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Amateur Cracksman.

By E. W. Hornung, Author of "Shadow

of the Rope," "Rogue's March," Etc. perse upon which he had acted with such effect. The cup itself appealed to me no more than it had done befere. Exquisite it might be, handsome it was, but so light in the hand that the mere gold of it would scarcely have poured three figures out of melting pot. And what said Raffles but that he would never melt it "Taking it was an offense against the laws of the land, Bunny. That



I ran to the door.

is nothing. But destroying it would be a crime against God and Art, and may I be spitted on the vane of St. Mary Abbot's if I commit it!"

Talk such as this was unanswerable; indeed, the whole affair had passed the pale of useful comment, and the one course left to a practical person was to shrug his shoulders and enjoy the joke. This was not a little enhanced by the newspaper reports, which described Raffles as a handsome youth and his unwilling accomplice as an older man of blackguardly appearance and low type. "Hits us both off rather neatly.

Bunny," said he. "But what none of chaste? St. Agnes must have had a pretty bad time, but it would be almost worth it to go down to posterity in such enamel upon such gold. And then the history of the thing. Do you realize that it's five hundred years old and has belonged to Henry VIII. and to Elizabeth among others? Bunny when you have me cremated you can put my ashes in yonder cup and lay us in the deep-delved earth together!"

"And meanwhile?" "It is the joy of my heart, the light of my life, the delight of mine eye." "And suppose other eyes catch

sight of it?" "They never must; they never

Raffles would have been too absurd had he not been thoroughly alive to his own absurdity. There was nevertheless an underlying sincerity in his appreciation of any and every form of beauty which all his nonsense could not conceal, And his infatuation for the cup was, as he declared, a very pure passion, since the circumstances debarred him from the chief joy of the average collector, that of showing his treasure to his friends. At last, how. ever, and at the height of his craze, Raffles and reason seemed to come together again as suddenly as they had parted company in the Room of Gold.

"Bunny," he cried, flinging his newspaper across the room, "I've got an idea after your own heart. I know where I can place it after all!" "Then I congratulate you."

"Upon the recovery of your senses." "Thanks galore. But you've been confoundedly unsympathetic about this thing, Bunny, and I don't think I shall tell you my scheme till I've carried it out."

"Quite time enough," said I. "It will mean your letting me loose for an hour or two under cloud of this very night. To-morrow's Sunday, the jubilee's on Tuesday, and old Theobald's coming back for it."

"It doesn't much matter whether he's back or not if you go late enough." "I mustn't be late. They don't keep questions. Go out and buy me a big that the Suez Canal Co. has begun wid- rest of it—especially all the rest. But box of Huntley & Palmer's biscuits, ening the canal to enable the American may I see it in my dreams till I die any sort you like, only they must be naval floating drydock, now being tow- as it was in the beginning—before anytheirs, and absolutely the biggest box | ed to the Philippines, to pass. Traffic | thing began to happen. It was a they sell,"

"No questions, Bunny; you do your part and I'll do mine." Subtlety and success were in his face. It was enough for me, and I had done his extraordinary bidding within a quarter of an hour. In another minute Raffles had opened the box and tumbled all the biscuits into the nearest chair.

-My dear man!-

"Now newspapers!" I fetched a pile. He bid the cup of gold a ridiculous farewell, wrapped it up in newspaper after newspaper, and finally packed it in the empty biscuit

"Now some brown paper. I don't want to be taken for the grocer's young man."

A neat enough parcel it made when the string had been tied and the ends cut close. What was more difficult was to wrap up Raffles himself in such a way that even the porter could not recognize him if they came face to face at the corner. And the sun was still up. But Raffies would go, and when he did I should not have known

"And what have you done with the

"How much for? How much for?" "Let me think. I had a couple of cabs and the postage was a tanner,

eight." for it, Raffles?"

"Nothing, my boy." "Nothing!"

"Not a crimson cent."

it had a market value. I told you so in the beginning," I said irritably. "But what on earth have you done with the | unique in my memory of the man. His thing?" "Sent it to the Queen."

"You haven't!" ings, and Raffles had been one sort of der as any woman's, now flying to the them do justice to is my dear cup. Rogue ever since I had known him, other extreme of equally unwonted Look at it, only look at it, man! Was | but now for once he was the innocent | ferocity. But this was toward the ever anything so rich and yet so variety, a great gray-haired child, run- end of his tale; the beginning he

"Well, I've sent it to Sir Arthur Bigge to present to Her Majesty, with the loyal respects of the thief, if that will do for you," said Raffles. "I thought they might take too much stock of me at the G. P. O. if I addressed it to the sovereign herself. Yes, I drove over to St. Martin's-le-Grand with it, and I registered the box into the bargain. Do a thing properly if wrecked sailor-a sole survivor-stripyou do it at all."

