:: OF HEADQUARTERS: BY MARCIN BARBER

the stidauou. . . subcisty was his intention, she would show him what a woman-Dorothy was all of nineteen Delighted to have made your acquain--a woman could do. "I never would tance, Miss March. I know you're in have supposed," she added, allowing a hurry to get back to your seat. Forherself full measure of mischief. "that a famous detective could be a turbed, yo uknow. Good afternoon, matinée man."

Britz winced. His ready good much!" nature parried her shafts, however, and it was with the same slow smile and she flitted down the aisle. that he replied:

"Does the author reconcile the manners of the two periods, or, is the piece one of those problem plays that the afternoon tide in Broadway. leave everything to the audience? You see, Miss March," he went on, pccasionally."

tried to recall the advance notice of wright has bridged the gap somehow."

Things were so different fifty years tention to go to the matinee in

says," Dorothy retorted, fun flashing ly to interfere with such gentle quesin that mignon face. "But we'll know tioning of her as he meant to do. His

the end of this selection.' had archery, croquet, sketching, and other society artists she had mensquare dances-I don't suppose any- tioned, were not, he knew, in Mrs.

Miss March?" "There are a few talented men-"And many women-"

viction. "But one must not be unjust to the men on that 'account!"

you're in society, Miss March, and for so deeply did the sleuth ponder I'm not," Britz apologised, "but still I feel pretty certain you can't think tion that he had several close escapes She was followed closely by Griswold down the passage. There was no one

"Of course, if you don't think !I can think, Mr. Britz," said Dorothy with mock indignation that accented her prettiness as a shadowy background emphasizes a jewel, "why, you can't than it had been when he dropped expect-but I told you you'd find me a poor teacher."

"Now, Miss March, Miss March;" Britz protested, hitching his chair around to gaze at her more directly. Over his shoulder he saw curious eyes, and he realized their tête-à-tête soon must end. Lobby firtations were not approved by Forrest audiences. "Well, Mr. Britz?" This challeng-

ingly. "Well, Miss March," and his smile from a younger man would have called caressing, "we've started with discussion of the play, and we touched on authorship, the founder of the Four Hundred, the War with Spain, and a dozen other subjects. Funny how chatter zigzass, isn't it? I was about to say that from all I underas talented, as the beaux of good Queen Victoria's gorlhood. Come,

"Oh, yes, I do!" she cried gayly Then, meditatively, "Half a dozen, you say? Do you know, Mr. Britz, I think you win."

"You don't know as many asasix?" Britz inquired, as if the fate of empires hung on his winning the wager that as yet was only a hypothesis. "It's humiliating, isn't it?" she said naïvely. "But I don't. There are two or three, though-Teddy Lorimer and Mr. Griswold, and that queer little Frenchman, Anatole - Anatole - oh,

"Anatole Daubigny?" "Yes-he draws the funniest, dearest little dogs."

"And his monkeys, Miss March.

you know whom I mean?"

Don't forget his monkeys." "Aren't they simply-simply ravish ing?" the girl returned. "And have you seen his newest satire on the Newport set-a lot of apes and boons and chimpanzees in evening dress sitting at the table with several men and women? 'A Family Reunion," he calls it."

"Delightful!" said Britz twith en-Thusiasm equaling hers. "I perceive we enjoy a good many things in common, Miss March."

She smiled. It was not every matinée girl who could interest a man who solved world-famous mysteries. "Isn't it strange!" she said. Then

the training of years recalled her to a sense of what she was doing. fear we've been very unconventional, Mr. Britz," she said as primly as her prettiness permitted. "But I've en joyed our Little chat very much.' means i must be going; said Britz promptly, "if I'm not to spoil your enjoyment of the mid-

Victorian scene. The orchestra has



there goes the current. agreed Dorothy, rising hastily. glad to have met you, Mr. Britz. hope I've been of some assistance about dear Mrs. Missioner's jewels. Good-afternoon."

