

Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER IV.

There were two nephews living at Grayne Hall, both reading for the Bar. After the manner of nephews in fiction one was good and one was bad; and by the same rule Uncle Sir George favored the bad one. Truth is just as strange as fiction.

It is as well to label these two boys. Reggie Grayne, dark, passionate, hasty, and yet as good-hearted a fellow as the country of Sussex contained. Ashley Grayne, fair, smooth-tongued, and cool-tempered, a man who could smile and be a villain still.

Pettish Sir George favored the hypocritical, suave Ashley, and favored his attentions of his step-daughter, Vere. But Ashley found no favor in Vere's sight. She was a simple girl, but she saw through his character—saw that the money her mother would leave her was the basis of his affection for her. Money often is the foundation-stone a man erects his temple of love on; that is why the altar fire so frequently expires.

Handsome, wilful Reggie, her old playmate—for the last few years of their girl and boyhood had been spent together—she loved with all the intensity of her heart and soul. But he was not aware of it. Vere wore not her heart upon her sleeve; she did not give her love unsought.

And yet Reggie did love her—loved her dearly. It had been but boy and girl affection, and it would assuredly have developed but for one reason—Miss Evelyn Westcar stepped upon the scene. And Reggie lost his head—not his heart—over her at once. And it affected two persons keenly and differently—Vere grieved, and Ashley rejoiced.

It was Ashley's business now to make Vere jealous. The green-eyed monster was likely to prove of valuable assistance to him. He rejoiced exceedingly over the advent of Miss Westcar; but he was puzzled by it too. He knew her, had met her somewhere; but where he could not fix. As a matter of fact, he had been full of champagne at the time. It is an excellent wine, but it clouds the brain, if over-drunk, and youth is apt to drink less wisely than too well.

Evelyn recognised him too. They were introduced at dinner on the first day of her instalment at Grayne Hall, and when she saw his look of curious, half-doubtful recognition, her heart sank. But she braved it out. She remembered the circumstances under which she had met him; it seemed possible that he had forgotten, or he would have been more, very much more, surprised at seeing her there. The buoyancy of her heart brought it to the surface again.

After dinner Ashley sought her side, and said:

"Miss Evelyn, I seem to remember meeting you before."

"Indeed!" in a tone of surprise. "Where?"

"Ah, that is what is puzzling me. And I do not remember your name even. Where is it possible I could have met you?"

"If you are a friend of Lady Norwood's, it may have been there. I was her companion for some years—"

"Lady Norwood? Do not know her—never met her in my life."

"Then," accompanied by a gentle smile, "I think you must be mistaken. I led a very quiet life with Lady Norwood, who was an invalid, and has been ordered a long tour abroad. It is not likely that I can have met you anywhere."

"And yet I seem to have a picture of you in my mind. I seem to see you in evening dress, with a glass of champagne in your hand, singing 'Ta-ra-ra—.' Oh, pray forgive me! I meant nothing offensive. Please, please resume your seat. Let me assure you, Miss Westcar, I did not mean to be rude. Let us drop the subject. I made a mistake in thinking we had met before. Pray accept my apologies!"

And so that ghost of the dead past was laid. Ashley never raised it again. His doubts were set at rest. The more he saw day by day of the quiet, sober life Evelyn led, the more convinced he became that he had been mistaken.

As time went on it came about that Reggie was played with by Miss Westcar. Playing with fire is a dangerous game, but she indulged in it. She had no more idea of wasting herself on Reggie than she had of doing so with the butler; she was playing for higher game. True, her inclination tended Reggiewards. He sometimes sent a little tremor through her, and caused her pulses to beat the faster. But it ended there. She applied the brake. Sentiment had a poor hand in the game she was playing.

She had in her mind the wedding of Sir George Grayne—nothing more nor less. The fact that he had a wife living was a detail. That was a mere question of time—or removal. She knew him to be wealthy—very wealthy, despite the retired manner in which the family lived. She would make him her husband and then, herself, his widow—his wealthy widow. There were but few obstacles in the way; she feared not her ability to remove them.

With a name to which she had a right, and a right to a position in society by virtue of it, then she would enjoy herself. Meanwhile, she dalled with Reggie, and sent that inflammable young gentleman into the feverish regions one moment and the arctic ones the next. It amused her; it did not amuse Vere.

Gradually her position in the house became more that of a friend than a dependant. She played her cards skilfully, and won every time. Every member of the family was friendly disposed towards her—save Vere, and even she had to wear a pretence of friendliness.

The musical evenings, the tennis, golf, cycling, all and every one she took an equal part in. So it came about that on that fateful day all three ladies—mother, daughter, and companion—had ridden a long way out to lunch, and were returning, hoping to be in time for dinner.

