

BRITZ OF HEADQUARTERS

BY MARGAN BARBER

Published Exclusively in Canada by the British & Colonial Press, Limited, Toronto.

"No other expert, but Mr. Ranz come and I looked over the collection before I went abroad eighteen months ago. He saw the collarette as that time."

"Did he observe it casually, or examine it carefully?" Britz asked.

"He had it in his hand, and I recall he spoke admiringly of it," the widow returned.

"Good," flashed Britz. "Of course he said nothing as to the jewels being pasted?"

"Nothing," answered Mrs. Missioner.

"Then it is almost certain that the real jewels were in your safe then," pronounced Britz. "Since then, you have been with you when you wore the collarette?"

"Mr. Griswold and Mr. Sands were my escorts to dinner two weeks ago. Then Mrs. Sands and Mr. Griswold 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 another, some two, weeks ago?"

"I believe I have already told you," Mrs. Missioner answered.

"I recall that I had difficulty in adjusting the clasp, and Mr. Griswold stepped out of the room for a moment, and the collarette lay on the table?"

"No," Mrs. Missioner answered.

"Did you observe anything suspicious in the movements, actions, or conduct of Miss Holcomb that evening?"

"Nothing."

"What occurred after you came home? Who helped you to undress?"

"My maids were asleep," said Mrs. Missioner, "and I called Miss Holcomb, who occupies the room next to mine. She helped me take off the jewelry and she saw me place them in the safe."

"And with the exception of yourself, Miss Holcomb is the only one who knew the combination of the safe?" Britz flashed.

"Only Miss Holcomb," responded the widow.

"On the night of the opera, who was with you when you put on the collarette?"

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

"Did any of those present help you to place it about your neck?"

"No. Mr. Sands had taken the collarette from the table, and was looking at it. I took it from him and fastened it myself."

"After you took the collarette from the safe on those two nights, did any servant enter the room?"

"Mrs. Missioner's brow contracted. It seemed to her difficult for her to recall such small incidents as the passing of servants through the room."

"The footman, of course, announced Mr. Griswold and Mr. Sands. I do not recall that Mr. Griswold or Mr. Sands brought my dress to the room. Only Miss Holcomb remained to sustain her through the long days and nights of confinement in the Tombs. It was her belief that she would be speedily freed at her second hearing, but even that prospect faded from her mind when she was sent back to the Tombs under heavy guard. It was the work of a few brief days that she had learned the names against her, and in her present state of mind, she hardly knew what was transpiring in the courtroom. Her eyes had a vacant stare, as if peering into a heavy mist. When court adjourned she followed the ladies automatically back to her cell. When the door clicked behind her, a violent tremor shook her frame and she gave herself up, body, mind and soul, to the bitter spirit of despair that had seized her."

"She was recalled to her senses by the matron, who announced that Dr. Fitch was in the reception room. Hastily colling her disarranged hair into a knot, she passed along the narrow corridor, and descended to the visitors' room. This chamber, filled with the echoes of past tragedies, marked with the invisible footprints of the surging undercurrent of human life, the gateway through which pass innocent and guilty alike, to freedom or to penal servitude. Here the world within meets the world without; here messages of hope are poured into tears of despair. Here is the place of the first farewell, the first condemnation; through this archway innocent pass out of the grim shadow of the barred corridors to the welcome sunlight of the street."

"No woman can enter this room without a shudder of despair; none may leave it without a prayer of deliverance. Bare of furnishings, there is nothing to relieve the drab monotony of its walls. A gray-haired matron of boxton form sits stolidly at the door. Her cold eyes carry no message of encouragement. She is not there to encourage; she is there to watch. Even to visitors, the room imparts a feeling of misty terror, a longing to escape its sinister aspect."

"A group, as of physical pain, came from Fitch as he beheld Miss Holcomb in the wan light that filtered through the window. Her distress reacted on his sensibilities; he could utter no word of encouragement."

"It is certain," she moaned, as she led her into a corner of the room.

"And they all believe me guilty?" she asked despairingly.

"Not all," he returned, "there is one who is not 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 have heard a word from them. Dr. Fitch said, as if fearful of inflicting pain on each other by further discussion of the discouraging outlook on the tip of his boots; hers were fixed smilingly about the room."

"What a terrible blow this must be to you!" she said.

"It means to me only the opportunity to prove myself worthy of you," he replied.

