BRITZ

: OF HEADQUARTERS:

BY MARCIN BARBER

said pleasantly, "because I saw you meross the orchestra, and I need a short course in social knowledge."

"Fancy!" said Dorothy. She was so utterly at sea as to the detective's pur-pose she could think of nothing else to say save, "I fear you have sought

a poor teacher."
"Well, I don't know, now," Brits returned, looking at her with respectful admiration. "You see, you're a society girl, and I know nothing of so-, and there's something I want to know-something I ought to know." "If there's anything I can tell you, Mr. Britz, I'll be glad to do so," Doro-thy volunteered. "Especially if it will selp you to find Mrs. Missioner's dia-

"I'm not sure it will," said Britz. "It may, however, save me from seeking them in the wrong place. You ed to enjoy the play, Miss

This shift of subjects was so abrupt that if Dorothy's breath had not al-ready been coming in catches, she might have gasped. It was evident detectives were more original than so-clety men. She wondered absently if the type was worth studying.

"Why, yes," her hesitating answer "I believe it's considered one of the best hits of the season. Very slevating ,you know, and—well, dif-

"Modern, Miss March?" "It has two periods. The first deals with the life of to-day, the second harks back to the early Victorian period, with, I understand, an abrupt return to the present."

She was chatting quite easily with the detective now. Had she been reared in Mulberry Street instead of on Murray Hill, she could not have felt more natural.

"Now, this society subject—by the way, Miss March," Britz switched again, "is there as much difference between social life then and now?" "Oh, a great deal, I should say." Her eyes twinkled. "Of course I cannot speak with authority-from personal observation.

"I wouldn't ask you to tell me anything about Ward McAllister from personal observation, Miss March," said the sleuth. His gallantry on occasion was the wonder of the Central

Dorothy looked alarmed. Could it be great detectives wasted time on compliments, too? But a side glance at the detective's serious expression reassured her. It was manifest even to a debutante he had no idea of making an impression along that line She laughed frankly and looked at him again in the friendliest way. "I know you don't want to ask me

about anything so recent as the Spanish War," she said, "now, do you?" "Candidly, I don't," he rejoined. "To tell you the plain truth, I don't know exactly what I wish to ask nor how to ask it, but I have an idea you can help me, and I'm sure you will for Mrs. Missioner's sake."

"And Miss Holcomb's?" asked the a dear friend of mine' "And Miss Holcomb's," answered

the Headquarters man warmly. "Let me say, too, my dear young lady, as one old enough to be your-your--well, I don't really see how, I can be a sister to anybody else." She felt impelled to treat this strangely natural man naturally-she, who despite her inexperience, could freeze presumption with a glance, felt that way. was a tribute to his adaptability. Britz laughed. "Miss March," he said with more

heartiness in his tone than had colored it in many a day, "if I were not so busy, it would be a delight to be an elder brother to you. But I guess you're not interested in my impulses, and we were talking of the play." "Oh, yes, 'the play's the thing,'" Dorothy countered with keen relish of

the situation. If subtlety was his intention, she would show him what a woman-Dorothy was all of nineteen -a woman could do. "I never would have supposed," she added, allowing herself full measure of mischief, "that a famous detective could be a

Britz winced. His ready good nature parried her shafts, however, and it was with the same slow smile that he replied:

"Does the author reconcile the manners of the two periods, or, is the piece one of those problem plays that leave everything to the audience? You see, Miss March," he went on, "Mulberry Street gets to Broadway "I don't know, Mr. Britz." She

tried to recall the advance notice of the production. "This is the first time I've seen it. I dare say the playwright has bridged the gap some "It's a wide gap to bridge," ob-

served the detective thoughtfully. "From reading nineteenth century novels, I should say it would be hard for the writer to hold interest with such a groundwork for his plot. Things were so different fifty years

"Exactly what my grandfather Dorothy retorted, fun flashing in that mignon face. "But we'll know

ferent," mused Britz. "Instead of from taxicabs, private automobiles, could flash. golf, tennis, autoing, yachting, they and trolley cars as he crossed Broad-"Hush!" had archery, croquet, sketching, and way and bent his steps toward Fifth the others watched Britz quietly as square dances I don't suppose any-

soon must end. Lobby firtations were not approved by Forrest audiences.

ingly.
"Well, Miss March," and his s. ile from a younger man would have cal-led caressing. "we've started with discussion of the play, and we touched on authorship, the founder of the Pour Hundred, the War v th Spa n now, I'd be willing to bet a box c bonbons you don't know half a dozen men who can draw anything except

"Oh, yes, I do!" she cried gayly. think you win.

