was addressing the crowd. All was attention, and silence and reverence. A religion of relief and joy was being commended, and the dusky faces were filled with the sentiments of pacification and reinforcement. It was the rose of Sharon after walking among nettles. It was the morning light after a thick darkness. It was the Gospel after Hindooism.

But passing up and down the streets of Ceylon you find all styles of people within five minutes—Afghans, Kaffirs, Portuguese, Moormen, Dutch, English, Scotch, Irish, Americans; all classes, all dialects, all manners and customs, all styles of salaam. The most interesting thing on earth is the human race, and specimens of all branches of it confront you in Ceylon. The island of the present is a quiet and inconspicuous affair compared with what it once was. The dead cities of Ceylon were larger and more imposing than are the living cities. On this island are dead New Yorks, and dead Pekins, and dead Edinburghs, and dead Londons. Ever and anon at the stroke of some archaeologist's hammer the tomb of some great municipality flies open, and then are other ligurist cities that will yet rend the explorer's pick-axe. The Pompeii and Herculaneum underneath Italy are small compared with the Pompeiis and Herculaneums underneath Ceylon. Yonder is an exhumed city which was founded five hundred years before Christ, standing in pomp and splendor twelve hundred years. Stairways up which fifty men might pass side by side, carved pillars, some of them fallen, some of them asleep, some of them erect. Palaces and Christopher Wrens, never heard of here, performed the marvels of sculpture and architecture. Aisles through which royal processions marched. Axles under which kings were carried. City with reservoir twenty miles in circumference. Extemporized lakes that did their cooling and refreshing for twelve centuries. Ruins more suggestive than Melrose and Kenilworth. Ceylonian Karnacks and Luxors. Ruins retaining much of grandeur, though years bombarded them and Time put his chisel on every block and more than all, vegetation put its adellze and pries and wrenches in all the crevices. Dagobas, or places where relics of saints or deities are kept. Dagobas hundred feet high, and their tallest material burying precious things for the right of which modern curiosity has dug and blasted in vain. Processions of elephants in imitation, wrought in black marble. Troops of horses in full run. Shrines, chapels, cathedrals wrecked on the mountain side. Stairs of moonstone. Exquisite scrolls rolling up more mysteries than ever will be unrolled. Over sixteen square miles, the ruins of one city strewn. Throne rooms on which at different times sat one hundred and sixty five kings, reigning in authority as they inherited. Walls that witnessed scenes of assassinations, subjugations, triumphs. Altars at which millions bowed ages before the orchestras celebrated while the Shepherds with midnight song.

When Lieutenant Skinner in 1832 discovered the site of some of these cities he found congregated in them undisturbed assemblages of leopards, porcupines, flamingoes and pelicans; reptiles sunning themselves on the altars; prima-donnas rendering ornithological concert from deserted music halls. One king restored one of the grandeur; rebuilt fifteen hundred residences, but ruin soon resumed its sceptre. But all is down; the spires, the pillars down; the tablets down; the arches down. What lies in these cities? Who slept the New York and London of the year 500 B.C.? Was it unhealthful with a population of a million? Was it foreign armies laying siege? Was it whole generations weakened by their own vices? Mystery sits on the opentiths and brick dust. Ages go in eternal silence while the cities lie in ruins and guess in vain. We are in the same plan as some prehistoric people inhabited. Instead of the writer estimates the ruins in the ruin of Ceylon long enough to build a tunnel to reach from Calais to London. One hundred pillars with carved capitals standing sentinel for ten miles. Judge somewhat of the reservoirs that were twenty miles in circumference; judging the thousand of which the country is covered with inhabitants. American or English cities are only barbaric compared with them. But their knell has come. Their light went out. The royal family of the palaces. The grass growing where once the gallaw of Kandy, Anuradhapura and Pollonnaruwa lay undisturbed. Let the cities of the earth take warning. We are human, having a beginning and a time to die. No city can have they a cradle than a coffin. No judgment is appointed for earth, but cities have their last judgment in this world. They bless, they blaspheme, they worship, they blasphemes, they are rewarded, they are cursed.

