Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER XVI.

Grayne Hall.—The drawing-room. Vere—Vere still in mourning for her mother, although a full year since her death had elapsed—and her maid talking.

"You may say what you like, Miss Vere, but it does not alter facts. She came only as a governess to you, and now she's taking the position you ought to hold—mistress."

"Hush, Lucy!"

"It is the truth, Miss Vere. The place is not the same since she set foot in it."

"You must not say such things, Lucy. My father likes her—likes her very much."

"Which is more than I do, miss; and she knows it too, and will pay me out for it. You will see, she will work things so that presently I shall be discharged——"

"Oh no, Lucy!"

"Oh, I know, miss. Sorry I shall be, goodness knows, to leave you, after knowing you from almost a baby; but I can see farther than my nose. Governess indeed! You'll find she won't be satisfied till she governs us. She just twists Sir George round her finger——"

"Hush, Lucy! you must not talk so of my stepfather."

"I beg your pardon, miss; but it just galls me to see her come here only a little over a year ago as a servant, and now behaving just as if she was——"

"That will do, Lucy—please. Go now, and see to my room."

"Yes, miss."

And obediently the maid left the room. The servants felt very bitterly against Miss Westcar, and Miss Westcar knew it; and the very knowledge made her wield her whip the more. All protests meant discharge; the household staff knew that from experience.

It was quite true that the guidance of the house had devolved on Vere's late governess. She was something more than that now. She had made herself indispensable to Sir George, and she so cleverly manipulated that gentleman and the things surrounding him that he could not bear her absence from the place.

As the maid left the room Vere sighed, and said:

"Even the servants notice it—this strange power she exercises over Sir George. Alas! it is true—she can turn him round her finger."

It is a foolish thing to speak one's thoughts aloud at any time, more foolish when there is in the house a lady who would not hesitate to listen. And that was so at Grayne Hall. Miss Westcar had been standing in the conservatory during the conversation, and she instantly resolved that the maid's prediction of her own discharge should be verified. Now she was standing in the drawing-room entrance. Then she advanced, and said:

"As your governess, dear, it is my duty to tell you that to think aloud is outre; as a woman of the world I may add, by way of advice, that it is a dangerous habit to fall into. And Ojis she, and 'him' you were mentioning, and the finger-twisting process—may I ask to whom you were referring?—what it meant?"

She knew quite perfectly—well, but she wanted to entrap the girl, wanted some real reason of complaint to carry to Sir George. As yet her power was not great enough. Despite his head-over-heels belief in Miss Westcar, the old man was not quite blind to the duty he owed his dead wife's daughter. Her youth and inexperience had been the ground for his giving Miss Westcar the reins; but once between her fingers, she wanted to drive beyond the bounds he had set.

Vere flushed as she said:

"I did not know you were here, Miss Westcar."

"I can readily believe that. Listeners do not often hear good of themselves. But you do not answer my question?"

"About my thoughts, Miss Westcar? My thoughts are my own. Pray pardon me."

She bowed coldly and passed from the room. A mocking smile came over Miss Westcar's face, a smile with a blend of triumph in it, as she said:

"The fool! the childish fool! But she is right, though. I can twist Sir George round my finger; and I shall, too, when the twisting-time arrives—the time of twisting the wedding-ring round my finger. Lady Grayne—um! sounds a deal better than the plain 'Mrs.' I was called with Alfred. Poor wretch! I suppose he is wearing himself out in a convict cell. Well, it is the fortune of war. I am travelling a safe road now, and he can never possibly track me. When he gains his liberty I shall have changed my name by marriage, and be moving in a circle he is never likely to even touch the fringe of. Sir George has one foot in the grave; once married, it will not be difficult to help the other in. He ought to be thinking more of his funeral than marriage, and yet I can see that he is on the point of proposing matrimony to me."

She took a rose from a vase and stood thoughtlessly picking it to pieces, petal by petal.

