Hopes Hap-

-"I wish I received Lydia E. 's Vegetatroubles ch I was a fferer, so was comdown in Other mednot help Lydia E. 's Vegetahave a big, your medigood it has BECK, JR., Co., N. S.

nd and wife forward to self inca-

o some de-

system, less there of the fact Vegetable

est doubt s Vegetayou, write icineCo. s., for ade opened. a woman nce.

ADER

30 a quiet 327 21st when her label was matrimony of Mr. and Iadoc, Ont. tor of the performed ds of the had been t. Alta. bert. Sask.

anager for

rgiary ocning in and is origin. firm have police

tates that been exish, formeston, but h the Dopastor of that town friends in

ion of Mr. H. a., where position Sun" of e - kadınar which is thousand but ninegraduate d secured rnalism as passing the High the On re he re-lishers of ram's ap far-reach the O.B.C the grad-

Clarke nd, Major merly of

the po-

Pills Half a deration, very drug la of that

Ille

BRITZ : OF HEADQUARTERS ::

BY MARCIN BARBER

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

> CHAPTER 1 In the Diamond Horseshoe.

A girl's scream clashed with the soprano's high note in the Jewel Song, and in a moment the Metropolitan Opera House was in confusion. The cry, half suppressed, broke the spell wore that night was the masterpiece peculiar to a "Faust" night. The For in its center blazed the famou somewhat portly Marguerite, her voice soaring like a cage-born bird suddensauvest of devils. As the singer hung about her neck the rope of pearls with which Mephisto planned to fetter her soul, Mrs. Missioner, swinging her fan with a free method of the said, with a free method of the said, with a free method of the said, and the said, "You are brave," was all he said, "You are brave," was all he said, "You are brave," was all he said, "to wear them in public. Many a wo man, save in her own ballroom, would knees studiously.

"Are you sure?" asked Dorothy.

"Are you sure?" asked Dorothy. her fan with a freer motion, struck the slenderest part of her diamond collarette. The blow was sharp. The golden thread on which the choicest us. Neither noticed the fascination rolling on the floor of the box.

for the evening, clutched at the few triumph, only to be raised and lowered diamonds that fell into her lap. Miss and raised again as boxes, orchestra March drew her skirts tightly about and balconies recalled the singers for her ankles and shrank into a corner of their meed of praise. Before another moment sped. Curtis from Mrs. Missioner's throat. Griswold was on his knees scooping together the scattered jewels with in her excitement, "the largest of all snow-gloved hands. Bruxton Sands, is gone! The Maharanee!" slower of movement, bent with more dignitiy to the task. In the next Dorothy sprang to her feet and be box, separated from Mrs. Missioner's fore either of the men could antici only by a low velvet rail, a man of pate her, began pushing the chair Oriental features and complexion turn- about until all save Mrs. Missioner's ed to watch the scramble for the were grouped in a corner of the box. jewels. Though he did not stir from Then the little débutante, regradless his place, his hawk-like face seemed of her fluffy frock ,raked the floor to thrust itself into the center of the with her fan, with her free hand, her excited group.

The confusion throughout the hous ism that inspires masses of humanity, everybody seemed to know whence the scream had come, and all eyes were turned from the stage to the Missioner box. They saw the usually lions yielding publicly to emotions that her poorest sister on losing her only trinkets might have snared with her. So distracting was the excitement in the Missioner box that for a second the great soprano paused in her cadenzas, and the conductor hale an electric button, d the beat of his baton. There was danger of the orchestra committing the crime of a break in its strains. But the musicians, deterred by discipling from imitating their lead r's swin back glances at the auditorium, play «d steadily on.

"Someone has fainted." came in illimperceptibly, but long enough for a for a better view of the box around silence of Sands was grim, the qui a rock at the focus of excitement. Which the little tempest of excitement Oriental sauvely self-effacing. nue! Continue!" the urged, swirled. as are bent her gaze from a box to

What's the matter? Go on! Go dertones from the wings. Ushers in the back of the house sought to cover the confusion with ill-timed applause. The moment was big with potential tragedy. One cry of "Fire!" might have sent thousands of startled women and men battling along the aisles in an elemental fury of self-preservation. Mere prolongation of the situation without that terrible tocsin might have ended in a smaller papic. But the liquid notes of the soprano scaring again in the pyrotechnics of the Jewel Song reclaimed the attention of the audience. The conductor, evidently eager to hide his own momentary loss of poise, fairly lifted his men through the intricacies of the "Bravo! Bravo! Bravisimo!" until accompaniment. Promptness of action most other sounds succumbed to it, by the stage manager restored order behind the scenes.

