## CAPTRICHT, IND. BY MATTERS

The story opens with a scream from Dorothy March in the opera box of Mrs. Missioner, a wealthy widow. It is occasioned when Mrs. Missioner's necklace breaks, scattering the diamonds all over the floor. Curtis Griswold and Bruxton Sands, society men in love with Mrs. Missioner, gather up the gems. Griswold steps on what is supposed to be the celebrated Maharanee and crushes it. A Hindoo declares it was not the genuine. An expert later pronounces all the stones substitutes for the original. One of the missing diamonds is found in the room of Elinor Holcomb, confidential companion of Mrs. Missioner. She is arrested. Dotwithstanding Mrs. Missioner's belief in her innocence. Meantime, in an uptown mansion, two Hindoos, who are in America to recover the Maharanee, discuss the arrest. Detective Britz takes up the case. He asks the co-operation of Dr. Fitch, Elinor's flance, in running down the real criminal. Britz learns that duplicates of Mrs. Missioner's diamonds were made in Paris on the order of Elinor Holcomb. While walking Britz is seized, bound-and gagged by Hindoos. He is imprisoned in a deserted house, but makes his escape. Britz discovers an insane diamond expert whom he believes was employed by either Sands of Griswold to make counterfeits of the Missioner gems. Griswold intimates that Sands is on the verge of failure. Two Hindoos burglarize the home of Sands and are captured by Britz. On one of them he finds a note signed by "Millicenti" and addressed to "Curtis." Britz locates a woman named Millicent Delaroche.

CHAPTER XX.

## Kananda's Mission.

Kananda and the Swami, in the uptown bachelor apartment whither they sped from the Fifth avenue ballroom, bent about a table on which were spread various diagrams. Ali, Mrs. Missioner's servant, stood at a respectful distance. He wore a concerned look that intimated he had a gargoyle. been subjected to some pretty stiff questioning by his masters. The highcaste Orientals paid little attention to him. They leaned over the table until their heads almost touched, studying diligently the papers that lay upon 1t, occasionally following the lines with pencils, and pausing to make hurried calculations on the margins of the sheets. At length the Swami leaned back and gazed fixedly at the determination. prince.

"It is evident we're on the right track at last," he said. "Chunda and Gazim could not have done their work thoroughly."

"They didn't do it at all, when it comes to that," answered the prince. | tate?" "Instead of finding only a loose end of the thread, they ought to have un-

tangled the whole skein." "However," said the Swami, "this note shows my original suppositions were accurate. The jewels were taken by the man who trod on the false diamond in the opera box."

it looks as if it were so," Kananda replied. "The question is, where are they now?"

"The woman has them," returned

the scholar.

his own game. How do you know she hasn't sold them?"

"This note-

given sufficient thought to the ways of these western women. If only you would take your head out of those esoteric clouds once in a while, and

wouldn't be quite so ingenuous." "But she says in this note she will have to sell some of the jewels," the Swami persisted. "That certainly indicates they are still in her possession."

come to earth for a look around, you

"On the surface it does," said Nandy.

"But the woman when she wrote it could not have supposed it was to be read by anyone save Griswold."-

"How do you know she didn't intend to deceive him?" asked Kananda. "It's a good thing you chose the scholar's life in early youth, my friend. As a society man, you'd make an exceedingly interesting, but distressingly hopeless 'innocent abroad.' "

Nandy had learned his philosophy of femininity in one of the swiftest sets of Cambridge town: in the most exclusive London clubs; in the Olympian gatherings of Heidelberg students, and in the most fin-de-siecle circles of the gay capital. Whatever his theory, there was nothing hesitant about it. He held in regard to the sex only the most settled opinions.

"It seems to me," said the Swam!, "that your conclusions are pretty far fetched. But I bow to you, prince, in the matter of social law. Perhaps I know a little more about the higher mysteries, but when it comes to cotillons, you take the baccalaureate de-

There may have been a shade of irony in his word; If so, Kananda, for all his subtlety, failed to notice it.

"I think you are clouding the question needlessly when you take it for granted the woman who wrote this note is not true to Curtis Griswold's interests." And the Swami tapped the table meditatively with the scrap a lightning look straight into the eyes of paper the man with the glistening eyes had filched from the camera board in Burlen's workshop. "Wouldn't it be a good deal more direct," said the Swami, "to continue to take it for granted she is sincere-that she received the jowels from Griswold, that she still has them, and that she will not part with any of them until the clubman has refused to comply with her request for money?"