"What curious creatures men are! —I might say women, too. Who would have imagined that in my nature love would ever find a place? And yet, try to root it out as I will, I feel an indescribable something, which is not passion—it must be love; and for a boy too—a mere boy! Not even a man, but for Reggie Grayne, a twenty-year-old boy. If the old man suspected this for a moment, Reggie's stay here would be a short one. By courtesy he always himself to be called 'uncle.' But the boy is not a favorite. Perhaps it would be as well if he went."

She threw away the stalk of the rose and picked up a photograph of the man she was thinking of, and looked at it more closely.

"He loves me, I know, and I, try hard as I may——Oh, what a fool I am! Why should I let this feeling for him find place in——I will end it. Sir George shall send him away. The thing is growing dangerous."

And then a man's voice—the voice of a man who had entered the room unperceived——

"Holding my photograph, Miss Westcar? Drop the shadow for the substance—hold me."

She was angry with herself for being found out in that way; but she drew herself together and repulsed his approach. She must set her foot on this feeling and crush it down. She put the photograph back, and said:

"You must excuse me. I have some duty necessitating my immediate——"

But he laughingly stopped her, put his back to the door she would have left by, and said:

"Don't go away yet. I have something to say to you, which I must say. My time here is very short."

"Short?"

"I am leaving for—for some time. I must say—be seated—please."

He indicated a chair, and she sat. She felt that she knew what he was going to say—that a crisis had arrived; and she steeled herself to meet it.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I have quarrelled with my uncle."

"Your uncle?"

"Well, he is a sort of uncle, you know—by marriage."

"I did not mean that. I meant that I was sorry you had quarrelled with your kinsman."

"It was about you."

"About me?"

"He said things about you which, relative of mine as he is, I could not suffer him to say in silence."

"Concerning me?"

"Oh, in no offensive way, do not think that. On the contrary," he added bitterly, "he could scarcely have spoken of you in warmer terms had he cared for you as much as I do."

Evelyn felt a thrill of satisfaction. The old man was even warmer in other to others. Truly the seed she had sown had germinated. And the plant that was growing? Well, she had tended it very carefully; she deserved the gathering of the fruit.

Reggie was continuing:

"We had the usual war of words—the usual sermon, my extravagance. He is my guardian, you know, and I suppose he considers that a license for preaching to me; and he used the same old text, 'As you sow, so shall you reap.'"

And Evelyn thought to herself if that text were true, how rich—how rich would Be her harvest! And what she feared was coming, came.

"Evelyn, you know me—you know I am not altogether a bad egg, don't you?' And you must know that so far as you are concerned——"

She would have given the world to stop him, but she had no means of doing so save by positive rudeness; and that she felt she could not exercise; she cared for him too much, and cursed her folly at the caring.

"The result of my display of temper to-day has been that my uncle has, practically, shown me the door. Well, I am going. My income is nearly a couple of hundred a year without a farthing's help from him. And that's why I want to talk to you, Evelyn, to ask you to share that with me in content till things get better and briefs come in—as they are sure to."

She was eyeing him all this time; and when he struck the financial note she hardened up at once. She was as acute on the money question as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The chord vibrated. He called back to her the thought of her scheme for the future; the illusion his presence created was dispelled. She listened.

"I know you are sure of the good things of this life, and if you went away you might miss the comforts of Grayne Hall; but, Evelyn, I am going to ask you to go away—to go away with me, to marry me. If we are poor at first, we shall be better off later on."

"Meanwhile?"

It was almost the first thing she had said; she had let him talk. And now the way she did speak rather disconcerted him, she spoke so coldly.

"We should have to economise—a bit, I admit; take rooms in London."

"Can you imagine my living in rooms—or economising? Doing Saturday shopping in the High Street—bargaining with the butcher for a joint, perhaps, and rubbing shoulders with all the—— Ugh! It is too horrible to contemplate. Whilst by way of recreation, perhaps, I should have the darning of your socks, the buttoning of your shirts. No, my dear Reggie, I have a soul above such things."

