

THE ENFIELD COURT ROBBERY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Upon further investigation, it was found that while the robbery at Enfield Court had been most carefully planned and premeditated, the fire had evidently been an accidental part of the thieves' program, as a hastily done up bundle, containing some valuable articles, was discovered just outside the supper-room window, as if dropped in a hasty exit. Happily, the fire had been subdued in time to save the greater portion of the house; but the damage done, to say nothing of the immense loss caused by the robbery, was very considerable.

In due time, the two detectives came down from London, and the excitement continued unabated in the neighbourhood whilst they remained; but nothing transpired. They maintained an amount of stolid reticence which to the curious was most provoking; and finally they departed without having apparently done anything towards solving the mystery far less securing the thieves.

Gradually things seemed to settle down, and the robbery at Enfield was replaced in my mind by my entire absorption in Amy's engagement, to which I had given a qualified consent on condition that Mr. Mauleverer's family were satisfied with the confection, and that pecuniary matters were properly adjusted. Now that he had actually declared himself, I felt emboldened to ask questions and ascertain everything I possibly could as to the antecedents of the man who was to be my darling's husband.

He was well connected. His mother was dead; but his father was alive, and lived in great seclusion at his own property, which was situated in Yorkshire. He was reputed to be rich; but on this point I could gain no definite information. Still, remembering Lady Dacent's "very well off," I was not much troubled on the score of money matters. I had felt it incumbent upon me to invite him to spend a few days with us before he left for Yorkshire, and it seemed natural that he should come to us. I told him frankly that Amy had very little money of her own—something less than two thousand pounds; but, at my death, I intended to leave her everything. I had felt sure he would approve of being tied up and strictly settled upon herself.

I thought his expression changed a little when I mentioned this, and still more so when I casually asked him in a friendly way if he always meant to be an idle man; for he had left the army, and appeared to be anxious, for Amy's sake, to see some symptom of his wishing to get an appointment or occupation of some kind.

Meanwhile, Amy seemed satisfied; but my doubts—born of my extreme affection for her—began to arise, and refused to be silenced.

Mr. Mauleverer had written to his father announcing his engagement; but as yet neither line nor message from the old gentleman had reached us. It was not treating Amy properly; and though Amy's entreaties to me to be patient, and off-repeated assurances that Alfred said everything would be all right, still I was for a time, I was fully resolved to see matters either ended or placed on a satisfactory footing before much longer time elapsed.

In the meantime, Mr. Mauleverer received one morning a telegram, which he informed us contained the news of the illness of an old friend of his in London. He must start immediately, if he wished to see him alive. If I did not mind, he would leave his heavy luggage behind him, and take only a small portmanteau. Unless something very special happened to detain him, he would be with us again in a couple of days. His return seemed hurried, but impressive. He seemed really sorry to leave Amy, who was, however, enabled to bid him a cheerful good-bye on the strength of his speedy return.

On the morning of the second day after he had taken his departure, Amy was evidently expecting letters from him—not unreasonably, I thought, as it was natural she should wish to hear that he had reached his destination safely. She was rather restless and fidgety. Perhaps that was the cause of my own almost nervous feelings as post-time approached. I could settle down to nothing.

"Amy, darling," I said presently, "suppose you take the garden scissors and snip these geraniums for me; they want it badly."

So Amy stepped out on to the little lawn with its still brightly filed parterres; and I watched her from the drawing room window with feelings of mingled love, anxiety, and apprehension, for do what I might, I could not get over the sense of some impending calamity—something sorrowful for her. Soon afterward she joined me, radiant with her letter, the first she had ever received from him; a very ardent, gentlemanly epistle, I was obliged to own, satisfactory too, as it contained the information that he had heard from his father, who, on certain conditions, which he saw his way to comply with, had promised to consent to the marriage. A letter for me from old Mr. Mauleverer had been inclosed in his letter to his son; in the latter, preferred delivering it to me personally; consequently I would not receive it until his return to us.

