

MINE ENEMY.

(CONCLUDED.)

It was about the middle of March, I think that I rode off one morning to the nearest settler's house, some twenty miles off, on the other side of the Craycroft, to ask for the loan of some bullocks to drag our timber down to the creek—it was too low to work the mill just then, but we expected a rise shortly—and also to inquire after a stray horse of our own. I reached "Thornicroft's" in good time, executed the first part of my commission, but could hear nothing of the lost animal: and, as it was still early in the afternoon, determined to take a longer way home and look for it myself. I thought myself well enough acquainted with the Bush to find my way, though I did not know the ground so well in this particular direction, and old Thornicroft, as I rode off, warned me to be careful, and even pressed me to wait till one of the station hands could be spared to go with me, I was anxious to return the same night, and incredulous of any danger, so I insisted, and left.

Mile after mile I rode, as I thought, in the direction of "Gibson's" without finding a trace of the fugitive. It was already near sunset when it struck me that the look of the place was unfamiliar, and that I seemed to be getting no nearer the station. Still I thought I could not miss it by keeping steadily to the westward, but the farther I went the more completely I was at fault. I was "bushed," and no mistake. Still, it would probably involve no more than a night's camping out—and I was used to that—for I could, I thought, find my way back to Thornicroft's next morning.

I had no idea where I was, except for the conjecture that, in getting farther away from Gibson's than I had ever been before, I must be approaching the Huon River, and seeing some rising ground before me, hastened up it, thinking that I might get a more extended view from the top.

I saw before me a grassy valley, containing the bed of a good-sized stream, though there was very little water in it just then. Higher up, the dense forest came down close to the banks; where I stood, it was more like an open glade, with great stringy barks growing here and there on the slopes, far enough apart to give an unobstructed view of a slab-tub about fifty yards below me, which I made for at once.

There was no one in it but the hut-keeper, who told me, in answer to my inquiries, that this was Murdoch's Creek, and that he was in the employ of Mr. Young, of Mangana.

I started at the name, and looked at the man again, but did not remember having seen him before, and he did not appear to recognize me. After all, I had never been up to this part of the run while I was at Mangana, though it was not more than ten or eleven miles from the head station, and the man might be a new hand. He was a repulsive-looking fellow enough, but extended to me the hospitality of tea and a camper, and told me I might sleep there if I wanted, pointing to one of the bed-places fixed against the wall.

I was very tired, and not disposed to appreciate the hut-keeper's conversation, partly, I must own, from a nervous dread of being recognised and claimed for an old acquaintance, for I could see at a glance that the man was a "lag," though thankful to find I did not know him. I asked him once, as carelessly as I could, whether he knew a stockman here called Donovan, whereon, having shaken out the inmost recesses of his memory, he declared, in the ornate style which characterised him, that he had never heard of such a man, imparting incidentally much information, as that he had been at Mangana nearly six months, that it was a beastly place, and a great deal more, which I have forgotten, and only half attended to at the time. I pleaded fatigue, and tumbled into my bunk as soon as I could, having previously hobbled my horse outside and brought in the saddle, which I used as a pillow. In a little while I was asleep.

I always sleep lightly, and it could not have been very long before I awoke, aroused, I suppose, by the sound of voices outside.

Some instinct, I cannot tell what, prompted me, as three men entered the hut, to lie still and give no sign of being awake. It could not have been suspicion, for it was not till some minutes after that I knew I had heard one of the voices before. As I was quite in the shadow I did not attract attention at first, and I could see them without moving, where I lay. The man whose voice I recognised had come out in the same ship with me; he had escaped and taken to the Bush some three years ago, and his name was dreaded throughout Bushingham. Another was a convict stockman I remembered—the same who had run away and left poor Donovan to his fate; the third I did not know.

They had gathered round the fire over their supper, conversing in short, broken growls, of which I could distinguish nothing intelligible, till the bushranger asked, in a louder tone, "It's all ready, then?"

"Look out, mate," said the hut-keeper. "I forgot, there's a cove from Gibson's that's lost his way, here."

The man started up with an oath: "Why didn't you tell us, you fool?"

"He was fast asleep, and I forgot all about him till just now. He won't hear what you say if don't wake him up. He's close-up dead-beat. Got a good horse outside, if you like to know that."

