

therefore removed it across the ocean for safe keeping. Had she no regular visitors at all?"

"There is only one person who seems to have been at all intimate at No. 3. She, too, is by way of being rather a mystery. Richly Road thinks that she is not a friend exactly but perhaps dependent on Mrs. Simmons. The description I got is that of a little wisp of a woman, age from thirty-five to forty-five. No one knows much about her, even her outside appearance seems to have left everyone unimpressed. Perhaps this is because she is very deaf and almost impossible to talk to. No one ever cared to find out where she came from or where she went. All I can discover is that she came on a west-bound car down Carroll Street, alighting at the corner of Carroll and Richly Road, which is three blocks down from No. 3. Ridley at once sent out a man to interview the car conductors on the western lines, but not one of them has any memory of her. She was an indefinite sort of person and she did not come to see Mrs. Simmons often. So it would have been miraculous if they had remembered her."

"Nothing to go on there, then. But if she were a friend of the murdered woman the accounts in the papers may bring her forward. Did no one see anyone enter the house on the day of the murder?"

"None of the women. But Ridley set Macrae to round up the children. He has a light hand with kiddies and is a good man all round. Ridley left orders for him to bring whatever he found right here—shouldn't be surprised if he were in the outer office now. I thought I heard the door close."

"Let's have him in at once, then," said Gregory, ringing the bell, which was a sign to Miss Emisley, our stenographer, that we were ready for visitors.

Macrae, for I was right in my guess, and it was he whom Miss Emisley ad-

mitted, is a big red-cheeked Scot with broad shoulders and, when he is excited, an accent almost as broad. But long chaffing in the service has rendered his ordinary conversation quite intelligible. To-day his cheeks were redder than usual, and he led a little girl by the hand. This was evidently a 'find' and Macrae was uplifted.

"Mak' yer boo to the gentlemen, Jessie," said Macrae with the air of a fond father presenting his offspring.

The child giggled. She was an intelligent looking little thing of about seven, with bright eyes and an utter lack of shyness peculiar to those who have long known the world.

"Here's a bit lassie who has something to tell," declared her conductor triumphantly. "Noo, Jessie, if ye tell your tale nicely you'll be getting a bit sweetie and a ride home forby."

Jessie was quite willing and responded instantly. "It was a lady I saw," she said, "a lady that went into old mother—I mean into Mrs. Simmons's house."

"When did you see the lady?" prompted Macrae proudly.

"Yesterday afternoon when I was home from school and I was playing down the street with my dolly in a little cart. I saw a pretty lady in a blue dress go into Mrs. Simmons's."

"You're tellin' it fine," encouraged Macrae. "Are you sure, noo, that the leddy went into Mrs. Simmons? Which house would Mrs. Simmons be living in?"

"The corner house," answered the child instantly.

"And did old Mrs. Simmons come and let her in at the door?"

The child shook her head vigorously. "No, the lady didn't knock at the door. She just opened it and went right in."

"Kind of as if she was an old friend like," suggested Macrae cleverly.

The child looked doubtful. "She didn't know the number," she said, after a moment's thought, "for she was looking at all the numbers as she