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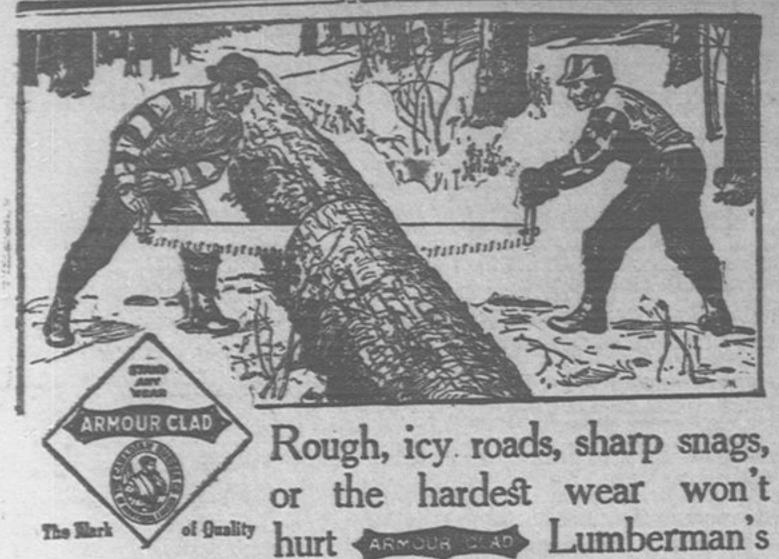
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# ARMOUR CLAD:

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By E. W. Hornung, Author of "Shadow of the Rope," "Rogue's March." Etc.

"or course," said he, "and by the route I intended him to take; he's gone by the iron ladder, as I hoped he would. What on earth should we have done with him? My poor dear Bunny, I thought you'd take a bribe! But it's really more convincing as it is, and just as well for Lord Ernest to be convinced for the time being."

"Are you sure he is?" I questioned, as I found a rather shaky pair of legs. "Of course," cried Raffles again, in the tone to make one blush for the least misgiving on the point. "Not that it matters one bit," he added, airily. "for we have him either way; and when he does tumble to it, as he may any minute, he won't dare to open his mouth."

"Then the sooner we clear out the better," said I, but I looked askance at the open window, for my head was

spinning still, "When you feel up to it," returned Raffles, "we shall stroll out, and I shall do myself the honor of ringing for the lift. The force of habit is too strong in you, Bunny. I shall shut the window and leave everything exactly as we found it. Lord Ernest will probably tumble before he is badly missed; but then he may come back to put salt on us; but I should like to know what he can do even if he succeeds! Come, Bunny, pull yourself together, and you'll be a different man when you're in the open air."

And for a while I felt one, such was my relief at getting out of those infernal mansions with unfettered wrists; this we managed easily enough; but once more Raffles' performance of a small part was no less perfect than his more ambitious work upstairs, and something of the successful artist's elation possessed him as we walked arm in arm across St. James's Park. It was long since I had known him so pleased with himself, and only too long since he had had such reason.

"I don't think I ever had a brighter idea in my life," he said; "never thought of it till he was in the next room; never dreamt of its coming off so ideally even then, and didn't much care, because we had him all ways up. I'm only sorry you let him knock you out. I was waiting outside the door all the time, and it made me sick to hear it. But I once broke my own head, Bunny, if you remember, and not in half such an excellent cause!"

Raffles touched all his pockets in his turn, the pockets that contained a small fortune apiece, and he smiled in my face as we crossed the lighted avenues of the Mall. Next moment he was hailing a hansom-for I suppose I was pretty pale-and not a word would he let me speak until we had augmen as near as was prudent to the

"What a brute I've been, Bunny!" he whispered then; "but you take half the swag, old boy, and right well you've earned it. No, we'll go in by the wrong door and over the roof; it's too late for old Theobald to be still at the play, and too early for him to be safely in his cups."