"You don't know as many as six? Britz inquired, as if the fat of em pires hung on his winning the wage: that as yet was only a hypothesis. naïvely. "But I don't. There are two

or three, though-Teddy Lorimer and Mr. Griswold, and that queer little Frenchman, Anatole — Anatole — oh, you know whom I mean?" "Anatole Daubigny?"

"Yes-he craws the funniest, dear est little dogs." "And his monkeys, Miss March Don't forget his monkeys."

"Aren't they simply—simply ravishing?" the girl returned. "And ha e you seen his newest satire on the Newport set—a lot of apes and ba commerce, could bask in the sunshin) "Oh, Mr. Britz," she laughed, holding dress sitting at the table with several men and women? union." he calls it.'

She smiled. It was not

"Isn't it strange!" she said. Then the training of years recalled her to a sense of what she was doing. fear we've been very unconventional. Mr. Britz," she said as primly as her prettiness permitted. "But I've enloved our little chat very much." Which means I must be going,' said Britz promptly, "if I'm not to spoil your enjoyment of the mid-

finished speaking its little piece." "Yes, there goes the curtain." agreed Dorothy, rising hastily. glad to have met you, Mr. Britz. I hope I've been of some assistance

very good afternoon." And he was and gold band, and in a moment he the only reply. He crossed the floor to another phase of the case. A he knew was that he was a captive; ed one ear free. Fortunately stepping quickly toward the door and the cabby were chatting amiably, and made a microscopic examination was something you wished to ask me far into discussion of the current poli- of furniture to look behind them, find the diamonds?

a hurry to get back to your seat. For Bruxton Sands. rest audiences don't like to be dis-

and she flitted down the aisle. He had cause to thank her, he be-

extended for him a thread in the mysof his pencil to have his skill pretty of gossip," said Mrs. Missioner over tances. Lorimer and Daubigny, the and Griswold into her library. other society artists she had mennance and club affairs can wait a little tioned, were not, he knew, in Mrs. while, and—oh!" Missioner's circle.

It was fortunate for Lieutenant off her furs, and stood gazing at the Britz, as well as for Elinor Holcomb middle of the room. There, absorbed and Dr. Fitch, and everybody whose hopes hinged on the detective's success in solving the great Missioner diamond mystery, that long custom made him thread the traffic of the soon how the author has succeeded," city's throbbing artery automatically, she added. "The orchestra is nearing for so deeply did the sleuth ponder hind her to silence her companions. the end of this selection." "Even their amusements were dif- tion that he had several close escapes almost as mischievous as Dorothy Avenue. The case had cleared a little, his pencil moved slowly, awkwardly body in society sketches nowadays, but his course was not much plainer over the paper. From his frequent

"There are a few talented men—"
"And many women—"
"Oh, almost all women are more or less artistic," said Dorothy with conviction. "But one must not be unjus to the men on that account."

"I'll wenture to say—well, of course, you're in society, Miss March, and I'm not," Britz apologised, "but still I feel pretty certain you can't think of—"

"Of course, if you don't think i can think, Mr. Britz," said Dorothy withmost indignation that accented her prettiness as a shadowy backgroun emphasizes a jewel, "why, you can't expect—but I told you you'd find me a poor teacher."

Britz aprotested, hitching his chair around to gaze at her more directly. Over his shoulder he saw cur-ols eyes, and he realized their tête-a-tête seon must end. Lobby firstations were seen must end to to call Miss March as a wither, with the secus active. "She the must do to call Miss March as a proved he was not accustomed to such within the carriage-crowded avenue, with in the carriage-crowded avenue, with the carriage-crowded avenue, with the carriage-crowded avenue, with the carriage-crowded avenue, with the carriage-crowded avenue, within the carr No; Britz, always honest with him-self, could not say he suspected Gris-wold. His method was the opposite

"You wish to see me?" she inquired.

