

RAFFLES, the AMATEUR CRACKSMAN.

A JUBILEE PRESENT

Eighth Story in the Absorbing Raffles Series BY E. W. HORNING

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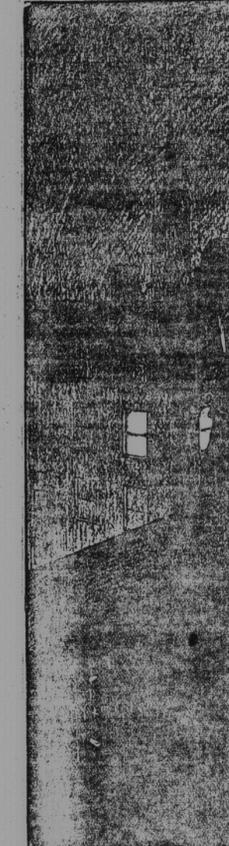
The Room of Gold in the British Museum is probably well enough known to the inquiring alien and the travelling American. A true Londoner, however, myself had never heard of it until Raffles, usually proposed a raid.

able piece which I believe that they exhibit now. It's a long time since I read of it—I can't remember where—but I know they have got a gold cup of sorts worth several thousands. A number of the immorally rich climbed together and presented it to the nation, and two of the richly immoral intend to snaffle it for themselves. At any rate we might go and have a look at it. Bunny, don't you think?

als were too heavy for them. I recognized some habitual rogues going to their labor underneath the dome, of mere visitors we seemed among the first.



I ran to the door (Poised by Kylie Bellew, arrangement Lieber Co.)



We paced the cool, black leads with our bare feet (Poised by Kylie Bellew, arrangement Lieber Co.)

tion state, while we paced the cool black leads with our bare feet softly as cats.

in town at the time. The Diamond Jubilee was upon us, the Queen's weather had already set in. Raffles, indeed, declared it was as hot as Italy and Australia put together; and certainly the short summer nights gave the example of wool and serge and the contents of brick and mortar but little time to cool.

"These are scenes from the martyrdom of St. Agnes," said he. "translucent on relief. . . . One of the finest specimens of its kind." I should think it was! Bunny, my Philline, why can't you admire the thing for its own sake? It would be worth having only to live up to! There never was such rich enamelling on such thin gold, and what a good scheme to hang the lid up—so that you can see how thin it is. . . . wonder if we could lift it, Bunny, by hook or crook?"

"You'd better try, sir," said a dry voice at his elbow. The madman seemed to think we had the room to ourselves. I knew better, but, like another madman, had let him ramble on unchecked. And here was a stolid constable confronting us in the short tunic that they wear in summer, his whistle on his chain, but no truncheon at his side. Heavens! how I see him now—a man of medium size, with a broad, good-humored, peering face and a limp. He looked sternly at Raffles and Raffles looked merrily at him.

same. I'm a connoisseur in all this sort of thing, and I won't have unnecessary risks run with the nation's property. You said there was an attendant just outside, but he sounds to me as though he were at the other end of the corridor. I shall write today!"

"Where the devil are you driving us?" "Charing Cross, sir." "I said King's Cross! Round you spin and drive like blazes or we miss our train! There's one to York at 10.35, added Raffles as the trapdoor slammed; "we'll look there, Bunny, and then we'll slope through the subway to the Metropolitan, and so to ground via Baker street and Earl's Court."

it was, but so light in the hand that the mere gold of it would scarcely have poured three fingers out of melting pot. And what said Raffles but that he would never melt it at all!