## :: OF HEADQUARTERS ::

BY MARGIN BARBER

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Crime to Britz was something im ersonal, like an abstract problem i mathematics. Relentless as was his pursuit of criminals, he feit no per sonal animosity toward them, regard ing them rather as shadow-being

playing his game.

He was one of those strange beings who live mostly within themselves yet there were times when he felt a desolation of heart, a longing for com-panionship; for intimate association with his fellow beings. On such oc. ions, his life seemed to lack some thing of the beauty of other lives, a if it had been cast in a more sombe on the crime at hand as on some tempting dish. Without knowing why, the Missioner diamond robbery held for him a fascination more powerful than that called up by any lay on the table?" other crime within his memory. He recognized surface of deep cunning in no ignorant or vulgar mind had en ing?" gineered the substitution of these marvelous diamonds. The pursuit of of the chase even before he

started the pursuit. rounding the discovery of the thef. in the safe." in his mind, but he was unable to pick a clew on which to work. Noly and Carson participated furnish safe?" Britz flashed. any promising material.

"Til begin at the very bottom," he the widow. murmured, "and work gradually to the top." He sauntered out of the house, walking with an air of one try- collarette?" ing to lengthen moments of redection. In front of the Missioner home he stopped, surveying the massive informed him. stone walls, as if trying to figure the possibility of nocturnal intrusion. The front door was of heavy bronze in response to the ringing of the bell. "Is Mrs. Missioner at home?" asked Britz.

The butler eyed him suspiciously.

After a long delay, he was ushered cidents preceding Miss Holcomb's arrest had occurred.

"I have come to inquire more minutely into the disappearance of the ced Mr. Griswold and Mr. Sands. dewels." he explained. Mrs. Missioner's face showed lines, servant brought my new dress." of deep suffering. Heavy rings encircled her eyes, deep furrows scarred her forehead.

"I am more than anxious to supply possession," she said. "It is meager head negatively. enough, and I almost despair of ever

seeing my jewels again." "Madam, no case is hopeless," Britz soothed. "The immense value of the few of them, have been disposed of as question. yet. Now, do you recall the last time you wore the collarette?"

"It was a week ago, at dinner in Mrs. Missioner. my home," she replied. "And when before that?"
"About two weeks before, at a

dance in the home of a friend." How long have you owned the col-

"It was a gift from your husband, I believe?" Britz asked. elieve?" Britz askeu.
"It was," the widow answered

Where was it purchased?" "The Maharanee was bought in India. The other stones were gathered paste necklace for the real one. from time to time, and were strung together in the form of the collarette either Mr. Sands or Mr. Griswold ever at Tiffany's."

"That Was ten years ago?" "It was."

"About ten years."

"Since then, has the collarette been Mrs. Missioner. out of your possession at any time?" Mrs. Missioner sank into deep reflection. Her slippered feet tapped the floor, her hands opened and closed have been in possession of the real automatically.

"I recall one instance," she replied. Britz bent forward eagerly.

'When was that?" he asked.

Tiffany's for resetting." "The substitution was hardly made position is that the duplicate there." he smiled. "You are absolutely sure the collarette, with that is barely possible, however, that some one exception, has been in no one other means were employed." else's possession?"

Britz moved thoughtfully about the He tapped the walls with his fist, alert for a hollow sound. Bending to his knees, he examined the floor carefully, after which his eyes lingered on every inch of the win-

dows. "May I examine the safe?" he asked.

Through a magnifying glass he partment, after which the widow set the combination and swung open the safe. The interior was as bare of suspicious marks as the exterior. "Donnelly and Carson are right to nocent."

this extent. It is an outside job," he pronounced. The detective seated himself in

ing the widow. We must ascertain the day of the at once!" exclaimed the widow. robbery as closely as possible," he "Two years ago is too remote corrected the detective. a time on which to begin work. I low all suspicion to be directed tounderstand that you called in Mr. | ward her." Ranscome the other night? Has any other expert seen the jewels in the keep her in prison," protested Mrs.

