BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

(CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED).

She hesitated a moment; her glance fell upon the corner of a letter projecting from the pocket of his torn and dusty uniform; that might give her his address; she leaned forward and took it gently out. The address was, "William Cavendish, Esquire; The Admiralty, Whitehall;" the seal was unbroken.

The truth broke in on her instantly; she called to the coachman and the carriage stopped.

"Home!" she cried, imperatively; the horses were wheeled round. "Drive fast!" she added, and they quickened their pace.

In a few minutes they stopped in front of No. 23 Bedford square. Dick opened his eyes.

"Are you there?" he asked; "I have a letter—"

"Yes," she said, gently, "I know; it shall be delivered at once; but now you must come in with me."

He obeyed, moving slowly and with pain; she did not offer him help from herself or her servants, for which he was dimly grateful. In the hall stood the colonel, bland as ever, and looking as if he saw nothing unusual in Dick's appearance or costume. Camilla hastily explained the case, Dick standing by silently the while, giving his whole attention to controlling any expression of the pain in his head, which was becoming more and more severe.

"Perhaps," said the colonel, "Capt. Estcourt will do me the honor of making use of my room in which to rest from the fatigue of his gallant struggle against superior numbers?"

Dick followed him upstairs, but stopped short at the top of the first flight.

"I have a letter to deliver," he repeated in a tone of helpless obstinacy; "it will be too late."

"If you will intrust it to me," replied the colonel, "I will send it directly; the carriage is still at the door."

They reached a room upon the floor above, where M. de Montaut left his guest in charge of a valet and returned downstairs with the letter in his hand. At the drawing-room door he found Camilla waiting for him.

"You would be doing me a favor," she said, "by taking that letter yourself to its address."

He looked at her as if he were about to ask a question, but apparently changed his mind, and bowed instead.

"Your wish is in itself a reason more than sufficient," he said, as though half in answer to his own thought; and he went on down to the front door, and stepped into the carriage with something like a crafty smile upon his handsome face.

A quarter of an hour after his departure Dick made his appearance in the drawing-room, where he found Camilla alone. At first she was surprised and pleased to see him looking so little the worse for his injuries; but she soon perceived by the nervous excitement of his manner and the brightness of his eyes that he was by no means out of the wood yet. He expressed his gratitude for her timely rescue, and his admiration of the skill and courage with which she had brought under control so excited and disorderly a crowd. She laughed, and put the matter lightly on one side.

"It is my brother-in-law come back," she said, in a tone of perfectly counterfeited unconcern.

Dick looked fixedly at her! in his eyes were dumb reproach and the sadness of an unspoken farewell: about his mouth gathered the lines of resolution, and, for a moment, the curve of bitterness.

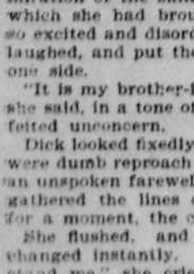
She flushed, and all her manner changed instantly. "Don't misunderstand me," she cried impulsively. "I know what you have done, and loyalty can never fail of sympathy from me!"

The colonel's step was heard ascending the stairs; she heard Dick stiffen himself to bear the news of his unwelcome fortune, and felt, with a quick sense of surprise at her own weakness, that she was too much interested to stay and see him face the ordeal. She made some incoherent excuse and as the door opened she passed the colonel hurriedly and ran toward her own room breathless and confused. But she was stayed in mid-course by a cry from M. de Montaut and the sound of a bell ringing violently downstairs. She turned half round; the colonel came out on to the stairs.

"I regret to say," he began, with exasperating politeness and deliberation, "that disappointment at the news of which I was the unwilling bearer has prostrated our gallant friend with an attack of fever. What professional enthusiasm!" he continued, with a half smile. "One may doubt whether my tools have this time favored the better man."

She looked as if two might doubt that, but answered nothing, and the colonel returned to his patient.

CHAPTER III.



THE SURGEON who was called in, without delay, to attend to Dick's injuries pronounced them to be slight in themselves; but for the feverish condition to which they had given rise he prescribed immediate rest and quiet. He looked a little doubtfully at each of his listeners in turn as he said this:

"You mean," inquired Camilla, "that he must not be moved for the present?"

"Well," was the reply, "of course it might be managed, but it is a risk, and if you could, without too much inconvenience, keep him for a couple of nights at any rate—"

"Oh!" cried the colonel, interrupting, "do not think twice about it; convenience is nothing in a case of urgency, and Capt. Estcourt is a valued friend of ours."

The surgeon looked relieved, and went away promising to return the same evening.

