

# Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

## CHAPTER X.

The belief that a bad man is necessarily all bad, has not a solid foundation. Most villains of the piece have a tender spot; it may vary in finding, but it is there. This feeling is generally over a woman, and it is generally that same woman who is the cause of Justice laying her hands on the man. Tenderness is not a feeling it pays the scoundrel to indulge in. Perhaps that is the reason that its cultivation has been allowed to decay so much. It crops up occasionally though, to the villain's hurt. Even in villainy, to be successful it is necessary to be thorough.

In the case of Alfred Dubois, there was one of these oases of tenderness—for his brother Adolphe. And in Adolphe's heart the same feeling existed. Their parents' blend of Corsican and French blood perhaps accounted for the strength of it. Each would cheerfully have laid down his life for the other. And these two loving hearts were separated by the broad Atlantic. Alfred was wearing his heart out in Dartmoor Prison, Adolphe was coining money hand over hand as the proprietor of a gambling-hell out in the Wild and Woolly West. And when the hell closed, and the profits were counted and put aside, gladness came to Adolphe—there was ample to purchase the freedom of his twin brother.

You may look at Dartmoor and scoff at the idea of a prisoner escaping from it, but such things have happened. Money has a great moving influence, even in a quarry and on a farm; and when it is used as a lever with a warden whose pay is under thirty shillings a week, it helps the proposed escape along. Not that escapes are frequent—attempts at it are; the prison infirmary records show that. The warders have guns, and know how to use them. Their instructions are to aim low. So it happens that the prison doctor should be an expert in the treatment of broken legs—he has experience enough.

Dartmoor is not a paradise upon earth. Its rules and restrictions are so corrosive on a man's soul, that the wonder is that more attempts to escape from it are not made. True, death has a hundred to one chance against a successful issue; but to the average convict, between existence at Dartmoor and the grip of the King of Terrors there is little to choose.

Successful escape is a thing dreamt of, unsuccessful attempts are actualities. But Adolphe meant success to attend the scheme he had in mind for his brother's liberation.

The fog and mist which so frequently roll over Dartmoor are the helping hands which Nature lends to any plan of escape—and it is a treacherous help too. Fog comes up and the signal is given to fall in, and the convict risks the warders' guns, and falls out instead. Does so, tempted by the mist which he thinks may shield him till he gets away—away to throw himself on the mercy of some inhabitant. Alas! they prove broken reeds. The mist rools away, and the sun shines and he is revealed to outside man. But mercy is unknown. Every man's hand is against the convict, for there is a reward for the recovery of any escaped prisoner, and that reward is ever in the mind of the Dartmoor—the earning of it is more profitable than the mere indulging in a feeling of pity. Pity

retires to a back seat in favour of £ s. d.

There is practically a ring round Dartmoor prison. It is easy enough to get outside the prison's precincts—only to find a waiting hand, waiting to capture the prisoner. To break through that ring in prison garb is a thing read of in books, but the official records for such an account may be searched in vain. The broad arrow is too prominent. If a convict could change his clothes before leaving the prison grounds: that mighty "If"!

Adolphe had his plan outlined for his brother's liberation. About part of it there was nothing novel. It had its origin in an illusion which the brothers Dubois, years before, used to travel with to the French fairs—for they were not then house-dwellers, but of the true Romany. Things had bettered with them. They had made money—no matter how, they had made it, and they left the tents for bricks and mortar.

In their show they had given a hashed-up performance of the Maskelyne & Cooke type, and a false bottom to the van enabled the man escaping from the tied-up box to conceal himself. It was satisfactory to the audience in front of the van, as they could see under it. The trick was never discovered. And that was what gave birth to the idea in Adolphe's mind. If the public were deceived, why not the police?

Adolphe came from America with money; and the possession of money enables a man to surmount difficulties and move mountains. Its actual moving power is as great as faith is said to be. He had a caravan built after the old type, and joined that section of the Lee tribe travelling west. He was able to pay his footing, and consequently was a welcome addition.

He was not well when he joined them, and kept in his bunk a deal. He was willing to pay for help and assistance, and therefore he never stood in need of it. A liberal paymaster rarely lacks kindly attention. As a friend-maker, money stands without a rival. And in his selection of handmaidens his choice fell on Miriam Lee, because he was a reader of character. He saw that she was occupying a low down place in the opinion of the tribe, and that her sulky resentment of it was widening the breach. He stepped into it.

