

# Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

## CHAPTER II.

The household at Grayne Hall was not a particularly happy one. Sir George Grayne was arriving at that age when pettishness sets in—a disease which, if left unchecked, grows with alarming rapidity. He was much older than his wife, and her ability to indulge in such things as golf, tennis, and cycling in no way reconciled him to his fast-failing ability to do so himself. Moreover, his intelligence was no longer of that keen order of which he had been so proud, and he knew it. He still retained his seat on the local bench, but his mental decay was unnoticed there—imbecility is quite a common ingredient of many local benches.

He had married a young widow—perhaps because she was fresh and young. Why she married him he did not pause to inquire. Possibly his title glinted before her; anyway, it was not money. She had an excellent life-income from her first husband's estate, and she had the disposal of it by will; she meant to exercise that power in her daughter's favour. Meanwhile, she was a young-old woman, with no fear of death before her. When she recorded her forty-first birthday she felt as young as she had done at the age of twenty-five.

Her daughter, Vere, was in her twentieth year. She was a sweet, timid, brought-up-in-the-country girl, but highly strung and nervous to a degree. To shape her character, rub off its corners, and mould her generally, she had a companion, or companion-governess—Miss Evelyn Westcar. If the pupil came out the shape the autumn-haired governess could cast her, then would the sweetness and timidity be conspicuously absent in her character.

Miss Evelyn Westcar was a woman with a past. Most women who travel on life's road for three-and-twenty years without a stop en route at the forge where marriage fetters are riveted, have a past. She had, too, a carefully concealed knowledge of the world, and she was an actress to the finger-tips. The names of such women in the Thespian world figure on the boardings in letters six feet long. But she was not anxious to pose as a stage star. She needed as a firmament something more permanent and enduring than public opinion and the favor of critics. A bank balance had charms for her before all other things.

Had Sir George's wife been a scrap jealous—which she was not—she might have noticed how keen the governess was in doing little noticeable things for Sir George's comfort. And they had the effect she intended them to have: Sir George thought very highly of her. As a commencement, she was satisfied with that thought of his; a stronger feeling would come later when she was ready.

At the same time she was clever enough to keep in with the mistress of the house. Indeed, her mission was to give satisfaction, and right well she fulfilled it. She had taken the post of companion, which she had filled for nearly a year, because it entailed retirement in the country. She had a motive in getting away from London, away from people who might know her.

Had her real character been known she would never have found a place in the Grayne Hall household. The taint of the gaol was on her when she came to it—came by means of a

forged reference. At the interview in which the engagement was secured, she spoke well, charmingly, and was at once engaged as companion to Lady Grayne's daughter. Life at Graynewood was a change after the two years of imprisonment she had suffered, although even there she fared well. Even in gaol she had striven to please, and succeeded. Success attended most of her efforts; it had been a prominent feature in her career, until that unfortunate time came when she was "found out."

Two years prior to her engagement as companion, she had stood in the dock of the Ancient Bailey, facing a judge and jury—not alone, for Alfred Dubois stood by her side. Her beauty possibly had an effect on the judge, for, in passing sentence, her companion was allotted five years of that labor which is hard, and she herself but two—their offence had been the same. And they deserved the sentences—richly. The police description of their life sounded like a romance. Printed in a continued-in-or-next form it would have been largely read. They had swindled right and left since they came together. At first it was attempted to show that the woman was coerced by the man, but the absence of any marriage lines stopped that line of defence.

No scheme of villainy in which a beautiful, well-dressed woman, and an unscrupulous Frenchman could combine, seemed to have escaped them. As a record of brilliant crime, the history of their labors was unique. But, as has been said, it ended, as most such labours do, in the labor which is hard.

She came out of prison with the clothes she stood upright in, a portmanteau of underclothing, and two sovereigns, the latter given her by the chaplain. She deserved the money, for she had worked hard at religion to please him. As usual, she had succeeded, and many a little concession was thereby hers. Gaol chaplains like converts—it is a sort of tribute to their skill. The convert of the lip is no rare thing; but if it suits him to say nothing, the chaplain sees through the hypocrisy. In this particular instance he knew he had a genuine convert—she was such an excellent actress. On Saturday Sunday her performance nearly brought tears to his eyes—she played so well.

Her dress was useful to her. It was not the stylish, fashionable dress of the time of her previous liberty, when she was reigning a Queen of the Night, but the plain,

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Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever, Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

sober, demure black, with white cuffs and collar, which her solicitor had insisted on her wearing at the trial.