She had, and an ambition too—an ambition with such a summit that he would never see its peak, and a method of climbing it that would have made him turn from her in loathing and horror—had he known. Her sarcasm made him say moodily:

"And yet I have been foolish enough to think you cared for me."

"Nothing particularly foolish in that."

That made him turn to her eagerly, as he inquired:

"Then you do care for me? Answer me—honestly?"

"Honestly, I do care for you."

"And caring surely merges into love?"

She had to admit to herself that it had done so in her own case, and bitterly regretted the admission all the while she so thought. She answered slowly:

"Perhaps."

"And people have been known to marry for love——"

"Really?"

"Sometimes."

"What, in real life?" She shrugged her shoulders as she spoke and the eagerness left him; it was expressive that shrug.

"Are you citing such instances as examples which I should follow?—expecting me to do so?"

"No," he answered slowly, expecting it—now. And yet there have been women who have found a man's love brighten up a poor home and give it a brilliancy far exceeding a loveless rich one."

"That would be very pretty, Reggie, on the stage where the poor but honest maxim finds such favor, and such well-turned sentences no doubt steadily increase the circulation of the cheap novelettes. But there is no proof of the truth of it in actual life. Can you tell me of one instance of a woman who has taken the horrible plunge into poverty for what you term love, who, after a short time, will not sell her very soul to get head and shoulders above the slough again?"

"Evelyn, let us come to the point. Honestly, do you care for me?"

"Again, honestly, yes."

"Much?"

"As much as ever I cared for any one—and more."

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I will tell you why plainly—even if it sounds brutal. Because I understand the subject we have been discussing very much better than you do. Love in a cottage is a very pretty picture to look upon, but hateful to endure. I loathe poverty—the horrible, horrible, grinding want of money!"

"Is money everything to you, Evelyn?"

He put the question—he little knew how he had touched the spot. To Evelyn it was indeed everything.

(To be Continued.)

"DINNER TASTERS."

Several women in Paris are professional "dinner tasters." In a carriage, just before the dinner hour, the "taster" is whirled from house to house of her patrons, enters each kitchen, and tastes the dishes intended for dinner. She suggests improvements, and describes new methods of preparing food.

A bride is highly prized, yet she is given away.

Any Sore That Will Not Heal.

Any Ulceration, Eruption or Irritation of the Skin is Curable by Means of

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

There is no guesswork about the results obtainable from Dr. Chase's Ointment.

With all medicines taken internally there is more or less uncertainty as to the effect, because the condition may not be exactly as indicated by the symptoms, but if you have a sore or wound and apply Dr. Chase's Ointment and heal it you can see with your own eyes the definite results.

It is because of the certain results accompanying the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment that this great preparation has come to be standard the world over. If a dealer offers you any other ointment, does he do so on its merits, or does he not rather try to make a sale by saying "This is just as good as Dr. Chase's?"

As a matter of fact, Dr. Chase's Ointment is now so universally used that few dealers think of offering anything else when a cure is sought for eczema, salt rheum, old sores or piles. There is scarcely a town, village or side line in this whole land but can point to some case in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has made a remarkable cure.

While this ointment is best known on account of its extraordinary success in curing the most torturing skin diseases and the most distressing forms of piles, it is also useful in scores of ways in every home, for the cure of scalds, burns, wounds, old sores, chafing, skin irritation, sore feet, pimples, rough skin and everything for which an antiseptic soothing treatment is needed.

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.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

STABLE CARE OF HORSES.

Among the horses in this country there is probably more suffering from mistaken kindness and lack of skill and judgment, than from deliberate cruelty or wilful neglect. An immense mass of empiricism, prejudice and false notions in relation to horse management in health and disease has become traditional, and is handed down from one generation to another. Even when the horse is in apparent health, with no morbid symptoms whatever, it is bled, purged and blistered; harsh diuretics and "condition powders" of unknown composition are administered, with no very definite or intelligent aim, but under the vague idea that such treatment will somehow improve the condition and appearance of the horse. If we are to retain the pristine health and vigor of the horse under the artificial conditions of domestic servitude, we must furnish it as far as possible with equally pure air, wholesome food and water it has while running wild.

