

HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Securities vanish from the strong-room of Candolent, Dandy and Wald, bankers. Mr. Fanchette, Scotland Yard, is called in to solve the mystery. There are two keys to the strong-room—one held by Mr. Wald, 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 Wald, 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. Some Portuguese bonds answering to description of his possession. He is convicted and sentenced to seven years penal servitude. Mrs. Wald misses some papers and accuses Josephine of the theft. Sir Richard Daut, in love with Josephine, meets the Marquis de Ojo Verde to whom Bob lost his money and sets a detective to watch him and Fanchette. Mrs. Wald's maid.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Fanchette returned home very pensive and silent after his conference with the rough in the Bois de Boulogne. M. Julian tried to enliven her, and raise her spirits, but all to no purpose. She had, had a shock, and was evidently sore afraid.

For the next two or three days she remained invisible, and when, finally she appeared, she certainly looked weak and ill.

"I am truly delighted," said M. Jolian, on seeing her at the door of the little room at the back of the shop, as he was passing down stairs. "Truly delighted to see you out and about again, but Madame is still souffrante, I fear."

"Monsieur is most sympathetic and kind. I wish I had more such friends."

"You may rely on my devotion and discretion. I am wholly yours."

"Oh, Monsieur, I have been so wretched and I, the victim, have caused such grievous wrong to others—wrong that I would gladly repair if I could."

"Why not at once unburden your heart? Tell me all your troubles? What is it you have done?"

"It was not my doing—at least I yielded to the persuasions of the man I thought I loved. He is a villain. I have sacrificed everything to him, yet still he persecutes me, and I cannot escape him."

"Surely you are alarming yourself unnecessarily. Remember the law can protect you."

"Not from him!" cried Fanchette, almost hysterically. "Alas, Dieu! she cried, 'what is that? That voice!'"

It came from a gentleman who at that moment was inquiring for Madame Poirat in the shop, and who the next minute walked, quite without ceremony into the inner room.

"Leon! I knew it. What brings you here?"

It was the Marquis, dressed as usual, with florid precision in tight-fitting frock-coat, and looking from the top of his shiny hat to the tips of his shiny boots, quite the nobleman from Cuba.

"Tiens!" he began, in a mocking tone. "I fear I am de trop. Pray to go, if I intrude. Who are you?"

He went on, finding Fanchette could not bring herself to speak.

"Pierre Jolian, of your service and Madame's, the honor of whose acquaintance I am proud to enjoy. Who, pray, are you?"

"A much older friend of Madame Poirat's, yes, Poirat—than you, and one who has far more right to be here."

"That I deny, and I appeal to Madame herself."

"I am her affianced husband," coolly replied the Marquis. "How can you claim equal mine?"

"Monsieur is my neighbor," said Fanchette, speaking timidly and for the first time, "and I am merely inquiring after my health."

"And having had his answer he should have retired."

M. Jolian took the hint, and rising from the chair, walked out.

"Who is that old fool?" the Marquis asked, long before M. Jolian was out of hearing. "Has he asked you to marry him?"

"Not in a hundred years, but I have been long expecting him to propose."

"And you would have accepted him? How about me?"

"I had no hopes of your keeping your promise," said Fanchette, rather sadly. "I have been disappointed again and again."

"Why did you leave London when I wished you to remain there?"

"There was nothing more to be done. I had to leave you as you wished. Why should I continue my hateful slavery with that horrible woman?"

"And you preferred Paris to London?"

"Paris and independence. And so would you, Leon. Listen to me. We might be so happy together. Leon, my business prospers; I am making money fast—money, too. Give up all your great schemes, I beseech you. Think of the risks. You will be far happier in a quiet life."

The Marquis sat there, thoughtful, and without speaking for a time.

"No," he said at length. "It is impossible. I cannot withdraw yet; things are too complicated; there will be too much danger in it; I must see them to the end. Besides, I cannot live in Paris, as you know, it is not safe for me. Even now I am risking much by being here. But when I heard that this old fool was paying his addresses to your sister, I bravely set out, ready to face all

The Ultimate End of Joseph Devas.

dangers once more, to see you again."

So great was the influence of this extraordinary man over Fanchette that she drank in with avidity those tender expressions, and believed them, every word.

"You know, Leon," she said, "you are my husband, my first and only love. While you are true to me I am ready to follow you all over the world."

"You will go back to England, then?"

"Yes," replied Fanchette, a little doubtfully; "but not under the same conditions as before. I am not to be in service, and in the same house where you sit at table with my master and make soft eyes at the maids and waitresses while I weep out my heart in a kitchen below."

"No, you shall be a Marchioness at least as much as I am a Marquis. We will take a villa somewhere in the country, or in the Isle of Wight, and I shall only now and again visit town."

"When shall we be married?" asked Fanchette, rather anxiously. "Here, before we leave?"