A flash, as of the return of a van-A flash, as of the return of a van-ished hope, lighted Mrs. Missioner's "I will not permit it, even if it

be spoke admiringly of it," the widow

e said nothing as to the jewels be-

"Mr. Griswold and Mr. Sands were

my escorts to dinner two weeks ago.
They and Miss March also were my
guests at the opera."
"Now, please tell me exactly, who was in the room when you put the collarette on and when you took it off on coming home two, weeks ago?"

Brits inquired. "Miss Holcomb was in the room when I opened the combination of the safe. I believe the collars to 'ay on the table until I was fully dressed. ancholy coming on him, and to avoid its depressing influence, he turned his mind resolutely to his work, feas in. I recall that I had dimensity in ad-

justing the clasp, and Mr. Griswold snapped it shut."
"Were you out of the Form for even a moment while the collerette

"No," Mrs. Missioner answered. "Did you observe anything susicthe conception and execution of the lous in the movements, actions, or theft. His experienced eye saw that conduct of Miss Holcomb that even-"Nothing."

. What occurred after you came the criminal fairly sparkled with exciting possibilities, and Britz felt the "My maids were asleep," said Mrs. Missioner, "and I called Miss Holcomb, who occupies the room next to Britz paced nervously up and down mine. She helped me take off the his room, revolving the incidents sur- jewels and she saw me place them

"And with the exception of yourself. Miss Honcomb is the only one did the occurrences in which Donnel who knew the combination of the

"Only Miss Holcomb." responded "On the night of the opera, who was with you when you put on the

"Miss Holcomb, Mr. Griswold, Mr. Sands, and Miss March," the 'widow

"Did any of those present help you to place it about your neck?" "No. Mr. Sands had taken the coland was swung open by the butler larette from the table, and was looking at it. I took it from him and fastened it myself.

Britz meditated a second or two, then asked: "Who wishes to see her?" he asked. "After you took the collarette from "Lieutenant Britz, of Headq a the safe on those two nights, did any servant enter the room?"

Mrs. Missioner's brow contracted into the same room in which the ir- in thought. It was difficult for her to recall such small incidents as the passing of servants through the room. "The footman, of course, announremember, too, that my East Indian "Do you believe Miss Holcomb is

the thief?" suddenly fired Britz. Mrs. Missioner started as if a coil of flame had shot through her. Her you with all the information in my pale lips trembled and she shook her

"I cannot believe her capable of it," she said.

wold," came in positive tones from Britz made no comment. His eyes moved restlessly about the room, falling finally in a steady gaze on the

wcbiw. "How long has your footman been in your employ?" he asked. "More than fifteen years," she res-

porced promptly. "And the other servant?" "About a year. He came very highrecommended, and I do not see how he possibly could have substituted the

"Neither do I," agreed Britz, "Did have opportunity to pass through Miss Holcomb's room?" "Not that I am aware of," replied

Britz eyed the woman impressively. "We must bear in mind," he said, that whoever stole the jewels must necklace long enough to have a duplicate made. Either that, or he must have been so familiar with every stone in the setting as to enable him "About two years ago. I sent it to to have duplicates made from desscription. The only reasonable supmade directly from the original. It

"That is the most puzzling feature "Absolutely sure," the widow and of the theft," said Mrs. Missioner. tong have you known Mr. Sands?" asked Britz.

"From girlhood." "And Mr. Griswold?" "About five years." Both saw the necklace on you fre

quently?" 'Very often." After several thoughtful moments.

Britz remarksd : "The only one who could have taken the necklace out of the safe without your knowledge was Miss Holcomb. One of the original diamonds was found in her room. It is

absolutely clear to me that she is in-"Do you really think so?" the widow asked eagerly. The detective seated himself in a "It is as certain as that someone nook of the broad chimney-place, fac stole the necktace," answered Britz.

"Then we must get her out of jail "We must do nothing of the kind,"

"But it is cruel, it is inhuman, to

means the loss of the neckiace, swit

they can possibly do to Miss Holcomb. Far more important than the recovery the necklace is the establishment of her innocence in the eyes of the world. With all the suspicious cirmstances of this case woven ab ut her, your mere belief in her innocence will not clear her. Therefore, y.u will have to leave this entire matter in my hands.'

The widow bowed submissively. real jewels were in your safe then," as she contemplated the plight of her has been with you when you were the "May I go to the the light of her collarette."

