

THE DOCKED TEAM

An Adventure of Peter Crewe—"The Man with the Camera Eye."

By Harold Carter

Copyright, 1911, by W. G. Chapman in the United States and Great Britain.
The story told me by Sir Arnold Blythe appeared to contain the elements of some mystery the solution of which required the aid of Peter Crewe. He had assisted me in the unravelling of many a case which baffled the detective forces both of New York city and London, chiefly by virtue of his invaluable gift of optical visualization. I therefore made an appointment at my office for the following day, when the two men were to meet.

"Now, sir, will you repeat your story as you told it to me yesterday?" I said to the Englishman, after the formalities of the introduction had been complied with.

Sir Arnold was an Englishman of international reputation as an expert on ancient textiles. He had, in fact, come to New York at the invitation of Phineas Boone, the multi-millionaire, to assist him in the classification of his rare collection of Oriental rugs.

"You had a valuable rug destroyed recently by vandals?" asked Crewe, before the Englishman could commence his story. "There was an account of it in last Sunday's papers together with illustrations of the mutilated corner."

"Yes, but it is not of that I wish to speak," replied Sir Arnold. "The matter is in the hands of the police, who hold out every hope of discovering the criminal. I want to tell you of my dog."

Crewe leaned back in his chair and allowed Sir Arnold to proceed with his story. "The fact is," he said, "that both my wife and I are being shadowed by Syrians. She is almost prostrated with fear and has been offered some money to be cleared up at all hazards. And the chief objective of the wretches seems to be my dog, or my wife's dog, rather."

"Recently acquired?" asked Crewe. "Only last week," Sir Arnold answered. "Lady Blythe was passing down Broadway on Thursday afternoon and had just reached its intersection with Thirty-sixth street when her attention was attracted by a Syrian man, who was offering some supplies for sale upon the corner. My wife is fond of animals and of an impulsive nature. One of the creatures came tawling toward her, and she could not resist the temptation to purchase it. The animal is only a mongrel and the fellow demanded an undue price for it; finally he threw in a pretty Syrian dog blanket of modern make but an excellent imitation of an old Persian weave. We descended to the street and took a Lexington avenue car to the millionaire's town house, which was temporarily occupied by the Englishman and his wife."

Sir Arnold led us into the chamber in which they were spread out for the night. The chamber was not at first apparent, for the injury had been much slighter than we had supposed. Only one extreme corner had been removed, having been cut out in a zig-zag fashion with a pair of blunt scissors. The rest of the rug was unharmed and the woolen threads were curled and warped over the texture. Crewe studied the rug long and earnestly.

"The arabesque was in the part removed," he said. "Then why was there no similar border woven into the fabric upon the other corners?" Here Sir Arnold felt himself upon the safe ground. This was his province. He turned upon Crewe somewhat pompously.

"My good man," he said, "the 'crase' for dogs is of recent date, and the Syrians, who sell the dogs, are not at all particular as to the date when this fabric was made. The weaver chose to place a border upon one corner of the rug, and that is all. In fact, it is itself, fixed the date of it beyond all doubt. And now, if you have quite satisfied your curiosity, will you look at my dog or not?"

Before Crewe could answer there came a commotion of feet along the passage and the animal, a mongrel, came into the room with many demonstrations of affection for its new master. It was a curly mongrel, of no particular breed, and worth perhaps fifty cents in the open market. Trailing from its back was the dog blanket. Crewe stopped, unfatigued, and placed it upon the table.

"And this, you say, is of modern workmanship?" he asked. "What do those Persian words signify?"

"That," replied Sir Arnold, "literally translated, is: 'May the wealth of Arabian and the treasures of Mulk's castle go to the possessor.' It is a purely conventional expression, woven into the border by the modern Syrians in imitation of the ancient, and wishes prosperity to the owner."

"And the blanket cannot possibly be of the same date as the rug?" asked Crewe. "Sir Arnold smiled in a patronizing way. 'You can take it from me,' he said, 'that there is no possible connection between the rug and the blanket. They were made several hundred years apart. Do you mean to suggest that the man who mutilated the rug sold me the blanket?'"

"Offhand, I should say that it is extremely unlikely," answered Crewe. "Then will you tell me, sir, the meaning of this persecution, and why the former owner of the dog desired him back again, and why the blanket is an essential feature of the 'deceit'?"

