[illegible] able to apologize sufficiently for [illegible] said. My only consolation is that no [illegible] the family knew it." She closed [illegible] Almanach de Gotha" and put it back [illegible] "Did you ever hear of the Duc [illegible]?" she asked.

"[illegible]," I answered. "Why?"

"Do you know that he was charged with [illegible] shots in France and sent to jail?"

"[illegible]. Why?"

She didn't answer for quite awhile; finally [illegible] close to me. "It's a silly thing I'm [illegible] to tell you," she drawled. "I have no [illegible] for my suspicions; but Saturday [illegible] I was in town I'm sure I saw the Duc [illegible]!"

[illegible] and my mouth fell open.

"Of course I might have been mistaken; [illegible] Duc d'Aubigny is not easily forgot- [illegible] He has a peculiar scar—

"[illegible], I know," I interrupted. "a saber [illegible]."

"[illegible] a handsome man," she mused. "Sat- [illegible] he seemed a bit shabby, and his hair [illegible] cropped close, as if he hadn't been out [illegible] long, and still he was handsome. [illegible] pleasure to observe him, and am abso- [illegible] sure of him. We were caught in a [illegible] crush, and the Duc d'Aubigny was [illegible] at the curb not six feet away from [illegible]. He saw me. He looked at me just as [illegible] strangers at any strangers, but he knew [illegible] started to speak to him, but I never [illegible] impulse, and there was a bare chance [illegible] had made a mistake. But if he wasn't [illegible] Duc d'Aubigny it was his ghost!"

"But how could the Duc d'Aubigny have [illegible] the ruby?"

"[illegible]-h-h!" she whispered. "I haven't [illegible] think that far. He couldn't possibly [illegible] been connected in any way—" She [illegible] finish. "You were [illegible] tion this to [illegible] will you, Miss Cutler. It's rather [illegible]."

"[illegible] if Winthrop sh[illegible]!—"

"[illegible] said his arrest w[illegible] serious," she [illegible]ted.

"[illegible] it isn't. Do you [illegible] Mr. Abbott is [illegible]?" I asked her pl[illegible]

"[illegible] I think so. I'm [illegible] saw he isn't."

"[illegible]?" I wanted to [illegible] "Have you a [illegible]?"

"[illegible], I've come to my [illegible]," she smiled.

"[illegible] how that red he[illegible] reporter man- [illegible] to come back [illegible] driveway in a [illegible] car without either [illegible] myself see- [illegible] was an unexpl[illegible] mystery. We [illegible] were within ca[illegible] on the tennis [illegible], and I was not p[illegible] If only Hap [illegible] interrupted Burrow[illegible] take the card [illegible]alie! But he n[illegible] ought of that. [illegible] talk at first sent[illegible] word that she [illegible] there; but o[illegible] back of a card [illegible] the name [illegible] Samuel Dick, [illegible] Columbian." [illegible] reporter wrote [illegible] that was [illegible] magical to [illegible] Natalie down s[illegible] the conversa- [illegible] that followed wa[illegible] ently magical [illegible] Natalie to be[illegible] to don a hat. [illegible] the car [illegible] red headed re- [illegible] and was dri[illegible] Two hours [illegible] returned, [illegible] her room, and [illegible]nette to say to [illegible] Hazard that she [illegible] slight headache [illegible] didn't wish to be [illegible]."

"[illegible] Evening C[illegible]an" fell like a [illegible] into our mids[illegible] Lake Oak just be- [illegible]mer. I remem[illegible] one awful line in [illegible] heading: [illegible] Sargent Positi[illegible] Identifies Emerald [illegible]."

"[illegible] old Winthrop [illegible]."

Chapter XIX.

THERE'S something [illegible]lf reliant about [illegible]. She drove up under the porte co- [illegible] late Wednes[illegible] afternoon, jammed [illegible] emergency, [illegible] up her goggles, [illegible] alighted, totall[illegible] oblivious of the sur- [illegible] and admiring [illegible] directed at her [illegible] those who happened to be having tea [illegible] things on the terrace. Jo drives like a [illegible] she's so sure of herself, and I suppose a [illegible] woman in a hulking brute of a car was [illegible] a little out of the ordinary. Benny [illegible]use, taking his [illegible] all with him, and [illegible] frankly on the time coping until [illegible] pulled his coat and gave a sidelong [illegible] in my direction.

"Where's the garage?" Jo asked as I came [illegible] her.

"Vincent will take [illegible] car around for [illegible]," I told her.

