

A COSTUME PIECE

No. 2 of the Series

(Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

LONDON was just then talking of one whose name is already a name and nothing more. Reuben Rosenthal had made his millions on the diamond fields of South Africa and had come home to enjoy them according to his rights. How he went to work will scarcely be forgotten by any reader of the halfpenny evening papers, which revealed in endless anecdotes of his original indigence and present prodigality, varied with interesting particulars of the extraordinary establishment which the millionaire set up in St. John's wood. Here he kept a retinue of Kafirs, who were literally his slaves, and hence he would sally, with enormous diamonds in his shirt and on his finger, in the convoy of a prize fighter of helms reputation, who was not, however, by any means the worst element in the Rosenthal menage. So said gossip. But the fact was sufficiently established by the interference of the police on at least one occasion, followed by certain magisterial proceedings which were reported with justifiable gusto and huge headlines in the newspapers aforesaid, and this was all one knew of Reuben Rosenthal up to the time when the old Bohemian club, having fallen on evil days, found it worth its while to organize a great dinner in honor of so wealthy an exponent of the club's principles. I was not at the banquet myself, but a member took Raffles, who told me all about it that very night.

"Most extraordinary show I ever went to in my life," said he. "As for the man himself—well, I was prepared for something grotesque, but the fellow fairly took my breath away. To begin with, he's the most astounding brute to look at, well over six feet, with a chest like a barrel and a great hook nose and the reddest hair and whiskers you ever saw; drank like a fire engine, but only got drunk enough to make us a speech that I wouldn't have missed for £10. I'm only sorry you weren't there, too, Bunny, old chap."

I began to be sorry myself, for Raffles was anything but an excitable person, and never had I seen him so excited before. Had he been following Rosenthal's example? His coming to my rooms at midnight merely to tell me about his dinner was in itself enough to excite a suspicion which was certainly at variance with my knowledge of A. J. Raffles.

"What did he say?" I inquired mechanically, divining some subtler explanation of this visit and wondering what on earth it could be.

could be persuaded out of it. There was quite a panic for the moment. One fellow was saying his prayers under the table, and the waiters bolted to a man."

"What a grotesque scene!" "Grotesque enough, but I rather wish they had let him go the whole hog and blaze away. He was as keen as knives to show us how he could take care of his purple diamonds, and do you know, Bunny, I was as keen as knives to see."

And Raffles leaned toward me with a sly, slow smile that made the hidden meaning of his visit only too plain to me at last.

"So you think of having a try for his diamonds?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "It is horribly obvious, I admit. But—yes, I have set my heart upon them. To be quite frank, I have had them on my conscience for some time. One couldn't bear so much of the man and his prize fighter and his diamonds without feeling it a kind of duty to have a go for them, but when it comes to brandishing a revolver and practically challenging the world the thing becomes inevitable. It is simply thrust upon one. I was fated to bear that challenge, Bunny, and I, for one, must take it up. I was only sorry I couldn't get on my hind legs and say so then and there."

"Well," I said, "I don't see the necessity as things are with us, but of course I'm your man."

My tone may have been half hearted. I did my best to make it otherwise, but it was barely a month since our Bond street exploit, and we certainly could have afforded to behave ourselves for some time to come. We had been getting along so nicely; by his advice I had scribbled a thing or two; inspired by Raffles, I had even done an article on our own jewel robbery, and for the moment I was quite satisfied with this sort of adventure. I thought we ought to know when we were well off and could see no point in our running fresh risks before we were obliged. On the other hand, I was anxious not to show the least disposition to break the pledge that I had given a month ago. But it was not on my manifest disinclination that Raffles fastened.

"Necessity, my dear Bunny? Does the writer only write when the wolf is at the door? Does the painter paint for bread alone? Must you and I be driven to crime like Tom of Bow and Dick of Whitechapel? You pain me, my dear chap. You needn't laugh, because you do. Art for art's sake is a vile catchword, but I confess it appeals to me. In this case my motives are absolutely pure, for I doubt if we shall ever be able to dispose of such peculiar stones. But if I don't have a try for them—after tonight—I shall never be able to hold up my head again."