Suddenly Sir Arnold's brows contracted. He staggered slightly, and raising his hand, peered through the open window into Lexington avenue. "My God! There he is again!" he cried.

We looked in the direction indicated and saw a man of swarthy countenance standing on the opposite side of the road and watching us intently. As soon as he saw that he was perceived he shook his head menacingly toward us and leaped on a passing street car. There was no possibility of capturing him, and having decided upon this course, he had reached the door he would have been out of sight.

"My explanation," I said, when our host had come along and rode up to the terminus. But though we passed many cars there was no Syrian on them.

We got off at the terminus and took a car back. Crewe was plainly vexed at the disappointment. "The mystery, of course, has been left the car at some intermediate point," he said. "Well, sooner or later we will have him. He will probably attempt to disguise himself, but the police will know a Syrian from an Italian when he puts on a soft felt hat and a flowing tie. The matter is—"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Send the dog out by a messenger boy, with instructions that it is to be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

Sir Arnold was thoroughly exasperated. "That is similar to the advice of the police," he cried. "The dog is my property, and I will not let it be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

"I would have been impossible to assist that plebeian old gentleman," said Crewe to me as we strolled homeward. "The only thing to do is to await developments."

"Do you think that the matter of the rug and the blanket are connected?" I asked him. "I am not sure," he answered. "But the man who sold the dog was the same man who mutilated the rug. To be frank with you, Langton, my sympathy is more for the half-witted Syrian than for the dog seller, who betrayed his friend's confidence. If we can find him and

breed, and worth perhaps fifty cents in the open market. Trailing from its back was the dog blanket. Crewe stopped, unfatigued, and placed it upon the table.

"And this, you say, is of modern workmanship?" he asked. "What do those Persian words signify?"

"That," replied Sir Arnold, "literally translated, is: 'May the wealth of Arabian and the treasures of Mulk's castle go to the possessor.' It is a purely conventional expression, woven into the border by the modern Syrians in imitation of the ancient, and wishes prosperity to the owner."

"And the blanket cannot possibly be of the same date as the rug?" asked Crewe. "Sir Arnold smiled in a patronizing way. 'You can take it from me,' he said, 'that there is no possible connection between the rug and the blanket. They were made several hundred years apart. Do you mean to suggest that the man who mutilated the rug sold me the blanket?'"

"Offhand, I should say that it is extremely unlikely," answered Crewe. "Then will you tell me, sir, the meaning of this persecution, and why the former owner of the dog desired him back again, and why the blanket is an essential feature of the 'deceit'?"

Suddenly Sir Arnold's brows contracted. He staggered slightly, and raising his hand, peered through the open window into Lexington avenue. "My God! There he is again!" he cried.

We looked in the direction indicated and saw a man of swarthy countenance standing on the opposite side of the road and watching us intently. As soon as he saw that he was perceived he shook his head menacingly toward us and leaped on a passing street car. There was no possibility of capturing him, and having decided upon this course, he had reached the door he would have been out of sight.

"My explanation," I said, when our host had come along and rode up to the terminus. But though we passed many cars there was no Syrian on them.

We got off at the terminus and took a car back. Crewe was plainly vexed at the disappointment. "The mystery, of course, has been left the car at some intermediate point," he said. "Well, sooner or later we will have him. He will probably attempt to disguise himself, but the police will know a Syrian from an Italian when he puts on a soft felt hat and a flowing tie. The matter is—"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Send the dog out by a messenger boy, with instructions that it is to be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

Sir Arnold was thoroughly exasperated. "That is similar to the advice of the police," he cried. "The dog is my property, and I will not let it be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

"I would have been impossible to assist that plebeian old gentleman," said Crewe to me as we strolled homeward. "The only thing to do is to await developments."

"Do you think that the matter of the rug and the blanket are connected?" I asked him. "I am not sure," he answered. "But the man who sold the dog was the same man who mutilated the rug. To be frank with you, Langton, my sympathy is more for the half-witted Syrian than for the dog seller, who betrayed his friend's confidence. If we can find him and

breed, and worth perhaps fifty cents in the open market. Trailing from its back was the dog blanket. Crewe stopped, unfatigued, and placed it upon the table.

"And this, you say, is of modern workmanship?" he asked. "What do those Persian words signify?"