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

The mere suggestion of failure to clear the woman he loved aroused all the combativeness of his nature. He thought he clenched fist down on his knee and thundered forth an eloquent challenge to the world.

"I'll stand between you and the creatures who are trying to crush you!" he exclaimed. "Let them come my fight is here, and your victory will be mine."

His eyes darted points of fire that kindled a responsive light in the gloom she turned on him.

"You will never desert me?" she murmured gratefully.

"Never!"

"She felt his arm about her waist, and with a sigh almost of happiness she surrendered herself to his embrace. His lips seeking hers, close to him, light of the room. The faint kiss that broke the stillness glorified the love of these two souls and struck a divine spark 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 come to me."

"They became vaguely conscious of the murmur that came out of the obsequy of the opposite wall, and, doffing his hat, respectfully addressed them."

"It is unusual, I know, for a police officer to ask information of a prisoner held for the Grand Jury. Before Miss Holcomb replies to the question I am about to ask, I think it might be well for her to seek the advice of counsel."

Miss Holcomb will answer any question she may ask," Fitch replied.

"She has nothing to hide of it."

"The impenetrable face of the detective gave no insight to his thoughts. He drew a chair close to the expectant girl, and he turned to the young woman. Though he gave no sign of it, he heard the acute suffering she felt."

"Miss Holcomb," he began, "when were you last in Europe with Mrs. Missioner?"

"A little less than a year and a half ago," came the quick response.

"Was that before or after the East Indian servant entered the employ of Mrs. Missioner?"

"That was engaged after we came back."

"Did you meet Mr. Sands or Mr. Griswold abroad?"

"We met both of them in London."

"Did Mrs. Missioner have the collarette with her? I mean the one with the Maharane diamond?"

"She did."

The detective settled back in his chair, and, as if lost in deep thought. The strange pallor of his face, shaded by the wan light, gave him the appearance of a dark clay image. Miss Holcomb looked inquiringly at him, seeking some explanation of his puzzling questions.

"The case is more baffling than ever," he said, in response to her questioning look. "When I began my investigation, I was firmly convinced of your innocence."

"And now?" interrupted Dr. Fitch.

Britz replied with an equivocal shrug of the shoulders. A moment or two passed before he spoke. "I am seeing the light," he said.

"Do you wish to ask Miss Holcomb any further questions?" Fitch asked.

"She is only too anxious to enlighten you."

The detective's eyes narrowed on the young woman.

"There is some information that I want, Miss Holcomb; I believe you can supply it." After brief reflection, he asked: "Mr. Sands and Mr. Griswold are frequent visitors at the house of Mrs. Missioner?"

"Both call very frequently," Miss Holcomb replied.

"And their visits are inspired by a feeling that is stronger than friendship?"

Miss Holcomb looked at Fitch as if in doubt what to say.

"Be perfectly frank," he advised.

"I have been both before proposed marriage to her," she informed him.

"And Mrs. Missioner—she prefers which one?"

"I don't know," came the prompt reply.

"You mean she has never indicated her preference to you? Come now, surely in a burst of confidence she dropped some hint as to her inclination?"

"I have heard a word from them. Dr. Fitch said, as if fearful of inflicting pain on each other by further discussion of the discouraging outlook on the tip of his boots; hers were fixed smilingly about the room."

CHAPTER IX.

Word from Logan

A week of agonized suspense in the Tombs seemed drawn into an eternity of suffering to Miss Holcomb. Conscious of her own innocence, she had no message, ceased to struggle against the relentless fate that had led her to its victim. Her sensitive nature recoiled from contact with the miserable creatures into whose midst she was suddenly thrust. No longer could she find solace in her long chain had exhausted the supply. The gloom of her surroundings treated the innermost sanctuary of her soul, and she became possessed of a deep melancholy which even the encouraging words of Dr. Fitch could not relieve.

"Don't give up to despair; truth and justice will prevail," Dr. Fitch had urged every day. But the grim prison walls shut out hope as effectually as the walls of her cell. Her final fate had been sounded. Only Miss Holcomb remained to sustain her through the long days and nights of confinement in the Tombs. It was her belief that she would be speedily freed at her second hearing, but even that prospect faded from her mind when she was sent back to the Tombs under heavy guard. It was the work of a few brief days that she had learned the names against her, and in her present state of mind, she hardly knew what was transpiring in the courtroom. Her eyes had a vacant stare, as if peering into a heavy mist. When court adjourned she followed the ladies automatically back to her cell. When the door clicked behind her, a violent tremor shook her frame and she gave herself up, body, mind and soul, to the bitter spirit of despair that had seized her."

