

# HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

The Untimely End of Joseph Covas.

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**—Securities vanish from the strong-room at Candent, Dandy and Waldo bankers. Mr. Fiske to Scotland Yard is called in to solve the mystery. There are two keys to the strong-room—one held by Mr. Waldo, partner, the other by Mr. Surtees, chief cashier. This latter has two children, Bob and Josephine. He reproaches Bob, who is an extravagant gambler with aspirations to the hand of Helena Waldo, for having consumed his sister's dowry to pay his gambling debts. Surtees is suspected of the theft. A search-warrant is taken out against him.

## CHAPTER X.

The burlesque was an immense success; every one was talking about it; every one wanted to go to the next performance at Kew. It was with supreme satisfaction that Mrs. Waldo surveyed her guests at the second and third performances. At last a crowd of "swells," of princes, potentates, and powers, were gathered together under her roof. No one in this august company took much notice of Mrs. Waldo. On arrival, they bowed to the first lady who might be supposed to be the mistress of the house, and of course quite wrong. Then they passed in to their seats in the theatre and conducted themselves after the manner of the best society at all public performances. In other words, they carried on their talk, laughed loudly, and made merry, without considering that their voices were often louder than those of the orchestra, and of which they criticised audibly in the most candid fashion.

"Who's that beautiful girl?" some one asked. And all consulted their satin playbills as Josephine made her entrance.

"The Genius of the Ring," said Mrs. Surtees. "Miss Surtees." "That's queer!" "What do you mean?" asked his nearest neighbor. "Who are these Waldos? City People, aren't they?" "Certainly; they've got a till of some kind in the East. Rich as Rothschilds, I believe."

"I thought so. But this name of Surtees—it's an extraordinary coincidence. That's why I asked." The gossip was pressed to explain. "You'll find it in all the evening papers. I got one as I came down. Look here."

There, in the second edition of the Globe, displayed in large type, was the announcement of the robbery at Waldo's bank, and the arrest of a bank cashier.

"Surtees, you see—Robert Surtees is the name of the thief. These must be his belongings." "They're his children—that all." "Poor things!"

In order to explain the paragraph in the Globe it was necessary to describe what had occurred that morning at the bank. Soon after eleven a.m. Mr. Dandy, the senior partner, had come in. He was presently followed by Mr. Fiske, whose appearance was now pretty well known in the establishment. Mr. Surtees, who was in his own little glass room, glanced up nervously at the detective as he passed through.

Mr. Waldo, who was waiting in the bank parlor, shook hands with Mr. Dandy, and invited the police officer to sit down. "Thank you, sir," replied the detective, briefly. "Perhaps we had better get to business. Will you lead for your cashier?" "You are determined, then, to proceed to extremities?" asked Mr. Waldo, looking very unhappy. "Mr. Fiske turned to the senior partner as though appealing for support.

you, Mr. Surtees. Will you give me your keys? I mean the keys of your desk and drawers here." And, as the cashier seemed to hesitate, he went on—"If you do not, I shall break open the locks. The warrant authorizes us, you understand."

Mr. Surtees, without a word of protest, surrendered his keys. "The search must be made in your presence and that of competent persons. Perhaps you two gentlemen will assist?" Mr. Fiske bowed to the partners, who led the way to the cashier's room.

Mr. Surtees worked at a high desk of the conventional pattern. On each side of the seat were drawers, some locked, some open, many of them crammed with papers, old letters, and other litter, for the cashier was not very methodical in his habits, and this rubbish was the accumulation of years.

The detective hunted high and low, turned over every bundle, read religiously, and examined every scrap; but after an hour's work he was compelled to confess that so far he had drawn blank.

"We shall have to try the house," said Mr. Fiske. "I think the man would keep anything important here. But have I looked at everything?" "Wonder?" "And with that Mr. Fiske cast his eyes slowly over every corner of the room.

"That tin-box, Mr. Surtees—a deuce-box, I think—what does that contain, eh?" "Law-papers, mostly, and documents of a private nature," said Mr. Surtees.

"Aha! which is the key, pray?" "And Mr. Fiske opened the box, from which he took out a dozen or more of those unmistakable bundles enclosed by the law stationer and tied up with red tape.

