

INCIDENCE.

Trial in a French

—plays a treacherous history. Fate is same thing; so is X, the unknown

ut the story of a e is brought to ger incident nev- , than this one, is in an old copy

at nineteen was aving broken the shop and stolen a

id you steal the

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uy it?"

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ou sell it?"

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(King's attorney)

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FEATS.

No Terrors For

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Robert Hamilton in

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Retort.

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storer for Men

is every man in the

is proper caution; restore

ature decay and all gen-

ence. Freshness will

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By Some Person or Persons Unknown

That the great K.C. had the reputation of being one of the keenest-witted men at the English Bar, the detective knew, but hitherto he had been inclined to think him overrated.

Was it possible, he asked himself now, that Septimus Lockyer had found the key to the Grove Street Mystery?

While he—Hewlett—had been vainly hunting for it.

As they were borne swiftly north-east he gave the details of the conversation he had had in the afternoon with Miss Merivale.

Septimus Lockyer listened silently.

"Pretty much what I expected," he remarked as Hewlett finished, and the cab was held up momentarily by the stream of traffic at the junction of the City Road and High Street, Islington.

But there was an expression on his face that was familiar in the Courts when his case was being brought to a successful issue.

The Alexandra Music Hall stood a little back from the road. Hewlett noted the flaring red lights, the great posters with the announcements of the various turns in which a certain veiled dancer seemed to figure largely.

As they got out of the cab Septimus Lockyer looked at his companion and smiled.

"You will recognize an old acquaintance presently, I think," he said.

They made their way into the orchestra stalls. Hewlett glanced around the house; it appeared to be fairly full. A much painted lady was on the stage singing one of the usual inane songs, which received but faint applause. Hewlett saw that Mr Lockyer was not looking at the stage, that he was half turned round as if to get a better view of the occupants of the gallery.

Instinctively the detective's eyes followed. To his surprise, he saw Gregory leaning forward, his gaze fixed on the stage.

A voice began to sing in the flies, words commonplace enough in themselves, yet given in an accent which seemed to lend a certain coarse suggestiveness; then a woman bounded upon the stage and began to dance. She was veiled from head to foot in shining golden tissue—even her face was covered, save for two holes through which her eyes gleamed oddly.

As she floated across the stage, rising and sinking in a motion that was at once graceful and bewildering, one caught glimpses through the glittering tissue of white rounded limbs, of waves of dark hair, but the face—the face remained veiled always.

From chance remarks he had overheard as they were entering the hall, Hewlett had learned that the veiled dancer had appeared for the first time only a month ago, that she had caught on at once, and that so far, no one, not even the manager, had seen her unveiled.

Consequently curiosity and speculation as to her identity were rife.

Septimus Lockyer looked at him.

"I told you you would recognize an old acquaintance."

"I have," Hewlett indicated Gregory with a twist of his head.

"Two old acquaintances, I should have said," the K.C. nodded. "Look at the veiled dancer, Hewlett. Graceful figure, isn't she? A bit big, perhaps, but—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

Hewlett looked at her again, but there was nothing familiar about the lissom figure enveloped now in golden clouds.

"Carry your mind back to the Towers," Septimus Lockyer whispered—"to the day Lady Warchester gave us her half of the broken sixpence. Do you remember meeting some one in the drive?"

"Why of course!" A sudden flash of recognition gleamed in Hewlett's face. "You mean Miss—"

"Precisely!" The K.C. nodded. "Take another look, Hewlett."

But the veiled dancer's turn was coming to an end; a tremendous clapping from the audience testified to the satisfaction she had given. Gregory got up from his place and hurriedly made his way to the exit.

Septimus Lockyer glanced at Hewlett.

Seen enough? The veiled dancer only does one turn a night.

Still puzzled, Hewlett assented, and they both left the hall.

Neither of them spoke until they were once more in a cab; then the K.C. looked at his companion.

"Well—"

"If that is Miss Cecile de Lavelle," Hewlett said sturdily, "I am of the opinion that she ought to be interrogated at once with regard to her life while she was dancing as one of the Sisters de Lavelle. It is possible that she might be able to give us most valuable information that might lead to the discovery of the Grove Street murderer, and we might manage to

lighten it out of her by threatening to prosecute her for imposture."

A curious smile curved Septimus Lockyer's lips.

"We might," he assented, "but I don't think we will try that plan just yet, Hewlett—I have a plan of my own. You must help me with that, and then very soon, probably within the week, you shall have your interview with Miss Cecile de Lavelle—the pseudo Evelyn Davenant."

CHAPTER XXVII

Mr. Edward Wallace sat in his room, waiting quietly. Presently there was a knock at the door—three distinct taps. Mr. Wallace got up lazily and opened it.

Hewlett, the detective, stepped inside.

"Any news, Simpson?" Mr. Hewlett had not resumed his moustache to-day; its absence made a considerable difference to his appearance.

"Our man is here, sir," answered Simpson, alias Mr. Edward Wallace, and we think Archer's plan with the door will answer all right; he has managed to shave a bit off the waiting too. He is there now; I am expecting him every minute. In the meantime, sir—"

He went over to the cupboard and, bringing out a pair of black flax slippers, handed them to Hewlett, who took off his boots at once.

He had just put on the slippers in their stead when the boy Archer came softly into the room.

"He is there, sir, and Mrs. Perks and somebody else. I can't see plain through the crack, but I think it is a woman."

Hewlett stood up.

"You wait here, Simpson."

(To be continued)

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