

## WANTED—A VILLAIN!

It was Saturday evening, wet outside, and the month of November. I leaned back in my easy chair and began to muse. The first chapter was written. For the second chapter one thing, or, rather, person, was essential—to wit, a villain.

My cat, Dorothea, an amiable beast, leaped from the hearth upon my shoulder and purred as she swung her tail, first upon my cheek and then upon the other.

Then the back-door bell rang. Let me explain. I am a bachelor, with Mrs. Street for my housekeeper. There never was, I should think, a better servant than Mrs. Street. But though so replete with good qualities, my good Mrs. Street could not duplicate herself. Therefore, when she was obliged to go shopping on an evening, it fell to me to answer the door-bell. I did not, however, always do it.

But when I heard the tinkle a second time I changed my mind. There was a furtive sound about it that appealed to me. My back door is not really a back door. It is as much to the front as the other.

"Well, what is it?" I said. It was a young man, with blood on his right hand, and a splash of two of blood also on his face. I saw the blood distinctly, as the kitchen fire gleamed through the two doors on to the man.

"Is—Mrs. Street in?" The inquiry was put timidously. "She is not," I said. "But oblige me by putting the meat on the table."

"I've got no meat, sir. Will she be long?"

"I haven't the least idea," I replied; "but I hope she will not be long."

He seemed hesitant. I, however, did not humor him. It was not at all likely I should ask a blood-stained man into my house to wait for Mrs. Street.

"You had better call again, if you want to see her," I said. "Good night!"

No further words passed between us. I shut the door, trod on the companionable Dorothea's foot or tail (she follows me so closely about the house), made her cry, and returned to my work. Somehow (there is no elucidating the mind's movements) I had now conceived a villain adequate for the occasion. I wrote for an hour, and was still writing when good Mrs. Street entered to summon me to my humble supper of oysters and white wine.

I told her about the caller while I descended the stairs. She said, "Indeed, sir?" in an indifferent way.

Well, I had finished my oysters, and wondering if I should go out and play a rubber at the Fanshaws', when the front bell pealed loudly. I called to Mrs. Street, that I was at home. But I might have saved my breath, for when I had heard a brief parley between Mrs. Street and a man with a voice as emphatic as his pull at the bell, my housekeeper knocked at my door.

"If you please, sir," she said—or rather whispered, "it's a policeman."

"Very good. There's nothing in the world to look so pale about," I added lightly.

The officer entered and saluted me respectfully. Then he shut himself in.

"Excuse me, sir," he began, "but there's been a murder committed by a man of the name of Street."

"Yes?" I said, and understood why poor Mrs. Street had looked agitated.

"Your servant's of that name?"

"Certainly, but she has no relations."

"So she says, sir. But the man was seen to come up your steps about seven o'clock."

Now it was my turn to start. I eagerly told the constable what I could about my visitor. It did not seem to me at the same time that I was associating my poor housekeeper with the crime. But I soon saw that trouble might be in store for Mrs. Street.

"He's her son, sir—and a bad lot," said the constable. "I'm sorry, but I must search the house."

The search was carried through methodically. It would have amused me if I had not felt affected by the news, is so far as it touched my housekeeper.

But nothing came of this investigation, and in due time the constable withdrew, baffled; not, however, without leaving a Partisan dart behind him.

"Your house will be watched, sir," he said to me in confidence. "You understand why?"

No sooner was the door shut than Mrs. Street came to me suffused with tears.

"He was always a passionate lad, sir," she moaned, "though else as good a one as was ever born."

"Oh, come," I said, "we must hope there has been some mistake."

But Mrs. Street would not accept even this scanty offer of comfort.

"No, no," she said, sobbing. "I feel as he has done it—my poor, poor Joe. And now they'll take him and hang him—oh dear, oh dear!"

I held my tongue, troubled though I was. Why, I wondered, had I never before heard of this son?

"What was he?" I asked at length.

"A plate-layer, sir."

"And really your son, Mrs. Street?"

"Yes, sir; and his father never lived to see him brought up right. But it's cruel hard that poor Joe should come to an end like this."

Now I comprehended fully. My unfortunate housekeeper had my sympathy to the last degree.

The crime as reported by the papers, was not of a very brutal kind. Premeditated it certainly could not have been. Until its commission, young Street and his victim had been on sufficiently good terms.

