

LITTLE RED SHOES.

The sweetest music that I ever heard
Was not the song of a beautiful bird,
Was not the laughter of a happy brood,
Was not the silence of a shady nook.

Say music sweetest is this, that I choose,
A colicome lad with little red shoes,
This is the rhyming that ever they make,
And this is the way that ever they take.

Clatter, clatter,
Patter, patter,
Scatter, scatter.

Did somebody guess that my Valentine
Had velvet cheeks and lips of carmine?
This is the rhyming of feet and too
This is the journey that ever they go.

Clatter, clatter,
Patter, patter,
Faster, faster,
—Dodie Hayes Killian.

THE DEATH SPIDER.

There was once on one of the thoroughfares which grope into the maze of lanes and alleys surrounding Seven Dials, in London, a shop as odd and repulsive as its keeper. "Beriah Hargon," painted over the door, dimly proclaimed through a coat of grime the name by which he had long been known; but in the minds of the neighborhood gamins the nickname "Gobelin" had come through a mist of superstitious fear and ignorance. He was as ugly a man as one could see in all the metropolis. His face was almost hidden by a gray, bristling beard, shaggy eyebrows, and the long tangled curls of his dusty hair. His greasy and rudely-mended clothes had been forced to serve him for a quarter of his 60 years. Though he shuffled about, supporting his bent form upon a huge, twisted cane, he held his head stiffly erect, and two red-rimmed, evil eyes glared with ferocious watchfulness at every one he met.

The goods displayed in the window of the dirty-glassed window, and upon the shelves inside, showed Hargon to be a naturalist and morbid anatomist. There were cases of impaled insects, numerous skulls, and a number of jars of snakes, as well as portions of the human frame, preserved in alcohol. The cracked bell hanging on a spiral spring against the door seldom announced the entrance of anyone but Hargon himself, and this fact had given rise to the belief that the "Gobelin" had sold himself to the devil and needed no customers.

Late one winter night this man began a fateful task. He closed the shop, and satisfying himself that no curious one was lurking without, he carried a candle into the back room. Placing it upon a table, he drew a broken chair into its brightest light and sat down. An expression of deadly intention rendered him hideous as he pulled toward him a black book and opened it. Upon the right page was a diagram of a monstrous spider, which he carefully measured and examined; then turning to the left page he read in a hard, gruff voice:

"He who having solemnly compacted with the Power, essays to construct and make live the Death Spider must construct two. It is written, and let him heed; he must construct two."

Wrinkles of deep inquiry gullied his black forehead and meshed his eyes as he exclaimed:

"Why two?"

Finding no satisfactory answer in his own mind, he read on:

"He who desireth to create the Death Spider may call the helper, who will render assistance, instruction, and perform all necessary service. Place the palm over the picture of the spider, call thrice aloud 'Grissikin,' and the helper will appear."

The gobelin obeyed these instructions without delay, and instantly there appeared beside him—not entering through a door or window, but as if a portion of the air had been solidified and animated—a grotesque being, who, rubbing his eyes and yawning, said ill-humoredly:

"I am here, but not beholden to you for waking me. No one has called me for fifty years, and I was in slumber. What is your wish?"

He was not taller than three feet, and was dressed in a single tight-fitting garment, much like a modern jersey, which covered his entire body, and revealed his singular form. His legs were thin and wiry, and tapered to little pointed feet, while his arms were muscular as those of an athlete; but his head, disproportionately large, and face, especially, were startling. It was one of those smooth, puzzling faces which look youthful, but which bear an indefinable suggestion of age. Around his mouth and in the wrinkle of his black eyes were indications of cunning, which flashed into a treacherous leer whenever Hargon's sight was turned from him.

"You would make the Death Spider, eh?" he said, repeating the old man's reply. "What for?"

"Must you know that?" glowered the gobelin.

"Verily, I must!" retorted the imp, impudently, leaping to the table, and with the burst of merriment poking his tapered foot against Hargon's breast. "How am I to work if I know not that?"

Not relishing this liberty, Hargon moved his chair, and, looking hard at his visitor, said:

"I will tell you, then."

Grissikin caught his bent knee in his clasped hands, and, turning his head sideways, with his tongue thrust hard into his cheek and his bright eyes fixed on the old man, was prepared to listen.