There is something more you wish
to know?"

She was not in the most for discussions. of Donnelly's and Carson's. Instead of suspecting everybody, as they invariantly unum cases at all myster ous he would not attach suspicion to ous, he would not attach suspicion to anyone without satisfactory proof.
That was the secret of his success. In the dusk of a winter day, however He was more than a detective; he was a prosecutor, judge, jury, and counsel her meditative. Even as she spoke to to the defense. It accounted for the

"Griswold, Sands, Ali, Blodgett-

hastened along with no particular beautiful widow, he ignored both place as an objective—merely walking Britz and Sands, and he threw into Then, meditatively, "Half a dozen, always brightened Britz to pass the you say? Do you know, Mr. Br.t., panorama of fashion in Fifth Avenue. panorama of fashion in Fifth Avenue. Britz eyed Sands sharply before re-It was with an almost fatherly fee-ing he ganced at the rich, the deb n-air, the gay sauntering along the sid-ing the big millionaire. As a matter walks or rolling in automobiles and of fact, he was watching Griswold. carriages up and down the asphal. His gaze, even as it appeared focused The safety of their wealth, sometimes most strongly on Sanda, in reality was of their very lives, depended on the concentrated on the clubman who vigilance, courage, and efficiency of shared the serpentine chair with the himself ,and of the few men like him wealthy widow. on the police force of New York. So far as the rank and file of the De Britz at length. "A sketch of the safe, partment were concerned, those care too. One of my men was to have free sons and daughters of opportunities made draughts for me, but I had to ity might be at the mercy of the abiest send him out of town at short notice birds of prey in the human flock. it on another end of the case. So," and was because Britz and his compeets he smiled slowly at his poor work worked and watched and waited o manship, "I'm doing the best I can' patiently, so devotedly, so ceaseless'y, that fashion and finance, coquetry and asked Mrs. Missioner pleasantly.

caught his attention. For a moment fessional pride on that point?" union," he calls it."

"Delightful!" said Britz with encent the studied it as he slackened his pace, thusiasm equaling hers. "I perceit of the stopped short, retraced his tective.

Then he stopped short, retraced his pace, tective.

The liked a woman with a pace, tective. avenue, and, through the windows I thing about Mrs. Missioner that apmatinée girl who could interest a man Sherry's fashionable restaurant in was merely a substitute." front of which the costly automobile table, chanced to part the curtains the paper in his fingers. with his elbow, and in the momentary Victorian scene. The orchestra has gap between the folds of film Bri z spective, detective?" he asked con-"So of Curtis Griswold.

ingly, but the detective fished out of scornfully. "Good-afternoon, Miss March, a his pocket a fat cigar with a scarlet. A crisp little laugh from Britz was crowded on more steam or switched seconds, he could not ascertain. All side, then to the other, until he crowded on more steam or switched seconds, he could not ascertain. All side, then to the other, until he

"Home," said Mrs. Missioner to her in sight. rest audiences upit line to be distributed, you whow. Good afternoon, chauffeur. Britz could not hear the Miss March, and—thank you so word, but he read it from her lips. He saw the widow step into her Britz had drawn the rude diagram, a precise drawing of the Missioner Britz had drawn the rude diagram, a precise drawing of the Missioner diagram, a precise drawing dra

"Double your fare for speed." tery that had occupied much of his knowing his craft, threaded his way ped close beside him that they He was not even prepared to suspect thoughts from the moment when he through the traffic so quickly that in looked up. received Logan's cable saying the a short time he was several blocks paste jewels were made from sketches, ahead of the limousine. All the way wold," remarked the sleuth, his eyes case then stood, to the impossibility For days he had sought to learn who up the avenue the race continued, on the paper under the clubman's that a man who sought to marry Mrs. among Mrs. Missioner's intimates was Britz well in the lead. At the Fifty, pencil. artist enough to make such delicate ninth Street entrance, the automobile draughts of the diamonds as would be swung into the park, but the cabman For the first time, he seemed to be-

"You at least can stop for a minute least—an excellent amateur. generally known among his acquain her shoulder as she preceded Sands

She stopped in the act of throwing in his task, at ease in a big chair before the crackling grate, sat Detective-Lieutenant Britz. Pad in one hand, pencil in the other, he was sketching busily.

