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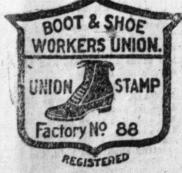
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and rate lodging house

through the house.'

ognized my authority.

you wouldn't surely?"

about to break the seal.

Roy's teeth helped him to quest right

"Fine fellow! We'll take him with

He was like a Christian, that dog,

for he made friends at once, wagged

his tail and put his nose in my hand.

When Savory added on some gibberish

Savory, growing respectful as he rec-

"To Scotland Yard straight. They

wouldn't listen to me this morning.

Now perhaps- What have you got

"It's a letter, sir, brought by hand

half an hour ago for Mr. Wood, mark-

ed, 'Very immediate.' D'ye see? But-

This was in alarmed protest as I was

"Wouldn't I, though? Why, it's a

question of life and death with Captain

Wood. Anything and everything that

is likely to help us must be made use

But just as I was about to open the

letter we were interrupted by the ar-

rival of a tall, military looking gentle-

man, with a fierce face and a very hec-

toring, overbearing manner. We were

standing in the ballway, the man Sa-

vory and I, for although he knew what

my business was he did not trust me

enough to let me go up stairs. The

front door was just ajar, he inside and

still on the stoop, when this high-

falutin, masterful sort of gentleman

"Is this where Captain Wood lives?

There was a shortness in his tone and

manner which, being a free born Amer-

ican, I could not stomach at all. He

might have been a slave driver talking

to black Africans, and I looked at him

in a way to warn him not to raise my

"Come, speak out. Which is the man

of the house? Is Captain Wood in? I

must see him at once. I am Sir Charles

At this Savory bowed low. They are

mean, lickspittle lot, these Britishers,

when there's any talk of titles or big

"Yes, yes, Sir Charles; quite sc. I

know you now. But Captain Wood is

"Where shall I find him? I must see

him at once. It is a matter of duty.

"That's just what we want to know,"

I put in. "It puzzles us entirely. He

has got into some mess somewhere,

and we can't tell for certain what has

happened to him or where to find him."

"And who the devil are you, pray?"

asked my gentleman insolently. "And

what in heaven's name have you to do

with Captain Wood? You are an Amer-

"Waal, that's so, and what difference

talk to?" He had pretty well raised my

"Pshaw! I've nothing to say to you.

I don't know you, and I don't want to

know you, and you may go to the devil

And without waiting for more be

brushed past me, pushing Savory aside

"I must go up to his rooms. There are some papers up there I want. Show

the way, please," and he ran up stairs.

Of course I followed. I was as much

concerned about Captain Wood as he

was. Besides, I felt it due to my self

respect and position as one of your

most trusted agents to call this over-

ed them over with much haste and ex-

citement. Then he turned to Savory

Where is the dispatch bex from my

"But it went to the captain this

morning, Sir Charles, with his port-

"Great powers! How could it when

"If you will permit me to explain," I

here put in, although I wonder I went

on, for I saw clearly on his face that be

thought me an interfering nonentity al-

together beneath his contempt. But as

I told my story his manner changed,

his look of utter incredulity and amaze-

ment gave way to one of absorbed in

terest, and by the time I had finished

and said in the same peremptory tone:

office sent here last night? -I don't see

it. Fetch it, will you?"

manteau and other things."

you don't know where he is?"

bearing Britisher to account.

your own road as soon as you please."

Collingham."

Where is he?"

ican, I perceive."

dander this time.

and saying:

toads in their puddles.

came up and said to both of us:

Look sharp. I want to know."

of. I stand on that, and here goes."

us to look for Mr. Wood. Eh, Roy?"

### ne had thrown himself into the nearest armchair with a loud and prolonged

whistle, an evident let off to his dis turbed feelings. Then he sprang to his feet and walked up and down the room like a mad-

man, talking to himself aloud: "It's not possible. It's too preposterous. I cannot, ought not, to believe it. But yet, by the Lord Harry, strange dreadful dog and tried to stop him. things do happen."

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Then he pulled up short and faced me as if I were a criminal and a tough. "I suppose you are to be trusted? Who and what do you call yourself? You haven't dreamed all this? You weren't drunk last night?"

"I am a water drinker, Sir Charles Collingham, and take it from choice hot, with "ulloolooloo, go search, Roy," he according to my physician's rule," I refirst howled and yelped, then ran up plied severely. "You, I conclude, from and down the hall entry like a mad your title, are a British army officer, but I do not consider you are a gentle "Where are we going, sir?" asked man to make such aspersions.'

