

# Two Blooming

The Adventures of  
Two Criminals.

# Bay Trees.

BY  
DOUGLAS WINTON.

"I have seen the wicked . . . spreading himself like a green bay-tree."—Psalm xxvii. v. 35.

To rout out the suit case and open it with the key which Piggy held was for Jack the work of a moment. Clothes, a bottle, and a flask constituted the contents. Piggy took a good gulp from the flask, waited a minute, then spoke in a stronger voice.

"Now, Jack," he said, "I must ask you to get these clothes off me, and all the flannel padding; and after that to help me on with the others."

Despite all his fortitude, Piggy groaned as the trousers came off.

"Now look at the leg, Jack," he said. "I begin to think that the bone is not broken after all. That chap used buckshot, I think."

Piggy had himself, tourniquetted the leg, after a fashion, with his handkerchief and a piece of stick before undoing this, Jack applied another, higher up, near the knee. He then made a prolonged examination with the lantern.

"As far as I can see," he said at length, "there is no bone broken; but what about an artery? I only wish I knew something about it."

"Lose the tourniquet, and watch if she spouts up a very bright red," said Piggy.

And this suggestion, as carefully and tenderly as he could, Jack proceeded to put into effect.

"No artery cut there," said Piggy, as, leaning on his elbow, he watched the result of the experiment.

The blood oozed out pretty plentifully indeed, but not with the bright red pulsations which, in these days of ambulance classes, we all associate with arterial hemorrhage.

"Yet it hurts like the deuce," he said. "I expect there must be a splinter of bone in there. Well, put on the tightest sort of bandage you can, Jack, rolled round and round like a puttee, you know. Then you can wash my hair and help me dress."

By Jove! I hope you haven't used all the water. I put it there on purpose—ah! no, I see, half a pailful left; that ought to be enough. The washing won't take all the red away you will have to do it afterwards with the black stain in that bottle; that brings it just about back to natural."

About a quarter of an hour of Jack's efficient—though necessarily hurried—valeting, Piggy, stoutness and baggy clothes, spectacles and moustache alike discarded, wearing an ordinary bicycle suit, and his hair once more its normal hue, looked himself again. Certainly no one would ever have recognized in him

Herr Schmidt, the Anglo-German inventor of burglar alarms.

"By Jove old man!" he said, as he made shift to stand, "you've put that bandage on splendidly. I can walk almost all right. Now I'll show you where the trailer is. I knew I'd want the other things, but didn't expect to use the trailer. There"—he pointed to the coach-house—"and the spare tins of petrol are there too; you had better bring a couple of them. You've got your picklocks?"

Jack nodded.

"Well, it's the sort of lock that you might open with the handle of an egg-spoon, so you'll have no difficulty."

When Jack returned with the trailer and the petrol, he found that Piggy had shoved everything into the suit-case except the flask, which he put in his pocket.

"We'll take it as far as the first river," he explained, "and drop it in. That's one clue the less for them for a few days."

They blew out the lantern, and with infinite precautions against noise, got the trailer on to the road and fixed it.

"Now," said Piggy, as he sat on the trailer's comfortable seat, while Jack prepared to mount the bicycle, "head her South, Jack straight for London, and let her rip. Don't spare the petrol; we've got lots. I'm going to think out a plan—that is, if I can."

So Southward they plugged, at the best pace the good little engine could manage. Once they stopped to get rid of the suit-case, which they threw into a pretty, gently-flowing little river, and once to refill the petrol tank. They had gone thus for an hour and a-half, and had met nothing but one furniture van and one mounted constable. By great good luck the latter encounter had occurred just after their stop to replenish the petrol. While halted, they had been able to hear the sounds of his horse's hoofs in the distance, and when he appeared were prepared for him, with a lighted lamp and a legal speed. Jack bound an oily rag out of the tool-box round his head, and in the darkness it made really a not bad imitation of a cap, and turned up the collar of his smoking jacket; and, to look more at their ease, they both put pipes in their mouths during the half-minute that they were in sight. But the constable's thoughts were running on the doings of a gang of poachers who were known to be working that neighbourhood, and he noticed nothing unusual. He thought they were

probably a couple of clerks who had been taking a week-end in the country with a hired motor-cycle, and had had a break-down; now they were hurrying back to town to be at their desks at nine o'clock on Monday morning. He had seen such before.

"Now let's stop," said Piggy, at length. "It's five o'clock; and we have only two more hours of darkness. We must consider what to do."

Jack stopped the machine and jumped off, holding it, the trailer, with its two wheels, stood without holding.

"I've left my maps behind," said Piggy; "but I carry a pretty good map in my head. . . . We are somewhere about the southern edge of Loamshire now."

"Then, by pushing on, we could get to London almost before broad daylight," said Jack. "We can go either to the studio or to your palace in Ratcliffe Street; you can lay up, and I can nurse you."

"Too risky," said Piggy, shaking his head. "To begin with, we could hardly do it in the time; it would be daylight, and the streets would be full even before we could reach Ratcliffe Street. And the idea of Ratcliffe Street I don't like; it is too close to Paarsberg Mansions. My front door is the very place where a detective would stand who had been told off to look out for you, making a dash to secure your papers or anything. You see, Jack, it is you now that we must be careful for. I am all right. Now that I no longer have any resemblance to Herr Schmidt, there is nothing to connect me with the Tony Croft affair."

"Except the cycle," said Jack. "The people at the Goat and Compasses will be telling how Mr. Schmidt left with his motor-cycle without paying his bill."

"Yes; well, perhaps it will be better, on the whole, that daylight should find me a pedestrian."

"But you can't walk."

"I must manage to walk a bit somehow; even if it is only a few steps."

