

Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"We are alone. But before you talk, let me explain to you—that I am a friend as well as the solicitor of Reginald Grayne."

"Does not affect the matter. If I were guilty, and if by any possible chance anything more could be raked up against me, I might be afraid of you. You say you know your friend is innocent. Well, I am as innocent as your friend. You can help us both, perhaps. Anyway, I have nothing to conceal."

"It was your knife."

"Quite true."

"The medical evidence shows that Sir George was murdered with it."

"I understand that. I dropped that knife on the grass outside Sir George's study on the night of the murder."

"You suggest that the murderer picked it up?"

"So."

"It was found in Reginald Grayne's hand."

"Bad for your friend."

"If you are innocent, tell me what you did on the night of the murder, and why you flew away, leaving a locked door and a hanging sheet behind you."

"Yes; that was a piece of idiocy—enough almost to hang me. We are alone here. What I tell you is secret. Lawyer and client is like priest and penitent, eh?"

"If you mean that I shall betray you in any way, yes. But again let me warn you of my friendship for the other prisoner. If you tell me anything which will help him—"

"I shan't, because I know nothing which will help him. Listen: at nine o'clock that night I had an appointment with a woman beside the pool in the wood."

"Yes, yes; I know all about that."

"What! Oh, I see! That girl, the maid-servant who brought me the message, told you?"

"I don't know what you are talking about. But let us get to the business on hand. Your struggle with the gipsy girl has nothing to do with the affair."

"Has—nothing—to—do—with—"

"Of course not. Despite your throwing her into the water, she's alive and well enough."

"Alive—and—well?"

"Yes. What are you looking so startled about?"

"You don't know—you can't think what this means to me. Tell me again that Miriam Lee is alive and well."

"If you mean the gipsy girl you quarrelled with in the wood, and threw in the water, of course she is alive and well."

"My God!"

"Why are you startled so about it?"

"Because—"

"Well?"

"Because I thought I had killed her!"

The lawyer, in turn, was surprised. The Frenchman continued:

"I fled for that reason. Now you will believe me, won't you? I thought I had killed that girl. We quarrelled. She threatened me. I struck at her with the knife, and fled. On the lawn, near the study window, I stumbled, fell, and dropped the knife. Upstairs in my room I heard confusion, voices, and talk of murder, and I got frightened. Of course I see it all now; they had found Sir George murdered. I did not know a word of that. When I heard the servants hurrying about, I was alarmed. I lowered my bag from the window, then lowered myself, and caught the last train up for London."

"If true, this is a most marvelous—"

"If true? Of course it is true. Should I have started to tell you about the woman if I did not trust you? If you are to defend me, you must know all."

"I wish I had not undertaken to defend you."

"Why?"

"Because this story of yours, if true, puts my other client in a deeper hole."

"How?"

"To an extent he relied on your confession."

"Confession?"

"Yes—to the police when you were arrested."

"I see. Of course you understand that, until I was charged at the station, I thought they were arresting me for the murder of Miriam Lee."

"Yes; but your defence will not be an easy one."

"Why not?"

"Because the girl is alive and well. Your story that you were confessing to her murder will avail but little when it is coupled with the fact that your knife killed Sir George."

"All the same, I did not see Sir George after dinner that night, except the back of him through the study window."

"Unfortunately, your actions were those of a guilty man."

"I know; I imagined myself one at the time. I thought if I could

reach and stay at my lodgings at Dean Street, under my brother's name, and did not stir out, the police might not be able to trace me; even now I don't see how they got on my scent so rapidly."

"Janson is a cute officer."

"He is, and I like him, although he is convinced I am guilty. But he is wrong this time, absolutely wrong. You have seen him since I have, he still believes me guilty?"

"Is convinced of it?"

"That is a pity—a thousand pities! He will rest, you see. He will go on digging out all about me, which won't help him a bit, and meanwhile the real man, the murderer, will escape."

"You say man; are you sure it was a man?"

"Why not?"

"There is Miss Westcar, she doesn't bear the brightest of characters. She was at the Hall at the time of the murder."

"True! Yet, no. It could not possibly have been she."

"Why are you so sure?"

"Because, alive, Sir George was worth his weight in gold to her; dead, well, she is penniless."

"There was a question of their marriage. May he not have quarrelled with her about something—refused to keep his promise? Women have been known in moments of—"

The Frenchman shook his head as he answered:

"No. You don't know her. Besides, she would not quarrel with him. She had got him completely under her thumb, and if she had asked him to fly away with her, and marry her the next day, he would have done it."

"Remember that she was the only person in the house save the servants and Sir George's step-daughter."