Is there anyone, to think that any American or European cities will last so long can ever be brought into extinction. But Nineveh and Babylon have not stood as these Ceylonese cities stood. Yet all these cities outside of Ceylon on the same kin's reigned for a time with the nations that have open that with the greatest ease. Then Rob Jocelyn lets himself down with the agility of a cat, and vanishes.

"It's all right," he whispers, re-appearing a moment later; "they are hard at it, and have been for an hour back. Come down, pards.

Then Francis Ferrars, who has so recently personated a nice young picture seller, and in this character won the confidence of Mrs. Rogers' cook, goes down into the dark abyss of Mrs. Rogers' attic, and Neil Bathurst follows after. Then they raise the dark lantern and look about them. It is a genuine attic, filled in with everything old and useless. A partition forming an L, runs across the front and left side of the attic, and the stairway is protected by still another partition. While they are taking these observations they can hear the low murmur of voices and occasionally another sound, that causes Rob Jocelyn's eyes to flash, as if in anticipation of something refreshing. It is but the work of an instant to unfasten the door opening upon the landing of the attic stairs, and then they pause between two doors one in front and one to the left, as if undecided which to approach. After listening for a moment, Rob Jocelyn, who seems to lead the expedition, signifies by a gesture that the left hand door is the one, and then Francis Ferrars puts his hand to his side and draws forth a pair of revolvers. Neil Bathurst had armed himself in the same manner, and now they are ready.

The door at the front is opened by Rob Jocelyn, and pistols in hand, he enters the attic room. Six men start up at his entrance; six men who at that moment were bending over plates and dies, all the paraphernalia of a counterfeiter's den. A little further a young woman stands at a desk, busy with some newly printed bogus bank notes, and beside her sits George Fordham, the reporter, affixing the signatures to these same bogus bills.

Rob Jocelyn has opened the door noiselessly, and he enters the room with a spring like a cat. For just one second the counterfeiters are off their guard, and their weapons flash in the gaslight. But that one second of panic, of irresolution, is the second that tells. Rob covers George Fordham with one pistol, and the nearest counterfeiter with another; and while they lay their hands upon their weapons, his voice, low and calm, says, with telling effect:

"Surrender, men, the house is guarded, resistance useless; make the first attempt at it and we will shoot you down where you stand.

Suddenly there is a rush toward the left hand door. But while they have been gazing at Rob Jocelyn that avenue of escape has been cut off. Four bright weapons menace them, and Francis Ferrars says, sternly:

"Your case is hopeless, sirs; surrender in the name of the law."

The counterfeiters are bewildered; they are seven to three, but six of the seven are covered by revolvers held in firm hands; while they, because of the suddenness of the attack, stand, armed, it is true, but, in the face of those deadly weapons, not daring to aim a pistol. Suddenly the girl at the desk leans over Fordham; the detectives are watching the men, they will not think of her, so she thinks; but one there knows her, and knows her to be as dangerous as the fiercest man of the gang. She turns quickly; she raises a pistol; she is taking aim at the heart of Rob Jocelyn.

"Mrs. Pomeroy."

The pistol falls from nerveless fingers; the woman turns a white, scared face toward the speaker.

"I would not attempt that again, Mrs. Pomeroy. You have damaged officers enough." It is Francis Ferrars who speaks, and his weapons are still aimed at the man: "I shall shoot you if you make it necessary. Do you know me?"

The woman uttered a cry of terror.

"Yes; you are—Ferrars," she gasped.

"Why are you here?"

"To take you back to England, if you make it necessary. Will you obey me, if I spare you that?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Listen, then. This house is so securely guarded that you can escape in no possible way. I shall deal with you according as I find you. Come here."

Like some tamed animal the woman obeyed him.

"Stand away from these men and their weapons, over there. Now, Mr. Jocelyn, shall we fire upon these fellows?"

"We shall; if they don't lay down their arms pretty quick," replied Bob, in his characteristic way.

"George Fordham, do you surrender?"

