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BY MARCIN BARBER

Toronto.

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

Thate to bry into any young lady little keepsakes," he said in a pon derously patronizing manner, "but, as Miss Holcomb hasn't been to Maiden Lane in such a long time, I know she won't object. Now, this little box, of course, contains nothing but trinkets or odds and ends—love-letters, may be?" Elinor's heart sickened at the leer in his face. She turned her eyes to Dorothy's loving little face, and clung to the debutante's hand. Das fumbling with the key for awhile, opened the lacquered box.

"Just what I said, you see." he exclaimed. "Nothing but trinkets and other little souvenirs—huh! of o'd romances, perhaps. Eh, it's great to be a summer girl, Miss Holcomb. If only you had jewels like Mrs. Mission er's, you'd shine with the best of them. Gee, but that must be a beau'y, that necklace, if the imitation is so more and all we've got to do now is man?" replied the visitor. "It has taken unto itself wings and in its place a false stons successful defiance of a millionaire had heightened his desire for the centre of the stage.
"It means," he rasped, "that we have the diamond is."

The Swami did not tell him be had seen the destruction of the false and all we've got to do now is man?" replied the visitor. "It has taken unto itself wings and in its place a false stons with the visitor. "It has taken unto itself wings and in its place a false stons and left. The wit of your servant is completely at fault. I know not where the diamond is."

The Swami did not tell him be had seen the destruction of the false and all we've got to do now is "Nothing but trinkets and

searched. He had ransacked the int the thought of failure he thrust his fingers into the box with such vio lence that everything it held fell to the floor. Carson stooped to pick up the scattered jewelry, placing it i Donnelly's hand to be return d to the box. After recovering several bi s c jewelry, he laid in his big colleague s greedy clutch a small, round objec rapped in silk tissue.

'Hello, what's this!" exc'aimed Do nelly, rolling the fairy parc l be we finger and thumb. "You won't mind if I peep in the paper, young lady of course you won't. And this is only a-say, what the mischief is it? Ot,

Even Carson was startled into a echoing "Oh!" and the three wome almost screamed. For, nestling in the folds of the tissue, its facets twinkling in the sinsistent green glow of the vacuum lights, flashed a diamond-a: unmistakable diamond - which Mrs. Missioner and Dorothy and Elinor recognized as one of the lesser gens up and down the street without trem the man on the divan, it continued from the Maharanee necklace-much smaller than the Maharanee diamond, but twice the size of an ordinary stone. And it was a diamond, even novice could tell was genuine!

She swayed for a moment, then took with quivering hands. Donnelly, hold ery in the girl's attitude struck the concerting, even to No. 4762 of the triumphant grin from his face, and A. D. T. there was momentary compassion in the tone in which he said:

side was checked by the violence with interior gloom, laced by chance lances which she whirled towards Mrs. Mis- of light from arc lamps, he sprinkled finer sensibilities of her womanho d himself more closely into his clothes, English schools and colleges. and compelling, was all she could feel ingly were tighter than he liked. for the moment. Still, as she took raged in such a way, not to believe tires in an easterly direction, crossfrom the high honor in which she had ly like several dozen others in the Clasping the younger block. The Oriental paid the cabman been reared. soft palm, she slipped her arm about hansom turned the corner. Then he Elinor's waist, and walked with her walked east a few yards, crossed the

to give way to such torturing emotion. stopped. He did not ring the bell, bing, wildly beseeching, was oblivious glass pane of the inner door. The to the silent watchfulness of the Cen- door swung inward and he entered a tral Office men, the covert glances hall lighted only by a glimmer that from Blodgett's mask-like counte- filtered through the glass from a gas nance, the amazed stare of the liveried lamp in the street. A voice in the she owed the shelter of her later youth of India. should not think her capable of such | "True though lowly follower of the others in the room might draw. But He moved slowly toward the curtains dit to the cold accusation that glit- the voice spoke.

man's present position. 'You won't have to telephone the Turn back!" one of our easiest cases."

if spellbound. Ranscome polished his

on his test: Reluctantly, he returned the gem to Donnelly and said, gently, with a pitying glange at Elinor:

man upon it.