A hope that was not realised, for they were the three ladies coming down the hill at foot of which the three men were concealed, and a meeting had to take place. There were points in favor of the waiting party. The rope was an important factor, and would bring about a hurried dismounting. The gipsies would stop the cyclists' further progress. They would draw the line at that.

CHAPTER V.

Dick Causton had chambers and offices in Lincoln's Inn Fields, but he was rarely to be found there. Exion was dominant at the time of his birth—must have been. His life up he had been a devotee of the wheel. In childhood's days he sat on the floor and twirled the crank of his big brother's big bone-shaker. Later on, he acquired one himself, and gradually merged into the air

cushioned comforts of the present-century safety.

And now, although thirty summers and the best part of as many winters, had passed him by, he was just as ardent a cyclist as when a boy. Not that he took his pleasure as sadly, or as shakily, as in boyhood's days—the inventive genius of Mr. Dunlop had seen to that.

He was a lawyer. How he passed the necessary examinations during his chrysalis or student days he could never tell. During the run of his articles he studied gears, tyres, and sprockets far more closely than he did Stephen's Commentaries on the Laws of England. He would have faced any examinations on the mechanism of the bicycle with a bold front, but the intermediate and final examinations into his knowledge of English law he met with knocking knees. However, he came out of the examinations all right in the end. Like the man with a poor hand at nap, he passed.

As in the days of his articles, so in the time when he was a full-blown solicitor, when he was licensed to dispense six-and-eightpenny opinions and indite three-and-sixpenny letters. The fact that he had his name on a brass plate and in the Law List weaned him not from his old love—he cycled.

Cycling was his one real enjoyment. He was heart-whole; perhaps that had something to do with it. When a man has a girl to look after, then is the time for him to shed his independence—if he wishes the course of his love to run smoothly. He cannot mount his metal—if not mettlesome and say, "Expect me when you see me," after the manner of the hardened bachelor. Girls do not stand that sort of thing—up-to-date girls—and small blame to them. A woman who allows her lover to career all over the country without her is false to the most prominent trait in her sex's character. To that fact is probably due the invention of the tandem.

Yes, Dick Causton's heart was unfractured; it was all his very own. Not that he was without a touch of that romance in his nature which spices and makes life worth the living; he simply had not encountered Miss Right,—that probably accounted for his not going wrong.

In stress of weather he had sheltered in roadside inns, and been glad to pick up a novelette to pass the time. At most country inns the landladies' daughters, or the barmaids, affect the penny novelette—the hero thereof is so very different from the kind of man she usually sees the other side of the bar. Strong contrasts are ever attractive to women: look at their millinery! From a perusal of those story-papers, Dick Causton gathered that a cyclist could not go three-quarters of a mile without compassing an adventure with a lady. According to the novelette, the road was strewn with blue-eyed, pale-faced, golden-haired girls, who had fallen by the way, fainted, punctured their tyres (or pretended they had, for the novelette heroine is full of subtlety), or in some way stood, or sat, in need of masculine assistance.

Dick had cycled for twenty years, covering, perhaps, more than that number of thousand miles in that period, and never had it been his fortune (or misfortune—it altogether depends on the view you take of it) to encounter this roadside maiden in distress. Never did he see those blue eyes with tears or flies in them. Never was he called on to act as Uncle Toby acted with the Widow Wadman. Never once did eyes look at him full of silent eloquence, and never once was he called on to raise his hat, and—after the manner of the novelette hero—say, "Can I be of any assistance, miss?" In all well-regulated novelette the heroine is called "miss."

For twenty years he had wheeled the roads of England, waiting for an adventure; and at last he realised that everything comes to him who waits. The adventure came—a gruesome, bloody adventure, to prevent the happening of which he would have given all the world possessed for him.

He was riding back. He had been a long journey, and his homeward pace was a quiet one. Lighting-up time was three hours ahead, and he would be at his destination well within that time. The road sloped, and the wind being behind him, he was availing himself of his free wheel, and his travelling was as noiseless as the flight of a bird.

Suddenly the country quiet was disturbed by shrill shrieks—shrieks of women in distress and agony and pain. The cries came from the direction of the hill ahead of him; but he could see nothing, for the road was a winding one and the hedges were high. But the screams acted as an impetus; his pedals flew round, and he was quickly in view of a scene which for years after he could not recall without a shudder, without the blood rushing to his head and his hands clenching—as happened at the time.

Three cycles—three girls—three tramps—a line of rope—and the rest can be guessed. But in this instance the women were plucky, and, when thrown off their machines by the stretched-across-the-road rope, they had picked themselves up and resisted the efforts to rob them. Mother, daughter, and friend.

When Dick Causton arrived, the daughter was standing screaming and struggling with one rough, whilst the two other women were on the ground, being kicked to silence by the other two—their sex alone compels the description of them as men.

