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speculations kept me silent. "But come in here a moment," he continued, just as I decided that he knew nothing at all. And leading me into his minute consulting-room, Dr. Theobald solemaly presented me with a sovereign by way of compensation, which I pocketed as solemnly, and with as much gratitude as if I had not fifty of them distributed over my person as it was. The good fellow had quite forgotten my social status, about which he himself had been so particular at our earliest interview; but he had never accustomed himself to treat me as a gentleman, and I do not suppose he had been improving his memory by the tall tumbler which I saw him poke behind a photograph frame as we entered.

"There's one thing I should like to know before I go," said I, turning suddenly on the doctor's mat, "and that is whether Mr. Maturin is really ill or not!"

I meant, of course, at the present moment, but Dr. Theobald braced himself like a recruit at the drill-sergeant's voice. "Of course he is," he snapped-"so

ill as to need a nurse who can nurse, by way of a change." With that his door shut in my face,

and I had to go my way, in the dark as to whether he had mistaken my meaning, and was telling me a lie,

But for my misgivings on this point I might have extracted some very genuine enjoyment out of the next few days. I had decent clothes to my back, with money, as I say, in most of the pockets, and more freedom to spend it than was possible in the constant society of a man whose personal liberty depended on a universal supposition that he was dead. Raffles was as bold as ever, and I as fond of him, but whereas he would run any risk in a professional exploit, there were many innocent recreations open to me which would have been sheer madness in him. He could not even watch a match, from the sixpenny seats, at Lord's Cricket ground, where the Gentlemen were every year in a worse way without him. He never traveled by rail, and dining out was a risk only to be run with some ulterior object in view. In fact, much as it had changed, Raffles could do no longer show his face with perfect impunity in any quarter or at any hour. Moreover, after the lesson he had now learnt, I foresaw increased caution on his part in this respect. But I myself was under no such perpetual disadvantage, and, while what was good enough for Raffles was quite good enough for me, so long as we were together, I saw no harm in pro-

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fiting by the present opportunity of "doing myself well." Such were my reflections on the way to Richmond in a hansom cab. Richmond had struck us both as the best centre of operation in search of the suburban retreat which Raffles wanted, and by road, in a well-appointed, well-selected hansom, was certainly the most agreeable way of getting there. In a week or ten days Raffles was to write to me at the Richmond Post-Office, but for at least a week I should be "on my own." It was not an unpleasant sensation as I leant back in the comfortable hansom, and rather to one side, in order to have 2 good look at myself in the bevelled mirror that is almost as great an improvement in these vehicles as the rubber tires. Really I was not an illlooking youth, if one may call one's self such at the age of thirty. I could lay no claim either to the striking cast of countenance or to the peculiar charm of expression which made the face of Raffles like no other in the world. But this very distinction was In itself a danger, for its impression was indelible, whereas I might still have been mistaken for a hundred other young fellows at large in London. Incredible as it may appear to the moralists, I had sustained no external hallmark by my term of imprisonment, and I am vain enough to believe that the evil which I did had not a separate existence in my face. This afternoon, indeed, I was struck by the purity of my fresh complexion, and rather depressed by the general innocence of the visage which peered into mine from the little mirror. My

mensions, and was still invisible in certain lights without wax. So far from discerning the desperate criminal who has "done time" once, and deserved it over and over again, the superior but superficial observer might have imagined that he detected a cer-

tain element of folly in my face. At all events it was not the face to shut the doors of a first-class hotel against me, without acidental evidence of a more explicit kind, and it was with

no little satisfaction that I directed the man to drive to the Star and Garer. I also told him to go through Richmond Park, though he warned me that it would add considerably to the distance and his fare. It was autumn, and it struck me that the tints would be fine. And I had learnt from Raffles to appreciate such things, even amid the excitement of an audacious enterprise.

If I dwell upon my appreciation of Star and Garter, which was so empty that I had a room worthy of a prince, morning while I shaved. I walked many miles through the noble park, over the commons of Ham and Wimbledon, and one day as far as that of Esher, where I was forcibly reminded of a service we once rendered to a distinguished resident in this delightful locality. But it was on Ham Common, one of the places which Raffles had mentioned as specially desirable, that I actually found an almost ideal retreat. This was a cottage where I | a funereal brougham, evidently hired heard, on inquiry, that rooms were | for the occasion. I had watched her to be let in the summer. The landlady, a motherly body, of visible excellence, was surprised indeed at receiving an application for the winter | that I had bidden him to wait. I was months; but I have generally found the title of "author," claimed with an | back upon the grave-diggers already air, explains every little innocent irre- at their final task, when a hand fell gularity of conduct or appearance, and | lightly but firmly upon my shoulder. even requires something of the kind to carry conviction to the lay intelligence. The present case was one in only write in a room facing the north, I come quietly?" on mutton chops and milk, with a cold ham in the wardrobe in case of nocturnal inspiration, to which I was liable, my literary character was established beyond dispute. I secured the rooms, paid a month's rent in advance at my own request, and moped He had certainly that appearance, and The Wrong in them dreadfully until the week was | even now I could scarcely believe that up and Raffles due any day. I ex- he was anything else. plained that the inspiration would not come, and asked abruptly if the mut-

