

# Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Burton," said Deane to an intimate friend of his, as he finished filling a black clay pipe with shag, and reached over for the matches, "do you remember the adventure of the missing will?"

"Which that little lawyer in Lincoln's Inn Fields was mixed up in? What was his name?—so fond of cycling?"

"Causton."

"Yes, I wish I had your memory for names."

"Then cultivate it, Burton; there is no faculty repays cultivation more."

"What about Causton?"

"A letter came from him this morning."

"In trouble again? Has he lost another will?"

"No," replied Deane, burying himself so in his chair that his knees were level with his back-nose. "He seems in dread of losing a client—losing him via the long drop. There is the letter on your left. Read it aloud."

Mr. Burton took the epistle from its envelope and read:

"Dear Mr. Deane,—

"May I ask your assistance in a matter I have in hand which is puzzling me greatly? You will have read the accounts of the police-court proceedings re the Graynewood murder case. I am acting for both prisoners; and one of them, the nephew, is my dearest friend. I am as convinced of his innocence as I am of my own. I am also getting for the Frenchman; and, despite his bad character, and the many suspicious circumstances attending his conduct, I am convinced of his innocence. That he will be able to convince a jury of this I greatly doubt. The worst feature of the whole affair is that the police, convinced they have the real murderer, have abandoned search in any other direction. I want this done before it is too late. Detective Janson has the matter in hand, and he is quite willing that you should look into the affair. Will you? I will call at your place about five o'clock, and I shall be very grateful if you will act."

"Yours faithfully,

"R. CAUSTON."

"Do you intend doing so?" inquired Mr. Burton, when he had finished reading the letter.

"Yes, I am getting rusty. There has been nothing in the way of mental exercise since the adventure of the man with the double eyelashes. I must confess that this Graynewood case, from what I have read of it, presents some features out of the common."

"Five o'clock? It is just that now."

"That is why," said Deane, rubbing his hands together, "I mentioned the letter."

"Shall I—"

"Stop, my dear Burton; do not go the case may amuse you. I think I can promise that the investigation will not be without interest; and if we have to run down to Graynewood, the fresh country air will do us both good. If I remember correctly there is a quaint old inn of the good old type there, with a landlady who knows how to cook a chicken to perfection."

"They heard the door-bell ring, and presently the page-boy ushered in Richard Causton. He shook hands, saying:

"I am not late, I hope, Mr. Deane? How do you do, Mr. Burton? How do you do?"

"Lateness in our instance does not matter. But were you late for the train from Graynewood this afternoon, or did you run to the station to avoid the rain?"

"Now, how the dickens did you know?"

A smile lit up Deane's sallaw cheeks as he shook a reproving finger.

"My dear Mr. Causton, I am getting tired of answering that question. How much better it would be if people would cultivate the simple habit of observation instead of expressing surprise at its existence in others! In this instance we have had no rain in London, yet your hat bears the marks of recent rain-spots there since its morning brush; whilst the few specks of mud on your trousers—country mud—show that you must have hurried or you would have avoided the puddles. That to-day was the adjourned examination at Graynewood the papers told me. Hence your coming up by train from there. Now sit down, and detail this business to me."

"I have brought you copies of the depositions."

"Good. Leave them. I will read them through to-night. Tell me, is the girl still in the hospital? Can be interviewed? And the gipsy girl? That is all right. The rooms at Grayne Hall I know are locked."

"They are, but how could you know?"

"Janson is in this case, is he not? That's the chief good trait in his character—he looks up not only his

prisoner, but the evidence against him."

"He has done so."

"He will allow an examination?"

"Yes, and sends a message that if you care to go down to-morrow afternoon, he will go down with you and show you over the place."

Deane smiled.

"I shall be very pleased," he said, "There is a train I see at 2.20, a fast train, will that suit?"

"I will arrange for Janson to meet you at Waterloo at that time."

"Good. Those preliminaries arranged, let us get the facts. I gather that you believe in the innocence of both prisoners. Whom do you suspect?"

"Well, yes—the Miss Westcar whose name you have seen mentioned in the reports."

"If the reports are correct, she does not profit by the murdered man's death?"

"No, but when you have read the papers I shall leave with you, her character, her bad character will surprise you."