Dick Causton had not learnt boxing at school in vain. Inside a

minute he was off his machine, and had planted an effective blow under the ear of one ruffian before the other two were even aware that he was in their midst. As the first man fell senseless, Dick met the face of the second with a blow between the eyes, and after a drunken stagger, the second man joined his companion on the ground. Boxing is an art rather looked down upon nowadays, but the science of it is a thing to witness. With the decay of Englishmen. The pluckiest race of men in Europe owe much of their success to a knowledge of how to use their fists. Let them lose that knowledge, and they will assuredly sink to the level of the French and Germans.

The two women were lying still, very still, on the ground, and their blood-covered faces frightened Dick. The other girl, save for a bruise or two, was unhurt; unhurt, but so frightened that she could not speak. Great sobs rose from her bosom and burst in her throat, whilst her eyes seemed to protrude from her deathly white face in awful fear.

Truly Dick Causton had encountered his adventure at last.

(To be Continued.)

FROM BEGGAR TO POPE CHAIR OF ST. PETER ONCE FILLED BY AN ENG. LISHMAN.

Nicholas Breakspear Was a Remarkable Character—Born Poor.

Once and once only, England raised up a man to fill the chair of St. Peter. In the wild early twelfth century, when the country groaned under baronial oppression, and when atrocity more horrible than that which is practiced at this hour in the Balkans was the merest commonplace of daily life, there was born to a poor and obscure Englishman named Breakspear a son whom they christened Nicholas. The father, for what reason is not known, embraced the monastic calling and left Nicholas, then a mere lad, to shift for himself. The youth, who was of a studious bent, became one of those begging scholars who flit romantically across the middle ages.

To such England at that period offered but cold comfort, so young Breakspear quitted its shores for France and studied at Arles. But existence on alms, however attractive to an Englishman's instinct for sport, gives little room for that leisure and peace of mind without which learning cannot attain flower and fruition; so it is not surprising says a writer in the Illustrated London News, to find Nicholas seeking hospitable shelter and settled life afforded by a religious house. When the wandering scholar wearied of the street or the highway, he had but to knock at the wicket of a monastery, and, likelier than not, the brethren would find him employment and shelter. The step was not irrevocable, for before taking the vows he would have to serve his novitiate; and if during that time he longed for the road again, well, then, he went with a blessing, his wallet filled full, a coin, perhaps in his satchel.

HE WOULD BE RICHER

at any rate, for the quiet, the discipline, the use of library, the music in the chapel. He might also have gained some proficiency in illuminating or fair clerical writing, which might lift him on a rainy day from the mere helpless beggar to the wage-earning craftsman. Without extravagant imagination we may very well suppose that such was the lot of Nicholas Breakspear before he settled in the house of the canons regular of St. Rufus, near Valence. There he took service in some humble capacity, but before long the conquering Anglo-Saxon in him was manifest. He was admitted to the full fellowship of the order, and rapidly rose to be prior and afterwards abbot. Then the canons discovered that they had indeed met their master, for the stranger, whose personal charm and brilliancy had won them to make him their head, applied the rule of the order with unweildome severity. Inevitable dissensions were for a time composed by Pope Eugenius III., but on a second outbreak the pontiff saw that a mere abbacy was less than Breakspear's desert, so he pacified the community of St. Rufus by promoting their chief. In 1146 the Englishman became cardinal of Albano, and was shortly afterwards sent to Scandinavia, where his northern sympathies stood him in good stead. In Norway he did much for the cause of the church, his chief foundation being the archbishopric of Trondhjem. Eight years later he was welcomed back to Rome, and was hailed gladly as the apostle of the north.

THE BEGGING STUDENT

was now a made man. A churchman who had driven his mark so deep in ecclesiastical politics could have but one ambition, and for its fulfillment he had not long to wait. In the very year of his return, Pope Anastasius IV. died, and the chosen of the conclave was Nicholas Breakspear, thereafter known as Adrian IV. Then began an era of wider struggle, when the Anglo-Saxon pontiff was to match himself against Frederick Barbarossa. First, however, of his policy, he sought, the newly elected emperor's friendship, for he required aid to subdue William of Sicily, who refused to re-

cognize the papal suzerainty. While Frederick was on his way to Rome to be crowned, Adrian, at the very outset of his pontificate, had to meet a domestic crisis. The Republicans had grievously maltreated a cardinal in the street. Adrian's measures were, as usual, drastic. He laid Rome under an interdict, and the consequent falling off of pilgrims so injured the prosperity of the citizens that they were fain to submit and expel the Republican leader, Arnold of Brescia. But meanwhile William of Sicily added to the pope's troubles by wasting the Campagna. To Frederick, therefore, he turned for aid, and obtained it, though he risked and nearly lost everything on a mere punctilio of etiquette. When Adrian and Barbarossa met at Nepi, in June, 1155, the emperor neither took the pontiff's bridle nor assisted him to dismount. The pope thereupon refused the kiss of peace, and for days there was

DEADLOCK AND DEBATE.

