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High Court of Justice	Tuesday	10 o'clock a.m.	16	5	10	12	17	5
Court of Revision	Tuesday	12 o'clock noon	16	5	7	9	10	5
Surrogate Court	Wednesday	10 o'clock a.m.	10	6	8	10	11	6
County Court	Tuesday	10 o'clock a.m.	23	7	9	11	12	6
Division Court	Tuesday	10 o'clock a.m.	23	9	11	13	14	7
Surrogate Court	Wednesday	10 o'clock a.m.	24	4	6	8	9	4

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Surrogate Court Sittings: Surrogate Terms, 8th January, 1st April, 2nd July and 7th October.

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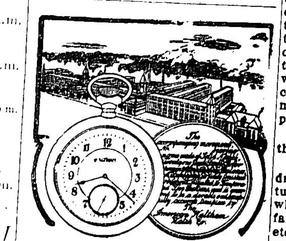

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The Rev. Clarence V. T. Bicheson was electrocuted at Boston, Mass., on Tuesday morning for the murder of Miss Avis Linnell.

BRITZ
:: OF HEADQUARTERS ::

BY MARCIN BARBER

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by the British & Colonial Press, Limited, Toronto.

Mrs. Missioner's lips were parted. Her eyes were fixed upon the Oriental's in the intensity of her interest. "One night," the sage went on, "when a band of militant priests assigned to guard the shrine of Buddha in the great Delhi temple relaxed its vigilance, a sacrilegious wretch—on whose head be all the curses of all the centuries!—made his way into the heart of the sacred building, and wrested the diamond from the brow of the god. That he was not blasted in his tracks by the lightning of divine wrath proves that the mind of the god was shrouded in meditation for the benefit of his children. Within the hour, armed men were scouring the city for the apostate thief. No trace of him was found. The Maharajah of that kingdom, lax though he had been in certain observances of the faith, was too true a son of the Temple to let the careless priests go unpunished. By his order they were seized, a hundred of them, and thown into prison. A royal decree was promulgated, the effect of which is that none of those unhappy captives is to see the light of day until the diamond is returned to its place in Buddha's forehead. The Temple was draped in the mourning colors of the East, and those colors still deck its lonely walls. No true believer's foot may be seen within its portals while the great stone is missing. The brethren of the priesthood languish in dungeons, hoping against hope that Buddha may manifest his mercy by causing the gem to be regained and replaced upon his brow. Untended, unworshipped, the god sits upon his throne within the shrine, waiting for the restoration of his own."

Mrs. Missioner was thrilled by the narrative. She was somewhat at a loss, however, to account for the depth of the Swami's interest in the recapture of the great diamond. Until he unfolded his story further, she did not know how personal that interest was.

"How does this affect you?" she asked. "Why should you be at such pains to find and restore the diamond? And to return these other stones to me?"

"You will need no further explanation, madam," said the cholar, with utmost courtesy, "when I tell you that the priests who lie in that Eastern prison are my brethren."

"But how is it you are not among them?"

"By special dispensation of mercy on the part of the Maharajah," he answered. "When five years, as you count time, had flown and still the diamond was missing—when all the other servants of the kingdom had searched India, the rest of the Orient, and even Europe for it, His Majesty relented far enough to direct that the imprisoned priests choose one of their number to girdle the earth in quest of the stone. I, being the youngest of the priesthood, was selected for the task. For the priests themselves, though prisoners of woe, are more concerned to have the stain wiped out than to return to the world from which they have been exiled. They chose the youngest that the searcher might have as long a time as nature permitted to carry out the quest."

The Swami paused an instant, and then continued:

"So you see that not only do a hundred human lives hang upon the return of that single jewel to the place whence it was stolen, but that the faith, the religion, the very hope of eternity of millions of persons, are equally dependant upon it. Until the gem gleams again in Buddha's brow, no prayer for redemption can be breathed with any hope of response in the most remote part of the Maharajah's kingdom. Can you wonder that I would sell life itself to achieve this task?"