CHAPTER X.

Word from Logan

A week of agonized suspense in the Tombs seemed drawn into an eternity of suffering to Miss Holcomb. Conscious of her own innocence, she had no message, ceased to struggle against the relentless fate that had led her to its victim. Her sensitive nature recoiled from contact with the miserable creatures into whose midst she was suddenly thrust. No longer could she find solace in her long chain had exhausted the supply. The gloom of her surroundings treated the innermost sanctuary of her soul, and she became possessed of a deep melancholy which even the encouraging words of Dr. Fitch could not relieve.

"Don't give up to despair; truth and justice will prevail," Dr. Fitch had urged every day. But the grim prison walls shut out hope as effectually as the walls of her cell. Her final fate had been sounded. Only Miss Holcomb remained to sustain her through the long days and nights of confinement in the Tombs. It was her belief that she would be speedily freed at her second hearing, but even that prospect faded from her mind when she was sent back to the Tombs under heavy guard. It was the work of a few brief days that she had learned the names against her, and in her present state of mind, she hardly knew what was transpiring in the courtroom. Her eyes had a vacant stare, as if peering into a heavy mist. When court adjourned she followed the ladies automatically back to her cell. When the door clicked behind her, a violent tremor shook her frame and she gave herself up, body, mind and soul, to the bitter spirit of despair that had seized her."

CHAPTER XI.

Word from Logan

A week of agonized suspense in the Tombs seemed drawn into an eternity of suffering to Miss Holcomb. Conscious of her own innocence, she had no message, ceased to struggle against the relentless fate that had led her to its victim. Her sensitive nature recoiled from contact with the miserable creatures into whose midst she was suddenly thrust. No longer could she find solace in her long chain had exhausted the supply. The gloom of her surroundings treated the innermost sanctuary of her soul, and she became possessed of a deep melancholy which even the encouraging words of Dr. Fitch could not relieve.

"Don't give up to despair; truth and justice will prevail," Dr. Fitch had urged every day. But the grim prison walls shut out hope as effectually as the walls of her cell. Her final fate had been sounded. Only Miss Holcomb remained to sustain her through the long days and nights of confinement in the Tombs. It was her belief that she would be speedily freed at her second hearing, but even that prospect faded from her mind when she was sent back to the Tombs under heavy guard. It was the work of a few brief days that she had learned the names against her, and in her present state of mind, she hardly knew what was transpiring in the courtroom. Her eyes had a vacant stare, as if peering into a heavy mist. When court adjourned she followed the ladies automatically back to her cell. When the door clicked behind her, a violent tremor shook her frame and she gave herself up, body, mind and soul, to the bitter spirit of despair that had seized her."

CHAPTER XII.

Word from Logan

A week of agonized suspense in the Tombs seemed drawn into an eternity of suffering to Miss Holcomb. Conscious of her own innocence, she had no message, ceased to struggle against the relentless fate that had led her to its victim. Her sensitive nature recoiled from contact with the miserable creatures into whose midst she was suddenly thrust. No longer could she find solace in her long chain had exhausted the supply. The gloom of her surroundings treated the innermost sanctuary of her soul, and she became possessed of a deep melancholy which even the encouraging words of Dr. Fitch could not relieve.

"Don't give up to despair; truth and justice will prevail," Dr. Fitch had urged every day. But the grim prison walls shut out hope as effectually as the walls of her cell. Her final fate had been sounded. Only Miss Holcomb remained to sustain her through the long days and nights of confinement in the Tombs. It was her belief that she would be speedily freed at her second hearing, but even that prospect faded from her mind when she was sent back to the Tombs under heavy guard. It was the work of a few brief days that she had learned the names against her, and in her present state of mind, she hardly knew what was transpiring in the courtroom. Her eyes had a vacant stare, as if peering into a heavy mist. When court adjourned she followed the ladies automatically back to her cell. When the door clicked behind her, a violent tremor shook her frame and she gave herself up, body, mind and soul, to the bitter spirit of despair that had seized her."

CHAPTER XIII.

Word from Logan

A week of agonized suspense in the Tombs seemed drawn into an eternity of suffering to Miss Holcomb. Conscious of her own innocence, she had no message, ceased to struggle against the relentless fate that had led her to its victim. Her sensitive nature recoiled from contact with the miserable creatures into whose midst she was suddenly thrust. No longer could she find solace in her long chain had exhausted the supply. The gloom of her surroundings treated the innermost sanctuary of her soul, and she became possessed of a deep melancholy which even the encouraging words of Dr. Fitch could not relieve.