So we climbed the many stairs with catlike stealth, and like cats crept out upon the grimy leads. But to-night they were no blacker than their cano-Dy of sky; not a chimney-stack stood out against the starless night; one had to feel one's way in order to avoid tripping over the low parapets of the L-shaped wells that ran from roof to basement to light the inner rooms. One of these wells was spanned by 2 flimsy bridge with iron handrails that felt warm to the touch as Raffles led the way across; a hotter and a closer night I have never known.

"The flat will be like an oven," grumbled, at the head of our own stair-

"Then we won't do down," said Raffles, promptly: "we'll slack it up here for a bit instead. No, Bunny, you stay where you are! I'll fetch you a drink and a deck chair, and you sha'n't

come down till you feel more fit." And I let him have his way, I will not say as usual, for I had even less than my normal power of resistance that night. That villainous uppercut! My head still sang and throbbed, as I seated myself on one of the aforesaid parapets and buried it in my hot hands. Nor was the night one to dispel a headache; there was distinct

I waited; and it never struck me that it came from the wrong direction. "You have been quick," said

"Yes," hissed a voice I recognized; "and you've got to be quicker still! Here, out with your wrists; no, one at a time; and if you utter a syllable you're a dead man."

It was Lord Ernest Belville; his close-cropped, iron-gray mustache gleamed through the darkness, drawn up over his set teeth. In his hand glittered a pair of handcuffs, and before I knew it one had snapped its jaws

about my right wrist. "Now come this way," said Lord Ernest, showing me a revolver also, "and wait for your friend. And, recollect, a single syllable of warning will be your death!"

With that the ruffian led me to the very bridge I had just crossed at Raffles' heels and handcuffed me to the iron rail midway across the chasm. It no longer felt warm to my touch, but icy as the blood in all my veins. So this high-born hypocrite had

beaten us at our game and his, and Raffles had met his match at last! That was the most intolerable thought, that Raffles should be down in the flat on my account, and that I could not warn him of his impending fate; for how was it possible without making such an outcry as should bring the mansions about our ears? And there I shivered on that wretched plank, chained like Andomeda to the rock, with a black infinity above and below; and before my eyes, now grown familiar with the peculiar darkness, stood Lord Ernest Belville, waiting for Raffles to emerge with full hands and unsuspecting heart! Taken so horribly unawares, even Raffles must fall an easy prey to a desperado in resource and courage scarcely second to himself, but one whom he had fatally underrated from the beginning. Not that I paused to think how the thing had happened; my one concern was

for what was to happen next. And what did happen was worse than my worst foreboding, for first a light came flickering into the sort of companion-hatch at the head of the stairs, and finally Raffles-in his shirt-sleeves! He was not only carrying a candle to put the finishing touch to him as a target: he had dispensed with coat and waistcoat downstairs, and was at once full-handed

"Where are you, old chap?" he cried softly, himself blinded by the light he carried; and he advanced a couple of steps toward Belville. 'This isn't you, is it?"

And Raffles stopped, his candle held on high, a folding chair under the oth-

"No, I am not your friend," replied Lord Ernest, easily; "but kindly re- to the concrete bottom of the well, and main standing exactly where you are, and don't lower that candle an inch, unless you want your brains blown in- | my ear; he had the iron railing fast; it to the street."

Raffles said never a word, but for a moment did as he was bid; and the unshaken flame of the candle was tesnight and to the finest set of nerves in Europe. Then, to my horror, he coolly stooped, placing candle and chair on the leads, and his hands in his pockets, as though it were but a pop-gun that covered him.

"Why didn't you shoot?" he asked insolently as he rose "Frightened of the noise? I should be, too, with an old-pattern machine like that. All very well for service in the field-but on the housetops at dead of night!"

