

THE OMEGEE MIOR

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE GORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

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OMEMEE ONT., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1901.

CHAS. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

The Untimely End of Joseph Devas.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Albany, as every Londoner knows, has two issues, one into Piccadilly, the other into Burlington Gardens. At both exits are officials who exercise a general surveillance upon all who pass in or out. But on the morning after the second official watch was kept at both these points.

In Burlington gardens the watch was a decent-looking man, with a black bag such as shoemakers' journey-men or assistants use when carrying home their tools. In crowded Piccadilly the watch was of another stamp. He was one of those non-descripts—half loafer, half rough—who hang about all the great thoroughfares looking out for a job with baggage, or, if chance favored, a snap at property left unprotected in some passing carriage—an aged man, with snow-white hair, in seedy clothes, a battered tall hat, boots that belged, and altogether an out-of-the-way air. He was just in the act of holding a hansom horse—a brute with a patent bit in its mouth—when its driver settled himself for the start, when he saw an urchin making towards him from the Albany gate. He let go his hold of the horse so suddenly that the brute started off at a gallop, and the driver—shouting "you blooming idiot!"—was nearly thrown from his perch. What did the watchman care? He snatched a scrap of paper from the hands of the boy and read—

"Started this side, now in Bank of England. If he goes up Bond Street, I'll follow; you watch the Arcade and Bond street, Piccadilly end."

Accordingly he set off at a rapid, although shambling pace down Piccadilly westward; passed a moment at the foot of the Burlington Arcade, and looked on ahead as far as the hatter's at the corner of Bond Street.

"There he goes."

It was Sir Richard Daunt, in frock coat and hat, with his umbrella under his arm, his hands behind his back, and his head erect, walking along, but at a brisk step, of a man having an object in view.

He passed down Piccadilly, our friend at his heels; turned into the Park at the corner, where his pursuer keeping outside the railings, but always on the watch, suffered him to go alone. But at Albert gate, seeing that Daunt still stayed in the Park, the other also entered it, and continued to follow, always at a respectable distance behind him.

"I could have sworn it," muttered the old man, "although he can't know, he means mischief, and is trying to know more. He's heading straight for Queen's Gate—just what I expected. Lucky I put on the 'mark' (watch)."

Sir Richard Daunt did, as his pursuer expected, turn into Queen's Gate-place. More, he stopped at the Spanish Legation, rang the bell, and went in.

He was in search of information about the Marquis de Ojo Verde, and it was the Marquis himself, who, disguised as an old man, was at his heels.

Daunt remained at the Legation about half an hour. On coming out, he walked leisurely back into Queen's Gate, and hailed the first passing hansom.

The Marquis did the same, although the appearance was so recent against the chances of his paying the fare that cabbie insisted upon having his money beforehand.

"There's your money," said the Marquis curtly. "Half-a-crown more if you follow that hansom ahead and run the gentry cove down Scotland Yard. Are you?"

The cabbie winked, and, flicking up his horse, gave chase.

"What the devil is he up to now?" the Marquis asked himself, as the hansom dashed down the Vauxhall Bridge Road into Rochester Row, and pulled up at the entrance to Vincent Square.

However, there was no time to waste on conjecture. Jumping out of his cab, which he dismissed, the Marquis followed Sir Richard on foot.

The baronet stopped at a corner-house and went in. It was at Haggie and Horry's.

"An inquiry office. Ah!" said the Marquis, "now he is going to put the 'mark' on me. How shall I circumvent him? Haggie and Horry, do I know anything about them? I've heard of them, I think, before."

The Cuban nobleman took two or three turns up and down the pavement, then boldly went to the inquiry office and rang the bell.

"Haggie and Horry?" he asked briefly of the clerk, who looked sus-

always on the watch. They are not fond of us; we succeed often than they do, and we should get no mercy from them if they caught us in anything shady or underhand."

"Do you dare to imply that I would suggest anything of the kind?" said the Marquis, indignantly.