"But why on earth," I groaned, "do such a thing at all?"

reigned over for over sixty years by I didn't have to pick and steal for a infinitely the finest monarch the world | square meal and a pair of trousers; it has ever seen. The world is taking | would have been more exciting if I the present opportunity of signifying | had. But what a place! Napoleon the fact for all it is worth. Every na- couldn't stand it, you remember, but tion is laying of its best at her royal he held on longer than I did. I put feet, every class in the community is | in a few weeks in their infernal mines, doing its little level-except ours. All simply to pick up a smattering of Ital-I have done is to remove one reproach | ian; then got across to the mainland

with his spirits, called him the sports- blazing in just such another sunset as man he always was and would be, and | the one you won't forget. shook his dare-devil hand in mine, but at the same time I still had my qualms. "Supposing they trace it to us?" said

in a biscuit box by Huntley & Palmer," | first happy hunting ground when I replied Raffles; "that was why I sent | knew the language better and had alyou for one. And I didn't write a word | tered myself a bit more. Meanwhile upon a sheet of paper which could pos- I got a billet of several sorts on one sibly be traced. I simply printed two of the loveliest spots that ever I or three on a virginal post-card- struck on all my travels. The place another halfpenny to the bad-which | was a vineyard, but it overhung the might have been bought at any post- sea, and I got taken on as tame sailoroffice in the kingdom. No, old chap, man and emergency bottle-washer. the G. P. O. was the one real danger; The wages were the noble figure of there was one detective I spotted for a lira and a half, which is just over myself, and the sight of him has left | a bob, a day, but there were lashings me with a thirst. Whiskey and Sulli- of sound wine for one and all and betvans for two, Bunny, if you please." Raffles was soon clinking his glass

against mine. "The Queen," said he. "God bless

Widening Suez Canal.

New York, Jan. 19 .- An Alexandria, Egypt, despatch to The Herald, says every prospect pleases—and all the will be stopped during the passage.

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# The Fate of Faustina.

No. 9 of the Series.

(Copyright 1901 by Chas. Scribner's Sons.) Mar-ga-ri, e perzo a Salvatore!

Mar-ga-ri, Ma l'ommo e cacciatore! Mar-ga-ri,

Nun ce aje corpa tu!

Chello ch' e fatto, e fatto un no par-

A piano-organ was pouring the me-tallic music through our open windows, while a voice of brass brayed the words, which I have since obtained, and print above for identification by such as know their Italy better than I. They will not thank me for reminding them of a tune so lately epidemic in that land of aloes and blue skies, but at least it is unlikely

accompaniment to a tragedy, and it It was the early heat of August, and the hour that of the lawful and necessary siesta for such as turn night into day. I was therefore shutting my window in a rage and wondering whether I should do the same for Raffles, when he appeared in the silk pajamas to which the chronic solicitude of Dr. Theobald confined him from morning to night.

to run in their heads as the ribald

"Don't do that, Bunny," said he. "I rather like that thing and want to listen. What sort of fellows are they to look at, by the way?"

I put my head out to see, it being a primary rule of our quaint estabhimself at any of the windows. I remember now how hot the sill was to my elbows, as I leaned upon it and looked down in order to satisfy a curiosity in which I could see no point.

"Dirty-looking beggars," said I over my shoulder: "dark as dark; blue china, oleaginous curls and earrings; ragged as they make them, but nothing picturesque in their rags."

"Neapolitans all over," murmured Raffles behind me, "and that's a characteristic touch, the one fellow singing while the other grinds; they always have that out thera." "He's rather a mne chap, the singer,"

said I as the song ended. "My hat,

what teeth! He's looking up here and grinning all round his head. Shall I chuck them anything?" "Well, I have no reason to love the Neapolitans, but it takes me backit takes me back! Yes, here you are,

one each." It was a couple of half-crowns that He may have been an hour away. Rames put into my hand, but I had It was barely dusk when he returned, thrown them into the street for penand my first question referred to our nies before I saw what they were. dangerous ally, the porter. Raffles had Thereupon I left the Italians bowing passed him unsuspected in going, but to the mud, as well they might, and had managed to avoid him altogether I turned to protest against such wanon the return journey, which he had | ton waste. But Raffles was walking completed by way of the other en- up and down, his head bent, his eyes trance and the roof. I breathed again. | troubled, and his one excuse armed

"They took me back," he repeated. "My God, how they took me back!" Suddenly he stopped in his stride. "You don't understand, Bunny, old chap, but if you like you shall. I alwith another twopence for registra- ways meant to tell you some day, but tion. Yes, it cost me exactly five-and- never felt worked up to it before, and it's not the kind of thing one talks

