

Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER VI.

He spoke to the girl—he found out afterwards that her name was Vere, and that her mother and companion had been the other cyclists—spoken of in the past tense, for, alas! one of the number was never to even look on a cycle again.

Along the roadside was a ditch, and there was clear, running water in its bottom. Dick filled his cap with this twice, and dashed it in the faces of the unconscious women. It had no effect.

"Your straw hat is larger," he said to Vere, "and will hold more than mine. Fill it, please, as you saw me do, and bring the water here."

The girl did not move, only her lips seemed to tremble.

"For God's sake," added Dick, "arouse yourself! Let us stanch this flow of blood if possible."

The girl staggered, moaned, and sank in a powerless heap on the roadside.

"I can't! I can't! I can't!" she wailed. "Oh God! my mother; my poor, poor mother!"

Dick saw it was useless to expect help from her; she was paralysed with fear.

"Mount your machine, then," he said, "and ride to the next village; it is only three or four miles. Ride as you never rode before, and send a doctor and the police."

But again for answer the helpless girl moaned:

"I can't! I can't! I can't!"

Fear had prisoned her limbs, she could not move. One of the men began to show signs of returning consciousness. What should he do? He did not dare leave things as they were whilst he rode for assistance; the men might all recover.

And then an idea occurred to him. On the roadside was a five-barred gate leading into a field, and in the road was the rope the men had used. He picked up the rope, doubled it in half, and doubled it again in two places. Then with his pocket-knife he sawed through till he had six pieces of rope in his hands.

He clutched the coat collar of the ruffian nearest the gate, and dragged his body across to it. Throwing him into a sitting posture against it, he leant over, and, drawing the unconscious tramp's hands through, tied them—with no gentle tying, either—firmly to the bars of the gate. Without assistance, freedom would be impossible. The other two men he served in the same fashion. They sat there, facing the road with arms behind them, apparently comfortably asleep.

Then he looked to the women. From a great wound in the head of the elder lady the blood was flowing—a wound caused by an iron-tipped, hobnailed boot. Dick knew not what to do. If only Vere had been able to exercise her wits, only able to help a little! What could he do? Four miles to the next town and four miles back after finding a doctor—the poor souls might meanwhile die.

He went to the girl, who was crouched, moaning, on the grass, and said somewhat roughly:

"Give me your hat."

She had watched his actions as a cat watches a mouse, fearful that he would leave her. So she guessed what he required her headgear for. She tried to withdraw the two long hat-pins with which it was staked to her head, but so great was the fear which had got hold of her that

her trembling fingers refused to obey her will.

It was not a time for ceremony, so without a word Dick pulled the pins out himself and ran to the ditch with the hat. It was of the vanished kind, and held the water well. Back to the side of the bleeding woman, and on his knees, with his handkerchief he started bathing the wound. He was filled with horror when he saw the extent of it. It was a death-wound. He had no real medical knowledge, but he knew enough to know that. No living doctor would ever be able to heal it.

The cold water revived Lady Grayne a little. She opened her eyes and moaned in her pain.

Dick raised her head to his knees, and spoke cheerily:

"You are in a friend's hands; have no further fear; you are safe now."

"My daughter?"

Such a feeble inquiry! For answer Dick turned the poor bleeding head a little, so that she could see where her daughter was crouching on the roadside—see for herself that she was alive and well. Their striking resemblance made him think them mother and child; he was right.

The girl, relieved at seeing her mother conscious, and yet shocked by the bloodstained appearance of face and dress (for bloodstains stand out on a white dress), called out:

"Oh, mother!"

And then the relief of tears came to her, and she cried and cried as though her heart were breaking. And still Dick knew not what to do. He earnestly hoped that a cart, or even a foot-passenger would come along; but it was a side road, almost off the map, and traffic on it was of the smallest. He hoped in vain.

"Will you lie here quietly," he said to the woman he was tending, "whilst I mount and race into the town for a doctor?"

"Useless—hopeless. Before you could return—I shall be dead."

"Nons—"

"I know—what—I am saying. I have—received my death-blow. Not many minutes to live. I want—O God! why did I put it off till it was too late—too late—too late?"

"Poor soul! What is it you want so badly?"

"A—lawyer."

Dick started—started with a big start too; he was so surprised.

"You! Thank God! There may—be time. Have you writing material?"

"For what?"

"I want to make—a will. It is so—necessary for my child's future. Unless I do so she will be left penniless."