Nothing of all those incidents struck the sense of anyone in the Missioner box. All four of its occupants were The woman who, with a sweep of her concerned for the immediate recovery of the diamonds that had sprung from Mrs. Missioner's neck to her lap, and then stampeded across the floor. Griswold, still on his knees, rescued the greater number. Sands, a man of action as well as of millions, picked she had lost a diamond. up the larger gems. Miss march shrank further into the corner of the box and dragged her petticoats ever more closely until her immature form seemed chiseled in tulle.

"Look in all the corners—look everywhere," Mrs. Missioner urged. "There's one behind the chair," she

"There's another," cried Dorothy, pointing at Griswold's feet. A glance from the dark stranger in the next box directed the searchers toward still another part of the floor, and every move was rewarded by the recovery of a gleaming stone. One by one, by diamond in America?" gathered, and still the search went on, Fast as they scooped them up, Sands

millionaire. "No, no," answered the widow. There are several more. look again-look everywhere. Dorothy, help me count them."

The women sorted and counted the

search, peering into the remotest corners, pushing chairs about, looking, reaching, grasping with the zeal of

Klondikers, urged again and again 1; the owner of the jewels.

The glittering horseshoe of the Metropolitan deserves its rame. The Kaffirs of Kimberly, the pearl-divers polynesia, the gold-seekers of the Klondike, the diggers into earth's secrets the world over toil cease 2 sly to maintain the brilliance of that big jewel show. They send their dig monds and rubies and emeralds are sapphires, their pearls and opals and gold, to gleam on the heads and stracted air. She was harking back stracted air. She was harking back sapphires, their pearls and opals and gold, to gleam on the heads and breasts and gowns of women who to days long gone, and evidently the

gems can buy. In all that electric sparkle, no gent which the necklace Mrs. Missioner wore that night was the masterpiece.

Maharanee diamond.

"I think we've found them all," said

the Missioner jewels in their per with which the eyes of the Eastener, forated settings were strung, snapped. like twin searchlights, swept the floor Instantly most of the freed drops of Sands and Griswold returned to Sands and Griswold returned to frozen fire that constituted Mrs. Mis- their chairs. Reluctantly realizing the sioner's magnificent necklace—the one thrilling little by-scene was at an end, with the Maharanee diamond—were the other members of the audience again focused their attention on th Mrs. Missioner, as the little scream stage. Mephisto befooled Dame Marbroke from Dorothy March, a debu- tha, Faust won Marguerite, and the tante she had taken under her wing curtain descended on an operation

the box, making room fro the man | As they passed, bowing and smiling, who sprang to Mrs. Missioner's aid. before the curtain, a low cry came "O-o-oh!" she exclaimed, half-ris ng

Instantly the turmoil was renewed feet, in almost hysterical quest of the still missing diamond. Griswold, near died slowly. By that subtle magnet- ly as excited as the women, recommenced his own search.

All the energy of the thousands of women and men in the house was in their eyes, and those eyes concentrated on the box where the milliontranquil mistress of a hundred mil- aire widow, half-frenzied, was sacrificing her Paquin gown to the hunt for her more treasured possession. All the action in Sands leaped to the fore. Stretching a long arm across the bent backs of Griswold and little Miss March, he thrust a thumb against

> "It can't be in the box," he said decisively, and when a breathless usher rapped at the door, the millionaire tore it open and whispered, "Run down to the orchestra and look everywhere around this box. A diamond has fallen over the rail."

searching usher from a group that surrounded him ten deep as he poked the stage manager cried in un. among the programmes that strewed the orchestra floor under the Missioner box.

