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The "Boom" of Mrs. Behring-Blake.

When Mrs. Behring-Blake went out one morning to tend some plants that she kept in her little Westcote-place, she was startled by seeing, crouched up in a small arbor which commanded the entrances of several of the terrace houses, two rough-looking men, one of whom, perceiving himself observed, advanced towards her.

"I beg pardon, ma'am, for intruding," he said, with a bow and a scrape, handing the lady a card on which was printed, "Detective Sergeant Henniker, Scotland Yard," "but from information received we have been in plain clothes watching round here for the last three days for a suspicious character by the name of Blinker Bill as he has broken into one or two houses on this beat, and lifted a sight of property."

"A burglar!" gasped Mrs. Behring-Blake.

"And a real smart one, too!" rejoined the sergeant, with professional appreciation of a foeman worthy of his steel. "Never appears twice in the same disguise."

"Goodness gracious! suppose he were to come here. How would it be possible to identify him?"

"His method hitherto," replied Henniker, "has been to call at a house and inquire for the master at an hour he has previously ascertained he is usually from home. He then requests to see the lady, as his business is urgent. Having thus effected an entrance he makes up some plausible story and gets a good loot round. A day or two afterwards the house is burgled—generally while the family is at dinner."

"Well, I shall give strict orders that no stranger be admitted inside my doors on any pretense whatever."

"Pardon me, but I must ask you to act just otherwise. Should anybody call here with a trumped-up story, by all means admit him, and dispatch your servant in a cab to the 'Yard,' while you engage the suspected person in conversation and detain him till our men arrive."

Mrs. Behring-Blake's heart fluttered, but her eyes sparkled. She had a craving for social notoriety, and to see the eclat that would redound to a lady instamental in the capture of so slippery and successful a thief.

"You are quite sure he would not hurt me?" she hesitated.

"Oh Lord! yes, mam; that wouldn't be his game—never fear'

"I dare say he would pretend to be a city man, my husband being on the Stock Exchange," surmised the lady.

"He has tried that on already" rejoined the officer musingly. "I've got an inkling that Bill will make up as a parson next. If so, shouldn't wonderif he did call here, since your good gentleman often takes the chair at charitable meetings, and if I know that, you bet the 'Blinker' do."

After some further conversation, Mrs. Behring-Blake returned to the house in an excited reverie, her fancy conjuring up a keen encounter of wits with the insidious burglar. She thought of little else all that day and the next, and every ring at the door-bell sent her hart into her mouth. The servants who had been warned of what might be expected were equally on the qui vive, and Mr. Behring-Blake was the only inmate of the house who did not look upon a call from "Blinker Bill" as a foregone conclusion.

Four days, however, went by, and no mysterious stranger presented himself. On the morning of the 5th day, which was a Saturday, between 1 and 1 o'clock, a brisk knock at the front door was answered by a housemaid in the absence of the butler, it being the hour in which he was in the habit of taking his morning walk. The damsel in question, whose histrionic instincts had been nourished on sensational plays and "penny awfuls," was keenly on the alert for possible "situations," and after a short colloquy with a gentleman on the doorstep she ushered him into the dining room and tore upstairs to her mistress.

"He 'ave come, m'am, he 've come in an m.o.b. waistcoat as he bobby—I beg pardon, the tec—he warned you and he asked for the master, but did as you'd do—and oh! 'tis just like a play!" clasping her hands ecstatically.

Mrs. Behring-Blake trembling with excitement, made a violent effort to collect herself.

"Is Barnes at home—has he gone for his walk yet?" she hurriedly inquired.

"Mr. Barnes steped out as the clock struck 12, but I'll be off in a cab this instant minute, mem, to the police station while you 'olds the miscreant in hesy conversation."

"No, no," she cried in dismy, "I cannot have the house deserted. Where—where did you leave the man?"

"In the dining room—there's no plate about. Shall I turn the key on him till Mr. Barnes comes hin?"

"Certainly not," forbade the lady who had now nerved herself for the fray. "Barnes will surely return in a few minutes, and directly he comes I desire him to gallop off in a hansom to Scotland Yard and bring back the detective officers. Meantime show the person up to the drawing-room, but delay a little while first to gain time."

Maria nodded intelligently and tripped downstairs, while her mistress with cold hands and beating heart, posted herself well within reach of the bell to await the exciting interview.

In due course Maria reappeared, ushering in a blushing young clergyman, whom she announced by the singular appellation of "Mr. Turn-your-coat." This nice derangement of epithets" was less surprising when it appeared that the young divine was afflicted with a very distressing stammer. He advanced with extended hand, but, attributing Mrs. Behring-Blake's involuntary shrinking gesture to hauteur stopped short with a diffident bow.

It seemed incredible that this fair, blue-eyed boy could be the notorious burglar who had hitherto successfully baffled the astute thief-takers of Scotland Yard. But Mrs. Behring-Blake was too familiar with the art of theatrical "make up" to be deceived by appearances.

"I am sorry my husband has not yet returned," she said, motioning her visitor to a chair. "He is generally home before this on Saturdays." She did not think it necessary to mention that Mr. Behring-Blake had gone out of town with a friend till Monday.

