AT THE POST OF DUTY

OR, THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Left alone with the fairy, Willie Willders began his duties as sick-nurse, a sphere of action into which he had never thought of being introduced, even in his wildest dreams.

He began by asking the fairy if she was all right and comfortable, to which she replied that she was not; upon which he explained that he meant was she as right and comfortable as could be expected in the circumstances; could he do anything for her, in fact, or get her anything that would make her more comfortable than she was,—but the fairy shook her poor head and said, "No."

"Come, now, won't you have somethin' to eat? What had you for dinner?" said Willie, in a cheery voice, looking round the room, but not discovering any symptoms of food beyond a few empty plates and cups (the latter without handles), and a teapot with half a spout.

"I had a little bread and butter," said the fairy.

"No tipple?" inquired the nurse.

"No; except water."

"Ain't there none in the house?"

"No."

"D'ye git nothin' better at other times?" inquired Willie in surprise.

"Not often. Father is very poor. He was ill for a long time, too, and if it hadn't been for your kind master I think we should all have starved. He's better now, but he needs pretty good living to keep him up to his work—for there's a deal of training to be done, and it wears him out if he don't get meat. But the pantomimes began and we were getting on better, when the fire came and burnt everything we had almost, so we can't afford much meat or beer, and I don't like beer, so I've got them persuaded to let me live on bread and butter and water. I would like tea better, because it's hot, but we can't afford that."

Here was a revelation! The fairy lived upon bread and butter and water! Willie thought that but for the interpolation of the butter it would have borne marvelous resemblance to prison fare.

"When had you dinner?" inquired Willie suddenly.

"I think about four o'clock."

"Ay! can't you eat nothin' now?"

Again the fairy shook her head.

"Nor drink?"

"Look if there's anything in the teapot," said the fairy.

Willie looked, shook his head and said—"Not a drop."

"Any leaves?"

"Why, y-yes," he brought the pot nearer to the candle; "there are a few used-up ones."

"Oh, do pour some hot water into it; but I fear the water is cold, and the fire's too low to boil it, and I know the coals are done; but father gets paid his salary to-morrow, and he'll give me some tea then. He's very kind to me, father is, and so is Jim."

She sighed as she spoke, and shut her eyes.

"Ziza," said Willie in a careless tone, "you won't object to my leavin' your for a few minutes; only a few; I want to get a little fresh air, and see what sort of a night it is; I won't be long gone."

Ziza, so far from objecting, said that she was used to being left alone for long hours at a time, and wouldn't mind it. So Willie put the candle nearer to her bedside, placed a tea-cup of water within reach, went out, shut the door softly behind him, groped his way through the passage and up the stair, and got into the street.

That day his eccentric employer had paid him his first month's wage, a sovereign, with many complimentary remarks as to his usefulness. The golden coin lay in his pocket. It was the first he had ever earned. He had intended to go straight home and lay the shining piece in his mother's lap, for Willie was a peculiar boy, and had some strange notions in regard to the destination of "first-fruits." Where he had got them nobody could tell. Perhaps his mother knew, but nobody ever questioned her upon the point.

Taking this gold piece from his pocket, he ran into the nearest respectable street, and selected there the most respectable grocer's shop, into which he entered, and demanded a pound of the shopman's best tea, a pound of his best sugar, a pound of his best butter, a cut of his best bacon, and one of his best wax candles. Willie knew nothing about relative proportion in regard to such things; he only knew that they were usually bought and consumed together.

The shopman looked at the little purchaser in surprise, but as Willie emphatically repeated his demands he gave him the required articles. On receiving the sovereign he looked twice at Willie, rung the piece of money three times on the counter, and then returned the change.

Gathering the packages in his arms, and putting the candle between his vest and bosom, he went into a baker's shop, purchased a loaf, and returned to the "subterraneous grotto" laden like the bee.

