

THE POWERS AND MAXINE

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

The best thing was to get the treaty back, without a second of delay. As for the detective, who was perhaps waiting for me at the hotel, he was to wait longer, or even go away disgusted—nothing made at the moment. Maybe, when once I had the treaty in my hands, I might send a messenger with a few cautious words to Maxine. No matter how late the hour, she was certain not to be asleep.

The cab I had seen crawling through the street had disappeared long ago, and no other was in sight, so I walked quickly on, hoping to find one presently. It was now so late, however, that in this quiet part of Paris no carriages of any sort were plying for hire. Finally I made up my mind that I should have to go all the way on foot, but I knew the direction of the Avenue Morot, though I'd never heard of Rue de la Filles Sauvage, and as that was the direction I wanted to take, I could reach the house I wanted to find in half an hour.

A few minutes more or less ought not to matter much, since "J. M." was not to be waiting me with impatience; therefore the thing which bothered me most was the effect likely to be produced on the man when I could not hand him over the diamonds in exchange for the treaty.

Of course I didn't believe that "J. M." was a jeweller's messenger, though possibly I might have been misled by the fact that Maxine had not told me the true history of the diamonds, and what happened in Holland. As it was, I had very little doubt that the rat of a man I had chosen to protect in the railway carriage was no other than the extraordinary expert thief who had relieved Du Laurier of the Duchess's necklace.

Following out a theory which I worked up as I walked, I thought it probable that the fellow had been helped by confederates whom he had contacted to do the work of the spoils. Followed by them, therefore, he was bound to take care of himself, and one hiding-place to another, not daring to separate himself from the jewels; at last determining to escape from England, where the scene had become too hot, he had taken a first-class carriage in the train to Dover, and travelling with the kit of a golfer, struck with panic at the last moment, close on his heels, and opening of the door of his reserved carriage with a railway key.

All this was merely deduction, for so far as I had seen, "J. M." travelling companions hadn't even accosted him. Still, the theory accounted for much that had been puzzling, and made it plausible that a man should be desperate enough to trust his treasure to a stranger (known only through "photos in the newspapers") rather than risk losing it to those he had betrayed.

I resolved to use all my powers of diplomacy to extract from "J. M." the case containing the treaty, before he learned that he was not to receive the diamonds in its place, and I had no more vaguely mapped out a plan of proceeding before I reached the Avenue Morot. Hence, I soon found my way into the Rue de la Filles Sauvage, a mean street, to which the queer name seemed not inappropriate. The house I had to visit was an ugly big box of a building, with rooms advertised to let, as I could see by the light of a street lamp across the way, which gleamed bleakly through the lines of shut windows behind narrow iron balconies.

The large double doors, from which the paint had peeled in patches, were closed, but I rang the bell for the concierge; and after a delay of several minutes, I heard a slight click which meant that the door had opened for me. I passed into a dim lobby, to be challenged by a sleepy voice behind a half open window. The owner of the voice kept himself invisible and was no doubt in the bank which he called his bed. Only a stern sense of duty as concierge woke him up enough to demand, mechanically, who it was that called at such an hour, without a fuss. And of all things, a fuss was what I least wanted—for Maxine's sake, and because of the treaty I decided to seize upon the advantage that was offered me.

"Quite right," I said shortly. "I know the way." And so began to mount the stairs. Flight after flight I went up, meeting no one; and on the fifth floor I found that I had reached the top of the house. There were no more stairs to go up. On each of the floors before there had been a dim light—a jet of gas turned low. But the fifth floor was in darkness. Some one had put out the light, either in carelessness or for some special reason.

There were several doors on each side of the passage, but I could not be sure that I had the right one until I had tried a match. When I was sure, I knocked, but no answer came.

"He can't be out," I said to myself, cheerfully. "He's got tired of waiting and dropped asleep, that's all." I knocked again. Silence. And then, for a third time, loudly, keeping up until I was sure that, if he had been asleep, I must have waked him.

After all, he had gone out, but perhaps only for a short time. Surely, he would soon come back, lest he should miss the keeper of the diamonds.