"It is better to be cautious and on the safe side. What is it you want us to do?"

"Listen, then. I have reason to believe I am being followed. I wish to set up a counter-watch—a constable, as the French call it. Will you undertake the job?"

"Who is watching you, and why?"

"A certain Sir Richard Daunt; for reasons of his own."

"Do you know those reasons?"

"Not positively; but I suspect they are of a delicate nature—your English ladies are so impressionable. I have had my successes." The suggestion had a ludicrous effect coming from the disreputable-looking old man.

"In fact, Sir Richard Daunt is jealous of your attentions to some friend of his? Is that what you would imply?" asked Mr. Haggie.

"Precisely; and he wishes therefore to ascertain whether we meet, to put a spy on me."

"And you wish to put a spy on his spy?"

"And on him, I want to know what he is doing generally, but more particularly with regard to me."

"I understand; but I am sorry to say, Marquis, we must decline the commission."

"What is impossible! I insist—"

Mr. Haggie waved his hand rather contemptuously.

"We have good grounds for refusing. Sir Richard Daunt—"

"Is already a client of yours. Is that what you mean?"

Mr. Haggie started nervously.

"How do you know that?" he said quickly.

"I know a good many things, Mr. Haggie. For instance, I know that Sir Richard is at this moment in this house, in the office of your partner, Mr. Horry."

Mr. Haggie jumped up and went across the room to where there was a speaking-tube. He whistled through it, spoke a few words, then put the cup to his ear and listened.

"Well," asked the Marquis, in a mocking tone, "what right have you to stop there. Ask your partner what Daunt's business is to-day—whether he has not come to speak about me."

Mr. Haggie did as requested, and presently, returning to his seat, said, "You are perfectly right in your conjecture. Sir Richard Daunt is here, and you are the subject of his conversation with Mr. Horry. But this makes it all the more impossible for us to undertake your business."

"Pardon me, I know of no people so capable in London, and I am so convinced of this that I cannot consent to forego the benefit of your assistance," said the Marquis, in a mild voice, but behind it was just a prying of menace, at which quick-witted Mr. Haggie looked surprised.

"But he said bravely enough. We only undertake what suits us. Your business does not. It is needless to press it."

"But I insist; you must undertake it."

"Who are you that dares to come and browbeat me in my own place, and tell me to go to the devil? So good day."

"Softly, softly. Wait one moment. I have a few more words to say. Did you ever hear of Jimps, the lawyers, of Newcastle?"

"What about them? What do you know of them?" asked Haggie in a quick, nervous manner.

"There were two of them, brothers, in a large way of business, I believe; but they were charged with falsifying accounts and making away with their clients' securities. Both brothers were struck off the rolls, but one escaped to Spain, while the other was caught, and did his 'bit,' seven Ojo Verde, a Cuban Marquis of old years at Portland. A word to the police at Newcastle would bring the same punishment on Jabez, the other brother."

"He died in Saragossa—years ago; so I've heard."

"You heard wrong then. He is alive and in London, and I can put my hand on him at any time, in spite of his disguise."

"There was a mistake. The two men looked at each other keenly without speaking."

"I could tell you something, too, about a friend of yours who was once a medical student, and afterwards employed in a baby-farming business on a large scale," went on the Marquis. "Shall I?"

"I see we shall have to do what you wish," said Mr. Haggie, blandly. "You have strong cards in your hands."

"Yes, and I can play them. I mean to win the trick. You must not only watch Daunt for me, but you must tell him just what I choose about me."

"I must consult my partner first. You will allow me to do that, I suppose?"

"Yes; but it must be in here. Whistling for him to come up when he is free. I'll have no tricks."

By-and-by Mr. Horry came in.

"What do you want with them?" he asked contemptuously.

"Business. Don't judge by appearances, my dear young friend. They are not to be trusted. Who can see?"

"Do you want a principal?"

"Of course. Who else?"

"Mr. Horry's engaged with a gentleman—much emphasis on the word—who just called. But Mr. Haggie's in."

