

# Little Tony

By Rebecca Ottolengui

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**A**LONE in a wild part of the woods on the outskirts of Charles... S. C., a deformed negro boy was playing with a little squirrel. From time to time he would put the little animal on his shoulder and scramble into the bushes, as if in search of something. Soon his woolly head would reappear, and, sitting among the leaves, he would feed the squirrel and himself on berries which he had gathered. Similar occurrences might have been seen at almost any time for several weeks past, day and night being alike to this little creature, who appeared to have no want beyond a life of freedom.

One day while apparently playing gleefully no laugh or word issued from his lips, though the squirrel was full of pranks. After some time the boy jumped to his feet and as noiselessly as an animal scaled the nearest tree and quickly concealed himself in the thick foliage of the topmost branches. This peculiar conduct was soon explained by the appearance of some negroes. The sound of their approaching footsteps had sent the frightened child into hiding. As it was growing late into the night the woods were taken by many returning home from their day's work in the fields, and this knowledge kept the boy safe in his retreat. Soon a party of men and women appeared. Among them was a negro of middle age, armed with a thick stick.

Looking around eagerly, he said: "You lemme ketch um. I'll tan his black hide fur um."

"What 'e bin doin', Scipio?"

"Doin' de little dehbite! He too lazy ter wuk, an' 'e steal eberr'ing I put on de room. I'll teach um fur tuch w'at doan' d'longs ter um."

"Way you git dat boy anyway, Scip?"

"I dunno. I tink Satan sen' 'im yeah. 'E mudder die jes' w'en 'e need um mos', an' I got ter bodder wid a worfless brat w'at can't mek a livin'."

"Is you 'e own daddy?"

"Yes, cuss um! 'E bin een my way sence 'e wuz bo'n, an' you lemme ketch um nov. I'll finish um."

A woman asked how old the boy was, and Scipio thought he was about fourteen, but he was not sure. As they were leaving Scip said:

"I track Tony fur as dese woods, an' I cumin' yeah ebry day till I git um. Den I mek um sing."

When all was once more quiet, the little wanderer crept cautiously from the tree and made a sort of bed of the leaves and branches. When about to lie down, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. Kneeling down, he clasped his hands and raised his eyes in prayer: "Please, good Lord, bless me an' doan' let dat man s'ne me. I so mis'ble I wan' die, like my dear mammy."

He sought his bed and was soon in a sleep of blissful, childish peace.

It was early September, when the chinquapin is ripe and the woods are often scoured by young folks for the



**KNEELING DOWN, HE CLASPED HIS HANDS,** little black nuts. While gathering some of these a few days later the boy was startled by voices near him, and he was seen before he could move.

A merry group of girls and boys between the ages of fourteen and sixteen stopped when they saw this strange boy, and, noticing his look of fright, some of the youths thoughtlessly made fun of him. The expression of fear on the face of the dwarf changed immediately to one of dignity. He seemed to realize that, though not caught by his brutal father, as he at first feared, he was at the mercy of a crowd of heartless boys. As he was about to walk away a sweet young girl came forward and, turning to her companions, said:

"For shame, boys! God, who made you and me, made this poor child."

The boys evidently realized the justice of the appeal. One of them approached the negro and asked if he had any nuts to sell.

"Tenkye, sah, but I got ter keep um ter eat. I ane got t'at'er else."

"Why, money will buy something else, sah. I age got no way ter buy."

**Th** had before spoken now

sat on the root of a tree to rest while her companions gathered nuts. She was soon conscious of the awkward approach of the dwarf, who placed a large leaf filled with chinquapins at his side.

"Tenkye, missus, fur bein' so kine ter a po' boy."

Alice smiled and motioned to him. With a backward pull or scrape of the right foot and a sort of jerk of his front hair he obeyed.

"What is your name?"

"Tony, ma'am."

"What is the matter with you? Why do you live on nuts and say you have no place to spend money? The city is very near, and you can walk in if you can come out."

The boy hesitated.

"I 'traid fur tell you de trut', 'cause you moult tell way I is."

Alice hastened to reassure him.