"I shall shoot, however," replied Lord Ernest, as quietly in his turn, and with less insolence. "and chance the noise, unless you instantly restore my property. I am glad you don't dispute the last word," he continued after a slight pause. "There is no keener honor than that which subsists, or ought to subsist, among thieves; and I need hardly say that I soon spotted you as one of the fraternity. Not in the beginning, mind you! For the moment I did think you were one of these smart detectives jumped to life from some sixpenny magazine; but to | the gyve was wheedled from one preserve the illusion you ought to provide yourself with a worthier lieutenant. It was he who gave your show away," chuckled the wretch, dropping for a moment the affected style of speech which seemed intended to enhance our humiliation; "smart detectives don't go about with little innocents to assist them. You needn't be anxious about him, by the way; it | in another place I have shirked the wasn't necessary to pitch him into the | whole truth. It is not a grateful task street; he is to be seen though not | to show Raffles as completely at fault heard, if you look in the right direc- as he really was on that occasion;

out by the window. You see, I was in my bathroom all the time-with the door open." "The bathroom, eh?" Raffles echoed

followed us on foot across the park?" "Of course." "And then into a cab?" "And afterward on foot once more."

with professional interest. "And you

"The simplest skeleton would let you in down below." I saw the lower half of Lord Ernest's

face grinning in the light of the candle set between them on the ground. "You follow every move," said he; "there can be no doubt you are one of the fraternity; and I shouldn't wonder if we had formed our style upon the same model. Ever know A. J.

The abrupt question took my breath away; but Raffles himself did not lose an instant over his answer. "Intimately," said he.

"That accounts for you, then," laughed Lord Ernest, "as it does for me, though I never had the honor of the master's acquaintance. Nor is it for me to say which is the worthier disciple. Perhaps, however, now that your friend is handcuffed in midair, and you yourself are at my mercy, you will concede me some little temporary

And his face split in another grin from the cropped mustache downward, as I saw no longer by candle-light, but by a flash of lightning which tore the sky in two before Raffles could re-

"You have the bulge at present," admitted Raffles; "but you have still to lay hands upon your, or our, ill-gotten goods. To shoot me is not necessarily to do so; to bring either one of us to a violent end is only to court a yet more violent and infinitely more disgraceful one for yourself. Family considerations alone should rule that risk out of your game. Now, an hour or two ago, when the exact oppo-

The remainder of Raffles' speech was drowned from my ears by the belated crash of thunder which the lightning had foretold. So loud, however, was the crash when it came, that the storm was evidently approaching us at a high velocity; yet, as the last echo rumbled away, I heard Raffles talking as though he had never

"You offered us a share," he was saying; "unless you mean to murder us both in cold blood, it will be worth while to repeat the offer. We should be dangerous enemies; you had far better make the best of us as friends."

"Lead the way down to your flat," said Lord Ernest, with a flourish of his service revolver, "and perhaps we may talk about it. It is for me to make the terms, I imagine, and in the first place I am not going to get wet to the skin up here."

The rain was beginning in great drops, even as he spoke, and by a second flash of lightning I saw Raffles pointing to me. "But what about my friend?" said

And then came the second peal. "Oh, he's all right," the great brute replied; "do him good. You don't catch me letting myself in for two to

"You will find it equally difficult," rejoined Raffles, "to induce me to leave my friend to the mercy of a night like this. He has not recovered from the blow you struck him in your own rooms. I am not such a fool as to blame you for that, but you are a worse sportsman than I take you for if you think of leaving him where he is. If he stays, however, so do I."

And, just as it ceased, Raffles' voice seemed distinctly nearer to me; but in the darkness and the rain, which was now as heavy as hail, I could see nothing clearly. The rain had already extinguished the candle. I heard an oath from Belville, a laugh from Raffles, and for a second that was all. Raffles was coming to me, and the other could not even see to fire; that was all I knew in the pitchy interval of invisible rain before the next crash and the next flash."

