

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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THE CLERK AND THE MASTER.

Through all the day I toil away and try to do my best. And when the evening shadows fall I hurry home to rest. To blissful rest, to glad surcease from all the worldly care.

BEFRIENDED.

By George Ads.

The place known as "Larry's Lunch" is a narrow hole in the wall between two frame houses. The buildings are so old and weak that they lean toward each other in their decrepitude.

John Hazen lifted the loose iron latch and there came into his nostrils, like the breathing from a foul creature, the smell of poverty, frying grease and bad tobacco.

But he had to eat. He had not eaten for 24 hours. A Jew dealing in pawas and junk had given him ten cents for his pocketknife, the last of his convertible property.

At "Larry's Lunch" he could get meat, bread, potatoes and coffee for ten cents. He ordered and then leaned forward on the rough table, with his chin in his hands, while the meat sizzled in the pan and a rancid smoke filled the low room.

His uncle had been right. "You take your share of the money and go to Chicago and you'll be broke within six months," the uncle had said. "You're a fool with money. Any man's a fool with money, unless it's money he's earned."

"I know my business," he had said to his uncle. After which they had parted, with the understanding that if John Hazen ever needed money he would not come to his uncle for it.

"All right, Eddie." At that moment the young man named Eddie looked down and saw John Hazen's face, streaked with tears. Possibly he was surprised to know that a man may weep. Let it be assumed that he was prompted by impudent curiosity. He spoke to the young man: "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Don't the steak suit you?" "You'll have to excuse me," said Hazen, trying to laugh. "I'm hoeing a pretty hard row just at present. I s'pose I was kind o' weak from not eating or I wouldn't have—" and he stopped.

"What do you think of that?" asked Eddie, speaking to the proprietor, who had gone back to his stove. Larry nodded wisely and smiled. Eddie stood and watched Hazen tear at the fibrous strip of meat and take long gulps of the hot coffee.

"First to-day?" he asked. "Yes," answered Hazen, who was divided between shame and hunger. "How did you get the price?" "I sold my knife," said Eddie.

"What if you hadn't any knife?" "I don't know." "How long you been in town?" "About six months." "Nice town, ain't it?" Hazen shook his head dubiously and made an effort to smile.

Eddie threw back his head and laughed aloud. "This is one o' the cases," he said, calling to Larry. "Is it any wonder they start out?" Then to Hazen: "Why didn't you stop some fellow and ask him to let you have a nickel or two?"

"Because I'm not a beggar." "That's the way to talk," exclaimed Eddie, and he laughed again. Hazen looked up at him, much puzzled. "Where you goin' to-night?" "I don't know. There are two or three places where I'm going to call again to-morrow to see about a job."

"The job you stand a chance of getting to-morrow or next week ain't very much help to you to-night, is it?" asked Eddie, with a quizzical grin. "This is a new experience for me," said Hazen. "I've heard about fellows being up against it this way, but I never thought I'd come to it."

"You don't care much for it, as far as you've got, do you?" Hazen looked up again, undecided whether Eddie was sympathizing with him or taunting him. "I wish I had the money I had six months ago," he said, bitterly. "They wouldn't take it away from me this time."

Eddie leaned over the table and gave Hazen a hard but playful blow in the ribs.

lice station and had not changed shirts for a week. Next morning he ate his heel of bread and drank his tin cup of coffee and looked out through the paralleled bars at the bedraggled men and women who were being mustered for the police court. He could not see Eddie anywhere. Some one was whistling at the other end of the corridor. He wondered if it was Eddie.

Then a turnkey in blue came and opened his cell door. "Come on," said the turnkey, and Hazen followed upstairs into a hot room where a big captain with a gray mustache sat at the desk.

The captain looked at Hazen intently and said: "I don't know him." "Other men with mustaches came in and looked at Hazen. They didn't know him, either, and they regretted to say it. It showed a lack of professional knowledge not to be able to identify any stranger as a professional crook.

"How long have you and Eddie been working together?" one of them asked. "I've never worked with him," said Hazen. "I've been looking for work all week." He told them his story—the truth of it. Five big men smiled broadly.

"An' you didn't know Eddie was a dip?" asked the captain. "A what?" (Laughter.) "A dip." "I don't know what you mean." "Did you ever hear of pickpockets?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, a dip is a pickpocket. That's what Eddie is." "I don't care what he is. He did me a good turn. I never saw him until night before last." "This fellow can be vagged," said one of the big men. "He admits himself he's out o' money an' ain't got a job."

"That's why he ain't a vag," said the captain. "The vag has always got a job and plenty of money." Then to Hazen: "You keep away from Eddie an' his crowd." This meant that Hazen was free to go.

He started to leave the station and was attracted by the buzz of the courtroom. He went in, hoping to see Eddie again. The crowd around the magistrate was shifting and noisy. Cases were being tried, but Hazen could not follow them in the confusion of sounds.

At last he saw Eddie coming out of the throng, held by a turnkey. He slipped forward along the wall and touched him on the arm. "Hello, there," he said. Eddie turned and grinned. "Did you fix it?" he asked. "They let me go."

"It's a wonder—bein' with me." "Here, here!" growled the turnkey. "Come on!" "I'm sent out," said Eddie. "Where?"

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