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Amateur Cracksman.

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

residence of an opulent stockbroker who wore a heavy watch chain and seemed fair game. There would have been two objections to it had I been the stockbroker. The house was one of a row, through a goodly row, and an army-crammer had established himself next door. There is a type of such institutions in the suburbs, the youths go about in knickerbockers. smoking pipes, except on Saturday nights, when they lead each other home from the last train. It was none of our business to spy upon these boys, but their manners and customs fell within the field of observation. And we did not choose the night upon which the whole row was likely to be kept awake.

The night that we did choose was as misty as even the Thames Valley is capable of making them. Raffles smeared vaseline upon the plated parts of his Beeston Humber before starting and our dear landlady cosseted us both and prayed we might see nothing of the nasty burglars, not denying as the reward would be very handy to them that got it, to say nothing of the honor and glory. We had promised her a liberal perquisite in the event of our success, but she must not give other cyclists our idea by mentioning it to a soul. It was about midnight when we cycled through Kingston to Surbiton, having trundled our machines across Ham Fields, mournful in the mist as those by Acheron, and so over Teddington

I often wonder why the pantry window is the vulnerable point of nine houses out of ten. This house of ours was almost the tenth, for the window in question had bars of sorts, but not the right sort. The only bars that Raffles allowed to beat him were the kind that are let into the stone outside; those fixed within are merely screwed to the woodwork, and you may unscrew as many as necessary if you take the trouble and have the time. Barred windows are usually devoid of other fasteners worthy the name; this one was no exception to that foolish rule, and a push with the penknife did its business. I am giving householders some valuable hints, and perhaps deserving a good mark from the critics. These, in any case, are the points that I would see to, were I a rich stockbroker in a river-side suburb. In giving good advice, however, I should not have omitted to say that we had left our machines in the semi-circular shrubbery in front, or that Raffles had most ingeniously fitted our lamps with dark slides, which

enabled us to leave them burning. It proved sufficient to unscrew the bars at the bottom only, and then to wrench them to either side. Neither of us had grown stout with advancing years, and in a few minutes we had both wormed through into the sink, and thence to the floor. It was not an absolutely noiseless process, but once in the pantry we were mice, and no longer blind mice. There was a gas-bracket, but we did not meddle with that. Raffles went armed these nights with a better light than gas; if it were not immoral, I would recommend a dark-lantern which was more or less his patent. It was that handy invention, the electric torch, fitted by Raffles with a dark hood to fulfil the functions of a slide. I had held it through the bars while he undid the screws, and now he held it to the keyhole, in which a key was turned upon

mpor

sheep about \$7.50, sale;

prime \$4.00: \$4.35; seders,

0.70

0.70

0.73

0 33

0 67

0 43

0 43

0.40

0.75

0 16

0 12

There was a pause for consideration, and in the pause we put on our masks. It was never known that these Thames Valley robberies were all committed by miscreants decked in the livery of crime, but that was because until this night we had never even shown our masks. It was a point upon which Raffles had insisted on all feasible occasions since his furtive return to the world. To-night it twice nearly lost us everythingbut you shall hear.

the other side.

There is a forceps for turning keyn from the wrong side of the door, but the implement is not so easy of manipulation as it might be. Raffles for one preferred a sharp knife and the corner of the panel. You go through the panel because that is thinnest, of course in the corner nearest the key, and you use a knife when you can, because it makes least noise. But it does take minutes, and even I can | neat high.

the aperture was large enough to receive the hand and wrist of Raffles. He had at such times a motto of which I might have made earlier use but the fact is that I have only once before described a downright burglary in which I assisted, and that without knowing it at the time. The most solemn student of these annals cannot affirm that he has cut through many doors in our company, since (what was to me) the maiden effort to which I allude. I, however, have eracked only too many a crib in conjunction with A. J. Raffles, and at the crucial moment he would whisper, "Victory or Wormwood Scrubbs, Bunny!" or instead of Wormwood Scrubbs it might be Portland Bill. This time it was neither one nor the other, for with that very word "vic-

"My hand's held!" gasped Raffles, and the white of his eyes showed all round the iris, a rarer thing than you may think. At the same moment I heard the shuffling feet and the low, excited young voices on the other side of the door, and a faint light shone round

tory" upon his lips they whitened and

parted with the first taste of defeat.