Mrs. Missioner extended a hand be

"Hush!" she whispered. She and but his course was not much plainer over the paper. From his frequent than it was when he dropped glances at the end of the room that the theatre in quest of turner, held the big safe, it was evident he

and a dozen other subjects. Funny how chatter zigzags, isn't it? I was about to say that from all I understand the society men of today are not as accomplished, even if they are refreched, as the beaux of good followed.

The defense is accounted for the defense and sank urealing the defense are rest, and that when he caused man or women to be placed in the prison wold, from Griswold to Sands, with the vague look of a woman trying to the defense. It accounted for the defense are rest, and that when he caused man or women to be placed in the prison wold, from Griswold to Sands, with the vague look of a woman trying to the defense. It accounted for the defense are rest, and that when he caused man or women to be placed in the prison wold, from Griswold to Sands, with the vague look of a woman trying to decide a momentous question. Griswold, ever ready to seize the small-The names presented themselves to set advantage promptly occupied the the sleuth's mind in that order as he other end of the chair. Facing the the glances he showered upon the

"I want a plan of the room," said "May I see what you have drawn?"

of metropolitan prosperity.

A dark-blue limousine standing at the paper at arm's length, "I'm afraid you'll never make an artist. I hope," 'A Family rie the corner of Forty-fourth Stre t she added hastly, "you have no pro-

> Sands, towering above the widow on stood. Dimly, through the filmy la e the hearthrug, shot a single, indifference, curtains, he saw the figures of thes) ferent look at the drawing. Grislingering over afternoon tea, with a wold's interest in it was echoed by
>
> sioner mansion, and hurried along a bough of a great oak tree to get a few early diners. He could not dishim in so far that he took the diapath in the dark. Once in the shell better light. As he was about to tinguish their faces, but something in gram from her and examined it for a the bearing of a woman at the first few seconds. Then, with a short, window held his glance. Then a harsh laugh, he half turned to Britz, waiter, moving silently about the alternately bending and straightening

"Ever hear of such a thing as persaw clearly the blonde beauty of Mrs. descendingsly. Britz overlooked the Missioner, and the clear-cut features of Curtis Griswold.

Missioner, and the clear-cut features of Curtis Griswold.

Description of Curtis Griswold.

There was inquiry in allowed himself plenty of sleep, but bound, gagged, helpless, with three life to the night. He allowed himself plenty of sleep, but bound, gagged, helpless, with three life to the night allowed himself plenty of sleep, but bound, gagged, helpless, with three life to the night allowed himself plenty of sleep, but bound, gagged, helpless, with three life to the night allowed himself plenty of sleep, but bound, gagged, helpless, with three life to the night allowed himself plenty of sleep, but bound, gagged, helpless, with three life to the night allowed himself plenty of sleep, but bound, gagged, helpless, with three life to the night allowed himself plenty of sleep, but bound, gagged, helpless, with three life to the night allowed himself plenty of sleep, but bound, gagged, helpless, with three life to the night allowed himself bound. Britz settled himself to wait. The his eyes as he waited for Griswold's he wasted little time on recreation. men sitting on him, bowling rapidly tions. The trouble was he could be was using next words. "You'd starve to death work was his relaxation. He had an in a cab along the park drive in a hear very well. The scarf that about dear Mrs. Missioner's jewels, as a redoubt, looked at him inquir. In a studio," the clubman continued

The Headquarters man had not long of the safe. Then he circled the room, Britz as a change of air. "But, Mr. Britz," she cried, "there to wait. Before the cabman had gone tapping the walls again, moving pieces -something that was to help you tical crisis, the door of the restaurant turning up corners of the rug, and gas- however, he had spent his afternoon perhaps worse than useless—expenacross the street was swung open by ing reflectively at the ceiling. Ali, profitably. From little Miss March diture of his strength. ne old enough to be your—your—"
"Some other time, Miss March, a boy in many buttons, and Mrs. Mis.
"Don't say my brother, Mr. Britz," thank you," said Britz, smiling. "I sioner appeared on the threshold lessly at the door started allowed he had learned that Griswold was a sioner appeared on the threshold, lessly at the door, started slightly at draughtsman, and from Griswold him interposed Dorothy mischievously. "I won't detain you now. Perhaps we'll She was followed closely by Griswold sight of the detective, and vanished self he had tangible proof of that fact meet at another mattinee soon, with a and, after a moment's pause to glad- longer intermission between the acts. den the heart of the much-buttoned see the Hindoo, but, in his move-Delighted to have made your acquain youth, by a man the watching detec ments about the room, he paused at the paper out of his pocket and tance, Miss March. I know you're in tive was somewhat surprised to see— the threshold, and glanced quickly paused in the light zone of a road-