"Oh, missus, you ane know w'at a hard time a po' nigger kin have. My mudder love me, do I is got a hump-back, an' she nebber lick me. I ane nebber bin strong nuff ter wuk, an', do I use ter help her w'at I could, tane bin much I could do. After she dead I ane know no time I ane git kicks an' knocks from my daddy, 'cause 'e say I 'ee w'ay an' 'e ane gwine feed a big boy lak me. Sometimes I goes days widout a crus' er bread, an' one day 'e beat me so an' 'trow me ag'in de wall dat I nebber know nuttin'."

When I wake up, it wuz mos' nite, an' I can stan' no mo', so I git up ter go, an' I line my ahms an' back so hut me I kin hardly walk. I was cumin' out de place w'en I see a hunk er bread an' a piece er bacon een de closet do', an', missus, I bin so hungry I tek um an' sneak off. I know I wuz wrong, but I wuz so weak an' hungry I couldn't help it. Den I sneek an' hide an' sneek an' hide till I cum yeah, an' I bin yeah so long now dat I gittin' berry sick. I ane had all dis time a ting ter eat 'cep de nuts an' berries. I begs do good Lord ebry nite ter tek me befo' my daddy cum, 'cause I can't let um kill me, an' I too little an' too weak ter help myself."

The poor little fellow burst into tears. Alice was not ashamed to let her own tears fall freely, and soon a band of sympathizers stood around the unfortunate child. A basket of food intended for a lunch was quickly opened, and Tony made a royal meal. Before leaving Alice said:

"Tony, do you know the city? Well, I live on Rutledge avenue near Spring street, and if you will come to my house I think we may find a job for you."

"Oh, missus, I 'traid ter go een de town 'less I know fur sure I ane gwine meet my daddy."

"Alice," said one of the larger boys, "let him stay here tonight, and tomorrow I will come out with an officer and bring Tony in under his protection. If that brute shows up, he will be arrested."

This suggestion meeting with approval, the picnicers soon after departed.

After prayers of thanks to God for his deliverance Tony lay down and slept the sweet, untroubled sleep of childish faith in the eagerly expected "tomorrow." In the morning he almost forgot in his joy his past enforced silence and played happily in the woods for some time. The sun was hot, and he soon became tired and hungry. Going to the hollow tree which served as his storeroom, he and the squirrel were soon enjoying the remnants of the good things of the day before. Suddenly he paled, and his heart stopped in fear. He heard stealthy steps behind him and, looking round quickly, was just in time to save himself from an upraised stick in the hands of his enraged father.

Flying up the first tree he saw, Tony failed to notice until too late that it was not strong enough to bear his weight, so, holding on as tightly as he could, he trembled for his safety either way. A storm of wild abuse came from the man, who was in a fury. He violently shook the tree, which almost at once dislodged his victim. No sooner had Tony touched the earth than he was seized by the ruffian, who belabored him, accompanying each blow with the vilest language and most frightful kicks. Scram after scream filled the air until, with one piercing shriek, the sufferer sank into blessed unconsciousness. Rapidly approaching footsteps were heard, and the wretch, hurling the little prostrate form against a tree, took to his heels. He was too late, however. An officer and two young men seized him, and a wild fight for freedom followed. The coward was soon conquered and was with much trouble taken to the station house, while the unconscious boy was cared for by persons attracted by the noise.

As soon as Tony was able to attend court the wretch who caused his sufferings was tried and sentenced to a term of years at hard labor in the penitentiary.

Tony soon after became stable boy at the home of Alice Brewster. The little fellow developed a spirit of true courage and a rare degree of gratitude. As if a pall had been lifted from his life, he blossomed out under the care and kindness he received in his new home. His doglike devotion to Alice and his watchfulness over her were indeed beautiful. If she wished to ride, he took the greatest care in grooming her pony.

Tony was about four and one-half feet in height and but for his humped back a well formed boy. His skin was of the clean black best liked by the white families of the south. Now that he knew there was no danger of meeting his father, he took frequent trips to the woods to gather nuts, berries and flowers for his young mistress.