How sweet a thing is motherhood! With a knowledge that death stood by her side, waiting to take her out of this world, her whole thought was of the child she was to leave behind her in it.

"A doctor should be fet—"

"The—will. Let me entreat you to—hurry. I know, oh, I know! Believe me, my minutes are numbered. Paper—have you—"

Dick had a cyclist's map of the county with him. He folded its plain face into a square. In his repair outfit was an ink-pencil for use in marking punctures. With that pencil, on the map he started to draw out the quickest will he had ever drafted. As he did so, he wondered what Somerset House would say to it.

The dying woman explained matters to him pithily. Unless she exercised a power of appointment she had by will, all her property went to distant relatives. Dick grasped the instructions and wrote as follows:—

"This is the last Will and Testament of me Margaret Grayne of Grayne Hall, Graynewood, Sussex, the wife of Sir George Grayne. I appoint my daughter Vere executrix and whereas the whole of the Consols of which I have enjoyed the life interest are held in trust for such person as I by my Will should appoint and whereas I am desirous of exercising the said Power of Appointment now and in execution of the said power for this purpose given me by my late husband's Will, I do by this Will appoint that all the said Consols aforesaid shall belong from and after my decease to my said daughter Vere absolutely."

He read it to her, and she approved with a look of gratitude. But the difficulty was not over. Two witnesses were necessary. Vere was not competent—she benefited under the will. He looked round. One of the men had his eyes open; he had come back to consciousness.

CHAPTER VII.

Half a dozen strides took Dick to the man's side. Looking straight down into his face, he saw cur and coward written there as plainly as on any street mongrel's. So he dealt with him accordingly.

"You have murdered that lady. She will be dead in a few minutes. This is her will; I want it witnessed. What is your name?"

No answer.

"Don't misunderstand me. Don't force me to deal with you as you dealt with her. By God! I feel tempted to! You have killed a woman. With as much compunction I could find it in my heart to kill you—you would! Once more—don't misunderstand me. Fail to do as I wish, and, by the God in the Heaven above us, I'll kill you that very moment of your refusal! When free I rendered three of you senseless; now you are tied up it would be easy to beat your brains out."

It may be thought that this was strong language—not a brave speech for a free man to make to a prisoner. But think of Dick's position, his surroundings, the character of the man he had to deal with, and possibly an excuse may be found for him.

"Now, promptly, your name?"

And this time the gipsy answered the question: there was a look in Dick's eyes he did not like.

"Reuben Lee."

"Can you write?"

"My name!—Yes."

Dick went back to Lady Grayne's side. Raising her gently to a sitting posture, he made a desk of one knee, and, placing the stub of ink-pencil between her fingers, guided her hand to the foot of his writing. So the will was signed.

Putting her gently back on the road, he walked over to the gate again. Then he unfastened the cord which bound the man's right hand. Into it he put the pencil, and, indicating the place, said:

"Sign your name—there under mine."

The gipsy, looked up into the speaker's face, and once more was urged to assent by what he saw there. Without a word he signed his name as an attesting witness. Then the hand he signed with was refastened to the gate.

Turing round, Dick saw the dying woman's gaze fixed on him, and he went to her side; and he saw, too, how right she had been when she had passed that verdict on herself—that her minutes were numbered; that her minutes were numbered; that he could see now that her life was fast ebbing away.

"How powerless I am!" he cried. "Would to God that I could send for assistance!"

A smile—a poor, feeble, wan smile, came over her face, and her lips moved. He raised her head, and held her hand, as he bent over to hear what she had to say.

"Too late! You have done all I could wish. Keep—great care—will. I can't thank you enough. I am—I am—I—"

And that was all. She never spoke again. He was holding in his arms a dead—murdered—woman. And he was in an agony of doubt—doubt as to what was best to be done. He laid the body on the grass, and mechanically covered the face with his handkerchief, just as mechanically he picked up two stones and put them on the edge of the handkerchief, so that the wind might not lift it away. Habit tells at such a moment: it is a custom with us to cover up our dead.

Then he turned his attention to the auburn-haired woman, but found he could do nothing for her; the depth of her swoon was too great for him to probe. She needed medical attention. So he walked to the still crying girl, who had not changed her crouched position, and said:

"I am going to ride away for help—doctor and police."

That acted like a galvanic shock. She was on her feet in a moment, clinging to him.

"Don't leave me! don't leave me! don't leave me!"