Mr. Sands and Mr. Griswo.d," asked the detective. "You surely don't suspect either o them?" returned Mrs. Missioner.

"I suspect no one, as yet," Bri hastened to assure her. He wrote the addresses of the two men on the back of a card and left. Brits headed straight for Headquarters and entered the office of Chief. He threw himself wearily in o with the air of one vainly trying to discern a glimmer of light in the enshrouding darkness.

"It's going to be hard work," he "I expected it would be when I put Britz recounted the information he had gathered from Mrs. Missioner and

you on it," the Chief replied. then walked into his own office. Summoning two subordinates, he directed them to go to the Missioner house and trail the footman and the East Indian servant. Two other men were assigned to shadow Sands and Gris

wold.
"That's all I can do to-day," he mur mured.

CHAPTER IX. Word from Logan

A week of agonized suspense in the Toombs seemed drawn into an ete nity of suffering to Miss Holcomb Conscious of her own innocence, she had ,nevertheless, ceased to struggle against the relentless fate that mark ed her as its victim. Her sensitiv nature recoiled from contact with th miserable creatures into whose mid she was suddenly thrust. No longe could she find solace in tears, for th long drain had exhausted the suppl-The gloom of her surroundings rene trated the innermost sanctuary of he soul, and she became possessed of deep melancholy which even the en couraging words of Dr. Fitch could not relieve.

"Don't give up to despair; truth and justive will prevail," Dr. Fitch had urged every day. But the grim prison walls shut out hope as effectual! as if the knell of her final fate had been sounded. Only one prop remained to sustain her through the long days and nights of confinement in the Tombs. It was her belief tha she would be speedily freed at her second hearing, but even that prop tive gave no insight to his thoughts. over again. I have no more queswas rudely torn from under her. In He drew a chair close to the expectant tions to ask to-day." stead of regaining her liberty, she was couple, shifting his gaze from Fitch "Then if we eliminate her," Briz sent back to the Tombs under heavy eforted. "we must look for the the bail to await the action of the Grand of the gave no sign of it he read of the state soothed. "The immense value of the recovery among Mr. Sands. Mr. Griswold, the Jury. It was the work of a few brief the acute suffering she felt. all the easier. I feel safe in surmis- footman, and the East Indian servant. minutes to make out a prima facie "So are Mr. Sands and Mr. Gris was transpiring in the courtroom. Her eyes had a vacant stare, as if peering into a heavy mist. When court adjourned, she followed the jailer auto Indian servant entered the employ of matically back to her cell. When the Mrs. Missioner?" door clicked behind her, a violent tremor shook her frame and she gave back." herself up, body, mind and soul, to the bitter spirit of despair that had seized Griswold abroad?

She was recalled to her senses by and Paris," the matron, who announced that Dr. Fitch was in the reception room. Hastily coiling her disarranged hair the Maharanee diamond?" into a knot, she passed along the narrow corridors and descended to the marked with the invisible footprints of his face, shaded by the waning of the surging undercurrent of human light, gave him the appearance of a life, is the gateway through which dark clay image. the world within meets the world questions. without; here messages of hope are said the final farewell of the women condemned; through this room the investigation, I was firmly convinced innocent pass out of the grim shadow of your innocenceof the barred corridors to the wel-

come sunlight of the street. No woman may enter this room may leave it without a prayer of de- seeking the light," he said. iverance. Bare of furnishings, there tron of buxom form sits stolidly at you." the door. Her cold eyes carry no message of encouragement. She is not the young woman. there to encourage; she is there to

ing to escape its sinister aspect. A groan, as of physical pain, came of Mrs. Missioner?" from Fitch as he beheld Miss Holcomb in the wan light that filtered through Holcomb replied. he window. Her distress reacted on his sensibilities; he could utter no word of encouragement.

"It is awful," he moaned, as he led her into a corner of the room. "And they all believe me guilty? she asked despairingly. "Not all," he returned, "there is one

whose faith is unshaken." "Mrs. Missioner-what of her?" she asked. "I don't know," Dr. Fitch replied.