limousine, saw Sands and Griswold was sketching idly as he talked in diamonds—even of the great Maharafollow, saw the chauffeur throw his an undertone to the widow. His nee. On that count, Griswold was "Yes, thank you so much, Miss clutch, saw the big car glide swiftly words held her attention. She took convicted by his own hand. March!" murmured Britz as he left south to wheel for a northward trip no note of the detective's wandering, the theatre and merged himself with along the avenue. Before the auto the heavy silence of Sands, the sounding stride, did not delude himself with at times, the weight of the three men him his life was not in peril, he mobile reached a turning point, the less appearance and disappearance of the idea he had a clear case against detective sprang into the cab, whis the Hindoo. Ripples of laughter rette clubman. All he had was evilieved. For, in her girlish talk, she pered an address to the driver, and vealed that she, at least, was amused had given him the first Missioner added in a low tone:

| Thindoo | Ripples of Raughter reduced that she, at least, was amused dence that Griswold could have made the sketches by means of which the loor, but on a pile the sketches by means of which the loor, but on a pile the sketches by means of which the loor, but on a pile the sketches by means of which the loor, but on a pile the sketches by means of which the loor, but on a pile the sketches by means of which the loor, but on a pile the sketches by means of which the loor, but on a pile the sketches by means of which the loor, but on a pile the sketches by means of which the loor. by what Griswold was saying. It was the sketches by means of which the when Britz, having finished his de Missioner jewels were duplicated The cabman lashed his horse, and, tailed examination of the room, stop without the necklace itself as a model.

"I see you are an artist, Mr. Gris- weight to the lack of a motive as the

urged his horse straight up Fifth come aware of the shape his idle gain practical control of all her milufacture of imitations. With that ob Avenue, and so great was the gain tracing on the pad had taken. In the lions. Moreover, it was by no means ject, he had ascertained Dorothy's in made by the short cut that a few course of his brief chat with Mrs. certain that Griswold had found optention to go to the matinee in the blocks further north he dropped his Missioner, he had sketched clearly, portunity to substitute the paste Forrest and had gone to the theatre fare in front of a mansion of impos- accurately, artistically, not only the necklace for the original. He was to meet her under conditions not like ing ugliness, touched his hat in ac room, but the great safe at its farther satisfied with his mental picture of to meet ner under conditions not like ing ugliness, touched his hat in action, but the great sale at its farther satisfied with his mental picture of the moment when Griswold fastened an arrest by a park policeman for first mistake of the trip. The late tioning of her as he meant to do.. His was bowling eastward, halfway to those few minutes than Britz could the necklace about the widow's neck. was bowling eastward, halfway to those tew minutes than Britz could the necklate about the whows neck; girl had brought forth the fact that car reappeared from the Park's Sev. drawing, almost automatic, showed clubman, with Sands and Miss Holling the could sketch—thet car reappeared from the Park's Sev. drawing, almost automatic, showed the subconscious skill of the subconscious the subconscious skill of-to say the comb in the room, could achieve the

"Why, that's so," he said, holding up the drawing indifferently. His wold's skill with a pencil sufficed for prowess with the pencil was an old the sketches, and it was a clew Britz to a new speed standard. What a story to the widow and his rival. recognized as important. It was part dozen years before would have Griswold tossed the pad and pencil of his policy to neglect nothing that caught the instant attention of a on the table, and resumed his talk so much as had room for the germ of with Mrs. Missioner, turning the cold- revelation. All the time his upper est of cold shoulders toward the mind was weighing and sifting sleuth. But Britz was not to be shouldered

aside so easily. He addressed himattention with his first query: "Has Miss Holcomb ever told you

he asked Mrs. Missioner's eyebrows arched. "Nothing important enough to remember, Mr. Britz," she said, staring incredulously. The detective had al-

