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A Fascinating Detective Story By Horace Hutchinson

(Continued from Preceding Page)

Enid was pink and white and golden with rather an appealing little face. Celeste was dark with strongly marked eyebrows, rather straight and nearly meeting, dark eyes, a straight determined mouth—quite a different facial expression from Aunt Enid's—much more resolute.

But Aunt Enid appeared to rule her with a veritable rod of iron, for all the straight lines of her mouth and eyebrows. In the most emphatic manner of one of the conquerors to a subject race Aunt Enid would speak to her; and the French woman, for all the determination that her face bespoke, took it all much more tamely than any English maid could have submitted to it. Only now and then she would turn and answer Aunt Enid back in a torrent of broken English jumbled up with French and would say things that no English maid would say to her mistress, and would give notice to leave on that day month, or even within an hour. And Aunt Enid would put up with words from her that she would not possibly have taken from an English girl. It was a bad exhibition, as I thought, of want of self-respect on both sides. And then they would generally end by kissing and making friends—literally kissing even on Aunt Enid's part, which I thought a disgusting thing for anyone to do to her maid—and the sun came out after the storm and all was bright again. I supposed that they understood each other, but I had to confess to myself quite freely that I did not understand either of them; neither did I feel that I particularly wished to understand dispositions which would bring them to such scenes and reconciliations.

For the moment, at all events, Celeste had nothing to say that was not altogether good of her late mistress. Whether it was the kindly act of death in gilding virtues and glossing faults, or whether Celeste was moved by the sentiment that there could be none of the same recriminations nor the same reconciliations in the future, she declared with tearful emphasis to the sergeant that never before had any servants had such a good and kind mistress. There never had been such another. She was always so gay, which was for the most part true; never put out, which was grossly far from the fact; she had never received anything but kindness from her—so forth and so on.

"More friend than mistress," Crisp suggested tactfully during a momentary pause in which Celeste wiped her eyes with what the detective deemed a very fine handkerchief for a woman in her position.

"Exactly, monsieur"—the idea propelled Celeste on a new current of praise and exposition. "There was nothing that milady did which she did not confide to Celeste," and so on.

Sergeant Crisp may have privately doubted whether milady was likely to have been so extremely indiscreet, but he did not mention his doubt to the maid. He said, instead, that he understood her to have been devoted to Sir Ralph.

"But yes"—Celeste was off again. Milady was an angel. Of course, Sir Ralph, everyone thought him such a good, kind gentleman, but he was a great deal, oh, many years, older than milady. He could not help that, Celeste admitted, but milady——! Celeste interspersed her commendation with a large number of "si gentiles," "si jolies," and so on, and gave the impression that in her opinion, kind gentleman though Sir Ralph was reputed to be, he was very far from being good enough for her ladyship. Indeed, Celeste seemed to have considered him rather to blame that he did not realize this inferiority for himself, that he did not recognize that it was only right and proper that a lady of milady's charms and youth should require something more than the companionship of "always the same person," as Celeste put it, with an unconscious condemnation of monogamy of which Crisp was able to perceive the humor.

"Oh, then, Sir Ralph objected to them sometimes, did he—to all these young men who came about the house?"

"Oh, well, 'objected'!"—Celeste would not be quite sure about the "objected." She did not quite know what the word meant, but Sir Ralph would look—oh, yes, he would look. He would look and not speak, no, he would not speak, he would not take his part and be gay; he would be silent. And he would look. Monsieur knew how much might be expressed by the eyes. And Celeste turned her own, which were very expressive, as if by way of demonstration, truly ocular, full blaze into the little acute gray eyes of monsieur, as she spoke.

The sergeant replied that he understood fully, and then with what might have seemed irrelevance, asked incidentally if it were not true that her ladyship was extremely fond of dogs.

"Of dogs! Ah, monsieur, what a droll idea!" A ripple of high-pitched Gallic laughter came from the woman as if she found the suggestion exceedingly humorous. Why, milady had them in horror, as indeed had Celeste herself. For her part she detested them. If it was cats now—ah, a cat!

Celeste went off into a brief panegyric on the engaging, graceful, caressing ways of cats, while Sergeant Crisp mentally contrasted this view held in common by maid and mistress of our canine friends with the assiduous petting, on the part of the maid more especially, of the keeper's dog Ranger, as described to him by Livesay. To say the least, it was very curious.

When the French woman came to an end of her recital of the feline virtues, Sergeant Crisp led her back to the previous question by asking her whether there was anyone of the young men who came about the house so much for whom her ladyship had shown any particular preference. Was it the same with all of them or was there one in especial?

Ah, well, there was one, Celeste said. But did monsieur think that she ought to say? She, who was so in milady's confidence? Would it be right?

