

ing to see him, and told the messenger I might possibly go to the hall of justice that afternoon.

I was sitting in my reclining chair, my feet cocked on the desk, leisurely smoking a cigar when who should drop into my office but old Bailey. He was all smiles and shook hands in a most affable manner. After a few complimentary remarks as to the good newsy sheet we were running, the old hypocrite took a handful of cigars from his hat and laid them on the desk.

"Let's see" he began, "You wanted so and so done the other day, didn't you?" I replied that "I should be obliged if he complied with my requests."

To make a long story short he did so immediately, and we parted good friends.

During these few weeks I had made rapid inroads in the secret history and underhand work of City Hall, through the friendship of the Lieutenant of police.

This man was a tall, finely built Irishman, who rather sought my acquaintance from the start, and gave me lots of news, outside of his superior's corruption. That I could trust him, I had not the least doubt; for never once did he put me on a false scent, and I was quite secure from the troublesome libel suit if I got my information through him. He had an ax to grind however, like all the friends of a newspaper man, but I didn't mind turning the stone for him as long as I was getting such valuable information. I knew I might be called away on a week's notice, and therefore lost no time to perfect my schemes.

The wily old Mayor must have got some idea that I was getting my points, if any, from the Lieutenant, for no one could help but notice we were on very intimate terms.

So one day my friend surprised me by saying he would have to resign his Lieutenantcy and become a patrolman again; he having been given to understand that such a step would be very agreeable to Bailey, and others of the force.