You know nothing of her engage-t to a Harvard undergraduate.

a betrothal."
Lieutenant Britz, still standing be-Lieutenant Britz, still standing before the hearth, moved to let Mrs.
Missioner pass. The widow pushed
aside the heavy hangings of a window and peered into the twilight
backed by the trees in the park.
Britz, having moved, took another
step. Those gray eyes of his shifted
as randily they may are the three so rapidly they were upon the three others almost simultaneously. So gradually, so slowly did he approach the table that no one noticed his hand upon it. Resting that hand upon the edge, he went on.

edge, he went on.

"I am sorry you are not more min utely informed concerning Miss Holcomors university ays." Slowly his fingers extended until the tips rester on the tiny pad. "In a case like this, the smallest knowledge may be of value." Slowly, ever so slowly, the ingers contracted drawing the pad fingers contracted, drawing the pad with them. "Perhaps if you make an effort, you can recall something about the prisoner's past, Mrs. Missioner?" The pad was in his hand. Deftly, he off the top sheet and inclosed it to speak, and entirely unobserved by Griswold or Sands, the detective slipped that agile hand into his pocket. When the hand came out, it was

more emphasis than would be expected of her large good-nature, "I can recall nothing. I am sure there is nothing to recall. You must look elsewhere if you seek to forge links in a chain of evidence against Miss Holcomb. I have told you all I know -all I could possibly know."

briskly, "there is nothing more to say." hesitated. "I suppose these little art itatively into a dozen bits, and once the part played by the Ind.an. n gems of mine," he resumed with a more took up his southward stride discovery of the fa'se Maharane. dry smile, "may as well meet the fate On two points he had made up hi they deserve." ment, he threw all the sheets of paper wold's delicately manipulated crayon on the table and the pad as well into had drawn him far enough in o the

and the coolest of nods to the men, he would set Merritt, tireless tracker, he left the room, the widow's de at Griswold's heels. The lieuten

ter of the shadows, the detective strike a match, his use for that parquickened his pace, heading south. his thoughts kept time with his steps thing soft and silky was drawn made its exit was another of as he swung along under the scrap- tightly about his neck, his elbows All the cross streets leading ing January boughs. On the whole, When his duties became wearying, he ing excitement of the last sixty craned his neck gently, first to

down the passage. There was no one side lamp. Yes, it was beyond question that the hand which in idleness

the widow's admirer. He gave full Missioner would risk his chances by Griswold was genuinely surprised, stealing gems worth even half a milsubstitution undetected.

case as a whole him

ness was busy with the facts pertaining specifically to Griswold's possible self to the widow, winning her instant part in the mystery. It was an ex. in sight. What would happen if he ceptional dual process, but Britz had broke the glass uselessly the detechat kind of a mind. It enabled him tive was confident would be disagreeto proceed smoothly and steadily with able, if not disastrous. Besides, his much about her last year in Smith?" he main facts of a case and, simulaneously, to weed out the unimpor-ant points of his information.

Of Elinor's innocence, Lieutenant

on tha er course from the first to last ha He maintained the judicial attitud of his mind toward the successividiscoveries he made, but he did not be seen how the sternest jurist could litten with patience to the strongest of riefs against such an open natur as Elinor Holcomb's. Donnelly's finding the genuine diamond in her roor meant nothing, save that the rea thief had left the jewel there by ac i dent or design. To his mind, the exact whereabouts of the stone ar gued a deliberate attempt had bee made to destroy the girl. It remained to be ascertained whether that at | that he could not see the dimin tempt was born of enmity, or was due simply to a desire to throw off sussibility that it sprang from a combination of the two motives. Who, then, was most likely to have

placed the diamond in the secre-tary's room? Who could have most to gain by causing her arrest and con viction? Was it the purpose of the criminal to have the girl suspected only long enough for him to cover his trail permanently, or did he desire that she be found guilty and condemned to penal servitude? If the latter plan was formed, would the thief con tent himself with the almost over powering circumstantial evidence already accumulated against Elinor, or would lie venture to throw further suspicion upon her? And if the criminal contemplated pursuing the prisoner beyond the threshold of th Tombs, would he operate through the stupidity of Donnelly and Carson, or would he bend his energies on the "No," said the rich weman with District Attorney? Britz considered briefly on the chance that the thief briefly on the chance that the thief would be bold enough to appear a a witness for the prosecution, then dismissed it as too improbable to a fect the present development of th case.