Amy had an engagement that afternoon to visit the Dacents, who were now installed in a small house they had at some distance from the Court, whilst the latter was being repaired. She was to drive over, taking our small groom with her; and I was not to expect her back until after nine o'clock at the earliest; so I was to spend a solitary evening. After she left me I wrote a few letters; then I tried to read; but my attention wandered. A slight drowsiness came over me, and I suppose I fell asleep. All at once I woke up with a consciousness of some one standing just outside the closed window, gazing into the room, and I discerned distinctly the features of a man's face pressed closely against the window-pane. I was not generally nervous, but I confess a thrill of fear shot through me then, and for a moment I was almost terrified to stir. The next instant I got up, and simultaneously with my doing so, the face vanished. But the eyes I had so clearly seen might be watching me still. I controlled all outward symptoms of alarm or consciousness of what

had seen; and after a few minutes—to me seemed an hour—I moved towards the door, and summoned one of my servants. I mentioned the circumstance to her, and enjoined extra care that night as to our bolts and bars. Though we had neither gold plate nor diamonds to attract thieves, still there was enough silver to satisfy moderate cupidity, and it was wonderful how such facts got abroad. After the Enfield Court robbery, one could not be too careful.

Very soon Margaret, my servant, had secured all the shutters, drawn the curtains, and I sat down to my solitary tea, wishing most fervently that Amy were safely within doors again.

A sudden storm had come on; the wind had risen to a hurricane, and had fair to continue during the night. About eight o'clock, a message arrived that as the storm was so severe, they had ventured to detain Amy for the night; in the morning, she would be with me early.

I was both glad and sorry—that Amy would not run the risk of encountering any lurking individuals in the darkness; that she was safely at Enfield; but sorry for my own sake, I felt so solitary and, truth to tell, so strangely nervous.

The evening wore on slowly, and as ten o'clock struck I went to my room. I was directly over the dining-room. Next to mine was Amy's; and on the other side of the landing was the spare room, which had so recently been occupied by Alfred Mauleverer. Above slept could as to the antecedents of the man who was to be my darling's husband.

He was well connected. His mother was dead; but his father was alive, and lived in great seclusion at his own property, which was situated in Yorkshire. He was reputed to be rich; but on this point I could gain no definite information. Still, remembering Lady Dacent's "very well off," I was not much troubled on the score of money matters. I had felt it incumbent upon me to invite him to spend a few days with us before he left for Yorkshire, and it seemed natural that he should come to us. I told him frankly that Amy had very little money of her own—something less than two thousand pounds; but, at my death, I intended to leave her everything. I had felt sure he would approve of being tied up and strictly settled upon herself.

I needed hardly say that I was thoroughly awake. Every nerve was strung to such a pitch of tension that a pin had been dropped, I feel sure I should have heard it. It came again—the sound from below—dull, this time but distinct; and presently I heard stealthy footsteps coming rapidly and quietly up stairs—evidently shoeless feet, but none the less audible to my ears. Never since I had lived at the Wren's Nest had I locked my bedroom door; I had a dread of doing it; and despite my nervousness on this occasion, I had not departed from my rule. It was too late to attempt to accomplish it now. Besides, looking back, I think a sort of temporary paralysis had come over me. I heard a hand laid upon the handle; it was turned cautiously, and the next moment, from my curtained bed, I distinguished a man bearing some sort of small lamp—his face concealed by a mask—enter.

It was a matter of life or death to me to remain quiet. Through my mind flashed a resolve to deliver up everything I was possessed of—family plate, my mother's emeralds, all my small valuables, to this robber in exchange for my life, should he demand them. But no such intention appeared to be his. He approached the bed, raised his lamp, flashed it for a second on my closed eyes; and then withdrew it, apparently satisfied that I slept. It must have been able to this deception for more than a moment. He gave a keen look round the room. Only the lower part of his face was covered, so I could see his eyes, small, dark and piercing, with something familiar to me in them, even then. My watch—a legacy from my mother—lay on the toilet-table, but he overlooked it. Evidently mine was not the room he meant to rifle. Almost noiselessly he vanished out of it, and I heard him proceed into Amy's room next—thank God, it was empty—then into the spare room, where he remained.