Thrice had I made fruitless inquiries at the Richmond Post-Office; but on the tenth day I was in and out almost every hour. Not a word was there for me up to the last post at perienced so fierce a satisfaction. night. Home I trudged to Ham with | Here was a new excitement in which horrible forebodings, and back again to drown my grief; here was someto Richmond after breakfast next | thing to think about; and I should be morning. Still there was nothing. I spared the intolerable experience of a could bear it no more. At ten min- solitary return to the little place at utes to eleven I was climbing the sta- | Ham. It was as though I had lost tion stairs at Earl's Court.

ton was New Zealand.

weeping mist shrouding the long, agony was forgotten. I got into the straight street, and clinging to one's | hansom without a word, my captor face in clammy caresses. I felt how | following at my heels, and giving his much better it was down at Ham, as own directions to the cabman before I turned into our street, and saw the | taking his seat. The word "Station" flats looming like mountains, the was the only one I caught, and I wonchimney-pots hidden in the mist. At | dered whether it was to be Bow our entrance stood a nebulous con- Street again. My companion's next veyance, that I took at first for a words, however, or rather the tone in tradesman's van; to my horror it | which he uttered them, destroyed my proved to be a hearse; and all at once the white breath ceased upon my

I had looked up at our windows and the blinds were down! I rushed within. The doctor's door stood open. I neither knocked nor rang, but found him in his consultingroom with red eyes and a blotchy face.

Otherwise he was in solemn black from head to heel. "Who is dead?" I burst out. "Who

The red eyes looked redder than ever as Dr. Theobold opened them at the unwarrantable sight of me; and he was terribly slow in answering. But in the end he did answer, and did not kick me out as he evidently

had a mind. "Mr. Maturin," he said, and sighed

I said nothing. It was no surprise to me. I had known it all these minutes. Nay, I had dreuded this from the first, had divined it at the last, though to the last also I refused to entertain my own conviction. Raffles dead! A real invalid after all! Raffles dead, and on the point of

"That did he die of?" I asked, un-

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consciously drawing on that rund of grim self-control which the weakest of us seem to hold in reserve for real

"Typnoid," he answered. "Kensington is full of it." "He was sickening for it when I left, and you knew it, and could get rid of me then!" "My dear fellow, I was obliged to

have a more experienced nurse for that very reason." The doctor's tone was so conciliatory that I remembered in an instant what a humbug the man was, and became suddenly possessed with the vague conviction that he was impos-

ing upon me now. "Are you sure it was typhoid at all?" I cried fiercely to his face. "Are you sure it wasn't suicide or murder?" I confess that I can see little point in this speech as I write it down, but it was what I said in a burst of grief and of wild suspicion; nor was it without effect upon Dr. Theobald, who turned bright scarlet from his well-

brushed hair to his immaculate collar. "Do you want me to throw you out into the street?" he cried; and all at once I remembered that I had come to Raffles as a perfect stranger, and for character to the last. "I beg your pardon," I said broken-

ly. "He was so good to me-I became so attached to him. You forget I am originally of his class." "I did forget it," replied Theobald, I beg your pardon for doing so. Hush!

better join me." as one of the most painful of my whole | perbly disguised (but less superbly existence. I can have known very | than his voice), and yet so thinly that sundenly wondering why it was going | beginning to give him a second glance. To slowly, and once more awaking to itself more than to the liquor that I cape. Raffles had bought the doctor must have owed my dazed condition. | for a thousand pounds, and the doctor My next recollection is of looking | had bought a "nurse" of his own kiddown into the open grave, in a sud- | ney, on his own account; me, for some den passionate anxiety to see the reason, he would not trust; he had inname for myself. It was not the sisted upon my dismissal as an essen-

name of my friend, of course, but it was the one under which he had passed for many months.