"It cost you? But what did you get about for talking's sake. It isn't a nursery story, Bunny, and there isn't a laugh in it from the start to finish. On the contrary, you have often asked me what turned my hair gray, and "I am not surprised. I never thought | now you are going to hear." This was promising, but Raffies'

manner was something more. It was fine face softened and set hard by turns. I never knew it so hard. never knew it so soft. And the same Rogue is a word with various mean- i might be said of his voice, now tenning over with merriment and mis- treated characteristically enough, though I could have wished for a less cavalier account of the island of Elba, where, upon his own showing, he had

met with much humility. "Deadly, my dear Bunny, is not the word for the glorified snag of the mollusks, its inhabitants. But they started by wounding my vanity, so perhaps I am prejudiced after all. sprung myself upon them as a shipped in the sea and landed without a stitch; yet they took no more interest in me than you do in Italian organ-"My dear Bunny, we have been grinders. They were decent enough. in a little wooden timber tramp, and At this I came round, was infected | ungratefully glad I was to leave Elba

"The tramp was bound for Naples, but first touched at Baiae, where 1 carefully deserted in the night. There are too many English in Naples itself, "There's not much to catch hold of though I thought it would make a ter wine to bathe in. And for eight whole months, my boy, I was an absolutely honest man. The luxury of it, Bunny! I out-Heroded Herod, wouldn't touch a grape, and when in the most delicious danger of being knifed for my principles by the thiev-

ing crew I had joined. "It was the kind of place where bay, thatched with vines, and with the rummiest old house on the very edge of all, a devil of a height above the sea. You might have sat at the windows and dropped your Sullivanends plumb into blue water a hundred

and fifty feet below. "From the garden behind the house -such a garden, Bunny-oleanders and mimosa, myrtles, rosemary and red tangles of fiery, untamed flowers

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-sea; at least there were nearly two hundred steps tunnelled through the solid rock; then an iron gate, and another eighty steps in the open air, lishment that Raffles must never show | and last of all a cave fit for pirates - a-penny-plain-and-twopencecolored. This cave gave upon the sweetest little thing in coves, all deep blue water and honest rocks; and here I looked after the vineyard shipping, a pot-bellied tub with a brown sail, and a sort of dingy. The tub took the wine to Naples and the dingy was the

tub's tender. "The house above was said to be on the identical site of a suburban retreat of the admirable Tiberius. There was the old sinner's private theatre, with the tiers cut clean to this day; the well where he used to fatten his lampreys on his slaves, and a ruined temple of those ripping old Roman bricks, shallow as dominoes and ruddier than the cherry. I never was much of an antiquary, but I could have become one there if I'd had nothing else to do, but I had lots. When I wasn't busy with the boats I had to trim the vines or gather the granes or even merp make the wine itself in a cool, dark, musty vault underneath the temple that I can see and smell as I jaw. And can't I hear it and feel it too! Squish, squash, bubble; squash, squish, guggle; and your feet as though you had been wading through slaughter to a throne. Yes, Bunny, you mightn't think it, but this good right foot, that never was on the wrong side of the crease when the ball left my hand has also been known to

crush the lees of pleasure From sanguine grapes of pain."

He made a sudden pause as though he had stumbled on the thruth in jest. His face filled with lines. He was | champagne, my sparkling cobalt-and sitting in the room that had been bare when first I saw it. There were basket-chairs and a table in it now. all meant ostensibly for me, and hence Raffles would slip to his bed and could see for miles, or the dark with schoolboy relish at every tinkle | nights when the fishermen's torches of the bell. This afternoon we felt | stood for the sea and a red zizzag in fairly safe, for Theobald had called in | the sky for old Vesuvius. We were the morning, and Mrs. Theobald still took up much of his time. Through the open window we could hear the us. My mates took no interest in piano-organ and "Mar-ga-ri" a few hundred yards further on. I fancied Raffles was listening to it while he paused. He shook his head abstract- the seven; the other two we sighed edly when I handed him the cigarettes, and his tone hereafter was never

just what it had been. "I don't know, Bunny, whether won're a believer in transmigration of souls. I have often thought it easier to believe than lots of other things, and I have been pretty near believing in it myself since I had my being on that villa of Tiberius. The brute who who had it in my day, if he isn't still running it with a whole skin, was or is as cold-blooded a blackguard as the worst of the emperors, but I have often thought he had a lot in common with Tiberius. He had the great, high, sensual Roman nose, eyes that were sinks of iniquity in themselves, and that swelled with fatness, like the rest of him, so that he wheezed if he walked a yard; otherwise rather a fine beast to look at, with a huge gray mustache, like a flying gull, and the most courteous manners even to his men, but one of the worst, Bunny, one of the worst that ever was. It was said that the vineyard was only his hobby. If so he did his best to make his hobby pay. He used to come out from Naples for the week-ends-in the tub when it wasn't too rough for his nerves-and he didn't always come alone. His very name sounded unhealthy-Corbucci. I suppose I ought to add that he was a count, though counts are two-a-penny in Naples and in season all the year round.