All at once it flashed across me that by a little courage I might save everything, and secure the thief. I formed this and secure the thief. I formed this, my spare room had been a nursery, and the windows were barred, so as to make all exit from them impossible. If I could slip out of bed, get across the passage, in one second I could lock the door, and secure from any attack, raise an alarm.

The agony of fear I was in was such that I felt equal to any effort. Without losing a moment, I glided out of bed; a moment's pause acquainted me with the fact that the mask was busy; I heard him throwing out things all over the floor. He was searching Mr. Mauleverer's portmanteau; they were quite at the far end of the bedroom; so I calculated that I could safely close and lock the door before he could possibly prevent me. Like a ghost, I moved out of my room on my perilous errand. I beheld the man kneeling in front of the larger of the portmanteaus, rifling it with rapidity and intenceness which secured my being for the present undisturbed. I had intended to seize the door the instant I reached it, but something made me pause in the darkness and peer with terrified eyes into the bedroom. He had hunched up to me, and I could see the quick movements of his hands as one thing after another was hurriedly thrown upon the floor.

Imagine my feelings as I stood within a few paces of him, to see him with the utmost delicacy tear open the lining of the portmanteau, and draw from it a glittering mass of diamonds, which I instantly recognized as Lady Dacent's famous circlet, the one she had worn on the night of the eventful ball, and which, with the other things, had so mysteriously disappeared.

Horror, anguish, and fear well nigh caused me to fall to the ground. I made an involuntary movement; I thought I was fainting; and the noise reached him. Looking up, our eyes met. With the strength born of desperation, I seized the handle of the door, and in a moment the key was safely turned in the lock.

Happily for the lives of myself and my servants, the door was an old-fashioned one, of a particularly strong description; and having a strong outer moulding, it was almost impossible to break it open from the inside of the room. The exigency of the situation sustained me for

the moment, and enabled me to rouse my three servants, who must at first have thought I had gone temporarily out of my mind, when I tried to make them comprehend our position.

It was two o'clock in the morning, still blowing a gale, and as dark as Erebus. But assistance must be got. The man within our spare room might have accomplished without our danger might be beginning. With an alarm-bell; that must be rung. Four sensible women, we proceeded in a group to the outer back court, where the bell hung, only to find the rope severed. I had snatched up a clock, and arrayed myself in my slippers and a skirt. The servants were as little dressed as myself. But it was no time to hesitate; I immediately set to work. We must rouse the gardener, who lived a considerable way from the house. Through the dark dripping shrubberies we flew at every step expecting to be dragged back by some lurker; but no one stopped us. In safety, we reached the cottage; and in a few minutes we were in the garden, and general confusion in our midst.

He came within a short distance of several others; and though he wished to go straight to the house, fearing lest the man should have escaped, or been liberated by accomplices, I would not hear of it. I insisted upon getting a couple of men to accompany him, a precaution for which I saw Arkwright's nice little wife was very grateful. This caused some delay; but it had not enabled my captives to escape. The hall door was found open, and everything just as we had left it; the spare room door was locked, and the key was in the lock. Several volunteers had hastened to summon them; and while we were awaiting their arrival, I had time to think a little of the horror of the position. How had Lady Dacent's diamond necklace found its way into Alfred Mauleverer's portmanteau? Could he be some awful impostor, some villain in the guise of a gentleman, whom I had harboured in my house, and to whom I had meditated giving my niece? The shock would almost kill Amy. Even I felt as if I should never get over it.

Who was the man? A dreadful tightness came over my heart when this question presented itself, a suspicion too horrible.

It made the suspense almost too terrible. I heard the policemen arrive, and while they were ascending the stairs to the spare bedroom, I felt almost choked with an apprehension for what I should next hear. The door was unlocked, and there was the thief. He made no resistance; the game was up. Thanks to the old woman, as I heard him style me, he had missed the best chance of clearing a fortune he had ever had. Who was he? Where had I seen him?