The others were hardly satisfied. The stockman took up the tallow-candle which, stuck in a broken bottle, served to light the hut, and held it so that the light fell on my face. I managed to command my nerves and lay still, breathing as regularly as before.

But I know, by the way the light flickered through my closed eyelids, that he gave a start of surprise, and heard his suppressed exclamation. Then he returned to the others, and there was a buzz of excited whispering, in which, more than once, I distinguished the name—long unused—of "Devon Sandy." Gibson, with his instinctive kindness, always called me "Scott," or, latterly, "Alec."

"Why don't you let him into it?" said the hut-keeper. "I reckon he'd have a down on the boss if any one—"

"Catch me at it!" sneered the bushranger. "The white-faced, canting sneak, he'd ruin the whole lot of us. I'd as soon shoot him as look at him. And, by—, I will, too, if I find he's heard one word of this. I'll soon see whether he's awake. Give me the candle, Stringy-bark."

He held it quite close to my face, and, seeing that I did not move, took his revolver, and holding it as close to my temple as he

could without touching, clicked the trigger in my ear. I kept still, and never even twitched an eyelid, though I do not know to this day how I did it. And, besides this, is a marvel to me that they took the trouble to see whether I was asleep or awake, instead of quietly killing me at once, and so settling the question; they might have done it with out danger, and they certainly were not plagued with scruples. But the fact remains—they did not.

They returned at their ease to the discussion of their plans, talking in an undertone, but still not too low for me to hear, and afterwards more loudly, as they gradually forgot their fears.

I strained every nerve not to lose a word. They were going to attack Mangana that very night—plunder partly, but mostly revenge. Dick Young was not beloved among his subordinates. Stringy-bark, the hut-keeper, hated him, so did Bill, the stockman, so did—and more violently than either—Tim Rourke, who, I learnt for the first time, had been assigned to Young too. As for the fourth man, he was a follower of Rourke's, and probably took his chief's word for it that Young was the most detestable of the human species. I found that the servants in the house, all but three, who were excepted by name, and all strangers to me, were either in the plot or assumed to be friendly; that the cook whom Bill claimed as his sweetheart, had promised to poison the dogs and unfasten the door; that the attack was to be made about an hour after midnight; that Mr. and Mrs. Young, and, if necessary, the three servants mentioned, were to be murdered and the house fired.

I do not know that I felt any great fascination of horror as I lay listening to this. The one idea that filled my mind was that I might prevent it, and all my energies were actively engaged on the problem—how. Only, for the moment, of course, my blood ran cold when I heard this:

"And her; you won't forget her, Tim?"

"I'll be—if I do! I'll be—if I should have gone to Macquarie but for her. What the devil business had she to go complaining of the hands? He was bad enough, but she set him on."

"And that stuck-up piece, my lady's maid?" said the hut-keeper. "She wouldn't have anything to say to you, eh, Bill?"

Bill, who was not a man of many words, swore a concise and vigorous oath, and an incipient burst of laughter that followed was suppressed by the entreating gestures of the hut-keeper.

"She's just such another as that—"

(myself, I suppose).

"We'll take her to the Bush with us and see how she likes that," remarked Rourke.

"Now look sharp, mates; if you want to get any sleep you'd better get it now, and, Stringy-bark, you call us when it's time."

They lay down in three of the remaining bed-places, wrapped themselves in their blankets, and were soon asleep—at least so I concluded—and I did not see why they should have taken the trouble to snore so loudly if they were not, since they believed me to be unconscious of their presence. Stringy-bark, taking a bottle of spirits to cheer his lonely watch, sat down by the door—I suppose for greater convenience in watching the stars, since he had no other time-piece—with his legs across the threshold. I was just weighing a wild idea of the possibility of opening negotiations with him when I saw that he was beginning to look sleepy, and reflected that his frequent "nips"—he took one about every five minutes—could not be conducive to wakefulness. Before very long I heard him joining in chorus with the rest; and, after waiting a short time to make sure, I sat up noiselessly and drew off my boots, and then, taking them in one hand (perhaps I might have saved myself that trouble, but they were not thoroughly well seasoned, and I was mortally afraid they would creak, though the floor was not even boarded), stepped as softly as I could across the hut, over Stringy-bark's legs, and out into the open air.