"Mostly law-papers, as you say. But there are securities also, I observe?" "My own private property." "Your own, eh? So you hold Portuguese of your own, Mr. Surtees?" "Strange coincidence!"

And as the detective spoke he handled with admirable self-possession a parcel of bonds of the same character as those which had been missed.

"Yes; those are my own. I bought them years ago to hold as an investment, as I can prove."

the evening news, and ascertained exactly what had occurred. Mr. Surtees was already actually in goal. They entered the empty, desolate house, Josephine, now realizing her father's absence for the first time, and the cause of it, fairly broke down.

She was still crying as though her heart would break when a loud ring was heard at the front door. "Who can it be?" asked Bob.

"Some message, perhaps from father?" said Josephine, hastily drying her eyes. "But then a servant opened the door and introduced—"

"Sir Richard Daunt." "I came on the moment I heard," said the young baronet, speaking in a quick, excited voice. "I thought I might be of some use, perhaps."

"Are you aware of what has occurred exactly?" asked Josephine anxiously. "In a vague way. That is why I came. You see I know all about these things—about 'police and prisons' he would have said, but the words seemed harsh—about the law, and if you will let me I will gladly help you."

"We must go to him at once," said Josephine, with decision. "He will want to see us."

"Where is Clerkenwell Prison?" inquired Bob, innocently. "I know," said Sir Richard. "We can get there by the Metropolitan Railway. It's a little late for visiting, but perhaps the governor will admit us under the circumstances."

"You will come with us?" said Josephine, as she looked at Sir Richard, gratefully. "To be sure I will. First of all let Bob get a few things together in a dressing-bag; your father will need them—and he whispered, as Bob left the room, 'you'd better wash your face. It still wears its theatrical rouge.'"

"There will be many things to see to," he went on, "and I have no doubt I can help. It will be necessary to secure the best legal advice. Have you thought of that?"

"I hardly understand—I feel quite dazed," replied Josephine, blankly. "I only know that your great kindness overcomes me, and I cannot express all the gratitude I feel."

"It is at times of great trial such as this that you should be able to count upon your friends," said the young man, gravely, and with great self-possession.

# GIANT WARRIORS DANCE.

MAORI TRIBESMEN ENTER TAIN HEIR TO THRONE.

Descendants of Feroocious Races Give Weird Welcome to Their Guests.

Of all the strange sights and wonderful things provided for the entertainment of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their world tour of the British Colonies, perhaps the strangest and most wonderful were witnessed on their visit to the Maoris of New Zealand at Rotura.

They are a strange people, the Maoris, wrote a special correspondent of the London Standard, who accompanied the Royal travellers. Two generations ago they were the most warlike and ferocious race in the world. War was their occupation and pastime, and they ate its victims. Rather than forego a fight they would give an exhausted enemy food and ammunition. The late Earl of Pembroke told a story of a chief who fought against the British at Waikato.

This savage warrior, who doubtless, swallowed the eyes of his vanquished foes, and, having satisfied his cannibal appetite, "potted" the remainder of the corpses in tins and sent them to his friends in the country. "Why, you fool," answered the astonished chief, "if we had stolen their powder and food, how could they have fought?"

The Maoris are the only colored race out of India with whom the Briton will associate on terms of seeming equality. The men are pleasant, sturdy fellows—mountains of broad muscle—and the women, if not beautiful have charms. Their smiling faces and large, lustrous dark eyes make one in love with olive skin and black hair. The "pakeha," or white man, readily mates with the dusky "wahine." They are a cheerful, intelligent people, with the minds of children and the passions of men. For the most part they have adopted the dress and habits of the Britons, and the men, at any rate, have done so without loss of dignity.

Here at Rotura we have seen them as they appeared two generations ago, when Hongi, the Maori Napoleon, devastated the land, with rifles paid for by the presents of King George IV., and slew thousands of the Arawas, Waikatos, and Taurangas. Yet in this seeming horde of savage men and women, barbarously clad, roaring and capering like maniacs, twisting their faces showing the whites of their eyes, andolling out their tongues, were people with whom you might find yourself at dinner and not notice any peculiarity save the dark skin.