He spoke kindly to her, and the kindness melted her at once. It fell on receptive soil, that same kindness fruit grew from it. Miriam would have answered Adolphe's beck and call night or day; she was his willing slave. This was no novelty to Adolphe; both he and his brother had ever been successful with women-kind. But in this instance it was a mere willing slavery; there was nought of passion in the combination. And when he thought her gratitude bound her tightly to him, he pledged her to secrecy, and told her his real mission; and she swore to help him all in her power. He knew she would, and she did.

Adolphe was a veritable host in the tribe. Money is a wonderful power-

purchaser, and a better education enables a man to keep it o'er his fellows; and when he told them of the doctor's advice that he should try the air of Dartmoor for the disease on his lungs, they listened. They had heard before of consumptives being ordered there. And when at a subsequent interview, he told them how sorry he was to leave them, they—they had discussed the situation among themselves meanwhile, and estimated the loss his going away would mean to them—asked why they should separate? Could they not just as well go Dartmoor way as any other? The rushes were in, and could be gathered there easily, and for a few weeks the camp could be engaged making the various basket-work articles they sold.

Adolphe thanked them with his lips, and smiled in his heart; he saw through their friendship—purchased friendship—quite easily. But he had his way. The caravan gradually wended its way Dartmoorwards—Dartmoor, where the prison stood, where his brother was.

## CHAPTER XI.

When Nelson in Trafalgar Bay drew the first serious check on the Napoleonic Bank, and the map of Europe looked likely to have a part left, o'er which the French flag was not flying, it probably never dawned on the Admiral's mind that he would place England in a difficulty in regard to the war prisoners—what to do with them. But that difficulty arose. The prison-ships overflowed, and ultimately a war-prison, to accommodate seven or eight thousand men, was built on Dartmoor. This tomb of the living, in altered form exists to this day. Nearly fifty years ago it was turned into a convict prison, and so it remains. Prisoners unfit for the hardest of hard labor, whose sentences are not under five years, are sent there. The chief labor is farming, the moor being reclaimed more and more year by year, the prison grounds consequently widening.

The convicts are the farmers. Most prisoners can trace their descent from pilfering. Seventy per cent of our convicts were in their early days shop-assistants. Their dirty hands soiled the till; now, at Dartmoor, they till the soil. The prison and its surroundings have been so often pictured in books that no description of them need appear in these pages.

The gipsy camp was pitched within half a dozen miles of the prison, and Adolphe began his work. At first his lieutenant did all, and did it well. It was she who, in going from door to door with her basket of fancy goods, found out the warders with the largest families, and those the most poorly off. Adolphe wanted their names and conditions; the poorer a man is the sweeter is the music of jingling money in his ears, the more likely he is to accept a bribe. And soon, by dint of perseverance, the names were sifted, until the warden in charge of the gang in which Alfred worked was found. And then Adolphe stepped upon the scene. How was it arranged? How did the warden come to assist? Well, Adolphe had a well-lined purse, the warden was but human—he had his price. Besides, in this case, there was not much wanted of him; his risk was small.

Just to take letters; in prison lingo, "passing a stiff"—that was all. And the letters, being written in French, the officer never for a moment suspected that a plot to escape was being hatched under his very nose. The letters were brief, but the instructions in them explicit. The convict swallowed the contents, and then swallowed the letters themselves; chewed over the instructions, and then chewed the paper—it was the safest method of destruction.

The basis of the plan was fog or mist. There was nothing new in that, it was the basis of most of the convicts' plans for escape. But fog has its drawbacks: a man is apt to get lost in it on strange land, and go round and round, perhaps back to the place he started from,—when, in the case of an escaping convict, his last condition becomes worse than his first. Besides, in foggy weather, the inhabitants of Dartmoor are alert; they have the reward ever before them. The escaping convict might fall into their hands. When you live near a prison, you never know your luck.

And the guard against this? A compass. The moorland around the prison is reclaimed at the rate of about twenty-five acres per annum. Adolphe knew the identical portion on which his brother was working; and, by means of a letter, the prisoner knew exactly where, buried an inch under the peat land outside the boundary within which they were working, the compass was concealed. He could see the place clearly every day; an arrangement of stones led to it. When the fog came he was to dart to that place, lift the compass, and follow the direction he had been given till he met a gipsy-woman with a basket of fancy goods.

If he reached her, the rest was easy. She would be at the corner of the cross-road, with a change of clothing in the basket under the top layer of her fancy goods. So thoughtful was Adolphe of his brother, that he did not risk placing the goods in the cache for the fear of dampness—the mist might not be thick enough for escape for days.

And the cache?—was within a few feet of the open highway, absolutely bare of any sign beyond the ordinary level of the moor. And the very safety of the scheme arose from this openness. Pursuers might go over it even without noticing it.

