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By H. W. Hoffing, Author of "Shadow of the Hope," "Rogna's March," Rte. вуми тиро Т деани анти гами sworn it was not there are mimmes

The tradesman had a disappointed wase, but for a moment it brightenes as he expatiated on the value of that ring and on the price his people had accepted for it. I was invited to guess the figure, but I shook a discreet head. f have seldom been more tacitura in "Forty-five pounds, cried the jewel-

ler; "and it would be cheap at 50 gui-"That's right," assented Raffles. "That'd be dead cheap, I allow. But

then, my boy, you gotten ready cash, and don't you forget it." I do not dwell upon my own mystification in all this. I merely pause to state that I was keenly enjoying that very element. Nothing could have been more typical of Raffles and the past. It was only my own attitude

that was changed .. -= appeared that the mythical lady, my sister, had just become engaged to Raffles, who seemed all anxiety to pin her down with gifts of price. 1 could not quite gather whose gift to whom was the diamond ring, but it had evidently been paid for, and I voyaged to the moon, wondering why and how. I was recalled to this planet by a deluge of gems from the jeweller's bag. They lay alight in their cases like the electric lamps above. We all three put our heads together over them, myself without the slightest clue as to what was coming, but not unprepared for violent crime One

"Right away," Raffles was saying. "We'll choose for her, and you'lli change anything she don't like. Is that the idea?"

"That was my suggestion, sir." "Then come on, Ezra. I guess you know Sadie's taste. . You help me

And we chose-Lord! What did we not choose? There was her ring, a diamond half hoop. It cost £95, and there was no attempt to get it for £90. Then there was a diamond weeklet-200 guineas, but bounds accented. That was to be the gift of the bridegroom. The wedding was avidantly imminent. It behooved me to blay a brotherly part. I therefore rose to the opeasion, extendated she would like a diamond star (£118), but reckened it was more than I could afford, and sustained a victous kick under the table for either verb. was afraid to open my mouth on finally obtaining the star for the round hundred. And then the fat fell in the fire, for pay we could not, though a remittance (said Raffles) was 'overdue from Noo York."

"But I den't know you, gentlemen," the jeweller exclaimed. "I haven't even the name of your hotel!" "I told you we was stoppin' with friends," said Raffles, who was not angry, though thwarted and crushed. "But that's right, sir! Oh, that's dead right, and I'm the last man to ask you to take Quixotic risks. I'm try-

in' to figure a way out. Yes, sir, that's what I'm tryin' to do:" "I wish you could, sir" the jeweller said with feeling. "It isn't as if we hadn't seen the color of your money. But certain rules I am sworn to observe; it isn't as if I was in business

for myself, and-you say you start for Paris in the morning!" "On the 9 A. M. train," mused Raffles, "and I've heard no-end yarns about the joolers' stores in Parrus. But that ain't fair; don't you take no notice o' that. I'm tryin' to figure a

way out. Yes, sir!" He was smoking eigarettes out of a twenty-five box; the tradesman and I had cigars. Raffles sat frowning with a pregnant eye, and it was only too clear to me that his plans had miscarried. I could not help thinking, however, that they deserved to do so if he had counted upon buying credit for all but £400 by a single payment of some 10 per cent. That again seemed unworthy of Raffles, and I, for my part, still sat prepared to spring any moment at our visitor's

"We could mail you the money from Parrus," drawled Raffles at length, "But should we know you'd hold up your end of the string and mail us the same articles we've selected toThe visitor stiffened in his chair. cient guarantee for that.

their name than they are with mine," remarked Rames laughing. here, though? I got a scheme, You pack 'em in thisf" He turned the cigarettes out of the tin box, while the leweller and ained wondering eyes:

"Pack 'sm in this," reneated Raffies, "the three things we want and never mind the boxes. You can pack em in cetton week. Then we'll ring for string and sealing wax, seal up the let right here, and you can take 'em away in your grip. Within three days we'll have our remitance and mail you the money and you'll mail us this darned box with my seal unbroken! It's no use you lookin' so sick, Mr. Jooler; you won't trust us any, and yet we're goin' to trust you some. they've gotten any sealing wax and

