

LAWYER BELL FROM BOSTON.

BY ROBERT LEE TYLER.

SYNOPSIS:

CHAPTERS I. and II.—Lawyer Bell, while in New York, falls in love with a beautiful unknown and, pretending to be a doctor, makes her acquaintance when she sprains her ankle while skating. CHAPTER III.—Admiral Elliston, an Englishman and guardian to Miss Elliston, finds out Lawyer Bell's imposture, and forbids any acquaintance. CHAPTER IV.—Isidore Jones, a suitor for the hand of Lawyer Bell's sister, arrives and brings a letter from Bell's father, requesting his return to Boston as a possible journey to Europe is in view. CHAPTERS V. and VI.—Lawyer Bell tries to find out more about the Admiral and his ward, and makes friends with Miss Elliston a maid. CHAPTER VII.—Lawyer Bell obtains an interview with Miss Elliston by sending up a card bearing a fictitious name. CHAPTER VIII.—The Admiral and his ward leave for Cincinnati, and Lawyer Bell, finding this out, travels by the same train; the train is boarded by robbers, who take the Admiral's pocket-book; they are pursued by Bell and a companion, named Hoskins who shoot two of them and are wounded themselves; the pocket-book is recovered, and the train goes on, leaving Hoskins (in possession of the pocket-book) tramping along the line, having forgotten all about Lawyer Bell.

BOOK TWO—Mr Detective Stubbs.

CHAPTER XII.

"I ARREST YOU IN THE QUEEN'S NAME!"

Mails and a few passengers are landed at Queenstown next morning, and almost everybody on board is on deck before five a.m. to catch a glimpse of land.

The Reverend Mr Slade is one of the earliest among the early risers and appears to have formed a strong attachment for Lawyer Bell.

"Have you ever been to Ireland?" he asks, in his suave tones.

"No," replies Bell, shortly.

"It is a beautiful but unfortunate country," says Mr Slade. "I am an Irishman by descent, but I have no sympathy with the artful politicians who mislead the simple children of Erin, by flaunting before them the banner of Home Rule."

"Yes," assents Bell, moving away and wishing that the little clergyman was at the devil.

Mr Bell, sen., comes to his relief. He has evidently been studying, for there is a tired look in his eyes.

"The climate of Ireland," he observes pompously, "is moist, mild, and equable. The prevailing religion is Roman Catholic, and its history is fabulous—simply fabulous."

He stops like a schoolboy who has forgotten his cue, and is disgusted to find that Mr Slade is gone.

"I thought that I could have remembered the whole of that Irish information," he thinks, "but that will do. It proves that I am a man of some education, and I shall not be ashamed to face my friends this side the water."

As the clergyman appears to be interested in the occupants of the tender, Mr Bell, sen., asks the captain, who has just descended from the bridge, how long it will take them to reach Liverpool.

"Not many hours in a sea like this," is the reply. "Are you impatient, sir?"

There is a peculiar look in the captain's eyes, but Mr Bell does not notice it.

"No—no; but I naturally wish to land as soon as possible. I hate slow travelling."

"We shall get in quite soon enough for you!" is the ambiguous answer.

The captain's manner is not so pleasant as usual, and Mr Bell jumps to the conclusion that he is an Irishman, and feels that his country is being slighted. His name, too, is Patrick O'Shane!

"Don't think that I have no admiration for Ireland, captain," he says, hastily. "The climate is moist and prevailing. The history mild and equable, and the religion a mere fable! I have made a particular study in minutiae (he pronounces it "minooty") of Ireland."

"And call my religion a fable, eh?" The captain's eyes twinkle with anger, but he passes on. "Faith, my friend, and you'll get more than a fable at Liverpool!"

The tender has gone, and while Mr Bell, sen., is feeling somewhat bewildered, the Reverend Mr Slade is looking disappointed and annoyed.

"I quite expected a couple of men would have met me here," he mutters, "and need not, under the circumstances, have let the captain into the business so soon. By the Lord Harry, I hope that Mr Detective Stubbs sent an intelligible cable! But there's no trusting these Yankee detectives. They are all size and mouth, and being Irishmen for the most part, they are either too good-natured—or too revengeful."

The vessel is speeding on her way, and as it is quite impossible for Lawyer Bell to jump overboard, Mr Slade leaves him to hold a short consultation with the captain.

The passengers are now collecting their belongings, and an air of cheerfulness and pleasurable expectation pervades every quarter of the vessel from the captain down to the stowaway, for whom a collection is being made by the philanthropic Mr Slade. Mr Bell, sen., repeats to his son the extraordinary words of the captain.

"Of course, I am aware that Liverpool is more than a fable," he says. "If I remember right, it always rains there. These Irishmen are so touchy, and even when I told him that the history was moist and equable, the religion mild and prevailing, and the climate a fable, he seemed to get still more annoyed."