Deane shrugged his shoulders as he replied:

"A woman!—And your reason for the suspicion against her?"

"Because there was no one else on the premises."

"That is all?"

"I am afraid so."

"You have taken a dislike to Miss Westcar?"

"How do you know that?"

"You suspect her capable of murder with no other evidence against her than there is against any of the servants?"

The lawyer was silent; he felt the justice of the remark.

"And the Frenchman? On paper the evidence looks black against him; why your belief in his innocence?"

"His manner, his conversation, his confession of all he did that night."

"But his character—his bad character?"

The lawyer winced under the sarcasm. Somewhat stubbornly he said:

"Anyway, I am convinced he is innocent."

"And I may tell you, Mr. Causton, that reading between the lines of the reports, I agree with you. He may be one of the blackest of black sheep, and deserve in the highest degree the attentions of the hangman, but of this particular murder he is not guilty."

"I am glad to hear you say so. And of the other prisoner?"

"Need we trouble about him? His liberation is merely a question of time."

"Yes, but—"

"I take it that you wish me to find the real murderer?"

"That is so."

"Then let that be my mission. You yourself look after the innocent, I may remark," he added enigmatically, "usually need more looking after than the guilty."

"The coroner's verdict—you saw that?"

"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown? Yes; it struck me as being curious. Yes; it struck me as being curious."

"The arrest of two men caused that. The coroner advised the jury that that would be the best course and the fairest to both prisoners."

"Quite right. These are the depositions, are they? Well, let us say good-bye now. I will communicate with you directly there is any progress to report. Rely on that. Waterloo to-morrow at 2.20? You will tell Janson? Then again, good-bye."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"How do you do, Janson?"

"How do do, Mr. Deane? Glad to see you again. I had to go down to-day, so I suggested the afternoon as we might travel together."

"I am glad you did," replied Deane as he seated himself in a corner of the compartment. "You know my friend, Mr. Burton?"

"Oh yes. I remember him. How do do, sir?"

"He is travelling down with us—do you ride back to the engine?—to keep me company?"

"I see you have your bags; are you going to stop?"

"Well, I thought," answered Deane as he adjusted a close-fitting cloth travelling-cap, "we might attend the next examination."

"Causton is a friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Friends," said Deane reflectively, rubbing his chin, "are things I do not cultivate; but we have met before—on a matter of business."

"A good sort, Mr. Deane—a real good sort. That's why I have gone off the rails a bit, and let you in to this. The case is clear as the sun to me; but Causton, he's got an idea that both men are innocent."

"Whist you?"

"Oh, the Frenchman's guilty. Any one with half an eye could see that."

"Not much use my going down, then?" remarked Deane, with one of those puzzling twinkles in his eye.

"Not a bit, Mr. Deane; not a bit. Still, it seems Causton and Deane

no harm—if you like to take the trouble."

"Well, we are travelling down now to see how we will finish the journey. Besides, London is so warm this stifling weather that I rather welcome the idea of a day or two's fresh air."

The conversation drifted into politics, crime, and the usual train topics, and continued there till Graynewood was reached.

They alighted, and Deane's keen eyes took in the details of the station and its surroundings.

"Will you fly up the road," said the detective, "or walk through the wood to the Hall?"

"Oh, the stretch will be a relief after being cooped up in the train. Porter, carry these bags to the hotel. Join us, Janson? This weather necessitates cooling drinks, and we have rooms to arrange for."

Some minutes after all three men left the hotel, and struck off the road into the wood. Some distance along it Janson pointed out a pool of water.

"That," he said, "is where the Frenchman threw the woman into the water—through this gap. A murderer at heart by his own confession. Fortunately, she was dragged out in time."

"Excuse me a minute," said Deane. "I've a quaint fancy; I like to add to my museum."

His manner had changed now. When he became not upon a scent, his languid manner disappeared as if by magic; his keen eyes shone with a steely glitter. He was scooping up some of the dust just by the opening in the hedge which the girl had evidently been thrown through, and putting it in an envelope.

Janson winked at Burton, and whispered:

"More deductions."

Presently the walk was resumed, and the Hall was reached. As they crossed the lawn, Deane said:

"One favor, Janson. Don't let it be thought that I am trying to find another offender. Let it be supposed that I am assisting you to find further evidence against the Frenchman."