For a week or two an artist had

been painting a picture on this very spot. The moor had not many travellers, and hours would go by without a soul passing. A close observer would have wondered that an artist should have such dirty fingernails—they were full of moor earth. But there were no close observers.

The artist carried an umbrella tent; it was erected near where he worked. The first day of its erection the artist had brought with him a firm-handled piece of timber, fashioned in the shape of a copper lid, only larger. This he had put flat on the peat surface of the moor and drawn a line round. Then he cut out a thick layer exactly that size, and fixed it to his copper lid, where it remained, and probably remains to this day. Then he worked harder than any convict on the neighboring settlement; but he was working to free his brother.

At intervals a gipsy with a large basket of fancy goods came along, and if no one was in sight, entered the tent. And when she went away she staggered sometimes under the heaviness of her basket, for it was full of the earth the artist was removing. He was making a deep hole, deep enough for a man to stand upright and move about in comfortably; and what he removed for this purpose the girl took away and scattered gradually over the face of the moor.

It was cruelly hard work; but the Corsican blood told, and the labor seemed light. Just under a fortnight it took to complete, and then it was ready. Within a yard of the excavation the land was some feet lower, and for that reason Adolphe had selected the site. Air was necessary in that chamber, for the lid had to fit with exactness, and the dip in the ground allowed of the inlet of air, through yard-long iron gas-piping which was driven through the wall of earth. Only the most minute examination of the outer peat would show these small, black, round holes—an examination it was not at all likely would take place.

And then the place was furnished. Candles, matches, food, drink, cosmetic, wig, and shaving-apparatus made up the furniture.

Every day thereafter, from the time the convicts issued from their tomb in the morning till their retirement within the walls at night, Miriam sat by the cache making reed baskets. She waited day after day for the fog. Fogs came, but not thick enough. And she waited, too, for the signal which would ring over the moor—the warning from the prison that another prisoner was seeking liberty.

And it came at last. Surely, she was thinking, the fog was heavy enough, and as she thought the signal rang out. The compass would guide him straight. He would be nearly fifteen minutes running distance between the boundary and herself. The moment the signal reached her ears, she started singing. She had a deep, powerful voice, and "Way down upon the Swanee River," despite the fog, rang over the moor.

She had thrown the bundle of clothes down the hole, and knelt beside it with her hand on the concealed handle of the lid. And presently the sound of her voice and the melody—a signal—reached the ears of a panting, eyes-starting-from-his-head wretch, who was running in the direction of it. It gave him fresh life, fresh strength; and he needed it, for he was nearly spent. He came in sight. Not a word was spoken. The lid was lifted, he dropped down the hole; the lid was replaced—all within a minute—and the gipsy girl was sitting on it, weaving her rushes and still singing.

And just in time, for two breathless, uninformed men, with guns in their hands, came up.

"Seen a man running this way?" "Yes; just a minute ago. Was in a hurry, I think, he was panting so. Went up that road. What's the mat—?"

But the men had disappeared in the direction she had indicated before she could say more. They were pursuing the escaped convict!

(To be Continued.)

## WOMEN MARRY LATER.

Ages at Which Men and Women Marry.

Mr. Long, in a printed reply to a question in the British House of Commons, states that the mean ages at which men and women have married in recent years are:

	Men.	Women.
1867-70 (four years) ...	28.0	25.7
1871-5 .....	27.9	25.7
1876 .....	27.9	25.7
1881-5 .....	28.0	25.7
1886-90 .....	28.3	26.0
1891-5 .....	28.4	26.2
1896-1900 .....	28.4	26.2

"I understand from the Registrar-General," Mr. Long added, "that in the years 1867 to 1870 more than thirty per cent. of the people married did not state their ages, but that there has been a gradual improvement in the statement of ages, until in 1900 only about one and a quarter per cent. did not state their ages."

"For these and other reasons, however, comparisons between the average ages at marriage in the earlier years with those in the later years cannot be regarded as altogether trustworthy."

Though it is said that speech was given men to enable them to conceal their thoughts, it seems to have been a needless precaution in many cases.

## WELL AND STRONG,

AFTER ELEVEN YEARS OF GREAT SUFFERING.

A Wonderful Tribute to the Power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to Cure Stubborn Diseases.

