SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a scream from herothy March in the opera box of Mrs. Sistorer, a wealthy widow. It is occidented when Mrs. Missioner's necklade reas scattering the diamonds all overses foor. Curtis Griswold and Brixton ands society men in love with Mrs. Missioner, gather up the gems. Griswold the open what is supposed to be the celested Maharanee and crushes it. A Hindees with the stones of the control of the stones of the stones of the stones of the control of the stones of t

CHAPTER XIII .- (Continued.)

netts frowned slightly as he read the message, then with a heavy founand, addressing his far-away asistant by his cable word, he wrote "Logan, Paris. Was Maharanee Britz tapped a bell and looked up as

dquarters patrolman opened the

"Rush this down to the Western pion office," he said: "Take it your-sif, and see that it goes at once."

It was when his thoughts were tanwas brought to him by the twin of the heavy-footed bluecoat the even then was supposedly on his to the Western Union office with able to Logan.

Show him in," said Brits after nes at the name; and, as his visi-entered, he swung his feet from desk, advancing halfway to the w do you do, coctor?" he said hope I see you cheerful."

A wan smile broke the fixity of the

lector's countenance for an instant, and be shook his head slightly.

ion't see how there can be any for me, he said, "as long as poor girl is a prisoner in the w just bow you feel about it,

said Britz sympathetically, you'll have to leave that in my ds for the present Miss Holcomb t surely," persisted the physi-

"It cannot be necessary to leave there forever to establish her inthow it; Mrs. Missioner knows it, and it would not take much to bring ber acquaintances to the same w. Why must we wait?" Now, let us talk," said Britz. "You

his line; let's get down to business. know something about chemistry, its certain Do you know enough to it to tell me whether any proghas been made in recent years manufacture of paste jewels? Can't say I do! haven't been much terested in that line until this outus attempt to prove Miss Hol-a-thief."

ill, it's about time you did," said meaningly. "I don't see what it is to a girl to have an M. D ver if he can't be of any more to of the Hardware Club, or Jenks the Retail Grocers' Association. Britz. de, don't you?"

Well, I'm quite free to teil you." Britz, "that the whole queson of Miss Holcomb's stay in the depends on our success in findtout who made the Maharanee dia-I know who turned out the eral weeks in Paris, you know tive then sketched rapidly Fitch the detailed information sent by his assistant across the wa-I cannot get a line on the ance diamond. I've been over place in this neck of woods—in I've gone over the whole country a fine-tooth comb I've had every that city in Europe canvassed, he sum total of all these inquirles body knows any live man ild make an imitation of the Maharanee anything like good deceive Simple Simon. you just get that scientific think aratus of yours going, and belp was a fake Maharanee diamond was ground to pieces under Grisbeel in Mrs. Missioner's opera It was picked up by a man from e is, the sort of combination priest tolar who says he's here to the propaganda of the Buddhist ong the elect of New York the door. Sands caw the rch saw it: Griswold saw it. of course Mrs Missioner herself "To the Bleecker Street station," it is her own hand There is no replied Reitz "and from there to

showed Fitch a flake of the tame and "Then you think," said Fitch mond. "But you don't know, and I don't know what we have both got to ly, "there may be a clew in what I've told you?" it was made, by whom was it made, why was it made, and for whom was it made? The sooner we work out that end of the game, my dear young and that's to go. Come, let's go." man, the better it will be for that lit-tle girl up in Centre Street."

The doctor's eyebrows began contract. There was a peculiarity in the facial gesture. Something was going on in his scientifically inquiring The brows drew together until their separate lines curved into the form of a minute interrogation point; little knobs of skin gnarled under the bristles; his eyes focused until they almost crossed. He clasped his hands behind his head and studied the ceiling. A rather long silence followed. Smoke spiraled from the detective's cigar and eddled upward. The detective's keen glance was leveled at the doctor's intellectually sharpening

It was in a reminiscent tone that Fitch at last spoke.