"Right you are; not but what there is quite enough against him to do his little job for him."

Deane was deferential to Janson before those in the house. He was introduced to Vere, to Miss Westcar, and accepted the invitation to a cup of tea with them. Ashley went to London each day, and did not return till the evening, so that the ladies were alone.

"Now, Mr. Deane," said Janson, "lingering the keys, 'there is the study and the Frenchman's bedroom; which would you like to throw your eyes over first?"

"Bedroom."

"Right you are. Follow me."

They walked upstairs and entered the bedroom. Everything was as it had been left, with the exception that the sheet had been drawn in and the window closed.

Deane glanced round, just handled the sheets, and looked out of the window.

"Nothing much here," said Janson.

"There does not appear to be much," returned Deane as he lifted the window frame.

He had his magnifying glass in his hand and examined the sill. Then he went on his knees on the bedroom carpet and examined that closely with his lens, and compared certain dust-marks with the contents of the envelope he had filled by the pool, Janson watching him all the time with an amused, tolerant smile.

Deane rose to his feet presently and said:

"And now the study, if you don't mind."

"By all means."

They descended. Janson unlocked the study door, and they entered. The officer explained how the body had been found, and Deane's eyes were searching in every direction, and taking note of all things. He picked up the papers on the table which the murdered man appeared to have been reading, and ultimately examined the carpet with his magnifying glass as he had done upstairs.

But he was occupied longer on this one. It was a thick, heavy pile carpet—thick enough to deaden the foot steps of any one entering the room. Deane seemed to be tracing steps to the French windows, which opened on to the lawn. The window he opened, and looked out and beyond the garden. He walked across the grass to the garden's limit, looked over, and returned. And all the while Janson wore the same easy, tolerant, it-pleases-him-and-doesn't-hurt-me smile.

"I have finished," said Deane; "thanks for letting me see the place."

"Won't want to see it again?" inquired Janson, vainly trying to stifle a grin.

"No, I think not, thanks. Now, do not let us keep the ladies waiting; they promised us a cup of tea."

"I am going to catch the 6.30 up, and I have to call at the station," said Janson; and then, referring to his watch, he continued: "Oh, I shall have plenty of time."

And so they sat down to tea. Deane was in his best conversational mood, and the ladies were pleased with him. He directed his conversation chiefly to Miss Westcar, who was evidently in ignorance that her true character was known to the police. Deane was charmed with her intelligence, and the feeling seemed a mutual one. On his mentioning that he and his friend were stopping at the local hotel for a day or two, the ladies begged him to call in again, and that was premiss-

ed. All the while, he was eyeing Miss Westcar in that peculiar, introspective fashion of his. She was being well weighed in that admirable balance of his—his mind.

Janson hurried the departure as they were all going stationwards, and once more they struck the path through the wood—Janson for the station, the other two for the hotel.

and his friend for the hotel adjoining; they had ordered dinner for seven o'clock.

"Well, Mr. Deane, which of the women is the murderess—Miss Vere or Miss Westcar?" inquired Janson with a twinkle in his eye.

Deane never showed his knowledge if a man derided him, many a man lost valuable information for that reason. It was a fact that Burton had frequently noted. He said:

"I have not sufficient data, and it is a mistake to theorise without it."

"Haven't made up your mind which of them's guilty, then?"

"Little bit too soon to make up one's mind, you know, Janson; I'll let you know later."

"You don't believe the Frenchman's guilty, then?"

"I certainly do not."

Janson laughed—laughed out, openly and heartily; he could not help it. But it did not appear to ruffle Deane. Perhaps he remembered that he had heard Janson laugh like it once before, and seen the laugh turned against him not many hours after. Perhaps he foresaw a similar happening.

At the police station Janson showed them the Frenchman's knife and sheath.

"Admits it is his, you know," said Janson; "and this is blood, human blood; we have had it tested. Don't you want to put your magnifying glass on that, Mr. Deane?"

But Mr. Deane did not. He was quite satisfied with what the glass had told him for one day.

"They walked to the station with Janson, and saw him off by the train. After that, Deane had a conversation with the station-master, and presently he and Burton returned to the hotel, and discussed the dinner provided for them."

"There," said Deane, as he lay back in the recesses of an armchair some little while later, "did I not tell you that they excelled in the cooking of a chicken here? Pass the matches, and pour out another cup of coffee."

