STRATIONS BY, RAY WALTER &

present in the Tenderloin Police Station; but, although it was in the detective's power to prevent their immediate arraignment in the Night Court by a word to the precinct commander, he could not long keep them in cells. They were entitled to a speedy examination before the magistrate, and he was certain that unless their failure to report to the Swami should alarm that gentleman sooner, steps would be taken in the morning to have the prisoners produced in court. They were sure to be arraigned in Jefferson Market at next day's afternoon session, if not earlier. Britz felt that, once in their presence, the in running learns that s diamonds order of Swami, though be wight be separated from them by the length of the room. would find means to learn and they king Britz i knew, to the last microscopic detail. house, but He must find Millicent that night. discovers an inhom he believes
ther Sands of Grisrfeits of the Missionintimates that Sands
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y "Millicent" and ad-That done, he had little doubt he would be close to the Missioner jewels, and probably to the person who had taken them from their snug har bor in Mrs. Missioner's library.

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until I call for it myself.' from Sands' apart-The detective was so absorbed in his thoughts as he walked down flight ttle den of a shop after flight of the dark stairs that he of a downtown ne of the skydid not see a pair of eyes gleaming from one of the lower halls. Those -century before. eyes were as black as the darkness tedious to climb that formed their background, and the airs to the sixth Headquarters man would have been in an express eleit of the Singer even more than ordinarily on the alert if he had seen them glistening in the was too hot on remote recess. As the detective passed ch attention to his on toward the street, the eyes adthe stairs lightly. vanced along the dusk of the hall, and outer door that in the faint glow of a lowered gas-jet cement of his comat the foot of one of the higher flights a bit of paper toward of stairs, there became visible behind modern physique and them a man who, in most respects, vho was working at a was a counterpart of the two Orientals er was the note bedear." and ending with at that moment detained in the West Thirtieth Street Station. The owner of the mysterious Milof the eyes, while Britz walked downchronistic young man stairs, as quickly and far more quietly uiringly through steelwent up.

red copies of this, Bur-Britz turned his steps toward 300 Mulberry Street. In his own office. "I'll send for them in after a glance into Manning's room seated himself on a that showed him it was empty, he called Dr. Fitch on the telephone and bench, and for several made an appointment to meet him in the photo engraver s mind was not behind two hours in the bar of the Holland

> "It's one of the quietest places in Manhattan," said the detective, "and want to talk to you very privately. They are not likely to know me there.

"I'll send for the copies, Burlen."

Britz said, as he slipped from the

stool and started to the door, "but

don't let the original leave your hands

Britz nushed a button, and when a Headquarters attendant appeared, sent him for the Central Office man whom, next to himself, he trusted most.

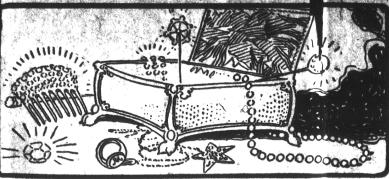
"Send down to Burlen's place in an hour and a half, Rawson," said Britz to the other detective. "He'll have a hundred facsimiles of a letter signed Millicent. Have as many men as pos sible get busy among the hotels. rahmin scholar want to trace the woman who wrote ession of the that signature. They will have to look through every register for a year past It's got to be done thoroughly, and I want it done quickly. Here, I'll give you a list," and he hastily scribbled the names of a half-hundred hostelries

of a class such as he thought the fair Millicent might patronize. "What time will I see you?" asked

Rawson. "If I'm not back in three hours, I'll

call you up," said the detective. Then, having arrived at a pause in the pursuit of the jewels, he hastened to a Turkish bath, where, being a little weary from much metropolitan journeying and muscle-bound from loss of sleep, he had himself baked steamed, chilled, kneaded, and pounded into shape.