Woman, eternal woman, was at the bottom of it. Street and Barker (the dead man), while in a public house, had fallen to discussing a girl in whom they were both interested. As it happened, Street was actually in love with her. Barker had a caustic tongue and a cynical nature. He said something about the damsel which enraged his companion. "You'll withdraw those words," was Street's menacing rejoinder, "or else—"

But Barker, instead of doing so, called the girl by a name of reproach and the man who loved her a fool. Then, without a moment's hesitation, Street seized a heavy water-bottle and crashed it upon Barker's head. After which he fled from the house before anyone could lay hands on him.

I owe it to myself to say this much about it.

But, brutal or not, I did not at all like the stigma of publicity the crime put upon my house. I was mentioned in the press

more prominently even than poor Mrs. Street, and silly persons came my way expressly to see the two policemen who patrolled up and down the pavement by my door.

Five days passed and nothing was heard of the young felon. For his mother's sake, if not for his own, I was glad of this. Gradually, also, I grew to rejoice for his own sake. Mrs. Street, though terribly upset, had become singularly loquacious. By fits and starts, she told me the whole history of her "boy"—as she called him. He really seemed to have been, upon the whole, rather a good young fellow, cursed only by a temper, which he had, his mother said, "inherited from his father."

It never occurred to me to wonder why the poor soul took such pains to prejudice me on her son's behalf. Nor did I, oddly enough, until afterwards, notice how apathetic she was about the papers, and such news as they might contain of his apprehension.

But on the fifth day I shared her secret. It was due to that wise cat of mine. The poor beast had latterly been very restive. She made plaintive appealing noises even when she ought to have been most happy. At first I took this for mere peevishness, such as I myself felt at times. But at length it became a nuisance.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Dorothea?" I inquired, laying down my pen.

The beast went to the door with an eager tail. I opened it, and watched her. She proceeded to the head of the stairs and paused. When she saw me disinclined, as it were, to follow her, she mewed, and returned to rub herself against my legs.

"Drive on, Dorothea!" I then said, determined to see this eccentricity of hers to its source.

She flew down the stairs like a happy cat when she had thus secured my sympathetic attention, and scratched at the kitchen door.

Mrs. Street was in the kitchen, making a pie. I explained what was happening, and was at once struck by her evident desire to recount trivially for Dorothea's discontent.

"Pass, puss!" she cried coaxingly, to encourage the cat to the kitchen fire.

But Dorothea would have none of the fire. She went mewing to the other door, which led both to my cellars and the back door.

I made as if to this door, but Mrs. Street stopped me.

"Please don't go down into the cellar, sir," she pleaded. "I haven't cleaned it."

"Never mind that, Mrs. Street. I can quite excuse anything of the kind at present. Something is disturbing Dorothea, and I am determined to find out what it is."

So saying, I turned the handle. Instantly Dorothea slipped through and, with a swinging tail, bolted down the cellar steps.

But, before I could follow her, Mrs. Street was upon me.

"I will tell you all, sir," she said, with a burst of tears. "My poor boy is in the wine cellar! He has been hiding there ever since—"

A flood of tears completed her sentence. I confess I was aghast; and the more so, as at that instant, I saw one of my two helmeted vigilance-committee men march stolidly past my railings in the course of his beat.

But I soon recovered self-possession. Accessory to a crime or not, I did not feel like giving the poor fellow thus cold-bloodedly into custody. By main force I disarmed my all-too-eager police and set her down by the kitchen fire.

"We must consider what is to be done!" I said.

"You will forgive me, sir?" said Mrs. Street tearfully, searching my face with her maternal eyes.

"It is precisely what I myself should have done in your place," I avowed without scruple.

"Then you won't inform against him, sir?" He has been crying his dear eyes out on the cold flags ever since he has been there. He'd give his own life over and over again, sir, if he could fetch Dan Barker back. As sure as I am a living woman, sir, he is not guilty in the sight of Heaven."

Well, I was unprepared to make an exact religious estimate of the lad's crime. What was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

"I must think it over," I said, as I returned to my room, with the petulant, complaining Dorothea at my heels.

The result of my thought was shown later in the day. As a preliminary, however, I had young Street out of the cellar and interviewed him. And a miserable, woe-begotten, wretched creature he was.