Once round the corner, I could put my boots on at my leisure, and started to find my horse. I had left my saddle behind? the risk of taking it out was too great, and I was by this time quite able to ride without one, on occasion, though I preferred not doing so. It was now, if I could judge by the position of the Southern Cross, between ten and eleven. I had a good hour's start, but it would be all I could do to get there in time. There was a sort of beaten track, and at about half the distance I knew the way quite well? still, I felt I was undertaking a hazardous business against fearful odds. But there was no going back or hesitating possible? I might fail? all I could do now was to trust in God and go on.

I found the way, forgetting all my former weariness in the excitement of the hour. Now and then I felt chilled with horror, as I thought what would happen if the horse threw me and I were stunned or killed, or if I lost the track and got to the station too late? But I simply told myself that I must not do either of these things, and went on. At last the rush of the Huon River was in my ears; I saw the house outlined on the other side of the valley; and, tying my horse to a tree, and crossing by the ford—the water was low, or I could not have done it—found myself outside the veronica-hedge that bounded the garden.

All was quiet in the house, but there was still light in one of the upper front windows. I saw, with a throb of joy, that it was one which Young used as a private study; he kept his papers there, and often sat in it alone, especially of evenings; and it could be reached from the roof of the verandah. I had feared he would have gone to bed, and wondered all the way how I could get speech of him without alarming the house.

The window was open, the blinds up, and I could see him, as he sat at a table writing—the same handsome head with the curling brown locks, the same face, the same attitude, only it seemed to me that he looked older, colder, and sterner. However, this was no time to think; I must get over into the garden. All was perfectly still. The cook must have kept her promise as regards the dogs. I drew off my boots again and crept up to the verandah, taking care to keep in the shadow, climbed up the corner post, and worked my way noiselessly along to the open window.

I called him softly before raising my head. He did not hear. I rose up, looked in, and was just opening my lips to speak, again when he turned and saw me. In a twinkling he had seized the pistol that lay beside him on the table and fired. I knew I was hit—though, I thought, not badly—but contrived not to cry out or lose my hold of the sill.

"Mr. Young," I said. "Hush! take care; don't make a noise. I want to speak to you. May I come in?"

"Not if I know it." He pointed his Derringer at me again. "You move, I'll fire."

"I am unarmed. I cannot hurt you. I have come to tell you you are in danger."

"Who and what the deuce are you?"

"Mr. Young, don't you remember me?"

He took up the lamp and came nearer.

"You, by all that's sinful! You're here for no good!"

"It's a matter of life and death. Let me in, sir; I can't tell you may be listening outside. If I lift a finger to attack you, or signal to any one below, shoot me dead at once."

"Very well," he said, taking aim. "Come on."

I swung myself into the room, and he, seeing that I was unarmed, lowered his weapon and, going to the window, looked out and listened for some minutes, but all was still. I told him the story in as few words as I could. He whistled thoughtfully, and looked at me keenly once or twice, but did not interrupt me. When I had done he said:

"Let me think. It's a quarter to one; they'll be here directly. I must trust you, I suppose; there's nothing else to be done. Not a soul to be counted on but Donald and the new fellow, Buckley—they're sleeping in the house—and the girl, Belle; she's a plucky creature, and may be of use. Mrs. Young's away."

"Thank God for that!" I said involuntarily.

"I'll call them quietly. If those were the only ones in the house we might hold it against all comers, but there are those other two rascals, and the cook, in league, you say, with Rourke. We must just barricade ourselves in one of the upper rooms. We shall have five men against us, not counting that lot over at the quarters. I don't trust half of them. Still, I think we might hold out, unless they fire the house."

"Wouldn't it be best to send for the soldiers from the district station?"

"Who's to go? Besides, they're watching. I don't doubt, and—"

"Let me go. They didn't hear me come, and I can get out the same way. I know the way. If I can find my horse again I'll get two in half an hour; if you and those two can hold that room, say an hour and a half, till they get here, it'll be all right."

"Well, if you can do it. You'll find a horse in the out paddock, if yours isn't there. Stop a minute." He caught me by the arm as I turned to go, and looked me right in the face.

"Why didn't you say I'd hit you?" he asked, in a tone I had never heard from him before. "Sit down here. You can't go like that."

I had felt no faintness as yet, but my brain reeled then, and I knew nothing more till I saw him standing beside me with a glass of wine in his hand, and heard him say "Drink this, now," and as I did so my strength came back. He bound up my arm with his handkerchief, never speaking, but lifting his eyes to mine, when he had done, with a look that seemed to go down to my very heart. Then he grasped my hand warmly, and I slipped out of the window and went on my way.