"No, my child, it will not be safe for me to go before M. de Maire. Wait till we get back to England; so, once there, I promise you the knot shall at once be tied, meanwhile, let us go to breakfast—chez Poyot—it is only a step."

CHAPTER XXV.

Daut, let us drop his alias, now that he is about to act as himself again, regained his apartment, somewhat chafed and disappointed at the sudden reappearance of the Marquis, and the failure of his plans. The only thing that consoled him was that the presence of the Marquis in Paris might lead to his identification by the French detective police.

Daut prepared to give effect to this idea directly completing his toilette. He took his hat and sallied forth, having left instructions to Madame Jobard to keep an eye on Fanchette.

"If they go out," he said, "she or the man, singly or together, follow them, and the first chance send word to the Prefecture."

News came about noon. A note from Delphine to the chief de la Surete. It was as follows:—

"Left Rue du Bac at twelve. Are now at breakfast chez Poyot, Rue Vaugirard."

Accompanied by Daut in another disguise Jobard took post opposite Poyot's, but quite another half-hour elapsed before Fanchette and the Marquis left the restaurant.

They seemed to have no intention of returning to the Rue du Bac. Both had the self-satisfied contented air of people who had breakfasted well. The Marquis, with his coat thrown open, was enjoying a full-flavored cigar; while Fanchette hung on his arm with a pleased simper on her face, as though this were happiness indeed.

They passed together into the Luxembourg Gardens, and strolled there under the shade of the trees.

Jobard followed, alone. Daut could see him circling round and round, till presently he approached the same seat. There he took out a newspaper and composed himself to read.

His proximity did not seem to disturb the Marquis in the least, and the three sat there together, side by side, for quite half an hour.

Daut was wondering how long this waiting game would last, when a fresh turn was given to the adventure by the approach of a disagreeable looking ruffian, whom Daut, as he passed, recognized as the man who had spoken to Fanchette in the Bois de Boulogne. This man, more seedy and miserable than ever, slouched up to where the Marquis and the others were seated.

"What! Carapata! Here! What brings him, I wonder. He has perhaps something to say."

The fellow came closer, and seemed on the point of speaking to the Marquis, when he suddenly halted, his jaw set, he turned at once on his heel and walked quickly away.

"Saperlotte! it is stranger!" muttered the Marquis between his teeth. "What fly has stung him, I wonder? There must be danger near."

With that he stole a furtive glance at his companion on the bench, a glance which M. Jobard bore with imperturbable self-possession.

"Come, Fanchette, I must know what this means," went on the Marquis, as he rose and hurried after Carapata. A few steps sufficed to overtake the other, but as they came alongside, Carapata said excitedly,

"Don't speak to me. Pass on; there is danger, a rouse."

"Where? When?" asked the Marquis, as he passed.

"There! there on the bench, by your very side. It was le Major!"

Jobard had served and earned a grade of drum-major in a regiment of the line—"le Major, M. Jobard, one of the cleverest of the cuisines (Prefecture)."

"Where can I see you? Come to the hibino de Pere Barabas to-night at twelve." And without waiting for an answer the Marquis and Fanchette walked quickly to the nearest cab station, then, taking there a fiacre, were driven rapidly away.

While this little episode was in progress Jobard had made a sign to Daut, who came near.

"Well," he asked, uneasily, "What success?"

"Not much, but still something. I don't know the man himself, but I saw his friend—one of the worst ruffians that ever haunted the barriers. We shall, I hope, get at what we want through him."

Jobard had seen that fellow before, and he remembered it was he who had bravely set out, ready to face all

the Bois, and no doubt acting under orders from the other."

"Precisely, and that other must be a criminal of some mark to secure the services of such a thorough-faced scoundrel as this. But we will get Carapata on our side."

"I shall have him arrested within half an hour. I know he is suspected of complicity in those robberies on the Seine. He is one of that band, and we have only hesitated to lay our hands on him because we wanted to entrap them all at one coup."

"Well, but when you have arrested him how much nearer shall we be to unmasking our friend the Marquis?"

"I know this Carapata, he has played la musique before now. I have used him as an spy at Mazas, and now, after he has been a few hours in the depot of the Prefecture, he will gladly let out the whole story on a promise of being set free."

"But you have not got him yet?"

"That's an easy matter; he is not yet out of sight. Let us walk a little faster, Monsieur, and you can assist at the arrest."

A few minutes more, and they had overtaken the voyou. Daut, acting under Jobard's instructions, placed himself on one side of Carapata, Jobard himself ranging upon the other. Two ordinary sergents de ville, at a signal from Jobard, followed close behind.

"Resistance is useless," whispered the sergent; "we are four to one. You had better come quietly. Walk on without paying any attention until I get a fiacre."