In the first place, the stable must be kept perfectly clean at all times. When allowed to remain in such a condition that if a man stays ten minutes his clothing becomes saturated with pungent ammoniacal odors, it is not a fit place in which to keep a horse. The animal cannot retain perfect health in an atmosphere loaded with foul gasses. The stalls and floor must be cleaned every morning and kept clean. The droppings and wet, foul litter should not be tossed through a hole behind the stall, and left piled up there in reeking dunghill, with the gases and odors of fermentation penetrating the stable. To say nothing of the waste of manure, which is often an item of some importance, such a practice is utterly incompatible with pure air in the stable. The manure and litter should be kept in a sheltered place and frequently sprinkled with some absorbent, as gypsum, swamp muck, or if nothing better is at hand, dry coal ashes or road dust. During warm weather the stalls, guttets and entire floor should be washed frequently with plenty of water. Dry land plaster sprinkled plentifully on the floor will absorb ammoniacal emanations, but when wet it becomes a sticky, objectionable mass. A solution of coppers, at the rate of one ounce to two gallons of water, sprinkled freely in the stable, is a very effective deodorizer. When the stable is cleaned up in the morning the partially soiled bedding which is to be used again should be removed to some other part of the stable to dry, and never thrown under the manger or near the horse's head, in accordance with a quite too common custom. How would the owner or groom enjoy having such an odorous mass under his own table?

SCRUB AND PEDIGREE.

The march of pedigree stock like a mighty avalanche is sweeping over this country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bringing a new prosperity to the farm with improved stock, enriching the soil, and marketing the farm crops at pedigree prices, driving the scrub back with the ox team to oblivion.

Professor Burnett says: "The scrub must give place on high priced land to the Angus, the Hereford, the Shorthorn and the other beef breeds, which can be grown and finished for the market in from eighteen to twenty-four months, and be sold at the top of the market.

"If inferior cattle should make equal gains for the food consumed they still produce an inferior grade of carcass which is worth from 10 to 25 per cent. less than the well bred and the well grown steer. If the inferior steer is produced without loss, the premium on the better steer is profit. There is a very great difference in the value per pound of a well bred calf and a scrub. The well bred calf pays you a profit on every bushel of corn and every ton of alfalfa he eats. He is an embryo gold mine as he waits to be shunted down prosperity track; the other calf has a hang dog look. He would much better be hung young.

"The feeder of mature cattle often selects inferior grades of steers, of colors on account of their lower cost as feeders, and claims there is greater profit in them. This may be true with the man who feeds, but how about the man who raised the feeder? If good feeders sometimes sell for more than they are worth this is a convincing argument in favor of raising them."

SHEEP NOTES.

By continually changing no one can build up a fine flock.

Merinos will make good mutton if the sheep are properly handled and made fat.

In purchasing sheep to form a flock, buy none but first-class animals.

Keep in mind that the earliest lambs in market always bring the best prices.

The flesh of the sheep partakes of the flavor of its food more than that of any other animal.

The sheep that is sold for mutton because it is not worth keeping hardly helps the sale of mutton as a meat.

For poor lands and short pastures sheep are decidedly better adapted than cattle.

The most unfavorable conditions under which sheep can be kept is in feeding on low, marshy pastures.

Assort and grade the flock of sheep intended for market according to size, kind and quality.

One good sheep will bring in more clear profit than two poor ones; in fact, poor ones are often kept at a loss.

Purchasing a good ram and using him with carefully selected ewes is the best investment a sheep farmer can make.

The fleece and the carcass make up the sheep, and if either is inferior, the sheep is inferior, no matter how good the other may be.

It is much the better plan to keep sheep in a good condition all the time, much better than to allow them to run down a part of the time.

A lamb is, perhaps, the most difficult of all animals to recuperate after it has once started down hill.

To improve any kind of farm animals and to fix their chief characteristics it is necessary to cross only animals of similar types and characteristics.