At last Frederick yielded, and in presence of the entire German army performed the duties of the pope's honored groom. Barbarossa and Breakspear then entered Rome in amity, but the people were hostile to the idea of the emperor's coronation, which was surreptitiously performed on June 18. A fierce conflict ensued between the citizens and the papal forces, and the former were beaten only by the help of Frederick's troops.

The pope used his temporary advantage to secure the trial and execution of Arnold of Brescia; but both Adrian and Frederick had to retire to Tivoli, Hosace's Tibur, and then Barbarossa went northward, almost as little advantaged by the meeting as the pope himself. During the next year Adrian brought William of Sicily to submission, and Frederick, growing jealous of the pope's increasing power, began a series of negotiations which led to prolonged bickerings as to whether the emperor held his power from God or from the pope. Adrian behaved throughout with extraordinary arrogance, and both disputants, with a curious smallness, resorted to pin-pricks based on questions of etiquette, forms of address, and precedence. They had come to the point of open war when, on September 1, 1159, the only English pope died at Anagni of a quinsy.

HEALTHY, HAPPY BABIES.

Every mother most earnestly desires to see her little ones healthy, rosy and full of life. The hot weather, however, is a time of danger to all little ones, and at the very first symptom of uneasiness or illness, Baby's Own Tablets should be given. It is easier to prevent illness than to cure it, and an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets will keep little one healthy and happy. If sickness does come, there is no other medicine will so quickly cure the minor ills of babyhood and childhood—and you have a guarantee that it contains no opiate or poisonous stuff. Mrs. John Nail, Petersburg, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a superior remedy for troubles of the stomach and bowels. From my own experience, I can highly recommend the Tablets to other mothers."

Mothers should always keep these tablets in the house, ready for any emergency. Sold by medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

QUICK SHAVING.

A match between hair-dressers has taken place at South Brooklyn, N. Y. The record was taken by a young Hungarian, named Baja, who took exactly two minutes to cut a man's hair, shave him, shampoo him, and turn him out with a beautifully accurate "parting."

"Henpeck has given up smoking—eh? I didn't think he had so much will-power." "He hasn't, but his wife has."

Wife of New Minister: "Now, Davie, you'll have to look after the church better than this, or we shall have to think about getting a new beadle." Davie (beadle of long standing), severely: "Missus Nicholson, we wills change oor ministers, but we never change oor beadle."

ANOTHER STEAM DISCOVERY.

"Papa," said the hopeful youth, "can you tell me what is natural philosophy?" "Of course I can," said papa, proud and relieved to find that there was at last something he could tell his offspring. "Natural philosophy is the science of cause and reason. Now, for instance, you see the steam coming out of the spout of the kettle, but you don't know why or for what reason it does so, and—"

"Oh, but I do, papa!" chirped the hope of the household. "The reason the steam comes out of the kettle is so that mamma may open your letters without you knowing it!"

The younger a man is, the more you can flatter him by calling him a cynic.

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. Get a box at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto. **Dr. Chase's Ointment**

Another Cure of Chronic Disease

Of the Kidneys and Bowels—Well-known Steamboat Man Endorses Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.—Statement Vouched for by Minister.

Mr. James A. Buchner, Port Robinson, Ont., was for years a steamboat man and is favorably known in every port from Cleveland to Montreal. Until a few months ago he was for years a great sufferer from kidney disease, rheumatism and constipation. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have made him well, and for the benefit of others he has made the statement below:—

Mr. Buchner writes:—"For many years I was the unhappy victim of kidney trouble, rheumatism and constipation, which became so severe as to make life a burden. I was a constant sufferer, entirely unfit for work; appetite was fickle; I became emaciated; could not sleep, but arose in the morning tired and enfeebled. I lingered on in this condition, gradually growing worse, and became despondent and discouraged because I could obtain no relief from the many medicines used."

"Friends advised Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I now feel thankful that this medicine came to my hands when I was in such a miserable condition. The first box gave relief, and, filled with joy at

the thought of again recovering health, I continued the use of these pills until I had used six or eight boxes and was again enjoying my former health and vigor. I shall always recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as an ideal medicine."

Rev. W. D. Masson, Methodist minister, Port Robinson, Ont., writes:—"Being personally acquainted with Mr. J. A. Buchner, who was cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I can say I believe he would not make a statement knowing it to be in any way misleading or untrue."

It is by curing just such chronic and complicated cases as this that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have become so well known as a medicine of exceptional merit. Their direct and combined action on kidneys, liver and bowels makes them successful where ordinary medicines fail. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.