

able to collect all moneys due. I was therefore on hand to protect my own interests. I found the publisher's men placing the books in a four-wheeler which was closed in. The agent of a well-known money lending institution was superintending operations. At this juncture another cabman drove up with Hustler, and I quickly recognised from his annoyed manner that he considered he had been outwitted. He begged and pressed the agent to allow the books to be placed in his cab; but Mr. Jew, who looked suspiciously at the cabman, absolutely declined to do so. I overheard the cabman saying to a companion, "If I get hold of the books, not a devil of a one will anyone get until my account for £50 has been squared." Then I ascertained that the Jew had advanced the necessary money for publication, and I began to feel I had been an ass. A little army of butchers, bakers, grocers, milkmen, house agents, and one or two females, who looked like servants, watched the proceedings anxiously.

I went into a solicitor's and asked for an urgent summons to be taken out against Hustler. It struck me that the pickings would be very small by the time all accounts were paid, but I had the satisfaction of seeing a policeman give my little document to Hustler.

Friday, the hearing day, arrived, and the Court seemed quite full of the onlookers who were at the Hercules printing office on publishing day. There was great excitement. It became evident that Hustler had about £900 after the financial lending house had been paid, and we all felt quite hopeful about our accounts. I saw the man who talked

so mysteriously at the Hotel when Hustler was asking for credit.

"Yes, sir," he said, when I addressed him, "Mr. Hustler owes me £150. He gave me the slip at New York, and as I happened to be passing through Rutland and saw our dear friend driving round in his usual style, I decided to stay here and collect my little amount. Thanks to the aid of a detective, Hustler has been very carefully watched. For three days we've kept our eye on him, and I've just received a message from Ned Burra that Hustler is not yet up. He'll have a policeman to dress him this morning, if he's not here pretty soon."

When the case came on, there was no answer to Hustler's name. On the application of one of the lawyers, the cases were adjourned, and under the circumstances, which the Magistrate considered serious, a policeman was despatched to Hustler's residence, and we waited anxiously for his return.

But we waited in vain, for events proved that we'd all been most woefully outwitted. Hustler had disappeared. "There is absolutely no trace of the gentleman," was the policeman's report.

We trooped mournfully out of the Court, and talked sympathetically to anyone who would listen to our tale of woe.

Three months after, Hustler was gracious enough to write to me, and explain how he did it. One of the creditors was squared. A passage was taken in the barque "Kate Mavoureen" for New York; and the difficulty of evading the detective was overcome by cutting a hole in a brick wall at the back of the house, and this exit enabled the cute American to escape.