"The peace of the Immutable One the jewel has disappeared and the gem to Donnelly and said, gently, with a pitying glange at Elinor:

"See they've caught the thief?"

spring, he clutched a light of the spring he clutched a light of his thoughts.

"It will pay you to remember I'm all officer!" he shouted. "You sin't dealing with club stewards here, Mr. Sands! I know you and I know how the man on the divan. He gave lit let the man on the divan. He gave lit let the man on the divan. He gave lit let the man on the divan. He gave lit let the resultant breeze stirred the smoke much you think your money can do. the resultant breeze stirred the But you can't put anything like that wreaths from his narghileh. 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 huski y.
"It you can't behave like one gen'iewan to another, it is do not be run in.

you. If you don't want to be run in.

keep away."

Mrs. Missioner's annoyance and

Mrs. Missioner's annoyance and

"Where is the jewel?" he asked

Dorothy's fright, no less than Elinor's distress, restrained Sands again. "What does all this mean?" he sa'd

He stirred the contents of the botto find the rest of 'em. And I guess Metropolitan Opera House. He ily. Nothing else remained to be that won't be hard. Where there's smoked thoughtfully, his fingers knomonds, and all we've got to do now is one bird, the flock won't be far away. mate sanctity of the girl's room. He Come, Miss Holcomb, we and you'll be in an absent way. felt baffled and sorely irritated. A getting downtown. The Chief wants

> CHAPTER V. The Brownstone House.

While Elinor, helpless in the re action from her griet, was speeding to Mulberry Street in a taxicab with Donnelly and Carson, a swart, slim man glided out by the servants' door of the Missioner home. His moder garments, Oriental only by faint suggestion in the English looseness of contrast with the snowy turban that meaning at the outer side of the portheir cut, caught the eye merely by covered his head. He moved with tieres. the cat tread of one long accustomed stairs and slipped into a room above to walking on his own soles. Fig that in which the Swami sat. His catto walking on his own soles. Fis

that of ordinary American make. It the floor, he applied his ear to a hole was evident that he relied on the so small it scarcely widened the cra k silence of his footgear and, judging between two boards. He could not from the caution with which he let see, but he could hear the creak of himself out of the house and look d the Punkah as, after a violent tug by peting his departure. Seeing no one swinging to and fro. ward Fifth Avenue and turned the

parson's advance to the secretary s row space for observation. In the it a little way, called softly:

lieve the evidence of her eyes, nor to som turned out of the park at Seventy-

childishly, controlled her voice once the vestibule of a house that was the or twice long enough to beg Elinor not twin of the one at which the cab had But Elinor Holcomb, shaking, scb- but scratched lightly on the ground

youth in the elevator. All the way to dark asked a question in a language way across the old English library, to messenger boy. The visitor answered the ruddy zone before the fireplace, with a single word, and a sunburst she continued her prayers to Mrs. Mis- of light burst upon him from a cluster sioner to hold her guiltless. That was of incandescent bulbs above his head. the one thought that shaped her "If you are false, turn back," said thoughts; that the woman to whom the voice in one of the higher tongues

ignoble ingratitude. There was no Light am I," the Hindoo replied, with slightest shade of appeal to the de- a profound salaam toward ink-black diately. tectives, no regard for the conclusions portières at the far end of the hall.

tered in the diamond Donnelly had "If there is aught of doubting in ance this side of the screen. Beware!

Chief, Mr. Man," said Donnelly to But the Hindoo, with another deep Sands with as direct a sneer as he bow, parted the heavy curtains and thought advisable. "This has been stepped through the opening. Without a single glance at the sumptuous His fat hand was extended toward Eastern furnishing of the room, he the millionaire. In a crease of the bent his body forward with touching. palm the diamond blazed as if indig outstretched hands until his fingers nant at such a setting. Sands glared well-nigh reached the floor. In that at the stone, Griswold gazed at it as posture he remained until, in the tones of the voice that had sounded Hindoo priest's narrative.

through the outer darkness, a man "There's little to tell," tsh Swami the front of the strange dwelling, a through the outer darkness, a man "There's little to tell," tsh Swami the front of the strange dwelling, a through the outer darkness, a man "There's little to tell," tsh Swami the front of the strange dwelling, a through the outer darkness, a man through the outer darkness and the outer darkness and through the outer darkness and through the outer darkness and the outer darkness and through the outer darkness and the outer darkness and through the outer darkness and through the outer darkness and through the outer darkness and thro glasses with much deliberation and, through the outer darkness, a man

A sweeping gesture from Sands as he sprang to his feet flung the ielephone from the desk. He reached Donnelly in two strides and applared on the point of gripping him by the throat. But the big detective, for all his bulk and mental slowness, could be quick enough on his feet when he must, and he readily sacrificed dignit to safety. With a single backward spring, he clutched a light chair and soproned Sands.