"That," replied Sir Arnold, "literally translated, is: 'May the wealth of Arabian and the treasures of Mulk's castle go to the possessor.' It is a purely conventional expression, woven into the border by the modern Syrians in imitation of the ancient, and wishes prosperity to the owner."

"And the blanket cannot possibly be of the same date as the rug?" asked Crewe. "Sir Arnold smiled in a patronizing way. 'You can take it from me,' he said, 'that there is no possible connection between the rug and the blanket. They were made several hundred years apart. Do you mean to suggest that the man who mutilated the rug sold me the blanket?'"

"Offhand, I should say that it is extremely unlikely," answered Crewe. "Then will you tell me, sir, the meaning of this persecution, and why the former owner of the dog desired him back again, and why the blanket is an essential feature of the 'deceit'?"

Suddenly Sir Arnold's brows contracted. He staggered slightly, and raising his hand, peered through the open window into Lexington avenue. "My God! There he is again!" he cried.

We looked in the direction indicated and saw a man of swarthy countenance standing on the opposite side of the road and watching us intently. As soon as he saw that he was perceived he shook his head menacingly toward us and leaped on a passing street car. There was no possibility of capturing him, and having decided upon this course, he had reached the door he would have been out of sight.

"My explanation," I said, when our host had come along and rode up to the terminus. But though we passed many cars there was no Syrian on them.

We got off at the terminus and took a car back. Crewe was plainly vexed at the disappointment. "The mystery, of course, has been left the car at some intermediate point," he said. "Well, sooner or later we will have him. He will probably attempt to disguise himself, but the police will know a Syrian from an Italian when he puts on a soft felt hat and a flowing tie. The matter is—"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Send the dog out by a messenger boy, with instructions that it is to be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

Sir Arnold was thoroughly exasperated. "That is similar to the advice of the police," he cried. "The dog is my property, and I will not let it be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

"I would have been impossible to assist that plebeian old gentleman," said Crewe to me as we strolled homeward. "The only thing to do is to await developments."

"Do you think that the matter of the rug and the blanket are connected?" I asked him. "I am not sure," he answered. "But the man who sold the dog was the same man who mutilated the rug. To be frank with you, Langton, my sympathy is more for the half-witted Syrian than for the dog seller, who betrayed his friend's confidence. If we can find him and

breed, and worth perhaps fifty cents in the open market. Trailing from its back was the dog blanket. Crewe stopped, unfatigued, and placed it upon the table.

"And this, you say, is of modern workmanship?" he asked. "What do those Persian words signify?"

"That," replied Sir Arnold, "literally translated, is: 'May the wealth of Arabian and the treasures of Mulk's castle go to the possessor.' It is a purely conventional expression, woven into the border by the modern Syrians in imitation of the ancient, and wishes prosperity to the owner."

"And the blanket cannot possibly be of the same date as the rug?" asked Crewe. "Sir Arnold smiled in a patronizing way. 'You can take it from me,' he said, 'that there is no possible connection between the rug and the blanket. They were made several hundred years apart. Do you mean to suggest that the man who mutilated the rug sold me the blanket?'"

"Offhand, I should say that it is extremely unlikely," answered Crewe. "Then will you tell me, sir, the meaning of this persecution, and why the former owner of the dog desired him back again, and why the blanket is an essential feature of the 'deceit'?"

Suddenly Sir Arnold's brows contracted. He staggered slightly, and raising his hand, peered through the open window into Lexington avenue. "My God! There he is again!" he cried.

breed, and worth perhaps fifty cents in the open market. Trailing from its back was the dog blanket. Crewe stopped, unfatigued, and placed it upon the table.

"And this, you say, is of modern workmanship?" he asked. "What do those Persian words signify?"

"That," replied Sir Arnold, "literally translated, is: 'May the wealth of Arabian and the treasures of Mulk's castle go to the possessor.' It is a purely conventional expression, woven into the border by the modern Syrians in imitation of the ancient, and wishes prosperity to the owner."

"And the blanket cannot possibly be of the same date as the rug?" asked Crewe. "Sir Arnold smiled in a patronizing way. 'You can take it from me,' he said, 'that there is no possible connection between the rug and the blanket. They were made several hundred years apart. Do you mean to suggest that the man who mutilated the rug sold me the blanket?'"

