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was left behind?" asked Sanders.
"Lord, we did not find him."
Lambaire made a little choking noise in his throat, Whitey stared, saying nothing. He half rose, then sat down again. down again.
"Was there a grave?"

The native shook his head.
"We saw an open grave, but there was no man in it." Lambaire shot a swift startled glance at the man by

"There was no sign of the white master?'

"None, lord, he had vanished, and only this left behind." He dived into the inside of his stained blue tunic and withdrew what was apparently a handkerchief. It was grimy, and one corner was tied into several knots.

Cynthia rose and took it in her hands

"Yes, this was my brother's," she said in a low voice. She handed it to Sanders.

"There is something tied up here," he said, and proceeded to unknot the handkerchief. Three knots in all he untied, and with each untying, save the last, a little grey pebble fell to the table. In the last knot were four little pebbles no larger than the tip of a pebbles no larger than the tip of a boy's finger. Sanders gathered them into the palm of his hand and looked at them curiously.

"Do you know what these signify?" he asked Whitey, and he shook his head

Sanders addressed the native in Arabic.

Arabic.

"Abiboo," he said, "you know the ways and customs of Alebi folk—what do these things mean?"
But Abiboo was at a loss.

"Lord," he said, "if they were of camwood it would mean a marriage, if they were of gum it would mean a journey—but these things signify nothing, according to my knowledge." Sanders turned the pebbles over with his finger.

"I am afraid this beats me," he began, when Amber stepped forward.

"Let me see them," he said, and they were emptied into his palm.

"Let me see them," he said, and they were emptied into his palm.

He walked with them to the window, and examined them carefully. He took a knife from his pocket and scraped away at the dull surface.

He was intensely occupied, so much so that he did not seem to realize that he was arresting the inquiry. They waited patiently—three—five—ten—minutes. Then he came back from the window, jingling the pebbles in his hand. in his hand.

"These we may keep, I suppose?" he said; "you have no objection?" Lambaire shook his head.
He was calmer now, though he had no reason to be, as Whitey, licking his dry lips, realized. The next words of the Commissioner supplied a reason.

"You say that you buried Mr. Sutton at a certain spot," he said gravely. "My men find no trace of a grave—save an open grave—how do you explain this?"

It took little to induce panic in ambaire—Whitey gave him no

Jou explain this?"

It took little to induce panic in Lambaire—Whitey gave him no chance of betraying his agitation.

"I give no explanation," he piped in his thin voice; "we buried him, that's all we know—your men must have mistaken the spot. You can't detain us any longer; it's against the law—what do you accuse us of, hey? We're told you everything there is to tell; and you've got to make up your mind what you are going to do."

He said all this in one breath and stopped for lack of it, and what he said was true—no one knew the fact better than Amber.

"Let me ask you one question," he said. "Did you discover the diamond mine, of which we have heard so little, before or after the—disappearance of Mr. Sutton?"

Lambaire, who was directly addressed, made no reply. It was safer to rely upon Whitey when matters of chronology were concerned.

"Before," said Whitey, after the slightest pause.

"Long before?"

slightest pause.
"Long before?"

"Yes—a week or so."

Amber tapped the table restlessly—like a man deep in thought.

"Did Mr. Sutton know of the discovery?"

"No," said Whitey—and could have bitten his tongue at the slip; "when covery? "No,"



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