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 Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-
 ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
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 THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.
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Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria
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 THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Britz of Headquarters

Whether Sands, Viking-like though he was, clean-cut and upright as her sixth sense told her he must be, could snare for her the butterfly of higher happiness in the golden rays of romance, was a question Mrs. Missioner had yet to answer. Whether, too, the union with him would be such that she could take the butterfly from his hands without losing a single fleck of the rainbow dust upon its wings, was another problem. When she could solve these twin puzzles, and not until then, would she be able to give a definite answer to the suddenly impatient woman.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Missioner sent a reply to Sands with which she told herself, she must be content for the present. When she had written it, she dressed for dinner rather earlier than usual, dined with only little Dorothy March as a vis-a-vis, and, after an hour or so spent in working out pretty problems with her youthful protégée, rang for her limousine and was whirled away to a dance at the home of one of her dear five hundred friends. Mrs. Missioner's arrival was an instant triumph, a royal progress. She laughed and chatted with men who adored her, and with women who would have done the same if they had not been—women.

Yet there was a monotony about it all to her, for although she was fond of society, she had seen the same faces, heard the same talk, listened to the same music, and danced the same dances many, many times in the course of that season. Just when her vague wish for the unusual was shaping itself into a materialization of the grisly phantom, boredom, a little stir at the entrance of a man who quickly drove the little drab devil of ennui from her perch upon Mrs. Missioner's satin shoulder.

The newcomer was a tall person, wearing the ordinary evening attire of gentlemen, with the addition, however, of a showy turban that crowned his long black hair, like a wreath of snow upon a darkling mountain-side. It needed no second glance to tell Mrs. Missioner that they had already met. She knew it long before the Swami's dark eyes swung their twin search-light glances in her direction. Mrs. Missioner recognized readily the mysterious stranger of the opera box. It was the first time she had seen him since the night in which she discovered the falsity of her jewels. For a moment, the sight of his smart face and piercing eyes recalled the pang with which she had learned of the loss of the Maharane diamond. So it was with a most gracious smile that she interrupted an introduction by her hostess and said:

"We have met quite recently," as she touched the tips of her white-gloved fingers to those of the Oriental. She went on: "You see I am more composed than at our last meeting; but then, I dare say, you were not troubled. Jewels, you know, mean so much to a woman."

"Some jewels mean more, Mrs. Missioner," said the Swami suavely. "I thoroughly understand the sense of loss—in fact, the bereavement that came upon you when you found that beautiful necklace was not what you had supposed it to be."

"I rather imagine," Mrs. Missioner returned, "that you are not unfamiliar with the fact that it was the loss of one stone among the many which really grieved me."

"You are right, my good friend," returned the Swami. "I will not pretend to be ignorant of the value you attached to the central gem—the Maharane diamond. You are not alone." He checked himself abruptly. "It was a stone which well might command affection from its possessor. Time was when devotion would have been the word."

They were strolling across the floor as they talked, and in a corner distant from the music the widow seated herself on a Louis Quinze chair and said, almost coaxingly:

"I feel pretty sure you know more about the history of that jewel than I do."

"Indeed!" was the Swami's only concession.

"Yes, indeed and indeed," said the widow, with a gay little laugh. "Of course, a sage cannot be expected to occupy his thoughts with anything so frivolous as a diamond, however beautiful. Yet I am convinced that if you were to unbend from your meditations of the occult long enough to scan your memory, you would recall facts in connection with it that would be very interesting to me."

"May I inquire your reason for so thinking, dear madam?"

"It is a reasonable request on your part," she replied. "I remember my husband told me the stone had come from the treasure chest of the most beautiful queen in India—is not that why it is called the Maharane diamond?"

"It would be difficult to explain the name of every great diamond in Hindostan," said the Swami evasively. "Since your husband gave you a history of the stone, surely you cannot doubt its authenticity?"

"Oh, of course not," said the widow. "It is not in regard to its more recent history that I am questioning you. I think you know not only all the traditions hanging upon it, but that you are also conversant with its journeyings through your native land before I became the possession of the Maharane from whom my husband bought it."

"Really, Mrs. Missioner," replied the scholar, "I can imagine nothing more delectable than to carry out your slightest wish; but we of the East have things on which to concentrate our poor intelligences that are too grave to make room even for so interesting a diversion as historical study among precious stones."

"Please search your memory again, Ubend, Mr. Philosopher."

"Let me think me churlish, I do recall that your famous diamond a one time was regarded with religious reverence by a large number of my countrymen. Naturally, being a Brahmin, I am not in sympathy with idolatry. Therefore, I cannot tell you what degree of sanctity attaches to the stone in the eyes of those to whom it once belonged."

Had anyone been standing immediately behind Mrs. Missioner's chair in such a position as to look into the depths of the Oriental's eyes, instead of gazing upward at them and so missing the angle of truth as Mrs. Missioner would have seen in those lily depths a gleam that belied the suave disclaimer of the priest. Mrs. Missioner did not see it, and it was with no sensation of discomfort, therefore, that she returned the Swami's bow as he moved away to join a group of people.