Camilla for herself approved the arrangement made by her brother-in-law, but she was at the same time surprised at it. He had not only spoken of Dick, with whom he was in no way intimate, as "a valued friend"—that was, perhaps, only a piece of his habitual politeness—but he had also readily entered into a plan which did in fact involve a considerable inconvenience, and this was by no means so usual a thing for him. At least, he always had a personal motive for such acts, and she was at a loss to see an adequate one here; for the difficulty which he had thus brought upon himself was no slight one. The patient had been taken from the drawing-room into a spare-room adjoining it on the same floor, and separated from it only by a partition wall of slight construction, through which the sound of conversation was by no means inaudible. Now, it happened by ill fortune that on this very evening matters were to be spoken of in that drawing-room which must not be overheard by any living ear. The meeting was one which could not be postponed, and no other room in the house was suitable for it, for it was to be in appearance a merely social gathering. And all this the colonel knew as well as she did.

As they sat at dinner she alluded to the question while the servants were absent from the room.

"Yes," replied M. de Montaut, "it is unfortunate, but it would be inhuman to move our poor friend; his safety may depend on his remaining quiet."

"On his remaining quiet!" said Camilla. "Our safety will certainly depend on that, if he does overhear us."

"Eh bien, then we will remain quiet."

"It will be his duty to inform against us,' 'she replied.

"As an officer, true," said her companion, cooly; "but on this occasion the gallant captain will not fulfill that duty, for he has another more imperative."

She looked at him in doubt.

"The duty, I mean, of a loyal chevalier."

"I know him better!" was the exclamation on her lips, but she checked it, and hesitated for an answer.

"In reality," he said, "we need fear no such complication. I have just recollected that the doctor said he intended to give his patient a composing draught at an early hour this evening, so he will hear no treason after all."

"You are sure?" she asked; "sure, I mean, that he will give it, and that it will be effectual?"

"I will see to it myself, if you wish," he replied; "but I am surprised to find you so apprehensive for our security. You used to think no risk too great to run for the good cause."

"In that," she said, hotly, "I shall never change; it is not that I am lukewarm, as you will see tonight!"

He bowed, and rose from the table to open the door for her. Before they had been in the drawing-room half an hour the surgeon returned. He brought with him the sleeping draught.

"That is a good idea of yours," said Camilla, as he produced it.

"To Colonel de Montaut belongs the credit of suggesting it," was the reply.

"Really?" she said; "I should not have suspected that."

The colonel looked a little confused.

Within five minutes of the doctor's departure the bell rang twice in rapid succession, and three gentlemen were ushered into the drawing-room, where Madame de Montaut was waiting to receive them. A conversation on the most general subjects at once began, but there was an air of expectation in the manner of all, and when the colonel entered every one turned to him as though with an unspoken inquiry.

He greeted the two newcomers, and turned to Madame de Montaut. "I think we may begin now," he said.

She looked at him and raised her eyebrows interrogatively. He nodded to signify that Dick was fast asleep, and sat down at a small table, laying a bundle of papers upon it.

"My friends," he said, "I have summoned you to-night to propose a fresh attempt."

He looked at the faces around him and observed that Camilla was similarly occupied. His hearers showed by their looks that they perfectly understood his meaning, but were either reserved or unenthusiastic in the matter.

"M. Carnac," he continued, with grave politeness, bowing to the elderly gentleman who sat nearest to him, "it is from you that we have learned to expect a critical judgment. Are you not of opinion that the time has come for renewed activity?"

"It has come again and again," replied the person addressed, "but always without result."

"No doubt," said the colonel; "but that has been solely due to a want of forethought and energy, which must not occur again."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed a short gentleman, with a beard, who was evidently an Englishman; "there have been good enough plans laid, but no one fit to be trusted with their execution."

The third of the visitors turned upon the speaker.

"You will pardon me," he said, with some acrimony, "if I differ entirely; it is, in my opinion, the stay-at-homes who are to blame, in devising impossible methods of which they take the credit and others the danger!"

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, in a soothing tone, "you are both right, but you both speak only according to your own experience. You, Mr. Holmes, deserved success, but your subordinates failed you. You M. le Comte, followed your instructions with a courage and loyalty which would have secured a triumph if your directors had not made a cruel mistake in their calculations. These two fatal forms of error must be avoided. We must think and act with equal certainty, and all will be well."

Mr. Holmes shook his head in sulky silence. The Comte de Rabodanges exclaimed, fiercely, "It is too much to expect; the cat does not offer her paw a second time!"