"Come, come, don't lose your temper. never do-it's a mistake-in business, and you haven't told me yet who you are and what you have to do with Captain Wood."

The shortest way was to give him one of my cards. He was not unacquainted with the name of Saraband and said so courteously enough. In-

deed, he became now so civil that, judging him to be really a person of importance, I gave him a brief outline of the plot to which we believed Captain Wood had fallen a victim. "You think it is the money, do you?

Nothing else?" he asked sharply. "Why, what else could there be?" He hesitated for a moment, but said

"I'm not at liberty to tell you exact ly. They are confidential matters connected with the service. But there might be reasons to induce designing people to carry off Captain Wood and hide him for a time. He possesses certain information of the highest value to- Well, I must not tell you. But the disappearance of these papers, of

in that view." "There are public grounds, then, for instituting a keen search for Captain

"Very much so, indeed, and we must instantly call in the police. I shall go at once to Scotland Yard and set the detectives in motion." "Guess I've been there already, and

they only laughed at me.' "By George, they will not laugh at Why, this might become a cabinet question. If those papers have fallen into the wrong hands, there may be the devil of a row. Wood or no Wood, I must have them back this very day,

and I can't stop talking here." "One minute, Sir Charles, My-our interest in Captain Wood is hardly second to yours. Anyway they are identi-

cal. It would be best, I submit, to work together." "Quite so. That is very sensible. Have you any plans? What would you

propose?" He was as sweet as milk by this time. "Well, obviously one thing presses urgently. A descent should be made

by a posse of police upon that house in the Strathallan road." "In any case there shall be no more delay. Here, you, sir"-this was to

Savory-"hail the first cab. I'm off to Scotland Yard. Will you come with does that make? Ain't I good enough "I'd rather meet you, Sir Charles, out to know Captain Wood or for you to

yonder, for I suppose you'll go yourself with the police?" "Certainly I shall, possibly ahead of

them, so au revoir. "Stay, Sir Charles. I had forgotten this letter which came an hour ago. It is addressed to Captain Wood, and it might throw some light on this mysterious affair. To be sure, it is in a woman's hand, but I was just about to open it when you appeared. Do you think I dare?"

"By all means. Every scrap of intelligence is of the utmost importance now. I'll do it. I can settle afterward if necessary with Cantain Wood."

The new visitor, General Sir Charles The Collingham, as I presently heard he Canadian Birkbeck Investment was called, was the first in the room, and Savings Company and he went straight to the bureau or escritoire, at which I expect Captain HEAD OFFICE, Toronto. Wood did his writing business. The CAPITAL - \$2,000,000,0 general fell upon the papers and turn-

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So be broke the seas, opened the tot ter and instantly burst into a loud, cheery laugh.

"Oho, Miss Frida, so you have not been long in coming to an understanding with our man of many millions! Read it," he said, and he handed me the letter. It was headed "273 Hill street" and was signed "Frida." There were only a few lines:

What has become of you? I thought we were to see you early, before luncheon. I have been simply furious. Now I am frightened. Something must have happened. It cannot be that you have already forgotten—last night!

"Reckon I know what she means by 'last night,' for I heard their parting at the door of the house in Prince's Gate." "Where no doubt they had been billing, and cooling," added the general "But she is entitled to know what has happened. You had better go round by Hill street on your way to Barnes, Enough said. I'm off."

We soon started. Savory and I, in second hansom and at the man's suggestion took the dog.

"He'll surely find the captain," said Savory, "if there is any sort of scent," and the dog seemed to understand his business, for directly we reached Hill street he was the first inside the house and raced up stairs in a businesslike way and evidently quite at home in the

By and by he came down again, followed by about the brightest, smartest and sweetest young creature I had seen since my last Sunday walk on Fifth avenue after church.

It's not in my line to say what she wore, but I think it was a tailor made



garment, and it fitted her like a glove. All I could see were her flashing eyes and the red lips apart as she tackled me sharply.

"Of course you are from Captain Wood? This is his dog. What have you to tell me? Quick! Explain. Where s he himself?" "I wish, madam, I could tell you that

for certain, but I cannot. The fact is the captain is"-"Here! Step in here." She opened

the door of a room, showed me a chair, then took her stand on the hearthrug, with her arms behind her back, and eaid: the dispatch box, in short, supports me

"Let me have the whole story or as much as you know of it. Make haste,

She still stood erect and fearless, showing great mastery over herself, as I told briefly and quickly all I knew. Except that the color came and went, that her cheek was now crimson, new blanched a creamy white, that her eves glittered with the tears she still lutely kept back, this brave child suffered no sign of emotion to escape her at the peril of her lover.