"Offhand, I should say that it is extremely unlikely," answered Crewe. "Then will you tell me, sir, the meaning of this persecution, and why the former owner of the dog desired him back again, and why the blanket is an essential feature of the 'deceit'?"

Suddenly Sir Arnold's brows contracted. He staggered slightly, and raising his hand, peered through the open window into Lexington avenue. "My God! There he is again!" he cried.

We looked in the direction indicated and saw a man of swarthy countenance standing on the opposite side of the road and watching us intently. As soon as he saw that he was perceived he shook his head menacingly toward us and leaped on a passing street car. There was no possibility of capturing him, and having decided upon this course, he had reached the door he would have been out of sight.

"My explanation," I said, when our host had come along and rode up to the terminus. But though we passed many cars there was no Syrian on them.

We got off at the terminus and took a car back. Crewe was plainly vexed at the disappointment. "The mystery, of course, has been left the car at some intermediate point," he said. "Well, sooner or later we will have him. He will probably attempt to disguise himself, but the police will know a Syrian from an Italian when he puts on a soft felt hat and a flowing tie. The matter is—"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Send the dog out by a messenger boy, with instructions that it is to be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

Sir Arnold was thoroughly exasperated. "That is similar to the advice of the police," he cried. "The dog is my property, and I will not let it be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

"I would have been impossible to assist that plebeian old gentleman," said Crewe to me as we strolled homeward. "The only thing to do is to await developments."

"Do you think that the matter of the rug and the blanket are connected?" I asked him. "I am not sure," he answered. "But the man who sold the dog was the same man who mutilated the rug. To be frank with you, Langton, my sympathy is more for the half-witted Syrian than for the dog seller, who betrayed his friend's confidence. If we can find him and

breed, and worth perhaps fifty cents in the open market. Trailing from its back was the dog blanket. Crewe stopped, unfatigued, and placed it upon the table.

"And this, you say, is of modern workmanship?" he asked. "What do those Persian words signify?"

"That," replied Sir Arnold, "literally translated, is: 'May the wealth of Arabian and the treasures of Mulk's castle go to the possessor.' It is a purely conventional expression, woven into the border by the modern Syrians in imitation of the ancient, and wishes prosperity to the owner."

"And the blanket cannot possibly be of the same date as the rug?" asked Crewe. "Sir Arnold smiled in a patronizing way. 'You can take it from me,' he said, 'that there is no possible connection between the rug and the blanket. They were made several hundred years apart. Do you mean to suggest that the man who mutilated the rug sold me the blanket?'"

"Offhand, I should say that it is extremely unlikely," answered Crewe. "Then will you tell me, sir, the meaning of this persecution, and why the former owner of the dog desired him back again, and why the blanket is an essential feature of the 'deceit'?"

Suddenly Sir Arnold's brows contracted. He staggered slightly, and raising his hand, peered through the open window into Lexington avenue. "My God! There he is again!" he cried.

We looked in the direction indicated and saw a man of swarthy countenance standing on the opposite side of the road and watching us intently. As soon as he saw that he was perceived he shook his head menacingly toward us and leaped on a passing street car. There was no possibility of capturing him, and having decided upon this course, he had reached the door he would have been out of sight.

"My explanation," I said, when our host had come along and rode up to the terminus. But though we passed many cars there was no Syrian on them.

We got off at the terminus and took a car back. Crewe was plainly vexed at the disappointment. "The mystery, of course, has been left the car at some intermediate point," he said. "Well, sooner or later we will have him. He will probably attempt to disguise himself, but the police will know a Syrian from an Italian when he puts on a soft felt hat and a flowing tie. The matter is—"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Send the dog out by a messenger boy, with instructions that it is to be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

Sir Arnold was thoroughly exasperated. "That is similar to the advice of the police," he cried. "The dog is my property, and I will not let it be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

"I would have been impossible to assist that plebeian old gentleman," said Crewe to me as we strolled homeward. "The only thing to do is to await developments."

"Do you think that the matter of the rug and the blanket are connected?" I asked him. "I am not sure," he answered. "But the man who sold the dog was the same man who mutilated the rug. To be frank with you, Langton, my sympathy is more for the half-witted Syrian than for the dog seller, who betrayed his friend's confidence. If we can find him and

breed, and worth perhaps fifty cents in the open market. Trailing from its back was the dog blanket. Crewe stopped, unfatigued, and placed it upon the table.