"When it comes to guessing, I'm no good," he said. "I haven't been trained to guess. The little I know is the result of careful study and patient analysis; but there are a few things besides pharmacopoela in my mind and memory, and one of them may belp us a little." He shifted his posi-tion until he turned a square front to the detective. 'Way back in my ambulance days.'

he said, "there was a case that your question reminds me of. It was one of the first I had after I went to Belle-It was a call to a queer little old shop in Fourth Avenue. You re-member that row of rookeries filled up with second-hand furniture stores, art dens, old curio shops, and so on, where in the Twenties?" A nod from Britz was the only reply. "Well." continued the doctor, "this call was to one of those curiosity shops. It was kept by a queer little old chap who must have starved himself to death to carry out some object he had. He sold curios for a living, and played at alchemy for amusement—cracked, you know. At any rate, he wasn't all there. His neighbors looked on him as a harmless lunatic, and in spite of his solitary habits, he was pretty popular. It was owing to this popularity that he didn't die in the back part of his own store with all the busy traf-fice of a busy city just a few rods out-side. A neighbor heard a noise like an explosion and, running in, found him on his back all covered with some chemical that was turning his clothes into porous plasters. The neighbor turned in an ambulance call, and I was the answer. I found the old man half suffocated and wholly unconscious. and as I was pretty nervous from in-experience, it was about all I could do to bring him around. I wanted to take him back with me, but he would n't have it; said he was just as well off where he was; didn't like the hos-pital anyhow and wouldn't go, so I pital anyhow and wouldn't go, so i fixed him up where he was. After-ward, in the exuberance of my youth-ful zeal, I called on him outside of working hours, and kind of looked after him. He pulled through all right, but he was a pretty badly charred old person for a long time

off going there, and that is the last "What caused the explosion?" asked

after that. As soon as he was well enough to take care of himself, I left

"I believe he was experimenting with some chemical-couldn't get him know pretty well," and Fitch to tell me anything about it; he got him the formula with which the) mad as a hornet every time I touched men of the jewel trade were upon it. I learned, however, from ar for purposes of self-protec peighbors that he was interested in upon it. I learned, however, from precious stones, and in his later years the idea became firmly fixed in his inter years the idea became firmly fixed in his inter years the idea became firmly fixed in his interest. That smile is the interest of the million fact that her kindly, gentle father, after in the interest of the interest of the million fact that her kindly, gentle father, after in the interest of the in spent money enough, mortified the flesh sufficiently, he would be able to make diamonds.

"What sort of stuff did he su -had Logan over there in making?" asked the detective.

"You can search me," said Fitch never got a look at any of it. His cranklets would never make any sort of admission to me about the stuff he was making. All I know is that man who told me about the experiments was quite positive that was the crack in the old chap's brain—that he could strained inquiry in her admirer's eyes. nake diamonds, and could make them just as well in a few hours as nature

"So the explosion must have use Bruxton, what am I to do about been-?"

with the in to convert length. "I suppose something ought to be done." "Some fussing around with the ingredients he was going to convert into gleam and glitter. know about it. There you have it. Now, what do you make of it?"

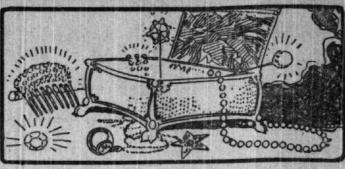
"Well," said Britz as he put his heels to the floor with a click, "what we'll make of it won't be made down here. I'm glad that memory of yours is unbearable! The man told me worked in the long run; but it might that I must not interfere in the case have saved me an extra hazardous 'joy ride' if it had worked sooner ome along!" and he moved toward

Where are you going?" asked the physician

Ended the Dry Spell. Inference. She had a voice tike a siren, and when she sang "Mid playsure, sand phone girl? Washerwoman-Why do sly comb," and so on to the conclusion, there wasn't a dry eye in the room.—United Presbyterian.

The Right Place. "I know where the men on the mos-quite fleet go to drink."

"At the mosquito bars."



most anapped Brits, "when we can know? There's just one way to know,

As they walked briskly down the Headquarters building, Britz paused at Manning's office, pushed a button and, when the door swung open, thrust his head in long enough to say: "See you later, Chief; going up

town for a little while."

"Still fighting it out on that line, eh?" was Manning's return. "Yes," said Britz calmly, "and it may not take all winter either.