Mr. Rupert Lewis was a lawyer with a keener knowledge of men than of the profession he threw by. Possibly that accounted for his success. The prime feature in his defence of a woman was her "get up." Even judges, he would argue, were led away by appearances. Prior to a trial he had his client in his room, and rehearsed every upward

or downward look, every droop of the head, every averted glance, squeezed-out tear. And then his client acted right through the trial—generally with success. Mr. Lewis would have made a hit in the theatrical world as a stage manager. He was making a success as it was in the legal world. As a coach he had driven many a criminal into safety.

Dressed so, and with the two sovereigns in her purse, the discharged prisoner carried out the scheme she had framed in her mind—a scheme the points of which she had thought out in the solitude of her cell. There was no reformation about her; she was as wicked, or more so, as the day she was arrested. She had a knowledge of the Bible, gleaned from reading and re-reading it. It had been in her cell with her for two years. Parts of it she knew by heart. A great change was wrought in the style of her conversation. Before her conviction her speech was spiced—highly spiced. Now she embellished it with Scriptural phrases and illustrations of it was good to hear. She was one of the holiest frauds around. But she had had enough of gaol. She meant to be wealthy, and live the life of enjoyment that money brings; but she meant to acquire that wealth by non-punishable means.

And, primarily, she would cut all that set which would, she knew, despite her imprisonment, welcome her. Discharged from the gaol at nine o'clock in the morning, she knew she had some hours in which she could with safety move about in London. She wanted to be out of London before her "set" arose.

The portmanteau of clothing she had had in the prison whilst awaiting her trial, and which had been returned to her on her discharge, she left at a cloak-room. Whilst having a breakfast—how sweet those eggs and bacon, coffee, and rolls and butter tasted after two years' abstinence from them!—she asked for the Post Office Directory, and from the column headed "Scholastic Agencies," she took down two or three addresses.

From the Morning Post she gleaned that Lady Norwood had just sailed for a tour round the world. Lady Norwood was as good a name as any other. Her friend, the directory, told her that Lady Norwood's London address was 36A, Hyde Park Gardens. When she had finished her breakfast, she spent some time writing a letter. The time was necessary, because of the need to disguise her hand. None but a hand-writing expert could have recognised it as hers.

"36A, Hyde Park Gardens, London, W."  
"Lady Norwood has great pleasure in writing in the highest terms of Miss Evelyn Westcar's ability as companion-governess. She is an admirable manager, excellent linguist, most punctual and attentive to her duties. Lady Norwood's projected tour is the whole and sole reason for her parting with Miss Westcar, whose services she so highly prized."

## CHAPTER III.

A woman leaves prison as a rule better for her stay in it—not morally, but physically. The regular and simple food and exercise in almost all cases improve her. They improved the woman who left the gaol as Evelyn Westcar, but who had entered it under another name—a name with aliases clinging to it like barnacles. There was a stately quietness about her beauty, and the look from her clear eyes was confidence-inspiring—it had been the chief factor in the success of the Dubois combination.

At the first scholastic agency at which she presented herself, the principal tried in vain to secure a registration fee. If there was an immediate opening in the country, salary little object, then she was prepared to pay the proper charges, not otherwise. There was not such an opening on the books, and Miss Evelyn Westcar left the office.

At the second and third office the result was the same—no openings, but fervent anxiety to secure registration fees. The heart of Miss Westcar was not given to sinking, but she mounted the stairs of the fourth office with less lightness than she had done the preceding three. She had imagined that asking a low salary would have ensured success; she had yet to learn the state of the governess-companion market.

But at the fourth office luck was waiting her—waiting her in the shape of Sir George Grayne's wife and daughter.

Accident helped. Two governesses had been written to meet Lady Grayne and her daughter; but even as the agent met those ladies, he saw the letter to the governesses making the appointment lying on his desk—unposted! He showed the ladies into the waiting-room. He was compelled to go through the face of keeping them a little while; and then in the outer office he relieved his feelings by discharging one wretched clerk, and cursing another, whose services were too valuable to lose. Even an infuriated employer will exercise a nice discrimination at times. He would in a very few moments have to apologise to the waiting ladies, who would probably go to some other agency, in which case he would lose the commission which he would have exacted had he brought about the engagement for one of the governesses whose letters had not been posted. Having exhausted his curses on the clerk, he began to curse his own luck, when he was interrupted by a voice saying to one of his staff:

"Have you on your register a vacancy for governess, or companion—Christian family—in the country,—salary not the chief object?" The scholastic agent whirled round and faced the applicant. He had just such a vacancy then. Sir George Grayne's wife and daughter were waiting to interview a lady; their place was in the country.

