

# Other Way

By Sir Walter Besant

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**Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.**  
Mrs. Isabel Weyland, a widow, is threatened with the loss of her home by a creditor, Mr. Bryner, who demands a way out of the difficulty, marriage with an impecunious debtor, who, for a paltry sum, will assume Mrs. Weyland's debts also. He proved to be a young lawyer, Macnamara, who, through no fault of his own, has fallen in dire straits. Mrs. Weyland, in pity, pays his small debts, sets him free and agrees to marry a negro condemned to die in three days. She then retires in poverty to country life, but later falls betrothed to a large fortune and becomes a social queen in London. Here she meets Macnamara, now a flourishing barrister, who pledges himself to her service and is most attentive to her. He turns out to be a brother-in-law, Lord Stratherrick. Mrs. Weyland takes as secretary Alice Fulton, daughter of a former creditor. Stratherrick learns of her marriage to the negro, through Fulton's father, a worthless specimen. He then calls upon his sister-in-law and attempts blackmail, proposing that she pay £500 to him to keep the former creditor quiet. The negro returns to London, having escaped with the gallows and penal servitude in the colonies. He blackmails Mrs. Weyland, who calls Macnamara when he is in trouble. Macnamara, in disguise, frightens Truxo, the negro, into the belief that his life is in danger. Macnamara secures a valuable ally in Doll, Truxo's real wife, and convinces Lord Stratherrick that Mrs. Weyland has been misled by her enemies.

**CHAPTER XX.**  
**Platitudes and Persuasion.**  
It will be remarked how this business, designed by the dressmaker in her own

asking questions as to his history, and that he would not sell him as a slave, a thing which the captains of such ships are strongly tempted to do, seeing that a full-grown negro still in the prime of manhood is worth more than £50 before he is shipped for Jamaica or the plantations. There are not wanting, indeed, divines who preach and teach that the negro is descended from an inferior creature, having another Adam and Eve of black complexion for their ancestors and another garden of Eden, in which the forbidden fruit was probably the watermelon, situated somewhere near the west coast of Africa, and being cursed with the burden of labor, not for themselves—an alleviation granted to the white man—but for others, in perpetual slavery, owing to original sin, the nature of which has not been recorded. For this reason the captains are not perhaps to be blamed if they engage in the traffic of black labor. However, the man seemed indifferent and honest, Oliver considered the bargain with him and engaged to be on board the black man and his white wife.

So he went back to his friend in Drury Lane and resumed his disguise as an Irish craftsman escaping from Dublin in order to avoid arrest and trial and the probable consequences. And once more he repaired to the White Dog of Great Hermitage street.

Mr. Truxo was lying snug, as he had

There's plenty ships, says you, bound for the gold coast."  
"I said that, did I? Well, so far it's true. You're a good memory. Go on, my lad."  
"Then was your very words. Come, don't say you have forgotten when I've been all the morning at work for you."  
"I didn't say so. Go on."  
"Then you said, 'Go tomorrow morning down to the Pool,' you said; 'make inquiries,' you said; 'find a ship fitting out for the Gold coast, which is my native country and where I am a prince when I'm at home.' A prince, you said."  
"I did say so; I remember now. It's quite true. A prince I am, and like to be a king when I get back to my own people. A king, mind you, with an umbrella."  
"There! What did I tell you? 'Go,' says you, 'go and make them inquiries.' I remember Mac-what's-your-name—I remember. It's safer for me to go back to my own country than to be lying snug and quiet here. I'm sick of lying snug, and that's the truth."  
"If you was not so big and strong that all the world must look after you it would be safe to stay in this town, which ought to be big enough for you and the constables and the reformers all together. But there it is. You can't be forgotten. There must be hundreds who remember you. They will meet you in the tavern and in the street. How can you feel safe from them? 'What! they cry, 'there's Adolphus!'"