Mrs. Missioner did not wonder. She clasped between her hands the packet containing the other stones of her necklace, and gazed dreamily into the fire.

"What is it, then, you wish?" she asked. "What can I do for you? Is it a question of a reward?"

"Not in that sense," said the Swami quickly. "I want no recompense for returning to you that which belongs to you. Those stones are yours. It would be as wicked for me to keep them, according to the light of my faith, as in the moral intelligence of yours. But I do want a reward in a way. I ask your permission to return to my native land, and I request that you cause all further efforts to recover the big diamond to end at once."

"How can I do that?" inquired the widow.

"The matter is now in the hands of the police. You can say truthfully to the police," the Swami replied, "that your diamonds have been returned to you; that you are satisfied with the explanation of their disappearance that accompanied their restoration, and that you wish all further activity on the part of the authorities to cease."

"But will they do that?" pursued the widow. "Will they let fall a case that has aroused so much public interest as the Missioner diamond mystery? Can I persuade them to end the search and to take no further steps?"

"I think you can," he said. "All you have to do is to inform the police that you have your diamonds, and that you will not be a complainant against anyone connected with their disappearance. When you do that, I feel certain they will be glad enough to drop the case. If you have promised a large reward for recovery of the jewels, and if you have no other plan for disposing of the money, I shall esteem it an honor if you will permit me to defray the expense of rewarding the detective who first brought them to you."

"Why, I think that is fair," said the widow, looking at the Oriental with some interest. "The money end of it is not to be considered for a moment. The other part of your request is different. I will consider it."

"I trust your consideration will not cover many hours," said the Swami, rising. "If you come to a decision quickly and a favorable one, you will avert a very strong possibility of bloodshed."

Mrs. Missioner started.

"The Maharanee diamond, as you call it, is in the keeping of my colleague," the Swami continued. "Thaman Britz, the detective from Headquarters, who has been most active in the hunt for your necklace, is close upon his heels. It is impossible for my comrade to escape from the city unless you express a desire to have the police cordon now surrounding us withdrawn. He will not give up the jewel while he retains the slightest spark of life with which to fight for it. And neither will he stop at what of your phase of civilization would call murder, if it becomes at all necessary for the defense of the stone."

A little shudder ran through Mrs. Missioner.

"Besides," the Oriental added once more, as he moved toward the door, "my colleague is admirably supported. There are more of us in New York than you can imagine. Among the most daring in support of the—my cause, should it come to a combat, would be, madam, your own servant. All."

"All!" cried the widow. "Why, he is devoted to me."

"So?" The Swami's eyebrows went up. "He is devoted to you, madam, in all other respects; but in everything connected with the restoration of the jewel you will find him devoted to—me. I have owned his devotion, Mrs. Missioner, since infancy. He was my father's trusted servant, and he has been mine since my father's death. It was I who put him in the way of being employed by you before you left Calcutta. Even then, I had reason to think the great diamond was in your possession, although that reason was not strong enough to warrant me in refraining from careful search in other directions until all the clues not connected with you were exhausted. The hunt for the jewel, Mrs. Missioner, has been to me not a pastime of a month, or a year, but the task of several years—a duty which, if I had not carried it to a successful conclusion, would have been the task of a lifetime."

Mrs. Missioner did not reply.. She seemed lost in thought. The only sign she gave was to tighten her clasp upon the package of gems, as the visitor with punctilious Oriental courtesy bowed his way to the door.

"I will come for your decision at noon," said the Swami. "It is the safest time for me to pass through the streets, as they are then at their busiest. Think well upon my request, if you please, madam. Let not the sacred stone go back to its shrine with Western glod upon it."

CHAPTER XXIV
Britz Shows His Hand

Following the talk between Britz and Manning in the office of the chief of detectives, the lieutenant hastened to his own room, weher Fitch was awaiting him. He excused himself to the physician and entered a telephone booth at the far end of the office in which he was accustomed to conduct his more private wire conversations. Through the glass of the silence partition, Fitch saw the detective's eyes sparkle as he listened to what the man at the other end of the wire was saying. While Britz still was talking, Manning came in, glanced inquiringly at the doctor, and settled himself in a big chair as if for further and more protracted interview with his able lieutenant.

