

Raffles Story--Raffles Story--Raffles Story

enjoy more. The good fellow snored me out of the bank and was still snoring when I again stood and listened under his open window.

"Why did I leave the bank first? To catch and saddle the mare and tether her in a clump of trees close by--to have the means of escape nice and handy before I went to work. I have often wondered at the instinctive wisdom of the precaution. Unconsciously I was acting on what has been one of my guiding principles ever since. Patience and patience were required--I had to be able without waking the man, and I was not used to catching horses in a horse paddock. Then I distrusted the poor mare, and I went back to the stables for a pair of oats, which I left with her in the clump, but not all. There was a tin of soap--the poor fellow's worst enemy, Bunny; but I had been 'cute' enough to make immense friends with him during the evening, and he wagged his tail, not only when I came downstairs, but when I reappeared at the back door.

"As the old-student new manager, I had been able, in the most ordinary course, to pump poor Ewbank about anything and everything connected with the working of the bank, especially in those twenty last invaluable minutes before turning in. And I had made a very nice time of asking him where he kept, and would recommend me to keep, the keys at night. Of course I thought he would take them with him to his room; but no such thing; he had a dog worth two of that. What it was doesn't matter, but no outsider would have found those keys in a month of Sundays.

"I, of course, had them in a few seconds, and in a few more I was in the strong-room itself. I forgot to say that the moon had risen and was letting quite a lot of light into the bank. I had, however, brought a bit of candle with me from my room, and in the strong-room, which was down some narrow stairs behind the counter in the banking chamber, I had no hesitation in lighting it. There was no window down there, and though I could no longer hear old Ewbank snoring, I had not the slightest reason to anticipate disturbance from that quarter. I did think of looking myself in while I was at work, but thank goodness the iron door had no keyhole on the inside.

"Well, there were heaps of gold in the safe, but I only took what I needed and could comfortably carry, not much more than a couple of hundred altogether. Not a note would I touch, and my native caution came out also in the way I divided the sovereigns between all my pockets, and packed them up so that I shouldn't be like the old woman of Banbury Cross. Well, you think me too cautious still, but I was insanely cautious then. And so it was that, just as I was ready to go, whereas I might have been some ten minutes, there came a violent knocking at the outer door.

"Bunny, it was the outer door of the banking chamber! My candle must have been seen! And there I stood, with the grease running hot over my fingers, in that brick grave of a strong-room!

"There was only one thing to be done. I must trust to the sound sleeping of Ewbank upstairs, open the door myself, knock the visitor down or shoot him with the revolver I had been chump enough to buy before leaving Melbourne, and make a dash for that clump of trees and the doctor's mare. My mind was made up in an instant, and I was at the top of the strong-room stairs, the knocking still continuing, when a second sound drove me back. It was the sound of bare feet coming along a corridor.

"My narrow stair was safe. I tumbled down with little noise, and had only to push open the iron door, for I had left the keys in the safe. As I did so I heard a handle turn overhead and thanked my gods that I shut every door behind me. You see, old chap, one's caution doesn't always let one in.

"Who's that knocking?" said Ewbank above.

"I could not make out the answer, but it sounded to me like the irrelevant supplication of a spent man. What I did hear plainly was the cocking of the bank revolver before the bolts were shot back; then a tottering step, a hard, short, shallow breathing, and Ewbank's voice in horror: 'My God! Good Lord! What's happened to you? You're bleeding like a pig!'

"Not now," came with a grateful sigh.

"But you have been! What's done it? 'Bush-rangers?'"

"Down the road?"

"This and Whittleson--led to a tree-cock shot--left me--bleed to death--" "The weak voice failed and the bare feet boiled, now was my time--the poor devil had fainted. But I could not be sure, and there I crouched down below in the dark at the half shut iron door not less spellbound than I was before. It was just as well, for Ewbank wasn't gone a minute. 'Drink this,' I heard him say, and when the other spoke again, his voice was a strangled cry: 'Now I begin to feel alive--' 'Don't talk.'

"It does me good. You don't know what it was--all those miles alone, one an hour, at the outside. I never thought I should come through. You must let me tell you in case I don't."

"Well, have another sip."

"Thank you, \* \* \* I said bush-rangers; of course, there are no such things nowadays."

"What were they, then?"

"Bank thieves; the one that had the pot shot was the very brute I drove out of the bank at Coburg with a bullet in him."

though through cotton-wool; then the streak went out, too, and in a few seconds I ventured to open once more, and was in time to hear them creeping to my room.

"Well, now, there was not a fifth of a second to be lost; but I'm proud to say I came up those stairs on my toes and fingers, and out of that bank (they'd gone and left the door open) just as gingerly as though my time had been my own. I didn't even forget to put on the hat the doctor's mare was eating her oats out of, as well as the could with a bit, or it alone would have landed me. I didn't even palp as I went, but just jogged off quietly in the thick dust at the side of the road (though I own my heart was galloping), and thanked my stars the bank was at that end of the township in which I really hadn't set foot. The very last thing I heard was the two managers raising Cain and the coachman. And now, Bunny--"

He stood up and stretched himself, with a smile that ended in a yawn. The black windows had faded through every shade of indigo; they now framed their opposite neighbors, stars and in the dawn, and the gas seemed turned to nothing in the globes.

