

## DOUBLE DICK AND JOE;

### The Poorhouse Waifs.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

#### CHAPTER XXXII—Continued.

"See here, young fellow—this is a deal, now."

"Perfectly square," said Dick quietly.

"We'll get the rhino right away as soon as the gal's found."

"You'll get it to-morrow before ten, if she's discovered through your aid to-night."

"That's the cheese. Now then. There's a rookery round in the alley here—old—no matter, we'll show you where it is. If it's the way we think, why, the gal's hid there. But see here, young feller, it don't suit us to go in if it can be helped—if the place is pulled?"

"Pulled?"

"Yes—raided."

"Raided?"

"Yes—gone through as clean as a whistle."

"Gone through?"

"Well, you are fresh. Tom, let me tackle this feller. He means the bobbies will come down on them."

"The bobbies—don't know nuthin' at all," with a contemptuous drawl. "The police I said. If they arrest everybody after we've been in and out, they'll blame us—see?"

"I understand—very well—why didn't you say so before?" said Dick dryly. "You can go in. You've got to let on."

"Never mind—I'll manage that. But first, I want to borrow a shoe box—and blacking brushes."

"Oh! he's playing it down fine. Pete,"

Peter disappeared and speedily reappeared with the brushes and box, and Dick followed them to a few yards of the door of the house where he had reason to believe he would learn something of Joe.

When he entered the place, the smell of vile tobacco almost overpowered him. The air was thick with smoke. There were other vile smells. One or two looked at him sharply as he lounged in, and one man—a man with a very brutal face—eyed him as if he would kick him into the street.

"Hello, baby, what are you after?"

Dick did not answer. Instead, he looked at the unpolished shoes and boots in the room, and, going from one to another, said:

"Shine, shine, shine!"

"Shine the devil!" said one ruffian. "I will if you pay for the time lost," said Dick, whereat even the man who scolded at him laughed loudly, and Dick, going to the greasy bar, said:

"Gimme glass beer!"

CHAPTER XXV.

DOUBLE DICK TURNS THE TABLES ON IKE.

"I've found her!" Dick shouted when he was admitted to Monsieur Dufaur's, with Job Wonder stamping along at the boy's heels.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Madame Dufaur, who was pacing the room. "Thank heaven! My prayer is answered. I was afraid the poor girl was lost to us forever."

"Who's Monsieur Dufaur—where is Ben and Mrs. Brown? We want to be quick and take a lot of police, or they'll run away."

"Bless me, how the dear boy runs on. My husband—why, he has been here this minute, but Mr. Brown I have not seen this hour."

"We can't wait on him, we must go at once. You come, too."

"Me! Me! I cannot go with the police, child; but, yes, to be sure I will go; why not? To save the poor child, perhaps."

The door opened at that instant and Monsieur Dufaur stood on the threshold. Madame Dufaur flew toward him with outstretched hands.

"I am found—found."

"Where—where is she?"

"Come—come on," said Dick. "Get the police to come along—there's a lot of them."

"But where—where is she?" demanded Monsieur Dufaur, looking meanwhile for his hat and cane.

"Your hat is in my room—your cane is in the dining-room. Oh, we are on our heads this night," said Madame Dufaur as she placed her hat on her head and glanced in a mirror. "Come, come."

"Yes, and get the policeman," said Dick.

"Oh, yes, I will be sure to have the officers; but just tell me which way we are going."

Dick gave him the necessary directions as they set out. As they were leaving the house they met the clown and his wife, whose faces were downcast, but on seeing the others they instantly brightened up.

"You have heard of her," said Ben.

"We are going to rescue her," said Madame Dufaur.

Then Dick was called upon by the clown to relate the facts again briefly.

"The clown grits his teeth."

"We'll teach them! We'll make it warm for them before we are through with them!"

Meanwhile Monsieur Dufaur had secured a squad of police, or, rather, the officer he took into his confidence had assembled his fellows quickly, and then, while they were on the way, a plan of operations was mapped out; each one understood exactly how the rescue was to be conducted.

Meantime fortune smiled upon Ike. He had not difficulty finding the notary, to whom he complained what he wanted. The notary was thinking of a fee that would swell his month's receipts largely, and did not scruple in the least as he listened and nodded. He accompanied Jenkins to the house, as Joe was confined in, and was introduced, as Joe was induced to believe, by the exercise of extraordinary strategy.

When Ike appeared in the room with the notary, he was beaming with joy he endeavored to conceal. He realized fully the demand of the hour. While his bride was under duress—a prisoner, and fearful—it ill became him to exhibit joy; so he pulled on a sober face as he said:

"Well—this seems a dull sort of marriage, but it will soon be over."

"A mere formality," said the notary in a low tone, designed to reassure her. "Holl! make you shake more than you you shock me. I tell you he hires us, and he'll make you all sorry for this."