During this altercation Camilla had sat silent, but with growing impatience; her eyes flashed and her cheeks were very-red. The colonel, always ready to turn the force of others to account for his own purpose, hastened to give the final impulse to her pent-up indignation. He looked at her, and raised his shoulders and eyebrows in a gesture of resignation.

"You!" she cried; "you too despair at the eleventh hour? What do these doubts and recriminations mean? Do none of you any more remember the greatness of the cause you serve? Have you begun to forget the emperor?"

As the lightning of this word flashed upon them her hearers started violently.

"Ah!" she went on, with quickening breath, "there is magic in the name! It is perhaps because you whisper it so seldom that it has ceased of late to stir you; let us be bolder in speech and braver in action!"

"Madame," replied M. Carnac, deprecatingly, and with a bow of genuine admiration, "your enthusiasm is heroic, but it is not prudent; the boldness that you preach is likely to bring discomfiture upon us all."

"Discomfiture!" she cried with ringing scorn. "What, then, does the timidity you practice bring upon the emperor? Are we to preserve our own freedom at the price of his captivity, and amid the luxury of a great capital to shut our eyes to the misery of his exile on a lonely rock unfit for human habitation?" There was an awkward silence. After a moment's pause she went on again in a more pleading tone.

"Let us for an instant look back," she said earnestly, "upon the splendor of his past career, and then consider to what the rancor of his enemies has brought him. The man of action, for whose deeds Europe was not wide enough, confined within a circuit of a dozen miles! The man of genius refused even the companionship of his best-loved books! The commander of armies with but a pair of lackeys at his call; the maker and dethroner of kings denied his royal title! Do you not know," she cried, and her voice rang deep again with anger, "do you not know that his house is but a moldering jail, and his allowance a prisoner's pittance? Himself the most magnificently generous of men, he has been driven by sordid necessity to melt his plate; he suffers in health, he is in danger. He—just heaven!—from the inspiration of whose life we drew the spirit that animates our own!"

"Well spoken!" cried the colonel, skillfully following up the advantage she had gained for him; "well spoken! And all that we then had shall soon be ours again; is it not worth one more effort my friends?"

"It is, indeed," murmured M. Carnac, with a sigh. The Comte de Rabodanges grumbled, "If only it were the last." Mr. Holmes settled himself in his chair. "Well," he said, bluntly, "let's hear your plan, if you've got one."

The colonel untied his bundle of papers and spread them out upon the table in front of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ACCIDENTALLY HANGED.

A Philadelphia Child Meets with a Curious Mishap—Strangled by Her Clothes.

Hanging from a hole in the wicker coach in which she had been sleeping, Mrs. Jeremiah J. Buck yesterday evening found her 16-month-old daughter, Jessie, dead, but with the warmth of life still lingering in her tiny body, says the Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Buck lives with her husband at No. 2664 Tioga street, and it was when her husband had returned from his work that the mother went to awaken the child and discovered the accident. Her screams quickly brought assistance, and an investigation disclosed the fact that the baby's death was the result of one of the most peculiar accidents on record. The little one had been placed in the old coach during the afternoon to take a nap. The coach was in the second story front room, and for some time had been the baby's sleeping place. It was about six o'clock when Mr. Buck returned home from his work and asked for Jessie. Mrs. Buck completed her preparations for supper and went upstairs to waken the child. To her surprise the coach seemed empty, and she called Jessie, thinking she had gone to hide, as she had done before. Receiving no reply she looked closer, and in the dim light saw what seemed to be a bundle protruding from a hole in the wickerwork at one end of the coach. The now frightened mother hastily procured a light and to her terror found that what she supposed was a bundle was the naked body of her baby girl, hanging by her arm pits. Her clothing, bundled up about her head, had evidently smothered her, while preventing the entire body from slipping through the hole. The child had probably been restless in her sleep and had gradually worked her body through the broken wickerwork until stopped by the clothing. The little one's arms were stretched above her head and she had evidently been prevented from making an outcry that could be heard. Snatching the still warm body in her arms Mrs. Buck ran screaming down stairs. Neighbors sent for Dr. Schwartz, and the little one's body was bathed in mustard water. Artificial respiration was also tried, but all efforts were useless. The child was dead. Jessie was a very pretty, golden-haired girl, the pet of the neighborhood, and her tragic death created quite a sensation.

It Was "Elevator Knee."

A woman who made her initial attempt recently to ride a wheel was discouraged to find that her knees seemed stiff and very quickly tired of the effort to work the pedals. Speaking to her physician about it, he told her she was undoubtedly affected with what is known as "elevator knee." This was a hitherto unknown malady to her, but it has been referred to before in public prints, and is a recognized affection not uncommon with those whose life in a "lift" apartment house almost does away with the use of those knee muscles exercised in going up and down stairs.