He had never seen—he prayed that he might never see again—such an awful agony of fear in a woman's face. But no soft words would help in her case. She needed a tonic, and he administered it, the tonic of rough language. Pushing her away from him, he said sternly:

"Mount your machine, then, and

ride away with me, if you are afraid to stop."

"Those men?"

She gasped out those two words as she shudderingly looked round.

"Are helpless, tied up. Will you stay or ride?"

"I can't—I can't stay."

"Mount then."

He went to her machine, picked it up, and brought it to her side.

"I can't! I feel I cannot move a step. God forgive me for this clog on your movements, but I can't help it. I can't help it!"

And the heartbreaking sobs were coming to the surface again, and her whole frame was shaking with her grief. He was at his wits' end what to do.

He looked at her. She was a little woman, scaling perhaps six stone. There was only one course, and he adopted it. He had not ridden twenty years without mastering his machine. His steed was of good make; it would bear a double burden.

"Come," he said, "you must sit sideways on this bar, and cling to me whilst I pedal. That is the only way. Assistance must be got at once."

She was as obedient as a child. He drew his machine to the roadside, and, standing on a mound of earth, put one leg across the saddle and a foot on the outer pedal.

"Come."

And she came; did as he directed her: pulled up her skirts that they might not catch in the pedals, put her arm round his neck, and so he was enabled to ride away, her deep sobs shaking him more than any rut in the road could do. At first he had despised the girl for her fear; now, poor soul, his heart went out to her.

(To be Continued.)

BABY SQUIRREL OVERBOARD.

Skill and Gentleness Displayed by the Mother.

"I was very much amused and very much instructed recently," said a man who lives in the country, "by the antics of a mother squirrel in my section, and while I have grown up, as I might say, among squirrels and trees, it was a revelation to me. The squirrel had nested in a low, dumpy tree close to the edge of a lake, and the nest was probably thirty or forty feet from the ground. The mother squirrel happened to be in the tree at the time, although I had no occasion to notice either the old squirrel or her young until something tragical happened in the family. In some way one of the little fellows scrambled over the edge of the nest and fell to the ground. I heard the noise, and, looking in the direction of the sound, I saw the baby squirrel squirming around in great agony and totally unable to get on its feet. The mother squirrel rushed down the side of the cypress like a streak, and almost in an instant she was by the side of her offspring. She took in the situation at a glance and set to work to get the youngster back in the nest. She switched the body around and turned it over and then grabbed it with her teeth just under the smaller portion of the back. Instinctively, I suppose, the young squirrel threw its arms around the mother's body and after she made sure that the hold was good she started cautiously back to the nest. She reached there safely, and I saw no more of the distressed mother nor the youngster. I was very much impressed with the gentleness and skill she displayed in handling the injured baby squirrel, and really it was an inspiring scene."

MAKE BABY FEEL GOOD.

A baby's temper depends upon how he feels. If ailing he will be cross, worry the mother and annoy everybody in the house; if feeling well he will be bright, active and happy. It is easy to keep your baby feeling good by profiting by the experience of mothers who give their little ones Baby's Own Tablets. One of these mothers, Mrs. C. W. Shore, Castleton, Ont., says:—"Our child, eight months old, has always been troubled with indigestion. We had medicine from two doctors and tried other remedies without benefit. I then sent for a box of Baby's Own Tablets and found them just what was required. The child is now all right and is doing well."

Indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers, in fact all the minor ailments of little ones are cured by Baby's Own Tablets. They always do good and cannot possibly do harm, and may be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. Sold by druggists or direct by mail, at 75c a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TITLED AMERICAN LADIES.

Recently a United States newspaper compiled a list of American young ladies who had acquired titles by marriage. In England it was stated that thirty holders of title were of American birth, including three duchesses and one dowager duchess. In Germany there were twenty-six, five being princesses; in France, fourteen, one princess; in Italy, seventeen, six princesses; and in Russia, six, all princesses but one. Their dowries were represented as amounting to \$161,000,000.

Malice drinks one-half of its own poison.—Seneca.

BOYS OF TO-DAY

WILL BE THE MEN OF THE FUTURE.

They Should be Rugged and Sturdy, Full of Life and Ready for Work, Play or Study—Keep Them Healthy.