His blind idolatry was so well understood that Alice would often go on long walks or rides at early morning with no guide or protector but this child.

The life of a servant does not contain

much of adventure, but this boy, no matter what he might have developed had his lot been cast in other surroundings, was an honor to any race. Naturally religious, as is the bent of the negro, he was to his young mistress the soul of honor and so deeply grateful that his life was simply dedicated to her.

The next two years passed uneventfully. Tony continued the faithful discharge of his duties and enjoyed the happiness of a peaceful life. Alice's eighteenth birthday was to be celebrated in festivities extending over several days, and the air was full of preparation. Tony was now invaluable, as he brought in from the woods for decoration the beautiful gray moss and the sweetest wild flowers.

A grand oak tree with spreading branches stood in front of the Brewster home. For almost a hundred years it had been there, and it had come to be a landmark in the city. In the branches of this oak Tony and the squirrel had been allowed to play at will, and it was astonishing to observe the agility of the boy as he swung from limb to limb in play with the animal. The gray crowd, gathered to see the fun, filled the air with peals of laughter, and nearly every day witnessed a repetition of this diversion. The evening of the birthday party came and went, and happy, tired heads sought their pillows and were

soon wrapped in sleep. Near morning the loud peal of the doorbell which startled the household was answered by Mr. Brewster from a front window. He was horrified to see flames issuing from the windows of the floor below. The policeman on the beat screamed to him to hurry all out before it was too late. The opening of doors and windows created a draft which helped to feed the flames, and it seemed impossible that some lives would not be lost. Cries of "Fire!" screaming servants, questions of frightened guests, volumes of smoke and tongues of flame made a horrible picture.

The firemen rescued all the inmates and were congratulating themselves that every one was saved when the agonized face of Alice was seen at an upper window. How she got back they did not know, as she had been brought out among the first, but it was soon understood. In her arms was her pet squirrel. She had gone back, not appreciating the danger to herself, to save this little brute, knowing that he would otherwise perish in his cage.

How could they save her? It seemed impossible. Even the tree in front of the house was now beginning to burn, and there was scarcely a foothold left on the building safe under the weight of a man. As they gazed and tried to decide what to do Alice's cry for help was suddenly answered.

"Keep still, missus! Tony's comin'!"

Before the little deformed creature could be stopped he climbed the burning tree like a veritable child of the woods, and while a breathless crowd watched him he swung himself into the window, his garments honeycombed with burning patches.

"Stan' on de sill, quick! Doan' be skeered."

Alice mechanically obeyed. From the sill Tony caught the largest limb near him, and, swinging out, he clasped one arm around it, holding out his other hand to Alice.

"Swing right ober, quick, missus!" She again obeyed, and at once the firemen held their net, as they realized the intention of the boy.

"Fo' God's sake, ketch her! Doan' mine me!"

With that Tony told Alice to jump, and as she rose to obey he covered his eyes, as if dreading to see what might happen. In his excitement he loosened his hold on the tree, and Alice's jump was almost immediately followed by a groan of horror as the brave boy fell to a lower branch, to which he managed to hang with one hand. Slowly and painfully, for the fall had bruised his arm, Tony dragged himself on to the limb. All seemed safe when a cracking noise sent a thrill of horror through the watchers as the branch gave way beneath Tony's weight. Though the net was held to catch him, he fell outside. The fearful shock rendered him unconscious, and his badly burned body was beyond the aid of a physician. Alice, who was heartbroken, was uttering in her devotion, but before another dawn Tony gazed at his young mistress and faintly said:

"You sabs poor Tony once. I teak God I done sumpin' fur you 'fore I go ter my mammy. Goodby, missus. God bless you."

Little Tony was with his mammy.

**The Zodiacal Light.** The name of "zodiacal light" has been given to a singular appearance frequently witnessed soon after sunset or just before sunrise. It may be seen at all seasons of the year in low latitudes and is obviously due to illuminated matter surrounding the sun in a very flat or lenticular form, nearly coinciding with the plane of the ecliptic, or, rather, with the sun's equator. The attention of astronomers was first directed to it in the year 1683 by Cassini and was long regarded as being the sun's atmosphere. This idea, it is now thought, is incorrect, it being generally believed at the present time to consist of an immense assemblage of rocks, sand, cosmical dust, fragments of metal, etc., such as the earth is continually encountering in the form of aerolites or meteorites. It may not be out of place to mention in this connection that the rings of Saturn are believed to be composed of similar materials.