"Who shall I say?" asked the clerk still inclined to be insolent.

"Captain Firkeetoodle, from the Straits of Ballampang. Come, stir yourself, or I'll make you jump."

Leaving the Marquis for a moment waiting to see Mr. Haggie, let us return to Sir Richard Daunt, who was interviewing the other partner, Mr. Horry.

"I am sorry, deeply sorry," began the private inquiry agent, "to be unable as yet to give you news of Mr. Surtees; but we have reason to believe he is in the States."

"Very well, only let me hear with-out delay the moment you know anything. But to-day I have something else to say to you—another job, in fact." Sir Richard Daunt spoke sharply. "Have you time?"

"To be sure, Sir Richard, to be sure. Delighted to be of service."

"I wanted to be a person watched—followed—tracked down."

"Exactly. I quite understand. It is just in our line."

He calls himself the Marquis de Spanish descent, but I can not believe there is any such title in Cuba or Spain. He is not known at the Spanish Legation. I have just come from there."

"Can you give me his address and his personal description?"

"He is a tall, forbidding-looking man, of a forbidding appearance, much given to jewellery and fine clothes."

"Allow me, one moment; I must make a few notes; and Mr. Horry with a massive pencil wrote down the signalement of the Marquis from Sir Richard Daunt's lips. "And your name?" said he, giving up his lordship's address," he said, when he had finished writing.

"Not at present; but I think if you put a watch at once upon another person—a French maid residing at 29, Carlton Gardens, she is nearly certain to get this fellow in the course of to-day or this evening. Her name is Fanchette Dumoulin."

"Describe her, too, if you please."

"She is a French maid, and Sir Richard gave a minute account of the appearance of Fanchette."

"Will you communicate with you, Sir Richard? Will you call, or shall we write?"

"The Albany will always find me. Please use all possible despatch. Good-bye."

Meanwhile Mr. Haggie, the other partner, had been closeted with the Marquis.

Mr. Haggie was a man of a different stamp to Mr. Horry, much older, and much less careful of his personal appearance. His long neck and long legs ending in great boots, like claws together, his way of pushing his head forward in an inquiring attitude, and the two quill pens, invariably stuck one behind each ear, gave him the look of a "secretary bird," whose rapid, fussy movements to and fro he seemed to reproduce. The resemblance was heightened by the fact that he generally wore, much of the same tone as the pepper-and-salt plumage of this rapacious bird.

His manner was hasty. He spoke very quickly and almost always in interrogatives.

"Well, what is it? Who are you? What do you want?" was his greeting of his visitor.

"To give you a commission if you are prepared to undertake it?"

"You, you, you?" replied Mr. Haggie, eyeing the ragged man in front of him.

"This is merely a disguise," replied the other coolly. "I assumed it in order to get to you unobserved."

"Should like to know who you are. Tell me, will you?"

"I am a foreigner by birth, a Cuban nobleman of high rank. My name is Xavier Solfatorra, Marquis de Ojo Verde, and here is fifty pounds on account. Are you satisfied now?"

"Certainly; that is—if you can satisfy us that you are the person you claim to be. You are, still rather doubtful?"

"If it is necessary, of course I shall do so. But I should have thought that by prepayment I could command your services in anything."

"Not at all, Marquis; not at all. There are many pit-falls and snares in our profession, and the police are

splendid as ever. I have seen him at first, but I suspect they are of a delicate nature—your English ladies are so impressionable. I have had my successes." The suggestion had a ludicrous effect coming from the disreputable-looking old man.