"Good-afternoon, Miss March, a very good afternoon." And he was stepping quickly toward the door when her sweet voice arrested him. "But, Mr. Britz," she cried, "there was something you wished to ask me -something that was to help you

find the diamonds?" "Some other time, Miss March, thank you," said Britz, smiling. "1 won't detain you now. Perhaps we'll meet at another matinee soon, with a longer intermission between the acts. rest audiences don't like to be dis-Miss March, and-thank you so

"Good afternoon, then, Mr. Britz," "Yes, thank you so much, Miss

March!" murmured Britz as he left the theatre and merged himself with He had cause to thank her, he be-

lieved. For, in her girlish talk, she "Mulberry Street gets to Broadway had given him the first Missioner clew of the week-or, rather, she had "I don't know, Mr. Britz." She extended for him a thread in the mystery that had occupied much of his the production. "This is the first thoughts from the moment when he time I've seen it. I dare say the play- received Logan's cable saying the paste jewels were made from sketches. For days he had sought to learn who "It's a wide gap to bridge," ob- among Mrs. Missioner's intimates was served the detective thoughtfully, artist enough to make such delicate "From reading nineteenth century draughts of the diamonds as would be novels, I should say it would be hard required by an artificer for the manfor the writer to hold interest with ufacture of imitations. With that obsuch a groundwork for his plot, ject, he had ascertained Dorothy's in-Forrest and had gone to the theatre "Exactly what my grandfather to meet her under conditions not likeveiled interrogation of the society soon how the author has succeeded," girl had brought forth the fact that "The orchestra is nearing Curtis Griswold could sketch-that the clubman was sufficiently master "Even their amusements were dif- of his pencil to have his skill pretty ferent." mused Britz. "Instead of generally known among his acquaingolf, tennis, autoing, yachting, they tances. Lorimer and Daubigny, the

body in society sketches nowadays, Missioner's circle. It was fortunate for Lieutenant "I'd hardly say that," she replied. Britz, as well as for Elinor Holcomb and Dr. Fitch, and everybody whose hopes hinged on the detective's suc-"Oh, almost all women are more or cess in solving the great Missioner less artistic." said Dorothy with con- diamond mystery, that long custom made him thread the traffic of the

"I'll venture to say-well, of course, city's throbbing artery automatically, the possibilities of his newest informs sioner appeared on the threshold, the threshold, and glanced quickly from taxicabs, private automobiles, and, after a moment's pause to glad- in sight. and trolley cars as he crossed Broad den the heart of the much-buttoned All that time, Curtis Griswold, havway and bent his steps toward Fifth youth, by a man the watching detec- ing ripped off the sheet on which Avenue. The case had cleared a little, but his course was not much plainer into the theatre in quest of further

> the carriage-crowded avenue, with follow, saw the chauffeur throw his the Hindoo. Ripples of laughter rethat briskness characteristic of him clutch, saw the big car glide swiftly vealed that she, at least, was amused | weight to the lack of a motive as the when his brain was most active. "She south to wheel for a northward trip by what Griswold was saying. It was case then stood, to the impossibility can't absolutely prove anything." It along the avenue. Before the auto when Britz, having finished his de- that a man who sought to marry Mrs. was necessary to obtain tangible evi- mobile reached a turning point, the tailed examination of the room, stop- Missioner would risk his chances by dence of Griswold's ability as a detective sprang into the cab, whis ped close beside him that they stealing gems worth even half a mildraughtsman. How to do so without pered an address to the driver, and looked up. alarming the clubman was the pre- added in a low tone:

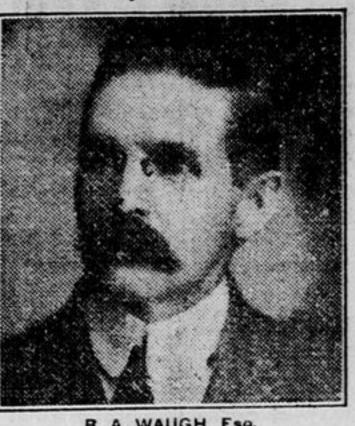
suspect Griswold of the robbery. He knowing his craft, threaded his way pencil. realized thoroughly that Dorothy's in- through the traffic so quickly that in formation was all he had to indicate a short time he was several blocks For the first time, he seemed to be-Griswold any more than Sands, or two ahead of the limousine. All the way come aware of the shape his idle or three others. He did not even up the avenue the race continued, tracing on the pad had taken. In the know whether Miss Holcomb could Britz well in the lead. At the Fifty- course of his brief chat with Mrs. stand the society men of to-day are draw, and it was no part of his pur ninth Street entrance, the automobile Missioner, he had sketched clearly, not as accomplished, even if they are pose to distress the imprisoned girl swung into the park, but the cabman accurately, artistically, not only the with questions betraying the smallest urged his horse straight up Fifth room, but the great safe at its farther belief in the accusation against her. Avenue, and so great was the gain end-sketched them far better in now, I'd be willing to bet a box of No; Britz, always honest with him made by the short cut that a few those few minutes than Britz could wold's skill with a pencil sufficed for bonbons you don't know half a dozen self could not say he suspected Gris. blocks further north he dropped his have done in as many hours. His the sketches, and it was a clew Britz wold. His method was the opposite fare in front of a mansion of impos- drawing, almost automatic, showed recognized as important. It was part men who can draw anything except of Donnelly's and Carson's. Instead ing ugliness, touched his hat in of suspecting everybody, as they in knowledgment of a generous fee, and variably did in cases at all mysteri- was bowling eastward, halfway to ous, he would not attach suspicion to Madison Avenue, when the Missioner anyone without satisfactory proof, car reappeared from the Park's Sev-That was the secret of his success, enty-second Street gate. He was more than a detective; he was a prosecutor, judge, jury, and counsel of gossip," said Mrs. Missioner over to the defense. It accounted for the livr shoulder as she preceded Sands act that he rarely made a mistaken and Griswold into her library. "Fiarrest, and that when he caused man nance and club affairs can wait a little or women to be placed in the prison- while and-oh!" er's dock, a conviction almost always followed.

