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HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

The Untimely End of Joseph Devas.

CHAPTER XXX.

"M. Joliau!" said Fanchette, wreathing her lips in smiles, "this is a joy as great as it is unexpected. What brings you to this hateful city?"

"Ah, Madame! would that I might say it was your beaux yeux; but alas, candour compels me to confess that I came on business, and it was mere chance that brings me the pleasure of a meeting, Madame."

"Chance, what lucky chance?"

"I am lodging near here, and I saw you pass an hour ago."

"I am rejoiced to see you. Ah, Monsieur, I am very sick of all this; I long for rest, for peace and quiet."

At this moment the knocking or hammering which had interrupted Fanchette and Meggitt was again heard in the neighboring cellar.

"What can that be?" asked M. Joliau, very naturally, but with a sudden suspicion.

While he was still debating, still holding Fanchette's hand, as though in an ecstacy of silent bliss, there came a fresh rapping, a knocking, or whatever it was in the inner room.

"Do you hear, Madame Poirat? That noise again, it is very odd; can there be any one in there? Any one listening to what we say?"

Fanchette looked uneasily towards the cellar-door. Except when her blood was up and she was rendered reckless by passion she could never shake herself free from dread at the far-reaching power of Leon.

"I will see who is there," insisted her companion, as he proceeded to examine the door. "I must sift the matter to the bottom," he went on, in the same peremptory tone. "Where is the woman of the house? Fetch her."

"You had better find her yourself, Monsieur; I do not like your tone or your manner."

Daunt hesitated for a moment, doubting whether it would be safe to leave Fanchette alone. Then he went as far as the door and called out sharply:

"Mamzelle! Mamzelle!"

In a few minutes a heavy step was heard descending the stairs, and the same stout, fiery-faced woman appeared who had answered the door to Daunt a month or two before.

"Who wants me?" she asked angrily, in her high-pitched voice, with an American accent.

"I want to go in here—open quick" said Daunt in French.

"Who are you? By what right do you ask?"

"I come from Leon Lantimeche. Make haste."

"Be careful," interposed Fanchette hastily in English, thinking M. Joliau would not understand; "it is some plot. This gentleman knows nothing of Leon."

She was still wavering and could not easily withdraw her allegiance from the man who had so long held her in thrall.

"Make haste, I say!" repeated Daunt, upon whose quick ears fell fresh and more frenzied shouts from within. "Give me the key or open it yourself."

In his excitement he also spoke in English.

"Who are you?" cried Fanchette.

"You will soon know," as he sprang out of the kitchen, closing the door and locking it behind him.

A few steps took him to where Fasko and his assistants were waiting outside the house.

"Come on, Fasko; I have run him to ground I hope, but there is no time to lose."

The party led by Daunt hurried downstairs and re-entered the kitchen where the two women were still cowering in a corner.

"Now," said Fasko, "you know me, Mamzelle, and why I am here; give me the key."

Very reluctantly she surrendered it; the door was unlocked, the bolts drawn back, and Daunt ran in.

His instincts had not misled him. Bob Surtees was there, lying half-fainting on a miserable mattress on the floor.

Fasko and Daunt carried Bob out at once into the kitchen and upstairs.

It was some time before Bob recovered his speech.

"I thought I should never come out of that place alive," he said at length. "They attacked me in the Park—men I had never seen before, and who must have made me insensible. When I came to myself I was in that dark filthy hole alone."

"Were you ill-used?"

"Only when I shouted too loud. They came then, and swore to kill me."

"And you made no attempt to escape?"

"I was always thinking of it, but how was I to get out? The cellar had no exit; I was watched, too; and, until to-day, whenever I knocked some one always appeared. It was because no one came in to stop me that I kept at it so to-day. I thought there might be a chance—that strangers perhaps were there."

"They had left Fanchette alone for a private talk with Meggitt."

Bob looked surprised; he could not take it in quite.

"There is much for you to hear, Bob. But come, can you bear to be moved, do you think—to my chambers, say, in the Albany?"

"Stay, Sir Richard," interposed Fasko. "I think we must settle with these women first; they ought to be taken into custody."

Daunt took Fasko aside, and they had a whispered conference.

"I shall get no good out of her, here."

"What do you propose, then?"

"To let her go, but keep a close watch over her, so that we may lay hands on her directly the moment arrives. She will go back to Paris, I expect, and there I can make it perfectly certain that she will be produced if required."

"All right, we will withdraw then without further action. Good day, ladies," said the detective, in a mocking tone, "perhaps you'll hear of us again. So look out for squalls."

CHAPTER XXXI.