"Then let suspicion be directed on the latter. Mind you, I am not suggesting for a moment that the woman you suspect is a saint—far, very far from it. I will go as far as to say that if she had gained by it, she might have been guilty; but in this case she is rendered absolutely penniless—homeless, perhaps, by the death, whereas, had the old man lived, she would have been wealthy."

"All the same—"

"There! You've got that bee in your bonnet, and it's going to hum! You suspect the woman, Janson suspects me, and the local police suspect Reginald Grayne! How many more?"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Dick Causton became more and more convinced of the guilt of Evelyn Westcar. As he again and again conversed with the two prisoners, interviewed the gipsy girl and the maid in the hospital, so he came to the conclusion that both the men charged were innocent, so he became a prey to the belief that Miss Westcar was guilty, and he did his level best to inspire the police with a like belief.

He sought out and interviewed Janson.

"You know," said the officer, with a twinkle in his eye, "this is not according to Cocker, Mr. Causton! You ought not to come to me about a matter in which I am accuser and you are excuser."

"I am alive to that fact, Janson, and were it any other man but yourself, I should hesitate about doing it."

"Consider I've taken off my hat to that."

"It's not a joking time, this, Janson. It's more serious than it looks, because, if my theory is right two innocent men are in peril—"

"That's where you don't mind my saying it. Mr. Causton—are running your head up against a brick wall. Reginald Grayne is as innocent as you are, but the Froggy he'll swing for this job, sir, as sure as you're sitting there."

"And yet, Janson—you will believe me that I am in earnest in what I am saying—I conscientiously believe that that man had nothing to do with Sir George's death."

"That's so, Mr. Causton. I know you are not trying to deceive me. I watched the way you conducted yourself at the last examination; that convinced me that, whatever other people might think, you in your own mind had settled that the Frenchman was innocent."

"That is so."

"I haven't lived a life in police courts, sessions, and assizes, without being able to read an advocate, Mr. Causton. There are two ways of defending a man, and a close, an experienced observer can generally tell whether the mouthpiece believes in his client's innocence."

"As I believe in the Frenchman's."

"That's so."

"That is why I have come to you, Janson. I know what a cute, intelligent officer you are—"

"Consider my hat off again."

"Let me beg of you to hear me seriously."

"Very well, Mr. Causton, I was only chaffing. There, I'll be as ser-

ious as a grave-digger all the rest of this interview."

"Thanks. I feel serious, believe me. I seem to feel that unless some miracle is worked, the Frenchman will perish on the gallows."

"I am with you there, Mr. Causton; he will, most certainly."

"In the end Reginald Grayne must be liberated."

"Unquestionably."

"There can never be the suspicion of collusion between the two prisoners, but a mere discharge will act as a blight on the whole of Reginald Grayne's future; his career at the bar will be spoiled; he will be a marked man."

"Yes, I am afraid you are right there—the public is a funny factor to reckon with."

"That's why, with all my heart and soul, I want to find the real murderer."

"Yes."

"I believe the Frenchman innocent."

"Despite his bad, very bad character? Remember, we have traced him back for five years."

"Despite that."

"You know—I told you—all about the Dartmoor business? That is a mystery which will probably never be cleared up—whether he murdered the man whose body was found, or simply changed clothes and threw the body into the water. You can understand, between ourselves, that that is a matter which—the authorities are not altogether without blame—is more or less hushed up."

"Yes. But in any case it would sink into insignificance beside the present charge."

"That's so."

"Give a dog, a bad name, and you may as well hang him," is all very well, Janson, in a proverb, but it ought to be eliminated in a matter of life and death."

"Perhaps you are right, but I am a policeman to the backbone, you know. You hear on platforms, and read in prospectuses appealing for funds, of the rescue work and reformation of bad characters; but I've never seen them—except on paper. Once bad, always bad. Given a chance, the bad character will ooze out again. I have been a policeman now for thirty years, and I never ran across one bona-fide case of reformation yet. Once a man passes through my hands, the chances are fifty to one he will pass through again."

"The Frenchman knew nothing of the saving of the gipsy girl's life; he thought he had murdered her, and fled. Under that belief he confessed himself a murderer to you?"

"That is his defence."

"He persists in his innocence of the charge."

"And you will find, Mr. Causton, that he will persist in it till the squeeze of the hangman's rope stops his voice. I have met his sort before. He is a bad egg; but he's not stubborn, I give him his due. He's convinced you, but he's not convinced me. By his own showing he meant to murder the girl soon after nine o'clock. What is to prevent a man of that nature murdering a man half an hour after?"

"What motive?"

"There have been scores of murder cases in which we have failed to find a motive."

"That's what I wanted to get you to admit, because I have a theory of my own, and I was afraid when I mentioned it, you would ask what possible motive there was."

"Well, what is it?"