The detective flung himself on bench and pondered the day's deve' "That being the case," said Britz opments until the first ting of his Jurgensen, the gift of a grateful cap With your permission, I will send a tain of industry, told him it was long draughtsman to make plans of the past his dinner hour. Then he arose room and diagrams of the safe." He lighted a cigar, broke the match med-With a quick move mind. The first was that, since Grithe heart of the fire.

"Guess I'll say 'Good-afternoon,'" have the clubman trailed more thoroughly than had been done thus far— "Good-afternon, Mr. Britz" ant's second decision came from that Was he mistaken, Britz asked him- ed head flicking around the corner beneath a towering turban peer at terious Oriental who had called Mrs. every a waiting cab, trained his gaze on pealed to him anyway. "I told you I dor? He made a mental note to have the supposed Maharanee diamond she him from the corner of a cross-corri. Missioner's attention to the fa'sity of the Hindoo servant watched more wore in the opera box, and he closely as, treating Blodgett's lofti- would not go as Britz, of Headquar-

ticular cigar suddenly ceased, for, His hands clasped behind him, and gripping, clinging, strangling, somewere jammed against his sides, his entrances were asphalted, an infallible specific against fatigue. direction which, owing to the swirl- ged him also covered his ears was as restful to that he had been seized in a way untithe ear next the rugs. He usual to city highwaymen, and that his head patiently against th Grudging as he was to himself in for the present, a struggle for re fabrics until he made a space th the matter of praise, he had to admit, lease would be simply a useless which he could press his ear

CHAPTER XI A Wild Ride.

Once he realized the futility of resistance, Britz busied himself with efforts to get a line on his direction. He was in an ordinary brougham, drawn by a pair of high-stepping horses. That much he could tell from the dimensions of the vehicle, and the peculiar ping of the hoofs on the hardrolled park drive. He knew, too, the animals were traveling at a brisk pace. Despite its delicately adjusted who held him being thrown on the have thought his captors were h rear seat so suddenly as to threaten was lying on the floor, but on a pile of rugs. The silk scarf with which he had been fastened had been loosed from his neck only to be drawn tightly about his mouth. A smaller strip of silk, rolled into a ball, had been thrust between his teeth, gagging him beyond his power to utter a cry. His. wrists and ankles were bound with similar scarves. He was as helpless as if in the electric chair. it might be, depended on his self-control and resourcefulness.

The carriage sped on, its swaying increasing as the driver evidently have come to appreciate only in required his horses to a faster pace. running away, or the coachman was lashing them vindictively, no ordin-But the truth remained that Gris. ary bluecoat was likely to stop them. Automobiles had educated the police mounted policeman, now, by contrast, would seem an ordinary gait. If Brits ould smash a pane in a door of the brougham with a timely kick, he

would attract notice from a policeman -provided there chanced to be one feet were tied pretty tightly. He was In the faint light that flashed from

Of Elinor's innocence, Lieutenant ritz still had no tiniest doubt. The time to time through the windows of the brougham as it whirled past parking and the other stones of Mrs.

In the failt light that hashed from time to time through the windows of the brougham as it whirled past parking pearance of the Maharanee discaptors were dark of feature and little prond and the other stones of Mrs.

knew as he did it the outlines he visualized were too hazy to make future recognition certain. One moment he was convinced there was comething foreign in the appearance the man. The next, he was less certain they were not American. hawkish sharpness of profile, how ever, inclined him more strongly to the former belief. He had seen recently, he thought, a face that in such a light would resemble those bending above him. As he was striving to recall it, and the circumstance sur rounding it, a fourth scarf was passed about his eyes and knotted behind his head. The silken strip was light in texture, but folded so many times glimmer of light.