To say that the fairy was surprised when he displayed these things, would be a feeble use of language. She opened her large eyes until Willie begged her in alarm not to open them wider for fear they should come out, at which sally she laughed, and then, being weak, she cried.

After that she fell in with her nurse's humor, and the two proceeded to "have a night of it." Ziza said she'd be a real fairy and tell him what to do, and Willie said he'd be a gnome or a be-fairy and do it.

At the outset Willie discovered that he had forgotten coals, but this was rectified by another five minutes' airing, and a rousing fire was quickly roaring in the chimney, while the kettle sang and spluttered on it like a sympathetic thing, as no doubt it was. Willie cleared the small table that stood at the invalid's bed-side, and arranged upon it the loaf, the teapot, two cracked tea-cups, the butter and sugar, and the wax-candle—which latter was stuck into a quart bottle in default of a better candlestick.

"Now ain't that jolly?" said the nurse, sitting down and rubbing his hands.

"Very!" replied the patient, her eyes sparkling with delight.

"It's so like a scene in a play," continued Willie.

"Only much more real," suggested the fairy.

"Now, then, Ziza, have a cup o' tea, fresh from the market o' China, as your Dad would say, if he was sellin' it by auction. He's a knowin' codger your dad is, Ziza. There, I knowed I forgot somethin' else—the cream!"

"I don't mind it, indeed I don't," said Ziza earnestly.

Willie had started up to run out and rectify this omission, but on being assured that the fairy liked tea almost as well without as with cream, and that there was no cream to be got near at hand, he sat down again and continued to do the honors of the table. First he made the fairy sit up in bed, and commented sadly on her poor thin neck as she did it, observing that she was nothing better than a skeleton in a skin. Then he took off his own jacket and put it on her shoulders, tying the arms round her neck. Next he placed a piece of board in front of her, saying that it was a capital tray, and on this he arranged the viands neatly.

"Now, then, go at it, Ziza," he said, when all was arranged.

Ziza, who received his attentions with looks that were wonderfully grateful for one in her weak state of health, went at it with such vigor that the bread was eaten and the tea drunk in a few minutes, and the supply had to be renewed. When she was in the middle of her second round of buttered toast (for Willie had toasted the bread), she stopped suddenly.

"Why don't you go on?" asked Willie.

"Because you have not eaten or drunk one mouthful yet."

"But I'm lookin' at you, and ain't that better! However, if ye won't go on I'll not keep you back," and with that Willie set to work, and being uncommonly hungry, did what he styled "terrible execution among the victuals."

For some time the nurse and patient ate in comparative silence, but by degrees they began to talk, and as they became more confidential their talk became more personal.

"D'you like bein' a fairy?" said Willie, after a lull in the conversation.

"No, I don't," replied Ziza.

"Why not?"

"Because—because—I don't like the kind of things we have to do, and—and—in short, I don't like it at all, and I often pray God to deliver me from it."

"That's strange, now," said Willie, "I would have thought it great fun to be a fairy. I'd rather be a little clown or a he-fairy myself, now, than anything else I know of, except a fireman."

"A fireman, Willie!"

"Yes, a fireman. My brother, Blaz—a—Frank, I mean, is one, and he saved the lives of some people not long since."

Of course Willie here diverged into a graphic account of the fire in Beverly Square, and, seeing that Ziza listened with intense earnestness, he dilated upon every point, and went with special minuteness into the doings of Frank.

When he concluded, Ziza heaved a very deep sigh and closed her eyes.

"I've tired you, Ziza," exclaimed Willie, jumping up with a look of anxiety, and removing the tea-board and jacket, as the child slipped down under the clothes. He asked if she wanted to go to sleep.

"Yes, for I'm very tired," she sighed languidly; then added, "but please read to me a little first."

"What book am I to read you?" said Willie, looking around the room where no book of any kind was to be seen.

"Here, it's under the pillow."

Willie put his hand under the pillow and pulled out a small pocket-Bible.

"Read the third chapter of St. John's Gospel," said the child, closing her eyes.