I had very little hope that, even on the chance of my coming while he was away, he would have left the door open. Nevertheless I tried the handle, and to my surprise it yielded.

"That must be because the lock's broken, and only a bolt remains," I thought. "So he had to take the risk. All the better. This looks as if he'd be back any minute. He wouldn't like giving an enemy a chance to find his hair and keep into it before him."

CHAPTER XIII.

Ivor Finds Something in the Dark.

There was a strong smell of paraffin oil in the room; and from somewhere at the far end came a faint tap, tapping sound, as if from the light knocking of a window-blind, or the rap of a signalling finger.

If I could steer my way to the window, and pull back the heavy curtains, I might be able to let in light enough to find matches on mantelpiece or table. Then, what good luck if I should discover some case containing the treaty, and go off with it before "J. M." came back. It was not this, however, that I was thinking of; I should be doing him no wrong, if he had left it behind, not too well hidden when he went out.

Guided in the darkness by a slight breeze which still came through the window, though the door was now shut, I shuffled across the uncarpeted floor, groping with hands held out before me, until I reached the door, which I pushed open, and then struck my shin on something which proved to be the leg of a chair lying overthrown on the floor.

In a moment I brushed against a table, then struck my shin on something which proved to be the leg of a chair lying overthrown on the floor. In a moment I brushed against a table, then struck my shin on something which proved to be the leg of a chair lying overthrown on the floor.

My foot rushed up to my head. But it was not myself I thought of; it was the treaty. If I were to be caught here, alone in the dark, with my hands and feet bound, and my head on the floor, I should be arrested. The treaty must be saved on my head. Yet I must hide it, save from the light, and I must not be seen.

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the diamonds by robbing him of his life. They had made him pay with the contract for his treachery, and yet in the flickering candle-light, the stricken face, blood-spattered though it was, seemed to leer cunningly, as if in the knowledge that they had been cheated in the end.

The confusion of the room promised badly for my hopes, nevertheless there was a chance that the murderers, intent only on finding the diamonds or some letters relating to their disposal, might, if they found the treaty, have hastily flung it aside, as a thing of no value.

Through the corridors of the house were lit by gas, this room had none, and the lamp being broken, I had to depend upon the bit of candle which might fall while I still had need of it. I separated it carefully from its bed of grease on the mantel, and as I did so, the wavering light touched my hand and shirt cuff. Both were stained red, and I turned slightly sick at the sight. There was blood on my brown boots, too, and the grey tweed clothes which I had not had time to change since arriving in Paris.

I told myself that I must do my best to wash away these tell-tale stains, before leaving the room; but first I would look for the treaty.

I began my search by stirring up the mass of scattered papers on the floor, and in spite of the horror which gripped me by the throat, I cried "hurrah!" when, half hidden by the twisted rug, I saw the missing letter-case. It was lying open, back against the wall, and there came an instant of despair when I pounced on it only to find it empty. But there was, the treaty on the floor under the rug, and I was a thief: therefore, I should be doing him no wrong, if he had left it behind, not too well hidden when he went out.

Guided in the darkness by a slight breeze which still came through the window, though the door was now shut, I shuffled across the uncarpeted floor, groping with hands held out before me, until I reached the door, which I pushed open, and then struck my shin on something which proved to be the leg of a chair lying overthrown on the floor.

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I pretended not to care whether he stayed or went, and turned to the Lord Robert West, as if I'd forgotten that there was such a person in the world as Ivor Dundas. I even turned my back on him before he was gone. Still I saw the tragic look in his eyes, and the dagger set of his jaw. It was just as if he were going away from me to his death; and his face was like that of the man in Millais' picture of the Huguenot. I wondered if that girl had been broken-hearted because he had let her tie round his arm the white scarf that might have saved him. It is strange how one's mood can change in a moment—perhaps it is like that only with women. A minute before, I'd been trying to despise Ivor, and to argue, just as if I'd been a match-making mamma to myself, that it would be a very good thing if I could make up my mind to marry Lord Robert; that it would be rather nice, being a Duchess's son; and that besides, perhaps Ivor would be sorry when he heard that I was engaged to somebody else.