That act assured the that he was approaching the c.m.x of his adventure. He had been bli d folded, he had no smallest doubt. cause his captors were about to to him out of the carriage, and did not wish him to see where he was goin Their precaution, also, was direc against his study of their faces. B drew quick comfort from that flection. It the three intended to kill him, they would not care how clos. ly he scanned their features. That they wished to make it impossible for him to recognize them indicated it was their design soon or late to set him free. No sooner was that conviction firmly in his mind than resolved to make the most of captivity. It must be important him as it was to the strangers. Tha it bore in greater or less degree of the Missioner mystery he hardle

"Every little helps," thought Britz twisting to make himself as compare able as possible. "I may be close something worth while." That dd not sway him from his determination to make one bold strike for niber at the first chance. Profitable though his present situation prove in a sense, it could not be valuable as freedom to follow case in his own way. Something him it was urgent that he have little chat with the Oriental of opera box. The more he about that mysterious individual. more eager he became to ta him about things in general, and monds in particular. Britz given to gossip, vut somehow he the Oriental was, a brilliant o sationalist, and that anythi Easterner might say would be esting. He did not neglect to allowance for the possibility what the Hindoo might no would interest him still more. "It's a small world," said Britz o himself. "Who knows?" A slight jult, and three

swift succession, told the dete

the carriage had turned out of park and was crossing Centra West. That was certain be Avenue nor in 110th Street, Fifty-ninth Street the stretch drive and the crosstown trac much wider than the broughs By which gate the brought floor. It was a cold application it enabled the sleuth to hear

clearly. The carriage floor served a sounding board that microph the smallest noises with expa emphasis. He could hear, amic the thudding of the horses' hoofs slight suction every time a cra one of the rubber tires left the phalt. Britz focussed his forces

task of ascertaining his whereat and direction. One, two, three b the brougham sped westward. had been no swerve in the since parting from the park. knew he was headed for the Hud Had not his blindfolding convi ing him to the river to make an of him. He continued counting blocks until, wheeling sharply right, the horses headed north and a change in the sound of their hoofs betrayed that they had left the as phalt and were on the macadam again.

"The Drive!" Britz told himself with a slight glow of satisfaction. The distance traveled from the park, th change of direction, and the altered pounding of the highsteppers' hoofs could mean but one thing: the hicle was bowling along the beautiful Riverside concourse

shoulder. He sensed in an eye the door had not swung open. ably an end of the rug had caugh under it sufficiently to hold it shut But it undoubtedly was unfastened and that evidently without the know ledge of his captors. Had any of the three noticed the unlatching of the door, he would have drawn it cle immediately. There was momental danger of that. There was not a ment to spare. Britz had little time for thought. With a powerful tortion of his wiry frame, he three off the men above him long enough to fling himself against the door. Britz reckoned on the likelihood be seen by a patrolman—at any rate that his attempt at escape would

cause a commotion sure to result it police interference. He did not ex pect to get away unaided; he was more than possible bad bruises.

ere Leaving City -(From Tuesday's ven foreigners w le at two o'cle by the Belleville

ary authorities.

All are believed to

naremen and one is

stination was Detroit The authorities early learned of the int re of a dozen or so arians and haid plans nd town, having c Point Anne in holiday ttire. They visited a, paraded the streets of lice officers in the ign style. However nteriered not with knew the hour of de various trains and de the men in the act city. These foreigners stered and hence con Developments thicke volunteers under Serg ard Sharpe arrived at tion on the orders of W. Mersh. Police Serg lice Constable Chas. Constable Patrick

military escort met at

heir quarry, four ments the authorities

the party having b

Col. Ponton re George MacLaren Pacific Railway,— "Information Canadian wounded

cliff. All doing we The first part ceived by Col. Pon thentic information are. The Militia as to the accuracy

matory despatch fr was correct in ever It is a special of the Belleville b have handed out from item nearly a week

To-day's news

quarters. Miss Ric Shorncliff hosp over by Sir Willian The local branch of a box of supplies for know that the supp

Corporal J. H. wounded was a gra a nephew of Mrs. I School. Corporal now at Shorncliff.

Was Arrested For M Strychnine Dose sation in Home

PETERBORO, by the suicide of Dr been arrested yest ing the death of He illegal operation. After being ar

ing that he desired swallowed a dose of concealed in his c Dr. Brown wa about 18 years; af

Toronto. He is su Brown in practice The coroner's what action will b