The mystery was soon explained. He was the Dacents' magnificent head-butler—one of a gang, as it afterwards was discovered—and had, with the connivance of the contractor, cleared off the plate, but not the furniture, which was made special arrangements with Alphonse Mauleverer, the greatest of living French novelists, for the exclusive publication, in serial form, of a humorous story, to be entitled "The Diamond of the Wren's Nest." The story was translated by Henry James, and illustrated by Rosset and Millais.

W. D. Howells will contribute a novelette in three parts, and LaFontaine a novelette in two parts, entitled "Young Mauleverer," illustrated.

In illustrated papers, touching subjects of current interest, and in its short stories, poems, and timely articles, the MAGAZINE will maintain its well-known standard.

When the detectives came down to Enfield, it became imperative upon him to hit upon some safe place for the diamonds. Mr. Mauleverer was blessed with an overabundant wardrobe; and during his visit to Enfield, this butler had chosen to consider him under his particular care, laying out his clothes, arranging and setting things generally for him. The idea of temporarily depositing the precious gems within the lining of one of that gentleman's portmanteaus, struck him as a brilliant one. His intention of course was to withdraw them directly Mr. Mauleverer's departure was about to take place, and he would of course have the best opportunity of doing so while packing his trunk, but he had been by a user, unaccustomed, and he had the mortification of seeing the portmanteau leave Enfield with the diamonds still safely secured within it.

Mr. Mauleverer's temporary absence from our house afforded to good an opportunity to be missed; hence the visit to the Wren's Nest, which very nearly terminated my existence, for the shock and over my heart when this question presented itself, a suspicion too horrible.

Amy was my tender nurse all through it, and it was from her lips I heard all the particulars of the robbery, in the sequel to which I had been called on to play so prominent a part.

Happily for both our sakes, she never knew of the terrible suspicions I had for a brief time entertained regarding Mr. Mauleverer. That gentleman made his appearance in due time at the Wren's Nest, bearing his father's letter, which informed me not only of his willingness to welcome Amy as his daughter, but to settle an income upon the young couple of the most satisfactory description.

Shortly afterwards, the butler was placed upon his trial, and I was called on, despite my weakened condition, to give evidence against him. This, however, I was happily spared as the prisoner, acting on the advice of his counsel, pleaded guilty. Indeed, I was doubly relieved, Mauleverer's character was thus vindicated, and the wretched prisoner was being removed, he vowed he would "pay Miss Courtney a visit again when his term of imprisonment expired." However, ten years' penal servitude may bring about a change in his intentions.

Lady Dacent amused me very much by the comforting view she took of the matter. "Do not trouble your head, my dear Miss Courtney, about anything the wretch may have said; in the course of nature, you will be beyond his reach long before then."

"Quite true," I replied with a smile. "At all events, I am glad I have lived long enough to be the means of your recovering your diamonds."

My dear reader, I can recommend Burdock's Blood Bitters as a sure cure for scrofula. I had it for four years, and was so bad at one time that I was almost a solid sore. I commenced taking B. B. B. last summer, have taken three bottles, and am entirely cured. MISS ELLEN PIER, Jasper, Ont.

THE WOMEN WHO KNOW HOW TO SHOP.

What a blessing to her family and the community at large is the clear-headed, sensible woman who knows just what she wants and buys accordingly, fights shy of the bargain counter and auction room; does not consider anything cheap which she does not need, and scorn to struggle with a hasty mob of people for the sake of securing an article for two cents less than the regular price. To shop with discretion and follow the beacon light of economy is to avoid the shoals and sand bars of extravagance. Those who do not need to count the cost of what they buy, and in the minor, and hence this matter of shopping should be so cultivated that it will become an art. Indeed, it should be recognized as part of a girl's education to shop wisely and well. Even the most careful of mothers gives this all important matter but little thought. Music, art and the languages are added to a substantial English education, with perhaps a few lessons in cookery thrown in; but where is the teacher or parent to be found who thinks it necessary to train a girl in the art of shopping that she will be brought to consider thrifty management a bore, but a most womanly accomplishment that, once acquired, will bring with it a delightful feeling of self-reliance?