It will pay you to remember I'm and the clinging in the course of his thoughts.

"The jewel, O Swam!"
The other's eyes glistened.
"What of it?" he inquired.
"Gone!" returned the humbler Hin-

"And you did not get it?" "It you can't behave like one genileman to another, it'll be the worse for he has done his best."

> sternly. "Who knows, holy man?" replied the visitor. "It has taken unto itself

ting and raveling the punkahstring "And you have come straightway

with the news?" he asked: "As the hawk flies, master," said the servant. There was trepidation in his eyes, but he answered unhesitatingly. "It is well," the Swami said, be-

with you in a little while."

The visitor, with another low sa-

laam, withdrew as he had entered, ness." backing across the threshold. In the hall, his figure shot to its full height and he flashed a glance of uncertain He passed silently up the hoes were conventional enough in ap like tread carried him to a closet, into table. pearance, but of softer leather than which he crept. Flattening himself on

in the block, he walked swifely to- Hardly had the Hindoo left the room when the Swami, like a mummer corner so sharply that he booked throwing off a mask, arose briskly over a district messenger. A few from the divan and cast aside the silk All the blood left Elinor's face. The words in a foreign tongue were his robe that enveloped him. The silken muscles of her throat leaped and response to the select vernacular the turban remained on his head, but in knotted as if she were strangling rising youngster hurled at him— all other respects he was dressed like words so mysterious that a final "Ah, a Wall Street man. His feet, drawn She swayed for a moment, then took words so mysterious that a man and a wan street man. Both laughed. The tacility a long step toward the detective and garn!" was the utmost of which the beneath his robe as he sat on the dentals was a standing joke. steed trembling, covering her fa e astonished boy was capable by way broad couch, had not shown the patent. ing the diamond to the light, wa walk by a personage in a Briti h cased. He lighted a European cigarabout to speak—in what words, what tourists' suit with a headgear out 1 etter and puffed as if he enjoyed the manner, one can guess. But the mist the Arabian nights well may be dist change from the pungent Eastern to Oriental curio just yet," the Swami

Up and down the room he walked The dark man heiled a hansom, sprightly, pausing from time to time muttered "The park" to the driver, with juckered forehead and thumbs I guess. Will you go with my side ing the apron doors and lowering the partner, Miss Holcomb?"

and sat well back in the venicle, close resting on the edges of his coat pock like to do it, for Ram isn't exactly ets. Then he walked softly to a door what we'd call an adept. Now, would partner, Miss Holcomb?" "We'd better go back to the library, and sat well back in the vehicle, clos- resting on the edges of his coat pockupper curtain until he le't only a nar- at one side of the room, and opening we?"

"Kananda." sioner, again with outstretched hands. himself freely with many drops from quietly and looked inquiringly at the can be watched by one man." This time the widow was slower in a silver vial that smelled of the East. Swami. He was of portly build, but meeting the appeal. She was stunned He readjusted the folds of his turban, his vigor still showed traces of the wish the man were a little brighter the detective's discovery. All the settled his collar and scarf, and shook athletic training he had followed in than Ramsetjee, though." His were benumbed. Astonishment large which, despite their loose cut, seem western manner and excellent Eng. Nandy. North of the Casino, in the East his Indian swarthiness among those after the social end." Elinor's imploring hands in hers and Drive of the Central Park, the Hindoo who remembered the vogue a British stood motionless, listening to the pulled the check strap and gave new education had among India's petty girl's passionate entreaty not to be directions to the cabman. The han Queen and Empress. Prince Kanan da had been one of the best batsmen believe her kindness could be out second Street and rolled on rubber on the Cambridge eleven. His poputhat Elinor for all the jewels in the ing several avenues before it stopped aristocrats of the period had sprung mines of the world could be tempted in front of a brownstone house exact from the day when he remarked it was rajah, and that it shouldn't be trea newest Estern mystic. Too bad the human wreck as he shrank back woman's locked fingers in her own and stood on the sidewalk until the sured against him, even though he they're not in Delhi." couldn't live it down. Nandy, as they to the lift. Dorothy, crying almost street, turned west, and darted into was voted a good sort. The classification was voted a good sort. The classification was voted a good sort. foregathered, from the Strangers in that direction. Hub of the Straits Settlement to