They had; and the thing was done. The tradesman did not like it; the precaution was absolutely unnecessary; but since he was taking all his goods away with him, the sold with the unsold, his sentimental objections soon fell to the ground. He packed necklet, ring and star with his own hands in cotton wool, and the cigarette box held them so easily that at the last moment, when the box was closed and the string ready, Raffiles very nearly added a diamond bee brooch at £51 10s. This temptation, however, he ultimately overcame, to the other's chagrin. The cigarette box was tied up, and the string sealed, oddly enough, with the diamond of the

ring that had been bought and paid "Ill chance you having another ring in the store the dead spit of mine", laughed Raffles as he relinquished the hav and it disappeared into the tradesman's bag. And now, Mr. Robinson, I hope you'll appreciate my true hospitality in not offering you anything to drink while business was in progress. That's Chateau Margaux, sir,

and I should judge it's what you'd call an eighteen-carat article." In the cab which we took to the vicinity of the flat I was instantly sunbbed for asking questions which the driver might easily overhear, and I took the repulse just a little to heart. could make neither head nor tall of Raffles' dealings with the man from Regent street and was naturally inquisitive as to the meaning of it ail. But I held my tongue until we had regained the flat in the cautious manner of our exit, and even there un: til Rames railled me with a hand on either shoulder and an old smile upon

"You rabbit!" said he. eauldn't you wait till we sot home?" "Why couldn't you tell me what you were going to do?" I retorted as of

"Because your dear old phiz is still worth it's weight in innocence, and because you never could act for nuts! You looked as puzzled as the other poor devil, but you wouldn't if you had known what my game really was."

"And pray what was it?" ed the cigarette hox down upon the mantelpiece. It was not tied; it was not sealed. It flew open from the force of the impact. And the diamond ring that cost £95, the necklet for £200 and my flaming star at another £100, all three lay safe and snug in the jeweller's own cotton

"Duplicate boxes!" I cried. "Duplicate boxes, my brainy Bunny. One was already packed and weighted and in my pocket. I don't know whether you noticed me weighing the three things together in my hand? I know that neither of you saw me change the boxes, for I did it when I was nearest buying the bee brooch at the end, and you were too puzzled and the other Johnny too keen. It was the cheapest shot in the game. The dear ones were sending old Theobald to Southampton on a fool's errand yesterday atternoon, and showing one's own nose down Regent street in broad daylight while he was gone; but some things are worth paying for, and certain risks one must always take. Nice boxes, aren't they? I only wished they contained a better cigarette, but a notorious brand was essential. A box of Sullivans would have brought me to life to-morrew."

"But they oughtn't to open it tomorrow," "Nor will they, as a matter of fact. Meanwhile, Bunny, I may call upon

you to dispose of the boodle." "I'm on for any mortal thing!" "I know you are and I knew you

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my turn next to pay the shot!" "You shall hear how he paid it when

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(Copyright 1901 by Chas. Scribner's Sons.) The Room of Gold in the British
Museum is probably well enough
known to the inquiring alien and the
travelled American. A true Londoner,
however, I myself had never heard of it until Raffles casually proposed

a raid.

"The older I grow, Bunny, the less I think of your so-called precious stones. When did they ever bring in half their market value in £. s. d.? There was the first little crib we ever cracked together—you with your in-nocent eyes shut. A thousand pounds that stuff was worth, but how many hundreds did it actually fetch? The Ardagh emeralds weren't much bet-ter, old Lady Melrose's necklace was far worse, but that little lot the other night has about finished me. A cool hundred for goods priced well over four, and £35 to come off for bait, ring I bought and paid for like an ass. I'li be shot if I ever touch a diamont again! Not if it was the Kohinoon those few whacking stones are too well crease their value by arithmetical retrogression. Besides, that brings you up against the Fence once more, and | turin (as I had to remember to call I'm done with the beggars for good him), was really or apparently stekand publishers, you literary swine! publisher, but a six-barred, barbed: | try walls the glorious weather lasted wire, spike-topped Fence. What we really want is an incorporated Society of Thieves, with some publicspirited old forger to run it for us on

Rames uttered these blasphemies under his breath, not, I am afraid, out of any respect for my redeeming profession, hut because we were taking a midnight airing on the roof after whole day of June in the little flat below. The stars shone overhead, the lights of London underneath, and between the lips of Raffles a cigarette of the old and only brand. I had sent in secret for a box of the best. The boon had arrived that night, and the foregoing speech was the first result. I could afford to ignore the insolent sides, however, where the apparent contention was so manifestly unsound. "And how are you going to get rid

of your gold?" said I pertinently. "Nothing easier, my dear rabbit." "Is your Room of Gold a roomful of

sovereigns?" Raffles laughed softly at my scorn. "No, Bunny, it's principally in the shape of archaic ornaments, whose value, I admit, is largely extrinsic. But gold, from Phoenicia to Klondike, and if we cleared the room we should eventually do very well." "How?"

"I should melt it down into a nugget and bring it home from the U. S A. to-morrow."

"And then?" "Make them pay up in hard cash across the counter of the Bank of England And you can make them." That I knew, and so said nothing for a time, remaining a hostile though a silent critic, while we paced the cool black leads with our bare feet softly as cats.

"And how do you propose to get enough away," at length I asked, "to make it worth while?" "Ah, there you have it," said Raffles. "I only propose to reconnoitre the ground to see what we can see.