He would not know—"Who else, I ask you, Mr. Truxo, would give it?"  
"Oh, she gave it, did she?"  
"Hush! Hush! Doll is downstairs; she's jealous."  
"She gave it, did she? Then I'll go and thank her myself."  
Oliver shook his head mysteriously. "Don't you try to see her. Don't think of it. There's no more dangerous place for you in all London. She says that you are to get on board and to sail away as fast as you can, out of danger. Look! How they would like to catch Adolphus Truxo once more! Be careful, she says—Oh, be careful!"  
"I was free, I'd soon show you how to get rid of a jealous wife. But I'm not free—my wife's the pity!"  
"As you say—more's the pity. Now, you are to go on board tomorrow evening after dark. Doll is to go with you."  
"Doll to go with me? I don't want Doll. I want my wife, man. You can't leave her behind."  
Adolphus laughed. "She's my wife? So is a dozen more of 'em, here and there. As for leaving her behind. I did it before and I'll do it again."  
"Doll must go with you. It is not safe to leave her behind, man! The law can reach as far as the Gold coast, and a jealous wife can send out orders for your arrest out there as well as at home."  
"If she must come, then, I suppose she must. Well, there's fever on that coast. There's a little disease with you. Oh, yes. Doll can come, if you think it safer. I'm tired of Doll; she's ugly. Give me a creature like—But Doll can come. Oh, yes—she can come," he chuckled. "She said the other day that she would die for me. She shall die for me if she likes. Better than, than live with me."  
Oliver was not squeamish, but the sight of this brute anticipating the death of his wife by fever was almost too much for him. However, he restrained himself.  
"Doll would not be happy without you. Well, when can you go aboard? The captain expects to sail in two days. You can go aboard when you please. The sooner the better, because the captain will not wait. As soon as the cargo is laid down and her papers are ready he will drop down the river."  
"I will go tomorrow. The sooner I get out of the place where I am nothing more than a prisoner the better. I will go on board tomorrow evening at nightfall."  
"I will come to see you off. If I were only going, too!"  
"Come with me. Why not?"  
"I'm afraid of the fever. The white men all die. Besides, no one knows me here. I shall get a job somewhere along the river. The drink is good here and the company is

good, since I can't go back to Dublin again. And here no one knows why I left Ireland."  
So, this matter arranged to his satisfaction, though at the price of many inventions—let us hope they were forgiven, considering the good intentions of the inventor—Oliver returned to Drury Lane and once more laid aside his disguise and resumed the habits of a lawyer of the upper bar.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### He Would Have Revenge.

At 7 in the morning Oliver walked down Jersey street, followed by a man at whose sight many trembled; some hid themselves in the newly opened shops; some turned back to their heels and ran away. In the neighborhood of St. James, where raked spendthrifts prodigals and gamblers mostly have their lodgings, the man's face was familiar, much more so than that of the man in the uniform and the hat of a constable, and the next thing you know is the arrival of a posse, with a head constable, and off you go to Newgate again. And then there's an end, because you won't get another respite.

The reader will not fail to observe the artful way in which Oliver made use of the man's vanity, which was enormous, and of his fears, which were at this juncture equal to his vanity. Mr. Truxo got down the tankard and responded with a murmured and musical "Ah!"—prolonged and appreciative. He was great. He felt it. As a housekeeper he was second to none. No bolts or bars would keep him out of a house if he intended to get in. He was, he knew, a fine figure of a man. His color, his bearing, his air, his manner, his self-complacency, it helped people to admire him. He was proud of the distinction of a velvet skin and a woolly pate. He was so strong that he feared no man, and at the same time he was now in mortal terror of a recapture and another stay—very short this time—in that fetid court. He listened, therefore, swallowing all the flattery and swelling with pride, even while his heart sank within him for terror.