"That Miss Westcar—Evelyn Westcar—committed the murder."

"I have seen her—interviewed her."

"Yes."

"She had no finger in it. The old man's death leaves her without a cent. Had he lived he would have married her, and she would have been a well-to-do woman."

"You admitted that in scores of murder cases you had failed to find a motive."

"But I didn't admit that in any of them I had found a direct motive in the opposite direction—that the murderer profited by his victim's life and lost by his death."

The lawyer sighed. He saw that it was hopeless to think of ever convincing the detective.

"I am sorry," he said, "because whilst your mind is concentrated on this man's supposed guilt, the real murderer may be destroying any clues."

"No," said Janson; "all the clues exist. The rooms at Graune Hall are locked, and will remain so till the affair is over; nothing has been disturbed."

"That brings me to the real reason of my seeking this interview. I think it only right to tell you, and, besides, I want your permission too."

"For what?"

"I propose to summon private detective assistance—to consult Mr. Bradley Deane."

Janson laughed.

"By all means," he answered; "I don't for a moment deny that Mr. Deane is a clever man. He's full of theories and fads and deductions and inferences, or he might be even more clever. I won't deny, either, that by a stroke of luck he has been able to hit a trail I have lost. He's helped me more than once, and I am not ungrateful to him."

"I am glad to hear you speak so. Then, if you have no objection, I will see him. You will allow him to go over the rooms at the Hall?"

"Certainly."

"Again thanks. I must go down to the examination to-morrow. I shall come straight back, and then

BARNACLES COST MUCH

CONSTANT WAR IS WAGED AGAINST THEM.

Some Retard Progress, While Others Burrow in the Fabric.

Besides providing a favorite dish for epicures, and occasional typhoid scares, the succulent oyster is one of the mariner's greatest enemies. Yet it is not the worst. That place of dishonor belongs to the barnacle, a most prolific crustacean which, attaching itself to objects by its head, kicks its food into its mouth with its feet; while the mussel, and many kinds of seaweed, the zoophyte—a member of the sponge family—and similar inhabitants of the sea, are well in the running.

In the fight against these small but terrible enemies enough money is expended annually to support a navy. Almost every dock and shipping company employ a large staff of men who do nothing else from one year's end to another but remove these shellfish and sea plants and repair the damages done by them. For there is not an iron-bottomed vessel afloat, from the smallest barque to the heaviest battleship in his Majesty's navy, that does not suffer more or less severely from their persistent destructiveness.

And how do these crustaceans and molluscs do

THEIR FEARFUL WORK?

Simply by clinging to the bottom or immersed portion of a ship's hull. This they do in millions, so soon as one layer has covered the submerged surface another layer is forming on the top, and so on till a thickness of a foot or two is rapidly attained. In nautical parlance, this is termed "fouling."

A first blush, this fouling would not appear of very great consequence to a levitation of the ocean, but consider what it involves.

In the first place, between two vessels of exactly the same size and power, one of whose hull is clean and the other is foul, there is a vast difference in speed.

Every captain of a ship that has not been cleaned for more than three months knows that his rate of traveling will diminish by at least two knots per hour.

It is not exactly due to the tons of fouling matter that adhere to the ship's bottom, but rather to the resistance offered to the waves, that is responsible for this great loss of speed. To see officially what this difference actually was, the British Government some years ago experimented with the frigate "Achilles."

LOWERED THREE KNOTS.

Before laying up in Chatham harbor her speed, on trial, was found to be just over seventeen knots an hour. At the end of nine months it was as much as she could do to cover fourteen knots in the same time, a difference entirely brought about by the barnacles and other things adhering to her hull.

To huge vessels the diminished speed of course means an enormous consumption of coal that, were fouling impossible, might be considerably reduced, and as all liners burn from 400 to 500 tons per day, it is easy to understand that thousands of pounds would be saved by this alone.

Then there is increased wear and tear of machinery, passengers and crew have to be fed and attended to for a longer time, while there is also greater risk of the vessel breaking down. Thus it will be seen that if the barnacle and its relatives could be prevented from fouling the bottoms of ships, owners would benefit annually by many millions.

But in removing the fouling matter a great amount of time, ingenuity, and expenditure are also involved. Every six months all vessels of any size, certainly every ocean greyhound, have to lay up in dry dock for the

CLEANING AND PAINTING

of their hulls.

Less than thirty years ago this took fourteen days to accomplish, but to-day, in consequence of a ship's time being considerably more valuable, and, thanks to the better anti-fouling fluids with which every vessel has of necessity to be coated, shellfish do not adhere to anything like the same extent, and the whole process is usually finished in about three days, the cleaners working night and day.