Very soon afterwards the detective hailed a passing cab, into which Daut got first, Carapata followed, and Jobard brought up the rear. The moment the door was shut the prisoner was made safe by means of the ligotté, or narrow cord, used instead of handcuffs by the French police, and the whole party went to the depot of the Prefecture.

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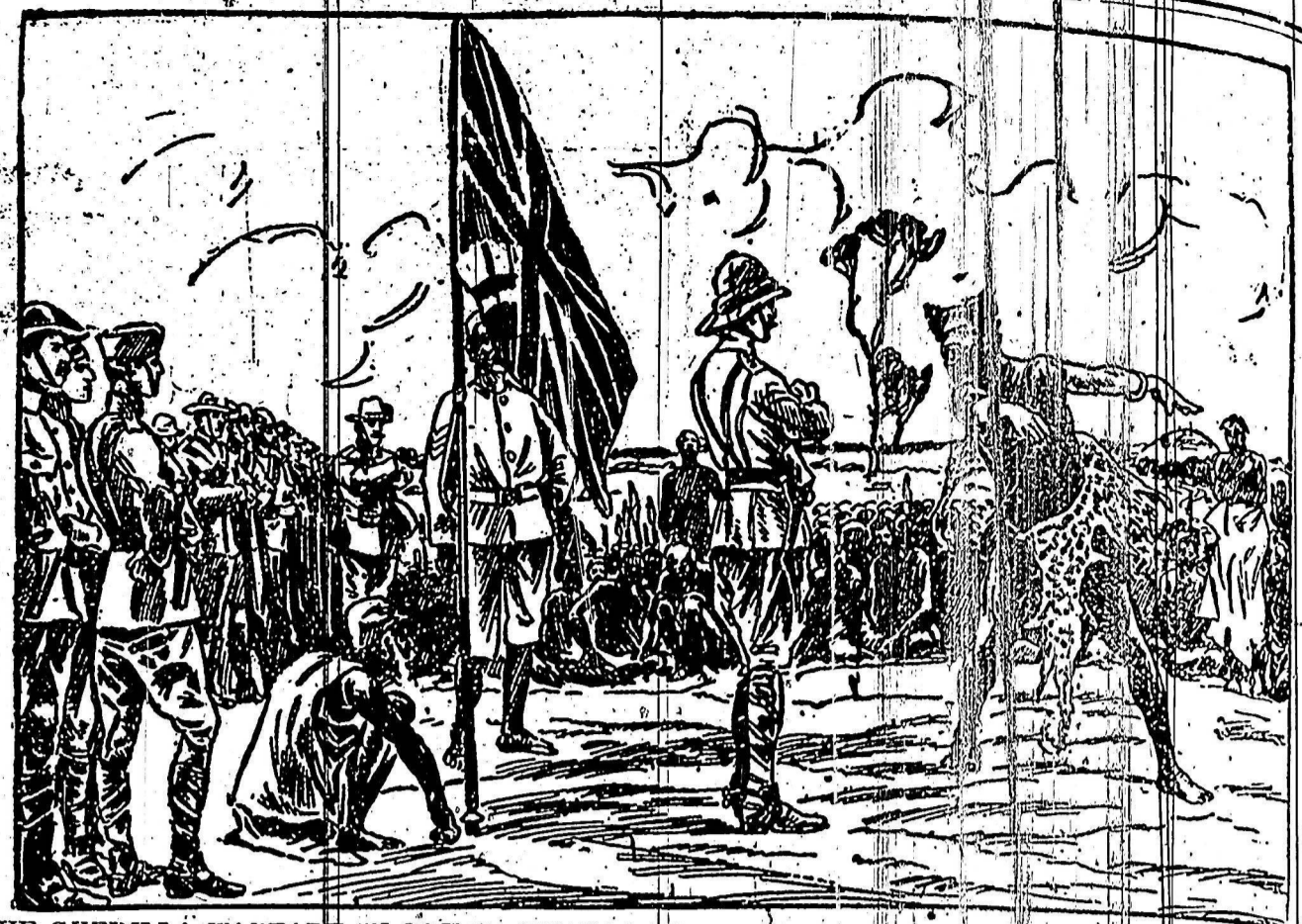
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THE GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA—AN INDABA HELD AT THE KRANTZMAJORS OF THE CHURCH OF THE SIPPOLLO BY CAPTAIN PEAKE, 65TH YEOMANRY, IN THE NORTH DISTRICT.

SPECIALISTS IN CRIME.

THEY STEAL THERMOMETERS AND DOORMATS.

A Detective Tells of the Many Queer Things That Are Stolen.

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The topmost rung of the ladder among purloiners of other people's property is occupied by the safe-breaker, and occupying that a man would just as soon think of going in for other branches of the law as an eye specialist would think of amputating an arm. And when safe-breaking is sub-divided into classes, there is the breaker of bank-safes, strong rooms, and there is the breaker of the ordinary office and warehouse safe.