"How does it look to you, doctor, now?" said the Chief to Fitch, eyeing him closely meanwhile.

"It looked for a while as if we had run into a hornets' nest," Fitch answered.

"Pretty exciting experience you had uptown, eh?" The Chief laughed.

"Well, just a little," said the doctor. "One doesn't expect to encounter a cobra in a well-regulated brownstone front."

"Think the hunt is getting any closer?"

"Britz seems to think so. His opinion carries weight with me."

"No doubt, in your mind, he will catch the thief, then?" asked the Chief.

"Thief, or thieves," said the medical man quietly. "I am convinced he will run them down soon or late, if they're on the face of the earth."

"Thank you, doctor," Britz interrupted, coming out of the booth. "Your confidence is not misplaced. The thieves are as good as caught now."

Manning looked up with an air of surprise.

"Yes," continued Britz, addressing his chief, "I've just been talking to Gordon. Had him out all day on a special hunt. Turns out to be the right lead. We know where the second batch of thieves can be found after the next hour or so."

"Where are they?" asked Manning eagerly.

"I'll take you to them, Chief," Britz replied. "If you don't mind, I'll ask you to wait a little while until I can do so. Meanwhile, let's gather up the loose ends."

"Do you mean you have solved the Missioner mystery?" Fitch inquired trembling slightly as he reflected what the answer might mean to the woman of his heart.

"There isn't any mystery now," Britz responded cheerily. "There hasn't been any in my mind for several hours."

"Let's have it!" exclaimed the Chief impatiently.

Just for an instant Britz stiffened under his excellently controlled exterior. He believed in discipline. He was known favorably to his superiors from the commissioner down for the obedience and respect he always showed them. But there lurked beneath his departmental sense of duty the independence of a man who felt he could always stand on his own two feet, and that he could work alone, if need be, to accomplish the most difficult task. His impulse of revolt lasted scarce a second's space, however, and with a military salute that perhaps was meant to remind his superiors of his rank, he slid into the vacant chair and looked intently at first Manning and then Fitch, who sat side by side on the other side of the desk, waiting for and expect...

words.

"The men Gordon has run down," said the lieutenant, "were the hardest to catch. I call them the second batch of thieves because they are the fellows who stole Mrs. Missioner's jewels long after the stones were stolen from her."

"And who may they be?" Manning persisted.

"They are the dark men—the Hindoos whose connection with the case complicated it much more than was comfortable, and who gave further proof of their inconsiderate dispositions by making the doctor here and me so uncomfortable just before we came back to Headquarters."

"You mean they are the men who robbed Mrs. Missioner of her jewels?"

"No, the men who stole Mrs. Missioner's jewels after she was robbed of them."

"They robbed the thieves, then?"

"Not thieves—thief," said Britz. "There was only one artist in the first job."

"What's his name?" the chief questioned again.

"His name?" returned the detective nonchalantly. "Oh, I haven't said it was a 'he.'"

Even Fitch, though he had worked intimately with the sleuth in the latter part of the hunt for the jewels, was astonished. Manning concealed his surprise. He said:

"Well, I suppose you've got the goods on him—or her?"

"I have and I haven't," the detective answered. "While only one person stole the diamonds, there's been a whole troop of potential thieves after the stones. They've been working at cross-purposes, with the natural result that they played unconsciously into the hands of the one all of them trusted."

Fitch and Manning eyed each other quizzically. Britz had worked hard on the case and had succeeded when success seemed impossible. If he wished to indulge in a slightly enigmatical preamble, surely it was not asking too much to humor him.

Britz gnawed a black cigar, unlighted, and whirled about two or three times before he took up the thread of his recital again.