FOR FROST BITES.

There is no better remedy for frost bites, chilblains, and similar troubles than Hagar's Yellow Oil. It also cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, deafness, and pain generally. Yellow Oil is used internally and externally.

Spurgeon, the eminent Baptist preacher, never makes any preparation for a sermon. It is his habit to choose some text on Saturday evening to be used on the morrow. Thirty minutes, and no longer, he devotes to looking up references. Of these references he jots down a few notes, and with nothing more than his hand steps into the pulpit on Sunday morning without manuscript or thought of his text other than that given during the half-hour's study of the previous evening.

1890.
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ILLUSTRATED.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY has a well-established place as the leading illustrated newspaper in America. The fairness of its editorial comments on current politics has earned for it the respect and confidence of all impartial readers, and the variety and excellence of its literary contents, which include serial and short stories by the best and most popular writers, fit it for the personal of people of the widest range of tastes and pursuits. The WEEKLY supplements are of remarkable variety, interest, and value. No expense is spared to bring the highest order of artistic skill to bear upon the illustration of the changeable phases of home and foreign history. A Mexican romance, from the pen of Thomas A. Janvier, will appear in the WEEKLY in 1890.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

For Year:
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....\$4.00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....4.00
HARPER'S BAZAR.....4.00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.....4.00
Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.

The volumes of the WEEKLY begin with the first Number of January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY, for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of \$1 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

AT LAST!

A Wonderful Vegetable Discovery That Removes the Terrible Results of Overwork.

A True Invigorator.

Weakness and prostration of the nervous system surely follow that overwork and worry which brings sorrow and suffering to so many Canadian homes. The terrible results of nervous weakness, are seen on every hand. Pains in the back, poor and unrefreshing sleep, lack of appetite, dyspepsia, and lost energy and strength, are the first symptoms of more serious and dangerous trouble. This is the way that Paralysis, Paresis and Insanity begin. Do not delay a moment longer, for some time it will be too late to regain your lost health and vitality. Use Paine's Celery Compound now, and the dull eyes will regain their brilliancy, the cheeks will grow rosy, the brain become clear, the nerves strong and steady, your sleep restful and refreshing, appetite good, and health and happiness will take the place of misery and suffering. A. Sabiston, the well known lithographer of Montreal, writes: "In the summer of 1888 I had to work very hard, and was troubled considerably with insomnia (sleeplessness). I resolved to try your Paine's Celery Compound, and after taking the contents of two bottles, felt like a new man. A good night's rest gave me strength for the duties of the day, and instead of starting out to business in the morning feeling as if I had completed a day's work, instead of being about to commence one I started out in good spirits, feeling fresh and strong. My wife and various friends, to whom I recommended the medicine, have been benefited greatly, and in fact 'Paine's Celery Compound' is a household word in our family."

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Ready made Clothing at Prices to suit Purchasers.

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SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Laborer's Weekly. Will pay salary, but can give something better to workers. No experience needed. Write from 21, York St., Nurseryman, Rochester, N.Y. A PRESENT. If you become my agent and sell 100, I will give \$2 for copy of this ad. Cut it out.

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WEEKLY

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THE GREAT WEEKLY PAPER

OF THE DOMINION.

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SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

COUNTY C

Items of Interest

A Weekly Digest of all that is going on in the County.

Mr. W. Herbiol, ship, had the misfortune to be lost in the Gulf of Mexico, at a salary of \$100 per month.

Miss C. Martin, secured for S. S. No ship, instead of going to sea, at a salary of \$100 per month.

Mr. J. Gibbon, B. O., who has been out of the country since the summer of 1888, is now in the city.

The Seaforth grand victory at E. beating the celebratory town by a score of 10 to 0.

Mr. Will Wallace, laid up for several weeks, started to work, and is now at the head of the line.

Wm. Scott, Bruin laid up for several weeks, started to work, and is now at the head of the line.

Mr. George Lavis, Goderich, has been laid up for several weeks, started to work, and is now at the head of the line.

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