"Greatest," he said, "is very well in its way, but I want to escape the constable and his posse."  
"Why have yourself invented a way. Who but you would have thought of such a simple way? 'I will go back,' says you, 'to my native country.' There's a mind! There's brains! There's invention for you!"  
"My enemies have never called me a fool."  
"How could they? Why, man, they're too much afraid of you. A fool? Ho, ho! Adolphus Truxo a fool!"  
Look you—Mr. Mac-what's-your-name. I'm sick of it—I want to be outside again. Now, have you carried out their orders of mine?"  
"Mr. Truxo, I have, and faithful. Everything is settled. I've seen the captain on board his own ship. He'll give you a berth and rations, with rum. He will sail in a day or two. Everything is settled, even to paying the money."  
"Paying the money? Where did you get the money?"  
Oliver hesitated. He thought of declaring that Mr. Truxo himself had given him the money. He would have done so as the safest course, but for the accident that he did not know what money he had. He therefore, with many qualms for associating himself with the ruffian of the basest kind, answered diplomatically:  
"Mr. Truxo," he said in accents reproachful. "Why try to keep the secret from me? As if there is anybody else who would give you the money!"  
"Do you mean that she—she gave it?"  
"Who else would give it?"—the man would be gone in a day or two—let him go with a sense of obligation if possible, for

# HAD BACKACHE SIX YEARS

## WAS NEVER FREE FROM PAIN DAY OR NIGHT

**CURED BY "5-DROPS"**  
MR. ADELBERT RACE, 235 Elm Street, Holyoke, Mass., writes me of Nov. 4, 1901, as follows: "I request you to publish my testimonial for '5-DROPS,' and what it has done for me, so that poor suffering humanity may not suffer what I have. For six years I was troubled with backache, never free from pain one minute night or day. I paid a New York doctor \$100 for a year's treatment. I had Rheumatism from head to foot, and one limb from foot to body was numb all the time. I also had blacker troubles in its worst form, and was 'used up' many times. On the 9th of September, 1901, I began the use of '5-DROPS,' and from that day until the present writing the backache has not returned. The numbness in my limbs gradually left as did the bladder trouble. In about six months I was free from the troubles entirely, and they have not returned to this time."

**THE ONLY CURE FOR RHEUMATISM**  
**GIVES INSTANT RELIEF, EFFECTS A PERMANENT CURE**  
Swanson's "5-DROPS" is both an internal and external remedy, which acts quickly, safely and surely, never failing to cure either acute or chronic rheumatism. "5-DROPS" taken internally will dissolve the poisonous acid, remove it from the system and cleanse the blood of all impurities, thereby effecting a permanent cure. An application of "5-DROPS" to the afflicted parts will stop the rheumatic pains instantly, while the cause of the disease is being surely removed by its internal use.

**DOCTORS SAID HE WOULD BE A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE. "5-DROPS" CURED HIM**  
FRED KING, Rhine, N. Y., writes: "Your remedy, '5-DROPS' has done wonders for me. Today I can do as much work as any man of my age, and many younger men. I was formerly a cripple, and was unable to do any work. I had an attack of Rheumatism, which lasted nearly two years at one time, and was drawn out of shape so that the doctor said I would be a cripple as long as I lived. But '5-DROPS' has done its work, and today I am on my feet. I have kept it in my house ever since I ordered the first bottle, and I have told many of my friends of it. If anyone wants to know what '5-DROPS' does for me, let them write me and I will tell them what it has done."

**"5-DROPS" CURES NEURALGIA, GRIP, COLDS, COUGHS**  
Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Nervousness, Backache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Croup, Nervous and Neuritic Headache, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Creeping Numbness, Sleeplessness and Blood Diseases.

**FREE TO ALL** A trial bottle will be mailed free of charge to every reader of this paper who is a sufferer from any of the above mentioned diseases. Cut out the coupon and send to us with your name and address.  
**ALL BODILY ACHES AND PAINS DISAPPEAR AT ONCE WHEN "5-DROPS" IS USED**  
"5-DROPS" stops those awful backaches, removes instantly the inflammation caused by sprains or bruises, and quickly affords relief to those who are suffering from Nervous or Neuritic Headaches. It acts on the blood, purifying it and cleansing the kidneys of the impure matter which occasions those excruciating pains.  
**NOTICE.** If any unprincipled dealer offers you a substitute for "5-DROPS" do not accept it. No other remedy will do its work. Ordering "5-DROPS" is a sure way to ruin the system. To ruin the system is to ruin the body. "5-DROPS" is a sure falling cure. It is perfectly harmless and can be taken by a child as well as an adult. Most druggists are selling "5-DROPS." Any reliable druggist can easily secure it for you. If it is not obtainable in your locality order direct from us and we will send it prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle.