"In Kent there is a youth, Andrew Fithington, whom I hate to the death, and he must die. His father mercilessly and inhumanly injured me years ago, and I then consulted the books of torture for a death to send upon him that would be a fitting revenge, but apoplexy snatched him away before I received the power to put the racking death upon him. Now the son must not escape my vengeance. He must suffer doubly. I

have resolved to put him to the death of the spider."

"Truly," commented the dwarf, changing his hands to the other knee. "To the death of the spider."

"With your help I will bring the spider to life, make the man sick, and—"

"Hold, hold!" Grissikin interrupted, coolly. "You cannot make the youth sick; you can only kill him after sickness is upon him. I apprehend there is hope for you. I will see. Wait."

He vanished, and Hargon, bewildered, probably, by the being he had called into sight, though he himself was not less hideous and his heart not less hardened by evil, sat calmly waiting. Ten minutes passed. Suddenly the dwarf appeared on the table in the same posture from which he had vanished.

"I've seen the youth—a noble youth, virtue and goodness wrought into his countenance. A brave, good heart, he hath, and you would stop his beat. So be it. He is now courting the maid who will become his wife when winter melts—a beautiful, graceful maid, as good and pure and sweet as—"

"as neither you nor I will ever be," Hargon, ha, ha! You would break the maid's heart by killing her youth. So be it. We will make the spider. I see about the youth's eyes traces of coming disease. He will sicken with fever ere the new year's month gone. We must have the spider ready. You will kill him, will you; and break the maid's heart?"

"Torture him; the maid is naught to me," growled the gobelin. "Death to them both. But look you here, imp. Why doth the record say I must make two spiders?"

He reached for the book to find the words, and the dwarf replied with solemn insolence:

"There must be two, Hargon, because—there must be two.

"You have not answered my question," growled Hargon.

"No, I have not, have I?" taunted Grissikin. But of that anon. Now to work. It requires 417 grown spiders and nineteen young, with ninety-nine cockroaches for each death spider. These may be caught. The task will not be hard. They are to your hand here. These must be pounded into a pulp. Out of this pulp you must fashion two spiders like that," reaching out his pointed toes and tapping the book. "They must then be dried, and at the proper time my master will give them life. Ho! ho! then, to the glorious task!"

We cannot describe the creation of the Death Spider; the deftness of the imp in capturing the insects; Hargon's disgust at the loathsome task, or Grissikin's jesting impudence in keeping his bloodthirstiness to the working pitch. Nor can we stop to tell how, when the spiders were at last fashioned, the dwarf simply struck the wall a sharp blow, and the glowing mouth of a furnace opened, into which the insects were thrust to dry; nor how, in time, they came forth, terrible, gruesome objects, lacking only the venomous life for which Hargon had called them into being.

Neither can we detail Grissikin's numerous visits of espial upon the doomed youth during the period of preparation, nor the gloating reports he brought back of Fithington's beauty; how it would be dimmed and his radiant prospects of a happy and prosperous life cut short; nor the leering delight with which he told how he had heard the maid's sweet confessions of her happiness and her precious hopes of the joy of their coming marriage; nor how he finally brought back word to the triumphant Hargon that the young man had been stricken with a dangerous fever.

The tale must leap all these to a bitter January night, when a furious wind roared over the great city and whirled snow-flakes down into the streets, seeming in wilfulness to drive them in densest clouds into Seven Dials, as if to render more bewildering and awful its surrounding neighborhood. In his filthy apartment Hargon sat at his table, with the odious insects before him, their black, polished backs fitfully reflecting the rays of the fluttering candle—a picture of a grizzly, murderous human fiend.

A neighboring clock struck eight, and instantly Grissikin appeared in his favorite place and posture upon the table, leaping at Hargon and wriggling his taper foot forward as if to prod the ogre. Then, picking up one of the spiders and squinting at it, he said:

"The night is here. We must call my master to make these beautiful creatures crawl and one of them spin its death web. Fithington lies ill and his maid will be heart-broke ere the dawn. Say you so?"

"Yes," Hargon assented, deep in his heartless chest.

"Ho, then, master, send life to our spiders," cried the imp, in a thin, piping voice, in which now rang subtle impudence toward the demon before him, and placing the spider upon the table beside the other.