George Fordham had been sitting like an abject coward before his desk. Suddenly he lifted his pistol, placed it against his breast and fired. There was a shriek from the woman; a murmur of horror from the now panic-stricken counterfeiters; and then Rob Jocelyn moved nearer the man he had under his weapon.

"Lay down your pistols, men, and hold up your hands."

They hesitated but a moment, and then obeyed him; and the remaining four, seeing this; did likewise. In less time than it takes to tell it, the six were handcuffed and helpless, and Rob Jocelyn was filling his capacious pockets with the pistols of the gang.

Neil Bathurst approached the bleeding would-be suicide; he was most dead, but might be dangerously wounded.

"You had better go below," he said to his comrades. "I will attend to the lady."

The six men were marched down stairs at the mouth of the pistol. Here they came suddenly upon Mrs. Rogers; she had been aroused from sleep by the report of Fordham's pistol, and almost before she knew it, she too, was handcuffed. They found, likewise, two men below, who had been used to circulate in various ways and places, the spurious money of the Fordham manufacture. It had scarcely been five minutes since the shot that aroused them was fired, and they were all overcome and made captive. The servants were allowed to go free upon being assured by Mrs. Rogers that they were entirely innocent of anything carried on above the basement stairs.

The door was opened now, and the officers who had been stationed without were called in. The men instantly departed to summon others, and while they waited, Jocelyn and Ferrars made a thorough examination of the house. They found large quantities of the manufactured paper money, as well as considerable coin.

The house was elegant in all its appointments, and, but for the suspicion aroused in the mind of Neil Bathurst, while investigating the Artevoldt murder, might have prospered for years under the guise of a first-class and highly respectable boarding house.

The officer who had been sent for reinforcements, was also commissioned to call a physician for the wounded Fordham. Neil Bathurst, had remained behind, and, in charge of the woman whom he had known as Nina Annin, and who had been addressed, with startling effect, as Mrs. Pomeroy, by Ferrars; Neil was at a loss here. He knew nothing of the Mrs. Pomeroy business, and was inwardly wondering about it, when the physician and Francis Ferrars mounted to the counterfeiter's operating room.

After careful examination, the man of medicine pronounced upon Fordham's case. He was badly hurt, but would live with proper care. Then Neil Bathurst turned to the woman.

"Miss Annin," he said gravely, "you are under arrest as one of the gang taken in this house, in the very act of counterfeiting. I can't help you there, if I would; but you may be held upon other charges that will make your case utterly hopeless. This I may be able to prevent, or rather you may."

"What do you mean?" asked Miss Annin.

"I mean that you are charged with being an accomplice in the murder of Clarence Artevoldt; and also of having a hand in the Durand robbery."

"What!" The woman sprang up in unfeigned astonishment. "! Mr. Bathurst, who accuses me?"

"Miss Durand, indirectly; directly, myself."

"Miss Durand! Dare she so much as hint such a thing?"

"She has dared that and more. Are you ready to tell all you know concerning Nina Durand and her connections with Clarence Artevoldt?"

The woman hesitated, and while she did so Mr. Ferrars moved nearer and looked in her face.

"Which will benefit you most," he said, "to tell what you know of Miss Durand, and so assist the officers of justice, or to have me tell what I know of Mrs. Pomeroy, and so insure for you a double, perhaps a life sentence?"

"If I do tell what you wish me to, you will denounce me."

"If you tell Mr. Bathurst what he wishes to hear, and if he assures me of his belief in your truthfulness, I will tell him and no other what I know of you, American justice shall deal with you as it will."

She turned toward Neil Bathurst. "Are you hunting her down?" she asked.

"I am hunting down Clarence Artevoldt's murderess. You know who that is."

"And—will my evidence turn the scale against her?"

"No; with or without your evidence, she will be under arrest within twenty-four hours."

"Ah!" with flashing eyes, "she will come down from her stilts then. Mr. Bathurst I will answer your questions."

"Very good; they must be answered in the presence of a lawyer and others. And now—come Miss Annin."

"Come! Where will you take me?"

"With the others—to the station house."

With drooping head and vanquished spirit, Nina Annin obeyed, and soon the eight counterfeiters and their two female accomplices, were marched through the bleak and silent streets, and safely lodged between stout stone walls, and behind hopeless iron bars.