"But that's not all!" I cried. "I'm sorry to say it is," said Raffles, apologetically. "The thing should have ended with an exciting chase, I know, but somehow it didn't. I suppose they thought I had got no end of a scare, and had made up their minds that I belonged to the gang, which was not so many miles away, and one of them had got as much as he could carry from that gang as it was. But I wasn't to know all that, and I'm bound to say there was plenty of excitement left for me. Lord, how I made that poor brute travel when I got among the trees! Though we must have made it over fifty miles from Melbourne, we had done it at small pace, and those stolen cats had belted the old girl up to such a pitch that she fairly booted when she felt her nose turned south. By Jove, it was no joke, in and out among those trees and under branches with your face in the dead! I told you about the forest of gums? It looked perfectly ghastly in the moonlight. And I mean it as still as I had left it--so still that I pulled up there, my first halt, and lay with my ear to the ground for two or three minutes. But I heard nothing--not a thing but the mares' bellow and my own heart. I'm sorry, Bunny, but if ever you write my memoirs, you won't have any difficulty in working up that chase. Play those dead gum trees for all they're worth, and let the bullet fly like hail. I'll turn around in my saddle to see Ewbank coming up hell-to-leather in his white suit, and I'll daintily put rod. Do it in the third person, and they won't know how it's going to end."

"Did I don't know myself," I complained. "Did the mare carry you all the way back to Melbourne?"

"Every rod, pole or perch. I had her well seen to at our hotel and returned her to the doctor in the evening. He was tremendously tickled to hear I had been bushed. Next morning he brought me the paper to show me what I had escaped at. 'Without suspecting anything.'

"Ah," said Raffles as he put out the gas, "that's a point on which I've never made up my mind. The mare and her color was a coincidence--luckily she was only a bay--and I fancy the condition of the beast must have told a tale. The doctor's manner was certainly different. I'm inclined to think he suspected something, though not the right thing. I wasn't expecting him, and I fear my appearance may have increased his suspicions."

I asked him why.

"I used to have rather a heavy mustache," said Raffles, "but I lost it the day after I lost my innocence."

"No, he's not down there," I heard as in.

Why Use Soap advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman cleaning and text describing the benefits of soap.

GIBSON'S SOAP POLISH advertisement with an image of the product and a list of items it cleans.

The Gibson Soap Co. OMAHA, NEB. U.S.A.

Metz OMAHA'S FAVORITE BEER advertisement with a logo and descriptive text.

BURN AIR-IT'S CHEAP LIKE IT! advertisement for a product that burns air.

PENNYROYAL PILLS advertisement with an illustration of a woman's face.

Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid

College Girls Wed. THE University of Michigan has had 2,000 girl graduates since 1870, when the first coed was admitted to the college. Data collected by Helen L. Millon, Michigan graduate of 1887, shows that these college girls have stood more than three times the chance of a long life which the average woman has.

Fanny to the matinee, because he was going away in a few days to his father's ranch in Glenwood county, Kansas.

doors, also the house was not nearly large enough to accommodate the guests. Directly over the bride's table a magnificent fire tree (arbol de fuego) dropped its flaming blossoms.

Helped His Daughter toelope. A pretty daughter's confiding father innocently facilitated her elopement in Independence, Mo.

Revising Ancient Wedding Customs. Several ancient wedding customs, practiced by the Prussian royal family two centuries ago and earlier, will be revived at the festivities in honor of the marriage of Crown Prince Frederick William and the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, June 6.

Related Wedding of School Chums. A marriage under peculiar circumstances was solemnized at Roanoke, Va., recently.

John H. Lampe, Jr., son of John H. Lampe of the Drumm Live Stock Commission company, and Miss Frances Mary Hughes, daughter of Melvin Hughes, a well-to-do farmer and stockman of Independence, were the young folk. They were married by Rev. George H. Combe at his home, 308 East Sixth street.

A Filipino Wedding. A wedding in the Philippines is like a scene from a comic opera, writes Minna Irving in Lippincott's magazine.

Long Ride to Wed. Having traveled 3,000 miles, that they might carry on their courtship without interruption, C. A. Gordon and Miss Katharine Hucek of Tacoma, Wash., were married recently in Evanston, Ill.

Gordon is a student in a Chicago medical school. To be near her lover and to educate herself in a way congenial with his taste, Miss Hucek came to Chicago to study as a trained nurse.

Heat--electric light--janitor service--all night and Sunday elevator service--a fire proof building--all cost the tenant of The Bee Building nothing extra.

A HELP TO HEALTH Sick women cannot get well of themselves. They need a help to health. This help must be in the shape of medicine that is especially adapted to female organs, nerves and constitution. The best medicine, dear women, that you can take, when you are sick, is WINE OF CARDUI For all female diseases

The H. J. PENFOLD CO. OLDEST OPTICAL HOUSE IN OMAHA. IF YOU HAVE EYE TROUBLE CONSULT OUR OPTICIAN. HIS SERVICES ARE YOURS.

DR. MCGREW SPECIALIST advertisement for men's ailments.

Every Woman advertisement for a women's health product.

PILE advertisement for a medicine for hemorrhoids.

Population Growth Since 1832 A Contrast since the Erie was First put in Operation