Instantly there came a pulsating of the thick, redolent air of the room, a swaying of the house as if the earth were sinking. The candle-flame flickered into a tiny blue point, and from the ceiling directly above the table two tiny globes, spinning rapidly and shedding incandescent light, fell, one upon each of the spiders, where, after a few moments of rotation, they sank into the bodies of the insects. Then the candlelight burst to its ordinary flame, and the spiders, crooking their long legs, were seen to be crawling upon the table.

"Beautiful, are they not?" jeered the dwarf, pointing to them. "And think how they will spin the life from that youth, and break the maid's heart! Gloriously beautiful, Hargon. Are you ready?"

"Ready?—eager," snarled the gobelin.

"Wait."

He sank from sight, but reappeared in a few moments.

"You must be about the task," he said. "Fithington's fever will reach its crisis ere midnight. Set the Spider spinning."

"Which one?" asked Hargon.

"Which one?" echoed the imp, with the exquisite mockery of feigned surprise.

"Yes; I asked which one."

"Either," replied the dwarf.

"Either," roared Hargon. "I asked which."

"And I answered either," answered Grissikin. "Time passes. It is over late."

The old man's eyes flashed rage at the dwarf's insolence. He clutched wildly at the dwarf, who nimbly eluded him by leaping to the table and thence to the top of a chest, where sticking his tongue fast into his cheek, he grinned diabolically down at Hargon, his eyes glowing like coals, and said:

"Delay only a moment, and the youth escapes you. Choose!"

"Hist, Hargon!" cried the imp.

"Hark."

"This is the crisis," said the physician, softly. "At midnight we shall know all."

"Behold how the maid sows," urged Grissikin. "Doth the Spider spin?"

"Too slowly," snarled the "Gobelin." "When it finishes and settles quiet in the center, Fithington's torture will begin, and he will die. Ha! ha! Work, Spider, work."

Silence crept into the murky room—dead silence, save for the hiss of the wind over the roofs, and among the chimney-pots high above. Hargon kept his impatient gaze fixed upon the rapid movements of the spider, while Grissikin, perched upon the back of a chair, held his taunting, mocking eyes to the vision of the sick room turning, however, swift glances of devilish mirth at the gobelin.

Minutes dragged until the clock threw 12 solemn tones into the storm, and the Death Spider, gluing the last of the concentric threads, ran rapidly across the huge web and settled quiet in its center. Hargon turned questioning to the vision. The physician was bending over the sufferer, who, sighing gently, opened his eyes.

"He will live," he said.

"Live," echoed Hargon.

"Ho! ho!" grinned Grissikin.

"You've tricked me," roared the "Gobelin."

He took one vicious step toward the imp, but stopping suddenly, clutched wildly at his heart while pangs of agony began convulsing his face.

"Tricked me, you devil," he muttered.

"You chose," mocked the imp. "It is the danger all run who dare to make the Death Spider. That is why there must be two, fool, fool. You chose your own."

But Hargon heeded him not. He was reeling about, tugging wildly at his breast, and anon grasping for support, unspoken torture coring his face, until, with a terrible cry, he fell to the floor just under the sable web, where after many minutes of indescribable torment, he lay quiet.

The vision of the sick-room faded. Uttering a triumphant cry, Grissikin leaped to the table and crunched the remaining spider under his heel. He snuffed out the candle with his long, bony finger and thumb, and blackness fell into the room, in one dread corner of which something more horrible than it had ever held before lay terribly still.—National Tribune.

Brightening Influence of Women.

A gentleman who recently went far into the Maine woods to look after his lands, on coming to a lumberman's camp thirty miles from nowhere was struck with astonishment and held up his team involuntarily at the edge of the opening. The cause was the strains of a parlor organ, played in an artistic manner, which came from the camp. His surprise was not lessened on meeting at the camp door the organist and cook, a handsome young lady, as neat and tidy as a new pin, who looked after the house for her father and his crew. She had taken her organ into the woods to "beguile the drowsy hours" and make things more home-like. As might be expected the gentleman found that camp "way ahead" of those not enlivened by woman's smile and cheery presence, and he thought he never knew before how much music there is in an organ. It's the new order of things in knnabebe in the Maine woods.—Knabebe Journal.

The Mountaineers of Tennessee.

A traveler who has been down among the mountaineers of Tennessee says that their usual formula of greeting and interest on meeting a stranger is "Howdy," and after the stranger has returned this salutation, "What's your name?" This exhibition of curiosity is perfectly frank and no disrespect is intended by it.

Why He Cries Late.