ODD GAMBLING GAMES

HOW WALL STREET BROKERS PASS AWAY DULL HOURS.

The Electric Fan Game—Pools Formed on the Number of Diamonds Isidor Wormser Will Wear—The Jumping Bean Game—Winning Bicycles.

It would seem that the men who make and lose fortunes in a day on the New York stock exchange would have all the gambling that their constitutions could stand. They do, for ten months in the year, but in the other two—July and August—the lambs have gone elsewhere, and Wall street is comparatively a dull place.

But the gambling appetite must be fed. When the brokers are not losing or winning thousands with other people's money, they risk their own, but on a much smaller scale. They don't go against the stock market, for long experience has taught them that there is a certain percentage against the player. They gamble among themselves for smaller stakes, where every man has an equal chance of winning and losing.

Common, ordinary games do not do for the broker in his idle moments. There must be a novelty to get them interested, and to satisfy this craving some mighty ingenious games have been devised. There are a few old standbys, like matching pennies for $5 notes, which have stood the test of time, but the newest game is always the most popular.

A certain Wall street light went to Washington not long ago and there discovered a game which has since been introduced on the street with great success. There is plenty of excitement in playing it, and it is absolutely honest.

The electric fan is the means by which the game is played. Some of the fans have only four blades, others have five and six blades. The six-blade fans are the most popular, even when there are only four players.

The Electric Fan Game.

A number is pasted upon each blade and then the players chip in a dollar each. A lever at the back of the fan sets the blades whirling around at lightning speed, and then the current is shut off. The fan whirls slower and slower until it gradually comes to a stop. The winning blade is the one which stops nearest to the wire at the bottom of the fan, and the holder of the duplicate number to that on the blade scoops in the pot.

The usual stake is $1 on each blade, but the game can be played without limit. Some highflyers play it as high as $20 a blade, and with $120 in each pot the amount that can be lost or won in half an hour is so big that checks have to be given to liquidate debts. The ordinary pocket "roll" of the Wall street man is not big enough for the purpose. One lucky chap won $1,800 in an afternoon's play at the game, but this was an unusually large sum.

Five men played the fan one whole afternoon and none of them quit more than $10 ahead or to the bad. Each took a number and stuck to it all through the play. The sixth blade was left blank, and whenever it won a jackpot was made, the stakes being doubled. The advantage of the game is that there is no kitty to be fed, no room rent to pay and the players are absolutely certain of an honest deal.

Isidor Wormser and his diamonds offer a fruitful field for the men who like to gamble. Mr. Wormser has a collection of diamonds second to none in the street. The headlights he wears in his shirt front have been the subject of many weird tales. It is asserted that he can walk along a dark street at night time and read a newspaper with ease by the light of his sparklers.

Sometimes Mr. Wormser comes down town with only ten diamonds on his person. Again he appears with sixty. On the latter occasion his jewels are of the cluster variety. Pools are often formed on the number of diamonds the banker will wear. It costs $5 to buy a chance in this pool, and the man who comes nearest the number pockets the pool.

One man thought he would put up a clever job on his friends, and get a sure thing on the pool. He walked over to the "L" station at which Mr. Wormser boards the down town train, and rode down with him. While chatting about business matters the clever man made a careful count of all the Wormser diamonds, and secure with this information prepared for a grand coup.

For the sake of enlarging the pool and drawing others in, he bought three numbers, one representing the total of his actual count. There was $175 in the pot that morning, and the schemer hugged himself with joy. Visions of doing the same thing every morning and reaping untold wealth passed before him. He felt as if he had discovered a gold mine.

When Mr. Wormser appeared on 'Change there was the usual rush to see the official count of the gems. The clever man almost fainted when he saw the banker. On the third finger of each hand was a cluster ring that he did not have on during the ride down-town. That knocked his chances into smithereens, as it sent the total twenty-four above his "sure thing" count. It seems that Mr. Wormser keeps quite a stack of diamonds in a private drawer in the office safe, so that he can readily increase or diminish the number of his gems. This the clever man did not know. He acknowledges now that to beat the Wormser diamond game is almost an impossibility.

The jumping bean is a nice game that is as exciting as horse racing. In fact, it is more so, as there is absolutely no means of getting a line

Counting the Diamonds.

on which way the bean will jump. The players of this game enter their beans just as horse-owners do for a sweep-stakes. The bean is the little South American affair with a tiny worm inside. The squirming of the worm makes the bean jump one way or the other. The bean with the liveliest worm stands the best chance of winning, as it goes flover the most ground.