Raffies' wrist. "Well done, Beefy!" "Hang on to him!" "Good old Beefy!"

"Beefy's got him!" "So have I-so have I!" And Raffles caught my arm with his one free hand. "They've got me tight," he whispered. "I'm done." "Blaze through the door," I urged,

and might have done it had I been armed. But I never was. It was Raffles who monopolized that risk. "I can't-it's the boys-the wrong house!" he whispered. "Curse the fog-it's done me. But you get out, Bunny, while you can: never mind

me; it's my turn, old chap." His one hand tightened in affectionate farewell. I put the electric torch in it before I went, trembling in every inch, but without a word.

Get out! His turn! Yes, I would get out, but only to come in again, for it was my turn-mine-not his. Would Raffles leave me held by a hand through a hole in a door? What would he have done in my place was the thing for me to do now. I began by diving headfirst through the pantry window and coming to earth upon all fours. But even as I stood up and brushed the gravel from the palms of my hands and the knees of my knick erbockers I had no notion what to do rext. And yet I was half-way to the front door before I remembered the ms arene mass upon my race, and tore it off as the door flew open and my feet were on the steps.

"He's into the next garden," I cried to a bevy of pajamas with bare feet and young faces at either end of

"Who? Who?" said they, giving way before me. "Some fellow who came through one of your windows headfirst."

"The other Johnny, the other Johnny," the cherubs chorused. "Biking past-saw the light-why, what have you there?"

Of course, it was Raffles' hand that they had, but now I was in the hall among them. A red-faced barrel of a boy did all the holding, one hand round the wrist, the other palm, and his knees braced up against the panel. Another was rendering ostentatious but ineffectual aid, and three or four others danced about in their pajamas. After all, they were not more than four to one. I had raised my voice, so that Raffles might hear me and take heart, and now I raised it again. Yet to this day I cannot account for my inspiration, that proved nothing

"Don't talk so loud," they were crying below their breath; "don't wake 'em upstairs, this is our show." "Then I see you've got one of

them," said I, as desired. "Well, if you want the other you can have him, tco. I believe he's hurt himself." "After him, after him!" they exclaimed, as one.

"But I think he got over the wall"-"Come on, you chaps, come on!" And there was a soft stampede to the hall door.

"Don't all desert me, I say!" gasped the red-faced hero who had Raffles

"We must have them both, Beefy!" "That's all very well"-"Look here," I interposed, "I'll stay

by you. I've a friend outside, I'll get him, too." "Thanks, awfully," said the valiant

The hall was empty now. My heart

For over sixty years doctors have endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. Cures hard cases, desmy eye running over him. "We were down having drinks-

game o' nap-in there. Beefy jerked his great head toward an open door, and the tail of my eye caught the glint of glasses in the firelight, but the rest of it was otherwise

"Let me relieve you," I said, trem-

"No, I'm all right." "Then I must insist." And before he could answer I had him round the neck with such a will that not a gurgle passed my fingers, for they were almost buried in his hot It; the act was as vile as act could be; saving of him, and I tremble even now to think to what lengths I might have sone for its fulfilment. As it was, I and tugged until one strong hand gave way after the other and came feeling round for me, but feebly what do you suppose was happening at the same moment? The pinched white hand of Raffles, reddening with returning blood, and with a clot of blood upon the wrist, was craning upward and turning the key in the lock

"Steady on, Bunny!" And I saw that Beefy's ears were blue; but Raffles was feeling in his pockets as he spoke. "Now let him breathe," said he, clapping his handkerchief over the poor youth's mouth An empty phial was in his other hand, and the first few stertorous breaths that the poor boy took were the end of him for the time being. Oh, but it was villainous, my part especially, for he must have been far gone to go the rest of the way so readily. I began by saying I was not proud of this deed, but its dastardly character has come home to me more than ever with the penance of writing it out. I see in myself, at least my then self, things that I never saw quite so clearly before. Yet let me be quite sure that I would not do the same again. 1 had not the smallest desire to throttle

after all, it was better than a blow from behind. On the whole, I will not alter a word, nor whine about the thing any more. We lifted the plucky fellow into Raffles' place in the pantry, locked the door on him and put the key through the panel. Now was the moment for thinking of ourselves, and again that infernal mask which Raffles swore by came near being the undoing of us both. We had reached the steps when we were hailed by a voice, not from without but from within, and

this innocent lad (nor did I), but only

to extricate Raffles from the most

hopeless position he was ever in; and,

A stout man with a blonde mustache was on the stairs, in his pajamas like the boys.