"Yes," Kananda admitted. "We'll work along that line for the present. Now, then, where's the woman?"

He turned to Ali with a piercing look. The servant salaamed.

"Excellency," said he, "we have verified the address heading the second note. She is there."

"It is well," said the prince curtly. "Go!"

He turned to the Swami and, standing with one foot on his chair, raised his elbow to his knee and lowered his chin to his hand.

"I believe we're close to the end of our quest," he mused. "I have a feeling we must get the Maharanee tonight, if we are to recover it at all. We have played a waiting game for many months, and it is time now to act. Are you prepared?" "I am prepared."

"You will not stay your hand when it comes to the point?"

The Swami did not answer. He sat with folded arms staring at the documents on the table. It was in an altered voice that at length he spoke:

"Prince," he said, "already the sacred gem should be ruby red with the blood that has been spilled for it. There is something in the air of this strange land that makes it distasteful to me-the thought of further bloodshed. Regain the jewel we must; but I would it could be done without new sacrifice of life."

An expression of demoniacal scorn overspread Kanada's features until he confronted the sage with the face of

"And the brethren?" he asked angrily. "Can it be you have a thought for these western dogs when your own brothers of the faith are suffering the shame and pain in which we left them? Has your heart turned to water?"

The Swami did not answer. Still with folded arms, he kept his gaze on the papers, his features set in quiet

"Are you afraid?" pursued the prince. "Does your soul shrink, your hand draw back, now that the appointed hour is nigh? Are you a true believer and master of the faith, orand he almost screamed, "an apos-

The Swami's copper face turned a darker shade. A flash of fury seared his eyes as he raised them to those of the prince. He lowered them again, however, and said, stolidly:

"I am unable to conquer the feeling that it cannot be for the good of the brothers to was through blood as did our fathers for possession of what, after all, is simply a stone. I know what it means to the chosen ones-to have that stone taken back to the Temple. I feel more keenly than "Unless," sneered Nandy, "she is you can feel the yearning they send beating our enterprising clubman at across the seas for the success of our mission. But, prince, the Maharanee diamond, in its journey across the world, has been purged perhaps of the "Oh, I know all about that," laughed scarlet stains that were upon it. Can the prince. "It is plain you have not we not take it back in all its present purity? Are we not skilled enough in the ways of the East to recover our own without bearing death to the men of the West?"

Kananda spurned the chair away and, gripping the table with both hands, leaned toward the scholar.

"Listen to me, master!" he said savagely. "It was all these possibilities my father anticipated when he sent me as your companion in this enterprise. He knew I was experienced in the wiles of these Western dogs. He was aware that in the English university and the British capital, as well as in the cities of the European continent, I had mingled with them in their pastimes and in their homesthat I had seen and heard their puerile philosophy-that I had studied their womanish religions, and that I had experienced all the soul poison by which their so-called civilization turns men to children. Can you guess the orders the Maharajah laid upon me when he bade me come with you?"

The Swami still maintained a dig-

nified silence. "I will tell you," continued the prince. "My father said: 'The time may come, my son, when your friend, the great teacher, quails from that which is before him. If it comes, then when it comes, strike as swiftly and surely as you would strike to save your throne.' And I will strike, my master!" Kananda added grimly resolute. "If you flinch from any necessity that arises in carrying out this task of ours, I will warn you onceeven as I am warning you now-and then, if you still stay your hand or seek to save the least of those who may stand between us and the sacred jewel, by God I'll kill you!"

The scholar's imperturbability was proof against Kananda's violence of word and manner. The only sign he gave was a slight tightening of his fingers as they clasped his arms, and of the young man across the table. It was in a tone of perfect control that he replied:

"Death, when it comes to myself, is the least of my concerns. You may strike when you will, Your Highness, I am a master of the faith, but, none the less, a servant of the throne. My life belongs to your royal father to do disappearance of the Millicent note.



"I Had No Thought of Giving Up the Quest,

too."

His calmness reminded the Prince of his own Oriental origin. The vehemence he had acquired in western lands slipped from him like a loosened robe. In an instant, under his outward seeming of an English or American man-about-town, he repossessed the composure of his race.