Proof upon proof has accumulated that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure when doctors, hospital treatment and all other medicines fail. Paralyzed limbs have been restored to strength, rheumatic sufferers made well, weak, anemic girls and women made bright, active and strong; neuralgic pains banished, and the poor dyspeptic given a new digestion when it seemed almost hopeless to expect a cure. Here is a bit of strong proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills bring health and strength after years of suffering. Mr. Louis Brien is a well known resident of St. Didace, Que., and tells of his years of suffering as follows: "Eleven years ago, while working in the bush, I strained myself and brought on terrible pains in my stomach and back, where the trouble seemed to locate. I had frequent fits of vomiting, which caused much distress. Sometimes I could work, and then again for months at a time I would be wholly unable to do anything; but even at the time I could work I was always suffering. At frequent times I was treated by three doctors, but they were unable to help me. Then I went to Montreal and put myself under the care of a doctor there. His medicine relieved me while I was inactive, but as soon as I attempted work or exertion of any kind, the pains returned worse than before. All this time I was growing weaker and less able to resist the inroads of the trouble. Then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my notice, and I began to use them. From that time I began to regain my health and by the time I had used thirteen boxes I was once more a well, strong man. The proof of this is that I can do as hard a day's work as anyone and never have the slightest symptoms of the old trouble. I am only sorry that I did not know of the pills sooner—they would have saved me much suffering and money as well."

With such proof as this, that even apparently hopeless cases can be cured, there can be no reasonable doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will restore health in all cases where given a fair trial. These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

No species of flower shows more than two of the three colors, red, yellow, and blue.

The greatest searchlight in the world is one just completed by Schickert of Nuremberg, Germany, which has 316 million candle power.

The largest gas engine in the world, having 3,000 horse power, will be sent by a Belgian manufacturer to supply part of the motive power of the world's fair at St. Louis.

It is a curious fact that flies will not pass through netting, even though the meshes be quite large, unless there is a source of light, as from a window, behind it. Thus, in rooms with windows only on one side a net over the window will absolutely keep the flies out, although the meshes of the net may be an inch apart.

That fishes and frogs may have tuberculosis has been demonstrated in the Pasteur institute in Paris. This is no cause for alarm, however, for they are found only in the intestinal organs, would be killed in cooking anyway, and bacilli reared in a cold blooded animal could not thrive if transferred to man.

## A LETTER TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Jas. E. Harley, Worthington, Ont., gives permission to publish the following letter for the benefit of other mothers who have young children in their homes. She says:—"I have many reasons to be grateful to Baby's Own Tablets, and to recommend them to other mothers. Our little girl is now about fourteen months old, and she has taken the Tablets at intervals since she was two months old, and I cannot speak too highly of them. Since I came here about a year ago, every mother who has small children has asked me what I gave our baby to keep her in such even health, and I have replied 'absolutely nothing but Baby's Own Tablets.' Now nearly every child here gets the Tablets when a medicine is needed, and the old-fashioned crude medicines, such as castor oil and soothing preparations, which mothers formerly gave their little ones, are discarded. Our family doctor also strongly praises the Tablets, and says they are a wonderful medicine for children. Accept my thanks for all the good your Tablets have done my little one, and I hope other mothers will profit by my experience."

Baby's Own Tablets can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, frailest child, and they are guaranteed to cure all the minor ailments of little ones. Sold by all medicine dealers or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Bleeding Piles and Erysipelas

Two Severe Cases Which Illustrate the Extraordinary Soothing, Healing Virtues of

### DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Scores of people do not think of trying Dr. Chase's Ointment for bleeding piles because they have used so many other treatments in vain and do not believe their ailment curable. It is by curing when others fail that Dr. Chase's Ointment has won such a record for itself. It will not fail to promptly relieve and completely cure any form of piles, no matter how severe or of how long standing.

Mr. James Uriah Pye, Marie Joseph, Guysborough Co., N.S., writes: "I was bad with bleeding piles for about four years and could get no help. Dr. Chase's Ointment cured me in a very short time, and I cannot praise it too highly for this cure."

Mrs. Thomas Smith was troubled with erysipelas in the feet and legs and was all swollen up. I gave her some of the ointment, which took out the swelling and healed all the sores. She had tried many treatments before, but none

seemed to do her any good. I am telling my friends about the wonderful cures which Dr. Chase's Ointment made for Mrs. Smith and myself, and would say that it is only a pleasure for me to recommend so excellent a preparation."

Wherever there is irritation, inflammation, ulceration or itching of the skin Dr. Chase's Ointment will bring quick relief and will ultimately heal and cure. On this account it is useful in scores of ways in every home for the cure of eczema, salt rheum, tetter, scald head, chafing, itching peculiar to women, pin worms, piles and all sorts of skin diseases and eruptions.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, 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.

**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.