"Griswold, Sands, Ali, Blodgett--" the sleuth's mind in that order as he fore the crackling grate, sat Detective hastened along with no particular Lieutenant Britz. Pad in one hand place as an objective-merely walking pencil in the other, he was sketching to stimulate his mental process. It always brightened Britz to pass the panorama of fashion in Fifth Avenue, It was with an almost fatherly feeling he ganced at the rich, the debonair, the gay sauntering along the sidewalks or rolling in automobiles and carriages up and down the asphalt, The safety of their wealth, sometimes of their very lives, depended on the vigilance, courage, and efficiency of himself and of the few men like him on the police force of New York. far as the rank and file of the Department were concerned, those care free sons and daughters of opportunity might be at the mercy of the ablest birds of prey in the human flock. was because Britz and his compeers worked and watched and waited so patiently, so devotedly, so ceaselessly, that fashion and finance, coquetry and commerce, could bask in the sunshine

of metropolitan prosperity. the corner of Forty-fourth Street caught his attention. For a moment he studied it as he slackened his pace. instantly and bowed to Mrs. Missioner, so rapidly they were upon the three Then he stopped short, retraced his following that with a short nod to the others almost simultaneously. steps, crossed to the east side of the avenue, and, through the windows of a waiting cab, trained his gaze on madam, because I had no time to Sherry's fashionable restaurant in front of which the costly automobile stood. Dimly, through the filmy lace assent. curtains, he saw the figures of those lingering over afternoon tea, with a few early diners. He could not dis- to know?" tinguish their faces, but something in the bearing of a woman at the first sion of the detective's quest this even- value." Slowly, ever so slowly, the simply to a desire to throw off suswindow held his glance. Then a ing. The afternoon tea in Sherry's, fingers contracted, drawing the pad picion. He realized perfectly the poswaiter, moving silently about the the short ride home, including the turn with them. "Perhaps if you make an sibility that it sprang from a combi table, chanced to part the curtains in the park, with her two most persis effort, you can recall something about nation of the two motives. with his elbow, and in the momentary tent admirers, this cozy home-coming the prisoner's past, Mrs. Missioner?" Who, then, was most likely to have and they are a specialty in every gap between the folds of film Britz in the dusk of a winter day, however The pad was in his hand. Deftly, he placed the diamond in the secre-

of Curtis Griswold.

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Bruxton Sands.

chauffeur. Britz could not hear the words held her attention. She took the sketches by means of which the "It won't do to call Miss March as a He saw the widow step into her the heavy silence of Sands, the soundwitness." he mused, walking north in limousine, saw Sands and Griswold less appearance and disappearance of "Double your fare for speed."

Britz was by no means prepared to

She stopped in the act of throwing off her furs, and stood gazing at the middle of the room. There, absorbed The names presented themselves to in his task, at ease in a big chair be-

Mrs. Missioner extended a hand be-She turned her head with a smile almost as mischtevous as Dorothy! could flash.

"Hush!" she whispered. She and after all? the others watched Britz quietly as his pencil moved slowly, awkwardly over the paper. From his frequent glances at the end of the room that held the big safe, it was evident he was making a drawing of it. The laborious dragging of his pencil point proved he was not accustomed to such work-at least, so it seemed to one of the three who watched him. the sleuth stuck to the task doggedly, and at last he bore so heavily on a a betrothal." corner of his sketch that the point of

his pencil broke. the pencil. When the point was fash- dow and peered into the twilight A dark-blue limousine standing at loned to his liking, he looked up. backed by the trees in the the widow and her friends. He arose step. Those gray eyes of his shifted men behind her.

spare," said the sleuth.