"I must pol—polly—polly—gise for ca—ca—ca—calling at this early hour, but my d—d—d—district occu—pup—pup—pup—pies my afternoons," turning his candid blue eyes on the stockbroker's wife.

"Very poor performance, I could stammer better than that myself," was her mental comment.

"Have you any business with Mr. Behring-Blake, or any message that I can convey to him?" she inquired tentatively.

"No biz—biz—biz—business; merely returning his ki—ki—kind ca—ca—call,"

"Oh, indeed! I was not aware——"

"Ye—ye—yes, very ki—ki—kind attention; s—s—sorry I wasn't at home."

Now were Mr. Behring Blake momentarily expected, as his wife had seemed to imply, this mendacious assertion, for so she considered it, would have been speedily disproved, and she consequently inferred that her alarming visitor was informed of the stockbroker's absence from town, and would profit by the favorable opportunity to put his burglarious designs in execution that very evening.

The disquieting impression rendered her manner unavoidably distrait, though she still rattled on a tort et a travers till the young clergyman, who appeared surprised by the lady's inconsequent replies, after a decent interval repossessed himself of his hat, which he had placed under his chair.

"Won't d—d—detain you any longer; other c—ca—ca—calls to make," he began.

"Oh! pray do not hurry away—I am quite disengaged," she breathlessly interposed. "My husband would be vexed to miss you, and—and—" flying down the falsehood with a blush, "expect him in almost immediately."

The visitor glanced up interrogatively, but dropped submissively into his chair again.

"Indeed, he will never give me," pursued the lady, getting bolder, "if I do not pursuade you to go to luncheon."

"You are very goo—good," with a bow and blush, "but it is not in my p—power to remain, I have an—pup—pup—pup—pointment at t—t—t."

"He is getting nervous—I shall never be able to detain him till the police come," soliloquized the lady, glancing anxiously out of the window. "Oh! if I had sent Maria!"

"I pup—pup—purposering an evening song every Wednesday day Wednesday during Epip—pip—pip—pay a series of homilies on the lit—tit—tit—turgy; shall you be able to at—tat—tend them?" asked the clergyman.

"Oh, certainly!" rejoined Mrs. Behring-Blake gushingly, without stopping to hear where the discourses were to be held."

She was not at all a "charming" lady, but possessed a certain amount of adaptability which enabled her to converse on most subjects, and she now rambled on concerning lectures, vestments, Gregorian chants and other ecclesiastical topics, but feeling herself quite en rapport with the visitor, whose stammer left him freely in the rear. He certainly seemed reserved, not to say sticky in conversation. But Mrs. Behring-Blake was talking against time, her object being to avoid cause that would give him a chance of making his adieux. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike the visitor, who, with more animation than he had before displayed, observed:

"This is rather a disturbed neighborhood, is it not?"

Not comprehending the drift of the remark, she looked at him interrogatively.

"You have had a f—f—f— burglar trying round here lately?"

Do what she would Mrs. Behring-Blake could not repress an involuntary start at his stupendous effrontery.

"Blinker Bill?" she faltered, an attempt at self control.

"Yes, B—Blinker Bill, but I will be happy to hear he was arrested yesterday."

She stared at the speaker in stupefaction, for the moment completely staggered. Then an ingenious idea occurred to her. The man must have occult way have divined that she suspected, and had hit upon this device of putting her off the scent! Well, woman's war of wits she was not worsted. She would doubtless now expect to find her at her ease, and the apparent relief which she must endeavor to feel would reassure the burglar and facilitate design of detaining him.

"I am indeed glad to hear he is apprehended," she cordially, "for I confess to having felt a little nervous lest he should pay us a visit, as he is caught?"

"I don't know any p—p—ars," again feeling for his hat.

"Oh! how disappointing. I had so liked to have heard all about

"Yes, so should I. Pup—pup—give my compliments to Mr. Cub—er—Behring-Blake," he continued, another effort to rise.

"Oh, yes, thank you. I think in the hall. Pray sit down."

"I fuff—fuff—fear——"

"Are you interested in ants?" placing a heavy volume on his arm, "fortunate enough to possess the letter of Canon Liddon's."

It was received without comment and after glancing over a page or two the man laid the book aside, and, upon took his leave, this time with the purpose that nothing short of arrest ference could have arrested.

"You really must go then?" asking, "said Mrs. Behring-Blake, touching her elbow for a fashionable bell she adroitly jerked the former up work-basket, whose contents instantly scattered on the ground.

"Dear, dear! how clumsy of me, pray do not trouble yourself, perhaps needles are rather dangerous carpet, so liable to break into."

The young man hastily collected bris, then slightly bowing, flew precipitation which nearly resulted overthrow as well as that of Maria, who was surprised knocking the door drinking in all she could hear.

Disengaging himself from the handmaiden, he ran down with a boyish chuckle, while Mrs. Behring unconscious of the little interlude bell and sank panting on a chair.