Man, rising wearily to get into comar, pissing to his seat in theater—This eternal getting up is really annoying. Late Comer—I know it is. That's the reason I never come in myself until the curtain is raised.—Texas Siftings.

It Was Eve's Daughter.

Indignant Mother—And so he kissed you three times! Now, what did you say to him?

Artless Daughter—Why, I said, "Don't! Stop!"

She did, only it sounded like "Don't stop."—Judge.

WHERE NETS ARE MADE

AN ODD BALTIMORE INDUSTRY DESCRIBED.

All the Nets Used in This Country Come From One Factory—Big Looms That Weave Threads or Ropes Into Meshes.

Ever since that day when man found that fish were fit for food he has sought ways and means to catch them. Those who see only the finny tribe that are exposed upon the market stalls for sale, have the faintest idea of the enormous amount of work needed to catch these wily inhabitants of the deep, says the Baltimore American.

The catching, of course, calls for experience, judgment, and proper conditions of weather and water, but the manufacture of the nets that do the catching requires a vast sight more labor, judgment, experience and capital.

Any of the disciples of Isaak Walton, who are disposed to "kick" about the cost of their nets, should step into the old fashioned structure on Pratt, near Light street, in this city, where they make them, and note the toil and provision and patience called for in their manufacture.

The nets used by fishermen from Baltimore south to where the Gulf stream strikes the Atlantic are made at this place. The same firm sends most, if not all, of the nets used in the salmon fishing along the great lakes and the Pacific coast.

The twine in all its various grades, as to weight and thickness or strength, is made in the Carolinas. When received here it is in huge hanks, and from them unwound upon bobbins or big spools. These twines range from an almost imperceptible but wonderfully strong linen thread to the giant cord, with which the big traps for fishing on the great lakes are woven. After being wound upon these bobbins they pass to the weaving or knitting department.

It is a wonderful sight to watch the deftness, the rapidity of the great knarled fingers of a fisherman while weaving his net upon the sands or before the humble cottage he calls his home, but here are a thousand fingers of steel clicking like an electric flash fly back and forth, up and down, tying knots as perfectly and a thousand times more rapidly than ever human fingers could weave.

Every form of net is woven here, and these fingers of cold steel can as quickly take up a stitch or drop a stitch in order that a different form be made. Crab nets, minnow nets, turtle nets, minnow seines, drop nets, hand nets, eel pots, gill nets, salmon traps, salmon seines, fyke nets, mackerel and porgy netting, drag seines, brook fykes, and trammel nets are but a few of the forms.

Besides these the net maker is called upon to make nets for trapping poultry, quail and other birds, poultry nets, nets for trapeze performers, horse nets, barrel covers, vat nets, pickle nets, nets for butchers and laundries, netting for theater scenery, netting for fruit drying and a hundred other purposes.

The smallest mesh woven on these big looms is a forty-two mesh, and it will weave as high as 200 meshes.

A purse-seine machine will knit about ten pounds of linen netting a day, while the loom upon which the salmon nets are woven will make twenty-five or thirty pounds. As the machines weave the netting it passes down over the looms and through an aperture in the floor upon which the loom stands to the floor below, where any flaws are quickly detected and repaired by the examiners, who are all girls and young women, because the feminine eye and finger has been found more quick and accurate in the work of examination.

After this the netting which is to be "barked" is passed over a gear reel and through a tube of thin bark mixture, which gives it a slight brownish hue.

The nets that are ordered "tarred" are taken to the top floor of the establishment and are passed over rolls to the tubs of hot tar. Through these they are literally saturated with a resistant to the rotting action of lake water or any fresh water—salt water is a preservative—and then passed through a double set of rollers, which squeezes any surplus tar from the meshes.

The netting now passes to the "hanging room," where the different forms of netting are shaped or hung in the manner of shape they were designed for. Corks and leads are attached, lines fixed, and the nets are ready for shipment.

All nets after being woven are subjected to a severe stretching strain, which hauls tight all the knots and insures uniformity in the meshes.

The cedar corks or floats are made away up in Canada and in the northern tier of states, where cedar is plentiful. The leads for weighing the seines are made right here in the factory, and are cast upon a great iron press that forms the various sizes, from the tiniest to the heaviest "slug." The cork floats are also made here, and are stamped from the flat cork sheets by a powerful press, upon which shaped knives are set.

A Little Reflection.