I found my horse where I had left him, mounted, and set off on my ride of life and death.

Somehow I felt firmly persuaded I should die that night. I had not thought about it particularly, but the conviction seemed to lie, like an undeniable hard fact, in the background of my consciousness. As I hastened through the ghostly Bush—through the silence broken by the movements and cries of weird nocturnal creatures, I felt as if I were already dead, so far off and unreal did all my every-day life seem. I thought of Gibson, asleep in the hut by the sawmill, or perhaps still up and waiting my return, as if he had been in some other world. There was something strange and uncanny, yet to me not at all unpleasant, about this lonely night-ride under the southern stars, with death at the other end of it. And ever and anon, through the pleasant, dreamy languor that was stealing over my brain, struck the sharp fear of coming too late; and I urged my horse on till, with one more effort and a last frantic rush, he staggered and fell under me in the courtyard of the police-station.

Captain Macnamara was there. I told him what I wanted, and entreated him to make haste; and sooner than I had dared to hope, the troop was ready, and started. They gave me a fresh horse and I rode with them, but the slow progress through the scrub, and along the narrow bush paths, was too much for my feverish impatience. Rourke and his gang must have reached it by this time; perhaps they were even now breaking into the room where Young and those two stood fighting to the last.

"Do you think they can hold out till we come?" asked Macnamara at last. I had been riding beside him, and had answered his questions in detail as to what had happened. He did not seem to recognise me, and I contented myself with telling him I was one of Gibson's hands, and explaining how I had lost myself in the Bush and come to Murdoch's Creek.

"I don't know," I said. "They'll be there by now, and it will be at least another hour before we get there at this rate." For the second time that evening an impulse—strong and distinct as a suggestion from outside—flashed through me, and I obeyed it. "Let me ride on and tell them you're coming. I can get on faster, and it may make all the difference."

He assented, but I hardly waited to hear his answer. I dashed on, as though the Bush were on fire behind me, along a path I could never have ridden in that reckless way by daylight. But then there was no time to think. I reached the turn of the valley where Mangana came in sight; my heart beat quickly, and then almost stood still, with the dread of seeing the flames against the sky; but the stars were shining over it untroubled as before. As I came nearer I saw lights down below and heard the snapping of shots; the upper rooms were dark—no, stay—from the turn in the road I had now reached I could see the back of the house, and from the corner window of the second floor light was visible through the closed venetian shutters. That must be the room they had chosen to barricade themselves in, as it had only on widow, and that not accessible by the verandah like the front ones. I hitched my horse to the palings at the back and again entered the garden. There was no one on the verandah, though the front door was open, and a confused noise to be heard from within. I climbed up, as before, by one of the posts—one cannot be a convict for three years without learning some of the agility as well as the cunning of the serpent—thence gained the roof by

means of the creepers on the front of the house, and crossed it, till I was just over the venetian-shuttered window.

I lay stretched out along the edge and listened. Evidently the attacking force was concentrated on the stairs and in the corridor, for there were no signs of them outside. I seized the water-pipe and swung myself down, till my feet were on the sill, and grasping the shutters, looked in. The door was barred with a chest of drawers and a table; Donald and Buckley, each with a rifle, stood firing through loop-holes out in the wall, while Belle, Mrs. Young's maid—her black hair tied up in a handkerchief—pale as marble, but with steady fingers, handed them the cartridges as they required them. Young was standing by a table loading his Derringers. I called to him. He came and opened the shutters.

"They're coming," I gasped, as I dropped into the room. "Hold out half an hour longer, and they'll be here."

"Just about time they were," he said. "Look here!"

There were only three cartridges left on the table, along with a small heap of bullets and some loose powder in a paper. Just as he spoke, Donald turned round.

"The cartridges are close-up done, sir. Have you any more?"

"None but these. Then you must try what you can do with these old bullets; cut them in halves if they're too large for the bore. That's all I have left. Save up your shots as much as you can, for as soon as they know we've done, they'll make a rush and batter the door down. They can do that if they like when Macnamara comes—not before. Here, you take this," he said, turning to me; "keep it till the last."