Willie read in the monotonous tones of a schoolboy's voice until he came to the sixteenth verse: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Stop at that verse," whispered Ziza. "I'll go to sleep now."

Her deep breathing soon proclaimed that she was in the land of dreams, so Willie removed the candle a little further away from her, and then resting his elbows on the table, his head in his hands began to read the Bible. He turned over a few pages without much intention of finding any particular place, for he was beginning to feel sleepy.

The first words his eyes fell upon were, "Blessed are they that consider the poor."

He roused up a little at this, and read the verse again, for he connected it with the fact that the fairy was poor. Then he pondered it for some time, and, falling asleep (kept his head on the Bible with such force that he woke up for a little and tried to read again, he gave up the attempt, and, laying his forehead down upon it, quickly fell sound asleep.

In his state the couple were discovered, an hour or two later, by Messrs. Cattley senior and junior on their return from the theatre.

"Inscrutable mysteries! say, what is this?" exclaimed the elder clown, advancing into the room on tiptoe.

Apostrophizing his eye and one Betty Martin, the younger clown said that it was a "rare go and no mistake," whereupon his father laid his hand on Willie's shoulder and gently shook him.

"Eh! another cup, Ziza?" exclaimed the sold-accused nurse, as he put out his hand to seize the teapot. "Hallo! I thought it was the fairy," he added, looking up with a sleepy smile; "I do believe I've gone and fell asleep."

"Why, lad, where got ye all those things?" inquired the senior Cattley, laying aside his cloak and cap, and speaking in a low tone, for Ziza was still sleeping soundly.

"Well, I got 'em," replied Willie in a meditative tone, "from a friend of mine—a very particular friend of mine—as declines to let me mention his name, so you'll have to be satisfied with the wittles and without the name of the virtuous giver. P'raps it was a duck, or a squire, or a archbishop as did it. Anyway his name warn't Walker. See now, you've bin an' woke up the fairy."

The sick child moved as he spoke, but it was only a turn, without awaking, on her side.

"Well, lad," said the clown sitting down and looking wistfully in the face of his daughter, "you've got your own reasons for not tellin' me—mayhap I've a pretty good guess—anyhow I say God bless him, for I do believe he's saved the child's life. I've not seen her sleep like that for weeks. Look at her, Jim; ain't she like her old self?"

"Yes, father, she don' need no paint and flour to make a fairy of her just now. She's just like what she was the last time I seed her go up in a gauze cloud to heaven, with red and blue fire blazin' all round her."

"I'll bid ye good-night now," said Willie, buttoning up his jacket to the chin, and pulling his cap down on his brows with the air of a man who has a long walk before him.

"You're off, dro you—eh?" said the elder clown, rising and taking Willie by the hand, "well, you're a good lad. Thank'ee for comin' here an' takin' care of Ziza. My subterranean grotto ain't much to boast of, but such as it is you're welcome to it at all times. Good night."

"Good-night," said Willie; "good-night, Jim."

Jim replied good-night heartily, and then Willie stepped into the dark passage. He glanced back at the fairy before shutting the door, but her eyes were closed, so he said good-night to her in his heart, and went home.

CHAPTER XVII.

"My dear Miss Tippet, I shall never, no never, get over it."

So said and so undoubtedly thought a thin little old lady with remarkably bright eyes, and a sweet old face, as she sat sipping tea at Miss Tippet's elbow.

It was in the drawing-room of Miss Deemas that she sat, and the Eagle sat opposite to her.

"It was very dreadful," responded Miss Tippet with a sigh—"very."

"It was awful. I know I shall never get over it,—never," repeated the little old lady, finishing her tea, and asking for another cup in the calmest possible voice, with the sweetest possible smile.

"Oh yes, you will, Mrs. Denman," said Miss Deemas snappishly.

"No, indeed, I won't," repeated Mrs. Denman; "how can I? Just think of the situation. Sitting in my chair in deshabille, when a man—a man, Miss Deemas—"

"Well, I know what a man is," said the Eagle bitterly; "why don't you go on?"