Piggy paused a minute, then continued: "Look! here, Jack; weren't you at Crackenden Preparatory School?"

"Yes."

"Then you know Rigaud Castle, the Duke of Quebec's place?"

"I know it well," replied Jack; "and now that you mention it, it can't be more than a few miles ahead of us."

"I know it, too," said Piggy; "I stayed close there once, when I was a kid. Now, look here, the most important thing that we have to do is

to get the swag into safety."

"Why shouldn't you keep it?" asked Jack. "As you say, no one will connect you with the robbery, and the wallet looks innocent enough."

"Too risky," replied Piggy once more. "Suppose this leg gets worse and I get delirious, and am carted off to a hospital. Nurse opens my knapsack to find a brush and comb or a sponge, or a friend's address, and finds the contents of a jeweller's shop instead! No, Jack; we must not risk that. On the other hand, you can hardly keep them either. When daylight finds you with a day to get through in your present attire, you'll have quite enough on your hands without the custody of the jewels. By the way, how are you off for money?"

"A hundred in notes in my money-belt and, perhaps, five pounds in change."

"I'm about the same," said Piggy; "so that we are both all right financially. Now, what I propose is this: that you leave me here for a bit, to smoke my pipe and think things out sitting on the trailer; and yourself take the cycle, and go and sink the swag in that big artificial lake at the bottom of the great sloping lawn to the east of the castle. We couldn't get a safer place," he continued, as Jack seemed about to demur. "The castle is empty, as Quebec lives abroad, and I know for a fact that he only just manages to keep it in repair; he certainly has no money to spare for draining fishponds. If you go at once, you will be able to get there without being seen, though in an hour there will be labourers on the road going to work. Remember exactly where you sink it, and leave the strap loose; then it will be a simple matter to look it up again. Go, Jack; we shall think of nothing better, and now is the time."

Jack uncoupled the cycle from the trailer and started; but, a few minutes later, he came speeding back. Something had occurred to him.

"Piggy," he said; "suppose something should happen to prevent us going to get it for some time?"

"Suppose we get nabbed and have to do time, you mean; well?"

"And the waflet should rot?"

"Wilkesden canvases never rots," replied Piggy laconically.

So Jack went off again, and was gone nearly three-quarters of an hour. When he came back a first hint of morning was visible in the eastern sky.

"All right?" asked Piggy.

"Perfect. In a line between the sundial and the middle of the little rock with a statue on it, about twelve feet out, I risked a splash in throwing it; but I thought that was better than to drop it close to the bank."

"Certainly; then that's off our minds," said Piggy. "Now, I think, if you will couple up again, we will proceed as far as the outskirts of the nearest country town."

"And then?"

"Leave the cycle outside, hidden as well as we can, then you will give me your arm, as far as the first inn. There's sure to be a bench outside, and I will sit down there. When I hear the boots stirring, I will take

another good nip from the flask to strengthen me for the interview and ring the bell. I'll have a yarn about a walking-tour, and a night spent in a cottage where the fleas were so bad that I turned out at four o'clock. The boots will be sleepy, and so will whoever he sends for about my room. As I have no luggage I will offer to pay in advance, and take care that they see a couple of sovereigns. That will be all they will think about. There is nothing very remarkable about my appearance, and I can very well lie petu there till dark, when I can think of some way of getting to the studio. Now about you—"

"Don't you bother about me," said Jack. "I may look pretty peculiar in my present rig, but I've got the use of my limbs, I've got money, and I've got the use of the cycle, though I can't well use it after daylight. Best of all, I've been two years a tramp, and I know a good many shifts that perhaps even you would hardly think of, Piggy. Well, here's for the nearest town. That ought to be Colbery."

(To be continued.)

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The Irish judge waxed wrathful at the wined replies of a facetious witness. "I tell you what, my man," exclaimed his worship, "I won't listen to you any longer, unless you can hold your tongue and give your evidence clearly."

## HULL MAN BEATS SON.

Insane Father Used a Stone With Terrible Effect.

Ottawa, Nov. 19.—A terrible drama was enacted in Hull when Philippe Monfils, of 75 Alma street, almost batted the life out of his young son with a stone, on the steps of the city hall. Monfils, who has been ailing for some time, woke up about three o'clock yesterday morning furiously insane. He began to throw things around and none of the family could do anything with him. About seven o'clock he struck his daughter Bertha, four years old, and attempted to beat his sons, one John, aged nineteen and the other Royal, aged five. He then began to choke his wife, and in the meantime Royal made his way from the house. The father followed and caught up with him as the lad was mounting the steps of the city hall. Lifting up a large stone weighing three or four pounds, the father struck the child with it on the head several times inflicting severe injuries. Sarrazin, of the city hall, rushed out in his bare feet, and with the assistance of two others, pulled the infuriated man from the child. The latter who was covered with blood, was taken into the city hall and attended by Dr. Fontaine. There were six or seven ugly gashes in his head and the doctor has but slight hopes of his recovery. The madman was arrested and is now lodged in the county jail.

Monfils has been subject to fits of insanity, and was in the asylum twice before. This, was, however, about fifteen years ago. He was employed in Poulin's sash factory in Ottawa and was looked upon as a good and industrious workman.

Dealer—Here is a cigar that is all right for the money. We sell it seven for a quarter.

Customer—Well, that is a good many. Yes, but you don't have to smoke them, you know."

"Oh, I didn't think of that. You may give me a quarter's worth. They'll be handy to treat my friends with."—Boston Transcript.

Nervous Youth (to charming girl, who has been trying to seduce him at ease)—He he! I always—he—feel rather shy with pretty girl, y'know, but I'm quite at home with you!"



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