He put one of the Derringers into my hand, and while I was looking at the loading, he laid his hand on my shoulder, as we stood together by ourselves in the middle of the room, and asked in a low voice, without looking at me:

"Tell me, what made you come here tonight?"

"I couldn't help it." It was all I could find to say.

"Look here," he said suddenly, nervously playing with his weapon, as it lay on the table, "how should you think of me if I were to die just now?"

I turned my face to his, and the answer rose to my lips I cannot tell how:

"I should always remember that look you gave me when you were tying up my arm."

He looked straight at me this time, right into my eyes, without a word, and then before them all he took me in his arms and kissed me.

"Forgive me!" I scarcely caught the faint whisper as his head lay on my shoulder, and I answered, "All right!" We understood each other, and it was no time for talk. Scarcely had I spoken the words when there was another furious rush at the door, and Donald, firing one more shot, turned back and said with white lips, "That's the last!"

"Stand by me, Scott," said Young, taking his Derringer in his hand, and I stood up beside him, filled with a strange awe-struck joy. No, I would not have changed lots that night with any one on earth.

"I suppose it's a matter of minutes now," he said quietly. "If—"

"Hark!" It was a thrilling woman's cry, almost a scream; and Belle turned round on us from the window with flaming dark eyes and outstretched hands. "Don't you hear them, sir? They're coming."

We could hear nothing as yet; but, straining our ears, after awhile, we caught the sound of advancing horses' feet, and raised all our five voices in such a "oo-ee" as none of us had ever heard before. There was an answering cheer nearer than he had dared hope, and the horse I had ridden, tied to the palings below, neighed loudly, scenting the approach of his comrades.

But at the same moment there was a fresh onset from outside. The lock of the door was blown away with a pistol, there was a wrenching at the hinges, and then a great crash, and the piled-up furniture fell forward and the door over it, and over that Tim Rourke rushed straight at Richard Young with uplifted knife.

I had just time to rush between. I tried to fire, but my pistol was dashed out of my hand. I felt a heavy blow, and fell—half-stunned. When I recovered myself it was too late; the man I had hated so was lying bleeding to death on the floor, and Rourke struggling in the grasp of the soldiers.

I knelt beside him and lifted him in my arms. He opened his eyes and smiled up at me, but closed them again wearily. They came and asked him questions and tried to do what they could for him; but it was no use. It would only have been needless torture to move him, so they left him lying where he was, with his head on my breast. It was only a few minutes.

Captain Macnamara came and knelt beside him and held his hand, and asked if he could do anything for him. He lifted his dying eyes to me again and said:

"He tried to save me—he—do you remember, Mac? He would have died for me. Don't forget?"

And then his head sank back, and I thought he was gone; but he opened his eyes once more, and a great light sprang into his face:

"God bless you—"

Those were his last words.

Harvard Students' Spree.

A party of Harvard students, anxious to get even with the Boston police for some undoubtedly good reason, bought a barber's pole, got a receipt, and started through the street bearing their property. Of course they were soon stopped by a policeman.

"Hello, there, what yer doin' 'ith that pole?" "That's our business." "Oh, is it? Well, you come along 'ith me. So he marched them to the police station. "What's the trouble, officer?" asked the Sergeant. "Stealin' a barber's pole." Then the policeman gave a detailed account of the crime and the arrest of the criminals, who were about to be sent to their dungeon cells, when one of them handed the Sergeant the receipt. "Officer, you may return to your beat," said the Sergeant, and the students filed out bearing the pole proudly.

Two blocks away another policeman stopped them. Then followed the same dialogue, another arrest, and the same scene at the station. And so it went on until the young men had been arrested six times. They might have been arrested twelve times had not a general notice been sent out to the police not to molest the party of young men parading about Boston bearing a barber's pole.

Realistic.

The "realistic" novel writing of the day is this, but it is much more. It works on the principle apparently that everything that is "real," that is, everything which actually exists, and is capable of verbal description, has some sort of a "right," so to speak, to such a description at the hands of Art. In the opinion of the artists of this school of thought the end justifies the means, and the self-gratification of Art is the only canon which has any business to determine whether Art should employ its delineatory powers in one way or in another. Art, according to them is its own canon of taste, its own canon of morality, its own conscience, its own religion. Whatever Art can do, and just in proportion as it can do it "artistically," it has a "right" to do it. "The painters and the sculptors," say these artists "are not content with simply reproducing the conventional 'Nature' which they see around them, but in one very important particular, claim and exercise the right to depict nature, not only in the conventional way in which she appears from day to day, but as she appears when stripped of the coverings which custom has superimposed. Just as they reproduce the human form in its nudity so do we claim the right to lay bare and expose in all its nakedness the workings of human emotion and human passion. These things are 'facts' in existence. They can be described. They can be graphically, 'artistically' described. Therefore, we claim the 'right' to describe them."