One advantage with wool growing is it is a product which does not take fertility from the soil as grain growing.

Fattening sheep should not be allowed much range to run over, but should be kept in a small lot where they can be kept quiet.

HOW SLEEP MAY BE WOOED.

Movements of the Feet Will Quiet the Nervous Brain.

Most of the mental devices for wooing sleep have failed because they have nearly always tried to resort to "local treatment;" in other words, they have made a homeopathic attempt to stop thinking about something else—a process which might also be called "elimination by substitution." But all thinking, spontaneous or forced, draws more or less blood to the brain, prevents deep inhalations and bars the gate to the kingdom of dreams. Any device, on the other hand, which will make one take deep, long breaths spontaneously (the invariable forerunner of sleep) may be counted upon as a genuine remedy for insomnia. Even deep breathing which is forced, is better than any purely mental attempt to win sleep. But if the deep breathing can be produced involuntarily one is sure of a passport to Nodland.

After several nights of experiment to this end the present writer decided to apply the principle adopted by the masseurs, who begin their manipulations "at the point farthest from the seat of difficulty," which, in the case of insomnia, would be the feet. Lying on the right side, with the knees together, and considerably flexed, the victim of insomnia should begin to pedal both his feet slowly up and down, with the movement entirely in the ankles. The pedaling should keep time with the natural rhythm of respiration and be continued until it is followed by deep and spontaneous breathing.

Several people who have tried this remedy report that involuntarily deep breathing invariably begins before they have pedaled up and down a dozen times. In obstinate cases of insomnia, the patient may need to keep up the pedaling two or three minutes, or even more, with intermissions, if necessary. The treatment may also be varied by moving the feet alternately, instead of simultaneously, though the latter method has proved the more speedily efficacious in the cases known to the writer. The explanation of the result obtained is probably simple. The blood is pumped from the head and with the removal of brain tension a general relaxation follows, with a sequent deep respiration and its resulting sleep.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

The Traffic of the Big Ditch Is Steadily Growing.

No more complete refutation of the arguments used to defeat a great investment in canal construction was ever furnished than by the Suez canal, the report on whose traffic for the last year has been recently made public.

The big Suez ditch was opened to navigation November 17, 1869. Its total length is ninety-two miles, from Port Said to Suez. Its actual cost was about $38,000,000, besides a bond of about $7,000,000 more. Its stock is divided into 400,000 shares, and of these 176,602 are held by the British government, for which it paid the khedive of Egypt (in 1875) $20,000,000, using round figures. The shares bear interest at 5 per cent. Up to 1872 the canal's running expenses exceeded its receipts. In that year it earned more than $410,000 net. Yet its total receipts in that year were only about $3,250,000. Last year (1902) its total receipts were $20,621,993, being $12,481,600 in excess of its expenditures, and it distributed in net profits, after covering its sinking fund, over $12,000,000.

Its traffic is steadily growing. Last year the net tonnage of vessels using it was 11,248,413, an increase of 9 per cent. since 1900.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Philosophy is nothing but discretion.—John Selden.

The only wealth which will not decay is knowledge.—Langford.

All imposture weakens confidence and chills benevolence.—Johnson.

Trouble teaches men how much there is in manhood.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Your real influence is measured by your treatment of yourself.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Human judgment is finite and it ought always to be charitable.—William Winter.

Kindness in us is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—Landor.

Politeness is a sort of guard which covers the rough edges of our character and prevents their wounding others.—Joubert.

The constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others.—Ruskin.

THE KING ON HIS YACHT

HOW THE DAILY LIFE ON BOARD IS SPENT.

Strict Etiquette Is Observed, But All on Board Enjoy Themselves.

When the King of Great Britain is on board his yacht the daily routine is in many respects much what it is on the yacht of any wealthy Britisher. His Majesty has an early cup of tea taken to his bedside, and he appears on deck at an hour when the white boards have scarcely had time to recover from the morning "swill." Being a keen and practical yachtsman, the King knows the value of a before-breakfast blow.