The great detective's indulgence in that luxury all unknowingly gave to the other side an advantage in the race for the Missioner jewels that well might prove fatal to his success. Long before Britz reached the hot-air room of the bath, the man with the glistening eyes who had passed him in the hall of the tumble-down loft building was at the door of Burlen's workshop, straining the angle of his vision to folwold. He was not given to atmuch weight to intuition, reed in the artisan's activity as he was in the small white sheet of paper on which he could discern lines traced in a woman's hand. Patiently waited the owner of the eyes. He was of a race that had cultivated patience through the centuries. Soon or late, undoubtthe bench beside that great white light to another part of the room. A few yards would suffice for the man



native land, slipped through the doorway, crawled across the intervening space between the threshold and the camera, whisked the Millicent note from the board, and as silently made his escape before Burlen had replaced the cork in the bottle. By the time Detective-Lieutenant Britz was enveloped in the fog of the steam room, that little note was in the possession of the Swami and Prince Kananda, and those worthies were studying it so swiftly and so profitably that ere Britz took his cold plunge, the sage and the Maharajah's son made a swifter, deeper dive toward the heart of the Missioner mystery. It was as a result of what they learned from Millicent's missive that the Swami ind the Prince went separately to the froom of Doris Missioner's most fashionable friend. It was also in consequence of the information gleaned from those petulant feminine lines that the Swami found Mrs. Missioner's Prince, before and after that tete-aete, experienced keen curiosity con cerning the doings, characteristics, and state of mind of Curtis Griswold. The third result of Millicent's little letter and the Easterners' joint visit to the Fifth Avenue ballroom, was their dash in separate cabs to a bachelor apartment in a side street just off Central Park, where, shortly after

spurred him so effectively that all the hundred impressions were ready when Rawson sent for them. Half an hour afterward, as many detectives were comparing the halftone prints with the signatures of all the Millicents in the registers of New York's more fashionable hotels.

Britz, as fit as a fiddle after his parboiling, walked briskly to the marble lobby of the Holland House and joined Fitch in the bar. That hotel is not patronized by the Bright Light set, one reason being that it sturdily repels all attempts at such patronage. Half a dozen men of undoubted fashion were in the cafe when Britz and Fitch draped themselves over one end of the bar, and began absorbing long, cold drinks in punctuation of their in-

"We're getting warm as the youngsters say," said Britz, and he told him of all that had happened since society so interesting, and that the their last meeting. "Your young lady won't have to stay in the Tombs much longer, I'm thinking, unless we have a stroke of bad luck. I'm puzzled on one point, however, and that's what I wanted to see you about. What do vou know about Bruxton Sands?' "I know he's all right," Fitch replied. "One of the best ever."

"Known him long?" "Several years. I was fortunate in

their several arrivals, they were in the case of a brother of his, and that

Was a Counterpart of the Two Orien tals.

close consultation for an hour or more | made me pretty solid with the whole with Ali, the supposedly devoted re- family. Bruxton has done me several tainer of the rich Mrs. Missioner.

For the second note to Curtis Griswold that fell into the hands of the is not a front, then?" inquired the de-Hindoos—the one Prince Kananda in- tective. tercented at the door of the Fifth Avenue mansion in which the great ball was held-was written on a letterhead that revealed to Nandy and the Swami an address they very much desired to know. Had that address found its way to Detective-Lieutenant Britz as soon, it would have saved him much delay, and would have spared a large part of the city's detective force the necessity of a laborious search

through Manhattan's hotel registers. Burlen was one of the most astonished young men in lower Manhattan when, turning from his row of bottles, he found the note entrusted to him by Britz had vanished. At first he as low the photo-engraver at work. Those sumed he had fastened it carelessly glittering eyes forcused their gaze and that it had fallen to the floor. A through the keyhole on a piece of paquick hunt showed him he was wrong. that faculty as a pale and us per which Burlen had fastened with He extended his search to every part thumbtacks to a board, and which, in of the room, and it was not until he the glare of an arc lamp, confronted a had disturbed the dust of ages that big camera with a powerful lens. Al- he realized the scrap of paper actually though the eyes followed Burlen as was gone. His sensations following well as they could about the room, that realization were not of the pleastheir owner was not so much interest- antest. Britz was one of his best customers, and he knew from the detective's earnestness the note was of exceptional importance. It solaced him only in part to find on taking the plate from the camera and putting it through a developing process that the lens had done its work more faithfully edly, the man inside would go from than he. He held in his hand a perfect duplicate of the letter. That would not satisfy Britz. of course. but it was better than it would have been if the note had disappeared before the photographing was complete. Burlen hastened to subject the little plate of copper to the acid bath, and as the minute points of the halftone came out with

good turns."