I had just time to tear the accursed

thing from Raffles' face before the

"What are you doing here?" said "There has been an attempt upon your house," said I, still spokesman for the night, and still on the wings of inspiration.

"Your sons"-"My pupils," "Indeed, Well, they heard it, drove off the thieves and have given chase." "And where do you come in?" inquired the stout man, descending. "We were bicycling past, and I actually saw one fellow come headfirst through your pantry window. I think

he got over the wall." Here a breathless boy returned. "Can't see anything of him," he "It's true, then," remarked the

"Look at that door," said I. But, unfortunately, the breathless boy looked also, and now he was being joined by others equally short of

"Where's Beefy?" he screamed. "What on earth's happened to Beefy?" "My good boys," exclaimed the crammer,, "will one of you be kind enough to tell me what you've been doing, and what these gentlemen have been doing for you? Come in all, before you get your death. I see lights in the classroom, and more than lights. Can these be signs of a kicking at the pantry door, and in the

"A very innocent one, sir," said a well-set-up youth with more mustache | steps. than I have yet.

"Well, Olphert, boys will be boys. Suppose you tell me what happened before we come to recriminations."

warning. I caught two of the youths exchanging glances under raised eyebrows. Yet their stout, easy-going mentor had given me such a reassuring glance of sidelong humor, as between man of the world and man of - the world, that it was difficult to suspect him of suspicion. I was nevertheless itching to be gone.

engaging candor. It was true that they had come down for an hour's nap and cigarettes; well, and there was no denying that was whiskey in the glasses. The boys were now all back in their classroom, I think entirely for the sake of warmth; but Raffles and I were in knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets, and very naturally remained without, while the army-crammer (who wore bedroom slippers) stood on the threshold, with an eye each way. The more I saw of the man the better I liked and the more I feared him. His chief annoyance thus far was that they had not called him when they heard the noise, that they had dreamt of leaving him out of the fun. But he seemed more

hurt than angry about that. "Well, sir," concluded Olphert, "we left old Beefy Smith hanging on to his hand, and this gentleman with him, so perhaps he can tell us what happened next?"

time to think.

say I'd fetch my friend in from the "Yes, I did," piped an innocent

him things were exactly as you see other. I glanced at Raffies, and in them now. Evidently the man's the white light of his torch he was strength was too much for the boy's; | doing it all with his ankles, exactly as but whether he ran upstairs or out- | though he had been riding in a gymside I know no more than you do." | khana. "It wasn't like that boy to run either way," said the crammer, cock-

ing a clear-blue eye on me. "But if he gave chase!" "It wasn't like him even to let go." "I don't believe Beefy ever would,"

put in Olphert. "That's why we gave him the billet."

and his muscles would soon fail. Physi cal strength is derived from food. If strength of the stomach to what extenfood eaten is digested and assimilated People can die of staryation who have abundant food to eat, when the stomac ach will be distributed among the or gaps which compose the body. If the that physical weakness will be found to all the organs-heart, liver, kidneys, etc. The liver will be torpid and inactive giving rise to billoushess, loss of appetit weak nerves, feable or trogular action of heart, palpitation, dissiness, headache backacha and kindred disturbances and

erew dissr, eyes pained buy and my atomac was sore all the time, while everything would gat would seem to he heavy like has on my stomach. The decture claimed tha it was expipathetic froutile due to dyspeps their powders regularly yet I full no better My wife advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golde we soon found that I began to improve, so kept up the treatment, I took on liesh, my stomach became normal, the digestive organs worked perfectly and I soon began to look like a different person. I can never cease to be grateful for what your medicine has don for me and I certainly give it highest praise. Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbin dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to