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spoke, Nov. 19.—Wheat—Steady. No. 1 Northern, 72c; No. 2 Northern, 71c; No. 3 Northern, 70c; No. 4 Northern, 69c; No. 5 Northern, 68c; No. 6 Northern, 67c; No. 7 Northern, 66c; No. 8 Northern, 65c; No. 9 Northern, 64c; No. 10 Northern, 63c; No. 11 Northern, 62c; No. 12 Northern, 61c; No. 13 Northern, 60c; No. 14 Northern, 59c; No. 15 Northern, 58c; No. 16 Northern, 57c; No. 17 Northern, 56c; No. 18 Northern, 55c; No. 19 Northern, 54c; No. 20 Northern, 53c; No. 21 Northern, 52c; No. 22 Northern, 51c; No. 23 Northern, 50c; No. 24 Northern, 49c; No. 25 Northern, 48c; No. 26 Northern, 47c; No. 27 Northern, 46c; No. 28 Northern, 45c; No. 29 Northern, 44c; No. 30 Northern, 43c; No. 31 Northern, 42c; No. 32 Northern, 41c; No. 33 Northern, 40c; No. 34 Northern, 39c; No. 35 Northern, 38c; No. 36 Northern, 37c; No. 37 Northern, 36c; No. 38 Northern, 35c; No. 39 Northern, 34c; No. 40 Northern, 33c; No. 41 Northern, 32c; No. 42 Northern, 31c; No. 43 Northern, 30c; No. 44 Northern, 29c; No. 45 Northern, 28c; No. 46 Northern, 27c; No. 47 Northern, 26c; No. 48 Northern, 25c; No. 49 Northern, 24c; No. 50 Northern, 23c; No. 51 Northern, 22c; No. 52 Northern, 21c; No. 53 Northern, 20c; No. 54 Northern, 19c; No. 55 Northern, 18c; No. 56 Northern, 17c; No. 57 Northern, 16c; No. 58 Northern, 15c; No. 59 Northern, 14c; No. 60 Northern, 13c; No. 61 Northern, 12c; No. 62 Northern, 11c; No. 63 Northern, 10c; No. 64 Northern, 9c; No. 65 Northern, 8c; No. 66 Northern, 7c; No. 67 Northern, 6c; No. 68 Northern, 5c; No. 69 Northern, 4c; No. 70 Northern, 3c; No. 71 Northern, 2c; No. 72 Northern, 1c; No. 73 Northern, 0c; No. 74 Northern, 0c; No. 75 Northern, 0c; No. 76 Northern, 0c; No. 77 Northern, 0c; No. 78 Northern, 0c; No. 79 Northern, 0c; No. 80 Northern, 0c; No. 81 Northern, 0c; No. 82 Northern, 0c; No. 83 Northern, 0c; No. 84 Northern, 0c; No. 85 Northern, 0c; No. 86 Northern, 0c; No. 87 Northern, 0c; No. 88 Northern, 0c; No. 89 Northern, 0c; No. 90 Northern, 0c; No. 91 Northern, 0c; No. 92 Northern, 0c; No. 93 Northern, 0c; No. 94 Northern, 0c; No. 95 Northern, 0c; No. 96 Northern, 0c; No. 97 Northern, 0c; No. 98 Northern, 0c; No. 99 Northern, 0c; No. 100 Northern, 0c.

THE CIRCLE OF HISTORY.

God Seems to Have Selected the Circle as the Best Figure.

stone from the quarry and put it into the pyramids. If men short-lived can afford to work so slowly as that, cannot God in the building of eternities afford to wait?

What though God should take 10,000 years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch which we have to wind up every night lest it run down and hold it up beside the clock of eternal ages? If, according to the Bible, a thousand years are in God's sight as one day, then, according to that calculation the 6,000 years of the world's existence has been only to God as from

MONDAY TO SATURDAY.

But what is true of the good is just as true of the bad. You utter a slander against your neighbor. It has gone forth from your teeth. You have done the man all the mischief you can afford to work so slowly as that, cannot God in the building of eternities afford to wait?

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There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograms, diagonals, quadrangles, but these evidently are not God's favorites. Almost everywhere where you find him geometrizing you find the circle dominant, and if not the circle then the curve, which is circle died young. If it had lived long enough it would have been a full orb, a periphery. An eclipse is a circle pressed only a little too hard at the sides.