"You think that square look of his "No." said the doctor who talked

more at his ease with the detective than he would have dreamed of doing with any of his fashionable patients. "He's 'the goods.'"

"Well," rejoined the sleuth, "I'm glad to hear you say so. I don't mind telling you he made me a little suspicious this evening. I must say that or an honest man his attitude was a little queer."

"In what way?" "Well," said Britz, "he wouldn't let me see a bit of paper that might have helped me a whole lot in this matter: and just for a moment I began to wonder whether he was as eager to have the Missioner mystery solved as he

pretended to be." "There's no pretense about Bruxton Sands," said Fitch very positively. 'He does want this thing straightened | York. I've got a hundred men workout, and he wouldn't do anything in any way, if he could help it, to hinder

Britz then told the physician more fully how stubborn Sands had been in regard to the note the millionaire himself had taken from one of the Hindoo burglars.

"I'll admit it seemed strange," said Fitch. "But if you go on the assumption there is anything wrong behind it, you'll lose your point. Sands is as square as they make 'em."

"You don't think, then," asked the detective, "it is possible his infatuation for Mrs. Missioner would lead him to do anything to greer his riv-

"Most assuredly not," replied Fitch "In the first place, he is not infaty ed. Bruxton Sands is genuine gratifying distinctness, the young man love with Doris Missioner, as rejoiced that he at least was able to the kind of man who kno produce the facsimiles the Headquarof woman he wants.



man had ordered. Remorse | place he wouldn't dream of doing anything underhand, even if he saw that the other fellow was undoubtedly winning out. He always plays the game."

"Well, maybe he does," said Britz; "but, from what I've observed in my journey through life, this love game is one that is played without any rules. I've known men who would take a million if it were handed to them on a platter, yet who'd go pretty close to a mix-up with the Grand Jury to cut out a fellow who was after the same

"You talk as if your experience in the heart line were all second-hand,"

said Fitch, smiling. "Never been in love in my life and never expect to be," said Britz. "But I have eyes in my head and ears behind them. I also know what women can do to a man's common sense even when they don't know they're doing it. The lady who gets the loot isn't always a party to the crime."

"Well," responded Fitch, "I won't undertake to pit my experience against yours; but there's nothing of that sort in this case. Sands loves Mrs. Missioner about as much as a man can. He was fond of her before her marriage, and most of us thought he'd win her then. I don't know why he didn't, but I do know that from the day he learned of her husband's death, he had been twice as attentive to her as before, and even in the days when she was the star bud of Auntie Paran's beauty show, his fondness for her was pretty noticeable. I remember particularly one Patriarchs' Ball when he grabbed every dance on her card, and got her to sit out most of

"But he knows Griswold is trying to win her, too," said Britz, "and if he has any reason to think the other fellow has a good chance he might be tempted to put him down and out, even if he had to go to such lengths as taking the Missioner diamonds, and then throwing suspicion on Gris-

Britz raised his glass and drank slowly, meditatively, until the ice chilled his nose. Then he sat the tumbler firmly down on the bar, faced Fitch, and said with an air of finality:

"If that's the case, Griswold's the man! He may have had assistance from Blodgett, but I doubt it. He's too foxy to trust his neck to a servant. As for Ali, I thought he might have turned the trick, but he didn't, because if he had, he and all the rest of that Calcutta bunch would be well on their way toward their heathen temples by this time. There is now only Mr. Curtis Griswold to consider." Fitch looked at him with a perplexed air.

"What causes you to suspect him?",

he asked. "I've had my eyes on that young man for some time," Britz said. 'There were two or three things connected with the arrest of Miss Holcomb that didn't please me a little bit. didn't like the satisfaction he showed when suspicion was directed to-

"Did Fitch.

"More than pleased-he seemed reanswered the detective. lieved." 'Maybe Donnelly and Carson did some real work, after all, without knowing it. If they hadn't arrested Miss Holcomb, Griswold mightn't have shown his hand so easily.'

"Have you any other evidence?" asked the doctor. He appeared to be gratified by the trend of the detective's thoughts.

"Several things," said Britz. "One of our Wall Street men tells me half a dozen inquiries about Griswold have been sent to the financial agencies lately. I had that end worked up, and I found out Griswold had been bumped by a bear raid." "Hurt much?"