White's and the Union League. hough he was in the marrow.

said the Swami. ing Jew of jewels! How long has it

been missing this time?" "Nobedy knows, unless it be its present possessor. Moreover, prince you are, ruler you may be, but I cannot friend, remember the brethren."

Nandy's face became serious imme-"I wasn't exactly poking fun at the Maharanee," he apologized, "and they with another profound salaam. In that Mrs. Missioner should give cree and stretched forth his hand. Again who suffer are never long absent from measured tones, the Swami, who had the cold secure that git the voice and the cold secure that git the voice and the cold secure that git the water and the cold secure that git the voice and the cold secure that git the my thoughts. It's a Western habit, this flippancy—comes from trying to instructions to which the Hindoo ser-

"We are of the Orient," said the Swami, still rebukingly. "We should not copy the barbarisms of the Occi-

dent. Nandy's eyes twinkled as the humor backing through the portieres. He Manhattan flashed upon him. In a the way along the hall, out the door, moment, he was grave again, how and down the brownstone steps. Then,

djusting them with equal precision, sitting cross-legged on a divan at the went on, himself dropping into the peculiar expression spread over tective went on. Ranscome, with marked fastidiousness, took the jewel from his hand and examined it as it his reputation as an expert depended on the salutation. The salutation is some and Ali has no idea of its whereabouts. Night and day on the watch in the woman's home, he walls. other end of the room murmured an casier speech of the West as his comacingly.

Nandy slid from the table and ba anced himself on its toes. "A woman, eh? Good-looking? Not without influence on the had he taken a post-graduate cour among London's Galety girs. He was the femin'n ty of the connoisseur in the femin'n ty of the "alls." Serious women be ed him.
But surely a young person cleie enough to get away with a diamond the size of the Maharanee couldn't be

"Mrs. Missioner's secretary," the wami told him. "A close friend of Swami told him. hers, too, says All." Kananda's whistle was expressive "Is there evidence to convict?" he

asked interestedly.

"A paste necklace was substituted "A paste necklace was substituted for the one containing the Maha's nee," replied the Swami. "One of the real diamonds was found in the pri soner's room."

"Now, that's funny," said the Prince. "Devilish funny! And they

took her in tow for that?" The priest nodded. "What rotters these American policemen are!" snapped Kananda ir the slang he had used as Nandy of Cambridge. "Fancy any self-respecting Oriental doing that! Why, the bulldoglest little terrier in the Mika do's secret service wouldn't make such a break!"

The Swami nodded again. "Ali searched her room, of course, before the detectives got there," he continued. "Soon after Mrs. Missioner's return from the opera, he went 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 all well enough to put it over onhasn't it," the Swami antween rings of blue smoke. "Wait without, Ali, and I will have speech "Good old who has." is to find out who has."

"Good old guesser!" grinned the
Prince. "Well, All knows his busi-

The Swami strolled back to divan and lay at full length, his hand. pillowing his head. He blew smoke

rings at the punkah. T'm not so sure of that," he retorted. "I don't like his failure to keep better watch on the stone.' Nandy swung himself back to the

"How long's it been gone?" asked . "I tell you nobody knows. Its absence 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 opera house in crisp sentences. Kananca listened eagerly. "So there's nothing left of the bo

gus Maharanee," he observed. "Nothing but this splint r I palm ed," returned the priest. "It was ea y -elementary legerdemain. Both laughed. The facility of Occi-

"Well, we need more help on this of reply. To be flung to the side leather shoes in which they were ennow," said the Prince. "All will have to go back to the house." "Yes, Mrs. Missioner can't spare her

> assented. Kananda reached for a cigarette. "I guess we'll have to put Ramsetjee on the men," he mused. "Don't

"Hardly." "But Ali can't be spared from the A man of mature years came in Missioner place. Sands and Griswold "Oh, yes," replied the priest.