**LARGE SIZE BOTTLE "5-DROPS" (300 DOSES), \$1.00. AT YOUR DRUGGISTS.**  
**ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THE "SWANSON PILL," A SURE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION, PRICE, 25c**  
**SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160-164 LAKE ST., CHICAGO.**

He had already seen rats where he knew that no rats could be; perhaps he expected to see them in the parlour.  
Without the summer morning was fresh and clear; the sun was bright; the air was cool. Strange that man should prefer the stinking parlor of a tavern to the fresh air of the morning.

Oliver wheeled round his chair and sat down before the man. "Sir," he said, "I would have a little discourse with you." Mr. Fulton raised his head and looked at him with a little languid curiosity. "Sir," he said, "You are a lawyer. I love not lawyers. I have had enough of lawyers. What do you want with me? I am a man of business, and I am not in the city. Those who saw that face never talking about an 'exchange. A noble failure! Charles, my tankard, my tankard!"  
"Sir," said Oliver, "I know the history of your failure. It will be well for you to reserve those imaginary allegations for the tavern company. The amount for which you failed was under £500. Your stock was practically worthless. You had no silver plate, but took your meals off pewter. Your books consisted of a 'Book of Martyrs,' 'Moll's Geography,' a Fox's reckoner, a book of common prayer and Baker's history. As for your pictures and furniture, the less said the better. Indeed, Mr. Fulton, your bankruptcy was remarkable for nothing else than the fact that few citizens in business, supposed to be substantial, have ever failed for so trifling a sum."  
The tankard was brought. Mr. Fulton took a long pull and sat upright with a sigh of relief.

"I suppose you know better than myself," he said, "that I am not a man of my own private affairs." "Presently—presently. After you had taken the first steps of bankruptcy, being forced thereby by your creditors, you be thought yourself of a certain lady who was indebted to you in the sum of something like £100, be the amount more or less."  
"She was. It was this woman who drove me into bankruptcy. It was not £100, but £1,200."  
"Ta—ta—ta—Mr. Fulton—I am a lawyer and I know the facts. It was less than £100. The debt was not due for two months to come. You concealed the debt from your creditors; you removed the entry from your books. It was a fraudulent act. Mr. Fulton, a fraudulent act. Oliver shook his head and said, "You are a man of business, and you are not in the city. Those who saw that face never talking about an 'exchange. A noble failure! Charles, my tankard, my tankard!"

"Sir," he said, "I don't know who you are, but let me tell you, sir, that you lie. All men are liars. That is all I have to say. You lie."  
"Mr. Fulton, if you give me the lie you will provoke me to take steps which will give you great pain. Do not be afraid for the man behind the tankard before his face as if for protection. I am not going to pull your nose. My proceedings will be of a more legal character—and much more lasting in their effects."  
"What do you come here for, then?"  
"I come to remonstrate with you and to protect a lady—none other than the lady whom you drove by your pretences and threats to take certain decisive steps, otherwise not to be recommended, for her own safety."  
"Why, she defrauded me," the man shrieked. "She defrauded me, I say. What do you mean by your cock and bull? What do you know about it? She defrauded me."  
"You have been placed in this house in order to keep you quiet. You have observed the silence for which you were paid. Your wages are your board and lodging, with as much drink as you please to call for."  
"That may be so—I shall not deny it. I have been paid for silence. That shows how much the lady is afraid of me. Sir, I say again, she defrauded me. As for my defrauding my creditors, I would have you to know that I am an honest man—as honest as you, sir."

