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Seized by a sudden, an illuminating thought, he darted with a cry from the flat and down the inside cellar stairs. All below was silent again, as silent as a suburb, but beside the row of tenants' bins, with his checked blouse and gleaming black hair, stood Tony, the janitor, smiling extensively.

"Ah—Meestah Roodyard—you have got back from your treep? I hope you enjoy yourself," purred he.

"Tony," said Willoughby Rudyard sternly, "what was that noise down here just now? That snoring?"

"Ha, you heara that?" cried the janitor with a gesture. "Eet was I, Tony. I—ha!—I fall asleep one mineet ago—here—on the bench."

And then, from Bin No. 4, there arose to rebuke him the faintest nasal murmur, loud at no stage, but loud enough withal to start a sympathetic murmur in Bin No. 3. These, combining and gathering range and momentum, spread with incredible swiftness to Bins 1 and 2, and the line then complete, the cellar shook and rumbled like a cathedral organ. There was but one silent thing—the janitor.

"So it was you we heard, Tony," said Rudyard amiably. "Well, of course, that relieves us. Now," he continued, starting suddenly for the rear of the cellar, "just out of curiosity while I'm down here, I'd like to make sure that the back door is fastened. It's a mere whim, as I know you're a very careful janitor, but—"

"Will! Will!" cried his wife in the hall above, "do be careful."

"Ah!" concluded Rudyard, "I thought so."

Ranged compactly in the shadow at the back of the cellar, he beheld the peanut pushcart, the apple pushcart, the gentlemen's furnishings pushcart, the ladies' neckwear pushcart, and lastly, bright in darkness even, the pushcart of pink saints in yellow frames. Rudyard masculine came forward into the light.

"Tony," said he, "in case you should need any more bedding or blankets or pillows, or, in fact, anything to add to the comfort of your boarders in our bin, just say the word"—he was up the stairs by this time—"and I'm sure we'll be glad to furnish them."

"Tony was right after all, my dear," he said to his agitated wife. "He told you once, I believe, that there was an Italian colony not far from here. There is one. It's down our cellar."

At that darkest hour, which is just before dawn—or said to be on good authority—a stocky figure in a checked blouse stood wrapped in meditation at the entrance to a basement.

"Nobody now can prova noting," he said to himself. "I make alla get out—get out quick and no coma back. Foura bins—twenty-seexa men—thirteen dollar week—damn!"

Two blocks down a darkened thoroughfare, their chauffeurs sleepily muttering, pushcarts were passing forever from a certain nice neighborhood.—New York Telegraph.

The prim young woman from New England who was devoting herself to the education of the negro in a southern school told one of her small scholars to bring a bucket of water from the spring.

"I ain't gwine fetch no water," he whined, rebelliously.

"Oh, Eph!" she protested, "you mustn't say that. Don't you remember how I have taught you: First person, singular, I am not going; second person, you are not going; third person, he is not going. Plural: First person, we are not going; second person, you are not going; third person, they are not going. Now, Eph, do you understand it perfectly?"

"Yas'm, I un'stands—ain't nobody gwine."—Collier's.

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