for begging. Old Pietro, the padrone, makes me beg. For that I am arrested. I escaped him through this good man. He found me out. That man," and she pointed at Bolger, "say my friend, steal. No, no—it was Pietro—Pietro and his monkey."

"What are you telling, girl?" demanded the judge sharply.

"I see what Pietro bring home—a pin, the rings, diamonds. Ah! that is his trick. The monkey climbed to the window. Pietro teach him. He take jewelry. Come, I will show you where Pietro hide his plunder."

The judge began to question the girl. Within an hour officers of the