"Have the police discovered no clew to the theft? "I haven't heard a word from surely in a burst of confidence she them," Dr. Fitch said. They remained silent, as if fearful tions?" of inflicting pain on each other by fur Lit was plain to Britz that Miss Holther discussion of the discouraging comb revolted against violating the inoutlook. The doctor's eyes were fixed timate confidences of her employer. on the tips of his boots; hers roved To reveal the secrets that had come aimlessly about the room:

reassed with the lawyer today," he broke the allence. "He says they haven't sufficient evidence to convict, and that while the case looks ugly, there is nothing to fear. He is in favor of a speedy trial."

"Then even if I am set free my name will remain smirthed," she declared.

His spirits sank lower as he con-semplated the dark outlook of her fu-ture. With a heroic effort he brought himself out of his dejection, and, eyeing her intently, said:
"Your name will be cleared of all

She could read encouragement in that purposeful face and the set determination of those lips. His resolute features were elequent with promise in her belief in her?" she asked.

"That would be fatal," replied the detective.

"Then what can I do—I must do something for her," grouned Mrs. Mis stoner.

"The only thing we can do for her is to find the real thief," said Britz.

"I trust it won't be long," sighed the widow.

"Kindly give me the addresses of dicament.

She could read encouragement in that purposeful face and the set determination of those lips. His resolute features were elequent with promise in her belief. No matter how fierce the fires of accusation blazed about her, there was one whose belief would remain unshaken. The finger was the preferred suitor?"

I do not say either to them took the diamonds, but I mus follow every line of inquiry that re veals itself to me. Now, isn't it a fact, Miss Holcomb, that Griswoh was the preferred suitor?"

I do not think so," she said in a description of contumely might point at her, but in his eyes it would carry no reproach. Yet, as she realized how deeply her future was interwoven with his, she felt an anguish of heart more poignant than the pain of her own prediction.

"You mean she preferred Sands?"

"You mean she showed more fondment."

"You mean she showed more fondment."

"You mean she showed more fondment." She could read encouragement in

"What a terrible blow this must be to you," was all she could say. "It means to me only the oppor tunity to prove myself worthy of you," he replied.

"But suppose," she breathed, "they do not find the thief and the world is made to believe me guilty?"

The mere suggestion of failure to alear the woman he loved aroused all the combativeness of his nature. ne tions."

"I'll stand between you and the erestures who are trying to crush comb. you!" he exclaimed, "Let them come my fight," he whispered, bending more for one than for the other?" closer to her, "and your victory will

His eyes darted points of fire that kindled a responsive light in the he suddenly fiered. glance she turned on him. "You will never desert me?" murmured gratefully.

She felt his arm about her waist, and with a sigh almost of happiness of the stone," she said. she surrendered herself to his em- there was some scandal connected brace. He pressed her close to him, with its purchase in India. She tol his lips seeking hers in the fading me that when her husband obtained i light of the room. The faint kiss that there was some talk of it having been broke the stillness glorified the love stolen from a temple and that the of these two souls and struck a divine provincial native government tried to radiance that seemed to bring a message of hope from above. "It is so good to have you near me,"

she said. "I feel as if no harm could "What opportunity come to me." They became vaguely conscious of lace?" a man's form outlined in the murky

"Lieutenant Britz!" he exclaimed. The detective came out of the ob- entered the room with a box. You scurity of the opposite wall, and, doff-

"It is unusual, I know, for a police officer to ask information of a prisoner well," she replied. "I took the box held for the Grand Jury. Before Miss from him at the door and he turned Holcomb replies to the questions I am around and went downstairs. I do not about to ask, I think it might be well believe he was within ten feet of the for her to seek the advice of counsel." "Miss Holcomb will answer any

"She has nothing to hide." The impenetrable face of the detectit falls down and I have to begin all

"A little less than a year and a half ago," came the quick response. Vas that before or after the East

"He was engaged after we came "Did you meet Mr. Sands or Mr. "We met both of them in London

"Did Mrs. Missioner have the collarette with her? I mean the one with The detective settled back in his visitors' room. This chamber, filled chair, his chin in his ands, as if lost with the echoes of past tragedies, in deep thought. The strange pallor

life, is the gateway through which pass innocent and guilty alike, to looked inquiringly at him, seeking innocent. If you will survey the case freedom or to penal servitude. Here some explanation of his puzzling "The case is more baffling poured into tears of despair. Here is ever," he said, in response to her points to her guilt. I do not underquestioning look. "When I began my