"Did you tell him that, dad?"

"I did, my son! It is a quotation from a great author."

"Then I must apologise to him!" Bell, jun., laughs, and his father makes a sudden dive to regions below to consult his "Compendium."

The day is most enjoyable, and a big cheer fills the air from the steerage when the shores of Britain are sighted. The people in the steerage are mostly British. They have been to America to make fortunes easily, and having failed, are returning home to revile the country.

The scene becomes very animated as the big ship steams up the Mersey, and Lawyer Bell is gazing with interest at the shipping on every hand, when he finds the Reverend Mr Slade again at his elbow.

He takes two steps forward impatiently. Mr Slade takes three. His legs are not so long as Bell's.

"We shall soon be on terra cotta!" says the voice of Mr Bell, sen., to the clergyman. "I know that you understand Latin. Very few people get beyond French nowadays."

But the clergyman does not seem to notice Mr Bell, sen. His attentions are all for Mr Bell, jun., and he presently has the temerity to tap him on the arm.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, get away," the lawyer growls. "Don't you see that I have the ladies to look after?"

"That is no affair of mine," says Mr Slade. "We have a very excellent opportunity to settle a little business without attracting attention."

He expects to see his victim grow pale, but is disappointed.

"You are a cool one!" he remarks, admiringly.

Bell thinks the man of God is a bit mad. He suspects that the head steward has been over-indulgent, and wonders why a total abstainer should so thoughtlessly give himself away. And yet, he remembers reading that the head of an English church and a rabid lecturer on teetotalism, has recently been proved to be running the business of a wine merchant under an assumed name.

"They get found out sooner or later," thinks Bell, pityingly. "We shan't land for an hour," he says, kindly. "And if you take my advice, Mr Slade, you will get a soda and lie down."

Mr Slade gives what appears to him to be an insane chuckle. It is clearly a very bad case, and Lawyer Bell takes the clergyman by the arm, whispering: "Now, please explain your business."

"I arrest you in the Queen's name, Gerald Leigh!" The speaker jingles the handcuffs in his pocket. "I am Detective Slade, from Scot-

"You have made an ass of yourself," continues Bell, "and if you lay one finger upon me, sir, I'll pitch you into the sea! I can produce a dozen responsible people to prove my identity, and am willing to accompany you to the bankers in Oxford Street and face the man that Elliston is charged with robbing."

He suddenly snatches Mr Slade's pistol out of his hand, and hurls it overboard, and the handcuffs follow it in short order. Lawyer Bell is enraged, and the little detective is bewildered.

"Look you here, sir," continues Bell. "I will be perfectly frank with you. I give you permission to keep me within sight until I have satisfied you that I am not the man you want, but if you dare to lay a finger upon me again I'll knock the top of your head off! You can follow me to the Northwestern Hotel, Lime Street; from there I go to the Hotel Metropole, London, and it is only fair to add that you will waste time so long as you dodge me about."

The vessel steams into her dock, and for an hour or two everybody is being badgered by the Customs officials, and Mr Slade stands at the barrier looking very dejected and miserable. He seems to have shrunk from five feet six to five feet nothing. When the Bell party passes the barrier, he speaks to Mr Bell, jun.

"You know what I told you!" threatens the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," groans Mr Slade. "I beg your pardon, sir. But read that."

He holds a lengthy cable in his trembling fingers, which has been lying for some days at the shipping office. These are the contents:

"Mr Detective Stubbs is sorry that he pointed out the wrong man to Mr Detective Slade. Mr Slade will find an explanatory letter at headquarters, Scotland Yard. He is advised not to molest Lawyer Bell from Boston. Mr Detective Stubbs trusts that his brother detective enjoyed his passage Home, and advises him to stay there."

Bell smiles. He cannot help it, though it is very cruel.

Miss Bell will create a sensation. She is rich and pretty. American girls always are. The newspapers are unanimous in this respect.

In the meanwhile Lawyer Bell and his pretty sister are altogether oblivious of these mundane considerations, and are deep in the mysteries of two very important documents. One is a letter that has just arrived; the other is a cablegram which has been awaiting Lawyer Bell two days. Both are from America—the cablegram from the West; the letter from New York.

This is the letter:

"Dear Sir: I am sorry if I have caused you any inconvenience by hoodwinking the astute Detective Slade, at your expense. I had to make a butt of some one to get rid of him, as we do not like our affairs interfered with by foreign members of the profession, I hasten to write you this letter, as it may help to prove that you are not the man Slade wants. With a renewal of apologies, I am pleased to say that I have paid off an old score. You'll know what I mean some day.—Yours faithfully, Detective John Stubbs."

Lawyer Bell racks his brain for a solution of this letter, but can find none. He knows Detective Stubbs, of New York, but has not had a single transaction with him, to the best of his knowledge.

"I will lay this before Superintendent Byrnes," he says angrily.