I was still stupefied by a sense of inconceivable loss, and had not raised my eyes from that which was slowly forcing me to realize what had happened, when there was a rustle at my elbow, and a shower of hothouse flowthis occasion it is because, like most | ers passed before them, falling like pleasures, it was exceedingly short- huge snowflakes where my gaze had lived. I was very comfortable at the rested. I looked up, and at my side stood a majestic figure in deep mourning. The face was carefully veiled, where I could enjoy the finest of all | but I was too close not to recognize views (in patriotic opinion) every the masterful beauty whom the world knew as Jacques Saillard. I had no sympatny with her; on the contrary, my blood boiled with the vague conviction that in some way she was responsible for this death. Yet she was the only woman present-there were not half a dozen of us altogetherand her flowers were the only flow-

> The melancholy ceremony was over and Jacques Saitlard had departed in drive away, and the sight of my own cabman, making signs to me through the fog, had suddenly reminded me the last to leave, and had turned my

"I don't want to make a scene in cemetery," said a voice, in a not unkindly, almost confidential whisper. point, and when I said that I could | "Will you get into your own cab and

"Who on earth are you?" I ex-

I now remembered having seen the fellow hovering about during the funeral, and subconsciously taking him for the undertaker's head man.

"My name won't help you," he said House. pityingly. "But you will guess where I come from when I tell you I have a warrant for your arrest."

My sensations at this announce ment may not be believed, but I solemnly declare that I have seldom exa limb and some one had struck me It was a wretched morning there, a | so hard in the face that the greater capacity for idle speculation.

"Mr. Maturin!" said he. "Mr. Ma-"Well," said I, "what about him?" "Do you think we don't know who

he was?" "Who was he?" I asked defiantly. "You ought to know." said he. "You got locked up through him the other time, too. His favorite name was Raffles then." "It was his real name," I said, in-

dignantly. "And he has been dead My captor simply chuckled.

"He's at the bottom of the sea, I tell But I do not know why I should have told him with such spirit, for what could it matter to Raffles now? I did not think; instinct was still stronger than reason, and, fresh from his funeral, I had taken up the cudgels for my dead friend as though he were still alive. Next moment I saw this for myself, and my tears came nearer the surface than they had been yet; but the fellow at my side laughed

"Shall I tell you something else?" said he.

"As you like." "He's not even at the bottom of that grave! He's no more dead than you or I, and a sham burial is his latest piece of villainy!"

I doubt whether I could have spoken if I had tried. I did not try. I had no use for speech. I did not even ask him if he were sure, I was not sure myself. It was all as plain to me as riddles usually are when one has the answer. The doctor's alarms.

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his unscrupulous venality, the simulated illness, my own dismissal, each fitted in its obvious place, and not even the last had power as yet to mar his sake might as well preserve that | my joy in the one central fact to which all the rest were as tapers to

"He is alive!" I cried. "Nothing else matters-he is alive!" At last I did ask whether they had got him too; but thankful as I was looking relieved at my new tone, "and | for the greater knowledge, I confess that I did not much care what answer They are bringing him down. I must I received. Already I was figuring out have a drink before we start, and you'd | how much we might each get, and how old we should be when we came There was no pretense about his out. But my companion tilted his hat drink this time, and a pretty stiff one | to the back of his head, at the same it was, but I fancy my own must have | time putting his face close to mine run it hard. In my case it cast a and compelling my scrutiny. And my merciful haze over much of the next | answer, as you have already guessed, hour, which I can truthfully describe | was the face of Raffles himself, sulittle of what I was doing. I only I should have known him in a trice remember finding myself in a hansom, | had I not been too miserable in the Jacques Saillard had made his life fae truth. But it was to the truth | impossible, and this was the one es-

> tial preliminary to his part in the conspiracy. Here the details were half humorous, half gruesome, each in turn as Raffles told me the story. At one period he had been very daringly drugged indeed, and, in his own words, 'as dead as a man need be," but he had left strict instructions that nobody but the nurse and "my devoted physician" should "lay a finger on me," afterwards, and by virtue of his proviso a library of books (largely acquired for the occasion) had been impiously interred at Kensal Green. Raffles had definitely undertaken not to trust me with the secret, and but for my untoward appearance at the funeral (which he had attended for his own final satisfaction), I was assured and am convinced that he would have kept his promise to the letter. In explaining this he gave me the one explanation I desired, and in another moment we turned into Praed street,

Paddington. "And I thought you said Bow Street!" said I. "Are you coming straight down to Richmond with

"I may as well," said Raffles, "though I did mean to get my kit first, so as to start in fair and square as the long-lost brother from the bush. That's why I hadn't written. The function was a day later than I calculated. I was going to write tonight!"

"But what are we to do?" said I hesitating when he had paid the cab. "I have been playing the colonies for all they are worth!"

"Oh, I've lost my luggage," said he. "or a wave came into my cabin and spoiled every stitch, or I had nothing fit to bring ashore. We'll settle that in the train."

No. 13 of the Series.