"That," said Raffles, and he smack- We paced the cool, black leads with our bare feet.

We might find some hiding place for a night; that, I am afraid, would be

our only chance."

"Have you ever been there before?" "Not since they got the one good, portable piece which I believe that they exhibit now. It's a long time since I read of it-I can't remember where-but I know they have got a gold cup of sorts worth several thousands. A number of the immorally rich clubbed together and presented it to the nation, and two of the richly immoral intend to snaffle it for them-

you think?" Think! I seized his arm. "When? When?" I asked

selves. At any rate we might go

and have a look at it, Bunny, don't

like a quick-firing gun. "The sooner the better, while sld Theobald's away on his honeymoon." Our medico had married the week before, nor was any fellow-practitioner taking his work-at least not that considerable branch of it that consisted of Raffles-during his brief absence from town. There were ressons, delightfully obvious to us, why such a plan would have been highly unwise in Dr. Theobald. I, however, was sending kim daily screeds and both matutinal and nocturnal telegrams, the composition of which afforded Raffles not a little enjoyment. Well, then, when-when?" I began to re-

"To-morrow if you like." "Only to look?" The limitation was my one regret. "We must do so, Bunny, before we

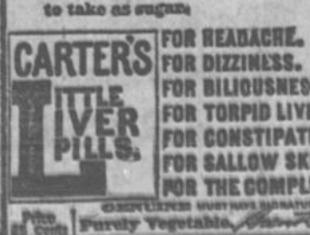
"Very well," I sighed. "But tomorrow it is!" And the morrow it really was. I saw the porter that night and, I still think, bought his absolute allegiance for the second coin of the realm. My story, however, invented

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OURE SICK HEADACHE.

That sick gentleman, Mr. Masaing for fresh air. Dr. Theobald would allow him none; he was pestering me for just one day in the com I was myself convinced that no pes sible harm could come of the experi ment. Would the perter help me so innecent and meritorious an intrisue? The man hesitated. I preduced my half severeign. The man And at half-past & next morning, before the heat of the day, Raffies and I drove to Kew Gardens in a hired landau which was to call for us at midday and wait until we The parter had assisted me to carry my invalid downstairs, in a carrying-chair hired (like the landau) from Harrod's Stores for the occa-

It was little after nine when we crawled together into the gardens; by half-past my invalid had had enough, and out he trotted on my arm; a cab, a message to our coachman, a timely train to Baker street, another cab, and we were at the British Museum-brisk pedestrians now-not very many minutes after the opening hour of 10 A. M

It was one of those glowing days which will not be forgotten by many with were in town at the time. The Diamond Jubilee was upon us, the Queen's weather had already set in. Raffles, indeed, declared it was as hot as Italy and Australia put together; and certainly the short summer nights gave the channels of wood and as-

phalt and the continents of brick and mortar but little time to cool. At the British Museum the pigeons were crooning among the shadows of the grimy colonade, and the stalwart janitors looked less stalwart than usual, as though their medals were too heavy for them. I recognized some habitual Readers going to their labor underneath the dome; of mere visitors we

seemed among the first. "That's the room," said Raffles, who had bought the two-penny guide, as we studied it openly on the nearest bench; "number 43, upstairs and sharp round to the right. Come on, Bunny!"

And he led the way in silence, but with a long methodical stride which I could not understand until we came to the corridor leading to the Room of Gold, when he turned to me for a

"A hundred and thirty-nine yards from this to the open street," said Raffes, "not counting the stairs, suppose we could do it in twenty seeends, but if we did we should have to ump the gates. No, you must remem: ber to leaf out at slow march, Hunny, whether you like it or not." "But you talked about a hiding-

alace for a night?" "Quite so-for all night. We should have to get back, go on lying low, and saunter out with the crowd next day -after doing the whole show ther-

"What! With gold in our pockets"-

"And gold in our boots, and gold up the sleeves and legs of our suits! You leave that to me, Bunny, and wait till you've tried two pairs of trousers sewn together at the foot! This is only a preliminary reconnol tre. And here we are."

It is none of my business to describe the so-called Room of Gold, with which I, for one, was not a little disappointed. The glass cases, which both fill and line it, may contain unique examples of the goldsmith's art in times and places of which one heard enough in the course of one's classical education; but, from a professional point of view, I would as lief have the ransacking of a single window in the West End as the pick of all those spoils of Etruria and of ancient Greece. The gold may not be so soft as it appears, but it certainly looks as though you could bite off the business ends of the spoons, and stop your own teeth in doing so. Nor should I care to be

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the greatest fraud of all (from the aforesaid standpoint) is assuredly that very cup of which Raffles had spoken. Moreover, he felt this himself.

he, "and enamelled like a middle-aged lady of qaulity! But, by Jove, it's one of the most beautiful things I ever saw in my life, Bunny. I should like to have it for its own sake, by all my

The thing had a little square case of plate glass all to itself at one end of the room. It may have been the thing of beauty that Raffles, affected to consider it, but I for my part was in no mood to look at it in that light. Underneath were the names of the plutocrats who had subscribed for this national gewgaw, and I fell to won-dering where their £8,000 came in, while Raffles devoured his two penny guide-book as greedily as a schoolgirl with a zeal for culture.