Unless invited specially, the distinguished visitors on board do not intrude until His Majesty has had an opportunity of a chat with the superior officers on board as to the yacht's projected course for the day, and other matters. But a few minutes before breakfast is announced there is—if the weather is favorable—a general meeting of Royal host and visitors on deck.

Sometimes the King will look in upon the crew at breakfast, or he will make one or two suggestions respecting the yacht's fittings and sails.

When at sea the King does not observe his customary habit of breakfasting alone; when yachting His Majesty takes his place at the head of the table and forms one of a cheery party. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, the King is not a large eater, nor is he particularly given to very rich dishes. His Majesty is extremely fond of

A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE,

and it was reported not long ago that when paying a visit to the Continent a special coffee-making individual was engaged.

Soon after breakfast the newspapers, letters and telegrams arrive—that is, if the yacht is lying off a part of the coast where there is a post-office and railway station.

Even when taking a holiday the King has a large amount of daily business to attend to; documents requiring his signature, various State papers and numerous official papers needing Royal assent or approval are gone carefully through. The King's secretary and an assistant make matters as light as possible, but there is much that must be done by His Majesty himself.

Towards noon, when business for the time being is finished, the King goes on deck. Often he will smoke a cigar and sit about genially chatting with his guests, or else he will peruse a newspaper and watch the crew attending to their many duties. There are nearly always some ladies among the company, and to these guests His Majesty is as attentive as any junior officer could be. An elderly lady of title once told the present writer that the King's manner towards her sex is as perfect as manner can be.

LUNCHEON ON BOARD

the King's yacht is not by any means an elaborate meal. Being a true sailor at heart, the King is always loth to spend much time during the best part of the day at table. He is as eager to get back on deck as anyone can be. If there is music while luncheon is in progress the leader of the band is requested to finish his programme on deck.

Each time that the King returns to the deck after an absence, of any length he carefully consults the compass, the quarter of the wind, and such other important issues as go to make up the interest of life on a yacht. If some members of the party are desirous of going sight-seeing on shore His Majesty takes a share in giving the orders to the men who are to escort the party, and he offers his personal counsel to his guests as to the places of the vicinity best worth a visit.

Afternoon tea may or may not be served on deck. The ladies view afternoon tea as their own special function, and they delight in handing the dainty cakes and pastries round without the aid of a man servant. Much pleasant chat is exchanged while drinking tea; there is none of the formality of dinner attending it, and bright talk and laughter freely mingle with the rattle of tea cups and saucers. Should there be an invalid guest on board, he or she is wheeled up to the tea party in a bath-chair and made to forget, for a time at least, the ills to which

FLESH IS HEIR.

Dinner usually lasts about forty minutes. Strict etiquette is observed, though the King never forgets that he is on board his yacht, and that the solemn walls of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle are far away. When the King rises from his chair the ladies hasten away and put on cloaks and wraps before adjourning to the deck, where they are presently joined by the men guests.

Sometimes the hours after dinner are passed on board by listening to a specially-engaged glee-party, or a famous musician will perform, or a concert may be arranged, when guests and sailors alike will do their best to gain applause from His Majesty, who is no mean critic.

When the weather makes the deck impossible, music is enjoyed in the big saloon, or the King may have a quiet game of cards with a few friends. So ends the ordinary day on board His Majesty's yacht.—Pearson's Weekly.

It isn't always the long-haired man who has the most brains.

Piles 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. 60c a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

SWINDLING AS A FINE ART

BRITISH ADVENTURERS PLACED UNDER ARREST.

The Gang and Female Accomplices Known in Scotland Yard.

The French police have in custody several members of a gang of alleged swell mobsmen, who have, it is supposed, carried on their practices all over Europe—in London, Paris, Gibraltar, Ostend, Brussels, Baden-Baden, Naples, Trouville, Monte Carlo, Nice and also in Cairo. They were arrested in Trouville and Paris, but only two, named Randell and Ross, will be detained in prison, writes a Paris correspondent. All the others, whose names are Maclaren-Innes, Deakin, Macdonald, Brown, Bloomfield, March and Waters, will be released in a few days, when the Minister of the Interior has signed the decree of expunsion, banishing them from France.