"Pretty badly. He tried hard to sell a block of suburban real estate soon after that."

"These things are only straws, however." said the doctor. "Of course, we'll have to have much more substantial evidence before we can do anything.'

"Well, for one thing," returned Britz, "I expect to know in a few hours just where the diamonds are. At any rate, how they were taken out of the city, if they are not in New ing the hotels to find out, and if you'll come down to Headquarters with me in a little while you can see the result.'

The detective stopped short in his words as Curtis Griswold entered t bar. The clubman went to the counter, lighted a eigarette, the impatient gesture with snatched it from his lin it to the floor, he b that he had applie cork tip. His his face sligh trembled a

from t

Then he called for an envelope, and when the messenger came, he handed it to him with a bank note, with a few words spoken in a low tone. The messenger gone. Griswold called for a brandy-and-soda, gulped it down in a way that showed his state of nervous excitement and, still without seeing the doctor or the detective. hurried

out of the barroom Britz gripped the doctor's arm. "Go after that boy!" he said. "Find ut where he is going, and join me at Headquarters. Make it quick, doc!"

Fitch hastened in pursuit of time nessenger boy. Britz walked with quick strides to the subway, where he boarded a local for Bleeker street.

The physician's pursuit of the dis-

trict messenger who had carried the note from Griswold ended at the Thirty-third Street station of the Sixth avenue elevated railway. All Fitch wanted to know was the destination of the note. Fitch, though an amateur, had acquired so much skill from association with the famous Headquarters man in efforts to free his sweetheart that it required no prompting to look over the boy's shoulder as he stopped to buy a ticket. While fishing in his pocket for a grubby nickel, the messenger momentarily held the envelope in such a position that Fitch was able to read both name and address. The doctor hastily jotted both on the margin of a newspaper, and then he crossed to the downtown station, and in 20 minutes knocked at the door of the detective's room in Police Headquarters.

heard Britz say to Rawson, as he entered after a sharp "Come in!" "Helio, doc!" said Britz. "I guess we've found her. These are the full names of all the Millicents registered in New York hotels, and my man reports this signature is exactly like

"This must be the woman,"

the name attached to the note I found in the Indian's clothes." "What's the name?" asked Fitch. "Millicent Delaroche," answered the

letective. "That's the lady," answered the physician. "The same name is on that envelope Griswold gave the messen ger. She lives in the-

"Hotel Renaissance," said Britz decisively. 'Doctor, I tell you we're getting warm. As the kids say, 'We're burning un!'"

A conference followed, in the course of which Britz, Fitch and Rawson elaborated a plan to ascertain whether the jewels Millicent Delaroche mentioned in her note to Griswold were the original Missioner diamonds, or merely gems the clubman had bought for her. To learn that fact was not so easy as it sounded. With weeks at his command, Britz could have gained the knowledge in a roundabout way, but he had no such time. There were not even days to spare; there were not even hours to waste. Britz knew as well as if he saw it in black and white that the Orientals, both of high and low caste, were centering all their subtlety, skill and ingenuity er's jewels-anyway, the Maharanee diamond—and he sensed the importance of anticipating them before the night was over. That realization was based on the assumption that the contents of the Millicent note as yet were unknown to the more important of the Hindoos. Britz knew the men he had caught in Bruxton Sands' room could not get word to the Swami nor to Prince Kananda before the morning. He had taken care to prevent that by rushing a note to the captain of the Tenderloin precinct, requesting that the prisoners, instead of being taken to the night court, should be

held at least for the morning session in Jefferson Market. His zeal led him to lose no time in heading off the Orientals, even with the burglars bottled up for twelve hours or so. Had he guessed he himself had helped to convey the letter from the Hindoo cantives to their Brahmin master, he would have been twice as zealous, though it is doubtful he could have worked more rapidly than he did a his talk with Fitch and Raws the seclusion of his own office In pursuance of the pl

in that conferences Ra the Renaissance management all concerning Mi could

NEWS NUCCEES OROM ILLINOIS

woin. At the Decemb ing of Perry County Medical as-sociation, held at Tamaroa, these officers were elected for the year: President, Dr. Max Adles, Duquoin; first vice-president, Dr. James T. Leigh, Duquoin; second vice-president, Dr. J. S. Cleland, Swanwick; third president, Dr. J. W. Smith, Cutler; fourth vice-president, Dr. T. A. Heleman, Rice; secretary-treasurer, Dr. Frank F. Gillis, Duquoin.