One of the first steps taken after Bob had regained strength was to pay a visit, in company with Daunt, to young Driffield. The conversation overheard at the Junior Belgrave indicated that the clerk was in possession of some damaging facts.

Driffield hesitated, but when he heard he might help poor old Surtees, for whom he had a strong regard, he told all he knew about Flemings and the bills.

Very soon after business had commenced next day Sir Richard was closeted with one of the partners in the greatest banking-house in Europe.

Daunt without hesitation told the whole story.

"It is mainly surmise at present," said the great banker, "or at most strong suspicion. The only tangible fact is about these bills of—of—thank you, Flemings of Manchester. I don't seem to know the name of Flemings, of Manchester, but that might easily happen. But I will have the matter looked into. Will you come again, say at the same hour to-morrow?"

When Daunt paid his next visit he was greeted very warmly.

"You have done us a great service in bringing this matter to our notice, Sir Richard. There has been some foul play, I fear."

"As to Fleming & Co?"

"Yes. I told you I did not know the name, and I might well say that. I find we never had any dealings with them at all."

"And those bills?"

"If they bore our endorsement they were forged."

"As I thought. I was right you see in suspecting roguery."

"Perfectly. The name—we have ascertained, by reference to Manchester that there are no such people as Fleming & Co."

"A gross swindle, then, has been or is being perpetrated, to which Waldo's are a party."

"Not so fast, Sir Richard. Waldo's are a highly respectable house, with whom we have done business, for years, centuries almost, and it would be hasty to accuse them of complicity. On the contrary, they are more likely to have been victims, like ourselves. Indeed, the loss would have fallen entirely upon them. This points to something radically wrong in their way of doing business. Either insufficient care, or a lamentable want of judgment, is displayed, or there is something much worse behind."

As for Meggitt, he always felt as though he were sitting on a volcano. Letters had arrived, asking for money—that was all; money to be paid over to the bearer, who was "a friend," and which would be used in helping Leon to bear the privations of prison life.

Leon had suborned one of the warders of Dorchester prison, and was utilizing him for his own ends.

This faithless officer, whose name was Goody, had become his prisoner's most attached and devoted slave. Their positions were entirely reversed.

"Here's news at last," said Mr. Goody, one morning, as he entered Leon's cell with the prisoner's breakfast. "'Taint good news neither—the route is come for Chatham."

"How shall I travel?" asked Leon.

"By the South Western," replied Mr. Goody; "I know the route well; it is not the first time I have been, and I won't be the last."

"The South Western, you say—we shall pass through London, then?"

"The train goes to Waterloo, but we get out at Vauxhall and cross to Victoria in a cab."

"Vauxhall is a quiet little station, I think? Few people about, and not much traffic?"

"There is a bustle when the train comes in, that's all I know; we don't have much time there, so I cannot tell much about it."

"I must write a letter to-day," said Leon, abruptly; "my friends must know that I am leaving this."

"Right you are, sir; I will bring you the paper when I come with dinner."

By noon Leon had matured his plans. "I had better say what I have to say in French; Goody would be sure to read my letter, and he might think that I was letting him into a hole."

"Dear Friend," he began—

"The time has come. I am to be removed to Chatham next Friday, and you will have a chance of helping me at last. Our train leaves here at ten minutes past eight; we travel by the South Western. The railway guide will tell you when the train is due in town; we do not come on to the terminus, but stop at the station just outside; look again at your guide. There I shall be transferred to a cab, and taken across to the other station; I have told you my destination, so you will guess the link. Now the chance will be just before I get into the cab; be on the lookout with one or two men whom you can trust; act promptly as opportunity offers, and all will be well. If you cannot arrange alone consult Mademoiselle."

This letter was written and ready folded when Goody came in to take away the dinner-tins.

"This must go to the same place as the others. And when it reaches there you will touch the same amount."

"Seems pretty long," said Mr. Goody, opening it unceremoniously. "I can't up to no larks, I trust, not going to give us the slip on the road, or arranging any plant of that kind."

"I shan't be able to write for six months, and it was necessary to give full instructions to a French friend of mine about some business matters."

They travelled up second-class, having a compartment to themselves. Both doors were locked, the governor mounted guard at one, Mr. Goody at the other. Leon sat between them, cool and comfortable, in a light suit of "dittoes" which he had worn on the journey from Paris, and looking, but for the manacled hands, like an ordinary passenger. No incident of any importance occurred on the journey up. Captain Scrooby never relaxed his vigilance. He sat bolt upright at his window with his eye constantly fixed on his prisoner. This window on the platform side was hermetically closed, so that none of the occupants of the carriage could have any knowledge of what took place at the few stations at which they had stopped on the road.