"Rather bad, you know, to take things to heart that way, but take things to neart the really is a serious proposition, this really is a serious proposition, and we mustn't fall down on it. As possibility of its recovery, it was too and we mustn't fall down on it. As the for him to find Detective Britz at the find Britz you it is a question not only of plety, Police Headquarters. When his mes-

"Funny, I know," continued Nandy,

but, after all, it is the twentieth century, and the P. and O. beats take hours in the waiting room hoping for some pretty realless people to be detective's return. The photo entropy the property of the thought that the negative had been good deal of discontent in our part of the world, and my father is an ob- spared, and he therefore had been able

liberately. I believe we can recover the stone without great violence, and I incline to these Westerner's views far enough to think it would be better for our religion, for your father, and for the brethren-to say nothing of ourselves-if we could do so. The easiest way sometimes really is the "I know all that," insisted the

Prince, "but we have not the time. This hunt is drawing close to a hot finish. You forget that we have the cleverest detective in New York-one of the cleverest in the worldto beat. If he got the diamond, he would not recognize our claim to it for an instant. He'd turn it over to made trouble for Mrs. Missioner's ad-Mrs. Missioner, and we would not mirer by talking too freely to the stand the ghost of a chance in any court of law. This is a case where we must help ourselves to our own. Besides, there is Griswold. How do we know he is not getting ready to flee with the jewels tonight? They may be in his possession, or he may have given them to the woman who signs herself Millicent."

The Prince paused, framed his fingers tip to tip, and looked between them at the note as if peering into a crystal gazer's globe.

"I am convinced the woman has the necklace," he went on. "Our men have had time to search Griswold's apartment from end to end, and the other men's, too. If they found the jewels in either place, we would know it by now. The whole question presents itself clearly enough to my mind. The old French proverb holds good, cherchez la femme."

The Swami arose. As he did so, Ali re-entered the room with more salaams, and extended toward his master a eilver tray on which lay a tiny scroll, written in minute hieroglyphs of the Orient. The scholar broke the seal and scanned the paper swiftly. A slight exclamation betrayed that the information contained in the little scroll broke through even his magnificent reserve. His hand trembled a little as he handed the paper to the Prince. A hurried reading sufficed to destroy all of that young man's recently gained calm. He coat, and thrust his head into an opera hat.

"Quick!" he said, 'we have not a moment to lose!"

It would have been well for Britz if ed him promptly with the fact of the with it as he pleases. And since you The detective's acute intelligence

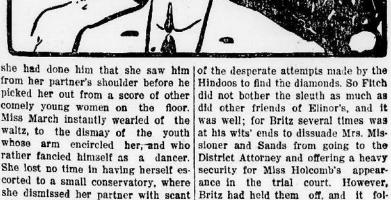
the Maharajah, it is at your disposal, the need of even greater haste than he the Missioner diamond to a close. But Burlen, conscience-stricken though he was, was loath to send the information to the Headquarters man until he could have time to make further and more emaustive search of his shop, as well so of the courtyard in the rear of the building on which its windows gave. It "Sorry," he said with a little forced was dark in the court, and the imperfeet light of his candle made his but of politics. There is a dash of mild statecraft in it. The Maharajan has a pretty well-rooted idea that the permanence of his reign depends on restoring the diamond to the Temple."

The sage looked at him interregative to the purpose of the sage looked at him interregative to the purpose of the sage looked at him interregative to the purpose of the sage looked at him interregative to the purpose of the sage looked at him interregative to the purpose of the sage looked at him interregative to the purpose of the sage looked at him interregative to the sage looked at him interregative to the purpose of the sage looked at him interregative to the sage looked at him interregativ the up the hunt for Britz from that inth. He was as unsuccessful as his chissary, and he spent many anxious to send to Britz's office the hundred "I had no thought of giving up the his customer had ordered. But it was lond by the line at the at the ordered with Miss March that fact was that the clubman's mind quest," the Swami explained. "All loss customer had ordered. But it was and her duenna—a waste of hours any loss that fact was that the clubman's mind and her duenna—a waste of hours any loss that fact was that the clubman's mind and her duenna—a waste of hours any loss of ar as the possibility one of which might have been made as earnestness with which the detective useful to him as a year of ordinary had enjoined upon him not to let the time. He was further disposed to prooriginal leave his hands. Burlen was an exceedingly uncomfortable young the success of the Headquarters man