Ross is detained in custody for having at Trouville attempted to rob an English gentleman named Green of several betting tickets of the value of £20.—Randall was arrested for stealing a pocketbook containing £600 from a horse dealer residing at Neuilly. Both men will come up for trial shortly.

The gang is known to the Scotland Yard authorities, and M. Hennron, the head of the French secret police, and two of his smartest officers, MM. Aschwenden and Garrette, have been watching them all the summer, following them from Trouville to Dieppe and finially to Paris.

At Dieppe, Bloomfield, March and Waters arrived at the Hotel Royal on a splendid automobile. About a week later they are accused of having decamped without paying their hotel bill. They abandoned the motor car. The detectives tracked them to Paris, where all three were staying at different hotels. They had in their possession the usual sharpers' accessories—faked roulet wheels, marked cards and several ingenious appliances for cheating at baccarat. It was shown by the police a large collection of labels which had been removed from the trunks of the alleged swindlers, showing that they had stayed at the best hotels at the places they visited. They are mostly tall, good-looking men, always faultlessly clothed. They occupy the best rooms in the establishments where they stay, dine at fashionable restaurants, and generally give one the impression that they are English gentlemen of independent fortune, spending a holiday abroad. As an indication of the luxurious fashion in which their wardrobes are furnished, it may be stated that on being arrested a few days ago, one of the gang asked the police to keep a sharp eye on their trunks as they contained £200 worth of clothes.

SELECTING THE "PIGEONS."

It appears that when the gang has laid its plans to work a certain resort its members separate and take rooms in different hotels. When they have selected the "pigeons," as they term their victims, they find some excuse for engaging them in conversation. "And it is rather strange," said a French detective to me, "that although Englishmen are very reserved at home, when abroad if another Englishman addresses them in their common language, they never seem to suspect him."

The swell mobsman is an expert judge of character. He seems to know instinctively the man who has plenty of money which can be swindled out of him, and when he has once succeeded in breaking the ice by a request for a light, by a polite "Good mornin'," or by some equally unsuspicious manoeuvre, further intimacy becomes easy. The new-found acquaintance is invited to accompany his charming, well-dressed fellow-countryman to the races, where the latter meets several of his accomplices. Introductions follow. The chief of the gang mentions that he has a sure thing in hand, on which he intends to put £200 or £300. The stranger is strongly advised to do the same. If he demurs he is usually persuaded to back the certainty with just £100. Of course, the horse comes in nowhere, and the swell mobsmen divide the spoils.

The disconsolate "pigeon" is afterwards invited to dinner, and later is requested to take a hand at cards in the rooms of one of the gang. By means of exceedingly ingenious aids to swindling the process of robbing the victim is continued, and when he gets tired of losing money or has no more, another "pigeon" is caught an similarly plucked.

At Trouville members of the gang were seen speaking to some of the most prominent members of the British aristocracy, who evidently little guessed the real character of their faultlessly-attired and charmingly-mannered neighbors.

M. Hennion says that he has some other members of the gang under observation, and that if they are not arrested before the winter they will probably be heard of at Nice and Monte Carlo when the Riviera season opens.

FEMALE ACCOMPLICES.

The members of the gang are usually accompanied by several good-looking women of considerable personal attractions and with a generous supply of jewelry. These women frequently play an important part in snaring the "pigeons." One of the most successful of these female accomplices is the beautiful Mrs. D——, formerly well-known as a barmaid at a leading hotel in London. She it was who completely captivated a Yorkshire gentleman at Marseilles last winter, and on his way back to Nice in the same compartment with her she performed the narcotic trick on him; while her maid confederates looked after the "pigeon's" pocket-book. Mrs. D—— and her husband while at Nice paid £21 per week for hotel expenses. None of these women have been arrested.