His eye twinkled, but it glittered too.

"We shall have our work cut out," was all I said.

"And do you suppose I should be

BOARD PROCEEDINGS.

(concluded from page two)

Soldier tp.....	8 0
Denison, town.....	190 00
West Side town.....	32 00
Manilla town.....	50 00
Dow City town.....	36 00
Arlon town.....	12 00
Charter Oak town.....	50 00
Schieswig town.....	40 00
Ri Kets town.....	22 00
Deloit town.....	24 00
Kiron town.....	20 00
Vall town.....	40 00

On motion the following official bonds were approved: F. L. Hoff man, county superintendent; M. McHenry, county surveyor; C. C. Kuhl, deputy treasurer; Dr. R. Fuester, county coroner; Heery J. Cummings, deputy sheriff; J. A. McDonnell, assessor, Milford township; J. Muenster, assessor, Town of Ricetts, and E. T. Cochran and J. S. Maloney, delinquent tax collectors.

Resolved by the Board of Supervisors of Crawford county, Iowa that: Thos. Ahart and H. W. Maynard be appointed as a committee to look after and attend to the business pertaining to the poor farm for the year 1906.

Board adjourned at 5 p. m. to Saturday, January 13th, 1906, at 9 a. m.

H. C. SCHROEDER, Chairman.

EDW. THEOBALD, Auditor.

For Sale—Fifty choice Plymouth Rock cockles. Inquire of M. Wiblishauer.

we shall have to choose between them. It will mean watching the house for at least a week in any case. It may mean lots of other things that will take much longer, but give me a week and I will tell you more—that's to say, if you're really on."

"Of course I am," I replied indignantly. "But why should I give you a week? Why shouldn't we watch the house together?"

"Because two eyes are as good as four and take up less room. Never hunt in couples unless you're obliged. But don't you look offended, Bunny; there'll be plenty for you to do when the time comes; that I promise you. You shall have your share of the fun, never fear, and a purple diamond all to yourself—if we're lucky."

On the whole, however, this conversation left me less than lukewarm, and I still remember the depression which came upon me when Raffles was gone. I saw the folly of the enterprise to which I had committed myself—the sheer, gratuitous, unnecessary folly of it. And the paradoxes in which Raffles reveled and the frivolous casuistry which was nevertheless half sincere and which his mere personality rendered wholly plausible at the moment of utterance appealed very little to me when recalled in cold blood. I admired the spirit of pure mischief in which he seemed prepared to risk his liberty and his life, but I did not find it an infectious spirit on calm reflection. Yet the thought of withdrawal was not to be entertained for a moment. On the contrary, I was impatient of the delay ordained by Raffles, and perhaps no small part of my secret disaffection came of his galling determination to do without me until the last moment.

It made it no better that this was characteristic of the man and of his attitude toward me. For a month we had been, I suppose, the thickest thieves in all London, and yet our intimacy was curiously incomplete. With all his charming frankness there was in Raffles a vein of capricious reserve which was perceptible enough to be very irritating. He had the instinctive secretiveness of the inveterate criminal. He would make mysteries of matters of common concern. For example, I never knew how or where he disposed of the Bond street jewels, or the proceeds of which we were both still leading the outward lives of hundreds of other young fellows about town. He was consistently mysterious about that and other details, of which it seemed to me that I had already earned the right to know everything. I could not but remember how he had led me into my first felony by means of a trick while yet uncertain whether he could trust me or not. That I could no longer afford to resent, but I did resent his want of confidence in me now. I said nothing about it, but it rankled every day and never more than in the week that succeeded the Rosenthal dinner. When I met Raffles at the club he would tell me nothing. When I went to his rooms he was out, or pretended to be.

To be continued

C. & N. W. R. R.

East Bound.

No. 4 due out of Denison.....	2:40 p. m.
No. 6.....	7:50 p. m.
No. 10, Mail train.....	9:50 p. m.
No. 46, Way freight.....	12:15 p. m.
No. 12—Passenger.....	12:07 p. m.
No. 22, Central Limited.....	5:24 p. m.
No. 8, Los Angeles Limited.....	11:54 p. m.
No. 2, Overland Limited.....	10:33 p. m.