(To be Continued.)

## PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

Before his accession to the Chair of St. Peter, the Pope had accumulated a collection of over 10,000 post-cards. He is still an enthusiastic collector.

The smallest and oldest postmistress in England—perhaps in the world—is Miss Haworth, of Fendleton Post Office. Miss Haworth is but 8ft. 9in. in height and over seventy years of age.

One of the wealthiest heiresses in the world is Lady Mary Hamilton, only daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton. She is a charming girl of nineteen, and in two years will be mistress of \$1,000,000 a year.

Kubelik, the world-famous violinist is the son of a gardener, to whose wisdom the former attributes the development of his genius. Kubelik is the most grateful of sons, and says he can play best when he imagines he sees his father sitting in the audience in front of him.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is nine times king, twice a grand duke, once a grand prince, four times a margrave, and the multitude of his titles as count, and so forth, is past enumeration. In addition, as King of Hungary he bears the title of "Most Apostolic," which is one of the four honors bestowed by the Pope.

Miss Helen Burnside, who has been awarded a pension by the British Authors' Society, has probably written more Christmas-card verses than any other living person. Passion-

ately fond of music, she had the terrible misfortune to lose her hearing at the age of twelve, and from that time she began to write verses. At one time she was literary editor to Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, and her output for twenty years was 400 verses a year. Her first volume of poems was published in 1904.

The King of the Belgians is a brilliant talker on any subject. His habits of life are very simple. His Majesty rises at six o'clock and works for a couple of hours before breakfast, a meal which is served in the Queen's apartments. It consists of coarse dry bread, tea, and an apple. The morning is spent in the transaction of State business. Lunch is of a homely fare. The King usually drinks filtered water, rarely wine. He is very particular to take outdoor exercise in the afternoon. Dinner is a plain meal, for the King is fond of ordinary joints.

The Duke of Fife holds a record. He is the only man who has ever known to change his rank while he ate his breakfast. After the marriage ceremony had been celebrated in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace on the morning of July 27th, 1889, he had his royal bride into the dining-room, where the wedding breakfast was laid, as an earl. When the meal was half over, the late Queen, in raising her glass to the toast of the young couple, conferred a dukedom upon him, and thus, as he ate, he passed through two ranks of the peerage—surely the quickest promotion ever recorded.

Dr. J. Wilson Swan, F.R.S., the inventor of the incandescent electric lamp, has just entered his seventy-sixth year. It is nearly a generation ago since Dr. Swan first publicly exhibited the electric light which has now become universal. There were at that time only two houses in the world lit with incandescent electric lamps—the late Lord Armstrong's and his own. Despite his great service in the advancement of science by his discoveries in electricity and photography, the only country which has recognised Dr. Swan's genius is France, whose President bestowed on him, twenty-two years ago, the decoration of Knight of the Legion of Honor.

It is doubtful whether there is any other living person who can produce quite so much first-class "copy" as Mr. F. Marica Crawford, the well-known novelist. It is an ordinary thing for him to write 5,000 words in a day, and he really "writes" it. He tried dictating several times, but somehow could never make any headway. His "copy" is a work of art, but very unpopular with the printing fraternity. He writes a beautiful, clear, copperplate hand, and when he starts out his letters are of very good size and as legible as typewriting. But as he proceeds the letters grow smaller, until finally they are not much larger than a pinhead. Some conception of the minuteness of his writing may be had when it is stated that his copy will generally run 1,750 words to a quarto page.

## ONE MORE CHANCE.

He was a flirt, and a male flirt never gets a kick amiss. The harder you hit him the better.

He asked the girl to marry him. "No," she said, promptly and firmly.

He became theatrical. "You have crushed my life at one blow," he murmured hoarsely.

"I fancy not," she responded.

"Ah, but you do not know," he insisted. "You have killed me—killed me—killed me!"

"Well, if I have," she remarked, coolly, "you must be a cat, for I know seven other girls who have done the same thing, and you are not dead yet. You've got one more chance."

## AS TO JOKES.

Even our jokes show the order of decadence: the rich jokes getting richer, and the poor poorer.



Mr. Jack Rabbit—Gracious Pet! There's Mr. Bear walking in his winter's sleep!