And then! This time they came together, and not till my dying hour shall I forget the sight that the lightning lit and the thunder applauded. Raffles was on one of the parapets of the gulf that my foot-bridge spanned, and in the sudden illumination he stepped across 't as one might across a zarden path. The width was scarcely greater, but the depth! In the sudden flare I saw it looked no larger than the hollow of my hand. Raffles was laughing in was between us, but his foothold was as secure as mine. Lord Ernest Belville, on the contrary, was a fifth of a second late for the light, and half a timony alike to the stillness of the foot short in his spring. Something struck our bridge plank so hard as to set it quivering like a harp-string; there was half a gasp and half a sob in midair beneath our feet; and then a sound far below that I prefer not to describe. I am not sure that I could hit upon the perfect simile; it is more than enough for me that I can hear it still. And with that sickening sound came the loudest clap of thunder yet, and a great white glare that showed us our enemy's body far below, with one white hand spread like a starfish. but the head of him mercifully twisted underneath.

"It was his own fault, Bunny. Poor devil! May he and all of us be forgiven; but pull yourself together for your own sake. Well, you can't fall; stay where you are a minute."

I remember the uproar of the elements while Raffles was gone; no other sound mingled with it; not the opening of a single window, not the uplifting of a single voice. Then came Raffles with soap and water, and wrist, as you withdraw a ring for which the finger has grown too large. Of the rest, I only remember shivering till morning in a pitch-dark flat, whose invalid occupier was for once

the nurse, and I his patient. And that is the true ending of the episode in which we two set ourselves to catch one of our own kidney, albeit tion. Nor must you put all the blame | nor do I derive any subtle satisfacupon your friend; it was not he, but | tion from recounting my own twofold ture, a pretty figure of a subordinate | you who made so sure that I had got | humiliation, or from having assisted not uncongenial sinner. The truth, however, has after all a merit of its own, and the great kinsfolk of poor Lord Ernest have but little to lose by its divulgence. It would seem that they knew more of the real character of the apostle of Rational Drink than was known at Exeter Hall. The tragedy was indeed hushed up, as tragedies only are when they occur in

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such circles. But the rumor that did get abroad, as to the class of enterprise which the poor scamp was pursuing when he met his death, cannot be too soon exploded, since it breathed upon the fair fame of some of the most respectable flats in Kensington.

# An Old Flame.

No. 12 of the Series.

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The square shall be nameless, but if you drive due west from Piccadilly the cabman will eventually find it on his left, and he ought to thank you for two shillings. It is not a fashionable square, but there are few with a finer garden, while the studios on the south side lend distinction of another sort. The houses, however, are small and dingy, and about the last to attract the expert practitioner in search of a crib. Heaven knows it was with no such thought I trailed Raffles thither, one unlucky evening at the latter end of that same season, when Dr. Theobald had at last insisted upon the bath chair which I had foreseen in the beginning. Trees whispered in the green garden aforesaid, and the cool smooth lawns looked so inviting that I wondered whether some philanthropic resident could not be induced to lend us the key. But Raffles would not listen to the suggestion, when I stopped to make it, and what was worse, I found him looking wistfully at the little houses instead.

"Such balconies, Bunny! A leg up, and there you would be. I expressed a conviction that there would be nothing worth taking in the square, but took care to have him under way again as I spoke.

"I daresay you're right," sighed Raffles. "Rings and watches, I suppose, but it would be hard luck to take them from people who live in houses like these. I don't know, though. Here's one with an extra story. Stop, Bunny; if you don't coving stealthily about the upper stop I'll hold on to the railings! This is a good house; look at the knocker and the electric bell. They've had that put in. There's some money here, my rabbit! I dare bet there's a silver-table in the drawing-room; and the windows are wide open. Elec-