"You have been paid by persons acting without the knowledge of this lady. She is not in the least afraid of you."  
The man laughed. "Not afraid of me! A fine story, truly! Well, sir, you may tell the lady that unless she continues to buy my silence—at a much higher figure than she has yet paid—I will make the whole town ring with the story. Yes—the whole town ring with the story of her marriage and of her fraud!"  
"You make the town ring? You, the champion of law? You, a poor, contemptible bankrupt and beggar, man? What do you mean by your cock and bull? What do you mean by your threats? Understand, sir, that we defy you."  
"Oh, you may defy me." He was by this time restored partially, not quite, to his former condition of a moderately sane man. "You defy me? Why, sir, you don't even know the tale I shall tell. It is a tale that will kill the lady's reputation."  
"Yes—I know it quite well. I also know what she shall do when you have told it."  
"What will you do, then?"  
"We shall turn you into the street. You will have no more drink, not to speak of food and lodging. Your wife will not admit you to her lodging. She has done with you. She is disgusted with you. The lady herself will not help you. The fine friends upon whom you depend will not help you. Consider, if you can think of anything, what it is you will bring upon yourself."  
"I will have my revenge. I shall drag her—drag her—drag her—he was a little uncertain what he was going to drag and he said, 'drag her name down into the dust. She will never be able to recover—never.'"  
"You will do your worst, if you please. Then our turn will come. And you will starve afterward."  
"I shall have my revenge. And my friends—there's a noble lord—think of that! A noble lord among them. They will not see me starve; they will keep me in this house, where the company is good—yes—and the drink is good—and plenty of it. I have never, not even in the days of my prosperity, enjoyed so much good drink and so many kinds of it. My friends will look after me. I am not afraid of you, sir, nor of any lawyers—nor of all the lawyers."

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"I warn you. Mind, I warn you solemnly. The tale you will tell is not true. It is not true that you owed your £1,200. It is not true that her account, which was for less than £100, was overdue; it is not true that any action of hers put you into bankruptcy; it is not true, finally, that she married a convict under sentence of death."  
"What? Not true? Why, she married a negro—negro, sir—a black beast of a negro—who is hanged!"  
"She did nothing of the kind. Well, sir, are you resolved upon getting your revenge? Will you attempt to spread this invention—this monstrous collection of lies about among the lackies who frequent the house?"  
"Sir," he attempted an attitude of dignity, but his shoulders lurched and his head reeled. "He said with increased thickness of speech. 'It has been my boast and my pride, throughout my life, to forgive nobody. Revenge is dearer to me than life. I defy you. Do your worst. I will have revenge.'"

Oliver considered this poor impotent boaster with a kind of pity. The man was so contemptible and so obstinate. His devotion to bring him to a right mind if possible and to persuade him, rather than to threaten him, into abandoning these wild threats of revenge. Any man, however ignorant and weak and helpless, may do mischief with a lighted torch.  
"Come," he said, you talk at random. You propose to tell your friends that you are a lackey—whatever you please. I do assure you, Mr. Fulton, upon my honor, that your friends, as you call them, have given you up; that your maintenance in this house has been abandoned. You are about

to be turned into the street. How will you tell them, then, this or any other story? You have no money to call for more drinks; there is not one among them who will oblige you with a pot of small beer. How will you tell them?"  
"I will have my revenge. I will have my revenge," he replied, with a poor show of doggedness.  
"On the other hand, I am empowered to make you an offer—an offer which you do not deserve. Now, listen, Mr. Fulton. The offer is this: You are to go into the country, fifteen miles at least from town. If you consent to this and promise to circulate no more stories about bills and fraudulent dealings and—marriages in Newgate, you shall receive the sum of 15 shillings a week. With 15 shillings you can pay for a room and a bed. They will cost, say 2 shillings a week; your food will cost you, say eightpence a day; there remains for drink and for clothes the sum of 8 shillings a week at least. There, Mr. Fulton, is my offer."  
The man drank off the rest of the tankard. He was now incapable of understanding anything properly. He saw things in a haze, and he said, "He had refused his ordinary condition—he was half drunk. Words and things had no more meaning for him. 'Don't waste your breath,' he said, thickly, 'talking nonsense. I will have my revenge. This is a comfortable house; the company is good; the drink is good and plentiful—I have never before had such a skilful of good drink.'"

"Very good, Mr. Fulton, very good. Please to step this way with me." He was quite unresisting and rose murmuring and repeating in broken language that he had always prided himself on having his revenge, and that revenge was dearer than life—with more bombastic stuff of brain he mused.