"Keep cool, Doris. We'll find it," said Sands to the widow. "Bravo," came as an inspiration from a far corner of the balcony, as the great soprano made her final vow. Instantly it was taken up by hundreds. "Bravo! Bravissimo!" screamed delirious standees over tae length of the orchestra. The firemen stood tensely at their posts in readiness for a life struggle. Ushers hurried to and fro in vain efforts to quiet those nearest them. Above all the clamor in the Missioner box, the nervous inquiries and only the noise of the diamond and Griswold, she went straight to the

hunt survived. "Dorothy, Dorothy, I cannot go until we find it," sobbed Mrs. Missioner. pen, could summon all the artists who had sung their souls out on the stage with another pen-sweep, could recomgant demands, was in tears because

But such a diamond! Its prisoned fire held the history of an alien race. aside to Dorothy, " she has recovered the other gems, and even if she cannot find this one-

"Don't you know?" returned little Miss March excitedly. "Dont't you really know, Mr. Griswold?" "Know what, Miss March?" asked der.

the clubman. "Why, the history of that stone!" Don't you know Mrs. Missioner's husband bought it from a Maharanee, that see how many have been stolen."

She dropped to her knees before "Not a burglary, you think?" asked

Griswold shook his head. He was pursuing the search perfunctorily, oak of the wainscot, was ornamented with the ease of his position. He and Griswold poured the glittering His hands were pusy, but his eyes with only the widows creat. Since the difference into Mrs. Missisper's land roved over the house. Idry he noted held the others as her gloved fingers weaving wreaths. His hands were busy, but his eyes with only the widow's crest. Silence studied the widow covertly through "Are they all there?" asked the dience, the departure of hundreds by click announced that the bolts were I must reorganize my household," she twos and threes and larger groups, thrown did Sands speak. the thronging toward the lobby for the swarthy faces weaving through the she had slipped the recovered gems on crowd. Had his eyes been able to follow those faces, he would have seen "Yes," the widow replied, "but, lay, but the background of dusk rested gems, indifferent to the thousands follow those faces, he would have seen

> The hawk watched the Missioner box. So steadily did he direct his jewels, did not see the massive safe

breasts and gowns of women who has breast and gowns of women who has been considered as a first and the comparative gloom of the standard women who has breast and gowns of w

Little Miss March listened wide In all that electric sparkle, no gent eyed. Sands bent toward Griswold outshone the Missioner jewels, oi with a brief whisper. which the necklace Mrs. Missioner "These," returned Mrs. Missioner, "are among my very best diamonds.

ly freed, was decking her mature per. Sands, rising and emptying his cupped son with the glistening stage gems hand into the miniature mountain in interest.

A leaping nash in the Orienta's of Byzantine artificers. Little Miss of Byz

"I trust," the Eastener continued, "you will recover the Maharanee, tco." "I've looked thoroughly, sir," he diamond anywhere." The millionaire slipped a banknote

into the man's hand. "Try again," he said quietly. "There's a good deal more than this in it for you if you find it." Griswold, as he moved to let the usher pass, stepped backward with sharply down upon something that but the passion of augmenting it, slipped under his tread like a peach kernel. In the very moment when Mrs. Missioner, resuming her talk with the Oriental, said, with emphasis "I leave imitations to others," that blundering heel crushed into and through the velvet carpet, crushed, against the unyielding hardwood of the floor, what had been the most conspicuous diamond in all the richly jeweled collarette-crushed it unt only a tiny heap of pallid powder lay there save, where a great flake had slipped from the pressure and remain ed to betray what the little pile of

dust has been. "Jove!" exclaimed Sands. "The Maharanee!" gasped Dorothy.

The widow paled. The light in the Oriental's eye. flared to a flame. With a smile a inscrutable as his thoughts, he leaned across the low partition, picked up pinch of the powder and the telltale flake and laid them deferentially or Mrs. Missioner's outspread fan.

"Your maid is more cautious," hsaid, his smile softening slightly, "or it may be, your lewel has made a m s take. Mrs. Missioner did not faint. Sh

only clutched the soft hand of little Miss March so tightly that the débutante with difficulty suppressed a scream. This time there was silence in the Missioner box, for Griswold "What can be the matter?" asked even as he began to stammer an for more than a minute. "They look repressed tones from somewhere in a thousand women of a thousand es apology for his awkwardness, let the the orchestra seats. Marguerite, her ingers at her throat, paused almost they were standing between the seats cruel pallor of the widow's face. The lingers at her throat, paused almost they were standing between the seats cruel pallor of the windows that of the

Quick questions rained on the in a low, tense tone, "this is-this

"Not the Maharanee diamond," re plied the Oriental. "In a sense, madame, I congratulte you." She stopped him with a look "This this is " She

could say no more. "Paste!" thundered Sands. Missioner in a stifled voice. "Take me home. Bruxton."