"We have a vacancy, but it is more companion than governess that is required. The only teaching needed is languages. Do you—?"  
"French, German, and Italian."  
"Fluently?"  
"Fluently."  
"References?"

For reply, she handed him Lady Norwood's letter. He read it through, and then said:

"How long were you with her?"  
"Six years and three months."  
"She was looking straight into his eyes as she said this, without a tremor or blush. She was a beautiful liar; it seemed a pity to waste such a talent in a governessship."  
"Um—that ought to do. What salary are you expecting?"  
"The place is away in the country—quiet?"

"Quiet, yes. Dead-and-alive hole, from what I know of it. Graynewood—down in Sussex."  
"I don't mind its quietness."  
"What salary do you want?"  
"What should I ask?"

"You pay us here a commission on your first year's salary—ten per cent."  
"I am willing to do that."  
"Sign this form then—there, and ask fifty pounds a year."  
"Fit—Will they pay so much?"  
"Well, it is more like a cook's wage than a governess's. But they want the real article—a thorough lady. The daughter is a bit 'nervy,' and they want her shaped. You look the kind of woman able to shape."

This was said with an amorous smirk and grin; but Miss Westcar's reception thereof did not encourage its continuance. This was not the first man she had controlled by a glance from her eyes; they were organs she could use. The scholastic agent subsided.

"Step this way," he said, as he opened the door of the waiting-room. And Miss Westcar entered. "This is one of the governesses, my lady; the other one has not arrived yet. You will, I think, find her everything you require. We have personal knowledge of the excellence of her 'languages,' and she comes to us with several good testimonials. We procured her her last engagement with Lady Norwood, and Lady Norwood assures us that she had every satisfaction given her. Her terms—she asks fifty pounds—perhaps a trifle high; but in these days, my lady, a good article commands a high figure. Lady Norwood was paying as much, and but for her tour abroad Miss Westcar would not now be at liberty. We should be able to supply your needs at a much lower salary, but not with such a strong recommendation as in this case. I'll leave you now; perhaps you would like to question Miss Westcar, my lady."

And he went out of the room, leaving an atmosphere of lies behind him. He did not usually speak so; but he was in a hole through the non-posting of the letters, and he filled the hole up that way. Few men in a difficulty hesitate at a lie to get themselves out of it—it is so easy.

Miss Westcar was questioned and cross-questioned, but she came out of the ordeal with colors in the wind. It has been said that she was an excellent actress. That quiet, composed, refined face of hers was a mask. Behind, there were brains—shrewd, keen, calculating intelligence. In a match of wits she must needs conquer. The battle is ever to the strong.

The two ladies were charmed with her. Lady Norwood's testimonial was accepted without a shadow of suspicion. Could Miss Westcar commence her engagement at once? Yes. They had come up by the morning express, and were returning by the 2.15 train from Waterloo. Could Miss Westcar manage to catch that? Yes.

That was so nice, then, because they could travel down by the same train, and the brougham would be waiting for them at Graynewood station. The Hall was some distance away from the railway, and vehicles difficult to get at so small a wayside place. Miss Westcar would not fail, would she? No, she would not.

And she did not. She fetched her portmanteau from the cloak-room, and was at Waterloo station with the Graynewood label on it before the appointed time. So she travelled down with two members of the Graynewood family—so she entered the Grayne household.

(To be Continued.)

## PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Leading People.

It is been said of Princess Charles of Denmark, that she can bind a book, steer a boat, pull an oar, ride a bicycle, knit a stocking, take a photograph, play chess, and speak five languages; a list of accomplishments which even a Girton girl might envy.

Sir Tatton Sykes is one of the wealthiest barons in the kingdom, the rent-roll of his Yorkshire estates falling not far short of \$400,000 per annum. He has some singular clothing fads, and never wears fewer

## HAD TO LEAVE SCHOOL.

THE FITTIBLE STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL.

Every Mother of a Growing Girl Will Be Interested in the Story as Told By the Young Lady.

