

Hardy and myself," Cleave said curtly. "I know that chap perhaps better than you do. He will give me into custody without the slightest hesitation. He is a hard man."

"Oh, no, he won't," Eleanor Marsh laughed. "He has got his diamonds back now, and is not disposed to make further fuss about it. Besides he is going to marry Miss Grey, and he is too proud to prosecute the man who was once on friendly terms with the girl whom he is going to make his wife. Hardy is not ungenerous, and if you need money as sorely as you appear to need it, I should not be at all surprised if he assisted you. If you take my advice, you will stand your ground and try to make terms."

"Perhaps you are right," Cleave muttered. "At any rate, I could not go very far in my present condition. I'll just wait on events, though, upon my word, I could sit down and curse my luck. For twelve solid months I have been cudgelling my brains trying to think where I had put those cursed stones. Two days ago I had a kind of dream in which the diamonds were mixed up in the most inexplicable way. I dreamt that I was here trying to work out the clue with the aid of a ball of string which ran from the alcove to that old fountain. Nonsense it seemed, though I determined to try it. And believe me or not, but directly I pegged that string down to-night, I recollected in a flash exactly what I had done with those stones the night the Duchess's footman set about me after I came out of the boudoir with the cases in my hand. Before I came here I con-