Monsieur, appealed to, declared warmly that Celeste's high sense of honor did her the greatest credit; that if her ladyship were still alive he would not suggest for a moment that she should betray her confidence: but that, her ladyship being unhappily beyond the reach of any harm that could be done her by Celeste's telling him all that she knew, he was able to advise her, with a clear conscience, that it was her obvious duty to conceal nothing that could possibly advance the cause of justice. Did not Celeste, on consideration, agree with him? He was even able to inform her that it would possibly be to her material advantage to be open with him.

Celeste having taken the matter into her consideration, and being further powerfully moved, as I imagine, though this she did not mention to the sergeant, by her innate disposition to loquacity, forthwith began to tell him what he in part knew already, that there was indeed one—oh, yes, one most serious attachment, something quite different from the others—a Captain Vibart, known to her ladyship long before her marriage with Sir Ralph.

Yes, and if Captain Vibart had had the money of Sir Ralph it was not Sir Ralph at all, but Captain Vibart, that milady would have married. Oh, yes, milady had told Celeste so herself—there was nothing that she did not tell to Celeste. But Captain Vibart, he was poor, and milady, too, was poor, so that they could not marry. Was it not sad?

Sergeant Crisp agreed that it was very sad to be poor.

And so Sir Ralph came, out to India, and he was rich, very rich, and so he married her under the very nose of the poor Captain Vibart. Again Celeste remarked how very sad it was.

So then, when Captain Vibart came home to England, of course he came down to see milady. He was such a nice gentleman, so charming—Sergeant Crisp conjectured that he had been judiciously liberal in the matter of tips—a surmise confirmed as Celeste added "so generous, although he was so poor," and he and milady they had so much to tell each other of the old times—oh, it was all very natural; Celeste was sure that monsieur would understand.

Monsieur was very understanding, very attentive to what Celeste said, continually desirous to hear more.

She told him that sometimes her ladyship would go up to London "to see her dressmaker," as she would tell Sir Ralph, and it might be that, too, a little, but also it might be a great deal to see the charming Captain Vibart. And when she came back she told Sir Ralph all about her dressmaker, which he, poor man, could not understand, but she told him nothing about Captain Vibart, although she told much to her, Celeste.

Just how much, of all this that she was narrating, was truth and how much was exaggeration or invention Crisp had to wonder perpetually. He had already discerned in the French girl a fine natural aptitude for lying, or, perhaps, I should rather say a fine natural indifference to truth.

So Celeste told the sergeant of meetings in London, meetings in Captain Vibart's rooms, and how much of it all to believe he hardly knew. It is to be admitted that the girl, in her own utter absence of moral sense, did not suppose herself to be doing any wrong to her mistress's memory in telling about her these tales, whether true or false. She did not conceive them as in any way lowering to the estimation in which a man of the world would hold her mistress. I believe she looked on it all as the most natural and even the most inevitable thing in the world for a young woman mated with a man a dozen or so years older than herself.

When she came to speak of Captain Vibart's visits to Scotney and of all that happened in their course, the sergeant could feel the ground more secure; for he could check her in some measure here by evidence of other people. Three or four times, she said, Captain Vibart had been down to stay, and each time he had stayed for a long time, and each time "that Sir Ralph," he had seemed more silent, more morose, more put out about it.

And that was not the way, was it?—Celeste appealed to monsieur—to win milady's thoughts back from the captain, if that had been in any way possible? Not that Celeste, for her part, believed that it was possible—he was so charming, such an old friend——. The sergeant had to arrest the flow of words here, which threatened to traverse again all the country that they had gone over before.

"And the last time that he was down here?" he asked.

"Ah, yes, the last time—that was the most dreadful. Heavens!" and Celeste threw her eyes in the direction where she believed that celestial place to lie. "Figure to yourself that it is only two days ago—this is Saturday and that was Thursday—that he was here, and they were so happy, so happy, the captain and milady." That delicate handkerchief went again to Celeste's eyes and the sergeant thought that it could hardly be adequate to all the work that she was imposing on it. "And to think that she is now—like that!" Celeste indicated the room in which the body was laid out.

"On Thursday they were happy, were they?" Crisp put in.

"Yes, monsieur; on the Thursday. That is to say, it was in the evening, not the afternoon, of that Thursday that there happened something."

"What?" Sergeant Crisp asked.

"What?" echoed Celeste. "Ah, that, God knows," she said, as one who would imply that she did not and that few mortals did. "They had gone out together, so happy, in the half light after tea, and it was all so peaceful, except that Sir Ralph, he was so silent, so morose. And then, when they came in, there was something, I do not know what. Milady came to her room, and I knew there was something. She did not say to me a word, but her color was high and she came in—like a flame. She sat down on the bed. I asked her what it was. She did not answer. Then she took off her hat, a hat so pretty, and threw it from her on the floor. It was time for her to dress for dinner and she began to take off her things and I to help her, not saying a word. When I did speak, when I asked her anything, she said, 'Don't speak to me. I can't bear it. If you speak to me I shall cry, and I don't mean to cry.' So we went on: it was terrible. And when she went down to dinner she did not say to me a word. She was afraid to cry.