man during all the time he awaited But it would have been well for Britz to have that knowledge in regard to the strange vanishment of the Griswold note, it would have been better for Curtis Griswold if Dorothy March had not become consciencestricken in respect of him that same evening. For little Miss March, being of Puritan stock, as soon as she persuaded herself that she might have bland man from Mulberry street in the cozy corner of the Forrest theater, resolved to repair the mischief as rapidly as possible. She, therefore, sent a little note to the clubman, asking that he make it a point to see her in the course of the evening; and in the note she gave him a list of the several functions she intended to take in. The ball Mrs. Missioner attended, and at which Griswold scored what he regarded as a distinct gain in parading the wealthy widow before many of their acquaintances as a receptive recipient of his attentions, was only one of the affairs on Dorothy's list. Griswold received the note too late to come up with Miss March before the ball, so he decided to meet her at a later dance. That decision upset one of his plans-the most important he had formed in many months, although he did not know its importance at the time. It had been his intention to go from the Fifth Avenue ballroom to the Hotel Renaissance, and if he had not received the note from Miss March, he would have done so even though he might have escorted Mrs. Missioner to

her home and passed a short time with her in the interval. Dorothy's request flattered the clubman's vanity so greatly, however, that he did not hesitate to defer his visit to the Renaissance in order to keep the interesting appointment the debutante, with more conscience than discretion, made for him. The consefairly hurled himself into a sealskin quence was that by the time Griswold's interview with little Dorothy March was at an end, the hours had passed beyond a point to which even his ingenuity could stretch conventionality far enough to make it practithe young photographer had acquaint. cable for him to see Mrs. Delaroche that night.

Dorothy was dancing abstractedly when Griswold found her. She was so tell me that you are the long arm of would have argued from that incident impatient to adjust the harm she felt



Even then the debutante's unwitting tangling of the threads of Griswold's fate might not have had such influence upon his future if she had approached told Griswold at once what she had skill as a draughtsman, the clubman's suspicions would have been aroused, and he might have taken steps that would have had a marked effect upon the development of the great Missioner mystery. But Dorothy was too fluttered, too prettily remorseful, to go straight to the heart of the subject, and in her innocent endeavor to post Griswold in respect of her chat with Britz without making him think she was a gossiping little busybody, she protracted her interview with the clubman through so many dances that when it ended Griswold persuaded himself the morning would be ample time to do that which he felt must be done to avert the probable consequences of Dorothy's girlish frankness. His vanity again played its part, too, for when he had thanked little Miss March for what he pleased to consider her interest in him, and when Dorothy, having signally failed to impress upon him the impersonal nature of her conscience stroke, found herself in a further flutter of bewilderment, Curtis Griswold proceeded to parade her up and down the dancing floor as effectively as he had shown off the rich and beautiful widow in the larger ballroom a little farther up the avenue. Griswold prided himself on his versatility. He argued that it was as easy for him, as he would have expressed it to his club intimates, "to put a filly through her paces" as it had been to advertise the fact before the whole ballroom that Doris Missioner, the fastidious beauty and worshiped possessor of many millions, apparently was on the point of accepting him as her second

matrimonial venture. All of which resulted in Griswold's long stay at the dance, is his ride with Dorothy to her home in an automobile otherwise occupied only by a satisfactorily self-centered chaperon; and in his waste of further time at one of his crastinate in this crucial moment by in throwing all suspected persons off the sleuth's return. His discomfort did their guard by keeping Elinor Holnot decrease as the hours dragged by. comb in the Tombs. Through all his work on the Missioner case, Britz had been beset with requests from Mrs. Missioner, Sands and other friends of the widow's secretary, to permit them to give ball for her. Sands and Mrs. Missioner were particularly insistent in their desire to see Elinor at liberty. Fitch, though normally his wish to see his flancee free must have been stronger than that of anyone else, was partly reconciled to her protracted imprisonment by the detective's frequent assurance of her ultimate vindication. Moreover, the doctor, in consequence of his work on the case with Britz, had direct knowledge of the importance that the suspicions of others should not be alarmed. He had been with the detective when the card of Bruxton Sands was discovered in the possession of the old curiosity shop man; he knew of the note addressed to "Curtis dear" and signed "Millicent," and also