"And now?" interrupted Dr. Fitch. Britz replied with an equivocal shrug of the shoulders. A moment or without a shudder of despair; none two passed before he spoke. "I am

"Do you wish to ask Miss Holcomb is nothing to relieve the drab mono- any further questions?" Fitch asked. tony of its walls. A gray-haired ma- "She is only too anxious to enlighten

The detective's eyes narrowed on "There is some information that I watch. Even to visitors, the room im- | want, Miss Holcomb; I believe you parts a feeling of misty terror, a long-can supply it." After brief reflection, he saked: "Mr Sands and Mr Griewold are frequent visitors at the house have been to all the places in the

> "And their visits are inspired by a feeling that is stronger than fr.end-Miss Holcomb looked at Fitch as if

in doubt what to say. "Be perfectly frank," he advised. "I believe both have proposed marriage to her," she informed him. "And Mrs. Missioner she prefers which one?"

"I don't know," came the prompt response. You mean she has never indicated her preference to you? Come now, dropped some hint as to her inclina-

to her through association with the

TO CHESTIO DESCRIPTION

back on her new was so inconsistent with Miss Holcomb's entire character that Brits recognized the necessity of urging his question.

"I am not asking this out of any motive of idle curiosity."

"I am not asking this out of any motive of idle curiosity," he said. "I is of vital importance I should be in formed of Mrs. Missioner's relation with Mr. Sands and Mr. Griswo d, a well as of the opportunity each had for obtaining the diamonds."

"I'am sure neither of them would e-could have taken them," Miss Ril

"That may be perfectly true," replied Britz. "I do not say either chem took the diamonds, but I mus follow every line of inquiry that reveals itself to me. Now, isn't it a

Miss Holcomb knitted her brows Her perplexity made her slow and

hesitating of speech "I cannot say that," she answered. Sometimes I thought she cared more for Mr. Griswold, and then again I would feel certain she preferred Mr. Sands. In the main, however, I always believed that Mr. Sands held her affections; while Mr. Griswold simply pleased her with his atten-

brought his elenched fist down on his "Possibly Mrs., Missioner didn't knee and thundered forth an eloquent know her own mind?" the detective "Perhaps not," agreed Miss Hol-

like a thousand furies! Your fight is you that led you to believe she cared "None that I recall." "Miss Holcomb, do you know the

history of the Maharance diamond?" A quick spark of memory kindled her mind, and with the first flash, be Miss Holcomb." she understood the import of his que

tion. "Mrs. Missioner told me the history regain possession of it. Mr. Missione. succeeded, however, in retaining it as "What opportunity did the India:

servant have of obtaining the necklight of the room. As the figure gradually shaped itself to Fitch's eyes, and I believe that was not done."

"Mrs. Missioner informed me that on one occasion, when the necklace

was lying on the table, the ser ant ing his hat, respectfully addressed he close enough to the table to touch the necklace?"
"I remember the incident very

table at any time." questions you may ask," Fitch replied. Britz said, after some reflection. "Al-

"Then if we eliminate her," Bri'z sent back to the Tombs under neavy retorted, "we must look for the the" bail to await the action of the Grand among Mr. Sands. Mr. Griswold, the footman, and the East Indian servant. Softman, and the East Indian servant. Though he gave no sign of it, he read the acute suffering she felt.

"Miss Holcomb," he began, "when and in her benumbed to make out a prima facie work of manufacturing paste gems sufficiently developed to bring forth a sat
"Miss Holcomb," he began, "when lables, as if he feared to commit him
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"Miss Holcomb," he began, "when lables, as if he feared to commit him
ciently developed to bring forth a sat
der if it is being metamorphosed self with regard to the outcome of his isfactory duplicate of the Maharanee. investigation. Just before parting,

however, Britz said: "Every line that develops in this case, you can rest assured, will be followed to the end. So far, nothing has been discovered that changes the aspect of the case in the slightest de-

The detective walked to Headquarters and entered the office of the Chief. "Has Donnelly or Carson reported anything new?" he inquired.