It would seem, indeed, as if every other branch of purloining has its own particular votaries, who stick to one "lay," to the

EXCLUSION OF ALL OTHERS.

"It's really surprising," said a detective sergeant, a few nights ago, "how thieves do stick to their own special branch of business. I know a man who has served sentences for stealing pipes. So far as I can learn he has never stolen anything else in his life. He is a well-dressed, quiet fellow, and practices his profession in this way: He will stroll into a tobacconist's shop, purchase a cigar, and then ask to be shown some pipes. The obliging shopman displays on the counter a pretty wide selection, but the thief is a difficult man to please. The first one he looks at he has to reach down a fresh box, and the turning of the shopman's back gives the thief his opportunity. He avails himself of it by pocketing three or four of the best briars or meerschaums that happen to be handy. Having accomplished this, he usually buys—in order to avert suspicion—a briar pipe for a quarter or so. The man I am talking about has been in this peculiar 'lay' for fifteen years, and, in spite of repeated captures, seems still

TO PERSIST IN IT.

"Another man of my professional acquaintance devotes the whole of his time of liberty to literature. His plan is to haunt railway bookstalls or second-hand shops, where there is a big outside show. He wears a coat with inside pockets constructed especially large, and he is remarkably quick at concealing therein any books which he takes a fancy to."

"Read them? Well that I couldn't tell you. But if he does, it isn't the prime object of his taking them, for invariably he goes for the most expensive and rarest volumes. On one occasion when he was arrested, his own home, over 600 books were discovered, packed up ready for sale, for it appears he worked in connection with some more or less rascally bookseller."

"What do you think of a man who steals China and glass, and very little else? It sounds incredible, doesn't it? But I know such a fellow. Considering the fragile nature of the goods, it would seem to be a difficult job."

TO STEAL PLATES.

and dishes; but this man is an adept at it. Busy market streets in suburban neighborhoods, from his happy hunting-ground, and Saturday night is his favorite hunting time. He carries with him what, from the outside looks like an ordinary Glad-

STONE BAG.

The inside of this receptacle, however, is peculiarly fitted up with a plate rack arrangement, and also compartments into which glasses and decanters fit comfortably. This gentleman, too, works in conjunction with tradesmen, who sell the goods over again, and in this way it is very difficult to fasten the guilt.

"Then, there are coal-thieves—men who nightly despoil station yards of coal-wharves. One gang of 'lumpies,' as the coal-thieves are professionally termed, managed some two or three years ago to steal over forty tons of coal in a week from various wharves and sidings. It is curious that they were tracked, through their lair through some of the coal pits. One of the carts in which they removed the stuff happened to have several holes in its bottom, and through these holes small particles kept dropping. By following an irregular trail of dust and small cobles for a distance of about a mile and a half, the police next morning traced the gang to their very doo."

"Another branch of knavery which has produced its specialists in recent years is the purloining of the contents of show-cases. You know what I mean. Dentists, for example, are wont to display their teeth in glass cases outside their premises. Several firms of shirt-makers go in for the same form of advertisement. Well, to

THESE SHOW-CASES.

members of the light-fingered fraternity have lately turned their attention, until it has now become quite a regular 'lay.'"

"In fact, the special branches of crime are numberless. There are milk-can thieves, and there are men who steal ladders, and only ladders. Lead-piping attracts men who steal nothing else, and door-handles are taken from unoccupied houses by men who otherwise lead honest lives. Then there are scraper-thieves, who sometimes add an extra branch to their business by appropriating dog-mats. The policy of the 'open door' is firmly believed in by enterprising gentlemen who devote themselves exclusively to the purloining of rolls of shawls."

"The very queerest kind of thing I have heard of is that of a well-known 'lag,' who is now serving a long term for jewel robbery, assuming that, for the first two years of his criminal career, he had stolen nothing but thermometers. Diamonds and gold were, comparatively speaking, without the least temptation for him, but the more sordid side of a thermometer, and a pair of side a house, at once created in him an intense longing to possess it. He confessed to having stolen over 200 of those instruments."

UNLUCKY NAMES FOR SHIPS.

Nothing is ever likely to shake the naval superstition that ships named after things that sting are doomed to loss. Besides the Viper and Cobra, the Serpent was lost with nearly all her crew, the Wasp was wrecked with heavy loss off Troy Island, and a second Wasp, a gunboat, disappeared in a typhoon, never to be heard of again. In consequence of this double disaster to ships named Wasp, that name has been struck out of the Admiralty list of available names. In the past we have lost a Rattlesnake, Gaddy, and Horned Cobra. A new Viper and a new Cobra will be built, but should anything happen to either of them, the name of the other is almost certain to be changed by the authorities in deference to the sentiment that prevails abroad concerning unlucky names.

ONTARIO MINING.