CHAPTER II

The Man of Action. The conference that followed in the quiet of Mrs. Missioner's library threw no light on the mystery of the Maharance's disappearance. Mrs. Missioner was not of the fainting type, and when she entered her Fifth Avenue to the hook, she explained: "Ranscome home, followed by Dorothy, Sands, is the oldest expert in New York." room in which she kept her jewels. slowly, "we may as well call head-Half library, half boudoir, the big quarters." He reached for the teleapartment was a triumph of the decorator's art. It was lighted by slender vacuum tubes running along the walls. to sing as soulfully in her salon, who, with noonday brilliance or soften the gloom to the faintest twilight gleam, am so frightened." pense them beyond their most arro- A grateful glow from logs of giant

Mrs. Missioner herself switched on mrs. Missioner herself switched on the history of an alien race. the lights to their full radiance. She "Have you thought of anything betside to Dorothy, "she has recovered. Then, as the mond there?" inquired Griswold a seems such a natural thing to do." mazedly. She flung a glance over her shoul-

> "Perhaps all the other stones are paste," she answered. "I am going to plexity in the glance that swept the el knob right and left. The door, corner of the inglenook, was smoking

gems, indifferent to the thousands follow those faces, he would have seen of eyes as if in the seclusion of a them converse in the corridor behind boulder.

"Yes," the whole which the whole with the whole which the Orien.

"Yes," the whole replied, but he beautiful her.

"And there is no one you suspect?" the box—the box in which the Orien-tal with the face of a hawk. Maharanee diamond! If you could know how I prize it!"

Sands, absently counting the lesser

mind was working slowly, steadily Dorothy, her small face cameo clear in the intense light of the mencury, atched the shining gems as the milaire's strong fingers flicked them elicately from the silken bag to the table. Plainly she, too, was groping for a clew. Grisword alone, therefore, saw the widow's gloved hand tremble as, swiftly, she turned a smaller knob controlling the combination of the compartment in which she kept her jewels. His eyes still upon her, he lelt for a cigarette.

compartment as Mrs. Missioner brought forth tray after tray from the jewel vault. The steel box in the center of the safe was an Aladdin's cave in miniature. It held stones of every sort in settings of every fashion, rang-But they are nothing to the Maharaine, and that is gone."

A leaping flash in the Oriental's of Byzantine artificers. Little Miss

upplemented Griswold, dusting his man, save in her own ballroom, would content herself with duplicates."

"Are you sure?" asked Dorothy.
"Please be sure." begged the widow. "Please be sure." begged the widow. I must have them all."

"Duplicates!" There was unmistaked to a lifetime. Missioner, in the intervals of a massing millions, had detone.

"Bestener continued." the earth's corners. It had been his only hobby, and he pursued it with Mrs. Missioner had no time for more the enthusiasm of a man to whom an than another slow bending of her extra numeral or two on a check head when the usher who had gone meant little. Globe girdling trips to to the orchestra hurried into the box. which the financial and industrial "I've looked theroughly, sir," he press attached mysterious importance said to Sands, " and I can't find the had meant nothing more than jewel hunts to Missoiner. He bagged railroads from habit, he stalked diamonds for pleasure. And, despite her fondness for social conquests the multimillionaire considered trivial, so sympathetic had been the bond between Missioner and his wife that at his death not only the great collection,

"You have an inventory, of course?" asked Sands. Even his sturdy individuality paid passing tribute to the magnificence of the collection. He left the stones of the necklace on the table and strolled over to stare at the rubies and emeralds, the sapphires and tourmalines and amethysts, above all at the unrivaled group of diamonds graded from a flerfly's sparkle to the gloryburst of radium. Little Miss March true daughter of Eve, sank on the broad rug beside the shining trays and gazed at them in an ecstasy of adoration.