Some minutes later Mr. Barnes considerably exceeded his leave on the scene, professing much having been from home at so occasion, and his mistress greatly the butler's importune absence off to the police station with Sergeant Henniker, containing of her interview with the clergyman and requesting protection from pated consequences of his visit.

Though from unforeseen she had been unable to compass of "Blinker Bill," Mrs. Behring felt very proud of her adventure scribed the thrilling interview gusto at one or two afternoon she put in an appearance.

She was engaged to dine out and having now effectively materials felt confident that experience would make her the party.

The alleged arrest of "Blinker purposely omited from her planations detract from dramatic some matter-of-fact person between the lines might believe the imposter's story.

On returning from her Behring-Blake was disappointed reply from Scotland Yard plained that on arriving the Sergeant Henniker out, would be delivered to him on

Fervently hoping that this delayed too late to secure for the house that night, Mrs concealed her smaller valuables improbable places, and in Barnes the necessity of his ful watch at home, dressed for her evening engagement.

It was a small dinner party of guests not exceeding four stockbroker's wife observed tion that Mrs. Townsend, whom and herself existed rivalry, was seated nearly dently electing not to tickle palate of her audience until its bodily appetite was somewhat appeased, Mrs. Behring Blake waited till the entrees and champagne were in circulation before launching her tour de force, when she soon became aware, to her exceeding delight, that the buzz of conversation was arrested and ears were pricked up to hear what they could of the stirring story. In vain did Mrs. Townsend, by raising her eyebrows and looking incredulous, endeavor to throw cold water on Mrs. Behring-Blake's imaginary adventure. More than one present had heard of "Blinker Bill," and as he was believed to be still at large, the affair acquired an almost personal interest from the fact that each and all stood the chance of a similar visit from him.

All through the evening fresh auditors clustered round the fair heroine's chair, flattering and fooling her to the top of her bent, and gratified vanity lending new inspiration, the incident lost nothing by repetition. Henniker, as it now appeared, had positively assured Mrs. Behring-Blake that he had strong reasons for believing hers would be the next house visited by the thief, also that he would present himself in clerical disguise.

The growing uneasiness of her visitor at finding his successive efforts to decamp frustrated by the ingenuity of his hostess was most amusingly described, and the work-basket episode and crowning tableau of "Blinker Bill" on his knees picking up pins and needles from the carpet evoked much laughter.

"What nerve you have, dear Mrs. Behring-Blake," and "How can you venture to sleep in your house to-night?" were exclamations of frequent recurrence. It was all gall and wormwood to Mrs. Townsend.

"After all, dear, you have no proof that the poor man was not really a clergyman," she observed in tones of sober rationality. With the air of one gratuitously attacked, Mrs. Behring-Blake looked appealingly round.

The feeling of the company was with her, and instantly responded to the mute invocation for aid.

"No, no, Mrs. Behring Blake could not have been deceived. The visitor was a stranger; his proceedings and disguise exactly tallied with the information furnished by the police. He was evidently on thorns to get away directly he detected a disposition to detain him," etc., etc.

Mrs Townsend could only shrug her shoulders and insinuate (in corners of the room) that it was a pity her rival's "nerve" had been unequal to dispatching the housemaid for the police, and thus insuring the capture of the supposed burglar.

Mrs. Behring-Blake returned home in high feather, believing that she had at last scored a genuine social success. She was somewhat disappointed not to find a cordon of constabulary protecting her dwelling, but hearing from Barnes that no attempt had been made on the house, and that he had not left the premises for a single instant (which was not the case), she locked her bedroom door and slept sweetly till morning.

So far the burglar's visit had born no result, neither had any communication been received from Sergeant Henniker.

Next day being Sunday Mrs. Behring-Blake sallied forth, as was her custom, to a small fashionable church, where the service concluded in ample time to allow the congregation to proceed to the park.

The seats being free were nearly all occupied, and she had to take a rather undesirable place behind a column.

The kneeling figure beside her proved to be Mrs. Townsend, and the fair foes merely exchanged the direct smile proper to the building, but when after a concluding hymn, the preacher ascended the pulpit and delivered his text with a marked impediment of speech, Mrs. Townsend felt her neighbor give a convulsive start, and noticing that she had gone very white, pushed some smelling salts towards her.

But Mrs. Behring-Blake had craned her neck round the pillar and was staring with wild dilated eyes at the young clergyman.

"Good Heavens! Who is that" burst from her pallid lips, while the vinaigrette fell unheeded to the ground.

"Mr. Tierney-Cote, to be sure—our new curate; whom did you take him for?"

A vivid all-pervading blush was the sole reply.

"Not—not the burglar?" in eager, exultant tones and a smothered giggle.

The self-betrayed woman quailed under those cruel lynx eyes gleaming with malice prepense—she rose and tottered from the church.

Her house was close by, and on entering it she perceived an official-looking letter lying on the hall table. It was from Sergeant Henniker, and briefly stated that "Blinker Bill" had been apprehended on the previous Friday.

Early next morning Mrs. Behring-Blake went out of town, leaving her "bubble" reputation to the tender mercies of a pitiless rival.—[From The Gentlewoman.

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