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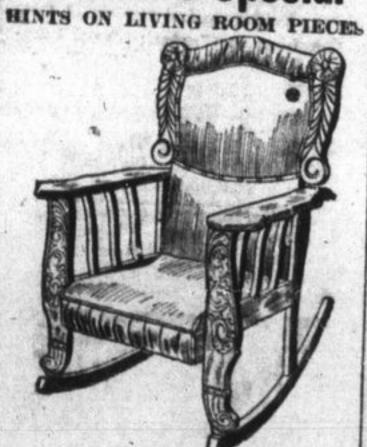
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If spellbound. Ranscome pol'shad his scknowledgment of the salutati n looked at the gem.

"This one's the goods, eh?" the de man upon it. tective went on. Ranscome, with marked fastidiousness, took the jewel be upon you," he said in his harsher from his hand and examined it as if dialect. "Your servant All comes to upon her by chance. She's in custody his reputation as an expert depended report upon his mission. on his test. Reluctantly, he returned "Peace be to you, faithful one," anthe gem to Donnelly and said, gently swered the other. Not until then did anced himself on his toes. with a pitying glance at Elinor:

"It is a diamond." be quick enough on his feet when he ment, that seemed to rustle in echo stupid? must, and he readily sacrificed dignity of his thoughts.

officer!" he shouted. "You ain't deal wreaths from his narghileh. ng with club stewards here, Mr Sands. I know you and I know how much you think your money can do. But you can't put anything like that across with me."

Sands, breathing hard, took another step towards him. Donnelly gripp d the chair for a defensive swing. "I don't care if you know a million Mannings," said the sleuth huskily. "It you can't behave like one gentle man to another, it'll be the worse for

you. If you don't want to be run in. distress, restrained Sands again.

to Carson, ignoring the other. But where the diamond is." Donnelly was not to be ignored. H.s. The Swami did not tell him he had

monds, and all we've get to do now is in an absent way. to find the rest of 'em. And I guess that won't be hard. Where there's with the news?" he asked. one bird, the flock won't be far away. "As the hawk flies, master," said Come, Miss Holcomb, we and you'll be the servant. There was trepidation getting downtown. The Chief wants in his eyes, but he answered unhesito see you."

CHAPTER V.

The Brownstone House.

While Elinor, helpless in the re action from her grief, was speeding silence of his footgear and, judging swinging to and fro. in the block, he walked swiftly to- robe that enveloped him. The silken corner so sharply that he bowled all other respects he was dressed like over a district messenger. A few a Wall Street man. His feet, drawn words in a foreign tongue were his rising youngster hurled at himwords so mysterious that a final garn!" was the utmost of which the astonished boy was capable by way of reply. To be flung to the sidewalk by a personage in a British tourists' suit with a headgear out the Arabian nights well may be disconcerting, even to No. 4762 of

The dark man halled a hansom, muttered "The park" to the driver, it a little way, called softly; and sat well back in the tehicle, clos ing the apron doors and lowering the upper curtain until he left only a nar row space for observation. In interior gloom, laced by chance lance of light from arc lamps, he sprink! himself freely with many drops from a silver vial that smelled of the East He readjusted the folds of his turba settled his collar and scarf, and shoo himself more closely into his clothe which, despite their loose cut, see, ingly were tighter than he liked. North of the Casino, in the Vas Drive of the Central Park, the Hin 'o pulled the check strap and gave ne directions to the cabman. The han som turned out of the park at Sevent second Street and rolled on rubber tires in an easterly direction, cross ing several avenues before it stopped in front of a brownstone house exac ly like several dozen others in block. The Oriental paid the cabmi and stood on the sidewalk until hansom turned the corner. Then walked east a few yards, crossed the

street, turned west, and darted into the vestibule of a house that was the twin of the one at which the cab had stopped. He did not ring the bell but scratched lightly on the ground glass pane of the inner door. The door swung inward and he entered a hall lighted only by a glimmer that filtered through the glass from a gas lamp in the street. A voice in the dark asked a question in a language somewhat like that the Hindoo had flung over his shoulder at the messenger boy. The visitor answered with a single word, and a sunburs of light burst upon him from a cluster of incandescent bulbs above his head "If you are false, turn back," said

the voice in one of the higher rigues of India.

The Party Sizes

portières at the far end of the han. He moved slowly toward the curtains this filippancy comes from trying to and stretched forth his hand. Again graft a Hindoo sprig on a British oak, in conclusion.

the voice spoke. "If there is aught of doubting in your heart, turn back ere it be too Swami, still rebukingly. "We should maintained his respectful bearing a! late," it said. "There is no repent not copy the barbarisms of the Occi | the way along the hall, out the door ance this side of the screen. Beware! dent."