**The Decadence.** Mr. Herlthy looked at his latest photograph, taken in his Sunday clothes, and his gaze bespoke keen disappointment.

"O'd never 'a' had this tuk if it hadn't been for thim children telling me about the improvements in photographing," he muttered, holding the card upon which his likeness was mounted farther and farther away.

"Improvements is it? O'd loike to show this pictur' seide be soide wid the wan O' had twenty years ago and lave it to anybody which o' thim two made the bether mar' o' me. There's an old, anxious, toired out look to this new wan that was niver in the other."

"There may be improvements in photographing," said Mr. Herlthy as he deposited the cabinet sized card face down in his table drawer, "but O'ive yit to see thim."—Youth's Companion.

**Ether Vibrations.** The effect of movements in the ether depends upon the rapidity of the vibrations producing them. The unit of measurement for short waves in the ether is the micron, which is about one twenty-five millionth of an inch. Waves measuring 380 to 810 microns affect our sense of sight, the former number giving violet and the latter red color. The Roentgen rays, to which the actinic and Roentgen rays belong, are shorter and have been measured as short as 100 microns. Ether waves longer than those giving light give the feeling of warmth. The longest heat waves are eight times the length of those of the red rays, or one three hundred and fiftieth of an inch.

**Medical Perils.** In Baluchistan when a physician gives a dose he is expected to partake of a similar one himself as a guarantee of his good faith. Should the patient die under his hands the relatives, though they rarely exercise it, have the right of putting him to death unless a special agreement has been made freeing him from all responsibility as to consequences, while if they should decide upon immolating him he is fully expected to yield to his fate like a man.

**Willing to Compromise.** Mamma—Oh, you bad boy! Where have you been all this time? Don't you think you should be ashamed to worry your mother so?

The Boy—Well, ma, I'm willin' to be ashamed that I worried you if you'll promise not to tell pa anything that'll worry me.—Boston Journal.

**Willing He Should Smoke.** "Any objections to my smoking here?" asked the offensively cheerful man as the vessel gave another disquieting lurch.

"None," replied the pale chap in the steamer chair, "here—or hereafter!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**Following the Races.** Sport—You say he follows the race horses. He looks prosperous.

Nervitt—Yes; the race horses keep him busy.

Sport—Bookmaker?

Nervitt—No; pawnbroker.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**The Safe Side.** "You'll be sorry some day that you didn't get married if you don't."

"Well, I'd rather not be married and be sorry I wasn't than to be married and be sorry I was."—San Francisco Wasp.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt.—Landon.

## A Sailor of Bravery.

What threatened to be one of the worst disasters in the history of shipping was the burning of the Ocean Monarch. The fire was discovered in her fore hold an hour or two only after she left the Mersey. There was a strong breeze, and she was headed for the Welsh coast.

By some unlucky accident an anchor was dropped, and the big ship was brought up all standing head to the wind. The flames came roaring aft, where 600 passengers and crew were crowded.

A Brazilian frigate, a yacht and a pilot boat were near, but they only attempted to pick up those who jumped and swam. Suddenly up came an American clipper and rounded into the wind barely 200 yards away. In her first boat was Frederick Jerome, only an able seaman, but one of the bravest seamen that ever lived. In a flash his boat was alongside the burning ship, and he climbed on deck amid the scorch and smother. There he stayed until the last soul of 600 was saved. His clothes were on fire seven separate times, and he was scorched almost beyond recognition. His only reward was the medal of the American Humane society.—Pearson's.