The detective and the doctor were so absorbed in the subject as they raced down the subway stairs that they did not notice a dark-faced man who, after a keen glance at their faces, hastened east in Bleecker Street and sprang into a waiting cab at the next corner.

CHAPTER XIV.

Old Friends.

Bruxton Sands was as genuinely astonished as a man of deliberateness could be when a clerk entered the private room of his office suite in a Bowling Green skyscraper and told him a lady wished to see him. He was friend's mind suspicion that she was about to instruct the clerk to ask for guilty. As the days rolled on and she rethe lady's card when, g'ancing over the youth's head, he glimpsed a gol-the conviction grew upon her. Even den gleam under a big hat with sweep-ling plumes through the doorway and in an instant was crossing the thres-eyes of her employer. Not that it was

ting a bit dull this morning.

the impulse to pour out before her the adoration he felt at sight of her new loveliness. She had never seemed more beautiful than when she was moved by sympathy for the girl who at that moment, doubtless, was won-dering if she had forsaken her.

"Wise or not," returned the widow, "I shall do it. Something tells me she is in need of sympathy this very day. Why, Bruxton, how do we know what effect this dreadful incarcera-tion might have upon her?. It may warp her entire nature; it may wreck her bealth. Please do not try to dissuade me. I have made up my mind to see her, and I shall go there at

it was a short dash for the auto up Broadway, up Centre Street to the Tombs, and it was with little difficulty that Sands obtained for Mrs. Missioner permission to see the prisoner.

Elinor came around the corner of the corridor with more animation in her step than it had shown in many a day. She had hardly been able to believe her eyes on reading Mrs. Mis-sioner's name on the card thrust through the grating of her cell. Long ago she had made up her mind that the chain of circumstances, or perhaps an enemy, had sown in her kind ceived no word from Mrs. Missioner, hold with both hands extended.

"My dear Doris!" he said. "This is really good of you. Things were getrich widow was her friend; had been her family's friend, and had been the Mrs. Missioner smiled in that per- first to offer her a refuge in the ter-



doubt about its existence. In fact, Fourth Avenue as fast as the local that she has broken any law of God here is a piece of it now," and he can take us. Guess we won't wait for showed Fitch a finke of the faise diamond. "But you don't know, and I don't know what we have both got to ly, "there may be a clew in what I've located in that she has broken any law of God dash with her for the freedom be yound the great steel door. For an insistent inquiries as to what had become of the veteran curio dealer. Blank stares and equally blank and ont Sands been there, she might have swers were the result until Britz, in a done something so foolish as to com-plicate her young friend's position still further in the eyes of all the city's newspapers and their readers. As it was, she increased the tender-ness of her caresees, and sought to scothe Elinor's agitation with little love words such as had long been common in their daily intercourse. But this tenderness only recalled to Eli-nor all the affection, safety, and shelter she had left behind her in Mrs. Missioner's home, and at the thought she broke into uncontrollable sobs. The millionaire's discomfort was

augmented a thousandfold by this scene between the women. He shifted nis weight from one foot to the other, crumpled the rim of his de hat until it bent like the brim of an Alpine, and at length, unable to view the girl's distress with anything like equanimity, he walked to the other end of the reception-room and stood looking through the giant latticework at the tide of traffic in Centre Street. It was not until the widow had restored Elinor's calmness, not until she had assured the trembling prisoner of her love, confidence, and full belief in her innocence a hundred times, not until their emotion had affected even the matron long inured to human woe, that the girl saw Sands. His sturdy bulk, the square set of his shoulders, the uncompromising fidelity in his

strong face, gave her a new sense of pleasure. Surely her case could not be desperate with two such loyal friends to defend her! For the space of a star-flash, she forgot even Fitch, although her lover at that moment was hastening uptown with Britz in quest of the missing thread that should lead to her vindication. Still with her arm around Mrs. Missioner's waist, she extended her hand to Sands, and thanked him in a way more effective then any ware significant. more effective than any mere girlish prettiness for the proof of his faith in her that he had given in coming with