tric light, too, by Jove!" Since stop I must, I had done so on the other side of the road in the shadow of the leafy palings, and as Raffles spoke the ground floor windows opposite had flown alight, showing as pretty a little dinner table as one could wish to see, with a man at his wine at the far end, and the back of a lady in evening dress toward us. It was like a lantern picture thrown upon a screen. There were only the pair of them, but the table was brilliant with silver and gay with flowers, - a the main waited with the indefinable air of a good servant. It cer-

tainly seemed a good house. "She's going to let down the blind!" whispered Raffles in high excitement "No, confound them, they've told her not to. Mark down her necklace, Bunny, and invoice his stud. What a brute he looks! But I like the table, and that's her show. She has the taste, but he must have money. See the festive picture over the sideboard? Looks to me like Jacques Saillard. But that silver table would be good enough for me." "Get on," said I. "You're in a bath

"But the whole square's at dinner! We should have the ball at our feet. It wouldn't take two twos!" "With those blinds up and the kitch-

en underneath?" He nodded, leaning forward in the chair, his hands upon the wraps about "You must be mad," said I, and got

back to my handles with the word. but when I tugged the chair ran "Keep an eye on the rug," came in

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a whisper from the middle of the road, and there stood my invalid, his pale face in a quiver of pure mischief, yet set with his insane resolve. "I'm going to see whether that woman has a silver table."

"We don't want it"-"It's madness, madness"-"Then don't you wait!"

It was like him to leave me like that, and this time I had taken him at his last word, had not my own given me an idea. Mad I had called him, and mad I could declare upon oath if necessary. It was not as though the thing had happened far from home. They could learn all about us at the nearest mansions. I referred them to Dr. Theobald; this was a Mr. Maturin, one of his patients, and I was his keeper, and he had never given me the slip before. I heard myself making these explanations on the doorstep, and pointing to the deserted bath chair as the proof, while the pretty parlor maid ran for the police. It would be a more serious matter for me than for my charge. I should lose my place. No, he had never done such a thing before, and I would answer for it that he never should again.

I saw myself conducting Raffies back to his chair with a firm hand and a stern tongue. I heard him thanking me in whispers on the way home. It would be the first tight place I had ever got him out of, and I was quite anxious for him to get into it, so sure was I of every move. My whole position had altered in the few seconds that it took me to follow this illuminating train of ideas; it was now so strong that I could watch Raffles without much anxiety. And he was worth watching.

He had stepped boldly but softly to the front door, and there he was still waiting, ready to ring if the door opened or a face appeared in the area, and doubtless to pretend that he had rung already. But he had not to ring at all: and suddenly I saw his foot on the letter-box, his left hand on the lintel overhead. It was thrilling even to a hardened accomplice with an explanation up his sleeve! A tight grip with that left hand of his, as he leaned forward with all his weight upon those five fingers; a right arm stretched outward and upward to its last inch, and the base of the low, project-

ing balcony was safely caught. I looked down and took breath. The maid was removing the crumbs in the lighted room, and the square was empty as before. What a blessing it was the end of the season! Many of the houses remained in darkness. I looked up again and Raffles was drawing his left leg over the balcony railing. In another moment he had disappeared through one of the French windows which opened upon the balcony, and in yet another he had switched on the electric light within. This was bad enough, for now I at least could see everything he did; but the crowning folly was still to come. There was no point in it; the mad thing was done for my benefit, as I knew at once and he afterward confessed, but the lunatic reappeared on the balcony, bowling like a mountebank-in his crape mask!

I set off with the empty chair, but I came back. I could not desert old Raffles even when I would, but must try to explain away his mask as well, if he had not the sense to take it off in time. It would be difficult, but burglaries are not usually committed from a bath chair, and for the rest I put my faith in Dr. Theobald. Meanwhile Raffles had at least withdrawn from the balcony, and now I could only see his head as he peered into a cabinet at the other side of the room. It was like the opera of "Aida," in which two scenes are enacted simultaneously, one in the dungeon below, the other in the temple above. In the same fashion my attention now became divided between the picture of Raffles (To be sontinued.)

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