"Can't be helped—what?" anglicized "I'll have an eye to them in lish were not in surprising contrast to the clubs from time to time. You look

"Yes." The Swami smiled, "They'll 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 larity among the democratic young Swami. Dare say the Duchess of Brygoods and the Countess de Brewery

The Swami frowned. He refused to called him on the banks of the Cam, laugh at jests bordering on lack of tion had steck to him wherever men ranee's son feared to try him too far

"Omitting personality for the moment," said the priest pointedly, "I will "What's the row, your reverence?" participate in the gregarious mumhe asked. On the surface, he took the ming of these barbarians for the sake aith of his fathers lightly. Oriental of our purpose. It is not well to concern ourselves with the frivolous af-"The Maharanee has disappeared," fairs of life. We may have to do much more serious things than we are do-"Whee-ee!" returned Kananda. "It ing now to get the Maharanee. If it wold and Ranscome waited, all the flung over his shoulder at the that blessed stone isn't the Wander-should come to the last resort, we way across the old English library to messenger boy. The vicitor argument would not hesitate, you and I. Remember the brethren

"I shall remember," said Kananda. bravely. The Swami sounded a gong. As its overlook your levity in connection muffled music came to him through with so sacred a gem. Besides, my rose cautiously from his crouching position and hastened downstairs.

Next minute he was entering the presence of the higher caste Easterners resumed his Oriental robes, gave him found—that plainly was the unbear solding in the wretched young wolding it said. "There is no repentions and this nippancy—comes from trying to graft a Hindoo sprig on a British oak, want listened with intent respect, the graft a Hindoo sprig on a British oak, you know." Prince from time to time emphasizing the priest's orders with a nod. her soul. "You may go, Ali," said the Swami

> "I go, master," the Hindoo replied, of such an observation in the heart of maintained his respectful bearing all ever. He swung himself to a table, when he had walked quickly to a point lightly for one of his bulk, and sat several houses on and his face was kicking his heels as he awaited the well out of the angle of vision of the conventionally curtained windows guickly. features. Once round the corner, he

in conclusion.

an a dog?" he said under his breath men-

CHAPTER VL

The Third Degree Police Headquarters—the old head-quarters of Mulberry Street—was one of the architectural monstrosities of New York. Fronting Mulberry Street, its faded brick walls presented a for-bidding aspect to the ancient, tumble-down rookeries across the way. Its rear walls faced Mott Street, harmo-nising with the squalid temements of that narrow, ill-smelling thoroughfare, it was a type of public building now It was a type of public building now happily obsolets, which an awakened which an awak happily obsolete, which an awarened artistic sense is rapidly relegating to the scrap heap. Its rigid lines were a monotony of ugliness, unrelieved by column or capital. One viewed its hideous bulk with a shuddering sense of apprehension, almost expecting to see it crumble on the unfortunates penned within.

Visitors to the Detective Bureau entered a dingy room, approached by a narrow hall, on the Mott Street side of the building. Its most conspicuous furnishings were several brass rails which crossed one another in bewildering fashion. Half-open doors led boldly into other offices, as if to dispel the atmosphere of secrecy that hovered perpetually over the place. Two uniformed lieutenants of police were constantly on guard at oaken desks backed against opposite walls.
On the moraing following the Missioner diamond robbery, the two guardians were busy sorting piles of documents scattered on their desks. "Guess it's time for the line-up;" re-

marked one of the lieutenants. He entered the adjoining room, a large, square chamber, in which the Chief. rays from clusters of electric bulbs mingled with the pale, shivery light of

"Here's the list," he called to the desk lieutenant, at the same time throwing a bundle of documents to

masks. They shifted about unessily spectacle, terrifying to the innocent suspects, amusing to the old-time lawbreakers marks the beginning of the morning's routine of the men detailed to prevent crime and hunt down crimimust be provided for the detectives to become familiar with the countenances of the lawbreakers. And by the simple device of the masks, the equally familiar to the hunted.