Mrs. Missioner inclined her head in

decide a momentous question. Gris more emphasis than would be expecwold, ever ready to seize the small- ted of her large good-nature, "I can est advantage promptly occupied the recall nothing. I am sure there is other end of the chair. Facing the nothing to recall. You must lock beautiful widow, he ignored both elsewhere if you seek to forge links Britz and Sands, and he threw into in a chain of evidence against Miss the glances he showered upon the Holcomb. I have told you all I know woman all the caress at his command. -all I could possibly know." Britz eyed Sands sharply before re- "That being the case," said Britz Tombs, would be operate through the plying. He gripped his chin with briskly, "there is nothing more to say. stupidity of Donnelly and Carson, or thumb and finger, and seemed study With your permission, I will send a ing the big millionaire. As a matter draughtsman to make plans of the of fact, he was watching Griswold. room and diagrams of the safe." He His gaze, even as it appeared focused hesitated. "I suppose these little art most strongly on Sands, in reality was gems of mine," he resumed with

wealthy widow. Britz at length. "A sketch of the safe, the heart of the fire. too. One of my men was to have "Guess I'll say 'Good-afternoon, manship, "I'm doing the best I can." floating after him. fessional pride on that point?"

was merely a substitute."

ferent look at the drawing. Gris- his thoughts kept time with his steps will, but the soreness is all gone and I harsh laugh, he half turned to Britz, of calling a halt for the night. the paper in his fingers.

> thoughtfully. There was inquiry in to another phase of the case. next words. "You'd starve to death Britz as a change of air. in a studio," the clubman continued

to wait. Before the cabman had gone lessly at the door, started slightly at side lamp. Yes, it was beyond quesfar into discussion of the current poli- sight of the detective, and vanished tical crisis, the door of the restaurant as silently. Britz pretended not to across the street was swung open by see the Hindoo, but, in his move-

tive was somewhat surprised to see- Britz had drawn the rude diagram, was sketching idly as he talked in "Home," said Mrs. Missioner to her an undertone to the widow. His dence that Griswold could have made word, but he read it from her lips. no note of the detective's wandering,

"I see you are an artist, Mr. Griswold," remarked the sleuth, his eyes The cabman lashed his horse, and, on the paper under the clubman's certain that Griswold had found op-

Griswold was genuinely surprised, necklace for the original. He was he subconscious skill of-to say the least-an excellent amateur.

up the drawing indifferently. His prowess with the pencil was an old story to the widow and his vival. "You at least can stop for a minute Griswold tossed the pad and pencil on the table, and resumed his talk with Mrs. Missioner, turning the coldest of cold shoulders toward Heuth.

But Britz was not to be shouldered aside so easily. He addressed himself to the widow, winning her instant attention with his first query: "Has Miss Holcomb ever told you

much about her last year in Smith?" he asked. Mrs. Missioner's eyebrows arched.

"Nothing important enough to remember, Mr. Britz." she said, staring hind her to silence her companions, incredulously. The detective had al ready assured her warmly of his be lief in Elinor's innocence. Could it be he was not going to clear the girl

"You know nothing of her engagement to a Harvard undergraduate, then?" he persited. The widow shook her head.

"Before her father lost his fortune, I mean," said the sleuth. "Neither before nor after. Mr. Britz," replied Mrs. Missioner, rising

impatiently. "Miss Holcomb, being a beauty, naturally received a great deal of attnetion, but I never heard of Lieutenant Britz, still standing before the hearth, moved to let Mrs. He laid down the pad, took out a Missioner pass. The widow pushed pocket-knife, and began to sharpen aside the heavy hangings of a win-

Then and then only did he seem to see Britz, having moved, took another So gradually, so slowly did he approach "I told your man to let me come in, the table that no one noticed his hand upon it. Resting that hand upon the meant nothing, save that the real edge, he went on.