Mrs. Missioner drew from a shelf in the jewel box a catalogue of her treasures. Item by item she read from it, the others checking tray by tray until the last stone was account ed for the last save the wonderful Maharanee diamond.

"The big stone gone," mused Sands. "Then, Doris," and there was conviction in his tones, as he gathered up the jewels scattered on the table, "these others are false, too." "Oh, do you think so?" asked Doro-

thy, her fingers interlacing in repressed hysteria. "Sure of it," said Sands, holding one of the suspected gems to the light. "I'm not an expert, but I haven't the

slightest doubt." "Let me see them," Griswold interposed. He scrutinzed three of four genuine to me." He offered them to Miss March, whose fingers did not

unlock to take them. "We can be certain very quickly," said Mrs. Missioner. She was study-"Then," said Mrc. Missioner at last, ing Griswold's whitening fingers was a psculiarity of the man that he turned pale only in his hands. "I will

send for a jeweler." "My dear! At this hour?" in Dorothy's child treble. Mrs. Missioner smiled in a way that said there were jewelers of no importance in commercial circles who "I have been, robbed," said Mrs. would be glad to answer a summons from her at any hour—that it was not in vain she was known to dealers as one of the most liberal collectors in the world. She turned to a rosewood desk and took up a telephone.

"Gramercy, 9-7-4-6," she called. "The Effingham?-Mr. Ranscome, please, -This is Mrs. Missioner, Mr. Ranscome. Yes. I am at home.-Can you come up for a few minuets?-Thank you," and as she returned the receiver "While we are shout it" said Sanda phone, but his hand was stayed by

Dorothy's fluttering fingers. "Oh, Mr. Bruxton," she said. which could flood the farthest corner "please don't call the police," and as with noonday brilliance or soften the his eyebrows went up, she added, "I'

"I wouldn't be hasty, Sands," said Georgia oak ruddied the Colonial fire- Griswold. "The newspapers follow the sleuths, you know.

clack slipping from her white shoul- widow's silence made itself felt, he ders, and paused in front of the safe. turned to her. "Your pardon, Doris. "You don't expect to find your dia Perhaps your own wishes are but it "I'm not thinking of the newspapers," replied Mrs. Missioner, "but maybe we'd better wait for Mr. Ranscome. You see," and there was per-

they brought it all the way from the steel door of the bank-like vault Griswold quickly. He had lighted his India? Don't you know it's the finest built in the wall, and turned the nick- cigarette, and, leaning back in a cozy painted to harmoize with the Flemish with little abrupt puffs that contrasted

the thronging toward the lobby for the usual visits between the acts. It was are here?" he asked, picking up Mrs. Sands, noticing her weariness, switchwith faint interest that he saw several Missioner's lorgnon bag, into which ed off the lights. The rainbow sparkle

"There is no one in the house I can

"You are to be congratulated," Grisgaze at Mrs. Missioner that she was door swing open. His desciplined wold commented, with a smile dis-

creetly divided between sincerity a satire. "And, of course, having suca an impeccable household—"
"If I were you, Doris," Sands broke in impatiently, "I'd send for the police at once." His slow logic had carried him to the fact that even now the thief might be on the road to escape. Little Miss March glanced at him admiringly. Swift or slow of wit, the

man of action appeals.
"I think Mr. Sands in right, Mrs."
she said softly. "In Missioner," she said softly. "In frightened me at first, but Bruxer knows."

man of action appeals.

"Advise me," said the widow, her satin slipper tap-tap-tapping the fea-der of burnished brass. "I am not jesting when I say I am in the lies of my friends. All this is more than puzzling."

"Puzzling!" echoed Dorothy. "It's a mystery—and it's all very dreastul, too." Sands looked at her, smiling too." Sands looked at her, smalls.
There was eloquence in those, rare smiles of his, much more than in his speech. Not without cause did Wall Street know him as "Silent" Sands. "Why not a private detective?" Grisweld suggested. "It is the best

way to recover stolen property."
"Not always," Sands objected.
"Almost always," Griswold purs "The police usually are useless in a case like this." Turning to Mrs Missioner, he continued, "I can re commend an excellent agency."
"Mr. Ranscome, madam."

A footman of conventical pattern destal and looked at Mrs. Missioner from a carven face.