The doctor and two policemen were left in charge of the wounded man, who was removed to the hospital at dawn. And then, having seized upon the counterfeiter's outfit, Mrs. Rogers' boarding house was closed.

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At the expiration of that time Bathurst appeared. The two men shook hands and looked gravely at each other.

"You see I am punctual," said the old man.

"How goes your work, Bathurst?"

"It is nearly done, sir. And how is Mrs. Durand?"

The old man's face clouded.

"Bathurst," he cried, "I think I could see that she fiend hung to-day. Listen, with all our precautions she almost overreached us. We had been gone four days when I came in one morning and found Mrs. Durand in great agony. I sent for a doctor, and then questioned the servant. What had Mrs. Durand drank or eaten? She had eaten nothing, the woman said, but had seemed growing worse since she had drank the wine. What wine? I asked. Why, said the creature, the wine Miss Aura had brought the very last thing to be packed because her mother was so fond of it, and she might not find it where we were going. Think of it, Bathurst! My wife all but died that night, and the physician liscovered the poison symptoms. I had to tell him the whole story then, and, as soon as the danger was passed; I told my wife the truth—here a twinkle came into his eyes. "My boy, what do you think she said then?"

Neil smiled and shook his head.

"Well, she was terribly cut up, I could see that, but, after she had fully contemplated the matter, she raised herself on her pillow and said: 'James, I always said there was something queer about that girl.' Think of that, Bathurst; nothing will quench a woman's inevitable 'I told you so.' Verily men believe."

Neil Bathurst smiled in spite of himself. "That is a woman's ultimatum," he said; "and we borrow it for our use sometimes. For instance, I told you that your bait would set out foot a new scheme of murder. And it has."

"Has it?" queried the old man grimly.

"Well! I am prepared to believe anything in that line now, and I am prepared to act too. So tell me your plans, man! I have no more scruples."

"That is well sir," replied the detective gravely. "Then, if you are ready, we have breakfasted, we will go to Mr. Hale's office. I have an appointment there for this morning."

They drove straight to Mr. Hale's office, and as they were about to enter the building in which it was the gentlemen approached from the direction of Bathurst's rooms, not many blocks away. These were Dr. Austin and Francis Ferrars.

Dr. Austin had arrived in the city the night before in response to a despatch from Francis Ferrars, and because of the work on hand for that night had been compelled to wait until morning for an explanation to the strange telegram that had brought him to the city. For more than two hours this morning he had been closeted with the English detective, and now, as he approached Dr. Austin was fully aware of the truth concerning Lenore Arnyn—of all that Neil Bathurst had done, of her identity and her present whereabouts he was fully aware. This morning for the first time he had learned that the husband, from whom he had assisted Lenore to flee, had been murdered on that very night. The doctor's face wore a mixed expression of gratification, wonder and awe, as, fresh from the Englishman's strange recital, he approached Bathurst. But he extended to the quaint dom John Jacob a hearty greeting, and after an introduction and a few low spoken words of explanation, the four men ascended the stairs that led to the office of Mr. Hale.

The lawyer was there to receive them, and Neil Bathurst came straight to the point. "Mr. Hale," he said, "I come to make to you my last report concerning the Artevoldt tragedy. And as these gentlemen are more deeply, or I might say, closely interested in this issue than either you or I, their presence is of course necessary. Mr. Durand you know; allow me to present Dr. Austin, of Fairlie, the lawful guardian of the lady we have known as Lenore Arnyn, and Francis Ferrars, England's ablest detective."

The lawyer greeted the strangers with elaborate courtesy, and then led the way to his private sanctum.

"Here we have the required privacy," he said, bowing to Neil Bathurst; and drawing forth easy chairs for the party. "Be seated, gentlemen."

And Mr. Hale seated himself, feeling inwardly as much astonished as he could ever feel at anything. Mr. Durand, the nothing of the Mrs. Pomeroy business, and was inwardly wondering about it, when the physician and Francis Ferrars mounted to the counterfeiter's operating room.

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