"It's a longish story,' he resumed. "It took a lot of piecing to put it together, but it's as plain now as a picture puzle when all the cut-outs fit. In the first place, Griswold planned to get the jewels a long time ago—a couple of years, I fancy. He didn't content himself with mere planning. He did a lot of work while he was waiting for his opportunity. He knew the value of the Missioner necklace, of course, especially the value of the big Maharanee diamond that was its central stone. As nearly as I can make out his scheme, he hoped to steal the collarette and dispose of it months before it should be missed by Mrs. Missioner. The only way to that, of course, was to substitute an imitation for the genuine article. Naturally, too, the imitation had to be made without Mrs. Missioner's knowledge, and the man he meant to have make it had to have either the original as a copy or a very accurate drawing. It was beyond all possibility that Griswold could get the necklace into his possession long enough to have a bogus collarette made. Mrs. Missioner, in spite of her many millions, and like all women of wealth, guarded her jewels closely. She may intrust her Government bonds and other negotiable securities to attorneys or banks, but she keeps her jewels under her own eyes. None of us knows just how much she thought of. Griswold; but the chances are that, even if she had been engaged to him, she wouldn't have let him have possession of the Maharanee necklace for any length of time. My experience is that these rich New Yorkers don't believe in throwing temptation in one another's way—anyhow, not at any risk to themselves."

"Your powers of deduction are truly marvellous, Britz," said Manning with a short laugh, in which Britz thought he heard a faint note of Mockery.

"Now, let's don't do any kidding, Chief," Britz rejoined with just a shade of acid in his voice. "This is a pretty serious case, and I've been up a few nights without any too much sleep. I'm not on the witness stand now, recollect, and I don't feel as if I'd got to parcel out my words when I'm talking to friends." There was the least little lift of his eyebrows as he uttered the last word.

Manning laughed again—apologetically this time, and the lieutenant, once more unruffled, continued:

"So Griswold had to make sketches and diagrams of the widow's necklace. Even that couldn't have been easy, for I guess he had to use his pencil when Mrs. Missioner wasn't in the room. It isn't likely she gave him many opportunities of being alone with the jewels she prized above all the others in her collection. You see, when her husband gave her that necklace and told her about the Maharanee diamond, he made up a pretty little fairy story that probably gave the big stone much greater value in her eyes than if she'd really known the truth. Women," said Britz solemnly, "are funny. They are about the funniest things in this little old world of ours—particularly when it comes to jewels and gowns, with the jewels leading by a city block."

Fitch, in his capacity as a lover, became somewhat restive under the detective's cynical zumming up of the sex, and relieved himself with the remark:

"If women are any funnier than men, I'd like you to show me how. Your experience is all very well, lieutenant; but I've seen them in their little white cots in hospitals—both kinds; and I have seen them on the operating table, and I can tell you the woman has yet to be born that can do as many fool stunts as the average man!" After this burst of romance-born frankness he subsided.

"Well, we won't quarrel about the sex, doctor," said Britz, "though I must say I don't like to hear you get ting off these suffragette sentiments. Anyway, it's safe to assume Mrs. Missioner didn't let Curtis Griswold have time to drape that necklace of hers on an art model when he started in to sketch it. He made those drawings by fits and starts, and it must have taken him a good many weeks to finish them."

"Unless he drew the necklace from memory," suggested Manning.

"That sounds too easy," Britz resumed. "He'd have to have a memory like a daylight film to carry all the different sizes and shapes of those jewels in his mind—to say nothing of their fire. The fact is, the drawings he made were not only accurate to the smallest degree of outline, but the luster of every stone seems to have been reproduced with skill that would keep 'em guessing at the Academy of Design. I tell you, Curtis Griswold is an artist in more ways than one!"

Pausing a little, Britz went on:

"And that's what he did; he made the drawings at first hand, and probably colored them in the same way. Then he took them over to Paris and farmed out the contract among several firms, taking care to split up the drawings to that no manufacturer of paste jewels might know they were reproductions of the Maharanee necklace. Logan traced all the drawings in gay Paree, and sent them to me. Here they are." He took several small sheets of cardboard from an inner pocket and spread them on his desk.