"Don't give up to despair; truth and justice will prevail," Dr. Fitch had urged every day. But the grim prison walls shut out hope as effectually as the walls of her cell. Her final fate had been sounded. Only Miss Holcomb remained to sustain her through the long days and nights of confinement in the Tombs. It was her belief that she would be speedily freed at her second hearing, but even that prospect faded from her mind when she was sent back to the Tombs under heavy guard. It was the work of a few brief days that she had learned the names against her, and in her present state of mind, she hardly knew what was transpiring in the courtroom. Her eyes had a vacant stare, as if peering into a heavy mist. When court adjourned she followed the ladies automatically back to her cell. When the door clicked behind her, a violent tremor shook her frame and she gave herself up, body, mind and soul, to the bitter spirit of despair that had seized her."

"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 certain the necklace 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 paste."

"The crime was not conceived and executed in a day," Britz returned. "It is the work of long thought and careful planning. The duplicate may have been made any time within five years. The substitution was made since the expert saw the necklace fifteen months ago. A man like Ranz some would have detected the paste if a glance I saw him yesterday and he informed me the stones he saw were genuine."

"Then, following your line of reasoning, 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 duplicate made? And if that is the case, then only one person could have succeeded in the crime. The secretary has been made any time within five years. The substitution was made since the expert saw the necklace fifteen months ago. A man like Ranz some would have detected the paste if a glance I saw him yesterday and he informed me the stones he saw were genuine."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

"You mean she showed more fondness for Sands than for me?" he asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Her general demeanor toward the two men."

ESTABLISH
Gove.
Pirac
RUSSIANS

Special to The
PETROGRAD, Feb.
change for the better i
in the operations again
advance from East Pr
turned on Sunday who
most German column
by a Russian force un
divisions from Grodno
The Germans were a
the marsh streams
of the Niemen. The G
man-haul their light
across the frozen str
broke through the ice
guns remained well
scarcely used.

The Russian heavy
Grodno roads shelle
plain column over the
by which was skinned
frozen marches. In
Germans fell back, a
westward, leaving a
of pontoons, besides
light guns and sever
There were signs of
trying to secure for t
valuable enclave of th
Narwa, ending at th
the Russians, after
respected. The Russ
Switzer, bayonet fight
Germans from this re
the East Prussian
there is again a hurri
the enemy's trains.
The Germans, who
are gathering great
Prasnysz, where the
still difficult, but the
er to the west have g
their situation. Som
prisoners have been
villages in this region.

PARIS, Feb. 24.—
BRIEF ITEM
BY TEL

Within eleven mon
tory mark. Mrs. Alf
dies in Brockville, y
came to Canada in th
Ald. Paul Hannagan
ing a quarrel in the
city hall at Lawrence
day, Dennis H. Finn
senator, who has been
by the voters.

Carlter H. Harrison
ing his fifth term as
cago, was defeated ye
Democratic nominat
Switzer, clerk of Cou
over the footlights. B
were unoccupied, not
his eyes. His glanc
circled the auditorium
der if it is better men
stage at a swivel, resti
fatory way. Manning
told in a moment that
tenant was not at all
the unfolding of the
anybody.

Britz found the some
when his gaze fell on
figure in the trimmess
centric aisle. He had
tense of attention to
washed. Keeping his
curves of the girl in
quitted his post at o
house to the left. He
exit, whence he watch
curtain fell on the fr
while, he scribbled on
a liberal tip into the
of his interest. Whe
on the first act, the
down the aisle, and p
to the girl in prayer.

THE ORANGEMEN

Eight Thousand of th
With First Con
At a banquet held r
ston by the Legislati
the Grand Orange Lo
considering matters
this session of Parli
Master Dr. J. J. Willi
referred to the fact
men in the First con
were Orangemen and
of Orangemen in the
sent was as large.
M. Clarke, Bellevu
regory, stated that of
faced only 2 per cent
Canadian, and that
times as many Prot
Catholics had enlisted
army.

58 IN TRAI

The new recruits for
tinent ar: Wm. J. E
Norton and Wm. Bak
here now numbers 58.
walked over from Bell
the Platoon detachment
brother James, who en
turn from the North
Times.