Turn back!" bow, parted the heavy curtains and Manhattan flashed upon him. In stepped through the opening. With moment, he was grave again, how out a single glance at the sumptuous ever. He swung himself to a table Eastern furnishing of the room, he lightly for one of his bulk, and sai bent his body forward with touching kicking his heels as he awaited the outstretched hands until his fingers Hindoo priest's narrative. well-nigh reached the floor. In tha His fat hand was extended toward posture he remained until, in the the millionaire. In a crease of the tones of the voice that had sounded easier speech of the West as his com palm the diamond blazed as if indig- through the outer darkness, a man panion stopped smiling. "The great nant at such a setting. Sands glared sitting cross-legged on a divan at the diamond is gone and Ali has no idea o. at the stone, Griswold gazed at it as other end of the room murmured an its whereabouts. Night and day of glasses with much deliberation and, Slowly the visitor straightened bin- has nothing to tell further than that adjusting it m with equal precision, self and looked at the divan, without the jewel has disappeared, and ar raising his eyes to the face of the arrest has been made."

"The peace of the Immutable One

All look his master in the face. A sweeping gesture from Sands as the evening dress of the Occident in

spring, he clutched a light chair and the man on the divan. He gave lit le thoughtful tugs at a punkahstring and "It will pay you to remember I'm an the resultant breeze stirred the smoke

"The jewel, O Swami!" The other's eyes glistened. "What of it?" he inquired. "Gone!" returned the humbler H doo, "Vanished!"

"And you did not get it?" "Swami, I did not, Your servan is a dog and the son of a dog, but The man on the divan watched his servant through slitted eyes.

"Who knows, holy man?" replied Mrs. Missioner's annoyance and the visitor. "It has taken unto itself Dorothy's fright, no less than Elipor's wings and in its place a false stone was left. The wit of your servant is "What does all this mean?" he sa'd completely at fault. I know not

"Where is the jewel?" he

successful defiance of a millionaire seen the destruction of the false had heightened his desire for the cen Maharanee by Griswold's heel in the Metropolitan Opera House, He "It means," he rasped, "that we smoked thoughtfully, his fingers knotknow who took Mrs. Missioner's dia ting and raveling the punkabstring "And you have come straightway

"It is well," the Swami said, hetween rings of blue smoke. "Wait without, Ali, and I will have speech with you in a little while."

The visitor, with another low sa laam, withdrew as he had entered to Mulberry Street in a taxicab with backing across the threshold. In the Donnelly and Carson, a swart, slim hall, his figure shot to its full height man glided out by the servants' door and he flashed a glance of uncertain of the Missioner home. His modern meaning at the outer side of the porgarments, Oriental only by faint sug. tieres. He passed silently up the gestion in the English looseness of stairs and slipped into a room above their cut, caught the eye mere'y by that in which the Swami sat. His catcontrast with the snowy turban that fike tread carried him to a closet, into covered his head. He moved with which he crept. Flattening himself or the cat tread of one long accustomed the floor, he applied his ear to a hole to walking on his own soles. His so small it scarcely widened the crack hoes were conventional enough in ap- between two boards. He could no pearance, but of softer leather than see, but he could hear the creak of that of ordinary American make. It the Punkah as, after a violent tug by was evident that he relied on the the man on the divan, it continued

from the caution with which he let | Hardly had the Hindoo left the room himself out of the house and looked when the Swami, like a mummer up and down the street without trum- throwing off a mask, arose briskly peting his departure. Seeing no one from the divan and cast aside the silk ward Fifth Avenue and lurned the turban remained on his head, but in beneath his robe as he sat on the broad couch, had not shown the patent leather shoes in which they were an cased. He lighted a European eigarette and puffed as if he enjoyed the change from the pungent Eastern to-

Up and down the room he walked sprightly, pausing from time to time with juckered forehead and thumb resting on the edges of his coat pockets. Then he walked softly to a door at one side of the room, and opening

A man of mature years came quietly and looked inquiringly at the Swami. He was of portly build, but his vigor still showed traces of athletic training he had followed in English schools and colleges. western manner and excellent Eng-Hsh were not in surprising contrast to his Indian awarthiness among those who remembered the vogue a British education had among India's petty Queen and Empress. Prince Kanan da had been one of the best batsmen on the Cambridge eleven. His popularity among the democratic young aristocrats of the period had sprung they're not in Delhi." from the day when he remarked it was not his fault his father was a Mana laugh at jests bordering on lack rajah, and that it shouldn't be trea respect for the faith. Even the Mahasured against him, even though he range's son feared to try him too far couldn't live it down. Nandy, as they in that direction. called him on the banks of the Cam, White's and the Union League.

he asked. On the surface, he took the more serious things than we are faith of his fathers lightly. Oriental ing now to get the Maharanee. If