A STRANGE WILD SCENE. It was a strange wild scene, acted on the yellow plain, with bare hills for background and the quiet lake between. The sulphurous air and steaming pits were in keeping with a weird spectacle. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York took their seats in a pavilion, and looked down upon the solid squares of Maori warriors and wahines, whose custom in olden days was to excite the men to frenzy. Their Royal Highnesses wore the emblems of chieftainship. The Duke's bowler hat was decorated with the white tipped "hauia" feathers of the "rangaiara," or chief. Three feathers adorned the hair of the Duchess, and from her shoulders hung a beautiful "kiwi" mat, or mantle. The compliment was hailed with delight and shouts of welcome.

Mr. James Carroll, member of the House of Representatives, and Minister of Native Affairs, was master of ceremonies, and wore a dogskin mat over his grey suit. A wave of the greenstone heiro, or tomahawk, in his hand, and the play began. A wild rush of brown giants, naked to the waist, with kilts of dressed flax that surged and rattled, a waving of spears and battle axes, and Arawas and Nghanapas stood before the Prince—a rigid line of brown and red. The leaders, "or teko teko," strode in front, their spears raised, and with a shout that rang well strike terror, the warriors flung themselves into the dance. They sang of the Great White Queen, their Mother, and of their joy at seeing the strangers from afar. They are a peace-loving people, I am told, but the note was wild and barbaric. And as they sang their brown bodies moved in unison, now leaping, now crouching, now retiring, now advancing. The song ended in a long-drawn, gasping sigh, "Aue, aue, aue."

The Arawas lay on the ground silent. It was the turn of the Wanganui. A savage of herculean build dashed to the front, battle-axe in hand. The whites only his eyes were visible, giving to his tattooed face a demonic expression; his tongue hung out, and his appearance was that of fury. He shouted the first words of the war-song, and his tribe sprang from the ground. With furious yet measured gesticulation, with horrid grimaces and wild cries from tattooed lips, the warriors danced, and their kirtles of flax made a rustling music to the swaying of their bodies. They ended with long sobbing "Sowah, sowah, sowah," like the moaning of the wind in a dark forest.

SAVAGES IN FLAX KILTS. The warriors now gave place to a troop of dusky, dark-eyed maidens, whose black tresses hung like night were of the plum! shoulders. They wore blouses of kiwi feather, and wore sashes. In each hand, with a blue sash tied with string looped round the finger. The ball is the "poi" and the dance is famous throughout the Pacific as the poi dance. As they lightly near a hand of each girl rested on the shoulder of her companion, they faced about and began the dance. It was the very poetry of motion. In dreamy undulations their bodies swayed now to right, now to left, now backward, now forward, swinging the "poi" to the music of their song. The music was slow and sweet, running through all the song-

bird's range, and the story was of a prince who came from afar with his fair lady, their chieftainess.

The succeeded tribe. There entered the Ngatitawharetoa, who lived in the shadow of volcanoes on the shores of Raupo Moana. They are men of Herculean mould—giants all, and splendid savages in their rustling flax kilts. They were led by Heu-heu, grandson of the famous cannibal chief of that name who, half a century ago, defied the powers of earth and water, and, standing in front of his "whare," was buried alive in the great landslide that filled the ravine of Waiki. Bare legged with a feather mat round his loins, the young chieftain stood facing his tribesmen, a slender spear of light tawa wood poised in unlifted hand. The spear whistled through the air, and fell at their feet as Te Heu-heu turned and ran with the speed of the wind. On his flying heels rushed the braves with a mighty shout.

The earth trembled and thundered under their tread. Halting as suddenly and uniformly as though brought up by a stone wall, they danced a real war dance, grimacing wildly, rolling their eyeballs and rolling out their tongues; until they looked more like demons than men.

A little later, when Te Heu-heu, clothed, and in his right mind, went to receive the commemorative medal at the hands of the Duke, it was hard to discover in the courtly gentleman, frock coated and silk hat, any trace of the brave who had had this demonic dance.

Another noticeable transformation was that of Ngata, M.A., LL.B., barrister at law—a wildly conspicuous figure in the dance of his tribe.

SLANG PHRASES. Some of Them Have Been in Use for Ages. Many of the familiar phrases of the day have been in use since remote antiquity.