At the Royal Albert and Victoria docks a staff of 200 men are employed by the dock company to do nothing else but scrape, clean, and paint the hulls of ships fouled by shellfish, while many shipping companies employ men exclusively for their own vessels. The P. and O. Company, to quote only one instance spend more than \$35,000 a year in

go to Euston Road and call on Mr. Bradley Deane."

"Amateur against professional, eh? Well, just as you like Mr. Causton. Anyway, it can't do any harm. I like you, and I like that little girl your friend Reginald's engaged to, and I believe him to be innocent; so I won't throw any obstacle in your way. Moreover, Deane is as close as wax, and there's not the slightest fear of his letting my departure from the ordinary routine leak out; that's all right—good-bye."

(To be Continued.)

this way alone. For the same purpose the British Government spends an average of \$20,000 twice a year on every ironclad.

The quantity of shellfish and seaweed thus removed from a ship's bottom is simply astonishing. Ten to twenty tons is by no means uncommon even to-day after a vessel has spent perhaps no longer than six months away from dock.

Seaweed, of innumerable varieties, too, is another constant source of fouling, when once it has obtained a hold, it grows exceedingly thick and of extraordinary length. The kind which grows in the form of grass has often been cut from a vessel's hull quite three feet in length.

There is yet another terrible enemy of the mariner to be exposed—and that is the shipworm. It can bore its way through the hardest oak as easily as through the softest pine, and even the toughest knots offer no resistance. Teak, alone of all timber, is proof against its attacks.

But not only vessels suffer, every pier and every piece of harbor wood-work round our coast, and that of the entire world, is attacked and destroyed by these tiny animals.

But most terrible of all is its work upon the dykes of Holland, those dykes which alone prevent the sea from reducing the Netherlands to a much smaller place on the map.

Upwards of half a million yearly are spent by the Dutch Government in the maintenance of these dykes one near Den Helder, in North Holland, alone costing \$50,000 per annum.

THE SORE THROAT.

And the Precautions It Should Suggest.

Of all common complaints, to which both old and young are subject, a sore throat, as it is generally called, is one of the most ordinary. But there are many varieties of sore throat and it may be of interest to deal briefly with those kinds commonly met with.

Acute pharyngitis—simple sore throat—often follows after catching cold or after exposure to cold, or it may be constitutional—such in connection with gout or rheumatism. In this case the throat appears to be red and more or less dry, while the tonsils and uvula are often a good deal swollen.

The patient, as a rule, endeavors to cough; he has a continual desire to clear the throat, owing to a dry tickling feeling there.

A considerable amount of pain follows the effort to swallow food or drink. There is also some slight rise of temperature and feverish feeling at the onset of the trouble, as well as stiffness of the neck and slight deafness.

This kind of sore throat rarely lasts more than a few days, and an aperient of Epsom salts at the commencement with a few inhalations of steam from a bowl of hot water and avoidance of cold draughts, will soon make the patient quite well again.

A frequent sequel to this, but attendant generally on neglect of treatment, is the form of chronic pharyngitis that follows several different attacks of the acute form.

Among clergymen, costermongers, public speakers and others who have to strain their voices, as well as among those who smoke or drink to excess, it is very often met with.

HERE IS THE BEST ADVICE

is to avoid the exciting cause, giving rest to the voice and abstaining from tobacco and alcohol; gargles and sprays to the throat only give temporary relief.

Acute tonsillitis, or inflammation of the tonsils, is a common form of sore throat among young adults.

Wet, cold and bad sanitary surroundings—bad smells, etc.—are frequent cause. The attack commences, as a rule, with a chilly feeling, accompanied by pains in the back and limbs, while the temperature is considerably raised, reaching 102 degrees or higher; there is severe headache and great pain in the throat, more especially on swallowing.

On examination the tongue is seen to be very furred, and the breath is very offensive; the tonsils are red and swollen and have small, creamy white spots on their surface.

As this form of sore throat is very catching and may attack all the inmates of a house, it calls for energetic treatment, isolation of the patient being imperatively demanded.

The great danger here is that diphtheria in its early stages may be mistaken for it; therefore, if there is the slightest doubt, a physician should at once see the patient, especially if the white spots on the tonsils increase in size, connect or spread to other parts of the throat. The treatment should be as follows:

Entire rest in bed, with a milk diet. A thick piece of flannel, wrung out of ice-cold water, placed round the neck, will often give great relief.

A dose of Epsom Salts should be given, and the throat gargled frequently with a solution of chlorate of potash (eight grains to the ounce of water), added to a little glycerine.

Later on, when the inflammation is subsiding doses of quinine and iron and other tonics should be used and a more generous diet adopted. A change of air during late convalescence is very beneficial.

Love and romance are more pleasing than marriage and history.