Captain Scrooby was quite unconscious, therefore, that the train had been invaded at Basingstoke by a small mob of roughs. The first intimation he had of the fact was at Vauxhall, where they alighted with him and his party. Had he realized who they were, or their intentions, he would certainly have gone on to Waterloo.

But to understand the movements of this little band it is necessary to follow the letter despatched clandestinely by Leon to Meggitt.

Meggitt had understood on receiving it that whatever he did he must do at once.

But the more he thought it over the more he realized his own helplessness. He felt that he must talk it over with Mamzelle, and with this object he went to Seven Dials the same night.

"It won't be so easy," said that stolid-looking matron, "but it is a rare chance, and it must be tried. I will call Joe Magsman,"—an evil-looking individual, who said—

"We can get him fast enough; the thing will be to keep him or help him away."

"But how will you get him?" asked Meggitt. "It will be broad daylight and he is sure to be well guarded."

"By two at the most, and that Vauxhall is a very confined place, and there are some dark passages to go along. While there, my pals shall hustle the screws, and, while they are in trouble, you slip your arm into our friend's and lead him off to the cab-rank."

"Some one shall do it, but it sha'n't be me."

"You had better be on the box of the 'shoful,' and, when he comes to you, drive off."

"That would not suit me either, I am not much of a whip. But I will see to the cab, and the person to take Leon to it. After that where had he better go?"

"Well, master, that's your affair; when we have set him loose our job's done."

"Not a word of all this to a soul, mind," said Meggitt, impressively. "If there is any suspicion of what we are at the police will soon hear about it."

"They are out of it this time, never fear."

Meggitt, thus assured, then took his departure, leaving Joe to settle a few further details with Mamzelle, and got a letter conveyed to Leon.

She had been right in saying that the police were hanging about the place. Two of Mr. Faske's young men were constantly on the watch, and they saw Meggitt leave the house as they had seen him enter it. They also saw Joe Magsman go out that afternoon, and one of them followed him as far as Vauxhall, all of which was duly reported to Faske.

"They are up to no good," said the detective. "I must keep my eye on him till the last; I may still stop their little game."

On the Friday morning, however, very early, they managed to give him the slip, and travelling down to Basingstoke entered the train there as we know.

Faske was on the platform at Vauxhall at twelve noon. Then the train ran in, and there was much stir and some confusion at the station. Faske saw the prison-governor pause on the platform to let the crowd pass, and saw also the small party of roughs also lingering close behind. Guessing almost intuitively what was to happen next, he descended the stairs and looked back.

Presently escorts and prisoners came down. They were walking three abreast, Leon in the centre, the two officials on either side. The party had the stairs to themselves, till suddenly the roughs appeared at the top and followed down, with a rush, hustling and jostling all before them. Three of them settled upon Captain Scrooby, three upon Mr. Goody, and forcibly detained them, while Leon heard a hoarse whisper in his ear.

"Run, man; run for your life."

He needed no second intimation. Feeling that this was the supreme moment, and that now it depended only on himself to escape, he pounded forward, took the last three steps in one, and, reaching the bottom of the stairs, paused for just one second to look right and left.

It was here, according to Meggitt's letter, that further assistance was to reach him.

It came. Some one approached, and, taking him by the arm, cried:

"Look slippy! the cab's here."

Then they hurried on together arm-in-arm into the yard beyond the station, jumped almost simultaneously into a hansom that stood waiting; the doors were shut, the glass let down, and the horse instantly started off at score.

"Very neatly done," said Leon, with a sigh of relief.

"Very!" replied his companion, drily, in a voice that made him start and look round.

It was Faske, the detective.

"Put away!" cried Leon, with a frightful imprecation, as he sank back upon the cushion of the cab. "Where are you taking me?"

"Millbank, will be the nearest, and safest. I think, for such a slippery customer as you," replied the detective with condescending frankness.

(To Be Continued).

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

THE TAINTING OF MILK.

The most unpleasant taste of tainted milk which appears in a good deal that is shipped to market in the fall and early winter is due to a large extent to the condition of the pasture fields and the carelessness of the milkers. Nothing probably prejudices city people more against drinking milk than to taste this disagreeable flavor. Dairymen who are careless in their methods do a great deal to condemn milk as a daily diet. More and more people are coming to the conclusion that milk forms the best diet provided by nature, but people will not drink it so long as they have their sense of cleanliness and healthfulness offended by this disagreeable odor which comes from careless milking and feeding. If the trouble could not be remedied there would be some excuse for its existence. But it can, and very easily at that.