"There's something missing from the centre," Manning commented when he had pieced the slips together. "This is a picture of a necklace with a hole in the middle."

Britz smiled.

"Yes," he said, "that's where the Maharanee diamond was. You see. Griswold was too foxy to have an imitation of that celebrated stone made anywhere in Europe. He knew there wasn't a man on the Continent identified in any way with the trade who wouldn't recognize a drawing of that diamond on sight. Though the diamond is not so well known to the public, it's as familiar to every jeweler in Europe as the Kohinoor, the Hope, or any other of those great sparklers."

"Where could he have gone, then, to have the big stone reproduced?" asked the Chief.

"Ask the doctor there. If he's half the detective I think he is, he knows as well as I do."

Fitch smiled nervously, then his face became grave as the realization of what all this meant to Elinor surged back to him.

"I fancy," he said to Manning, "Lieutenant Britz has concluded the false Maharanee diamond was made by a harmless lunatic we traced to the asylum."

"Right you are, doc!" said Britz brusquely. "You guessed it the very first time. Little Ole Martin was the gentleman. He did that job of work for Mr. Griswold, and from all I've heard a fine job he made of it, too.

"Crazy, is he?" asked Manning.

"Mad as they make 'em," Britz replied, "but, as the doctor says, harmless. He couldn't have made so good an imitation had he not believed he was manufacturing a genuine stone. That's his delusion, you understand—he thinks he's making diamonds."

"Well," said the Chief after another pause. "How did Griswold turn the trick when it come to a show down?"

A faint smile flickered an instant about Britz's lips, then disappeared.

"He never got a chance to turn the trick," the detective replied. "For more than a year now, he's been casting covetous eyes on the same paste stones he had manufactured."

By a tremendous effort Fitch succeeded in subduing his excitement, and locking his hands behind his head, he waited with what patience he could for the rest of the detective's story. Manning seemed to turn to ice.

"Griswold has been in bad financially for over two years," Britz continued. "He's been doing stunts with the books of the Iroquois Trust Company. At my request, the directors have had experts on the books for a couple of weeks, and they've got as pretty a case against Mr. Griswold as ever you saw. He wanted that necklace in order to get enough money to square his accounts."

"Now comes the strangest part of the case." The detective smiled as he made ready to fire the verbal bomb. "The most surprised man in the world on the night that Mrs. Missioner discovered her jewels were mere paste, was Curtis Griswold."

Britz watched the effect of his words on his hearers. They shifted nervously in their seats as if impatient of the detective's pause.

"When did the Hindoos steal the jewels and where did they find them?" asked Manning.

"About one hour, or a little more, before I made a try for them myself," said Britz. "They nabbed them in the apartment of Mrs. Millicent Delaroche, in the Hotel Renaissance."

"And who, if you don't mind taking me into your confidence, is Mrs. Millicent Delaroche?" the Chief inquired.

"Mrs. Millicent Delaroche," said the detective crisply, "thinks she is the future Mrs. Curtis Griswold. But, as far as Mr. Griswold is concerned, she may remain Mrs. Delaroche for the rest of her natural life. In other words, Griswold promised to marry her, and then got very busy an attempt to marry Mrs. Missioner. He doesn't know yet, of course, that it will be a very long time before he has a chance to marry anybody. Neither does Mrs. Delaroche know how she has been fooled by the clubman. When she does know—which I think will be some time to-day—I think you'll see some fur fly."

Fitch, to get the upper hand of his nervousness, tapped his eyeglasses with a medical-looking lead pencil, and listened very closely to the detective's story Manning, too, was absorbed in what Britz had to tell. Both of his hearers, therefore, were momentarily disappointed when Britz, instead of going ahead with his story, asked that Connelly and Carson be pried apart long enough for one to arrest Griswold, and the other to bring Mrs. Delaroche to Headquarters.

"I don't want to make things too unpleasant for these bright young men," Britz said sarcastically; "but I do want to give myself the satisfaction of having them nab the two persons they should have arrested in less than a week after the theft of Mrs. Missioner's jewels was discovered."