The opening of the door at the rear of the room brought the waiting de- he summoned Donnelly and Carson. tectives to attention. Their forms stiffened to military erectness, their asked.

in return.

Chief made his way behind the long formed Donnelly. desk that ran half the length of the vey. His eyes, of hawk-like penetra. Chief. tion, swept the room while the desk "Nothi lieutenant called the roll. The abaen- swered. tees having been entered on the blo ter, the process of lining up the pri-questioned now," added Donnelly. soners began without further ceremony.

A line of bedraggled, disheveled men and women, their eyes bleary eyes lit with a crafty glow.

tenant. An emaciated, weak-raced man, the I'm having him shadowed."

forward. A look of dull misery was anyone to see her until stamped on his countenance, a hope less disregard of the fate in store for him showed in his manner. "Take a good look at this ereek."

commanded the Chief. "Never was pinched before. Caught with the goods on, however, by Wiggins and Wolf. Swipin' lead pipe from a halffinished house."

The eyes of the detectives bent en

"Philip Pratt," called the lieutenant A young man, not more than thirty, whose sullen mich 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 o'd friend back," the head of the detective force commented. Philip Pratt, alias Morse, alias Charlie Dodge, alias Toledo Phil. Confidence gent. Did a turn in El-

The particular offense for which the prisoner was in the toils again was described, and he, too, retired to temporary obscurity in the lines of the unfortunates.

"Carrie Chase," came from the lieutenant. Member of that frail sisterhood whose shame is no deeper than that f the civilization from which it prings, she carried herself with an asy dignity born of familiarity with her surroundings. The heavy lines of her face were drawn into an expression of grim defiance, but her eyes, dulled by long dissipation, could not hide the dumb fear that lurked in

"Got away with a gent's super," the Chief drawled. He displayed a gold watch as if it held all the triumph of his years of pursuit in the under-world. "But we found the goods on her," he added smilingly.

Her career was part of the elemen tal knowledge of the assembled detectives and the Chief dismissed her "The chances are she'll do a long

stretch this trip," he commented. Every condition of moral obliquity was represented in that shifting line of prisoners. There were youths, still in the formative period of their criminal careers, vying with the oldtimers in the forced bravado of their demeanors. Others "there: were, shamefaced and sad. overcome with amorse and praying silently for the

termination of the painful spec acl' Still others, old men and young men And there were women, too, from the bedizened "badger queen," her hair and complexion as false as the jewels shimmering from her ingers an restaurant cashier accused of go.ne petty defalcation. They represented types as varied as the eme ions strug gling within them, but as they stood side by side facing the expression'ess masks, they seemed headed toward the same ultimate destiny. One a te-another they stepped forward for in-spection until the line was exhausted. When the last of them had filed out of the room, the detectives did not re move their masks, as was the custom. Instead, they stood about in a high fever of expectancy. Quizzical

glances were cast in the direction of the door leading to the cells. Suddenly the men bulked forward, as if inspired by a common impulse of curiosity. The swish of skirts, accompanied by the tread of masculine feet, sounded in the doorway. A woman's form, her head bent to her breast, her limbs unable to bear the weight of her frail body, was being half dragged half carried into the room. All the life seemed to have drained out of her Her hair hung disordered over her ulders, her hands swung limply, like loose pendulums.
"Elinor Holcomb!" cried the lieu-

tenant. Donnelly and Carson, each with an arm under her shoulder, propped her sinking form. "Lift your head," commanded the

The order fell on deaf cars, Sie seemed as one in the last agony of a mortal illness. "Lift it for her," came in a voice of

mingled sternness and compa sion.

Donnelly's hand fiew to her chin, Massed against the opposite wall in listless attitudes were fifty or sixty then recailed as from a blow. The detectives, their faces overed by crowd of masked spectators floated

before her eyes like hideous spectres while waiting for the hapless prison-ers captured the night before to be lined up for inspection. This daily came from her line. She seemed came from her lips. She seemed turned into a mass of jelly. "Take her away," commanded the Chief, and the two detectives car ied

her out of the room. "Accused of stealing the Missioner nals. Not a pleasing exhibition, but diamonds," was the curt explanation a necessary one. For the opportunity of her presence. In a harsh monotone, the Chief read the various Fea quarters orders to the force, and then the men not engaged on old work r the simple device of the masks, the ceived their assignments of ne hunters are shielded from becoming cases. As abrupt y as he had entered the head of the Bureau left the room and retired to his private office. Then "Takes it pretty bad, eh?" h

manner became watchfully alert.