A learned German philologist has recently traced a number of these so-called phrases through half-a-dozen languages to their beginnings. Here is a partial list of them: "He's a brick!"—This phrase, meaning a good fellow, has been traced to a King of Sparta, Laodamion, the Spartan capital, was surprised to find the city with the walls, and asked the King what he would do in case of invasion. "Sparta has 50,000 soldiers," replied the King, "and each man is a brick!"

"To give the Cold Shoulder."—This was once the custom in France, when a guest had overstayed his welcome to serve him with a cold shoulder of mutton, instead of a hot roast as a gentleman friend for him to Queen Elizabeth. A shoemaker named Hawkins committed suicide by standing on a bucket placed on a table to raise himself to a convenient height. To kick the bucket was of course, his last act on earth.

"Catching a Tartar."—During the war between Russia and the Tartars a private soldier cried out: "Captain, I have caught a Tartar!" The officer ordered him to bring his prisoner forward. "He won't let me," the soldier shouted back, and investigation showed that the Tartar was holding back his captor.

"Apple-Pie Order."—A certain Heppibal Merton, in Puritan times, had the habit of baking two or three dozen apple pies every Saturday, which were to last her family through the week. She placed them in her pantry, labelling one or more for each day in the week. The pantry thus arranged was said to be in apple-pie order.

"A Feather in One's Cap."—It was once a custom in their wars with the Turks for the Hungarians to wear a feather in their caps for each Turk they had killed.

"Blackguards."—When the Horse Guards parade in St. James's Park, London, a crowd of bootblacks always crowd about to black their boots and do other menial work. These attendants at the guard-mount have long gone by the name of "black guards."

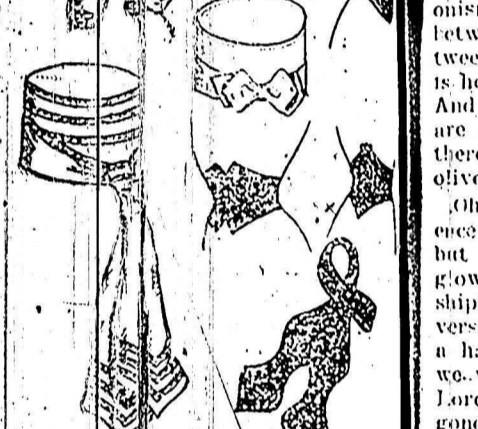
"Deadheads."—A Pompeii painter who gained admittance to an entertainment without paying admission, was called "deadheads," because the checks used for admission were small ivory death's heads.

WOLVES IN FRANCE. According to the returns prepared by the Ministry of Agriculture the number of wolves killed in France last year was 115, of which one was a she-wolf with young, fifty-two full grown wolves, and sixty-two whelps, the amount paid away in premiums for their destruction being 15,570 with the rate of \$30 for a she wolf with young, \$16 for a full-grown whelp. Since the passing of the law of 1882 instituting these premiums, 8,981 wolves of all sorts have been killed, and a sum of \$130,640 has been paid in rewards.



FANCY HOUSE. 32 to 34 Leeb Street.

The Fancy House, situated in Leeb Street, is a most desirable residence for the season. It is being let by the present owner, and is a most desirable residence for the season. It is being let by the present owner, and is a most desirable residence for the season.



STOCKS AND BELTS. No stock ever possessed sufficient number of stocks, ties and belts. Regularly how large her collection there is always room for more. For the additional that it is complete and well fitted. The complete outfit for the season includes the following: Stocks, ties, belts, and a complete outfit for the season.

olive branch, peace with many. Now it is very easy to get up a course. There are gunpowder Christians all around us, and one match of the "vocation" will set them off. It is enough to get up a course. You had better do your own thing. Had not you better do your own thing? Had not you better do your own thing? Had not you better do your own thing?

But my text goes further. "Go up into the mountain and plant olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees to make booths." It seems as if Mount Olivet were to be a mountain of olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees to make booths.

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# TEMPORARY

You Want Something World Can

A despatch from Washington says that Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: Nehemiah viii, 15. "Go forth unto the mount and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches of thick trees to make booths."

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