Miss Laura Dumontier is the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in St. Cuthbert, Quebec. The circumstances under which she was forced to discontinue her studies and leave school will be of interest to all mothers of growing girls, and Miss Dumontier consents to make them public for the benefit her experience may be to others. She says: "At the age of twelve I was sent to a convent school in this parish. At that time I was as healthy as any girl of my age. At the end of a couple of years, however, I felt my strength leaving me. My appetite grew poor, and I suffered from severe headaches. I nevertheless continued my studies until October, 1901, when I became very ill and was forced to leave school. The headaches that had bothered me became almost constant. I suffered from pains in the back and stomach and the least exertion would leave me almost breathless. A doctor was called in and he said I was suffering from anaemia, and was in a very dangerous condition. He treated me until February without the least beneficial result. Then another doctor was called in, but no better results followed his treatment. My parents were now thoroughly alarmed and two other doctors from St. Barthelemy were called in, and after consultation their verdict was that my trouble had reached an incurable stage. I was greatly disheartened and did not expect to live long when one day one of my friends asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had lost confidence in all medicines, but was willing to try anything that might help me, and my father got me a supply of the pills. When I had used a couple of boxes it was very plain that the pills were doing me good, and after I had taken them a couple of months I was once more enjoying the blessing of good health. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved my life and I gladly give my experience in the hope that it may be of benefit to some other young girls."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a blessing to young girls and women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the blood and nerves, invigorate the body, regulate the functions and restore health and strength to the exhausted patient when every effort of the physician proves unavailing. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or may be had by mail post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Remember that no other medicine can take the place of these pills, and see that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on the wrapper around every box.

than four or five coats; whilst in winter he has been known to don as many as a baker's dozen.

Mrs. Van Alstyne (nee Fanny Crosby), authoress of the hymn "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" has entered her eighty-fifth year. She has produced 2,000 hymns, of which nearly 100,000,000 copies have been sold. To her we owe also such well-known old-time favorite songs as "Rosalia, the Prairie Flower," "There's Music in the Air," and "In the Hazel Dell my Nellie's Sleeping." Mrs. Van Alstyne has been blind from a few weeks after her birth, and in 1858 she married a blind musician.

Mr. Gully, the Speaker of the British House of Commons, has one great hobby, and that is to know more thoroughly than anyone else the geography of his own country, and his knowledge in this direction is really wonderful. He was one day, some few years ago, and before he came to his present high position, travelling from Carlisle to London, and on the way was able to tell a companion the name of every stream they crossed, even down to the smallest brooks.

## OF INTEREST TO MOTHERS.

A Safeguard For Children Cutting Teeth in Hot Weather.

The time when children are cutting teeth is always an anxious one for mothers and when this occurs during the hot weather solicitude often deepens into alarm. So many ills that often result fatally are liable to ensue that every mother will be interested in a medical discovery that robs this period of many dangers. Mrs. R. Ferguson, of 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, Que., gives her experience for the benefit of other mothers. She says: "My baby has always been small and delicate, and suffered so much last summer with his teeth that I did not think he would live. The medicine the doctor ordered for him did not do him much good. Then he was attacked with dysentery and a very hot skin and cough. I sent for Baby's Own Tablets, and they did him a wonderful amount of good, and he is now getting on splendidly."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid, at twenty-five cents a box by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

## Many Helpless With Paralysis

Who Could Now be Well Had They but Known of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

We do not claim that every one who is paralyzed can be cured by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for many are beyond the reach of any medical treatment and must finish their days in helplessness and suffering.

It is rather to those who are only partially paralyzed and to those who are slowly but surely developing the symptoms which indicate the approach of such ailments that we would suggest the advisability of using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great food cure for diseases of the nerves.

When you find yourself lying awake nights, suffer from indigestion and headache, feel drowsy after meals and losing energy, ambition and courage, it is time to pay attention to the nerves. You may find yourself irritable at times, worried over little things, unable to concentrate the mind, forgetful and absent-minded, disheartened and discouraged. Better give some attention to the nerves.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures and prevents paralysis and locomotor

ataxia. It does not ease by inducing unconsciousness and unnatural sleep. It does not deaden the nerves as do opiates and narcotics. But, on the other hand, by assisting nature and supplying the elements from which are formed new blood and nerve force, effects thorough and lasting cure and is bound to benefit all who use it.

Seldom, if ever, has any medicine secured such hearty endorsement of physicians and people alike. The cures which it has brought about have often been most extraordinary, and anyone who regularly and persistently uses this great food cure is sure to find it of inestimable value as a nerve restorative and blood builder.

By noting your increase in weight while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you can prove that new, firm flesh and muscular tissue are being added to the body. 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect your against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.