Oliver led him to the door, where the sheriff's officer stood like a sentinel. At a signal this man stepped forward and tapped the reverend bankrupt on the shoulder, at the same time producing a slip of parchment.  
"In the name of the law," he said, "you are my prisoner."  
"Some gleam of intelligence crossed the drunkard's brain. He turned pale; he reeled. 'What?' he cried. 'Whose prisoner?'"  
"Mine," Oliver replied. "I am the detaining creditor. The debt is that for drink at the Grapes. I gave you every chance. You will now, in the King's Bench prison, reflect at leisure on the consequences of desiring revenge. You may tell any stories you please—on the poor side. You will have no drink and very little food. I have nothing more to say to you. Officer, take him away."  
(To be Continued.)

Champagne as a restorer has no equal. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is pure, delicious and sparkling.

**In the Line of Business.**  
Chicago Post: "You've been engaged four times," they said, reproachfully. "Of course," replied the sweet young thing cheerily. "A girl who intends to devote herself to literature has not to find out how men make love, hasn't she?"  
For a moment they were at a loss for an answer. Then one of them spoke.  
"Oh, I don't know," she replied. "Some of the most startling and successful novels have merely shown how some girls think they ought to make love."

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Interests as a secret, hole and corner affair, not to be known by anyone save herself and the lady concerned, had become gradually extended until it was known by many and might be talked about over the whole town. There is, indeed, no secrecy possible when two persons are in a thing, for one or the other will invariably talk about it. Indeed, the best way of letting some event become known everywhere is to communicate it as a profound secret. The lady was to secure herself against arrest or molestation by transferring her debts to another person. There is but one way of effecting this desirable exchange, namely, by marriage. First, she was to marry a prisoner on the poor side of the king's bench prison. Oliver was the prisoner chosen for the part, as being penniless and friendless. The lady refused him. Her refusal and her security were the foundation of Oliver's subsequent success. He, therefore, for one was not disposed to forget either the one or the other. Then followed the business of Newgate. There were concerned in this, which was to be a matter of such profound secrecy that no one was to know anything about it, the happy bridegroom, the parson and his clerk and the turkey; the first of them ought to have been hanged, but was executed and had now returned; the second had his registers to tell the truth; the clerk and the turkey might be neglected—they would not care for the name of the bride nor would they remember the circumstances. There remained Mrs. Bryner herself. She had come to the most scandal-loving community in the whole town, that of the servants' hall.

As yet there was no whisper of scandal against Isabel. In a town full of whispers, nods, murmurs, smiles and hints, her name had remained spotless. It was Oliver's task to keep it so.  
Fortune, aided by his own courage and resource, had helped him. He had found out that whatever scandal might arise there was no foundation for any fear of molestation. The man chiefly concerned was not only a fugitive, liable to be executed without trial, but he had also been married at the time of the ceremony in Newgate. This would not stop the voice of scandal, but it would prevent the danger of further action on the part of the pretended husband. The man could do nothing except—if he were once more an occupant of the condemned cell—tell the story of his bigamy within the walls.  
Oliver, therefore, addressed himself chiefly to this danger. You have heard that he had devised a plan for the escape of the negro. His plan was to place him on board a ship bound for the west coast of Africa, his old country. He thought that by raising his apprehensions of arrest, even though no one was looking after him, he would not only induce him to go, but also to stay. He repaired to the port and made inquiries. One of the watermen took him to a ship in the pool which was fitted out for a voyage to the gold coast and was almost ready. He saw the captain and after a little negotiation found that he would not refuse to take a negro passenger with a white wife, on the condition that he confined himself entirely to the fore-cabin, or the bow, out of sight; that he would supply him with rum and rations for a price to be arranged; that he would land the man on the gold coast without