Mrs. Missioner to see her. "Not that it would take much persuasion to make you accompany Doris anywhere," she said with a smile, and she was not at all remorseful when she noted the dark flush of pleasure that spread over his features. I cannot help taking comfort in the fact that you have come to see me, and that very evidently it had cost you no struggle to do so. If all of you could only know what these long weeks have been to me, you would understand how deeply the sight of old friends affects me. Here I have been in a world apart. The poor creatures who share this dreadful home with me only make my situa-

them, and yet the sight of their mis-ery distresses me beyond words." Elinor did not know how much she had been spared by the considerate-ness of the warden in assigning her to a tier of cells in which the more bru-tal inmates of the Tombs never were confined. She had had only a glance of the nether depths. Grave though the charge against her was, the good old man, whom an accident of poli-tics had placed in control of the prison, had recognized from the first that she was of finer mould than anyone who had been entrusted to his cushe had seen to it that her eyes and consider the had seen to it the ha Years passed, and Elinor was a of much graver maturity ere she knew how much of misery she had escaped.

visit of Mrs. Missioner Sands did Eliner so much good that, when they went away, it was with a lighter heart she returned to her cell, with renewed courage she steeled he elf to await the efforts of the good friends and the devoted lover she of the frightful charge Donnelly and Carson had lodged against her.

Her confidence in Dr. Fitch was not splaced, for in the short time when Mrs. Missioner in her limousine speeding back to her home in Millionaires' Row, and Sands, in a brougham, was returning to his office in Bowling Green building, Fitch and Britz were standing on a Fourth nue corner a short distance north of Twenty-third Street, gazing with dismay at a twenty-story skyscraper that stood on the site of the little old curlo shop to which duty had called young ambulance surgeon years be-

"You are sure this is the place?" asked the detective.
"Absolutely." said the doctor.

went over there to get some brandy for the old man when I was working him out of his stupor.

"Well." said the sleuth, "so far as that old curiosity shep is concern we're up against it; or, what is worse, we are not up against it. We are conment. She could not trust her voice we are not up against it. We are conto speak for the first few monments. As she looked at Elinor's slen-strosity, and I guess there's no use der grace and the deathless honesty wasting time making inquiries there; but there may be a few old-timers with memories along this block, and in her soft, gray eyes, the horror of am going to see Elinor to-day. I am the girl's situation came home to her going straight to that terrible place and assure her that even though I permit her to be kept there, I refuse to entertain for a moment the idea in the girl into her arms and making a but the girl into her arms and making a but the side of the street, and Fitch went into one shop

Not Impressed. "Dad, my coming-out gown will cost an even hundred." Uncle Jackson (showing city boy the farm)—With all your city eddica-"I once knew a girl who made per gown, at a cost of two dollars. and thus won a husband."

"I don't want a two-dollar husband." The Boy-Sure I do. It's the under side!"-Puck

Where They Gossip.

"In our section it is considered healthy to mind your own business "That idea wouldn't we at all popu-iar among the summer health-resorts."

swers were the result until Britz, in a tiny tobacco shop that was the center of all the old-times places huddled together for protection against the encroachment of progress, unearthed a memory incarnate in a man, who, Fitch said, might have been the twin brother of the amateur alchemist. "Yes," said the man, "I remember him, and it's a funny thing to me that anybody who ever saw him could ever

anybody who ever saw him could ever forget him. He was the queerest little old duck I ever ran across."

Britz thought if anyone could be queerer than the ancient tobacconist he would have to step out of a page

of Dickens.

The incarnate memory recalled that the curio dealer had been taken away a week or two before his shop was torn down to clear the ground for the foundation work of the great sky. scraper. No, he didn't go away. was taken away.

"Anything wrong with him?" asked

"Well, not exactly what rou might call wrong, so to speak," quavered the old tobacco merchant. "I wouldn't go so far as to say there was anything you might exactly call wrong with him, but neither would I undertake to tell you that he was altogether what you might call right," and he touched

"Oh!" said Britz, "Ward's or Ran dall's?"

"Huh," said the old tobacconist, "I don't know what you mean."
"Why," said the detective, "what I

mean is did they take him to the Asy-lum or to the Workhouse?"

place; but what do you want to know for? Are you missing heirs?" Britz and Fitch laughed

"No," he said, "my friend here In wants to brush up an old acquaist ance." When the two had bought enough cigars to recall faintly the dreams of prosperity that had inspired the old man's youth, they strolled to the Twenty-third street corner, where they jumped aboard a

sland ferry. (TO BE CONTINUED)

A FATHER'S TIMELY WARNING

The Winsome Charms of the Right Girl Exceed All Possible Horror of Heredity.