What was the result of the lad's crime? It was only too clear was the fact that, in a court of law, Willie Street could not hope to requite his unfortunate deed with less than a long term of penal servitude. Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

would be Mrs. Street. Dorothea I should be doubtful of in such a contingency, for, although I adore a congenial cat, I fancy there is not much genuine, unselfish love at the bottom of feline nature.

**ONE GAMBLER'S LUCK.**  
Starting With a Chip Thrown to Him in  
Pity He Won \$200,000.

A party of horse-racing followers were standing in Wilard's lobby, Washington, a few days ago, when a tall soldierly-looking man, with white hair and snowy mustache and imperial, strode in and advanced to the clerk's desk.

"See that fellow," said one of elderly Doty. "Never hear of him? Well, he's got a story that is worth knowin'." Thirty years ago there wasn't a higher roller in the South. His people had died out one by one till only a sister was left, and Jack and her had loads of money and lots of negroes. She got religion the worst way, and all of a sudden went into a convent.

"As I said, Jack was a high roller, but he'd kept within bounds up to the time. When the girl left the world, as they called, Jack was crazy. He was devoted to her, and he just cut loose and raised a fog. He played the limit, and it wasn't long before the brace player had layouts fixed for him in every town he struck. His money went, and his negroes, too, and the time came when he didn't have the price of a shoe-string. He drifted up to Memphis one night broke and desperate. He went into a farrier bank and watched the game for a while, but he didn't get a nod, where not long before the negroes used to break their necks to shove a chair up right in front of the layout for him.

"Old man Galloway had a farrer streak on him that night, and was playin' blues at a hundred a stack. Jack sat down near and seemed to illustrate the old man, because he bet nineteen chips on a double seven and got split. He was madder'n a hornet, but he laughed just the same, and said to Jack, as he handed over the split check to him:

"I reckon you wanted a stake, and made me bet odd chips. See what you can do with that."

"Jack grabbed the two and a half like a hungry man catchin' a bun and shot it into the square. The king won on the turn. Then the deuce won twice. Jack let the \$20 lay; the deuce won again. Neither the queen nor ace had showed, and the \$320 in blue chips were still untouched. The dealer thought he had a cinch and never spoke about the \$200 limit. The queen won on the turn.

"Draw down the 200," said the dealer, and Jack took 440 away. Well, the last king and all the queens and aces won, and turned the box down, and carried off the \$7,000 bank roll with him along about day-break. He got the blue split he had started on and had a hole bored in it, and put it on the chain of the watch he bought next day. He went to New Orleans and won \$60,000 in five weeks. Then he went on a bank-breaking trip up the river, and he reached St. Louis in the spring of '60 worth \$200,000 in solid cash. He was coming out of the farrer bank when a little woman dressed like a Sister came up to him.

"Jack," she said, "gimme that thing you've got on your watch chain and hang this there instead," and she held out a little medal. Jack saw it was his sister. He broke the blue split off, and took the medal and put it on. There were twenty crooked games fixed for him at St. Louis, but he never played against farrer again.

When Doty came out a few minutes later a dozen pair of eyes searched his vest. Dangling from the heavy gold chain that crossed it was the little medal.

**A FIGHTING DOG.**

Phil Perry's Cur That Treed a Bear and Killed a Wildcat.

Phil Perry of Northwood, N. T., has a dog that is a fighter. He has killed shepherd curs at a bite, two Newfoundland dogs in less than a minute each, and torn a cow to death before he could be taken off. He has also whipped every bulldog this side of Prospect. To look at him one would naturally come to the conclusion that such a slab-sided, clipped-eared, stub-tailed, hang-head, yellow dog was not worth his corn-meal pudding. His appearance, ordinarily, is anything except pretty, but if one could see him on a deer or bear track, covering ten, twelve, even fifteen feet at every jump, his homely features would be forgotten and he would seem a remarkably fine-looking dog.

The dog trained himself as a hunter, Phil never caring much for sport with a gun, although a woodchopper those days. The dog when a pup used to follow Phil to the wood lot, and in his rambles roused out rabbits. These he followed and often caught. One day when about nine months old, just after a snow storm, the pup smelt his first deer track. He followed it slowly and doubtfully till he jumped over a log and almost on to the deer. Up got the deer and away he went, the dog following after, yelping like mad. The deer happened to pass by Phil's house, and a rod distant. Phil threw his axe, and the blade buried itself in the deer's ham, dropping out fifteen or twenty rods away.