Growing boys should always be healthy and rugged. Ready for play, ready for study, and ready at any time for a hearty meal. This condition denotes good health, but there are entirely too many who do not come up to this standard. They take no part in the manly games all healthy boys indulge in; they are stoop-shouldered, dull and listless; they complain of frequent headaches, and their appetite is variable. Sometimes parents say, "Oh, they'll out-grow it." But they won't—its the blood that's out of condition, and instead of getting better they get worse. What boys of this class require to make them bright, active and strong, is a tonic, something that will build up the blood and make the nerves strong. There is no medicine that can do this as quickly and as effectively as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Mary Compton, of Merritt, Ont., tells what these pills did for her sixteen year old son. She says: "About two years ago my son Samuel began to decline in health. He grew very pale and thin and at times experienced serious weak spells, coupled with a tired, worn out feeling, and as the weeks went by he grew worse. This alarmed me, for my husband had died of what the doctors called pernicious anaemia, and I feared my son was going the same way. I had often read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure anaemia, and decided that he should try them. A couple of boxes made a decided improvement in his condition, and by the time he had taken a half dozen boxes his health was better than it had been for some years previous. His weight had increased, his listlessness had disappeared, and he was blessed with a good appetite. I may add that other members of my family have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I consider these pills the best of all medicines."

Poor and watery blood is the cause of nearly all diseases, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood, both enriching it and increasing the quantity, that they cure such troubles as anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, heart troubles, incipient consumption and the various ailments that afflict so many women. These pills may be had from any dealer in medicine or will be sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. If you value your health never allow a dealer to persuade you to take something else.

STOOPING GOOD EXERCISE.

"Women who get into the habit of closing a wardrobe or dressing-chest drawer by a pressure of the knee," says a doctor, "do not realise the harm that may result from this practice. I have known many serious cases of water on the knee that were caused in this way. The force required to shut a drawer in this way is slight, and one scarcely notices the contact of the knee with the drawer. But the knee-joint is a delicate structure, and a bruise may easily be caused that will lead ultimately to very serious consequences. I have had many patients who, from indulging in this habit, have brought on illnesses that lasted from one month to six. So my advice to all women is to stoop down and shut drawer. It is better, although it may seem more troublesome at the minute. The stooping down, instead of being a disadvantage, is really an excellent means of exercise, and no way of closing a drawer is so dangerous as to push it with the knee."

THE MEANEST MEAN MAN.

The two boys were discussing the various excellencies of their respective parents, and the conversation had reached the highly critical, and even personal, stage.

"Well," remarked Tommy Stubbs, "you can say what you like, but I reckon your father's about the meanest man that ever lived. Fancy him letting you walk about in them old boots, and him a bootmaker too!"

"Garn!" was the reply of Bobby Roberts; "my father ain't so mean as your father, anyway. Why, fancy him being a dentist, and your baby only got one tooth! I call it disgraceful!"

MANY DESCENDANTS.

About 10,000,000 cattle are now to be found in the Argentine Republic. They are said to be all descendants of eight cows and one bull which were taken to Brazil in the sixteenth century.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

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.



A Case of Eczema No Pen Describes.

After Three Years of Terrible Suffering Little Mary Millar Was Permanently Cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Many of the cures brought about by Dr. Chase's Ointment are so much like miracles that people can scarcely believe them. When Baby Millar became a victim of eczema her parents did everything that could be done to get her cured. Three doctors tried all the means in their power, but without success, and then all sorts of remedies were used, with the vain hope that something would bring relief from the disease that seemed to be burning up the living flesh.

It was not until Dr. Chase's Ointment was used that relief and cure came. This case is certified to by a prominent Sunday school superintendent of St. Catharines.

Mrs. Wm. Millar, St. Catharines, Ont., writes:—"My daughter, Mary, when six months old contracted eczema and for three years this disease baffled all treatment. Her case was one of the worst that ever came to my notice, and she suffered what no pen can ever describe. I had her treated by three different doctors, but all to no purpose whatever, and all sorts of balms, soaps and lotions were tried with no beneficial results.

"Finally, I decided to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and to my surprise she began to improve immediately, and after regular treatment for a time the disease of so long-standing completely disappeared. As that was four years ago, and not a symptom of this distressing ailment has ever shown itself since, the cure must certainly be a permanent one. At the time of this cure we were living in Cornwall, Ont., and the doctors there feared that if she was not cured of eczema she would go into a decline."

Mr. S. Richardson, jun., Superintendent Christ's Church Sunday School, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "I am acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Millar and believe they would not make any statement knowing it to be in any way misleading or untrue."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.