"Nothing," answered the Chief. "And you?" "Nothing that throws any light on the case.' "Britz," the Chief remarked, as

though delivering some weighty conclusion, "I think you're working on the wrong hypothesis. You seem to floor. as it stands, you will have to acknowledge that absolutely everything in it take to say what her motive was in into the Chief's room. stealing the jewels, unless it was simply the feminine lust for ornaments. I feel certain, also, that she was not alone in the crime. My belief is that she took the necklace out of the safe, turned it over to Dr. Fitch, or something," he remarked.

one else, to have the duplicate made, and then returned the false jewels to Britz. the safe." "But where were the paste gems made?" inquired Britz. "That's for you to find out," snapped

the Chief.

"I have personally visited every manufacturer of paste gems in this Chief., "But who had the opportunity Missioner." city and in Philadelphia, Boston, "Both call very frequently," Miss the other cities of the country have been visited by the local police, and I feel absolutely sure that the duplicates were not made in this country.

Logan is on the way to Paris now, and until we hear from him I don't think we are safe in venturing any opinion as to the identity of the thief. receiving daily reports of the movements of Sands, Griswold, the butler, and the Indian servant, but they show nothing.'

"Why do you think Logan will discover anything? Has the real necklace ever been abroad?"
"Mrs. Missioner had it with her on the other side, but I don't know that it ever left her possession. The Chief's lips coiled into an

amused smile. "Kind o' looks as if you're wrong scent." he baited "Wait till we hear from Paris," Britz returned.

"You're 'way off the trail," the Chief persisted. "You're not even following the lines of your own deduction. The other day you said you were convinced the hecklace was stolen within the last month. How do you suppose they got it to Paris, had it duplicated, and then had the counterfeit sent back here in four weeks? You don't give them any time for the manufacture of

"The crime was not conceived and executed in a day." Brits returned. "It is the work of long thought and careful planning. The duplicates may have, been made any time within five years. The substitution was made tions in the detective.

"Have obtained original drawings." teen months ago. A man like Rens-come would have detected the paste at a glance. I saw him yesterday and he informed me the stones he saw were genuine.

"Then, following your line of rea-soning, we must conclude that the original was out of the possession of Mrs. Missioner without her knowledge long enough to enable the thief to have the succeeded in the crime. The secretary was the only one who had access to the safe, and she also would have known Mrs. Missioner's plans well enough to enable her to judge the length of time she could withhold the necklace without detection. Of course, the theft would have been discovered at once if Mrs. Missioner wanted to

wear the necklace while it was gone." "The original stones were never stolen from the safe," Brits said in a

"Then how was the substitution made?" queried the other.
"I don't know," replied the detective gloomily. "I have yet to discover the time of the substitution.

"It seems to me," said the Chief. "you have still to discover a good many things with regard to this case. As a matter of fact, you're as much at sea as on the day you took charge." "I have only begun to throw out my lines." Britz declared . "I'll land the fish before I'm through, and it won't

As the detective left the office, he could not help a feeling of depression at the slow progress of events. As yet, the intrilacies of the mystery were vaguely outlined in his mind. He saw them as a floating mist, heavy with possibilities but charged with delusive signs of beckoning trails that he instinctively knew led to nowhere. He was still treading lightly the mazes of the case. One false step might be fatal, and he preferred to remain in a crouching attitude of you may tell Miss Holcomb that watchfulness, ready to spring from cover at the proper moment. Much as he deplored his enforced

inactivity, he nevertheless had faith in the final outcome. A quick mental survey of the case convinced him that the first necessity was to find the maker of the paste stones. Whoever made the duplicate Maharanee would surely recall having done so. There were few European firms that could have made the stone. It was doubtful whether any American manufacturer could have turned out a substitute to for a night. It is hard enough to get the compact brilliance of the diamond evening audiences. Caramels. in a small paste gem; infinitely more difficult is it to manufacture a counterfeit Maharanee. Britz knew that whoever copied the cut and luster of that marvelous stone was an expert of high caliber. No fain shimmer of glass could have avoiled to deceive gloved applause. It is not the sort

Three weeks at least, must elapse terested auditors in the select litt before word would come from Logan. The emissary sent abroad was himself Britz, of Manning's staff. a diamond expert. Before entering the Detective Bureau he had been a reality, he was not listening to a foreign agent of the United States of the Thespian culture that trickly Freasury Department. If the duplireasury Department.

cate necklace was manufactured were unoccupied, not so his eyes. He abroad, Logan would find the manufacturer without delay. Britz had faith in his man, and he waited impatiently through three weeks of torment for the first cablecgram. It came finally, and he opened it with

nervous fingers. "Missioner necklace manufactured from drawings by three firms. Original never in possession of manufacturers.'