"Well, what have you done?" she asked imperiously. "What do the police say?"

I began to explain.

"Tut, tut! Let us have no excuses, no beating about the bush. You have known this-let me see-more than 12 hours, and yet my-my friend, Captain Wood, is still there where you say they took him.'

"Where I believe they took him." "This won't do at all, Mr .- I don't know who you are or what you call yourself-Snuyzer, an American detective? Ah, well, Mr. Snuyzer, I shall now take this matter in hand. We've got to find Captain Wood-at least 1 have whether you come into the busi-

ness or not." "I shall be sorry to be left out, miss, but there are others besides us have taken it up now. I've seen a British general, Collingham by name."

"Yes, yes; I know. Willie's-I mean Captain Wood's chief at the intelligence. I was just going to send to him. He is a man of great influence and importance, a man of the world, who knows his way about. He has been told, then? What is he doing?"

"Working the police. He will take a mob of them down to where I traced the captain. I am going on to meet them there."

"Then Ill go too. Wait here, please, while I put on my hat," and she rang the bell. "When the man comes, tell him to bring my bike around. No; I'd better take you with me. Order my pony cart. Say it must be at the door in ten mirutes from now."

In less than ten minutes she came down stairs dressed for driving and buttoningon her gloves. "Come, sir," she said brisker and

sharper than ever. "I cannot easily forgive your previous dilatoriness, but we must ry to make up for lost time. Here is the pony cart, and we will take the dog."

When we reached the Strathallan road, to my deep chagrin the boy Joseph was not there, nor was he to be seen anywhere near or far. Now, I could have staked my life on little Joseph Viells. He was a London lad who had seen much in his short life on shore and afloat, for although I had picked hin off a crossing on account of his quick tongue and bright ways he had beet to sea on Thames lighters right round the coast. Now I was training him to our business. He took to it naturally, knew what was expected of him and was not the sort to be fooled into quitting his post or going off on faidangoes on his own account.
Miss Fairholme turned on me like

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iger when we drove past the house and back still without a sign of Joe. "Get out of this cart and go and ring the bell," she said fiercely. "The soon-

er we get inside that house the better. Make haste, please." I hammered at that door and hung on to that bell till I woke all the echoes of that dead-alive suburb. No one came. There was not a sign of life within. Presently the police came up, and the general, who had been cruising about on his bicycle, joined miss outside. They all stopped there, talking to her a bit, and I judge they were hesitating to act, arguing it out with the general, who was very fierce and positive, ordering them about short and sharp, but doing little good till missy took up the running. But she soon sent them flying in after me and came with them. One of the constables ran around to the back, where he found a strip of garden with a low wall. He was over that like a flash and in through the scullery window. Half a minute more and we heard him unchaining the front door. Then we all trooped into the entry and ran through the house, some

furniture nor the signs of any occupancy that we could see. But miss, she also hunted, halloing on the collie dog with a "Go look, Roy," worry, worry, worry, which drove the beast nearly mad. He hunted and quested through the house with short, snapping bark, as if he was rounding up a sheepfold, and it was he, marvelous animal, who led us into the basement, into a sort of cellar between the front parlor and the kitchen. Here he raced round and round like a thing possessed, yelping furiously. The place was all black darkness. No windows, not a glint of daylight. But some one struck a match and lit a bullseye, and we could make out what there was there. One big, long table, a kitchen table, with seats on each side and at the end a strange thing that told

high, some low, but none of us finding

anything. There was not a scrap of

its own story. It was a sort of wooden erection something between a scaffold and a bulkhead; two great upright timbers, vedged in tight between the ceiling and the stone floor-might have been a support, pillarlike, for the roof or ceiling, but we could see it was meant to make some one fast to-a pair of stocks, you might say, or a whipping ost. And so it had been used, n doubt. For there were a long chain and padlock hanging between the uprights just over a low bench that served as a seat for whoever was held there

prisoner. This was where the collie raged about most flercely, sniffing, scenting, hunting to and fro, always under the encouraging voice of missy, who shout ed, "Lu-lu-lu, good dog; find him, then. Where is he? Out with him, Lu-lu." Of course his master had been there None of us had a doubt of that, any more than of the plain fact that he was not there now. We looked at each other blankly, after a bit, hardly knowing what to do or say next, till miss stamp-

ed her pretty foot and cried, "Well?" "I have my suspicions," began the sergeant, knocking his hands together rather jovially, till the dust flew out of his white lisle thread gloves. "It's not all fair and square. I shall make a re-

TO be Continued.



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