"Whee ee!" returned Fananda. "I! that blessed stone isn't the Wander bravely ing Jew of jewels! How long has it The Swami sounded a gong. As i

sent possessor. Moreover, prince you rose cautiously from his crouching are, ruler you may be, but I cannot position and hastened downstairs overlook your levity in connection Next minute he was entering the prewith so sacred a gem. Besides, my sence of the higher caste Easterners

"I wasn't exactly poking fun at the instructions to which the Hindoo ser

"We are of the Orient," said the

Nandy's eyes twinkled as the humor But the Hindoo, with another deep of such an observation in the heart of

and down the brownstone steps. Their

when he had walked quickly to a point

several houses on and his face wa

well out of the angle of vision of ti-

conventionally curtained windows a

the front of the strange dwelling.

peculiar expression apread over !

features. Once round the corner,

wheeled and gazed piercingly towa

the house he had quitted, as if h

eyes could penetrate the interventi

"Is thy servant a dog or the son

CHAPTER VI.

The Third Denree

Police Headquarters-the old he

quarters of Mulberry Street was

of the architectural monstrosities

New York. Fronting Mulberry Str.

bidding aspect to the ancient, tunb

nizing with the squalld ienements

It was a type of public building no

happily obsolete, which an a vale

artistic sense is rapidly relegating t

the scrap heap. Its rigid line; we:

monotony of ugliness, unrelieved h

column or capital. One viewed i

hideous bulk with a shuddering sen

soe it crumble on the unfortural

tered a dingy room, approached by

darrow hall, on the Mott 9 reet side

furnishings were several brass rail

which crossed one another in bew

dering fashion. Half open doors he

boldly into other offices, as if to d

pel the atmosphere of secrecy, the

hovered perpetually over the place

(wo uniformed lieutenants of police

were constantly on guard at care

desks backed against opposite wall

er diamond robbery, the two gua-

dians were busy sorting piles of do u

"Guess it's time for the line-up," re-

He entered the adjoining room, a

large, square chamber, in which the

rays from clusters of electric bulbs

mingled with the pale, shivery light of

"Here's the list," he called to

desk lieutenant, at the same time

throwing a bundle of documents to

Massed against the opposite wa'l in

istless attitudes were fifty or sixty

detectives, their faces covered by

masks. They shifted about uneasily

while waiting for the hapless prison-

ers captured the night before to be

lined up for inspection. This daily

spectacle, terrifying to the innocent

suspects, amusing to the old-time law-

breakers marks the beginning of the

morning's routine of the men detailed

to prevent crime and hunt down crimi-

nals. Not a pleasing exhibition, but

a necessary one. For the opportunity,

must be provided for the detectives

to become familiar with the counte-

nances of the lawbreakers. And by

the simple device of the masks, the

hunters are shielded from becoming

The opening of the door at the rear

of the room brought the waiting de-

tectives to attention. Their forms

stiffened to military ereciness, their

"Good-morning," greeted Chief of

With quick, nervous strides the

Chief made his way behind the long

room, and took up a position of sur-

tion, swept the room while the desk

leutenant called the roll. The absen

tees having been entered on the blo

soners began without further cere

A line of bedraggled, disheveled

men and women, their eyes bleary

from a night of weketu ness in nar-

row, ill-ventilated colls, shuffled into

"Michael Noonan," droned the li u

An emaciated, weak-taced man, the

wretchedness of his lot emphasized by

the frayed clothing that hung in loose

broken lines from bis form, stepped

forward. A look of dull misery was

less disregard of the fate in store for

"Take a good look at this crook."

commanded the Chief, "Never was

goods on, however, by Wiggins' and

Wolf. Swipin' lead pipe from a half

The eyes of the detectives bent on

"Philip Pratt," called the lieutenant

A young man, not more than thirty,

whose sullen mien and restless eyes

betrayed his occupation even before

the Chief announced it, faced the

masked battery of eyes. His thin

lips curled into a distainful smile as the Chief read his record from a slip

"Another old friend back," the head

of the detective force commented.

Confidence gent. Did a turn in El-

mira, two short stretches up the river,

The particular offense for which the

scribed, and he, too, retired to tem-

porary obscurity in the lines of the

whose shame is no deeper than that

of the civilization from which it

springs, she carried herself with an

easy dignity born of familiarity with

her surroundings. The heavy lines

of her face were drawn into an ex-

not hide the dumb foar that lurked in

(To be continued)

"Carrie Chase."

stamped on his countenance, a hope-

him showed in his manner

Detectives Manning. The men saluted

equally familiar to the hunted.

manner became watchfully alert.

in return.

ments scattered on their desks.

marked one of the lieutenants.

On the morning following the Mission

the building. Its most compic o

Visitors to the Detective Bureau en

of apprehension, almost expecting

penned within.

that narrow, fill-smelling thorought

its faded brick walls presented a

down rookeries across the way. rear walls faced Mott Street, harm

a dog?" he said under his breach me

"There's little to tell." tsh Swam! went on, himself dropping into the

the watch in the woman's home, he "So they've caught the thie??"