The history of the world goes in a circle. Why is it that the shipping in our day is improving so rapidly? A scientific shipbuilder says it is because men are imitating in some respects what the small wits deride, the old model of Noah's ark, not as we see it in old time pictures, but as it really was according to the account given. Great ships have we now, but where is the ship on the sea to-day that could outride a deluge in which the heaven and the earth were wrecked, landing all the passengers in safety, and of each kind of living creatures, hundreds of thousands of species?

Pomology will go on with its achievements until after many centuries the world will have plums and pears equal to the paradisaical.

THE ART OF GARDENING will grow for centuries, and after the Donagians and Michels of the world have done their best in the far future the art of gardening will come up to the arborescence of the year 1. If the makers of colored glass go on improving, they may in some centuries be able to give us things equal to the east window of Yorkminster, which was built in the year 1290. We are six centuries behind those artists. But the world must keep on toiling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the skirts of those very men. If the world continues to improve in masonry, we shall have after awhile, perhaps after the advance of centuries, mortar equal to that which I saw in the wall of an exhausted English city built in the time of the Romans 1,600 years ago, that mortar to-day as good as the day in which it was made, having outlasted the brick and the stone. I say, after hundreds of years masonry may advance to that point.

Well, now, what is true in the material universe is true in God's moral government and spiritual arrangement. That is the meaning of Ezekiel's wheel. All commentators agree in saying that the wheel means God's providence. But a wheel is of no use unless it turns, and if it turns it moves in a circle. What then? Are we parts of a great iron machine whirled around and around whether we will or not, the victims of inexorable fate? No! So far from that I shall show you that we ourselves start the circle of good or bad actions and that it will surely come around again to us unless by divine intervention it is hindered. Those bad or good actions may make the circuit of many years, but they come back to us, they will certainly as that God sits on the circle of the earth.

Jezebel, the worst woman of the Bible—Shakespeare copying his "Lady Macbeth" from her picture—slew Naboth because she wanted his vineyard. While the dogs were eating the body of Naboth Elijah the prophet put down his compass and marked a circle from these dogs clear around to the dogs that should eat the body of Jezebel.

THE MURDERERS. "That impossible" the people said. "That will never happen. Who is that being hung out of the palace window?" Jezebel. A few hours after they came around, hoping to bury her. They found only the palms of the hands and the skull. The dogs that devoured Jezebel and the dogs that devoured Naboth, Oh, what a swift, what an awful circuit! But it is sometimes the case that this circle sweeps through a century or through many centuries. The world started with a theocracy for government—that is, God was the president and emperor of the world. People got tired of a theocracy. They said: "We don't want God directly interfering with the affairs of the world. Give us a monarchy." The world had a monarchy. From a monarchy it is going to have a limited monarchy. After that the limited monarchy will be given up and the republican form of government will be everywhere dominant and recognized. Then the world will get tired of the republican form of government, and it will have an anarchy. Every step—monarchy, anarchy—only different steps between the first theocracy and the last theocracy or segments of the great circle of the earth on which God sits.

But do not become impatient because you cannot see the curve of events and therefore conclude that God's government is going to break down. History tells us that in the making of the pyramids it took 2,000 men two years to drag one great

TURN WHITE WITH HORROR. No one can tell how that bad man's influence girdled the earth save the one who sits on the circle of the earth—the Lord Almighty.

"Well, now," says some, "this, in some respects, is a very glad theory and in others a very sad one. We would like to have the good we have done come back to us, but we thought that all the sins we have ever committed will come back to us fills us with delight. The means, I have to tell you, God can break that circle and will do so at your call. I can bring twenty passages of scripture to prove that when God, for Christ's sake, forgives a man the sins of his past life never come back. The wheel may roll on and on, but you take your position behind the cross, and the wheel strikes the cross and is shattered forever. The sins fly off from the circle and fall at right angles, with complete oblivion. Forgive me, forgive me, forgive me, I have to tell you, God can break that circle and will do so at your call. I can bring twenty passages of scripture to prove that when God, for Christ's sake, forgives a man the sins of his past life never come back. 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