Then he turns to the cable, and his eyes glow with satisfaction. It is brief but to the point.

"Have received ulster and pocket-book. Cable instructions.—Tom Hutton."

"Hurrah!" shouts Bell, slapping his knee. "He must bring it to England by the next ship; I dare not trust to the mail! Evie, we shall get to the root of the trouble yet!"

She has been watching him with anxious eyes, and now to take her hands within his own, and says, softly:

"Poor Evie—poor little girl! Do you know, dear—that I believe Gerald Grey is Miss Elliston's brother?"



Photo by A. L. Cleave, Ellerslie

St. Olga's Backers at the A.R.C Summer Meeting.

land Yard, and you are Gerald Grey Elliston. The charge is forgery and embezzlement. I have my warrant, if you would like to hear it read again."

He smiles knowingly.

"You won't escape me, as you did Forbes, so I'd advise you to make no fuss, though I must take the precaution to handcuff you until my men meet me at Liverpool."

Bell stares in astonishment at first. Then he starts at the name of Elliston. The mists are dissolving!

"What is the specific charge against Elliston?" he asks, calmly.

"Embezzling the sum of seven thousand pounds, the money of your employer, Anthony Blair, the Oxford Street banker, and forging the name of your uncle, Sir Jerome Elliston, a customer of the bank, to a bill of exchange, value one thousand five hundred pounds!"

He brings the handcuffs from his pocket with a flourish and a jingle, and Lawyer Bell enters particulars in his note-book.

"Are you ready?" says Mr Slade, impatiently. "Of course I have had to take the captain into my confidence, but if you are quiet there will be no need for any fuss."

He suddenly seizes Bell's left wrist, and is swung off his feet to the floor for his pains. The lawyer glares at him angrily.

"Are you mad?" he demands. "My name is not Elliston, and Elliston is not aboard this boat. I wish to Heaven he were. My name is Bell, pure and simple, and nothing else. You have been fooled on the other side, Mr Slade—completely fooled!"

Mr Slade does not believe this, and draws a pistol. Still, a dreadful doubt has flashed into his mind. He has only the word of Mr Detective Stubbs that this is his man. But had not Mr Detective Stubbs met him when he landed, and was he not armed with memoranda and other documents that proved him to be a trusted officer of Superintendent Byrnes, the Chief of the New York Police?

"Mr Gerald Grey has hoodwinked you," he says. "If you want me during the next week or so you will find me at the Metropole."

Mr Bell, sen., advances, and shakes the supposed clergyman by the hand.

"Good-bye!" he says, heartily. "If you are in London at any time, drop into the Metropole. We shall be glad to see you! You are not looking well, sir—not at all! Bete noir! Bete noir! More French, you see. Ta-ta!"

Mr Slade shivers, and holds a brief consultation with Mr Iddy Jones. Later Iddy Jones excuses himself to Mr Bell, sen., and keeps an appointment with Mr Slade.

When he returns to the Northwestern Hotel the Bells have left for London, and Iddy and all that is evil within him have a lively half hour together. He tells him—if that is a personal slight on the part of Lawyer Bell and Lawyer Bell's sister. He swears that if Lawyer Bell's sister does not marry him, she shall marry no one else. He will keep Detective Slade in his own pay, and— A diabolical chuckle completes the scheme.

He writes to Mr Bell, sen., and promises to be in London the following week. He has to pay the filial respect due to his parents, or would follow at once.

This does not trouble anybody, for Mr Bell, sen., has not come to England for pleasure alone, and Mrs Bell endures everything with the apathy that exclusively belongs to the refined American lady.

Now that they are established in the best apartments the splendid hotel affords, the waiters mark their quarry. Americans are always swindled in England—even by shopkeepers who are considered honorable. English shopkeepers resent American familiarity, and at sight of an American, double the price of their goods.

Mr Bell is being fleeced right and left, while Mrs Bell dreams of a delightful London season, reads the society news, and prepares to meet a host of distinguished callers whose cards litter the table.

"Jack!"

"Yes," and then he tells her all that has passed between himself and Mr Detective Slade. It is a thrilling story, and Evie cries and laughs by turns.

"And do you think Gerald guilty?" she asks. "Tell me, Jack. You are a lawyer—a clever lawyer. You ought to know!"

"I am in possession of no facts that I can rely upon," he replies, cautiously. "And his conduct tells against him sorely."

"Jack, darling, I am sure that he is not guilty," Evie declares. "Why will you not work for him and prove him innocent. If you knew him you would like him. He is brave and true like you are, Jack—and—and—a great deal like you in every way."

"Ah!" ejaculates Lawyer Bell. "If that's true—he is not guilty, and I will work for him."

"God bless you for that!"

And she sobs on his breast!

Lawyer Bell from Roston sends two cable messages and several letters away that night.

(To be continued.)

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