"Ah, but that night she did cry. She was not any longer afraid. She did cry. When she came up to her room—she came up early—she let me take her in my arms, and she cried, oh, as if she would not stop, and so, always crying, I got her into bed, and she saying nothing but 'I can't bear it. I can't bear it.' What it was she could not bear she would not say. She would say nothing—only that 'I can't bear it'—again and again. And so, still crying but quieting down, I left her."

"That was the Thursday night?" the sergeant remarked.

"Yes, and in the morning—ah, ciel, only yesterday!—she was quiet. When I called her she said she would take her breakfast in bed. That was nothing. It was so milady often did. Then she went down when she was dressed. But she told me nothing, no—not even me, whom she told everything. But I knew, we all knew, that Captain Vibart, he had gone. I know, because Captain Vibart, he was on the stairs as I went to milady's room, and he gave me the note to give her—which, of course, I did," Celeste added, very demurely.

"And what did the note contain?" Sergeant Crisp asked.

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Celeste, with a horrified and most indignant accent at the suggestion which the question seemed to convey.

"I mean," the sergeant explained quietly, "that since her ladyship gave you so much of her confidence she might have told you what was in the note."

"Ah," said Celeste, appearing satisfied to accept this version of his meaning, "but milady was not herself that day. No, milady told me nothing, and I did not see that note again. Milady that day was like one who thought a great deal to herself, but she said nothing. When I spoke to her she scarcely answered me. She went down about midday, and from then until it was time that she should dress for dinner I only saw her once, when I made a pretence and went into her boudoir to ask her a question about a blouse I was altering for her. I made pretence, yes, because what I really wanted was to see how milady was and whether I could do anything for her, but she sent me away and said that she wanted nothing. Only she told me that she felt ill, that she wanted rest, that she had slept not at all the night before, and she told me to take up a little dinner on a tray to her room and she would not dress and would go to her bed at the early hour."

"And what did her ladyship have for dinner?"

"Ah, a mere nothing—a slice of fish, a cutlet, a glass of claret—just a little rice pudding. Milady would take nothing."

"Ah, well, I don't know; not so bad, quite a good little nothing, I should say. Well, and then? You took away her tray—at what hour?"

"Oh, as to that—it took no time, no. In a few minutes it was done. Half-past eight, I daresay."

"And at what time did you last see her ladyship?"

"At that hour—at half-past eight, or but a few minutes after. Milady did not want me any more, she said. I brought her some hot water, and that was all. She had not changed her dress; there were no things to put away. Milady did not want me any more that night. She would go to bed, she said, directly, she was so tired, she needed sleep."

"And the dress, the dress that she had on when the body was found, was that the dress in which she was when you last saw her?"

"That was the dress."

"And the shoes?"

"Ah, no, the shoes! that is another thing. It is another pair of shoes."

"Out-of-door shoes?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And her ladyship had not been out during the day?"

"No, monsieur."

"And now tell me, Mademoiselle Celeste," said the sergeant in an apologetic way. "You must pardon me if I am asking a question which I ought not—I do not understand about these things—it is the custom, is it not, for ladies to give things which they have worn, clothes perhaps, or even shoes, when they have got tired of them, to their lady's maids?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur, it is the custom."

"And milady, no doubt, will have given you things in this way—clothes, perhaps, and shoes?"

"Why, yes, monsieur, milady was very kind"——

"And Sir Ralph in the same way," said the sergeant, ungallantly interrupting the girl as she was again on the point of enlarging on her mistress' goodness. "Sir Ralph would give his things, perhaps, to his own servant?"

"Undoubtedly."

"That would be to Mr. Grainger—for he is Sir Ralph's valet as well as butler, I understand?"

"That is so, monsieur."

"So that you would sometimes be wearing her ladyship's clothes and Mr. Grainger would be wearing Sir Ralph's—ha, it is amusing, is it not?" Crisp had a most peculiar dry little cackle of laughter of his own.

"Monsieur finds it amusing?" Celeste asked.

"And shoes, too?" the sergeant persisted. "Do her ladyship's shoes fit you and do Sir Ralph's shoes fit Mr. Grainger? How fortunate! How convenient!"

"I can wear her ladyship's shoes, yes, and Mr. Grainger I know he can wear Sir Ralph's. How droll are the questions that monsieur asks." Celeste smiled appreciatively of his drollery.

"It is all so sad, is it not, mademoiselle?" the detective said sympathetically. "One must try to relieve it by a little pleasantry when one has the opportunity."

"Ah, it is sad—terrible. Ah, monsieur, who could have done this thing—so cruel? And milady so young, so joyous! Is it possible, do you think, Monsieur — but me"——

An unusual motive of discretion seemed to take Celeste in sudden possession and she arrested herself abruptly on the verge of some suggestion that she had been about to make.

"Is what possible, mademoiselle?" the detective persisted.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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