Mrs. Missioner, in the most comfortable way in the world, laid her hand on the arm of Curtis Griswold, and recrossed the floor to make up a set of lancers. She would have been uncomfortable indeed, and even the self-centred Swami would have had a dim sense of something unusual, had they known that every word they exchanged was overheard by another swarthy man in Occidental attire who stood behind a screen. The second Easterner, he of the screen, gazed after Mrs. Missioner menacingly, and fixed his eyes the next moment on the broad back of the Swami with a look freighted with suspicion. He shrugged his shoulders after the manner of a Frenchman toned by long contact with Saxon restraint, and unpretentiously made a half-circle of the room until at a distance of a few yards he faced the turbaned scholar. His eyebrows lifted. The unspoken question was answered by an unnoticeable shake of the Swami's head. Further

questions and answers flashed telepathically between those two pairs of vividly black eyes, and a little later the men themselves paused for an instant for an exchange of words.

"As I told you, Prince," said the Swami, "she is not a party to it."

"Your proof?"

"She believes her husband purchased it from Her Royal Highness—its namesake."

"And the other?"

"He is here."

"Watch him!"

"Assuredly."

"Are the disciples at work?"

"They must be finished by now. I expect the signal at any moment."

"It is well."

Griswold should have had one of the most enjoyable evenings of his life. Uncertain of her heart's attitude towards Sands, eagerness to avert the brilliant rays of romance made Mrs. Missioner seem more willing to be monopolized by the clubman than she would have been under any other circumstances. Who so debonaire as Griswold when he led the beautiful widow through the mazes of the square dance, or floated with her about the room to the melody of the Gipsy waltz? Who more worthy of the homage due to a conquistador as he paraded the wealthy woman's acquiescence to his open wooing the length and breadth of the most brilliant and exclusive ballroom in Fifth Avenue? It was not to be expected that Curtis, under such conditions, could be anything but gay. He glittered with the brilliant success of the receiver of a wireless instrument. Little Dorothy March was so impressed by the exceptional gallantry and animation of the palpably delighted clubman—so deeply impressed in fact, that it was long ere the memory of that evening faded in many recent recollections of chocolate nougats and Forrest Theatre matinees.

Now, the question is, would Curtis Griswold have been as light-hearted if he had known that a letter addressed to him was intercepted at the door of this same mansion in Millionaire's Row by a swarthy gentleman of Oriental aspect, who had dazzled the unsuspecting district messenger with a tip of gleaming gold? Whether he would remain a question. Griswold never knew it, but Prince Kananda, after a swift perusal of the note in a secluded smoking room, lost no time in letting the Swami know it, and it was worthy of note, though perhaps nobody noticed it, that within a very few minutes after their second meeting in the ballroom, Prince and scholar took their separate leave of their hostess, and sped northwesterly in closed automobiles that raced neck and neck far beyond the speed limit.

Little society reporters, in frocks of hodgepodge gray, scribbled for the city editions of the morning papers the information that the ball of that evening was one of the most brilliant successes of the season, and that it was graced by the attendance of an Oriental prince whose departure was hastened by the receipt of a pressing cablegram from his royal father.

CHAPTER XIX.
The Mysterious Millicent

Britz streaked from Sands's apartment to a dingy little den of a shop on the top floor of a downtown business rookery—one of the skyscrapers of a quarter-century before. It was much more tedious to climb the five flights of stairs to the sixth story than to shoot in an express elevator to the summit of the Singer Building. But Britz was too hot on the scent to pay much attention to his fatigues. He ran up the stairs lightly, flung open a crazy outer door that cracked and banged in his coming, and pushed a bit of paper toward a young man of modern physique and ancient visage who was working at a bench. The paper was the note beginning "Curtis Dear," and ending with the first name of the mysterious Millicent. The anachronistic young man looked at it inquiringly through a class window 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 weary from many a metropolitan journeying, and a 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 bath, the glistering eyes of the man who had passed him in the hall of the tumble-down lot building was at the door of Buren's workshop, straining the angle of his vision to follow the photo-engraver at work. Those glittering eyes focused their gaze through the keyhole on a piece of paper which Buren had fastened with thumbtacks to a board, and which, in the glare of an arc lamp, confronted a big camera with a powerful lens. Although the eyes followed Buren as well as they could about the room, their owner was not so much interested 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 he waited the owner of the eyes. He was of race that had cultivated patience through the centuries. Soon or late, undoubtedly, the man inside would go from the bench beside that great white light to another part of the room. A few yards would suffice for the man with the eyes, and even while Britz still was talking to Rawson as in Police Headquarters, Buren briskly covered those dozen or so feet to get a chemical in the row of bottles in the rack at the far end of the shop. The man outside, crouching until he was little higher than an unreared cobra of his kind, slipped through the door, 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 Buren had replaced the cork in the bottle. By the time Detective-Lieutenant Britz was en-

veloped in the fog of the steam-room, that little note was in the possession of the Swami and Prince Kananda, 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 and the Prince went separately to the ballroom of Doris-Missioner's most fashionable friend. It was also in consequence of the information gleaned from those petulant feminine lips that the Swami found Mrs. Missioner's society so interesting, and that the Prince, before and after that tele-tete, experienced keen curiosity concerning the doings, characteristics, and attitude 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 close consultation for an hour or more with Ali, the supposedly devoted retainer of the rich Mrs. Missioner.