"He had a little English and liked to air it on me, much to my disgust. If I could not hope to conceal my nationality as yet I at least did not want to have it advertised, and the swine had English friends. When he heard that I was bathing in November, when the bay is still as warm as new milk, he would shake his wicked old head and say, 'You are very audashussvou are very audashuss!' and nut no

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end of side before his itanans. By God, he had pitched upon the right word unawares, and I let him know

"But that bathing, Bunny; it was absolutely the best I ever had anywhere. I said just now the water was call it blue champagne, and was rather anoyed that I had no one to admire the phrase. Otherwise I assure you that I missed my own particular kind very little indeed, though I often wish-ed that you were there, old chap, particularly when I went for my lonesome swim first thing in the morning, when the bay was all rose leaves, and last thing at night, when your body caught



And then we were alone for the last

phosphorescent fire! Ah, yes, it was a good enough life for a change, a perfect paradise to lie low in, another Eden until . . . "My poor Eve!"

"I called the girl Eve," said he. "Her real name was Faustina, and she was one of a vast family who hung of the vineyard. And Aphrodite rising from the sea was less wonderful and not more beautiful than Aphrodite emerging from that hovel!

"It was the most exquisite face I ever saw or shall see in this lifeabsolutely perfect features, a skin that reminded you of old gold, so delicate was its bronze; magnificent hair, not | Horse Blankets, black but nearly, and such eyes and teeth that would have made the fortune of a face without another point. I tell you, Bunny, London would go mad about a girl like that. but I don't believe there's such another in the world. And there she was wasting her sweetness upon that lovely but desolate little corner of it! well, she did not waste it upon me. I would have married her and lived happily ever after in such a hovel as her people's-with her. Only to look at her-only to look at her for the rest of my days-I could have lain low and remained dead even to you! And that's all I'm going to tell you about that, Bunny; cursed be he who tells more! Yet don't you run away with the idea that this poor Faustina was the only woman I ever cared about. I don't believe in all that 'only' rot; nevertheless I tell you that she was the one being who ever entirely satisfied my sense of beauty, and I honestly believe I could have chucked the world and been true to Faus-

tina for that alone. "We met sometimes in the little temple I told you about, sometimes among the vines, now by honest accident, now by flagrant design, and found a ready-made rendezvous, romantic as one could wish, in the cave down all those subterranean steps. Then the tea would call us-my blue there was the dingy ready to our hand. Oh, those nights! I never knew which I liked best-the moonlit ones when you sculled through silver happy. I don't mind owning it. We seemed not to have a care between my affairs and Faustina's family did not appear to bother about her. The Count was in Naples five nights of

apart. "At first it was the oldest story in literature-Eden plus Eve. The place had been a heaven on earth before but now it was heaven itself. So for a little. Then one night-a Monday night-Faustina burst out crying in the boat, and sobbed her story as we drifted without mishap by the mercy

of the Lord. "She was engaged-what! Had I never heard of it? Did I mean to upset the boat? What was her engagement beside our love? 'Niente, niente,' crooned Faustina, sighing yet smiling through her tears. No, but in any case. what did matter was that the man had threatened to stab her to the heart-and would do it as soon as | Cor. Cambridge and Wellington-sts.

look at her-that I knew. "I knew it merely from my knowledge of the Neapolitans, for I had no idea who the man might be. I knew it, and yet I took this detail better than the fact of the engagement though now I began to laugh at both. As if I was going to let her marry anybody else! As if a hair of her lively head should be touched while I lived to protect her! I had a great mind to row away to blazes with her that very night and never go near the vineyard again, or let her either. But we had not a lira between us at the time, and only the rags in which we sat barefoot in the boat. Besides, I had to know the name of the animal who had threatened a woman, and

such a woman as this. "For a long time she refused to tell me, with splendid obduracy; but I was as determined as she, so at last she made conditions. I was not to go and get put in prison for sticking a knife into him-he wasn't worth itand I did promise not to stab him in the back. Faustina seemed quite satisfied, though a little puzzled by my manner, having herself the racial tolerance for cold steel, and next moment she had taken away my breath 'It is Stefano,' she whispered and

hung her head. "And well she might, poor thing! Stefano, of all creatures on God's

earth-for her! "Bunny, he was a miserable little undersized wretch, ill-favored, servile, surly and second only to his master in bestial cunning and hypocrisy. His face was enough for me; that was in decent eyes; always came out first on the Saturday with the spese, to have all ready for his master and current mistress, and stayed behind on the Monday to clear and lock up. Stefano! That worm! I could well understand his threatening a woman with a knife. What beat me was how any weman could ever have listened to him; above all that Faustina

(To be continued.)

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