"Good-morning," greeted Chief of
Detectives Manning. The men saluted

"Like all the swell on's when
they're nabbed the first time," answered Carson. swered Carson. "Had to call the doctor twice during With quick. nervous strides the the night, the matron tells me," in

"Did she make any s'atement on th room, and took up a position of sur way to Headquarters?" inquired the

"Nothing but hysterics," Carson an-"And she's in no condition to h

"Anyone been inquiring for her the Chief suddenly snapped. "Yes," flashed back Donnelly. H from a night of wakefulness in nar- guy who says he's a doctor and en row, ill-ventilated cells, shuffled into gaged to marry her has been hanging around here all morning. Wants to "Michael Noonan," droned the lieu know how he can get her cut. Lo k

as if he might be mixed up in it, so "Good!" commented the Chief. "If sity that chilled her blood. wretchedness of his lot emphasized by the frayed clothing that hung in loose, but you'll broken lines from his form, stepped condition to be seen. We don't want think you're a slick one, but you'll broken lines from his form, stepped condition to be seen. We don't want think you're a slick one, but you'll be seen you'll be seen you was ever born if you're a slick one, but you'll be seen you was ever born if you're a slick one, but you'll be seen you was ever born if you're a slick one, but you'll be seen you was ever born if you're a slick one, but you'll be seen you was ever born if you're a slick one, but you'll be seen you was ever born if you're a slick one, but you'll be seen you was ever born if you're a slick one, but you'll be seen you was ever born if you was ever born if you want the seen you was ever born if you want the seen you was ever born if you want the seen you was ever born if you want the seen you

> tioned her," It was late in the afternoon before Miss Holcomb was escorted into the down here. We're used to 'em. We inquisitorial chamber. She had fallen get 'em every day, Now, just save into a fitful slumber on the rude iron yourself a lot of trouble by telling tha hed that projected from the wall of her cell, when Donnelly and Carson opened the grated door and called ber out of her sleep. She gave a star led gasp when she saw them, a convulsive shudder racked her frame. A sudden influx of painful memories overwhelmed her with a pitiful sense of helplessness as she dragged herse.f

to the office of the Chief. With a weak show of courage, she eyed Manning resolutely, and then sank into a soft leather chair close to his desk. Donnelly and Carson occupied seats at her elbow.

"What did you do with those stones?" blurted the Chief. Her lips framed a reply, but it died

without utterance.
"Come, come!" he cried impatient "We don't want any acting here. I know you're only a tool in this matter. We've got the principal under arrest and I'm giving you a chance to save yourself. You turn State's evidence against him and I'll see that no harm comes to you. He's the fellow we want to land. Now tell me just

what you did with the jewels." In the midst of his outburst, a door opened silently and a sharp-featured, smooth-shaven man of middle age entered and seated himself in an ob. scure corner of the room. His form seemed to merge into the shadow of the walls as he dropped noiselessly into his chair. Miss Holcomb did not see him enter. Her increasing terror gave her a fictitious energy and she

"I had nothing to do with their dis- of narrow iron stairs to her cell. The mocking laughter of the three deep voices sounded in the room.

"Does it well!" chuckled Donnelly. "Too bad she ain't an actress," joined Carson. The Chief's beady eyes narrowed on her as if he would read her innermost

thoughts. "There's no use trying to lie to me," he snarled. "I know who's got the diamonds. The man who hired you to tainty, contrasted sharply with the steal them is locked up now. He says big heavy features of his superior

Donnelly and Carson nudged each heavy blacksmith's sledge. other in boisterous glee. wants to know who says it!" piped the former. "Ain't she the slick one!" laughed his partner,

The Chief's face hardened until a menace seemed to lurk in every one of

"Now, you know who says it," he inany names. It's simply a quest'on a lyou going to jail or sending him to jail. I don't take any stock in what he says. He can't tell me he didn't know you stole the jewe's. I aint as easy as all that! Now, I'm giving y u a chance to make a full confession and save yourself. Will you confess His tone carried the weight of a threat, but her unresponsive mind was unable to grasp its significance. She stared blankly before her, as if her eye were chained to some d stant

"Will you confess?", the Chie' re-peated with added menace.