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman

"I presume you have come to ask me for my daughter's hand?"
"Yes, sir, that would be my ideal birthday present."
"And do you realize the responsibilities."

ties of married life; what you will have to—" "Indeed, sir," interrupted the youth.

"you need have no fears with regard to Janet's future. I have a good pos-tion in my father's bank, and my prospects are excellent—in fact, am to be made a director of the insti

tution in a very short time."
"Very good. But that was not exactly the matter I intended to refer

The young man was puzzled, and he showed It. "How do you like my wife?"
"I hold Mrs. Peck in the highest re-

"Oh, that's all right, then. Well, sta though you may not believe me.

Mrs. Peck was twenty-two she was just as sweet and pretty and charming as Janet is now; was just like her. "Yes, really?"
"And you still want Janet?"

"Life would be a nightmare to without her.'

"I suppose then, I must yield. But." he added, as the young man rushed away. "my conscience is clear, any

Called the Bluff. "The only way you can legitimately keep out undesirable persons from a hotel is to raise the price or to assert that your house is full," said a botel "but you never know when this may fail.

whom I sized up at once as the kind we were particularly anxious not te take in. Tam very sorry, I said to the man, 'but the house is absolutely filled and the only thing I could offer

you would be a small suite."
"What's that?" demanded the trapeler, and I explained that it cons a small parlor, bathroom and bath "What's the price?" he asked.

"Twenty-five dollars a day, I re-"I guess that will be all right, said the stranger calmly, and he registered. He had me."

The Ignorance of Casey. Casey—Phwat kind av a borse is

Mulligan-it's wan thot's beet Brits and Fitch went into one shop raised intofrly on corn, ye ignora

> tion, sonny, I'll warrant you don't know which side you milk a cow frum?

hekitchen

bloom; Plant hate and hate will grow; Tou can sow today, tomorrow to The blossoms that prove wha

thing Is the seed, the seed you sow.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

An idea worth passing on is to have a large safety pin fastened to the outside of piece bags and whenever a new piece or pieces are added to it put a sample in the safety pin, so that a glance will tell what pieces are in the bag, much time will be saved in rummaging and disarrang-

ing the pieces.

It is a good plan to have allks, woolens and cotton pieces by themselves. After washing and drying woolen blankets, beat with a carpet beater and they will renew the light and fluffy look that they had when

ter as soon as possible, it keeps the grease from soaking into the wood. Soda sprinkled on to grease spots with a little warm water before scrub-

bing aids the removing process.

Milk that is scorched need not be thrown away, but if set into cold water in a clean dish, in a short while the scorched taste will disap-

A good way to warm rolls is to lay them in a clean cloth in a collander and place over steam on the teakettle. Small pieces of tollet soap if kept in a glass jar, can be made into soap jelly by bolling with soft water. This jelly is a nice soap for washing the

Sour milk is a good mild silver cleaner. Place the silver in the milk and let stand for an hour, then wash in hot soapsuds.

If one has a small closet partitioned off in the cellar with a window for ventilation, vegetables and fruits of all kinds may be kept indefinitely. If windows stick and are hard to open, grease the cord with a little oil and our a little around the

in stoves and furnaces the soot will not form in the pipes or chimneys. If blood stains get on woolen cleth, rub while fresh with a dry starch, this



SOME USES FOR SOUR CREAM.

There are not many who have never tried it would believe that sour cream makes a delicious white sauce to serve with codfish. Prepare the white sauce just as usual, using the gream instead of the milk.

instead of the milk.

Sour cream, if not too old, makes a delicious dressing for shredded cabbage. Add a little sugar and vinegar and pour over the cabbage.

Sour cream makes a fine shortening for spice cake and for small cup cakes, to be baked in sem pane.

Sour cream ple is one that is hard to beat. Use the cream, raisins and eggs and bake with two crusts.