"I am sorry you are not more minutely informed concerning Miss Hol-"You wish to see me?" she inquired. comb's university days." Slowly his "There is something more you wish fingers extended until the tips rested on the tiny pad. "In a case like this She was not in the mood for discus- the smallest knowledge may be of as a redoubt, looked at him inquir. Wold, from Griswold to Sands with When the hand came out it was trail permanently, or did he desire

"No," said the rich woman with

concentrated on the clubman who dry smile, "may as well meet the fate shared the serpentine chair with the they deserve." With a quick movement, he threw all the sheets of paper I want a plan of the room," said on the table and the pad as well into

made draughts for me, but I had to and with a bow to Mrs. Missioner send him out of town at short notice and the coolest of nods to the men, on another end of the case. So," and he left the room, the widow's dehe smiled slowly at his poor work- tached "Good-afternon, Mr. Britz"

"May I see what you have drawn?" Was he mistaken, Britz asked himasked Mrs. Missioner pleasantly, self as he walked quickly along the "Oh, Mr. Britz," she laughed, holding passage, or did he see a pair of eyes the paper at arm's length, "I'm afraid beneath a towering turban peer at you'll never make an artist. I hope," him from the corner of a cross-corrishe added hastily, "you have no pro- dor? He made a mental note to have the Hindoo servant watched more "None whatever," returned the de- closely as, treating Blodgett's loftitective. He liked a woman with a ness with exasperating indifference, sense of humor, and there was some- he tripped down the steps of the Misthing about Mrs. Missioner that ap- sioner mansion, and hurried along a pealed to him anyway. "I told you I path in the dark. Once in the shelter of the shadows, the detective Sands, towering above the widow on quickened his pace, heading south. the hearthrug, shot a single, indif- His hands clasped behind him, and

wold's interest in it was echoed by as he swung along under the scraphim in so far that he took the dia- ing January boughs. On the whole, you that I am cured. All the enlargement gram from her and examined it for a he was very well satisfied with his has not left my hands and perhaps never few seconds. Then, with a short, day's work. Not that he had any idea can do any kind of work. I have gained alternately bending and straightening allowed himself plenty of sleep, but he wasted little time on recreation. "Ever hear of such a thing as per- Work was his relaxation. He had an spective, detective?" he asked con- infallible specific against fatigue. descendinggly. Britz overlooked the When his duties became wearying, he air of superiority. He shook his head crowded on more steam or switched his eyes as he waited for Griswold's change of points was as restful to

Grudging as he was to himself in | in a cab along the park drive in a the matter of praise, he had to admit, direction which, owing to the swirl-A crisp little laugh from Britz was however, he had spent his afternoon the only reply. He crossed the floor profitably. From little Miss March and made a microscopic examination he had learned that Griswold was a of the safe. Then he circled the room, draughtsman, and from Griswold himingly, but the detective fished out of tapping the walls again, moving pieces self he had tangible proof of that fact his pocket a fat cigar with a scarlet of furniture to look behind them, in the shape of the tiny sheet of and-gold band, and in a moment he turning up corners of the rug, and gaz- paper from the scratch pad. He took and the cabby were chatting amiably. Ing reflectively at the ceiling. All, the paper out of his pocket and The Headquarters man had not long the Indian servant, appeared noise- paused in the light zone of a roadtion that the hand which in idleness had traced that plan of the Missioner library was able, with care, to make a boy in many buttons, and Mrs. Mis- ments about the room, he paused at a precise drawing of the Missioner diamonds-even of the great Maharanee. On that count, Griswold was convicted by his own hand.

But Britz, as he resumed his swinging stride, did not delude himself with the idea he had a crear case against the clubman. All he had was evi-Missioner jewels were duplicated without the necklace itself as a model. He was not even prepared to suspect the widow's admirer. He gave full lion, when by wedding her he might gain practical control of all her millions. Moreover, it was by no means portunity to substitute the paste satisfied with his mental picture of the moment when Griswold fastened the necklace about the widow's neck. It seemed hardly possible that the clubman, with Sands and Miss Holcomb in the room, could achieve the substitution undetected.

But the truth remained that Grisof his policy to neglect nothing that so much as had room for the germ of "Why, that's so," he said, holding | revelation. All the time his upper mind was weighing and sifting the case as a whole, his under conscious

> The carriage sped on, its swaying increasing as the driver evidently urged his horses to a faster pace. Britz speculated on the possibility of an arrest by a park policeman for violation of the speed law. moment's reflection told him it was improbable. Unless the horses were running away, or the coachman was lashing them vindictively, no ordinary bluecoat was likely to stop them. Automobiles had educated the police to a new speed standard. What a dozen years before would have caught the instant attention of mounted policeman, now, by contrast, would seem an ordinary gait. If Britz could smash a pane in a door of the ness was busy with the facts pertaining specifically to Griswold's possible part in the mystery. It was an exceptional dual process, but Britz had that kind of a mind. It enabled him to proceed smoothly and steadily with the main facts of a case and, simultaneously, to weed out the unimportant points of his information.