"Perhaps. The bunglers of this un couth country may have stumbled anyway."

Nandy slid from the table and ba "A woman, eh? Good-looking?" The master seemingly did not weer Not without influence on his ideals had he taken a post-graduate course he sprang to his feet flung the sele which he had appeared in the ope a among London's Gaiety girls. He was phone from the desk. He reached box adjoining Mrs. Missioner's. His a connoisseur in the femininity of the Donnelly in two strides and app ared slender, well-knit figure was swathed "'alls." Serious women bored him on the point of grapping him by the in the clinging garments of the East But surely a young person cleve throat. But the big detective, for all -garments of silken stuff that fin - enough to get away with a diamond his bulk and mental slowness, could tered and rippled with every move- the size of the Maharanee couldn't be

"Mrs. Missioner's secretary," the to safety. With a single backward "What are your tidings, Ali?" asked Swami told him. "A close friend of

Kananda's whistle was expressive "Is there evidence to convict?" he asked interestedly. 'A paste necklace was substituted for the one containing the Mahara

nee," replied the Swami. "One of the real diamonds was found in the pri soner's room." "Now, that's funny," said Prince. "Devilish funny! took her in tow for that?"

The priest nodded. "What rotters these America policemen are!" snapped Kananda the slang he had used as Nandy ambridge. "Fancy any self-respect ing Oriental doing that! Why, the bulldogiest little terrier in the Mika do's secret service wouldn't make such a break!"

The Swami nodded again. "All searched her room, of course before the detectives got there," h continued. "Soon after Mrs. Mission er's return from the opera, he wen straight from the hall outside the library to Miss Holcomb's apartment and investigated thoroughly.

"Look here, old man," jerked Kan anda. "If Ali has the stone, it's al well enough to put it over on-" "He hasn't it," the Swami an swered. "The thing for us to do no: is to find out who hes." "Good oid guesser!" grinned th

Prince. "Well, Ali knows his busi-The Swami strolled back to the divan and 'ar at full length, his hand pillowing his head. He blew smoke rings at the punkah.

"I'm not so sure of that," he re orted. "L don't like his failure keep better watch on he stone.' Nandy swung himself back to the "How long's it been gone?" he

"I tell you nobody knows. Its all sence was discovered to-night." "You've just learned of it?" "No and yes. I knew about the Maharanee before Ali came." sketched the incident of the oper

house in crisp sentences. Kananda listened eagerly. "So there's nothing left of the bo gus Maharanee." he observed. desk that ran half the length of the "Nothing but this splinter I palm d," returned the priest. "It was easy vey. His eyes, of hawk-like penetra-

-elementary legerdemain. Both laughed. The facility of Occidentals was a standing joke. "Well, we need more help on this ter, the process of lining up the pri

ow," said the Prince, "All will have go back to the house. "Yes, Mrs. Missioner can't spare her Oriental curlo just yet," the Swami

Kananda reached for a cigarette. "I guess we'll have to put Ramset see on the men," he mused, "Don' like to do it, for Ram isn't exactly what we'd call an adept. Now, would

But All can't be spared from the Missioner place. Sands and Griswold can be watched by one man." "Oh, yes," replied the priest, wish the man were a little brighter in than Ramsetjee, though,"

"Can't be helped-what?" anglicized Nandy. "I'll have an eye to them in the clubs from time to time. You look | pinched before. Caught with the after the social and.

"Yes." The Swami smiled. "They"! hardly get away from me in society. "My word, but you're coming on! chaffed the Prince. "Right in the social swim. See what it is to be a Swami. Dare say the Duchess of Dry goods and the Countess de Brewery are head over heels in leve with the newest Eastern mystic, Too bad

The Swami frowned. He refused

"Omitting personally for the momwas voted a good sort. The classifica | ent," said the priest pointedly. "I will tion had strick to him wherever men participate in the gregarious mumforegathered, from the Strangers' ming of these barbarians for the sake Club of the Straits Settlement to of our purpose. It is not well to con "What's the row, your reverence?" fairs of life. We may have to do mushould come to the last resort, we "The Maharanes has disappeared," would not hesitate, you and I. Remember the brethren!"

"I shall remember," said Kananda.

music came to him through "Nobedy knows, unless it be its pre the tiny hole in the floor above, Ali with another profound salaam. Nandy's face became serious imme- measured tones, the Swami, who had resumed his Oriental robes, gave him True though lowly follower of the Maharanee." he apologized, "and they vant listened with intent respect, the who suffer are never long absent from Prince from time to time emphasizing my thoughts. It's a Western habit, the priest's orders with a nod.

No, Alonzo, a girl isn't necessarily stone blind just because she doesn't care for diamonds,

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