"Let him come up, Blodgett," she responded. The carven features blurred into the background. A round little man with the face of a dreamer and the eyes of a student entered almost on his toes. Mrs. Missioner greeted him pleasantly; and as she pressed the button that filled the room with light again, she presented him to her friends "Mr Rangeome" she added. "is an expert of experts.

Briefly the widow recounted the accident in the opera box, the discover of the supposed Maharanee d'amond's worthlessness, and her suspicion as to the other stones of her necklace During her recital, Ranscome's g'anc caressed the gems in the scattere tray, and it was by a visible effort that he wrested his eyes from then to look at the stones on the table. "Are they real?" asked the widow.

The little man seemed not to hear her.
"Did you say, madam, the Mahara-

"Yes," she answered, and waves of pain rippled across her face. "Oh, Mr. Ranscome, think of it-think of she clasped her hands so tensely the rings upon them bit her flesh "Think of it, Mr. Ranscome!"

"The Maharanee!" he murmured-

say, rather, groaned in an undertone, 'A glorious jewel, a wonderful jewel, a queen's jewel! Gone, did you say? Absolutely gone-not a trace of it?" With the flat of his hand, he spread the smaller stones on the table, stroking their gloss with sensitive fingers.

He held three or four to the light, then, with a disdainful gesture, smear ed the glistening pile broadcast across the board. "None," replied the widow. "And those?"

"These, Mrs. Missioner," said the expert, as if waking from a dream, "are the most beautiful imitations have ever seen.' Sands reached for the telephone

CHAPTER III

A Searching Examination. When the millionaire stopped talking over the telephone, he turned to ingly, "who to-huh!-yes, who to the widow with an air of finality. "I have taken it on myself," he told her, "to inform the Detective Bureau, whispering tread. Both detectives be by grateful for the information. There by grateful for the information. There by grateful for the information. There by grateful for the information with the door. her, "to inform the Detective Bureau, wanspering detection of the door. Eyes was nothing uncertain about her next was nothing uncertain about her next words. "If you think, Mr. Donnelly." in half an hour." Mrs. Missioner looked at him ad-

Ranscome, ignoring the counterfeits stood in absorbed study of the jewel trays' kaleidoscopic contents. That

peculiar pallor returned to Griswold's straightened ceaselessly, he drummed until the equator of his waist line at interested for philosophical observahis fist. "The robbery is the more incompr hensible," said Mrs. Missioner thought. fully, "because of the extraordinary precautions I have taken against burglars. I cannot understand how the

thief got to the necklace." "Your safe seems strong enough, Ranscome ventured. Stepping around the trays, he passed his hand over the outer door and looked at the twentyfour steel bolts curiously.

"It should be strong," returned Mrs Missioner. "It was built on the lines of the great safe in the Gramercy National. It differs only in size and in the absence of a time lock."

Ranscome, staring at the safe, shook his head. Sands walked over to him and, thrusting both hands in his pockets, stood gazing at the bolts. Gris wold, smoking quietly in the inglenook, mustered a show of interest in the safe from time to time, but always his glance returned to the glittering trays.

"I wish you'd put those away, Doris," said Griswold suddenly. "With all this mystery in the air, I don't ike to see them lying around." Mrs. Missioner lauged.

"Surely they're safe among us," she answered, graciously including Ranscome with an extra smile. She drew iff her, glones decisively and, rising as If from folds of conjecture, rang for Blodgett. "I think—" she said, then stopped with her hand on Dorothy's

Inquiry reached toward her from four pairs of eyes. "I think," she went on, Miss March wants some tea, and-I think we all

need something to drink." having been bidden to show the police on Mrs, Missioner abruptly. men in, heard heavy breathing outside

the door, where Donnelly and Carson, of the Central Office, were gripped in a panicky pause. Next me large man with a small head, and another so aggressively average as to be a nondescript, came in. Donnelly, the big man turned out his toes as he walked. A charm the size and shape of a double eagle, bearing a Bacchanie whose pose would have been inde-corous if it had not been impossible swung from his equatorial waist line. One could tell at a glance he used per fums. One could tell nothing in many glances about Carson. There was nothing to tell.