"Burst himself through my bedroom door," continued Mrs. Denman, "with lime and charcoal and brick-dust and water streaming down his face,—f—fo—olded me in his arms, bore me out into the street—the street! Oh! I shall never get over it; and so little, so very little clothing on me—"

"How much had you on?" asked Miss Deemas in a deep voice, the calmness of which contrasted forcibly with Mrs. Denman's excited tones.

"Really, Miss Deemas, I see no necessity for going into particulars. It is sufficient to know that I was carried by a man into the street in the face of some thousands of people, for I heard them cheering though I saw them not. I know I shall never get over it—another cup, my love; not quite so much sugar—no, not if I were to live to the age of Methuselah."

"I don't wonder, indeed I don't," murmured the sympathetic Miss Tippet. "I think, Julia dear, you are a little too hard on Mrs. Denman. How would you like to have been carried out of a burning house in such a way by a big rough man?"

"Oh, my dear," interposed Mrs. Denman, "I did not say he was rough. Big he certainly was, and strong, but I must do him the justice to say that the man li—lif—oh me! lifted me up very tenderly, and carried me as though I had been an infant and he my mother, through smoke and fire and water, into the street, before the eyes of the—whole—oh, it's too awful to think of!"

"Stuff!" ejaculated Miss Deemas, pecking a piece of cake out of her fingers as she would, metaphorically of course, have pecked the eyes out of the head of Frank Willders, or any other man. "Didn't you say he put a blanket round you?"

"Of course, Miss Deemas; I should have died otherwise of pure shame."

"No, you wouldn't," retorted the Eagle. "You would probably have been half suffocated and a good deal dirtied, and you might have been singed, but you wouldn't have died; and what need you care now, for the people saw nothing but a bundle. You might have been a bundle of old clothes for all they knew or cared. All they wanted to see was the bravery, as they call it, of the man, as if there were not hundreds upon hundreds of women who would do the same thing if their muscles were strong enough, and occasion served."

"But it was a brave act, you know," said Miss Tippet timidly.

"I don't know that," retorted Miss Deemas, helping herself to more cake with as much decision of manner as if she had been carrying it off by force of arms from before the very muzzles of a masculine battery. "I don't know that. He had to escape, you know, for his own life, and he might as well bring a bundle along with him as not."

"Yes; but then;" said Miss Tippet, "he first went up the—the thingumy you know."

"No, he didn't," retorted Miss Deemas smartly; "he was in the house at the time, and only came down the 'thingumy,' as you call it!"

It was a peculiarity of Miss Deemas's character, that she claimed the right to be as rude as she chose to people in her own house, and rather prided herself on this evidence of independence.

(To be Continued.)

HIS WIFE'S FAULT.

They were speaking of the pessimistic member.

"He never looks on the bright side," said one.

"No," added another. "Moreover, if there's any way for him to shift the blame for his misfortunes on others, rest assured he'll do it."

"Quite so," concluded a third. "Why, the other day they told me of his wife's devoted nursing of him during his recent attack of rheumatism. In spite of his fault-finding, his spouse did everything she could to alleviate his pain. Often his sufferings would cause the poor thing to burst into tears as she sat by his bedside. Well, one day a friend dropped in to see how the invalid was getting on.

"'Badly, badly,' wailed the pessimistic one. 'And, do you know, it's all my wife's fault.'

"'Impossible!' gasped the friend in surprise.

"'Quite true, I assure you,' murmured the sick man. 'It is this way. Damp places are bad for me; yet there that woman sits and cries just to make the air moist.'"

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

FARM TOPICS.

Every farmer should keep an account of his farming operations. Too often little business details are left to memory, which in these days of hurry and bustle is not to be relied upon.