Britz let the telegram flutter to the "I knew it!" he burst forth. "They wouldn't have dared to take the original out of the safe without immediatedly replacing it with the duplicate." He picked up the message and burst

"Read it!" he exclaimed. The Chief's eyes drank in the words, curtain fell on the first act. Mean but his brain failed to grasp their underlying meaning. "I don't see that this proves any-

"It proves everything," volleyed "It proves that the thief was a clever draughtsman. It proves that he spent weeks sketching the neckace, stone by stone, and it proves, that he went to Paris to have the Britz, of Headquarters, she will comduplicate made. "It proves all that," agreed the ter a favor and serve her friend, Mrs

to see the necklace a sufficient num- Dorothy gathered her wrap, glasses Buffalo and Washington. My men ber of times and long enough to make and programme quickly, and follows the sketches? Who but Miss Hol- the usher to the back of the theatrecomb? "I will find someone who had al- tective, whom though she had heard

> ettrned confidently. "And if you do, what will it mean?" pected to see a man whose cleverness isked the Chief. "It will mean something to work was disappointed by the almost con the detective said.

> pent in the quiet of his home, his self-introduction with the sweetness ind focused on the problem before inseparable from her mignon features. im, trying to map out his line of pro- and, at his request, strolled with him dure. Plan after plan he discarded to a corner of the lobby, where the s worthless. He could have struck seated themselves on softly tinted ut blindly in the hope of stumbling bent-wood chairs.
> It a trail, but that was not Britz's "You wished to see me?" inquired bethod. Crime mysteries were to him Dorothy. It was a banal questions of the control of the cientific problems to be solved by and a flush tinged her cheeks as she realized its superfluousness could not ent over the ground already covers the greatest detective in New York and then swant the state of the greatest detective in New York and then swant the state of the greatest detective in New York and then swant the state of the greatest detective in New York and then swant the state of the greatest detective in New York and then swant the state of the greatest detective in New York and then swant the state of the greatest detective in New York and t red, and then swept the outlook with the keen searchlight of his mind.
>
> By a process of alteria with the simple directness of his he keen searchlight of his mind. By a process of elimination he tried manner put the girl at her ease. o sift the real thief from the group of conspects on whom his mental efforts

to drag forth the culprit. Then he sought to discern the motive is referred to the action of cach possibly criminal, but he could come to no satisfactory condition.

"More information, more information is needed before the real work can begin!" he murmured. In his preoccupation he did not ohserve the door open and the servant show in a subordinate from Fead quarters. Not until the visitor spoke did he become aware of his presence.

"Two cablegrams for you, sir," tha subordinate said. The first cablegram aroused to eno

Will sail to-morrow with them," the message from Logan read He opened the second envelope and read the contents half a dozen time; as if to stamp, them indelibly on his

mind.

Drawings for duplicates taken to manufacturer by young woman. Gave name of Elinor Holcomb' Britz dismissed the visitor, left the duplicate made? And if that is the house, and hastened to the office of case, then only one person could have Dr. Fitch. Taking the important cablegram from his pocket, he handed it to the physician. The doctor's

eyes lingered on each word. His fare paled, his eyes bulged forward, a violent tremor ran up and down his frame. "This is awful!" he grouned. "It's great news for you and Miss Holcomb," the detective smiled. Fitch eyed him in perplexity. Te detective met his inquiring gaze stead.

ily, and, slowly folding the cable gram, he said: "It proves beyond question she had

no part in the crime. "How?" Fitch demanded eagerly "If Miss Holcomb had been cleve" nough to plan the theft, she'n ha '9 mown better than to go about Par ordering the duplicates. Also, if she had taken the diamonds, she'd never have permitted one of them to remain in her room in Mrs. Missioner's house. No, whoever stole thos: gems deliberately tried to throw su picion on her."