"Those are scenes from the martyrdom of St. Agnes, said he . . . "'translucent on relief * * * one of the finest specimens of its kind.' 1 should think it was! Bunny, you Philistine, why can't you admire the thing for its own sake? It would be worth having only to live up to! There never was such rich enamelling on such thin gold, and what a good scheme to hang the lid up over it, so that you can see how thin it is. wonder if we could lift it, Bunny, by hook or crook?" "You'd better try, sir," said a dry

The madman seemed to think we had the room to ourselves. I knew better, but, like another madman, had let him ramble on unchecked. And here was a stolld constable confrontus in the short tunic that they wear in summer, his whistle on its chain, but no truncheon at his side. Heavenst how I see him now-a man of medium size, with a broad, goodhumored perspiring race and a limp mustache. He looked sternly at Harnes and Hames looked merrily at him.

"That would be a loke my hat!" "I didn't say as I was, sir," replied the policeman, "But that's queer talk for a gentleman like you, sir, in the British Museum!" And he wasged his helmet at my invalid, who had taken his airing in freek coat and top hat, the more readily to assume his present part.

"What!" oried Rames, "simply saying to my friend that I'd like to lift the gold cup? Why, so I should, officer, so I should! I don't mind who hears me say so. It's one of the most beautiful things I ever saw in my Carving Knives and Forks

relaxed, and now a grin peeped under the limp mustache, "I dare say there's many as feels like that, sir," said Exactly; and I say what I feel, that's all," said Raffles airlly. "But

"The constable's face had already

seriously, officer, is a valuable thing like this quite safe in a case like "Safe enough as long as I'm here," replied the other between grim jest and stout earnest. Raffles studied his face; he was still watching Raffles,

and I kept an eye on them both without putting in my word. "You appear to be single-handed," observed Raffles. "Is that wise?" The note of anxiety was capitally caught; it was at once personal and public-spirited, that of the enthusiastic savant, afraid for a national treasure which few appreciated as he did himself. And, to be sure, the three of us now had this treasury to ourselves. One or two others had been there when we entered, but now

they were gone. "I'm not single-handed," said the officer comfortably. "See that seat by the door? One of the attendants sits there all day long." "Then where is he now?"

"Talking to another attendant just outside." In my own mind I even questioned whether they were in the corridor through which we had come. To me it sounded as though they were just outside the corridor. "You mean the fellow with the bil-

liard cue who was here when we came in?" pursued Rames. "That wasn't a billiard cue! It was a pointer," the intelligent officer ex-

"It ought to be a javelin," said Raf fles nervously, "It ought to be a poleage! The public treasure ought to be better guarded than this, shall write to the Times about it. You

see if I don't!" All at once, yet somehow not so suddenly as to excite suspicion, Raf- in any case. fles had become the elderly busybody with nervea; why I could not for the life of me imagine, and the policeman

seemed equally at sea. "Lor' bless you, sir," said he, "I'm all right. Don't you bother your head about me." "But you haven't even got a trun-

"Not likely to want one either. You see, sir, it's early as yet. In a few minutes these here rooms will fill up,

and there's safety in numbers, as they "Oh, it will fill up soon, will it?" "Any minute now, sir."

"Ah!"

"It isn't often empty as long as this, sir. It's the jubilee, I suppose." "Meanwhile what if my friend and I had been professional thieves? Why, we could have overpowered you in an instant, my good fellow!" "That you couldn't; leastways not

without bringing the whole place about your ears." "Well, I shall write to the Times all the same. I'm a connoisseur in all this sort of thing, and I won't have unnecessary risks run with the nation's property. You said there was an attendant just outside, but he

sounds to me as though he were at

the other end of the coridor. I shall write to-day!" For an instant we all three listened, and Raffles was right. Then I saw stepped a few inches backward and stood poised upon the ball of each foot, his arms half raised, a light in his eyes. And another kind of light was breaking over the crass features

of our friend the constable. whistle flew out, but it never reached his lips. There were a couple of sharp smacks like double barrels disthe man reeled against me so that I could not help catching him as he

"Well done, Bunny! I've knocked him out-I've knocked him out! Run you to the door and see if the atten-To be continued,

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