"To his amazement Joe turned her head aside.

The notary looked at Jenkins; Jenkins looked at the notary, and a scowl settled on his face.

"What's the matter now?"

"Still Joe is silent."

"Because I don't want to."

"But you must now the notary is here."

"I won't."

"You won't? Why?"

"I won't do anything."

"See here now—there's something at the bottom of this. You've been thinking since I went out, and changed your mind."

"Are you sure you've got your money?"

"Here it is—you can look, officers."

"Why in thunder don't you know what you are doing, making all this racket, and blocking up the streets, shouting stop thief?"

"You ought to stay in your cabbage-patch, old man."

"Get yourself a new head before you come to town again."

After delivering themselves of these opinions, the officers set Dick free, with an admonition to "be more careful in future?" (?) then went about their business. The crowd had dispersed almost as speedily as it had gathered, and the farmer and Dick were left almost alone.

"See here, I'm awful out—I am, sure as you live, my boy. You run agin me so hard—and I'm afraid of you—when I clapped my hand in my pocket, and missed my wallet!"

"Don't say any more—it's all right now. I don't blame you. Most any one would do the same—only I ain't that sort of a boy, and it makes me feel mean to be stared at by a crowd."

"You said you were with Buckett, the circus man."

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Do say! And now—what do you do in the circus?"

"I am not at liberty to tell."

"Pshaw! Sh! now—that's queer. You dassent tell! Well, I can tell who I am, and what I'm hyer for—where I goin', all about it. I'm on my way home lickety split—my name's Job Wonder, and—"

"Help! Help!" Joe shrieked.

As if in response to his cry, the outer door was burst open and a rush of feet was heard. The next moment the door of the room the notary, Jenkins and Joe were in was thrown wide open, and Dick stood before them. Behind him stood two policemen—the same that had been called upon by Job Wonder when he cried, "Stop thief!"

Joe rushed forward and grasped Dick's hands.

"I knew you would come; I knew it!"

Joe and the notary left the room and found in the outer apartment two other policemen, while two more guarded the entrance.

The occupants of the bar-room were silent, sullen, vengeful. They glared at the newcomers—at the officers—but held their peace. Ben Brown and his wife, Monsieur and Madame Dufaur, Job Wonder—these stood in the foreground, and Joe in turn extended her hands to all saying she "never, never could forget their kindness to her."

A policeman tapped Jenkins on the shoulder, saying, "Come, we're ready now."

"Ready! What do you mean?"

Exclaimed Jenkins. Then he said something in a low tone to his companion.

"Of course I'll make no resistance, but I warn you I shall proceed against you for false arrest. And don't you influence my wife to go away."

"His wife!"

Madame Dufaur elevated her hands.

"Yes, my wife," said Jenkins boldly. "She is my lawful wife—here is the certificate."

"TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### Don't be Afraid to Praise.

One of the greatest evils of our modern life is the fear to give credit where credit is due. We are always ready to criticize, but never to praise. We love to point out a mistake, but how often we are to applaud a thing well done.

The employer withholds the word of praise from his employee. He either fears an application for more salary, or the risk of spoiling his pride. How short-sighted is such a policy!

What is there more stimulating in the hard business world of today than honest approval openly given?

Many a man and woman is there today in factory, store, office or banking house to whom an honest "you have done well" would mean more than any addition to salary. Everybody's goal is not the almighty dollar; some of us think just as much of a hearty word of approval. A good man or a good woman is never spoiled by an honest word of praise. There are enough people in this world ready to criticize and find fault; let you and I, my dear friend, counteract matters and be ready to give the word of praise when occasion requires it. In your business, be frank and open with those you employ. If a man does a thing well, tell him of it. And when you go home, keep your eyes open, and see whether your wife is not wearing something or has put something on the table which she knew would please you. Notice it, and tell her you do. Don't let her imagine your pleasure—your wife is no more of a mind-reader than you are. We do not want to leave too much to be inferred in this world. Some things are best left to the inference; but there are others which will make this world better, brighter and more beautiful if told "right on in meeting."

It is you as husband, withhold honest praise from your wife, she, unconsciously, perhaps—for habits at home are contagious—will, in turn, withhold the spirit to their children.

Each of us is more of an example to others than we sometimes think.

A wise writer has made famous the proverb that the smallest action in the world is reflected in some one else, and there is a great deal of truth in the old saw.

We are all of us an example to some other fellow creature, and a trait in us is often transmitted, and made immortal to succeeding generations.

And thus, as others are apt to do as we do, let us do well.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

*Facts in Short Order.*

The male of the silkworm moth is the male of the silkworm moth at the rate of one hundred

times a day.

The average cost of constructing a mile of railroad in the United States at the present time is about thirty thousand dollars.

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