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"I'll have a look at it," said the

And the key no longer in the lock, and the insensible youth within! The key would be missed, the door kicked in; nay, with the man's eye still upon me, I thought I could smell the chloroform, I thought I could hear a moan, and prepared for either any moment. And how he did stare! I have detested blue eyes ever since, and blonde mustaches, and the whole stout, easygoing type that is not such a fool as it looks. I had brazened it out with the boys, but the first grown man was too many for me, and the blood ran out of my heart as though there was no Raffles at my back. Indeed, I had forgotten him. I had so longed to put this thing through by myself! Even in my extremity it was almost a disappointment to me when his dear cool voice fell like a delicious draught upon my ears. But its effect upon the others is more interesting to recall. Until now the crammer had the centre of the stage, but at this point Raffles usurped a place which was always his at will. People would wait for what he had to say, as these people waited now for the simplest

"One moment!" he had begun. me of his eye at last.

fun"-"Nor must you," said the cram mer, with emphasis. "But we've left our bikes outside, and mine's a Beeston Humber," con-

get away on them." see the effect of his words, I after him with a determined imitation of his selfcontrol. But I would have given that for one moment the shrewd instructor was taken in, but as I reached the steps I heard him asking his pu-

any bicycles outside. That moment, however, made the difference. We were in the shrubbery, Raffies with his electric torch drawn and blazing, when we heard them drive with our bicycles before man and boys poured pell-mell down the

in front of him, and so it fell to me

misty night (hence the whole thing), and also that these houses were on a hill. But they were not nearly on Young Olphert told his story with | the top of the hill, and I did what I firmly believe that almost everybody would have done in my place. Raffles, indeed, said he would have done it himself, but that was his generosity, and he was the one man who would not. What I did was to turn in the opposite direction to the other gate, where we might so easily have been cut off, and to pedal for my life—up

"My God!" I shouted when I found "Can you turn in your own length?" asked Raffles, following loyally.

"Not certain." "Then stick to it. You couldn't help it. But it's the devil of a hill!"

"Let them," said Raffles, and brandished his electric torch, our only light

A hill seems endless in the dark, for you cannot see the end, and with the patter of bare feet gaining on us, I thought this one could have no end "I wish I could," I cried, with all at all. Of course the boys could their eyes upon me, for I had had | charge up it quicker than we could pedal, but I even heard the voice of "Some of you must have heard me | their stout instructor growing louder through the mist.

this!" I groaned, my head over the handle-bars, every ounce of my weight "Well, and when I came back with first on one foot and then on the

"It's the most sporting chase I was ever in," said he. "All my fault!"

"My dear Bunny, I wouldn't have Nor would he forge ahead of me, though he could have done so in a moment, he who from his boyhood "He may have followed him through | had done everything of the kind so the pantry window," I suggested wild- much beter than anybody else. No, ride a wheel's length be-

torch; a face flew out of the darkness glowing wire inclosed; it was the face

hear 'the boys running, but breathing also. And then of a sudden I saw Raifles on my right striking with his to meet the thick glass bulb with the of the boy Olphert, with his enviable mustache, but it vanished with the crash of glass, and the naked wire thickened to the eye like a tuning fork struck red-hot. I saw no more of that. Cae of

them had crept up on my side also; as I looked, hearing him pant, he was grabbing at my left handle, and I nearly sent Raffles into the hedge by the sharp turn I took to the right. His wheel's length saved him. But my boy could run, was overhauling me again, seemed certain of me this time, when all at once the Sunbeam ran easily; every ounce of my weight with either foot once more, and I was over the crest of the hill, the gray road reeling out from under me as I felt for my brake. I looked back at Raffles. He had put up his feet, I screwed my head round still further, and there were the boys in their pajamas, their hands upon their knees like so many wicket-keepers, and a big man shaking his fist. There was a lamp-post on the hill-top, and that

was the last I saw. We sailed down to the river, then on through Thames Ditton as far as Esher Station, when we turned sharp to the right, and from the dark stretch by Imber Court came to light in Molesey, and were soon pedalling like gentlemen of leisure through Bushley Park, our lights turned up, the broken torch put out and away. The big gates had long been shut, but you can manoeuvre a bicycle through the others. We had no further adventures on the way home, and our cof-

fee was still warm upon the hob. "But I think it's an occasion for Sullivan's," said Raffles, who now kept them for such. "By all my gods, Bunny, it's been the most sporting night we ever had in our lives! And do you know which was the most sporting part of it?"