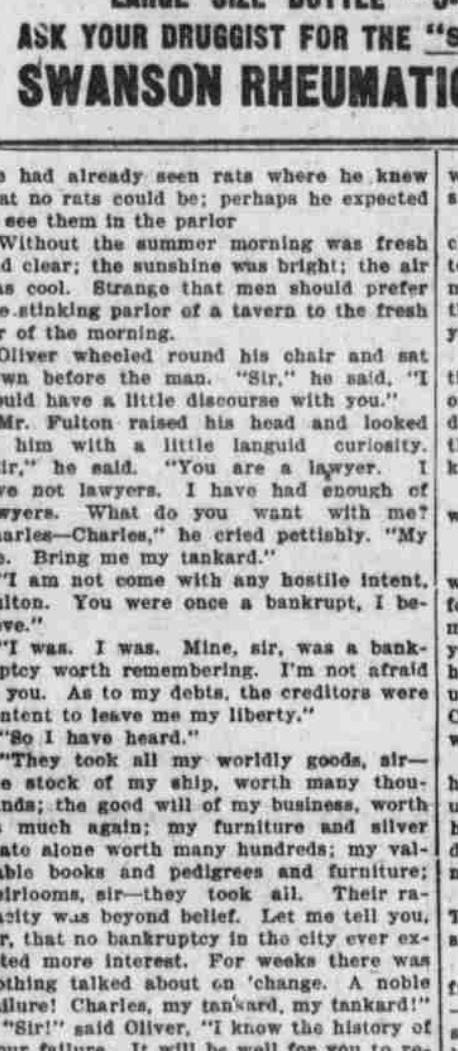
"MR. FULTON BURIED HIS NOSE IN THE TANKARD."

premeditated to do. That is to say, he was sitting alone in his bedroom, having for company a jug of beer and his own thoughts, which were gloomy. He had not ventured below in the evening, but took his rum with no one but Doll, whose conversational powers he despised. He was by this time in a condition of terror which made him easy to handle; he mistrusted the company which used the tavern in the evening; they were mostly, he knew, men of honor, being sailors, who seem to turn informer for the sake of reward, however great, but there were craftsmen among them who were not governed by the same nice principles; he was greatly disgusted, moreover, by the rumor of a hue and cry brought to him by this Irishman whom he trusted. Now the reward for arresting a runaway from the plantations is £20; the chief-taker, it is well known, keeps his man until he has qualified for the noble reward offered for a highwayman, which is no less than £50, with a Tyburn ticket, the horse and arms of the individual and a share of the booty. It will be seen in the evening that Mr. Truxo's apprehensions were well founded, though the name of the informer for reasons that you will learn was never divulged.  
"Sir," said Oliver—he pronounced the word in Irish fashion, 'sorr'—but we pass over these tricks of speech adopted to allay possible suspicion. Besides, they are beneath the dignity of history. 'I have done as you desired.' It will be seen that for readiness of invention when it suited his purpose, this lawyer had few equals and no superiors. 'I have done it,' he repeated.  
"What have you done?"  
"I have done what you told me to do yesterday." He communicated this information in a whisper, as a thing of the highest importance.  
"What did I tell you to do?"  
"You might have been thought drunk, though it was early, but I know better. Nothing makes you drunk like a noble figure of a man, you said, with a threat upon you like the mouth of a time kiln that nothing satisfies. Nothing can make you drunk if it had been in ordinary man now—but it was you—and you can't get drunk, not if you was to try your best."  
"That's rather here nor there. What did you tell me to do? There's a man, things to talk about. What did I tell you to do?"  
"You said to me, speakin' free but confidential—say said: 'There's no safety for me here. Anyone of the company may go out and lay information. I must get clean away from here—out of danger—says you. But, Lord! you remember.'"  
"Suppose I don't remember. Go on as if I didn't remember. Let me see if you can remember." This he said, thinking it might be cunning, because for his own part he remembered just nothing at all of any such conversation, having, indeed, made himself drunk as David's son by himself in the evening.  
"Sir, I shall try. You said so much. Then you said, speaking loud, 'I can get what money I want; I shall take ship,' says you, 'as passenger, not as a landsman, aboard some ship bound for the gold coast."