Such in its essence is the reasoning with which the most "realistic" of the modern writers of fiction justify their work. They not only write, but they defend their writing, and when their arguments are closely examined they amount to this, that the moral quality of the product depends chiefly, if not altogether, on the artistic skill displayed. What would be obscene if rudely done, becomes legitimate, if not innocuous, when done artistically. Descriptions which in the "Police Gazette" would be condemned as immoral and prurient, are not to be reasonably objected to when they appear on the well printed pages of—by the well known and popular author or authoress Mr.—or Miss or Mrs.—It does not require great penetration to see that a more dangerously sophistical way of reasoning could hardly be imagined. If the end justifies the means in Art, the end may justify the means in anything, and then what becomes of morality? If there is no standard of the "proper" and the "moral" in Art apart from Art's own opinions as to what it can do "artistically" then why should laborers in any department of effort be prevented from doing whatever they choose. The only thing for them to see to is that it be done "artistically."

So bold are these "realistic" novel writers becoming that they are attracting the serious attention of such newspapers as the "New York Herald." That journal recently held a sort of symposium on the subject, in which a number of leading people, some of them novel writers and some of them not, gave their views. There was considerable diversity of opinion, but one fact was strongly emphasized by the most thoughtful among them, this, namely, that parents ought to make it a solemn duty to overlook their children's reading, and see to it that they do not poison their minds with what older people might perhaps read with comparative immunity. However unreasonable it may be, it was said, to trammel Art by the interests of the school girl, nevertheless somebody ought to make it a duty to see to it that the school girl is not allowed to read everything, simply because it appears in print. That is perfectly true. There is much that persons of mature years may be justified in reading which would be very injurious to immature minds. And therefore it is that every father and mother should make a censor of himself or herself as to what their children shall read, not thoughtlessly issuing a ukase against all fiction indiscriminately, for much of the purest and noblest literature of the day is fiction, but by judicious supervision, guiding their children to refuse the evil and choose the good. It may be a little troublesome to do this, but certainly it is worth the cost. Public condemnation of a book by any set of self-constituted censors generally does more harm than good, but the careful oversight of what their children read is one of the most necessary duties of a conscientious parent, and one which the exercise of a little judgment and discretion will enable him or her to discharge with a large measure of beneficial result.

The Canadian Oil Field.

In a lecture which he delivered in January last before the Royal Engineers at Chatham, Eng., Mr. Charles Marvin, the well-known traveller and writer on Central Asian affairs and on the Russian oil industry, said: "Thanks to the Burmese oil-fields, we are in a position to light all Asia, lubricate all Asia, and fuel all Asia. In Canada we have a petroleum supply sufficient to illuminate all America when the United States' wells run dry." The facts upon which he based these statements Mr. Marvin has now presented in concise form in a pamphlet entitled "The Coming Oil Age," a large portion of which is devoted to the newly-discovered oil fields in the great Mackenzie basin.

Mr. Marvin has derived the greater portion of his information respecting the newly-discovered Canadian oil field from the report of the Select Committee of the Senate appointed to enquire into the subject. This report says:

"The evidence submitted to your committee points to the existence in the Athabasca and Mackenzie valleys of the most extensive petroleum field in America, if not in the world. The uses of petroleum, and consequently the demand for it, are increasing at such a rapid rate that it is probable that this great petroleum field will assume an enormous value in the near future, and will rank among the chief assets comprised in the Crown domain of the Dominion. For this reason your committee would suggest that a tract of about 40,000 square miles be for the present reserved from sale, and that as soon as possible its value may be more accurately tested by exploration and practical tests."

What next? A Montreal merchant has had the hardihood to throw a book agent out of his office, and the law having been invoked by the aggrieved party, the magistrate patted the offender on the back and decided that the vendor of literature had no right to intrude against the wishes of the proprietor of the office. There is small comfort for the army of book agents in such a repressive decision.