

can't bear to see a woman's tears. It is now eight o'clock," he added, with a glance at his watch. "I'm going out, and I shall not return until ten. Probably you will neither of you be here when I call again. If so, let me wish you adieu, and at the same time beg of Miss Iris to forgive me for suspecting her of killing Paul Paulctti."

We well understood the detective's meaning.

"Ah!" cried Iris. "You are indeed good and generous to my father, Mr. Miller. Of course I forgive you, and we both thank you for this leniency from the bottom of our hearts."

"Mr. Miller!" cried the handsome, grey-moustached old man. "From to-night you will not find Jim Almond participate in any further crooked bit of business. Here is my hand in promise."

Thief and detective clasped hands. Then the latter took his hat and went forth into the evening twilight.

And when he returned two hours later he found the cottage deserted.

Mr. James Jellicoe and his daughter—as they were known at Wilsford—had departed, never to return.