

I was at one time police man
Aljaco—a little white guy, with
the edge of an admirable gut, and
lofty mountain.

The cases I had to investigate
were mostly cases of ven
Corion there are all sorts of van
perb and dramatic assignmen
clous, others heroic. You can see
the finest themes of tragedy in
dream about; hatreds that are ou
appeared for a moment, but are
extinguished—abominable ruses
that have the extent of monum
times of a character's develop
not. For two years I was alone
about blood-money, and about the
sioned prejudice which com
vantages an injury on the presen
field it—upon the death of his
relatives. I leave old men, of
remote countries murdered; and my
fall of such stories.

Well, one day I was told that
Meyran had had a letter for some

In a short time everybody was about this strange person, who himself—never leaving his home hunt or fish. He never spoke of and never went to the city; but he used to practice shooting or two with a pistol or carbine.

All kinds of stories began to circulate about him. Some said he was a distinguished nobleman, who had sought refuge in the remote country for political reasons; others were trying to hide himself from committed, some terrible crime.

In my quality of policeman, though it is necessary to try and be particular about the minutiae, it is impossible to get any information called himself Sir John Rowell. I contacted myself, therefore, using a close watch over my men could find anything very in his actions.

After a time, as the quarrel between him continued, and increased, generally, I resolved to see the man myself, and I made a point of hunting every day in the neighborhood of his place.

I had to wait a long time for him as least in the shape of which I brought down with me of my Englishman. My dog I may bet, taking the bird in my

to Sir John Rowell to excuse him for him to accept the game.

He was a very tall man with a red beard—very tall, almost very broad,—a sort of phlegm Hercules. He had something of British stiffness about him, and we warmly for my country, I lately accepted French of our the channel. During the war, we had five or six meetings and variations.

One evening at last, as I was his gate, I saw him in the straddling a chair and smoking saluted him, and he invited me glass of ale. I was only accept.

He received me with all the Irish courtesy possible, and spoke French and of Corsica, and he loved the country and the gate

perisultantly said onto whose hair he laid his hand.

Then, with the greatest propriety to question him—disguised under the mask of a warm press—about his life and his project without the least embarrassment he told me that he had travelled in Africa, in India, in America laughing, in bad French, and in adventures? Yes; I have of adventures. Oh yes!"

I turned the conversation up and he began to give me the facts about hippopotamus and giraffes hunting.

I said:

"But all these are terribly of male."

He smiled and said:

"Oh, no! the worst of all is the female."

heavily, self-satisfied English observed: "I've done a good deal of too, in my time."

Then he began to talk at and invited me into a room to situate and explain the silk mechanism.

His parlor was all hung in silk embroidered in gold. His low rice-blossomed all ornament, shining like fire.

"That," he observed, "work."

But in the centre of the there was a strange thing which eyes—a black object that resembled eyes of red velvet. It appeared a hand—a man's hand, all white and clean, but and discolored, with the pal-

blacked like a mob—upon the boats where they had been severe blow of an ax, about the forenoon.

Round the wrist an emerald had been given about this chain fastened the wall by a great tiny solid elephant in leash.

I asked :
"What is that?"
The Englishman tranquilly
"That was part of my hair from America. It was cut off and the skin removed after which it was dried eight days. That was a good thing."

I told you?
I searched that fragment of which seemed to have Indian, the finger, extracted

"That man must have
 a strap,"
 The Englishman answered.
 "Oh, yes but I was strong
 enough this chain on the hand
 I thought he was joking."
 "But the chain has no mark
 can't get away."
 Sir John Russell gravely
 said:
 "That hand always
 has a chain is necessary."
 I glanced quickly at his
 myself: "Is he mad, or
 makes a stupid guess?"
 But his face remained
 calm and good-natured.

vacation to another subject
 look at the rifle.
 Meanwhile I observed that
 geyser were lying upon
 of furniture, as if the ma-
 perpetual fear of being af-
 I want to see him two
 forward. Then I did not
 people had become com-
 presence; and he was ab-
 to the rest of the world.
 ▲ whole year passed.

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versation to another subject
back at the rifle.

Meanwhile I observed that
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I went to see him two
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