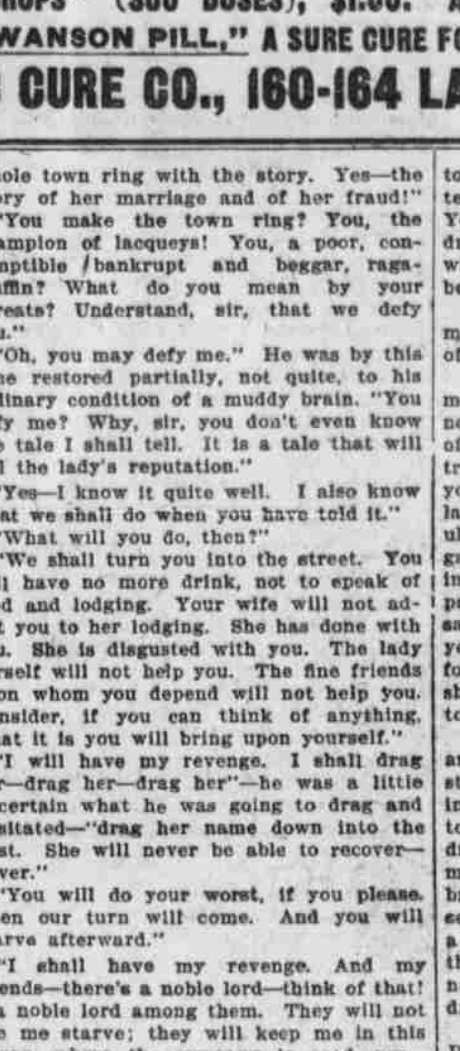
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He's come back! The great Adolphus! The brave Adolphus! The gallant Adolphus, that all the women fell in love with, and all the men envied! We thought he was hanged. We heard he was gone to the plantations. We never looked to see him again. Behold him, as great as ever, and back again! Back again! That's the way they'll talk. So it goes about, and the informers hear of it, and the next thing you know is the arrival of a posse, with a head constable, and off you go to Newgate again. And then there's an end, because you won't get another respite.  
The reader will not fail to observe the artful way in which Oliver made use of the man's vanity, which was enormous, and of his fears, which were at this juncture equal to his vanity. Mr. Truxo got down the tankard and responded with a murmured and musical "Ah!"—prolonged and appreciative. He was great. He felt it. As a housekeeper he was second to none. No bolts or bars would keep him out of a house if he intended to get in. He was, he knew, a fine figure of a man. His color, his bearing, his air, his manner, his self-complacency, it helped people to admire him. He was proud of the distinction of a velvet skin and a woolly pate. He was so strong that he feared no man, and at the same time he was now in mortal terror of a recapture and another stay—very short this time—in that fetid court. He listened, therefore, swallowing all the flattery and swelling with pride, even while his heart sank within him for terror.  
"Greatest," he said, "is very well in its way, but I want to escape the constable and his posse."  
"Why have yourself invented a way. Who but you would have thought of such a simple way? 'I will go back,' says you, 'to my native country.' There's a mind! There's brains! There's invention for you!"  
"My enemies have never called me a fool."  
"How could they? Why, man, they're too much afraid of you. A fool? Ho, ho! Adolphus Truxo a fool!"  
Look you—Mr. Mac-what's-your-name. I'm sick of it—I want to be outside again. Now, have you carried out their orders of mine?"  
"Mr. Truxo, I have, and faithful. Everything is settled. I've seen the captain on board his own ship. He'll give you a berth and rations, with rum. He will sail in a day or two. Everything is settled, even to paying the money."  
"Paying the money? Where did you get the money?"  
Oliver hesitated. He thought of declaring that Mr. Truxo himself had given him the money. He would have done so as the safest course, but for the accident that he did not know what money he had. He therefore, with many qualms for associating himself with the ruffian of the basest kind, answered diplomatically:  
"Mr. Truxo," he said in accents reproachful. "Why try to keep the secret from me? As if there is anybody else who would give you the money!"  
"Do you mean that she—she gave it?"  
"Who else would give it?"—the man would be gone in a day or two—let him go with a sense of obligation if possible, for



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