"We've come up here, Mrs. Mission er." said Donnelly, addressing Mine March, "to find your calmonds." "Oh, thank you!" murmured the widew, sweeping toward nim. "I am Mrs. Missioner. Won't you be seat

"Why-huh!-no, Miss Missiones Mrs. Missioner—no, thanks!" an swered the sleuth, with all the airy ease of a highly embarrassed man We'll just —huh!—walk around! Httle, thanks—just walk around! Carson, neutral echo of his colleague's words, did. walk around. Donnell as if, having announced the action, he had done his share, stood still.

Dorothy and Griswold exchanged glances. Sands stared stolidly at the

sleuths. Mrs. Missioner, with a per missive inclination of her head, began chatting with Ranscome. Even as he spoke with her, the veteran expert could not drag his eyes from the

"Now, then, Mis' Missioner," said Donnelly briskly. "Who-huh!-de you suspect?" There seemed to ba a sort of astigmatism in his breathing. Carson faced the group with an expression that said bluntly he suspected everybody. "I don't suspect anybody," Mrs.

Missioner replied, resuming her talk with Ranscome. "You notice that-huh!-Carson?" said Donnelly, wheeling on his mate, "Nobody suspected - huh!"

breathed in dialect. Carson instantly complaisant, banished suspicion from his look. Now, you know, there's always somebody, ma'am-huh!-Mis' Mis sioner," Donnelly persisted. "Some body suspected in every case. Think a moment. Have to suspect before you convict, you know. Never heard -hun!-of a case without suspects-

The "eh" was meant to be a jave in hurled straight at the widow's inner inside job. Who did you say had the consciousness. It fell short. "There is no one to be suspected-

no one I can suspect," she said. Carson, the reticent, unbosomed himself. "Somebody," he said assertively,

"did it." "Oh, well-huh!-ma'am," chugged just look around a little."

And Carson looked. Feet at right angles, Bacchan's dancing desperately as the fob rose swung his gaze back to the jewer and fell, the large man from the Cen trays. Dorothy listened with widetral Office moved toward the safe.

Mrs. Missioner shuddered at thought

of the peril to her jewels from his said Mrs. Missioner quietly, adding plate armor soles. Her imploring eye with warmth, "She is a young woman sweep brought ready response from of high character." Sands and Griswold, and in a second s "Oh, she is, is she. I ask, ma'am, fraction they were piling the trays on chairs and tables. Ranscome, help do you know that?" on chairs and tables. Ranscome, men "I say, I have and the ing, handled the morocco cases with years," said Mrs. Missioner.

Donnelly stopped short at sight of passed on to the safe. With a master supercilious interrogation point.

ful grasp, he swung the great door to was?" replied the widow. and fro. "We'll soon know," he said reassur nelly, of the Central Office.

suspect. Carson!" front from top to bottom, from side nected with the disappearance of my miringly. But her eyes turned to side. Then they shifted their eyes jewels in any way, you are on the Griswold with a light it would have to the thick edge of the door, and wrong course. She is above sustaken a women to read, a weman their scrutiny bored its way past boll picton. more experienced than little Dorothy after bolt until it switched to the inner panel. That done, they examined the Street who might have told her nofitted as thoroughly. During most of body was above suspicion in the eyes this procedure, the Bacchante stood of the ordinary Central Office man. en her hands and flourished her heels But Mrs. Missioner had not yet met hands. With fingers that bent and in the air, as Donnelly doubled himself him, and when she did, both were too

most touched the poles. Bacchante's heels came down and her hands fluttered aloft. The catch is voice, characteristic of him when in the presence of the wich with the servants.

"Certainly the reply the life make whispered consultation with his mate. Then he asked if he might question the servants." The big man straightened abruptly, in the presence of the rich, was brush sary," assented the widow. "But I sary," assented the widow. ed out of his throat by a burst of professional zeal. He recognized a situa tion that enabled him to play inquisitor in a home of wealth.

from?" he asked. "When did you miss them?" Again the widow recited the incident in here?" of the opera box.

"Who was in the party?" Mrs. Missioner told him. She did not mention the Oriental in the next ly. The first to enter was the house ox. It did not occur to her. derously.

half inquired. "They are valuable," said widow. What do you value them at?"

"Half a million dolors."

Missioner. "Did anybody else have the combis had not placed under her immediate nation of the safe?" care.