**Comets and Women.** The analogy between comets and women once formed the subject of the following peroration from an evening contemporary: "Comets doubtless answer some wise and good purpose in the creation; so do women. Comets are incomprehensible, beautiful and eccentric; so are women. Comets shine with peculiar splendor, but at night are most brilliant; so are women. Comets are enveloped with a lucid nebula; through which their forms are visible; so are those of women in their light and elegant attire. Comets confound the most learned when they attempt to ascertain their nature; so do women. Comets equally excite the admiration of the philosopher and of the clod of the valley; so do women. Comets and women are therefore closely analogous, but, the nature of each being inscrutable, all that remains for us to do is to view with admiration the one and to love the other to adoration."—Golden Penny.

**Menelek and the Missionary.** A story is told of an attempt made by a Swedish missionary to obtain a foothold in Abyssinia. No sooner had he begun to preach than he was brought before King Menelek, who asked him why he had left his home in Scandinavia in order to come to Abyssinia. The missionary promptly replied that he had come to convert the Abyssinian Jews. "Are there no Jews in your country?" asked Menelek. The missionary admitted that there were a few. "And in all the countries that you have passed through did you find no Jews or heathens?" the king continued. "Jews and heathens," the missionary admitted, "are plentiful."

"Then," said Menelek, "carry this man beyond the frontier and let him not return until he has converted all the Jews and heathen which lie between his country and mine."

**An Arab Legend.** "There is none so poor but there is one poorer."

A poor Arab spent his last bara on a high cliff to eat them and die. As he threw the stones over a lean hand shot out below and caught them.

"Ho!" said he. "Why do you catch my date stones?"

"Because, O brother," answered a weak voice, "I have not eaten these three days, and Allah has sent these stones to save my life."

"Praise be to Allah," answered the first man, "for he has saved me also, for here is one poorer than I!"

And both men went into the city.

**Malleable Glass of the Egyptians.** Strabo and Josephus both affirm that the Egyptian glass workers were so well skilled in their art that they imitated the amethyst and other precious stones to perfection. Malleable glass was one of the secret arts of the ancients, the formula for making it being now reckoned as lost. Strabo mentions a cup of glass which could be hammered into any desired shape, the material of which it was composed being as ductile as lead.

**Too Much Argument.** Dar's a good deal in argument, but it can also be overdone. As long as Uncle Moses believed in sulphur and brimstone he let my cabbage strictly alone. When I had argued him into believing' dat no sich patch existed he cleaned out my truck patch in one night.—Detroit Free Press.

**The Difference.** Miss Languish—Mercy! You don't mean to say you destroy all your love letters? I save mine religiously.

Miss Pertly—Of course; but, then, you know it makes a difference where one has only a few.—Boston Transcript.

**His Mission.** "Yes," said the would be poet, "I started as office boy for an editor. I used to help empty wastebaskets."

"Indeed!" said the girl who had seen some of his effusions, "and now I suppose you help fill them?"—Philadelphia Record.

**Misunderstood.** "Sir, you look like an optimist. You have a happy countenance. Lend me a dollar."

"My friend, do you know why I look happy? It's because I haven't any wealth to bother me."—Exchange.

A critic in noticing a disclosure on "The Sayings and Doings of Great Men" remarks, "It is sad to observe how much they said and how little they did."

**The Dining Car Clew.** Strictly defined, the ballet is properly a theatrical exhibition of the art of dancing in its highest perfection, complying generally with the rules of the drama as to its composition and form. It was in existence in Italy as far back as A. D. 1600, the court of Turin in that day making especial use of it and the royal family and nobles taking part in it. The ballet was first introduced in France in the reign of Louis XIII., and both that monarch and Louis XIV. occasionally took part in its dances.

In its earliest presentation the ballet appeared dexterously in combination with the other theatrical acts and is said to have "completed the chaotic medley exhibited in these spectacles, which were at once mythological, allegorical, fantastic, warlike and pastoral." The reader will not be slow to observe that its development in the present day has not apparently lost sight of these conditions.

About the year 1700 women made their first appearance in the ballet, which up to that time had been performed exclusively by men, as was the case also with plays and operas, but no woman ballet dancer of any note appeared until 1700.

**THE DINING CAR CLEW**

By HEADON HILL

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The chief wants to see you, Inspector Grantham," said a messenger coming into the room at New Scotland Yard.