The game is played in this way: A circle about an inch in diameter is drawn in the center of a large sheet of white paper. Another circle, 6 inches away from the other, is drawn. The big outside circle is then the starting line and the little circle is the finish. The bean that lands inside the small circle first is the winner. It costs $2 to enter a bean in this race but when two beans are making about equal headway for the small circle big bets are often made as to which will win. If the bean jumps the wrong way and insists upon going in an opposite direction to the small circle, the owner can lift him back to the starting line. But no bean can be touched after it has once started in the right direction.

Another form of pool gambling which is the favorite system among the Wall street men, as there is a change of a big winning for a small investment, is on the number of shares that will be dealt in during the day. Each chance costs a dollar, and sometimes there is as much as $300 in the pot. The winner of this feels that he has done a pretty good day's business.

Since the advent of the bicycle craze many of the brokers have taken to riding the wheel, and now they buy their wheels on the gambling plan. This scheme is not confined to Wall street alone, but it has attained the height of its popularity there. This is the way they do it.

A cloth bag is filled with slips of paper numbered from 1 to 150. A man thrusts in his hand and pulls out a number. If the number is 1, he pays 1c into the fund. If he be unfortunate and pulls out the 150 number, he chips in $1.50. When all the numbers have been pulled out, the bag is again filled with slips numbered in the same way. A number is then drawn out, and the man who holds the duplicate wins the total, which is big enough to buy a first-class wheel. The chance of winning is rather remote, being 1

Race of the Jumping Beans.

in 150, but there is the additional chance of winning a fat sum at the cost of a cent or two.

The American Climate.

"Why don't I like America?" said an Englishman, who was drinking a cocktail in a Broadway hotel yesterday. "Why, for many reasons. I haven't found anything here that I like. Take your athletic sport, for instance. It's bogus. What is your representative sport? Base ball, is it not? Well, that simply represents the work of hired men. It isn't really sport. Besides, I can't understand your newspaper accounts of it. They are very mysterious. Waiter, another cocktail. Your climate is bad, and your politicians are jingoes. I have been disappointed all around, and in everything save one, and that is your cocktails. I drank six last night before going to bed. I have suffered from your climate to-day."—New York Sun.

Alleged Lynchers.

Ellensburg, Wash., Aug. 21.—Eight persons are under arrest here under a charge of being implicated in the recent lynching of the Vinsons, father and son. They are Mike Lander, Frank Ubelacker, William Bussey, Frank Fiegel, Robert Tinkel, Frank Schuller and Henry DeWescourt. They had a preliminary trial to-day.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Mrs. George Lewis of Boston thinks she is the youngest grandmother in America. Her age is 32 years.

John Oliver Hobbs (Mrs. Cragie) has been elected president of the society of women journalists of London.

Sarah Bernhardt is to begin her first tour of Germany next fall at the expiration of her American engagement.

Miss E. Thornton Clark, the sculptor, is said to be fond of pets of all sorts, and her prime favorite is a mouse.

Three persons were recently saved from drowning at Hythe, England, by the courage and skill of Miss Evans, a girl of 21.

Mrs. Bertha Welch, of San Francisco, has given more than $150,000 in the last four years to St. Ignatius' church of that city.

Miss Alice French ("Octave Thanet") is a Yankee by birth (partly of Virginia lineage), an Iowan by adoption and a southerner by choice.

An American woman is about to make a tour of the mikado's realm on a bicycle. She will publish a book called "Unpunctured Tires in Japan."

Miss Douglas, the champion amateur markswoman of England, recently scored fifty-seven bull's-eyes in succession with a revolver at twenty yards' range.

A bust of Charles Sumner, made by the colored woman sculptor, Elmondia Lewis, will be one of the attractive exhibits of the negro building at the Atlanta exposition.

It is expected that Lady Betty, wife of Chief Secretary Balfour, will do her best to make his Irish administration popular. She is a woman of great talent and social tact.

Lady Haberton, inventor of the divided skirt, is said to have a new fad. She contends that female servants should wear knickerbockers, as such costume facilitates movements.

Mrs. Frank Weldon, wife of Frank Weldon of the Atlanta Constitution, is in correspondence with the Princess Nazle, of Cairo, Egypt, in reference to exhibits at the cotton fair next fall.

Aluminum heel tips are coming in vogue.

Easily pleased—the man who is satisfied with himself.

The inventor of barbs on fence wire receives a royalty of $120,000 a year.