"One," responded Mrs. Missioner She answered defensively, like a wit ness under hostile cross-examination, volunteeering nothing. Donnelly seemed not to hear her. He was ext amining the safe again. He passed It was when Blodgett, tray-laden, his hand over the door and its frame was tinkling his way to the library again, turned the handle that shot the that the detectives arrived. The bolts, noted their strength and smooth, hostess and her guests, the footman less, turned the handle that shot the bolts, noted their strength and smooth, her guests, the footman less, turned the handle that shot the ness, turned them back, and wheeled

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

Hundreds of People Have Found "Fruit-a-tives" Their Only Help

READ THIS LETTER

erintendent of Sunday School in Toronto Tella How He Cured Himself of Chronic Rheumatism After Suffering for Years.

SS DOVERCOURT ROAD, Oct., 1st. 1913.

"For a long time, I have thought of writing you regarding what I term a most remarkable cure effected by your remedy "Fruit-a-tives". I suffered from Rheumatism, especially in my hands. Rheumatism, especially in my hands. I have spent a lot of money without any good results. I have taken "Fruita-tives' for 18 months now, and ampleased to tell you that I am cured. hands and perhaps never will, but the soreness is all gone and I can do any kind of work. I have gained 35 pounds in 18 months".

R. A. WAUGH

Rheumatism is no longer the dreaded disease it once was. Rheumatism is no longer one of the "incurable diseases". "Fruit-a-tives" has proved its marvellous powers over Rheu-matism, Sciatica, Lumbago—in fact, over all such diseases which arise from some derangement of stomach, bowels.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa

said sagely. "It's an inside job." Mrs. Missioner's eyebrows went up. "Yes'm,' the detective went on, "ancombination?"

Mrs. Missioner hadn't said, but she answered naturlly: "My secretary-Miss Holcomb." "Oh!" said Donnelly. Carson's lips

rounded in mute repetition. Sands, impatient of the detective's awkward questioning, shook himself Donnelly, "we'll just look around- lion-like, and went to a window. Griswold swung his foot idly, and smoked In shorter measure. Ranscome looked nervously at the inquisitor, then swung his gaze back to the jewel

"Oh, she is, is she?" returned the "I say, I have known her many

"Oh, you have? And are you sure the gems in the trays. An interroga you know her thoroughly?" Donnel y tive snort vibrated somewhere inside him, but found no oral expression. He the utmost. Carson's face became a

"Mr.-what did you say your name o'am_Decte

"Thank you." The axact shade of dragged their combined gaze along its she said, "Miss Holcomb can be con-

There was a man in Mulberry

Donnelly did not reply. He held "Certainly, if you think it neces

should warn you that I cannot bring myself to suspect any of them." "Everybody seems to be above suspicion," snapped Donnelly. "It's al-"Where were the jewels stolen ways the way, until we begin to get on the trail, and then everybody be-"I don't know," said Mrs. Missioner, comes suspicious. I think I'll question the servants, ma'am. Shall I have 'em

Mrs. Missioner bowed and sens Blodgett to summon his comrades. "One at a time, please," said Donnelkeeper, a staid woman in a black Donnelly stroked a heavy jaw pon gown with white ruching about her withered neck. She knew nothing of "I understand your diamonds are the jewels save that madam always worth a pot of money, ma'am," he locked them in the safe herself, unless Miss Holcomb was there to do it the for her. Yes, Miss holcomb put them. away pretty often. Took them out pretty often, too, when madam wished to wear them. No, none of the maids An appreciative "Huh!" broke had access to the safe. It was out of from Donnelly. Carson echoed it in the question to think any of them would meddle with madam's jewels. "Isn't there anybody ou can think Yes, some of the maids had followers. of," pursued the big detective, "who but always respectable young men, who could have taken them?"

worked for a living. No, she herself. "Nobody who would," answered Mrs. would not venture to disturb any of madam's possessions which madam

To be Continued

Miller's Worm Powders are prompt relief from the attacks of worms in children. They are powerful in their action and, while leaving nothing to be desired as an expellant, have an invigorating effect upon the youthful system, remedying fever, biliousness, loss of appetite, sleepless-ness, and other ailments that follow here." be disorders caused by worms in the