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A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

Being Ye True Account of Ye Celebrated Ride of Richard Turpin, Esq., from London to York, Now for Ye First Time Made Public.

BY ROBERT BARR.

(Copyright, 1898, by Robert Barr.) Dick Turpin slouched into Kettie's restaurant on the Strand, flung his huge felt hat on a marble table, sat down, and sang out for a beefsteak rare and a gallon of ale, and that right speedily, he noted. The waiter made all haste to serve him, for such is the effect of a life of kindness and doing good to others that Dick was always promptly obeyed, whoever else had to suffer delay, and when his mild and gentle eye casually surveyed the printing on his pistole, even landlords themselves had been known to jump in their eagerness to be of use to him.

The police rode Clinchier tires, of course, for clinching was their business, while Dick preferred a Palmer, for he had never made his living by the dropping of gold into his palm, although he preferred a single tube pistol when taking up a collection. "I shall break the record or my neck," muttered Dick, as he sped through the darkness. As he glanced over his shoulder at the foot of a hill he saw a dozen twinkling lights coming over the brow behind him, like a constellation. "I hope every one I meet will have a bright lamp and keep to his own side of the road," and for the first time in his bold life a tremor of fear thrilled the stalwart frame of the highwayman, who well knew the predicament of the touring cyclist for racing down

all, this was a mean trick to play on a brother cyclist, for Dick was not without that feeling of fraternity which all genuine wheelmen possess. So, wishing to do as he would be done by, the merciful man dismounted, equipped a ladder and a strand of barbed wire that lined one side of the road, pulled out staples until a sufficient length of the wire was set free, drew it taut across the thoroughfare and tied the loose end of the wire to a stake on the opposite side of the highway.

Remounting, he journeyed on toward the north, animated with that comforting sense of satisfaction which comes to one who, at some trouble to himself, has placed innocent diversion in the monotonous pathway of a fellow traveler. We should not live for ourselves alone. Just as a neighboring steepie struck the hour of 1, Dick glancing backward, saw the one light suddenly disappear. "How appropriate that was!" mused Dick. The hour and the man! Thank goodness, the telegraph has not yet been invented. The road to York is now clear, and I have nothing to attend to but the making of a

prolonged interview of financial advantage to him. But at last he came to a lonely heath which the high road bisected in a straight line, and about the center of it, with no one else in sight for miles, he saw approaching a young woman on a dainty wheel. Richard sprang off and planted himself and his machine squarely across the thoroughfare. The woman, thinking he wished to speak with her, which, indeed, was the case, slipped from her perch to the ground in that charmingly casual way in which some women dismount, seeming to suggest that she merely happened off. "You wish to inquire the way, sir?" she asked in tones of exquisite sweetness. "O, no, dear madam," replied Dick with one of his most correct bows, learned from his constant association with the aristocracy, whom he met incidentally on their travels. "I am, if I may be permitted to term myself so, an inspector of highways, and all roads lead—no to Rome in my case—but to profitable commerce. I must first apologize to you for not appearing in proper costume, a defect which I shall at once proceed to remedy," saying which he drew from his pocket a neatly fitted black silk mask, penetrated by two holes for the eyes, which he put over the upper part of his face, passing the strings to the back of his head and holding them there.

"What did you pay for your most excellent wheel?" "This stood me in at £21; at least that's what the man from whom I took it said it cost." "If I had that £21 you are taking care of for me I would go at once and invest it in a 'White Wings'." "Would you?" cried Dick with enthusiasm, for his weakest point was always his galling vanity and his next weakest his loyalty to his own make of wheel. "Then allow me to have the pleasure of handing back your money." "Thank you kindly," said the girl sweetly as she put her purse in her pocket. She sprang on her wheel and cried over her shoulder, "I think those are two policemen approaching down the road; better not follow me, but do some according toward York." Dick saw that he had already lost too much time, yet he stood there hesitating, wondering if after all he had not been deceived somehow. It was always thus with the tender-hearted men. His honesty was forever being taken advantage of by the unscrupulous of the opposite sex. He mounted his machine and finished his journey to York, a poorer man by £21 than he had been at one point on the journey.

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appeared it over and over to himself as if committing it to memory. When asked why he wanted the name he said: "You'll hear from me soon and I'll pay back that loan, too." Before leaving he told the ward detective that his name was "Pete" Lewis and he worked on race tracks in the south and west, but had never been in New York before. The incident had been forgotten by the ward detective until one day last week among the letters that came to the station house was one addressed to the detective in a scrawling hand bearing a Washington postmark. Wondering who it could be from he opened it and read: "Get down for an X at least on Thermo and remember the snowstorm and 'Pete' Lewis." "There was no signature, but indeed wrapped in tissue paper was a new 25-cent piece. Even then the receiver of the queerly worded epistle was at a loss to know from whom it was until in handing the letter around among the men in the station house one of them, who often unobtrusively admitted that he sometimes read the newspaper accounts of racing, said that Thermo was the name of a horse running at the Bennings track near Washington. This much of the strange letter made clear, the ward detective put on his thinking cap and gradually the snowstorm, the 25-cent piece, "Pete" Lewis looking for a lodging and all the rest began to dawn upon him. All his friends to whom he showed the letter advised him to wait until the papers until the horse was entered in a race and then bid him for \$10, as "Pete" Lewis had asked. This he finally decided to do, and on Tuesday last the horse was entered. The ward detective was on duty that day, but a friend of his went over to Jersey City and played Thermo to win at 10 to 1. The horse easily fulfilled all that "Pete" Lewis had promised by winning in a gallop. The ward detective learned the result of the race from a tinker near the station house and was probably no happier when his friend handed him his winnings of \$100 than when he later received this telegram from "Pete": "Thermo was pretty good, but wait until we pull off the next. I'll send you word."



DICK, MY BOY, THE BOBBIES ARE DEPLOYING 'ROUND THE STRAND ENTRANCE.



"BUT I AM DETAINING YOU, MADAM, IN THE PLEASURES OF SOCIAL CONVERSATION LET US NOT FORGET THE REALITIES OF LIFE."

record which will never be forgotten. Another good man gone!" he added, as he saw that the lamp behind him was not relit. "Dicklight found him going wrong, far to the north; he did, the rest nowhere. He stopped at a wayside inn for breakfast, knowing it was a good omen, for the iron of the three-wheeled wheel of the Cyclists' touring club was over the door. "Are you a member of the C. T. C.?" asked the landlord. "I am a member of no organization," replied the truthful Dick. "But I have just been resigning all night from the C. A. T. C. H."