Why does not a man weigh a pound more immediately after eating a pound weight of food? A little reflection will readily explain this apparent mystery. During the process of mastication, deglutition, etc., certain muscles are brought into active play, and the exercise of any muscle necessitates a temporary waste of its tissues, and a certain amount of carbon is eliminated and passed off during the course of the meal. This loss,

however, is trifling as compared to that due to respiration and perspiration, both of which are increased during the various operations of making a meal. The length of time one may take to consume a pound of food makes but little difference to these losses, for if it is eaten leisurely there is but slight increase of respiration or perspiration, whereas if it is hurried through both are abnormally accelerated. Hence, by the time the pound is eaten, the consumer has lost appreciably in moisture and carbonic acid.

BEES IN HER BEDROOM.

A Girl Who Finds the Industrious Insects Quiet Companions.

There is a girl in Staten Island who has kept a hive of bees in her bedroom during the winter. She recently told an Evening Sun man that they were the most unobjectionable of companions. They are quiet, orderly, and attend strictly to their own affairs. When the warm weather comes they are sent out of doors, where there are beds of mignonette and other sweet-scented flowers, which the bees fully understand are planted for their special use. This hive of bees is the nucleus for her contemplated bee farm. Last summer they supplied her weekly with thirty-six pounds of honey. For each pound of honey she received thirty cents. The profits of keeping bees are great, the cost small. The labor of honey raising has been materially lessened for the bees by modern improvements, and they seem proportionately grateful. The bees no longer make their own cells, which are produced by machinery out of wax. These artificial cells are placed in the hive and the bees seem to be glad to get rid of the labor of making them. Immediately they get to honey making. This business they conduct along. When the cells are full the hive must be watched from without, lest the bees begin sealing them up, which they do in order to lay up their winter's food, to guard against this, additional cells are put on top of the hive, called supers. In these the bees deposit their extra store, and this is reserved for their winter outfit. When the bees begin to seal the cells the box is removed, a small machine is put inside which is set vibrating, and this empties the cells of their honey, which is drawn off, and the cells having been drained, are put back to be refilled. This young woman says that her bees know her, and are as tame to her hand as doves. The occupation of honey making has proved pleasurable and profitable.

Society Items.

Miss Bondellip—Do you smoke cigarettes, Mr. Dudely?

Mr. Dudely—Not at present, Miss Bondellip. I have a wrinkle on my chin, don'tcher know, and if I dissipate it may turn into a wrinkle.—Texas Siftings.

Off Their Guard.

Passenger, arising—Has anyone in here a piece of court plaster? All the Passengers—No. Passenger—No! Well, I have here the finest court plaster, only ten cents a package, and you can't say you are fully supplied.—Puck.

Brave in Certain Circumstances.

"When you ran after the burglar and told him to halt, what did he do?"

"He halted and I ran."—Chicago News-Record.

RARE AND READABLE.

It is said the city of Pittsburg now stands on ground once given in exchange for a violin.

An average workman using a Jacquard loom can weave fifty yards of Brussels carpet in a day.

A building stone quarried near Norwich in England in 1859 weighed thirty-five tons, the largest on record.

The musical horses are the latest attraction in Paris. They play several musical instruments with their feet.

Massachusetts has one library to each 4,000 of its inhabitants, and a book and a half to each one of its people.

Three thousand four hundred and seventy new buildings were erected in Pittsburg during the year ending January 31.

Drivers of heavily-loaded vehicles in Washington and Baltimore are compelled by officers of the humane society to walk up steep hills in order to lighten the load for their poor beasts.

Sam Dodd, aged 8 years, of Kentucky is now serving a year's sentence in the penitentiary for grand larceny. He is reported to be the youngest convict ever recorded in that state.

Two-cent confederate stamps recently carried a small package from Granby, Mass., to Boston. The package had gone through the postoffice at Granby, Hadley and Boston unnoticed.

A Chicago shoe manufactory makes 20,000 pairs of "dead men's shoes" a month. The soles are of pasteboard, covered with grained paper, the uppers are quilted satin and ochet work and a ribbon tied in a bow knot holds the shoe to the foot.

It costs the people about as much to pay for the printing of the eulogies of a deceased congressman as it does to pay the salary of a live one for a full term of two years. One week lately eulogies were delivered on six dead members, and the cost of printing them in handsome gift books will be not far from \$50,000.