Money can always be made on the farm by buying for cash only. To run an account for groceries, etc., is to open a little leak that may let away with quite a little pile by the end of the year. Buy for cash where possible. You get the best price and better value for your money and are not so apt to buy things you don't want.

One often hears much talk about the necessity of keeping all utensils about the dairy sweet, and nothing about pure air. Then again one will hear much about the necessity of pure air in the dairy, and nothing about sweet, pure utensils. Either is essential, and both are necessary in the well regulated dairy, if a fine product is to be turned out.

To make the most of the hired man, plan his work carefully, and keep a strict account of the time he spends on each branch of work. This will enable you to estimate the value of his work and to so arrange it that you shall get the most out of it. The money-making farmer does so largely because he looks after the little leaks on the farm. It is surprising how quickly time and money can be frittered away by neglecting the little things on the farm. By not keeping the machinery in order, by not keeping the fences in repair and a hundred other ways.

Pigs should be well but not overfed. A good bacon pig of 168 pounds ought to be produced in seven months from its birth. It should not be crammed, neither should it be half-starved, but fed steadily and regularly. Pigs fed steadily and regularly will give the most satisfactory results to the feeder when weighed in the factories. A hog which has been half-starved at any period of his life, even though well fed afterwards, will not do so. Feed three times a day at fixed hours, never leave food in the troughs after the pigs have finished.

A writer to an English exchange says: "I have only one remedy for a sick pig, and it is a very simple one. Rheumatism, paralysis, blind staggers thumps, scours, etc., I treat all alike, though in varying proportions. My cure-all is nothing more than fresh new milk and turpentine. For a young pig say, six weeks old, I administer a teaspoonful of turpentine in, say, a half pint of milk. Unless the pig is very sick it will readily drink this. If too far gone to drink it must be administered with a spoon. An older pig, however, will seldom refuse new milk, even when a tablespoonful is given in a quart or more. Grade the dose from a teaspoonful at six weeks old to a tablespoonful or more for a mature hog."

COOKING FOOD FOR PIGS.

Many farmers believe in cooking food for pigs, some even going so far as to cook all their food. The results of numerous experiments show that, as a rule, steaming or cooking food, especially coarse food for cattle, adds nothing to its value. Potatoes, however, cannot be fed to swine in any quantity without cooking, and often grains which are damaged in some way should first be cooked before feeding. Warm feed must not be confused with cooking it. An occasional feed of cooked food will be relished by way of variety. Warming or soaking the food may make it more easily digestible. In this way warming the feed may be agreeable to the palate, and perhaps may make it more comfortable or advantageous for increased comfort will aid in economizing the food, or increasing the gains.

WEEDS.

There are two ways of completely destroying weeds. One is to let them have an opportunity to grow and, by frequent cultivating, turn them under as fast as they make their appearance; the other being to crowd them out by growing some crop that will not give the weeds a chance to grow. No system of cultivation will kill all the weeds if a crop is desired—such as corn—for the grass and weeds will only be kept down so long as cultivation lasts, especially as corn is usually "laid by" a time when the weeds are producing seeds, thus establishing themselves for the succeeding year. As a test of what supposed clean culture of corn may be, simply cut down a row of stalks and a row of weeds will remain. As a single weed produces thousands of seeds the labor of destroying the weeds must be repeated next season.

THE COST AND PROFIT.

Profit depends upon circumstances. The hen that lays the largest number of eggs does not always give the greatest profit. One dozen eggs in winter, at thirty cents a dozen, permits of a greater profit than two dozen when eggs are fifteen cents a dozen. The sum derived is the same but it costs less to produce one dozen eggs than it does to produce two dozen, and although the same amount of money is received in both cases, yet the profit is not what it derived in the gross sum, but that which is produced above the cost; hence, a hen is profitable according to the season during which she lays the greatest number, and the prices obtained therefor. In summer, however, the eggs may cost nothing if the hens are on a range.

SPRAYING FRUIT TREES.