(Copyright 1901 by Chas. Scribner's Sons.) My brother Ralph, who now lived with me on the edge of Ham Common, had come home from Australia with a curious affection of the eyes, due to long exposure to the glare out there, and necessitating the use of clouded spectacles in the open air. He had not the rich complexion of the typical colonist, being indeed peculiarly pale, but it appeared that he had been confined to his berth for the greater part of the voyage, while his prematurely gray hair was sufficient proof that the rigors of bush life had at last undermined an originally tough constitution. Our landlady, who spoiled my brother from the first was muck

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concerned on his behalf and wished to call in the local doctor; but Ralph said dreadful things about the profession and quite frightened the good woman by arbitrarily forbidding her I had to apologize to her for the painful prejudices and violent language of "these colonists," but the old soul was easily mollified. She had fallen in love with my brother at first sight, and she never could do too much for him. It was owing to our landlady that I took to calling him Ralph, for the first time in our lives, on her beginning to speak of and to him as

"This won't do." said he to me. "It's a name that sticks." "It must be my fault! She must have heard it from me," said I, self-

"You must tell her it's the short for

got to tell her so." Henceforth I heard as much of "Mr. Ralph," his likes and dislikes, what he would fancy and what he would

say, "Ralph, old chap," myself. It was an ideal cottage, as I said when I found it, and in it our delicate man became rapidly robust. Not that the air was also ideal, for, when it was not raining, we had the same faithful mist from November to March. But it was something to Ralph to get any air at all, other than night air, and the bicycle did the rest. We taught ourselves, and may I never forget our earlier rides through and through Richmond Park when the afternoons were shortest, upon the incomparable Ripley Road when we gave a day to it. Raffles rode a Beeston Humber, a Royal Sunbeam was good enough for me, but he insisted on our

both having Dunlop tires. "They seem the most popular +++++++++++ brand. I had my eye on the road all the way from Ripley to Cobham, and there were more Dunlop marks than | Horse Blankets, any other kind. Bless you, yes, they all leave their special tracks, and we don't want ours to be extra special; the Dunlop's like a rattlesnake, and the Palmer leaves telegraph-wires, but surely the serpent is more in our

That was the winter when there were so many burglaries in the Thames Valley from Richmond upward. It was said that the thieves used bicycles in every case, but what is not said? They were sometimes on foot, to my knowledge, and we took a great interest in the series, or, rather, sequence, of successful crimes. Raffles would often get his devoted old lady to read him the latest local accounts, while I was busy with my writing (much I wrote) in my own room. We even rode out by night ourselves to see if we could not get on the tracks of the thieves, and never did we fail to find hot coffee on the hob for our return. We had indeed fallen upon our feet. Also, the misty nights might have been made for the thieves. But their success was not so consistent, and never so enormous, as people said, especially the sufferers, who lost more valuables than they had ever been known to possess. Failure was often the caltiffs' portion, and disaster once; owing, ironically enough to that very mist which should have served them. But I am going to tell the story with some particularity, and

who read. ground near the river, with quite a drive (in at one gate and out at the other) sweeping past the steps. Between the two gates was a half-moon of shrubs, to the left of the steps a conservatory, and to their right the walk leading to the tradesmen's entrance and the back premises; here also was the pantry window, of which more anon. The right house was the

(To be continued.)

possess remarkable properties for the cure the untutored Indian had learned the curative value of some of these and taught the early settlers their uses. The Indian never liked work so he wanted his squaw to get well as soon as possible that she might do the work and let him bunt. Therefore, he dug "papoose roof " for her, for that was their great remedy for fe-male weaknesses. Dr. Pierce uses the same root-called Blue Cohosh-in his "Favorite Prescription," skillfully combined with other agents that make it more effective than any other medicine in curing all the various weaknesses and Agent for Lindsay and Victoria County painful derangements peculiar to women. Many afflicted women have been saved geon's knife by the timely use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Tenderness over the lower pelvic region, with backache, spells of dizziness, faintness, bearing down pains or distress should not go unheeded. A course of "Favorite Proscription " will work marvelous benefit in all such cases, and generally effect a permanent cure if persisted in for a reasonable length of time. The "Favorite Prescription" is a harmless agent, being wholly prepared from native medicinal roots, without a drop of alcohol in its make up, whereas all other medicines, put up for sale through druggists for woman's peculiar ailments, contain large quantities of spirituous liquors, which are very harmful, especially to delicate women. "Favorite Prescription" contains neither alcohol nor harmful habitforming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on each bottle wrapper. It is a powerful invigorating tonic, imparting health and strength in particular to the organs distinctly feminine. For weak and sickly women, who are "worn-out," or debilitated, especially for women who work in store, office, or school-room, who sit at the typewriter or sewing machine, or bear heavy household burdens, and for nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will prove a priceless benefit because of its health - restoring and For constipation, the true, scientific

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