[illegible] Vincent and took [illegible] up stairs. It was [illegible] to see her again. [illegible] that she was going to be a good, firm [illegible] in a sagging h[illegible]rty that was still [illegible] from the shock [illegible] that awful, dam- [illegible] evidence against Winthrop. When [illegible] reached my sitting [illegible] she took me in [illegible] arms, kissed me, [illegible] went straight to [illegible] point.

"Now, what's the [illegible]?" she asked. [illegible] look pale and [illegible]."

"Matter?" I echoed. "Everything's the matter! Haven't you seen the papers about Mr. Abbott?"

"Yes; but I mean what's the matter with you? You don't suppose I think I was sent for about a man I've never seen?"

"Oh, it's all over about me now," I told her. "Natalie lost a valuable ruby and accused me of taking it. The circumstances were against me; but after we had telephoned for you she told me she knew I hadn't. I am no longer suspected."

"And is that all?" asked Jo, with that same unerring penetration.

I shook my head and tried to swallow a silly lump in my throat. "He loves me!" I said.

"*He* is Mr. Hazard, of course? Oh, Louie!" She caught me in her arms and drew me close, and I cried on her motherly bosom, while she kissed my hair.

"Jo, it had to happen!" I sobbed. "He's so perfectly dear!"

"They always are," Jo replied with a sigh. "And you love him! And of course you've got to break your heart and give him up!"

"What else could I do, Jo?" I asked. "Why, I haven't a penny; I'm practically a servant. I couldn't do anything else, could I?"

"You could," replied Jo; "but you won't. My poor little girl!"

After I had finished my cry and doctored my nose, I told her all the queer things that had happened in connection with those lost jewels. She had seen Winthrop's part of it in the newspapers. I even told her of that midnight chase when Hap suddenly had found himself in my bedroom, and what Natalie had told me of being sure she had seen the Duc d'Aubigny in town. It wasn't violating confidences; for Jo is Jo.

She thought it all over, and I was sure she was going to see a bully way of connecting the stray threads of the mystery. She has such a logical mind! But her question rather disappointed me.

"Is there anyone here I know?" she asked.

"Not a soul," I answered. "There's no one we ever knew who ever poked his nose in the presence of anyone who ever poked his nose in this class, Jo. They all are terribly exclusive and awfully rich. I don't believe there's anyone here who can think of less than a million, unless it's Mrs. Cutler, and she isn't poor by any means. Of course I don't count the Duke, for he's a Duke; he has a title and prospects."

"Who is Mrs. Cutler?" asked Jo.

I brought out my list and showed her the entries; then I launched into social history. But it was all too much for her at once; she held up her hand for me to stop.

"You're scaring me to death," she said. "Why, I won't have courage to go down. I haven't but two dinner gowns to my name, and they—great goodness! I'll stay tonight and go home tomorrow, since you are no longer suspected."

I HADN'T thought of her clothes, poor old beautiful Jo! But she always looked lovely in anything she put on. I rang for Celie to unpack.

Celie knows a beautiful woman when she sees one, and she never disguises the fact that she thinks so. She hooked Jo into a very simple gown that I had never seen before,—and paused to wonder where she got it,—then sat back on her heels on the floor and squealed Frenchily over the effect as if she was entirely responsible for it.

"Ah, Mademoiselle is most charming, most beautiful—*oui, oui, oh, oui, oui!*" Jo knew enough French to understand that. "Mademoiselle has the grand air! Mademoiselle is exquisite!"

Mademoiselle undoubtedly was. But I stood by with the most beautiful gown Mrs. Hazard had provided for me hanging upon my shoulders unhooked and unnoticed.

"Well, Celie," I remarked, "you might quit scrambling around on your knees and give me a little attention. Mademoiselle isn't going to run away; she is here for a week."

"Ah, Mademoiselle, pardon!" Celie cried. "My sweet, charming Mademoiselle, I am all contrition. But Mademoiselle *la sœur* is most beautiful. I am entrance!"

Jo paused in contemplation of her tall, slim figure in the mirror when Celie disappeared for a moment. "How do you like my gown?" she asked.

"It's lovely. Where did you get it?"

"Made it."

I looked at her tolerantly, the way she has of looking at me. "I may be a ninny; but I'm not that guillible," I retorted. "It looks like a model."

"It is a model," Jo said calmly, "and marked 'Paris'; but it never saw Paris."

"What are you driving at?" I demanded.

"The establishment is *Madame Gautier, Robes et Manteaux*."

I looked at her as if she had taken leave of

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