Many people think it unnecessary to spray young fruit trees before they begin to bear. This is a mistake, and when spraying is being done the young trees should be sprayed at the same time and with the same mixture as the older bearing trees.

The fungus scab affects the leaf as well as the fruit, and the object should be to prevent it from ever getting a foothold. And if young trees are kept free from it there will be little or, at least, much less difficulty in dealing with it when the trees come into bearing. The following will be kept in mind, and that the most vital importance to the health, vigor and usefulness of

STORIES OF LAWYERS.

Anecdotes of Celebrated English Barristers.

Anecdotes of [illegible] the writer of a short article on [illegible] in Blackwood's Magazine, the most exciting retort [illegible] or read was the following, which I saw in some country newspaper report of the assize case. A [illegible] had been cross-examining a [illegible] for some time with very little [illegible] and had nearly roused the [illegible] of the judge, the jury, and [illegible] in court. At last the [illegible] intervened with an imperative [illegible] the learned counsel to [illegible] his cross-examination. The [illegible] who received the judicial [illegible] with a very bad grace, [illegible] telling the witness to stand [illegible] accosted him with the jarring [illegible] "Ah, you're a queer old fellow! Well, we all see [illegible] over fellow! We've all seen [illegible] The witness, keeping over [illegible] box, quietly [illegible] "I [illegible] return the compliment if I [illegible] on oath!"

[illegible] story is told in the same [illegible] of Edwin James, a famous [illegible] who was [illegible] for [illegible] professional conduct. As he [illegible] to be made Sir [illegible] Edwin James was [illegible] for [illegible] consummate impudence. At one [illegible] he lived in [illegible] End [illegible], for which the [illegible] could never succeed in obtaining any rent. At last the Lord [illegible] to an expedient which he might arouse his agent to a [illegible] of his obligations. He asked [illegible] he would be kind enough to [illegible] him on a little legal matter [illegible] he was concerned, and on [illegible] presenting, drew upon a slip [illegible] paying his own [illegible] The learned counsel [illegible] to state what he considered [illegible] course for a landlord to [illegible] under such conditions. The [illegible] returned to him the next [illegible] with the following sentence [illegible]:

"In my opinion, this is a case which [illegible] of only one remedy, [illegible] James."

The single defect of that [illegible] judges, the late Lord Bowen, [illegible] perhaps an undue propensity for [illegible], which on one occasion [illegible] in from the bar, he [illegible] effort on the [illegible] Shortly [illegible] appointment as a judge [illegible] was trying a [illegible] in a county town, and [illegible] of the [illegible] the tedium of the proceedings [illegible] summed up somewhat in the following fashion: "You've [illegible] gentlemen, that [illegible] counsel laid great [illegible] on the enormity of the [illegible] with which the prisoner is charged, but [illegible] it is only due to [illegible] to point out that in passing [illegible] sentence he attaches [illegible] remarkable [illegible] importance to the [illegible] of the [illegible] rather than that [illegible] the [illegible] invalid lady [illegible] remarked, with [illegible] that he had the pointed skull [illegible] idiot. Am I right?"

"Quite so, old boy," said the [illegible] of the occasion. "That's my [illegible] when I was on my walking [illegible] this summer I did nearly all [illegible]

[illegible] CTION WENT WRONG.

[illegible] said the reader [illegible] all the moment I [illegible] what kind of man the [illegible] whether tall or short, and [illegible] characteristics. Oh, I [illegible] don't know how I came [illegible]."

"Must be a gift," [illegible] of the company.

"Second sight or [illegible] observed another.

"Or on your hat," said [illegible] anxious to see how it [illegible] number of hats were [illegible] one source or [illegible] hats, and [illegible] ownership was [illegible]

[illegible] reader took a [illegible] time, soft, shabby [illegible] the lot, and began to [illegible]

[illegible] he said "is the [illegible] of a [illegible]

"How do you know?"

"Unmistakable signs. The [illegible] up at the back; that comes [illegible] sleeping in hay-mows or [illegible] trees. It is pulled down in [illegible] to shade the face from too [illegible] inspection."