"And this, you say, is of modern workmanship?" he asked. "What do those Persian words signify?"

"That," replied Sir Arnold, "literally translated, is: 'May the wealth of Arabian and the treasures of Mulk's castle go to the possessor.' It is a purely conventional expression, woven into the border by the modern Syrians in imitation of the ancient, and wishes prosperity to the owner."

"And the blanket cannot possibly be of the same date as the rug?" asked Crewe. "Sir Arnold smiled in a patronizing way. 'You can take it from me,' he said, 'that there is no possible connection between the rug and the blanket. They were made several hundred years apart. Do you mean to suggest that the man who mutilated the rug sold me the blanket?'"

"Offhand, I should say that it is extremely unlikely," answered Crewe. "Then will you tell me, sir, the meaning of this persecution, and why the former owner of the dog desired him back again, and why the blanket is an essential feature of the 'deceit'?"

Suddenly Sir Arnold's brows contracted. He staggered slightly, and raising his hand, peered through the open window into Lexington avenue. "My God! There he is again!" he cried.

have him lodged in jail, we shall not only put an end to the persecution but be enabled to restore the mutilated fragment to Sir Arnold."

"Do you suggest where it is?" I asked. "I know where it is," he said. "Then why do you not restore it to its owner?"

Crewe stopped short and regarded me benignantly. "Because," he said, "if I did so his life would not be worth three days' purchase. It is one of those cases where I must sacrifice my reputation as a detective to save my client. I hope that his dog is stolen, and that the blanket is stolen and is never found. Unless we can find the dog seller."

He added: "That would be the most satisfactory conclusion of all. Come, let us look for him."

"Where?" in the Syrian quarter?" "As far as possible from the Syrian quarter," answered Crewe. "You remember him?"

I shook my head. "I only caught a glimpse of him through the window," I protested.

"But you saw that he was dressed in blue, that he was freshly shaved, and that a pair of scissors bulged in his coat pocket?" asked Crewe with genuine eagerness.

"You may have seen these things. I saw only a ragged, dirty Italian-looking man. But even if you can thus picture him, how will you locate him?"

"Well," said Crewe, "since the Syrian quarter lies far down town, and he naturally wishes to avoid it."

"Why should he wish to avoid it?" "He will not leave the Lexington avenue car until it is well up town. Now, since it is almost a matter of existence to him to keep watch upon Sir Arnold, he will take the Lexington avenue car downtown again this evening. In consequence, all that we need do is to watch the cars. And the best way will be to take a car uptown and keep our eyes fixed upon all cars that pass us."

I could make neither head nor tail of Crewe's reasoning. But I knew that he had his own ways of procedure, and that, however unintelligible they seemed to me, there was always some motive in them deeper than I could fathom. Accordingly I went with him; we boarded the west car that came along and rode uptown to the terminus. But though we passed many cars there was no Syrian on them.

We got off at the terminus and took a car back. Crewe was plainly vexed at the disappointment. "The mystery, of course, has been left the car at some intermediate point," he said. "Well, sooner or later we will have him. He will probably attempt to disguise himself, but the police will know a Syrian from an Italian when he puts on a soft felt hat and a flowing tie. The matter is—"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Send the dog out by a messenger boy, with instructions that it is to be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

Sir Arnold was thoroughly exasperated. "That is similar to the advice of the police," he cried. "The dog is my property, and I will not let it be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

"I would have been impossible to assist that plebeian old gentleman," said Crewe to me as we strolled homeward. "The only thing to do is to await developments."

"Do you think that the matter of the rug and the blanket are connected?" I asked him. "I am not sure," he answered. "But the man who sold the dog was the same man who mutilated the rug. To be frank with you, Langton, my sympathy is more for the half-witted Syrian than for the dog seller, who betrayed his friend's confidence. If we can find him and

breed, and worth perhaps fifty cents in the open market. Trailing from its back was the dog blanket. Crewe stopped, unfatigued, and placed it upon the table.

"And this, you say, is of modern workmanship?" he asked. "What do those Persian words signify?"

"That," replied Sir Arnold, "literally translated, is: 'May the wealth of Arabian and the treasures of Mulk's castle go to the possessor.' It is a purely conventional expression, woven into the border by the modern Syrians in imitation of the ancient, and wishes prosperity to the owner."