But then, as I said, quite suddenly it was as if a sharp knife had been stuck into my heart and turned round and round, leaving a wound which would not heal. Ivor to tell him that I loved him dreadfully and would trust him in spite of all. "You look as pale as if you were going to get to bed till after three last night, and this day, though very nice of course, has been rather long, think, if you don't mind, about leaving me to go to bed."

We all went up together in the lift, but I said good-night to the others at the door of the party's suite.

"Shan't I come with you?" asked Lisa, but I said "no." It was something new for her to offer to help me, for she had been so strong, and has always been the one to be petted and watched over by me, though she's several years older than I am.

I looked at her, and saw that she was not to be trifled with. "I suppose you'll do the same?" she asked, and down the "service" stairs. "The carriage is to wait for us at the street door, and I shall be in the middle of an adventure—oh, without being mixed up in it, so don't look horrified! I told you that something was going to happen, and I wanted you to be in it. Well, I mean to be, when the inspiration comes."

We put on our hats and long travelling cloaks, and I pinned up Lisa's veil, and did my own. Then she peeped to see if anyone was about; but there was nobody in the corridor. We hurried out to find the "service" stairs, were soon on the way down. At the side entrance of the hotel the motor-car was waiting, and when we were both seated inside, Lisa spoke in French to the driver, who waited for orders.

"I think you might take us to the Rue d'Hollande. Drive fast, please. After that, I'll tell you where to go next."

"Is this your inspiration?" I asked. "I'm not sure yet. Why?" and her voice was rather sharp.

"For no particular reason. I'm a little curious, that's all." I said. "You do seem to have some minutes in silence, I was sure now that Lisa had been playing with me, that all along she had had some special destination in her mind, and that she had her own reasons for wanting to bring me to it. But what use to ask me more questions? She did not mean me to do until she was ready for me to know."

She had told the man to go quickly, and obeyed. He rushed us around the corner, and through the street which I had never seen before—quiet streets, where there were no cabs, and no gay people coming home from the theatre, and no diners. At last we turned into a particularly dull little street, and stopped.

"Is this Rue d'Hollande?" Lisa asked, and putting her head out of the window. "Mais oui, Mademoiselle," I heard the man answer.

"The stop where you are, please, until I give you new orders."

"I should have thought this was the sort of street where nothing could possibly happen," I said.

"Wait a little, and maybe you'll find out you're mistaken. If nothing does, and we aren't amused, we can go on somewhere else."

She had not finished speaking when a handsome electric carriage spun almost noiselessly around the corner. It slowed down before a gate set in a high wall, almost covered with creepers, and though the street was dark, and we had stopped at a distance, I could see that the house behind the wall, though not large, was very quaint and pretty, an unusual sort of house for Paris, it seemed to me.

Scarcely had the electric carriage come to a halt when the chauffeur, in neat, dark livery, jumped down to open the door, and a tall, slim woman sprang out, followed by another, elderly and stout, who looked like a lady's maid.

I could not see the face of either, but the light of the lamp on our side of the way shone on the hair of the slim young woman in black, who got down first. It was gorgeous, the colour of burnished copper. I had heard a man say once that only two women in the world had hair of that exact shade: Jane Harding and Maxine de Renzie.

WELL PLEASED WITH WORK DONE

Director of Manual Training Inspects the New St. John Department.

T. B. Kidner, provincial director of manual training and household science schools, is at the Dufferin. He has been inspecting the new department for these lines of school work recently opened in the building in Waterloo street. To a reporter Tuesday evening, inquiring as to the progress of the work, Mr. Kidner said that he is well satisfied with the start which has been made. He found the boys in the manual training department thoroughly interested in their work and said that the drawings he had seen were particularly good. Each boy makes a regular working drawing to scale of the piece of work he is to carry and Mr. Kidner considers this a very important part of the training, especially in its bearing on the future technical education of such pupils who may take up constructive work in after life.

Two rooms are equipped for manual training, but only one is at present occupied, although the other will probably be brought into use in the near future. H. V. Hayes, the principal instructor, has a very attractive looking room; the orderly array of desks and implements presenting an excellent appearance. Numerous specimens of wood and examples of work adorn the walls and help to broaden the scope, and to give the boys an intelligent appreciation of their practical work.