"Wonderful. Go on."

"His owner was often hungry. He [illegible] gnawed the brim. He was [illegible] for he hid things in the [illegible] The shape of the crown [illegible] that he had the pointed skull [illegible] idiot. Am I right?"

"Quite so, old boy," said the [illegible] of the occasion. "That's my [illegible] when I was on my walking [illegible] this summer I did nearly all [illegible] you mention. Try another."

THE MURDERERS' [illegible]

"MEN OF PREY" GATHER IN THE GAY CITY.

Restaurants Haunted by Ruffians Seeking Victims.

"There are in Paris [illegible] Han Schooll on the [illegible] zini's conviction, [illegible] individuals who don't [illegible] but who take their coffee, all the same their strength. [illegible] dressed. Flowers [illegible] tonholes and an [illegible] their lips. Thus equipped, mustachioed birds [illegible] seats on the terrace [illegible] able boulevard resort [illegible] man of prey speaks [illegible] languages, five or six [illegible] Slavonic origin. [illegible] season at Marienbad [illegible] the German waters [illegible] been seen at Dieppe [illegible] Vichy. Lachon, [illegible] is usually a 'cosmopolite' [illegible] Germany and in [illegible] as a 'chevalier.' [illegible] is the nihilistic [illegible]

THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

The distinguishing [illegible] these criminals [illegible] They want to [illegible] they do not succeed [illegible] gain their ends, [illegible] be an easy one, [illegible] own precious [illegible] defenceless women [illegible] them for their [illegible] Noar Claypoles [illegible] Strangely enough [illegible] killers of women [illegible] More than three [illegible] one was an officer [illegible] the crime was [illegible] and in each [illegible] followed upon [illegible] should be noted [illegible] these men died [illegible] true of most [illegible] most cowardly. [illegible] that this genius [illegible] the continent and [illegible] larly, but it is [illegible] the majority of [illegible] France are [illegible] mostly belong to [illegible] eigners who are [illegible] as rastaquoueres. [illegible] zini and Prado, who [illegible] the class.

KEEPS NERVE AT [illegible]

Prado was quietly [illegible] aroused him on the [illegible] his cell in La Roquette [illegible] ed quietly and when [illegible] the prison told him [illegible] flannel singlet which [illegible] he said, "of course [illegible] the way." Then [illegible] over his papers, declining [illegible] handing others to [illegible] they were tying [illegible] "Leave me a [illegible] between the ankles."

The crime for which [illegible] victed was the murder [illegible] ustant in the Rue [illegible] he was suspected, [illegible] years of age, of a [illegible] crime. He was [illegible] lar murder in a [illegible] made careful [illegible] rehearsed the crime [illegible] out so successfully [illegible] by a mere chance that [illegible] ted, many months [illegible]

He was a man of [illegible] ity. When, in the [illegible] his advocate having [illegible] "Have you anything [illegible] defense?" he answered [illegible] begin it over again [illegible] gan an oration which [illegible] hours and which [illegible] the court, bar, and [illegible] of the jurymen wiped [illegible] these no doubt [illegible] lance after they had [illegible] sult, for he was [illegible] animously. (In France [illegible] given by a majority of [illegible] his defense had [illegible] doubt lingered after [illegible] in the minds of the [illegible] chance was given him [illegible] certain obscure points [illegible] days before his execution [illegible] was dispatched by the [illegible] interrogate him in his [illegible] failed to satisfy this [illegible] proved by the fact that [illegible] tion followed.

POOR WORK BY THE [illegible]

Vodable, who was convicted [illegible] barbarous murder of a [illegible] had escaped to Belgium, [illegible] utterly destitute, returned [illegible] Paris to give himself up. [illegible] told the police, he had [illegible] way and every night had [illegible] shelter in the barracks of [illegible] ed police. Now the [illegible] was out after him and [illegible]