"And the blanket cannot possibly be of the same date as the rug?" asked Crewe. "Sir Arnold smiled in a patronizing way. 'You can take it from me,' he said, 'that there is no possible connection between the rug and the blanket. They were made several hundred years apart. Do you mean to suggest that the man who mutilated the rug sold me the blanket?'"

"Offhand, I should say that it is extremely unlikely," answered Crewe. "Then will you tell me, sir, the meaning of this persecution, and why the former owner of the dog desired him back again, and why the blanket is an essential feature of the 'deceit'?"

Suddenly Sir Arnold's brows contracted. He staggered slightly, and raising his hand, peered through the open window into Lexington avenue. "My God! There he is again!" he cried.

We looked in the direction indicated and saw a man of swarthy countenance standing on the opposite side of the road and watching us intently. As soon as he saw that he was perceived he shook his head menacingly toward us and leaped on a passing street car. There was no possibility of capturing him, and having decided upon this course, he had reached the door he would have been out of sight.

"My explanation," I said, when our host had come along and rode up to the terminus. But though we passed many cars there was no Syrian on them.

We got off at the terminus and took a car back. Crewe was plainly vexed at the disappointment. "The mystery, of course, has been left the car at some intermediate point," he said. "Well, sooner or later we will have him. He will probably attempt to disguise himself, but the police will know a Syrian from an Italian when he puts on a soft felt hat and a flowing tie. The matter is—"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Let me see your dog," Sir Arnold said. "And he wants the dog as well. Confound it all, there's no sense in the affair at all!"

"Send the dog out by a messenger boy, with instructions that it is to be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

Sir Arnold was thoroughly exasperated. "That is similar to the advice of the police," he cried. "The dog is my property, and I will not let it be delivered to the first man who asks for it."

"I would have been impossible to assist that plebeian old gentleman," said Crewe to me as we strolled homeward. "The only thing to do is to await developments."

"Do you think that the matter of the rug and the blanket are connected?" I asked him. "I am not sure," he answered. "But the man who sold the dog was the same man who mutilated the rug. To be frank with you, Langton, my sympathy is more for the half-witted Syrian than for the dog seller, who betrayed his friend's confidence. If we can find him and

breed, and worth perhaps fifty cents in the open market. Trailing from its back was the dog blanket. Crewe stopped, unfatigued, and placed it upon the table.

"And this, you say, is of modern workmanship?" he asked. "What do those Persian words signify?"

"That," replied Sir Arnold, "literally translated, is: 'May the wealth of Arabian and the treasures of Mulk's castle go to the possessor.' It is a purely conventional expression, woven into the border by the modern Syrians in imitation of the ancient, and wishes prosperity to the owner."

"And the blanket cannot possibly be of the same date as the rug?" asked Crewe. "Sir Arnold smiled in a patronizing way. 'You can take it from me,' he said, 'that there is no possible connection between the rug and the blanket. They were made several hundred years apart. Do you mean to suggest that the man who mutilated the rug sold me the blanket?'"

"Offhand, I should say that it is extremely unlikely," answered Crewe. "Then will you tell me, sir, the meaning of this persecution, and why the former owner of the dog desired him back again, and why the blanket is an essential feature of the 'deceit'?"



She noticed that she was being followed by the same Syrian.

took the paper from me with a gesture of reason.

"Your rug mutilator has killed your dog-seller and lies dying," said Peter Crewe. "You will not be troubled by either of them further."

Sir Arnold looked at him satirically. "Did you not see that it had a crooked seam?"

"Nor that the seam ran in a series of zig-zags exactly corresponding to the zig-zag cut upon the mutilated rug?"

"I confess that I did not notice that."

Crewe smiled tolerantly. "Well," he said, "it is inexplicable to me that you should not have seen it. It seemed as plain as Pike's Peak that here was the missing fragment, right under the eyes of our host himself."

"Meanwhile Armenian B, the dog-seller, was not an imitation Persian, but, as you see now, a genuine Persian sheep-skin. The other half of the dog blanket had originally formed part of the original rug. In fact, in joining the two together, the Armenian, as we must now call the supposed Syrian, was merely replacing what had been removed centuries ago. Again, the 'arabesque' the supposed meaningless border, when joined to the other half, proved to be the top portions of the