"But who could have conceived such dastardly crime?" Fitch blu t d, a wave of anger sweeping his frame. "Whoever it was," Britz returned "either was actuated by enmity ward the young woman, or knew enough about the Missioner household to realize that suspicion would nat ally fall on her, and therefore he de cided to use her as a cloak to hide his own identity. However, I now have something to work on something 'hot will produce quick results. Dr. Ft my calculations she is entirely elimi nated from participation in the cri You may inform her also that the hunfor the thief has begun.'

Before the physician reco from the pleasant shock of the tive's words, Britz was hurrying down the steps.

> CHAPTER X Dorothy March Talks

Matinee girls in the Forrest Ther tre differ from their sisters of other New York playhouses in that they ar mallows, chocolate creams, are for den by the unwritten law of cult. The utmost nourishment or them can allow herself is a salted mond nibbled surreptitiously bet decorous little outbursts der if it is being metamorphosed a winter resort, one of the most theatre

On the surface, that is to say glance circled the auditorium like ramrod swung on a swivel, resting the stage at long intervals in a pe functory way. Manning could have told in a moment that his alert tenant was not at all interested in the unfolding of the attenuated plot the boards; that Britz was looking

somebody. Britz found the somebody he sough when his gaze fell on a slim li figure in the trimmest of dove-colored gowns, sitting in the fifth row off the centre aisle. Instantly his last pr tense of attention to the play vaished. Keeping his eyes on the gray curves of the girl in the fifth row, he quitted his post at one side of the house and walked slowly to the ma exit, whence he watched her until the while, he scribbled on a card, slipp a liberal tip into the receptive has of an usher, and indicated the object of his interest. When the curtain fe on the first act, the usher hurried down the aisle, and presented the card to the girl in gray. "If Miss March," read the young

woman, "will spare a few minutes to

The youth led her to the famous d rost as good an opportunity," Br.tz of him through Doris Missioner. sho beheld for the first time. She had e was writ large on his exterior; sha monplace appearance of the man who The next twenty-four hours Britz faced her. But she acknowledged his

TABLISH Gove Pirac

Anecial to The

PETROGRAD, Feb hange for the better the operations agai Avance from East P urned on Sunday wh ost German column y a Russian force ivisions from Grodi The Germans were e marsh streams

source of the Bobr and of the Niemen. The G

an-haul their light cross the frozen st roke through the i uns remained well carcely used. The Russian heavy Gradno roads shelle main column over th try which was skirmi frozen marshes. In Germans fell back. westward, leaving of nontoons, besides ight guns and severa The army from Jo uable enclave of arew, ending at the ut the Russians, after

Germans from this r here is again a hurri-he enemy's trains. There are signs the re gathering great Prasnysz, where the er to the west have gr their situation. Som their situation. illages in this regio

peated charges and

rate bayonet fightin

PARIS, Feb. 24 .-

Within eleven mon tury mark, Mrs. Alfi died in Brockville v Ald. Paul Hannaga ing a quarrel in the city hall at Lawrence

day. Dennis H. Finn senator, was arrested Carter H. Harrison ing his fifth term as cago, was defeated v ocratic nomination Sweitzer, clerk of Coo The Allan, Anchor Lines have conceded made by the Seafarer advance during the w

a day to sailors and f

E. J. Chamberlin,

by the liners.

G.T.R., forwarded to for \$40.915.91, being untarily subscribed by employes of the G.T. dian Patriotic Fund. John Hawley, aged Grove, near Kingston, the head and is in th pital. It is expected His rifle was accident when he was climbing

> This was the chief of Conservative caucus yesterday, and was no THE ORANGEME!

The new whip of

servative party in the

be Charles R. McKeo

Eight Thousand of th With First Cor At a banquet held re ston by the Legislation the Grand Orange Lo considering matters this session of Parli Master Dr. J. J. William referred to the fact the men in the First con were Orangemen and of Orangemen in the gent was as large. F. M. Clarke, Bellev

times as many Protest Catholics had enlisted 58 IN TRAIL The new recruits for tingent are: Wm. J. Norton and Wm. Bak here now numbers 58. walked over from Bell the Picton detachment

brother James, who eniturn from the North

retary, stated that of t

gent only 2 per cent.

Canadian, and that