Sour cream makes the best shortening for doughnuts, as they do not dry out as soon as when balding powder and sweet milk are used.

Sour Cream Dressing.—Heat a half

Sour Cream Dressing.—Heat a half pint of sour cream with an egg beat-er until smooth, thick and light. Mix

two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, two of vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar and a pinch of mustard and pepper, and add to the cream, heating all the while.

This dressing may be modified to suit different vegetables. Any seasoning may be added that is desired. Onion juice, nutmeg, catsup or any different flavor liked.

Sour cream and nuts with brown sugar boiled together makes a deli us filling. Sour cream stirred or beaten until

butter comes will give a fresh lump of pure, sweet butter, of which many are so fond. Cookies of all kinds are improved

by using sour cream to shorten them. Sour cream added to cream cheese or cottage cheese adds to its palata-

Sour cream dressing is liked by many used on sliced cucumbers. This is simply sour cream with a little salt, pepper and sugar added.

Nelli Maxwell

His Point of View.

"Gerald, dear, papa thinks we ought to postpone our wedding awhile, on ac-count of the shortage in the money "Great Scott, Mildred! That's why I want to hurry up!"

Not a Connolaseur Butler-I 'ere that the boss 'as been an' bought another o' them old mas

ters. Chef-Bah! He geeve me ze pain. He knows nossing of art. He can not tell ze Meissonier from ze may-onnaise.—Life.

Editor's Mean Revenge. an of uncertain age, but positive bank account, was cut out by a gentleman

from a neighboring town, who married her and took her home. Whereupon the editor sought a mean revenge by head-ing account of her wedding: "Another Old Resident Gone." Carried Their Own Spot

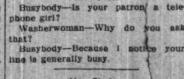
The cry is now for the individual drinking cup. In Queen Elizabeth's time every guest at a banquet brought his own spoon with him.

millionaire says that wealth n't be know there are many arons people in the world always is to share their fellow-creatures'

Unimportant. -Mrs Ta kem detained me for tes at the telephone just as I ce-What did she want?

ry-She dido't say.-Life.

palaces, tho' beam a rome. Be it averse oh wum buil there snow play



marry a struggling young man

Polly-Miss Yellowiear is going to

Dolly-it's no use for him to strug

illuminated Sands' somewhat gloomy sanctuary. He welcomed Mrs. Mis-

sloper to a comfortable chair beside

his broad desk, swept aside the heap of formidable papers with great gold

seals and fluttering legal ribbons, and leaned back in his chair quite content

to wait a century for his visitor to speak again, provided her smile should

"I felt I had to talk to somebody about Elinor; and Dorothy, you know,

don't care what the detective

says!" exclaimed Mrs Missioner, "I am not going to let Elinor Holcomb

if I expected him to vindicate my sec-

retary; but I am not going to be gov-erned by anyone to that extent. I

continue to beam upon him.

Easiest Way. "Horse sick?" asked the man in the "Yep," replied the man with a spring wagon "Hard luck, ain't it?"

her without the provision she knew

"Dear Mrs. Missioner!" cried Elinor.

bastening toward the widow as she

read affection and complete belief in her countenance. "You have done

many lovely things for me, but this is

quite the dearest! It seems hard even

to picture you in such a place, and

"You poor child!" exclaimed Mrs.

Missioner, hardly controlling her voice "What about yourself? If it

is distressing to me to come here, it

is terrible for you to be bere. How can you stand it?"

"One learns to stand many things," she answered, "when fate commands;

yet if anyone had told me a few weeks

ago that I could so much as retain my

reason in a place like this! Now that

you are here, it seems far easier. Oh, but it is good of you to come!"

der grace and the deathless honesty

The widow took the girl's hands in

he always intended to make

her countenance.

the reality-

Britz Frowned Slightly as He Read the Message

think any longer that her friend of her own and patted them softly as years believes her to be a thief. It she whispered words of encourage-

These Expensive Flights. "They tell me that aviator you en gaged was a bird We thought so after he displayed

"Oh, I dunno. It's gettin' so medi-cine is cheaper than hay."

last place?"

What She Was. "Cook, did you stay long in your

'I never stays nowheres long enough to be discharged. I's one of these here fireless cookers."-Judge.