In the household science room, Mr. Kidner found Miss Bartlett busy at work with several interested classes of girls. The morning sessions are at present divided between lessons in home nursing and emergency aid and instruction in the preparation and cooking of sample dishes. As in the manual training room, the work is considerably aided by the bright room and well equipped kitchen.

At each cooking lesson some particular principle is taken up and notes are made upon it by the girls, who then proceed to work out and practice the principles enunciated in the theoretical talk. Altogether, Mr. Kidner expressed himself as thoroughly pleased with the excellent beginning which has been made.

New Departments Elsewhere. Asked as to possible new departments for these subjects in the province at large, the director said that the next would be in the fine new school now nearing completion in Sussex. The new central school at Hampton is setting down well, and household science and manual training form an important part of the course given there.

Mr. Kidner also said that he was following with great interest the efforts now being made in Ontario and Nova Scotia to establish evening technical schools, which shall supply the demand for some sort of continuation work along manual and practical lines. Four such schools are to be started in Nova Scotia within the next few weeks—one each at Halifax, Sydney, Amherst and New Glasgow—and are to be taught as far as possible by practical men engaged in active daily practice of the subjects to be taught.

The Massachusetts commission on industrial education and the establishment of similar schools throughout the state, its several departments, and the fact that in this direction is likely to take place all over North America within the next year or so.

PROPERTY DISPUTE, BETWEEN WIFE AND HUSBAND, IN COURT. Interesting Case from Chatham, in Which Contract Made Before Marriage Figures.

The case of Francis Druet vs. Louise Druet, a case between husband and wife, was before Mr. Justice Barker in equity Tuesday.

The suit arises over the disputed ownership of certain property in the town of Chatham, which is now standing in Mrs. Druet's name. The husband claims that the property belongs to him, and on his behalf an injunction was obtained some days ago restraining Mrs. Druet from disposing of the property.

His honor Tuesday ordered that the injunction be continued until hearing, with the condition that the wife was to draw from the property sufficient for her maintenance. M. G. Tied, K. C., represented the plaintiff, and H. A. Powell, K. C., represented the defendant.

The case has aroused much interest in the town of Chatham, and has about it a romantic flavor. The couple were married in Belgium and before marriage they entered into a contract, the terms of which were that the husband was to support the wife and her children, and the wife was to manage the household and the children, and the husband was to give her a certain sum of money each year.

He had given his wages to his wife, it is said, who has managed everything, and kept a small beer and cigar store. There is a family of three children.

She claims that, under the arrangement, she was to have the proceeds of the business, provide for the family and receive her husband's wages after he had provided for his own personal needs.

She has succeeded in accumulating in this way and she owns real property to the value of \$35,000 and cash in the bank to the amount of about \$5,000. The husband has been living apart from his wife for the last year. He has now brought suit, claiming that all the accumulation is rightly his, and asking the court to decree that she give up to him all the money, mortgages and real estate.

Besides the husband's earnings and the profits from the shop, Mrs. Druet has received from her father's estate about \$500. The husband relies on the contract made in Belgium prior to the marriage, and the wife claims that she was deceived into signing the paper and she further claims that a large portion of the money was given her by her children and by her father.

What Acetylene Is

Acetylene is without exception the best illuminant in the world to-day. This gas is formed when Calcium Carbide comes in contact with water.

Carbide is a hard, brittle, dark-colored substance, resembling granite. It consists of a fusion of lime and coke.

Lime and coke are only fused in the intense heat of an electrical furnace, at a temperature of 4,000 degrees.

When you realize that it requires 1,800 degrees to melt iron, you will appreciate the intensity of heat necessary to chemically unite coke and lime.

Calcium Carbide of high quality can be made only from pure lime and carbon.

The lime should be free from phosphorus, otherwise the illuminating power of the light will be affected.

What is known as 72-hour coke is mixed with the lime.

This coke is only obtained in districts where high-grade steel is manufactured.

The best carbide means the best light.

You will have the best light if you use [S] Calcium Carbide.

We have some interesting facts that we would like to send you about carbide. Why not write for them to-day?

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Stanfield's

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