West Bound.

No. 21, Council Bluffs local.....	7:14 a. m.
No. 1.....	8:50 a. m.
No. 5.....	9:35 a. m.
No. 3.....	1:07 p. m.
No. 11.....	5:24 p. m.
No. 9, Fast mail.....	6:34 a. m.
No. 15, Fast mail.....	12:40 p. m.

Boyer Valley

No. 46, Leave.....	6:05 a. m.
No. 42, Arrive.....	2:45 a. m.
No. 45, Arrive.....	5:50 p. m.

Illinois Central R. R. Time Table

East Bound—

No. 4, Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Chicago Express, (Daily).....	9:15 A. M.
No. 2, Co. Bluffs & Ft. Dodge, Way Freight, (Daily except Sunday).....	10:35 A. M.
No. 32, Co. Bluffs, St. Paul (Daily except Sunday).....	10:32 P. M.
No. 2, Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Chicago Limited, (Daily).....	7:45 P. M.

West Bound—

No. 1, Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Limited, (Daily).....	5:36 A. M.
No. 31, St. Paul & Minneapolis & Omaha, (Daily).....	6:51 P. M.
No. 91, Local Way Freight, (Daily except Sunday).....	2:10 P. M.
No. 5, Chicago & Omaha Express, (Daily).....	6:07 P. M.
No. 1, 2, 5 and 4 are daily; Nos. 3, 3 & 11 are	

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"HE ACTUALLY WANTED US TO LET HIM WRITE HIS NAME IN BULLETS ON THE OPPOSITE WALL."

"Say?" cried Raffles. "What did he not say? He boasted of his rise, he bragged of his riches, and he black-guarded society for taking him up for his money and dropping him out of sheer pique and jealousy because he had so much. He mentioned names, too, with the most charming freedom and swore he was as good a man as the old country had to show—pace the old Bohemians. To prove it he pointed to a great diamond in the middle of his shirt front with a little finger loaded with another just like it. Which of our bloated princes could show a pair like that? As a matter of fact, they seemed quite wonderful stones, with a curious purple gleam to them that must mean a pot of money. But old Rosenthal swore he wouldn't take £50,000 for the two and wanted to know where the other man was who went about with £25,000 in his shirt front and another £25,000 on his little finger. He didn't exist. If he did he wouldn't have the pluck to wear them. But he had—he'd tell us why. And before you could say Jack Robinson he had whipped out a whacking great revolver!"

"Not at the table?"

"At the table! In the middle of his speech! But it was nothing to what he wanted to do. He actually wanted us to let him write his name in bullets on the opposite wall to show us why he wasn't afraid to go about in all his diamonds! That brute Purvis, the prize fighter, who is his paid bully, had to bully his master before he

been on it if we hadn't?" cried Raffles. "My dear fellow, I would rob St. Paul's cathedral if I could, but I could no more scoop a till when the shopwalker wasn't looking than I could bag the apples out of an old woman's basket. Even that little business last month was a sordid affair, but it was necessary, and I think its strategy redeemed it to some extent. Now, there's some credit and more sport in going where they boast they're on their guard against you. The Bank of England, for example, is the ideal crib, but that would need half a dozen of us with years to give to the job, and meanwhile Reuben Rosenthal is high enough game for you and me. We know he's armed. We know how Billy Purvis can fight. It'll be no soft thing, I grant you. But what of that, my good Bunny—what of that? A man's reach must exceed his grasp, dear boy, or what the dickens is a heaven for?"

"I would rather we didn't exceed ours just yet," I answered, laughing, for his spirit was irresistible and the plan was growing upon me despite my qualms. "Trust me for that," was his reply. "I'll see you through. After all, I expect to find that the difficulties are nearly all on the surface. These fellows both drink like the devil, and that should simplify matters considerably. But we shall see, and we must take our time. There will probably turn out to be a dozen different ways in which the thing might be done and

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