I went at once to the chief superintendent's office and was received by my superior officer with a friendly nod.

"Good news for you, Grantham," he said. "Some one has fairly given Brady away. Read that letter and look at that photo."

The letter was undated and unsigned. It was in these words:

Brady, the bank note forger, intends to break cover this afternoon and make a bolt for the States. He will leave Euston for Liverpool by the 5.30 corridor express, accompanied by his female accomplice, named Daisy Gilbert. Brady is certain to be disguised. The writer, however, encloses a photograph of Daisy Gilbert, who, not being as yet known to the police, may possibly travel in propria persona.

The photograph was that of a bold, saucy eyed young woman with a profusion of light hair and very showily attired in evening dress. A mark on the neck attracted my attention.

"One would have thought that a woman of that type would have got the photographer to retouch the mark out of the picture," I said. "What do you make of it all, sir—a split in the camp?"

"The chances are that jealousy of this person Gilbert prompted the information."

I could not gainsay the chief's view. In nine cases out of ten the anonymous letters that lead to the capture of important criminals are due to feminine spite. And yet there was the chance that the friendly letter might be a "plant."

The warrant for Joe Brady had been in my hands for six weeks. The only credit I could so far take was that my pursuit had been so keen that he had not dared to come out into the open and make a bolt for it.

I glanced at the clock. It was nearly 3 o'clock, and I had two hours and a half to make arrangements for the capture. I mentioned the names of the plain clothes men whom I desired to support me and took my departure.

So it was that at 5 o'clock I drove up in a hansom to the terminus, carefully dressed in the garments of a bishop and with my face altered from all semblance to the original. To be in keeping with my assumed character in the probable event of Brady having confederates on the watch, I went into the booking office and took a first class ticket for Liverpool, after which I strolled out on to the platform just as the train of vestibule cars was backing into position.

Early as it was, my two subordinates had by my direction preceded me to the station, though they were not to openly communicate with me till the supreme moment. One of them, a smart young sergeant named Parker, who was got up as a blue jacket, contrived to whisper in my ear as I stood at the book-stall:

"The girl is here, apparently alone. Came ten minutes ago. Took two first to Liverpool. Now in the ladies' waiting room."

Parker and his colleague had of course had a sight of the photograph. His information was welcome, as proving that at any rate the letter received at the yard had some foundation and was not, as I had half feared, a practical joke designed to lead us on a wild goose chase.

I sat down on a bench opposite the dining car to await developments. A bishop is a common object nowadays, and my laced hat and gaiters attracted but little attention. I was able to look over the top of the Church Times, which I had purchased, and so watch the arrival of passengers. A score of people had taken their seats in the dining car, but not one of them, allowing for the most elaborate disguise, could I identify as Joe Brady. They were mostly unmistakable Americans returning to their native land in parties of threes and fours.

Suddenly an incident occurred which at the time caused me some uneasiness. Sergeant Parker's voice reached me, raised in tones of exhortation.

"No, I don't want a drink, mate, and by the same token you seem to have had a full dose already," he was saying.

A little way along the platform my assistant had been accosted by a half tipsy blue jacket, who was trying to pull him into the buffet. The sailor's cap proclaimed that he belonged to the same ship as that which Parker's disguise denoted, the Majestic. To my relief, the man seemed to be too muddled to perceive that the sergeant was no shipmate of his, but staggered off, dropping his bundle once or twice, to the front of the train.

The sailor had hardly disappeared when the original of the photograph came out of the waiting room and crossed the platform to the dining car. She was wearing a well cut serge costume and had made no attempt at disguise, even the mark on her neck being distinctly visible above the collar of her dress.

But where was the redoubtable Brady? It was 5.25 now, and there were no signs of Miss or Mrs. Daisy Gilbert's intended traveling companion. The same question was plainly beginning to agitate the lady. She quitted the seat which she had secured and stood on the platform of the car gazing anxiously toward the entrance from the booking office.

The warning bell rang. I decided on no account to lose sight of the fair Daisy. If the person she was expect-

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