

in his sobriety, he made the chef take the matter up seriously. "Of course, monsieur, if the contents of your bag were as valuable as you say, the thieves will hide it at once; but I fear the first clew is already lost."

The telegraph was set going, and the bag was described. Alas! it was such an ordinary bag, for it was only the contents that were uncommon. The Amiens replies were not satisfactory.

"Yes, a gentleman and a lady had got out of that train, but no one had noticed what became of them. If they went to one of the hotels they would be found, but they may have re-entered the train. If there was any connection between them and the robbery—which was very improbable—they would, of course, leave Amiens very soon."

"Monsieur had better go to his hotel," the chef said, and the police would come to him there if there was any more news; but that was not likely this evening. Of course, the empty bag might be picked up, and with this consolation Gerald was dismissed.

At 7 o'clock that same evening Gerald entered St. James's hotel, where he had engaged a bed. Even here he was looked at with suspicion. Had monsieur no luggage? Gerald murmured that he had lost it. He refused dinner, went at once to his room, locked the door, and sank into an armchair so utterly crushed that he could do nothing but stare unmeaningly into nothingness! The misfortune was so stupendous that he could think of nothing to mitigate it. He could not even see where he had been a fool, except in disregarding Helen's warning; but how on earth could he have guessed her meaning? Of course, he should be at this very moment telegraphing to his uncle, but he positively could not do so—not now—not to-night. He must put it off as long as possible!

Why had this misfortune happened to him? Why? He thought of his mother, of her past sorrows, and now this last one would inevitably crush her brave heart. His uncle, of course, would never forgive him; and as to the actual loss he dared not even try to reckon it. Whether it was his fault or his great misfortune, he would never again be put into a position of trust. His future was gone—gone—utterly gone! Then, again and again, in a sort of mental delirium, he went over the whole scene. He beheld Helen's sweet eyes so full of sorrow. Was it all playing? Doubtless!

He was certain now that he had been followed from the very beginning. Some one must have found out that he would travel with those valuable diamonds. The girl was a mere decoy duck, but as he had never once loosed his bag the thieves had had recourse to chloroform. She—the blue-eyed Helen—had perhaps tried to lure him to a hotel where he could have been murdered; but how could he have guessed so much guile under such a modest exterior?

On the other hand, had she honestly tried to warn him? If he had been anywhere but in a train he might have defended himself from those ruffians. If? Gerald groaned, and sank on his knees. He who had been so cocksure that nothing would happen to him was now utterly crushed by it. All his bright visions had ended in this!

A sudden, sharp knock at the door, and Gerald started up. "Who is there?" he said. Was it the police with news? No, that was impossible so soon after leaving them.

"Some one wishes to see you for a minute, sir," said a waiter's voice. Gerald's first idea was to say no. He feared it might be a message from the prince, who knew the time of his arrival, though the

interview was fixed for the next morning. All this flashed through his brain. He would keep his loss a profound secret till the terrible moment when it must be revealed. As to recovering the treasure, that was beyond hope, for these were no ordinary thieves, but accomplished rascals.

"Ask for name," he said, impatiently. "I am engaged."

There was a moment's silence, and Gerald, fearing he had made another mistake, crossed the room and unlocked his door. To his astonishment a girl's voice—her face was closely veiled—exclaimed, in laughing tones, as she pushed the waiter aside:

"How do you do, Cousin Hugh? I'm glad I've caught you at last, and I see you are *not* engaged!"

The waiter retired, and the girl immediately entered, shut the door, locked it, and placed her back against it. As she entered Gerald retreated, so utterly astonished was he at the whole proceeding. In the first place he had no cousin of the feminine gender who could possibly be in Paris. In the second place, he knew that this sweet, ringing voice belonged to no cousin who could own him. Before he could ask a question, the girl thrust back her veil and placed her finger on her lip.

It was Helen!

"Hush! Don't say a word. Don't ask anything. Do as I tell you; we have not a minute to lose." She gazed round the room with a look of terror, and on his side, Gerald was speechless from surprise and horror. Was she going to decoy him to his death, the gang having heard that the police were on their track, or— He clenched his right hand, trying to collect his shattered brain power.

"Go!" he said, pointing to the door.  
(Continued on Page 18.)

## A FARM WHERE ALL THE STOCK IS WHITE

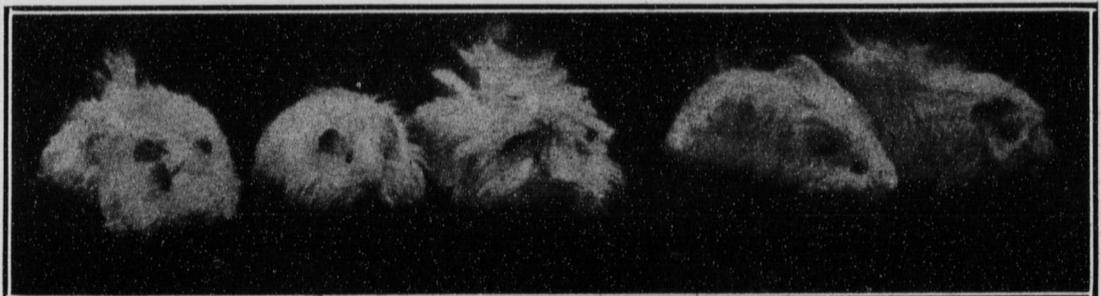


THE PICTURESQUE TEAMS USED ON THE "WHITE FARM."

FROM the beginning of time white has been a color much revered by humanity. Nowadays we talk about a "white man" when we wish to designate a good fellow, and in days gone by beasts and birds which were of lily hue were even deemed sacred. That idea still obtains to-day, at least to the extent that white animals of all sorts are highly prized by fanciers, and that the most noted of the present-day fancy farms are those which make a specialty of white stock.

Now that the taste for amateur farming is becoming so universal, several of these "white farms" are springing up, but by far the oldest and best known is that of Lady Alington, at Crichel, England, which has been in existence over thirty-five years.

They saw probably the finest collection of white stock that has ever been assembled. The farm teams there are white, or rather, pale gray, for there is no breed of English horse extant which is pure white. The Shires come the nearest to it, and these are easily the finest of the kind in existence, as Mr. Armour, who went to British horse shows with his prize pair of American grays, and was in every instance beaten by the Shires, can testify. Prized even more by the Alingtons than their splendid horses, however, is a rare white mule, presented to Lord Alington by the sultan of Turkey. This unusual animal, aside from his unique coloring, differs from most mere beasts of burden in that, instead of the



A QUINTET OF PRETTY ANGORA GUINEA PIGS.

fiddle head and long ears of his commoner brethren, he possesses the small, fine-chiseled countenance and delicate, shapely legs befitting a mule who is a gift from a sultan to a lord.

Another foreign importation in the Alington fold is a family of milk-white Angora goats, whose chief beauty is their long, silky, luxuriant hair, which is carefully combed out and washed each day.

Less striking, but more useful, are Wharfedale and Policy, a pair of ideal pigs. Not pink pigs, but white pigs, with plenty of hair to keep them warm

feather boa. These do not compare in beauty with the "silkie" fowls, the snowy whiteness of whose feathers is enhanced by their shining purple combs and turquoise ear lobes.

But aside from the fine specimens represented, it is the careful attention, the never-flagging care which is expended upon them, and the large grass runs and portable washtubs, enabling them to live as they should, which keeps the Alington collection in condition and renders it easily the finest of its sort in the world.



THE WHITE MULE—A PRESENT FROM THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.



A PAIR OF PRIZE-WINNING WHITE HOGS.