Granite City.—While trying to show he had lost the forefinger of his right hand, Francis Lotosky, employe in a Granite City foundry, put the forefinger of his left hand on a whirling saw and it was cut off. His right hand still was bandaged and he was talking to an agent of an accident insurance company in which he was carrying a policy when the second accident happened. Identically the same thing occurred as in the first instance.

Springfield.—Finger-print evidence in murder trials was sustained the Illinois superior court in the case of the People vs. Thomas Jennings, convicted of murdering Clarence' B. Hiller in Chicago, Septroduction as evidence of a bloody finger print. After reviewing the evidence the judgment of the lower court is affirmed. Jennings must suffer the death penalty on February 16 next.

Springfield.—By the decision of the United States Supreme court sustaining the Illinois riot act of 1887, Springfield may lose over \$100,000, as suits aggregating over that amount are pending as the outgrowth of the race riot here in October, 1908, when several negroes were lynched and much property destroyed. One hundred suits against the city for recovery of damages will pushed.

Elgin.—Frank Brkich and Joe Postovic, who have been employed at Dekalb, were formally charged by a coroner's jury with the murof George Chapalionis, Lithuanian, also of Dekalb, who died at the Elgin State hospital. Chapalionis died of exhaustive insanity, resultant from injuries received when attacked by Brkich and Postovic in Dekalb on November 25.

Peoria.—Following an operation for the removal of her tonsils Elizabeth Starr Robison, aged eighteen, the only daughter Charles W. Robison, died at the Proctor hospital on the operating table. The operation was so slight and the vitality of the patient so perfect that no apprehension was felt.

Anna.—That southern Illinois can continue to claim the banner for fruit culture was demonstrated at the state horticultural meeting, which has closed at Champaign, where O. H. and Lynn Casper of this city entered forty-two exhibits of apples and captured thirty prizes.

Springfield. - Public schools this city may have a course of instruction by means of moving plotures. A proposition to teach pupils in certain of the grammar a schools through the aid of the films has been made the board of tion. It is the cates of the pictures that classes studyi

Tamaras institute Teachers' and was mittee w school county Illinois spoke

he to date, if he was to trace ionds before the e men from the East could and put them forever beany Westerner. ach of any Westerner. s in his favor. Undoubtten the Swami's line ion by seizing the spies id report the finding of te in Sands' apartment.

sense that the scrap be of immediate value e Brahmin—that if he ted it the scholar by close upon the nds. It remainself to ascertain the ts of Millicent tal prisoners could chief. Those outside, crouching until he was little enough for the higher than an upreared cobra of his

Sure Test of Good Man

atop to Let Boys Hitch Steds to His Vagon-

good man who will ys hitch their sleds e saw one the other broke from his ed for the boys to r they made and

their happy voices were as music to his soul.

with the eyes, and even while Britz

still was talking to Rawson in Police

Headquarters, Burlen briskly covered

those dozen or so feet to get a chem-

ical in the row of bottles in the rack

at the far end of the shop. The man

Then he drove on, looking back to see that all was going well. He remembered he was a boy once, and how much delight there was in hitching on and being pulled. At times he would laugh outright. He forgot the \$72 he had in his pocket, the pro-

making others happy. And he thought of his own boy back at home, how he would enjoy being with those boys, and he wished he was.

And so he rode on, smiling and looking back, and occasionally litting the horses to make the sleds jerk, and hear the boys shout their happiest, when they held on the tighter or dropped off in the snow snd raced again to get a tighter grip. There is a scene that beats a banquet or an ceeds of two swine that he had hauled inauguration out of all reckening, and in. His heart was on bigger things—there is in that wagon an old man stupid things; courag

who is one of the kind.-Ohio State Jou

Contradictions in Ru

One sees in this re more contradictory tr than in any other. To person is as much of whole people; good sacrifice, yet withal c compassion; clever a liant mind, and at the ble of doing the ma