Most of the odor and tainted flavor comes from weeds allowed to grow up in the pasture fields. These weeds are ignored by the cows when the pasture is good, but when fall comes, and there is little else to eat in the fields, they will eat weeds. Now these weeds absolutely produce no good at all. They do not nourish the cows nor make milk. They simply taint the milk, cream and butter, and spoil its chances of sale. Therefore, the dairyman who permits the weeds to grow in the pasture fields in the autumn is practically injuring his own interests at both ends. The weeds which are systematically rooted out and cut down every summer and fall cannot long persist in growing, and the combat will become easier and easier every year. But one season's crop that is allowed to produce seeds will counteract the good work of several years on the part of the dairyman.

The matter of cleanliness in milking is one that should not need emphasizing, and yet the dirty, filthy methods followed on so many farms is sufficient evidence that careless methods are still followed. The milk that has a cowy flavor is tainted by the dirt and filth that drops in the milk pail. Careless milkers are responsible for it, and they should receive their lesson in cleanliness by those who handle the milk. If we would but remember that all such tainted milk hurts the whole business and in many cases ruins the dairyman who practices the methods there might be less poor milk shipped to the market, and less poor butter made on the farm or creamery.

THE NEW BARN.

If you have a new barn in mind, this winter is the time to read up the subject and get ideas. Here are a few hints:

Have plenty of light and air. In the past barns have not had enough of either. The large amount of ammonia in a horse stable makes it get foul quicker than a cow stable. Two cubic feet of air space per pound of horse, one cubic foot per pound of cow is plenty.

The ideal place for a horse is the box stall, but where there are many horses this would take too much room. Box stalls should have a four or six inch board projecting all around the sides and on the door about three feet from the floor, to keep the horses from scratching their tails. A very small box stall is not as safe as the ordinary stall. It should be at least 12x12 feet and 14x16 is better.

A box stall is always desirable for a valuable driving horse, a sick horse or a mare in foal. For most horses the ordinary stall must be used. They should face away from the windows to avoid the direct rays of light in the horse's eyes, and to keep the drafts of air from striking their heads.

The stall should be eight feet long where the horse stands, and at least four feet ought to be left for a passage behind the stalls. The latter should be four or six feet wide. If five, the horse is apt to get cast. In a four-foot stall a big horse may hit his hips, and a six-foot stall is more comfortable because the inmate can lie down and rest at ease. You are mistaken if you think that just because horses can not talk they don't like to be comfortable.

For heavy farm horses it is best to have the floor pitch towards the front, so as to rest their back muscles by throwing the weight more in front, but this can not always be arranged. As near a level as possible is the most practicable. It is better to absorb the urine than to run it off.

Never bore holes in the floor for this purpose, for the cold air would come up right under the horse. Stone makes a poor floor for a horse stall—it is so hard and cold unless a great deal of straw is used. Asphalt is not so bad as stone, and can be used, but there is nothing better than wood. The softer woods are better than hard, which become slippery for a horse when getting up. White elm is soft, wears well, and hence very good for the purpose, and is better than hemlock.

Abundant fresh air is as necessary for the health of horses as of men. But beware of drafts in winter, especially from overhead hay chutes. High hay racks are poor things anyway, as they necessitate an unnatural position and may cause weakness.

HORSE TALK.

The horse is kept for his muscle, and we must keep this in mind as we are feeding the colts.

They must be fed to develop the muscle and the finest quality of springy bone.

It is a good plan to give the weanlings about four quarts of skim-milk each day during the winter.

If there should be any tendency to constipation, a tablespoonful of ground flaxseed boiled in a little water and added to the milk will remedy the difficulty.

They should have also a grain ration of wheat bran and oats and linseed meal, equal parts.

Wheat bran is a strong bone and muscle-forming food, and is one of the few feeds a farmer can afford to buy, for it returns nearly its full value in the manure.

Give especial attention to exercise. Never compel a colt to stand on a plank floor tied by the head.

The stable should be well lighted and warm.

Never feed corn to colts.

If any of the farm horses are to be idle during the winter the shoes should be removed.

They should be turned in a yard or dock every day for exercise.

If a horse steps on a nail, or a wound is made by any blunt-pointed instrument, the horn should be thinned down and a free opening made for the escape of the pus and the foot put in a poultice of ground flaxseed.

If the wound is not too deep recovery will be complete in a few days.

DAIRY WISDOM.

If a cow has been eating grain a long time and does not show the usual keen relish for it, substitute a few feeds of cut raw potatoes. Give about a peck. She will not shrink in milk or butter yield. The careful feeder will keep his herd right up to full and paying production by such careful attention to every want of each cow.