"That up-hill ride?" "I wasn't thinking of it." "Turning your torch into a trunch-

"My dear Bunny! A gallant lad-I hated hitting him. "I know," I said. "The way you got us out of the house! "No, Bunny," said Raffles, blowing

rings. "It came before that, you sinner, and you know it!" "You don't mean anything I did?" said I, self-consciously, for I began to see that this was what he did mean. And now at latest it will also be seen why this story has been told with undue and inexcusable gusto; there is none other like it for me to tell; it is my one ewe-lamb in all these annals. But Raffles had a ruder name for it.

"It was the Apotheosis of the Bunny," said he, but in a tone I never shall forget. "I hardly knew what I was doing or

saying," I said. "The whole thing was a fluke." "Then," said Raffles, "it was the kind of fluke I always trusted you to make when runs were wanted."

And he held out his dear old hand.

HOW BANWELLS ARE HELD. Three Counts Against Him; She Held

Sept. 19th, 1905,-w3m For Receiving. Toronto, March 16 .- After three hours' consideration the grand jury in the general sessions brought in no bill against Mrs. Nora Hector Banwell for at 41 to 5 p. c. theft, but included her in a charge of receiving money knowing it to be stolen. Banwell had a true bill brought in against him on three counts: Stealing

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Victoria, B. C., March 16 .- Attorney-

General Charles Wilson has sent in his resignation as a member of the Mc-Bride Government. Mr. Wilson is at present in Ottawa. Hon. Mr. Fulton, Provincial Secretary, takes temporary charge of the Attorney-General's department.

Trust Companies Reserves. Albany, N. Y., March 16 .- The Senate yesterday passed Senator Stevens' bill providing a legal reserve requirement

Reilly to Be Released. Kingston, March 15 .- F. J. Rellly is to be liberated at Belleville this week Agent for Lindsay and Victoria County after serving a year for his connection

with the bogus ballot box scheme. Child Burns to Death. Winnipeg. Man., March 15 .- A fatality occurred on Scotland avenue, yes- MONEY TO LOAN on Mertgage terday morning, when the 5-months-old or any term from 5 to 10 Years child of A. W. Lord was burned to a at Lowest Current Rate of Interest, crisp in a fire which nearly destroyed with privilege of repayment in instal the house. How the fire started is not

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perate cases, old cases. You can trust a medicine the best doctors approve. We have as secretal We publish J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.

Let the greatest athlete have dyspepsia If he has no food he dies. Food is converted into nutrition through the stomand its associate organs of digestion and nutrition do not perform their duty. Thus the stomach is really the vital organ of the body. If the stomach is "weak" the body will be weak also, because it is upon the stomach the body relies for its strength. And as the body, considered as a whole, is made up of its several members and organs, so the weakness of the

Mr. Louis Pare, of Oucheo, writes: "Por years after my heafth bursh to fall, my heaft

be "just as good."
To gain knowledge of your own body-

"But the door's shut," put in a boy.

and most natural thing in the world. "Well?" said the crammer, relieving "I don't want to lose any of the

tinued Raffles. "If you don't mind, we'll bring 'em in before these fellows

And out he went without a look to something to turn round. I believe pils whether any of them had seen

We rushed our machines to the nearer gate, for both were shut, and we got through and swung it home behind us in the nick of time. Even | for trust companies. The bad old proverb was my first I could mount before they could reopen the gate, which Raffles held against them for half a minute with unnecessary gallantry. But he would see me

to lead the way. Now. I have said that it was a very

"And here they come!"

"Oh, to think I've let you in for

missed it for the world!"

on the 4th con. of Eldon. Log house, Must Bear Signature of

See Pac-Simile Wrapper Below.

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