

The Artful Dodger had been caught stealing an old gentleman's things and was promptly brought to court to discover his fate. Fagin was distraught that his best worker had been arrested and so he sent Charley to the courthouse to report back the consequences to be faced by the Dodger. The Artful Dodger shuffled into the office with his big coat sleeves tucked up as usual, his left hand in his pocket, and his hat in his right hand, preceding the jailer with a rolling gait altogether indescribable. He took his place in the dock and requested in an audible voice to know what he was placed in that disgraceful situation for. "Silence there!" cried the jailer. "What is this?" inquired one of the magistrates. "A pick-pocketing case, your worship." "Has the boy ever been here before?" "He ought to have been, many times," replied the jailer. "He has been pretty well everywhere else. I know him well." "Oh! you know me, do you?" cried the Artful, making a note of the statement. "Very good. That's a case of defamation of character, anyway." Here there was a laugh, and cry of silence from the magistrate. "Now then, where are the witnesses?" said the clerk. "Ah! that's right," added the Dodger. "Where are they? I should like to see them." This wish was immediately gratified, for a policeman stepped forward who had seen the 20 prisoner attempt to steal from the pocket of an unknown gentleman in a crowd, and indeed take a handkerchief. For this reason, he took the Dodger into custody as soon as he could get near him, and the Dodger, being searched, had upon his person a silver box, with the owner's name engraved upon the lid. This gentleman had been found and swore that the box was his, and that he had missed it on the previous day, the moment he had disengaged himself from the crowd before