Of Elinor's innocence, Lieutenant Britz still had no tiniest doubt. The more insistently new disclosures Road, containing one hundred tended to connect her with the disappearance of the Maharanee diamond, and the other stones of Mrs. Missioner's necklace, the more resolutely he clung to his deduction that her course from the first to last had been that of one guiltless of crime. He maintained the judicial attitude of his mind toward the successive discoveries he made, but he did not see how the sternest jurist could listen with patience to the strongest of briefs against such an open nature as Elinor Holcomb's. Donnelly's finding the genuine diamond in her room thief had left the jewel there by accident or design. To his mind, the exact whereabouts of the stone argued a deliberate attempt had been made to destroy the girl. It remained to be ascertained whether that attempt was born of enmity, or was due

saw clearly the blonde beauty of Mrs. unreasonable the weather, had made tore off the top sheet and inclosed it tary's room? Who could have most way. There isn't anything like them Missioner, and the clear-cut features her meditative. Even as she spoke to in his fingers. As the widow started to gain by causing her arrest and conthe detective and sank dreamily into to speak, and entirely unobserved by viction? Was it the purpose of the Britz settled himself to wait. The a conversation chair beside the fire, Griswold or Sands, the detective slip criminal to have the girl suspected 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. Brown's price for having delayed internal to have the girl suspected 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. Brown's price for having delayed internal to have the girl suspected 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. Brown's price for having delayed internal to have the girl suspected 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. Brown's price for having delayed internal to have the girl suspected 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. Brown's price for having delayed internal to have the girl suspected 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. Brown's price for having delayed internal to have the girl suspected 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. Brown's price for having delayed internal to have the girl suspected 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. Brown's price for having delayed internal to have the girl suspected 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. Brown's price for having delayed internal to have the girl suspected 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. Brown's price for having delayed internal to have the girl suspected 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. Brown's price for having delayed internal to have the girl suspected 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. Brown's price for having delayed internal to have the girl suspected 3-in-1 oil, and all the rest. cabman, whose vehicle he was using her eyes strayed from Sands to Gris- ped that agile hand into his pocket only long enough for him to cover his Music Store, Kent St., Lindsay.

that she be found sure ned to penal servitude? If the latter plan was formed, would the thief content himself with the almost over powering circumstantial evidence already accumulated against Elinor, or ville would he venture to throw further G. H. HOPKINS, K.C. suspicion upon her? And if the criminal contemplated pursuing the prisoner beyond the threshold of the would be bend his energies on the EIGH R. KNIGHT, Barrister, Solve District Attorney? Britz considered L Notary Public, Commissioner Etc. briefly on the chance that the thief Successor to McDiarmid & Weeks, i would be bold enough to appear as removed their business to my own other a witness for the prosecution, then posite Watchman-Warder, Kent Street dismissed it as too improbable to af- 14. Insurance and Real Estate in fect the present development of the branches.

bench and pondered the day's devel M Solicitors for The Canadian Reopments until the first ting of his Commerce. Money to loan on mortgage Jurgensen, the gift of a grateful cap lowest rates. Offices William-st. Is tain of industry, told him it was long F. D. MOORE, K.C. ALEX 140 past his dinner hour. Then he arese lighted a cigar, broke the match meditatively into a dozen bits, and once McLAUGHLIN, PEEL, FOLTON more took up his southward stride On two points he had made up his mind. The first was that, since Griwold's delicately manipulated crayon had drawn him far enough in o the case to be a possible factor, he would have the clubman trailed more thoroughly than had been done thus farhe would set Merritt, tireless tra ker at Griswold's heels. The lieuten ant's second decision came from tha real or fancied glimpse of the turban ed head flicking around the corner of the passage. He would make a little visit to the home of the mys terious Oriental who had called Mrs Missioner's attention to the fa sity of the supposed Maharanee diamond she wore in the opera box, and-h would not go as Britz, of Headquar

He stopped under the low-hanging Office over Standard Bank, Lindson bough of a great oak tree to get a better light. As he was about to strike a match, his use for that per ticular circa suddenly coased for

in another impute, no loung nime-il bound, gagged, heipless, with three men sitting on him, bowling rapidly ing excitement of the last sixty seconds, he could not ascertain. All he knew was that he was a captive; that he had been seized in a way unusual to city highwaymen, and that for the present, a struggle for release would be simply a uselessperhaps worse than useless expenditure of his strenge.

To be continued

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