The dairyman who has a disgust for a person who "babies his cows," as he calls it, better go right out of the business for he will never succeed.

It is the careful and constant attention to every little variation in disposition and health of each member of the herd that makes a dairy pay.

Rough and tumble care and pushing for themselves have never paid yet, and never will.

It is the sensitive, highly organized cows that will yield the most profit and will respond quickly to good care and kind treatment, and they likewise suffer most from abuse and starvation.

Never use musty or dirty litter. Shake each bed up every day and remove every soiled bit and make it even.

Clean and thoroughly air the stable before milking.

Always use plenty of plaster and deodorizer.

Keep a mixture of equal parts of salt, ashes and sulphur within reach of the cows at all times.

If possible let them have water in the stable at all times.

Never turn them out in storms or let them stand around in cold winds.

LIFE IN A BOER REFUGEE CAMP.

LISTENING TO THE BAND.

This illustration is a curious commentary on the wild statements made by pro Boers about the treatment of Boer woman and children in camps.

RETURNS COME QUICKLY.

One of the principal advantages in poultry production, is that returns come quickly. With the exception of strawberries there is practically no line of small fruits on which you can begin to realize inside of three years; a milch cow does not approach her full power of production short of three and a half years; apple trees do not begin to bear freely short of seven or eight years; and if you go in for forest reproduction, a realization upon the investment does not come inside the life of half or even a whole generation.

DAYS FULL OF DANGER.

Statistics Show an Evil Week in Every Month.

An ancient soothsayer said to imperial Caesar: "Beware the ides of March."

But if the theory of Dr. Granville MacLeod, of Chicago, is correct, the modern adviser can say: "Beware the 20th and 26th of every month."

Dr. MacLeod's assertion seems to be verified by statistics taken from records of railroad companies, iron works, grain elevators, boiler works, hospitals, and many establishments employing large forces of men, as well as the books of the coroner's office.

Reference to the records of the Cook county hospital for each month for the past five years shows an average of ninety-five cases of injuries by accident a month. Out of this total sixty-five occurred during the "fatal" period.

The coroner's office shows a more startling confirmation of the doctor's theory. About 65 per cent, or nearly two-thirds of the deaths by accidents and other causes requiring official investigation occur between the 20th and the 26th of each month.

Of the days of the week occurring in this "fatal" period Saturdays and Mondays appear to come particularly under the malign influence. This may be partially explained by the fact that a great many of the laboring class are paid on Saturday, and many accidents result from intemperance. As an old newspaper man said, "Saturday means pay day, pay day means booze, booze means trouble, and trouble means news."

Prof. R. A. McQueen for many years a resident of India, and a close student of the Brahmin religion, theosophy and occult sciences, says that the priests in the Brahmin temples have had this theory for many years that at this particular period of the month the serpent made its appearance in the garden of Eden and tempted Eve, with the result that man fell from the favor of God, and ever since then this particular time has been regarded as especially unlucky.

A SEA-GOING FACTORY SHIP

Hitherto when any serious damage was done to any of the vessels composing the British Mediterranean Fleet, the injured boat had to be detached for repairs. When this happens in future the trouble can be attended to on the spot. With this view a sea-going factory ship, appropriately named the Assistance, has arrived at Chatham to be completed and undergo some trivial trials preparatory to being attached to the Mediterranean Fleet. The vessel, which is practically an ocean workshop, is fitted with engines estimated to develop 2,200 horse-power, and to give a speed of thirteen knots an hour; with a powerful plant capable of carrying out extensive repairs. All her machine shops will be electrically driven. She is to be fitted with wireless telegraphy apparatus and generating plant for electric lighting and will have a complement of between 200 and 300 officers and men, largely made up of skilled artificers.

Is Your Child in Danger?

Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and Severe Chest Colds are Threatening.

It is the old story of wet feet, exposure to cold and dampness and colds follow. Towards night the hoarseness comes and the hollow, croupy or tight chest cough. Then mother's anxiety, for she knows the danger and the suddenness with which the little ones are sometimes snatched away. When you think of the thousands of times that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has saved the lives of the little ones it is scarcely to be wondered at that mothers look upon it with confidence and satisfaction.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

is an ideal medicine for children because it is remarkably pleasant to take and is perfectly free from Morphine. It is one of the few remedies for diseases of the throat and lungs which thoroughly cures the cold as well as the cough. There are other preparations of linseed. Be sure you get Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, with portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the bottle. Price, 25 cents; family size three times as much, 60 cents. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.