Manning felt he had no choice save to comply. He wasn't exactly pleased by the insistence of his lieutenant's request; but when Britz, at a nod from him, pressed a push button and an attendant appeared in the doorway, Chief Manning ordered the blue-coat to ask Donnelly and Carson to report to him in the lieutenant's room at once.

"Right here," Britz proceeded, "is where an interesting side feature of the mystery comes in. Griswold would have probably been more alert if he had known that men ten times as adroit as he, and a hundred times more unscrupulous, had journeyed half around the world to get one of those very gems he was preparing to steal from the woman he hoped to marry. I don't know exactly what's at the bottom of the interest these Hindoos have in the great Maharanee diamond; but I do know they're willing to get pretty close to the electric chair to get it. I understand it was not really bought from the wife of an Indian prince, as Missioner told his wife it was. My best information is that it came from a Hindoo temple. You know those savages set great store by their idols. At any rate, from a half-dozen to a dozen Indians of various degrees came here from Calcutta some time ago and jumped on the trail of the Maharanee diamond. They played a waiting game, and, apparently, they were on the point of making a grand effort to get the stone when the head of this organization happened to be in the box next to Mrs. Missioner at the Metropolitan Opera House on the night when the necklace turned out to be a fake. He then learned that the original diamonds were not in the widow's keeping any longer.

"Griswold also was in the Missioner box that night, as you know, and during the search for he diamonds."

Britz paused a little, and then resumed:

"These Hindoos worked about as fast as I did. They must have made their minds pretty early in the game that Miss Holcomb knew nothing about the necklace, and, of course, nobody would be foolish enough to suspect little Miss March. Our dark friends from the east concentrated their attention on Griswold and Sands. For a long time, All had been in Mrs. Missioner's employ. He wasn't however. Mrs. Missioner's employee in the true sense of the word. He was there as one of the subordinates of the Swami chap, along with the other Oriental fellows, one of whom calls himself Prince Kananda. In fact, All was on the job from the day he became a member of Mrs. Missioner's household. He was sent there for the precise purpose of fixing up the place and either getting the big diamond himself, or tipping the Swami and all the rest of them when it would be safe for them to make a try. It stands to reason Mrs. Missioner watched her jewels pretty closely, and that her safe was a jim-dandy, since that necklace in all those long months could not be lifted by the Hindoo servant. He would have been perfectly willing to throttle her in order to get it had he felt reasonably sure of a get away as exists after a murder or as after a robbery."

"You must have been reading about All Baba and the Forty Thieves, Britz," said Manning with another harsh laugh. "This sounds altogether too much like the Arabian Nights to be the goods."

"Well there weren't as many as forty thieves, and the Ali in this case wasn't an honest man." I'm giving it to you straight, Chief. I haven't worked day and night on this proposition for nothing. You'll find it just as I'm telling it to you, and if you'll suspend judgment until I get through I'll deliver the goods all right."

"I think," remarked Fitch to Manning, "we shall find that Lieutenant Britz comes pretty near knowing what he is talking about. I've seen him work on this case, and I know something of the facts he has discovered. If you have ever studied the ways of Orientals you'll be surprised at nothing they do. They look at life from altogther a different angle. Life is about the cheapest thing in life to them."

"Very good," said Manning. "I'm willing to be convinced, but it seems hard to believe that a woman worth a hundred millions could live for months with death hanging over her head in her own household, and yet know nothing about it. What's the use of being a multi-millionaire if you're no safer than in an eighteen-dollar flat? For my part, I don't take much stock in your Hindoos."

"You'll take a lot of stock in them before the morning is over, Chief, if you stay with us," Britz retorted.

"I'm going to show you not only the Hindoos in the act of attempting to get away, but I'll turn up the goods in their possession. They have the diamond now, but I'll have both them and the diamond in a very few hours!"

"I believe you," Fitch chimed in.

"You see, Chief," he explained to Manning, "this lieutenant of yours has made the capture of the Hindoos more or less of a personal matter."

To be continued.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
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Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.
(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON,
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