As if aroused from a long ab trace tion, she gazed appealingly at her

"I have nothing to confess," sle murmured weakly.

The Chief drew back in studied anger. His fist banged the desk as if the blow meant to convey a sudden

resolve. "Very well!" he burst forth. "Go right ahead and be the goat if you want to. Look here, little girl, I was just kiddin' you when I said we had the principal under arrest," he said with a quick change of tacties. "Your're the only one that's lock dup. I don't believe there's anyone else mixed up in the case at all. I believe you did the job alone. It there's anyone behind you, you'll have to show me. There's only one thief

An expression, as of a hunted an mal, crent into her face. She turied Donnelly. Averting her head, her eyes looked into those of Carson. Directly in front, close to her fa e, the cold gleam from the Chler's eyes fell on her. So she turned around, only to look into an impenetral of background of gloom, sinister and de-

pressing.
"I haven't done anything," she pleaded. "I don't know who took Mrs. Missioner's diamonds." cut by a sudden thought, Miss Holcomb bent forward in her se t, "She can't believe I did it?" she moaned.

"You bet your life she believes you did it," the Chief announced. "A: d I know you did it. So what's the use of denying it?" "I do deny it, I do deny it," sha protested. "How can they think re

capable of it?" The Chief opened a drawer of his desk and brought forth the accusin; diamond. He held it close to her face, permitting the rays to distribu's themselves on her features.

"Pretty fine stone!" he commented. 'A peach of a shine! Looked good to you, didn't it? Came so easy it was a shame to take it-eh? Now how did it get mixed up with your trin-

"I don't know," she mcaned. The Chief turned from her wearily, "You take her in hand, Donnelly, he said.

The detective bent over the woman, his face so close that she felt his warm breath against her cheeks. "Don't try any nonsense down here," he snarled. "We got the good) on you, and we ain't going to stand any fooling. Now, where are those

diamonds? She eyed him in mild protest. "I don't know, sir," she murmured weakly.

Donnelly shoved his clenched fit under her chin. His face contorte into an expression of tigerish ferocity; he peered at her with an inten-

be sorry you was ever born if you don't cough up the goods. We know how to handle customers like you whereabouts of the diamonds."

"They ain't going to do you any good," interjected the Chief. "They don't wear diamonds where you're go ing to. The less trouble you give us, the less trouble we'll make for you And we can make more trouble for

you than you can make for us." A look of such utter helplessness overspread her face that even the da tectives realized the utter futility of their attack. She seemed as one un der the influence of a torpifying drug Her capability for new feelings had been crushed out of her by crowded incidents following her ar rest. All she felt was a dull pain body and mind.

"Don't sit there like a white mum my," burst forth Donnelly. "Comanow," he added impatiently, "don't exhaust our patience; we haven' treated you roughly, but we know ho to bring you out of your silence." He seized her wrist, his clenched hand squeezing it until she uttered \$ sharp cry of pain.

"Are you going to answer my ques tions?" he blurted. She sank back in the chair with dispairing moan. Her heavy eyelide dropped, a tremor contracted her brow, then her head fell limply to one side. "I guess we don't gain anything by

going stronger with her to-day. Take her back!" commanded the Chief. Donnelly and Carson shook her in to consciousness. They steaded her as she dragged herself through the lifted her head with a sharp jerk.
"I didn't steal the jewels," she said.
dark corridor and down two flights When she was out of the room, the silent visitor came out of the obscu: ty of his corner and seated himes! in the chair vacated by Miss Holl comb.

"What do you think of it, Britz?" asked Manning. Detective Lieutenant Britz stared hard, as if trying to concentrate his thoughts. screwed into an expression of uncert he didn't know they were stolen—" Side by side, the two men suggest of "Who says that?" she interrupted, the delicate surgeon's probe and the

"It's a great mystery," Britz de clared. "A great mystery," he re peated in a tone of deep conviction, "The most puzzling one that has ever come under my observation.'