The production of copper in the United States in 1893 is estimated at 325,180,000 pounds, of which 107,500,000 pounds were from the Lake Superior region, and 164,300,000 from Montana mines. The total is an increase of about thirteen per cent over 1891. Exports diminished slightly, but there was a large increase in the home consumption, so that the stocks on hand at the close of the year were considerably less than at the end of 1891.

FRIEND OF THE WILD PIGEONS.

A Boston Hackman for Whom the Birds Have Taken a Great Liking.

One of the prettiest sights in Boston is to be seen everyday about noon in Bosworth street when Cornelius Bresnahan, a hack driver, feeds his pet pigeons, says the Boston Globe. "Con," as his friends call him, is a fine, tall fellow, with a pleasing manner and a pleasant face. He is not by any means talkative about himself, and does not appear to regard his feeding of the doves as anything very extraordinary. But it is a pretty sight to see him—a great, big, burly man—standing in the roadway surrounded by fifty or sixty fine, healthy, well-fed doves, some flying around him, others at his feet picking up the corn, while five or six of the more familiar birds perch on his shoulders or on his hand, eating their food with the utmost abandonment.

Every day the birds come on time, whether Con is there or not. These pigeons roost in the caves of the temple or in the cellophy of the old church on Brimstone corner, but exactly at noon they leave their roosts and fly down to Bosworth street and await Con's coming. Sometimes he is late, but the birds wait for him, and often when he gets to the feeding place he will find two or three scores of doves cooing and fluttering in readiness to receive their corn at his hands.

Con drives hack No. 269, and has been driving for nearly twenty years. He is well known all over the city. He began this feeding of the doves about three months ago. He had no idea of going on with it when he began. But he saw that the birds soon got used to him, and that they would come at his whistle, and after a while he found he could call them by name. The birds are simply wild pigeons, without an owner, and no one to feed them but Con. When Con is late a long line of birds will be found waiting on the ledges of the Horticultural building on Bosworth street, but they will see Con as he turns into Bosworth street with his hack and down they fly, settling in the road, anxious for their supply of corn.

The major general, as Con calls a crooked-bill bird, is quite a pet. Con says the major general can lick any of the other birds, and he shows his fighting qualities when any of them occupy too much room on Con's hand. The major seems to think that he has a first right to Con's hand, and he will perch on his thumb and eat heartily while the others are compelled to look on.

Then there are the two "judges," solemn-looking fellows, and Kit and Dan McGuinnis, all of whom are special pets with Con. But they all know his whistle and come to him. Con has a peculiar whistle which he uses to call the birds, but he also talks to them, much as a mother would to her pet darlings.

"Come here, little one," says Con, as a beautiful bird flies around his head. "Come and have some corn," and the bird flutters to his hand and eats in perfect contentment.

"Now kiss me," he says to another and the bird puts up his bill and takes the kiss, flying merrily away as if satisfied. Then Con smooths them and pats them as they look up into his face, half hidden by his cap.

And so, day by day, as regularly as clock work, Con comes and feeds his pets, and they fly off to roost as happily—as happy as well-fed birds.

It is a pretty sight, and crowds of men and women stop and take in the interesting scene. But the crowds do not trouble the birds; they go on feeding and cooing as if only their kind friend were present.

A number of saucy sparrows, too, have just begun coming to partake of Con's hospitality, and he is seriously considering whether he shall take them in hand also. They are, however, a little scary at present, though one or two are bold enough to approach close to the swarm of doves.

UNAPPRECIATED POLITENESS.

The London "Cabby" Finds That It Does Not Pay.

He had been driving a cab for four years and got a little bit more weary-looking every day.

"I can't stand it no longer," he said at last. "I ain't a-going to have any more women finding fault and claiming that they didn't have courteous treatment."

There was a woman standing at the next corner. Instead of the customary "Cab, ma'am?" he stopped his horse, dismounted from his perch and going toward the curbstone, lifted his hat and inquired:

"Do you propose making use of this vehicle to-day?"

"Sir?" she said in tones of astonishment.

"Do you wish to ride in this cab? If so, I will gladly escort you. I am to please."

"Why, I never heard of such impertinence!" she stammered. "I did intend riding in your cab, but I shall certainly wait for the next one. And you may expect a complaint from me at the police station concerning your conduct, sir."

He remounted his seat and patted his hat down over his eyes.