For the second note to Curtis Griswold that fell into the hands of the Hindoos—the one Prince Kananda intercepted 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.

Buren was one of the most astonishing 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 assumed he had fastened it carelessly and that it had fallen to the floor. A quick hunt showed him he was wrong. He extended his search to every part of the room, and it was not until he had stirred the dust of ages that he realized the scrap of paper actually was gone. His sensations following that realization were not of the pleasantest. 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, and he was not until he had subjected the little plate of copper to a developing process that the lens had done its work more faithfully 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. Buren hastened to subject the little plate of copper to the acid bath, and as the minute points of the halftone came out with gratifying distinctness, the young man rejoiced that he at least was able to produce the facsimiles the Headquarters man had ordered. Remorse spurred him so effectively that all the hundred impressions were ready when Rawson sent for them. Britz, an hour afterwards, 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 studiously repels all attempts at such patronage. Half a dozen unadorned fashion wares 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 interested talk.

"We're getting warm, as the youngsters say," said Britz, and he told him all that had happened since their last meeting. "Your young lady won't have any more of those 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 you know about Bruxton Sands?"

"I know he's all right," Fitch replied. "One of the best ever."

"Know him long?"

"Several years. I was fortunate in the case of a brother of his, and that made me pretty solid with the whole family. Bruxton has done me several good turns."

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"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 out, and he wouldn't do anything in any way, if he could help it, to hinder you."

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 Hindoos.

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"Most assuredly not," replied Fitch. "In the first place, he is not infatuated. Bruxton Sands is genuinely in love with Doris Missioner, and he is the kind of man who knows the sort of woman he wants. In the next place he wouldn't dream of doing anything underhand, even if he saw the other fellow was undoubtedly winning out. He always plays the game."

But something told him he must be striving himself even more vigorously than he had done to date, if he was to trace the Missioner diamonds before the suave, subtle men of the East could find them and put them forever beyond the reach of any Westerner. One thing was in his favor. Undoubtedly he had broken the Swami's line of communication by seizing the finder of the Millicent note in Sands's apartment. He had a vague sense that the scrap of paper would be of immediate value to the Brahmin—that if he had not intercepted it, the scholar by now would have been close upon the discovery of the diamonds. It remained for Britz himself to ascertain the identity and whereabouts of Millicent before the Oriental prisoners could communicate with their chief.

Enough for the 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 the cells. They were entitled to a speedy examination before the magistrate, and he was certain that unless the 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 Swami, though he might ward them off from them by the length of the room, would find means to learn all they knew, to the last microscopic detail.

He must find Millicent that night. 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 harbor. Mrs. Missioner's library.

"I'll send for the copies, Buren," Britz said, as he slipped from the stool and started for the door, "but don't let the original leave your hands until I call for it myself."

The detective was so absorbed in his thoughts as he walked down flight after flight of the dark stairs that he did not see a pair of eyes gleaming at him from the gloom at the rear of one of the lower halls. Those eyes were as black as the darkness that formed their background, and the Headquarters man would have been even more than ordinarily on the alert if he had seen them glistening in the remote recesses. As the detective passed on to ward the street, the eyes advanced along the dusk of the hall, and in the faint glow of a lowered gas-jet at the foot of one of the higher flights of stairs, there became visible behind them a man who, in most respects, was a counterpart of the two Orientals at that moment detained in the West Thirtieth Street Station. The owner of the eyes, while Britz walked down, as quickly and far more quietly went up.

Britz turned his steps toward 300 Mulberry Street. In his own office, after a glance into Manning's room that showed him it was empty, he called Dr. Fitch on the telephone and made an appointment to meet him in two hours in the bar of the Holland House.

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

Britz pushed 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 Buren's place in an hour and a half, Rawson," said Britz to the other detective. "He'll have a bundle of facsimiles of a letter signed Millicent that has many men as possible get busy among the hotels. I want to trace the woman who wrote 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-dozen hostels, and handed them to the other detective as he thought the fair Millicent might patronize.

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 Graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons. All dental operations carefully performed at moderate prices. Office over Gregory's Drug Store

Dr. Neelands, Dentist
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Notice of Application for Divorce
 NOTICE is hereby given that Lottie Thordike, of the City of Peterboro, in the County of Peterboro, in the Province of Ontario, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next Session thereof for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, George Miller Thordike, of the Town of Alto, in the State of Michigan, one of the United States of America, Barber, formerly of the Township of Mariposa, in the County of Victoria, in the Province of Ontario, on the ground of adultery and desertion.
 DATED at Lindsay, Province of Ontario, 15th day of June A.D. 1914.
 Lottie Thordike
 By her Solicitor,
 I. E. Weldon.

Dr. H. Irvine, Lindsay
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