

the control of his voice had come under the subjection of the master. When he had finished he stood trembling and perspiring.

"And I say now," said Mr. Goldthurst, his voice steady in its iciness, "that everything you have said is a lie, and that before to-night I never saw you," and he made another motion toward the bell.

"Don't ye touch that!" begged Tom, humbly. "I made a mistake. Le' me go, an' I won't make no mistake ag'in. I ain't took nothin' that b'longs ter ye," displaying dirty palms.

"Did I tell you anything else?" asked Mr. Goldthurst with a sneer.

"Ye didn't tell me nothin'," answered Tom, after a hasty glance at the questioner's face.

"Why did you make such statements?" for the first time showing anger. "Have you told any one outside these lies?"

"No, I swear I ain't, I ain't said nothin' ter nobody." Tom's earnestness convinced the questioner that the truth was being uttered.

"Then why did you tell them here, when you never saw me before?"

Tom was studying the other cunningly. "I made a mistake," he repeated, with a touch of returning sullenness. "I thought 'twas ye; I met a man as looked like ye."

"And this man told you to go to Coldbrook? Well, what did you find out there?" There was the shade of a smile on Mr. Goldthurst's face. "Come, you have frightened me well, I'll have my revenge on you by drawing out another's secrets."

"Won't ye le' me set down?" asked Tom, emboldened by the change in the other's tone. "I've been a-walkin' fer four days, I'm tired."

Mr. Goldthurst motioned toward a seat. "Go on," he said, his smile growing more pronounced.

"I found out the men won't strike out ter Coldbrook, an' they was a-talkin' o' Mr. Kipp's comin' over ter Millbury ter help settle the trouble an' git the mills a-runnin'."

"And how do your people receive the ideas of the philanthropic friend you have quoted?" Mr. Goldthurst asked.

"Hey?" Tom looked puzzled.

"Why," explained Mr. Goldthurst, whose face now expressed the genial host, "what do the men say about burning down mills and driving the manufacturers to branch out and replenish the suddenly impoverished market. That was a long-headed man who talked to you. He has grasped the situation. The results he prophesies are inevitable."

"If there ain't no food soon they'll be fire 'nough," said Tom, significantly. "Say, won't ye gi' me some-thing ter eat? I ain't had nothin' to-day."

"You came to steal something to eat, then," said Mr. Goldthurst, with a low laugh. "Why did you not say so at first?"

"No I didn't," snarled Tom, "I come here 'cause ye—'cause I thought a man as I met told me to," changing the drift of the remarks at a signal from the gray eyes.

"Stay where you are, I'll get you something to eat. It will never be said of me that I sent a hungry man from my door, even though he came to rob me."

Tom sat like an image till Mr. Goldthurst's footsteps had become lost in the distance, then he rose and crossed to where a bundle of papers lay in a half-opened desk. Hastily catching them up, he drew out some folded sheets, replaced the others, and, returning to his chair, removed his shoe and placed his prize under his bare foot. When Mr. Goldthurst returned the uncouth visitor was twirling his hat and looking exceedingly hungry.

"What have you stolen?" asked the gentleman, glancing about suspiciously.

"Ain't stole nothin'," Tom whined. "Hope I may die if I hev. Can't ye gin me a little money?" as he received the food, "I ain't got no shoes, an' I've got ter walk a long ways. The man said he'd gi' me some money," hesitatingly.

"Probably your philanthropist would require a more satisfactory report," answered Mr. Goldthurst. "Deeds, not words, win reward. He would probably say that 'Heaven helps those who help themselves,' and would probably tell you to go help your fellow men, then receive your reward. Now go, and say to all you meet that I dealt leniently with you."

When Tom reached the street the rain came down heavily. As he trudged along he felt the papers next his foot and grinned.

"I'd 'a' took the hull on 'em," he soliloquized, "but he'd 'a' noticed 'em. Next time I calls on 'im he'll remember me better."

Water street, in Linn, crowds the harbor so closely, that when the usual placid expanse of blue is stirred by a northeast wind, the waves roll over low, rotting wharves, and the street is submerged for half its length. An ill-kept street is Water street, yet once was the time when the products of every nation on the globe were carted its length, when at the wharves the bowsprits of ships in the West Indian trade, were crowded over the sterns of barks from China, when the gilded eagle that spreads its wings over the custom house looked down on throngs of skippers waiting to pour in their moneys for the privilege of landing their freights of necessaries and luxuries. To-day the eagle, robbed by time of its gilding, waits for the skippers. The custom house has become so unused to the tread of