did other friends of Elinor's, and it District Attorney and offering a heavy security for Miss Holcomb's appearshe dismissed her partner with scant Britz had held them off, and it folceremony, and where, a few moments lowed that Griswold nursed the deluafterward, she was joined by Gris- sion that Elinor and Fitch and Sands were suspected so strongly by the Central Office men that no search for evidence against anybody else was in progress. Donnelly and Carson also had fostered that misconception on the her subject with directness. Had she clubman's part by their unabated activity in hunting proofs of the girl secsaid to the detective concerning his skill as a draughtsman, the clubman's every day of their work on the case in tracing Elinor's past, and in efforts to couple Fitch with her suspicious theft of the jewels. Furthermore, being the sort of men who would rather win credit for detective work than do anything quietly in the way of real detection of crime or criminals, they could not refrain from expressing their belief in Elinor's dishonesty at every turn. They talked liberally to the seasoned reporters in the newspaper rookerles opposite Police Headquarters, to the newspaper men in the police stations, and the magistrates' courts, and to the several star reporters of the more enterprising papers who had been assigned especially on the case. Every word they uttered hinged on their evidence in the return of a verdict against Miss Holcomb. and, with the exception of two or three unusually sapient newspaper men who discounted the opinions of Donnelly and Carson because they knew Brits was doing the real work, and because Britz had as yet made no revelations, the reporters quoted them at great length.

Therefore, practically all the New York papers published stories in which Elinor Holcomb was tried, convicted, and sentenced in advance of her arraignment for the theft of the Missioner necklace. Over-enterprising Sunday papers went so far as to publish page stories, purporting to be psychological studies of the mental bent that made the trusted secretary of a multimillionaire society woman, with a comfortable career in expectation, throw all chances to the winds by yielding to a momentary feminine impulse to possess herself of glittering baubles. Those osychological studies were interesting to the multitude, and might have been worth publishing had they been based on either psychoolgy or truth. They had their effect on Gristhat he would be connected with the disappearance of the gems was concerned.

So Griswold did not go to the Renaissance that night, nor did he disturb Mrs. Delaroche with a telephone message, although an instrument stood on a convenient desk in her boudoir. and an extension wire connected it with a duplicate device that rested on a little Russian table beside her bed. It would have been the work of a moment for Griswold to get into conversational touch with Mrs. Delaroche, and he would have had the excuse of replying to her urgent and somewhat petulant note-if he had received it; unfortunately for him, he never had seen that missive. Kananda's guess in regard to the activity of his followers, Chunda and Gazim, was accurate, for these adroit Orientals had stolen the missing note from Griswold's apartment before it came under the observation of "Curtis dear," to whom it was addressed. Altogether, once more, as he would have expressed it, things were not "breaking" for the suave secretary of the Iroquois Trust Company.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## Strategy of Cecil Rhodes

Matter of Boiled

Shirt.

The late Sir William Butler, in his autobiography, which has just been published posthumously, tells the following story of Cecil Rhodes, which Cecil's brother, Frank Rhodes, told him:

"My brother," said Frank Rhodes, "is a strange man. We were young chaps together, and there wasn't too much money or too many things among us.

"One day Cecil came and asked me to let him have one of my shirts, as he wanted to go to an evening party in London. Well, I wanted the shirt myself that evening and I told him he couldn't have it. He said nothing, but I knew he didn't like losing a

"I saw him off to the train. He had neither the shirt on him nor had he rica?"

chance, so I watched him.

How He Got Ahead of His Brother in | bag and baggage with him; but I thought that I'd go to the drawer and just make sure of my shirt. It was gone! Cecil came back that night.

"'Well, Cecil,' I said, 'you won over that shirt of mine; but just tell me how you did it, for it wasn't on you when you left here and you had no parcel with you. What did you do with it?"

"He chuckled a little and said, dryly, 'I put it on under the old one.' Now, that's Cecil."

Burfelted.

"Can't i persuade you to subscribe for a copy of our latest book on north polar exploration?"

"No, sir; you couldn't persuade me to take it as a gift. I spent four years carrying mails in North Dakota, two years driving a cab in Minneapolis, and I've just escaped from Duluth Got a book on bunting in central As