

THE PEACOCK OF JEWELS

By IERGUS HUME

A modern mystery story. A golden peacock, jewel studded, secreted the hiding place of a fortune in precious gems, and with this mystery was coupled that of a crime of which the innocent were accused.

CHAPTER VIII.
The next two or three days Alan enjoyed the rural peace of the country and gave his parents a great deal of anxiety as to his safety.

Therefore Alan pretended to an indifference which he did not feel, and kept away from the Monastery, until his diploma was rewarded at the middle of the week by the appearance of Marie with a request that he should come over.

"This afternoon Uncle Ran wants to see you," said the girl, putting, for she was not pleased that Alan had kept out of her company.

"In that case," said Fuller promptly, and glancing at his watch, "since it is just 11, we can have three hours all to ourselves."

It was a perfect December day, and by this time they had come in sight of the great mansion, and passed to admire its irregular beauty.

"Isn't it lovely, dearest?" "As lovely as you are, my darling," assented Alan readily.

"Why not?" said Fuller, as the girl sprang away from his chair in alarm.

"Who cares," cried his niece defiantly. "He has no money and no position."

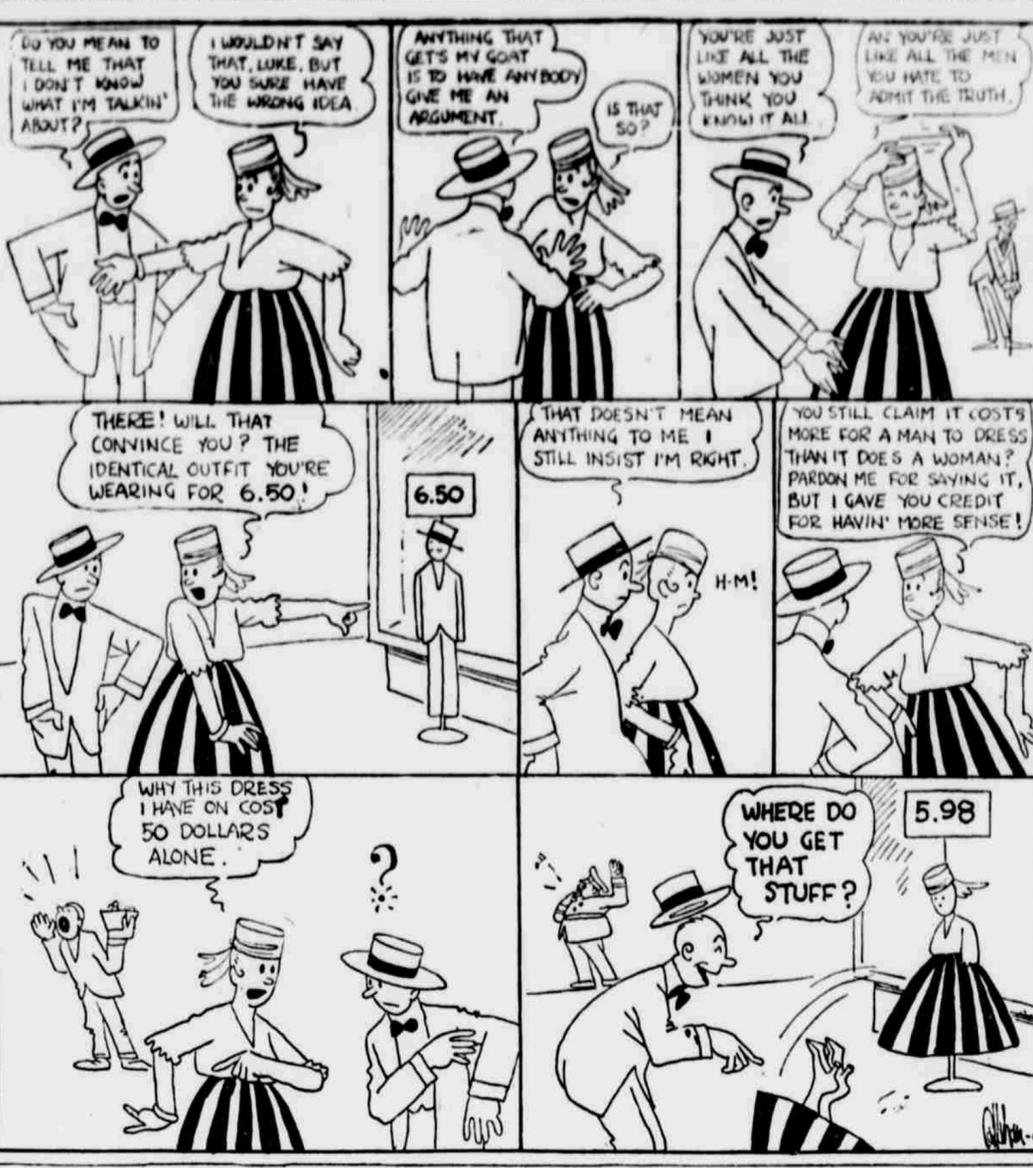
"He will be Lord Chancellor one day," said Marie boldly. "Until he is Lord Chancellor you certainly had better marry him."

"You shall not—unless—" "Unless," observed Alan smoothly, "you said unless, Mr. Sorley."

"Unless you find the Begum's treasure." "Oh, Uncle Ran," cried Marie in dismay, "when you know that the peacock is lost, and that no one can solve the riddle, or even know exactly what it is."

"The peacock is—" began Sorley, and stopped. "So what?" "He is dead, and let me talk to Alan."

Yes, Where? By Jack Callahan



"I am unprepared to give an opinion on this," said Alan, looking at the peacock rather crossly. "I should see you first." "I will show them to you in a few days," answered Alan quickly, and made a mental resolve to prepare the drawings himself.

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL THE SPLENDID SPUR By A. T. OULLER-COURT

getting an exact representation of him to apply me," growled Sorley, the thing, said Alan. "Before leaving Fuller determined to speak to Marie of what he had heard from Mr. Verwin regarding the visit of Morad-Bakhe to Belstone."

CHAPTER XI.
In due course Mr. Fuller returned to his office and to the chambers in Barkers Inn, only to find that Dick had not yet put in an appearance.

"What the deuce is the matter?" asked Mr. Lattimer, when the first greetings were over. "You look sick. I am sick—with worry," said Fuller emphatically. "It's that infernal case."