



I.-THE VANISHING DIAMONDS

ILIAN RAY was to marry Sydney Mr. Paul Beck did not require much Harcourt in a week, and there was showing up apparently. He slipped into not-a more popular couple in Lon- the room, keeping his back as much as Her sweet face and winning ways possible to the light as if secrecy had don. Her sweet of society by storm; grown a habit with him. He was a stout, had taken the world knew that warm- strongly built man in dark gray tweed, and all hot-headed Harcourt was about suggesting a respectable retired milkman hearted, not need to the devil when she more than a detective. His face was to go neadlong him. So everybody was ruddy, and his hair light brown. There was a chronic look if it was a perfect match; was a chronic look if it is the set of the caught and net it was a perfect match; was a chronic look of mild surprise in pleased and said it was a perfect match; was a chronic look of mild surprise in his wideopen blue eyes, and his smile was and for the last three weeks their wed-and for the last three pouring into the as innocent as a shill. and for the last three pouring into the ding presents had come pouring into the s innocent as a child's. Harcourt knew the man by reputation as one of the cloud the day of the cloud the front drawing-room.

"And you think-

"I don't think. I am quite sure I know

"Nothing," broke in Mr. Beck again.

Mr. Beck abruptly closed it again and

"That's the paper and twine that was

"I must wish you good-day, Mr. Har-

"Good-day, Miss. ' I have found

opening it; "just as it came, empty.

fooded the front drawing-room. . as one of the cleverest detectives in Lonhouded the front una wing room her lover don. But looking at him now he could Lilian was with the famous Harcourt hardly believe the reputation warranted. was commes, which had been the admira- "Mr. Beck," he said, "will you take a diamonds, which had been they had been "About those diamonds," said Mr. half a century. had beck abruptly. "Fortunately I was an in darkness and safety for a dozen with Mr. Ophir when your note came. with Mr. Ophir when your note came. Wears, to the glittering shop of Mr. He asked me to take charge of the case. Ophir, of Bond Street. The setting was Your cabman lost no time of the case. very old, and the vigilance of the tiny am.

silver points that guarded the priceless morsels of bright stone had to be looked 10. A brand-new case had been ordered where and how to lay my hand on the to set the precious sparklers off to the diamonds."

"I am delighted you think so," said "I am delighted you think so," said Harcourt; "I am exceedingly anxious stairs mounting four steps at a spring. stairs mount and he was in her """ Another moment and he was in her gestroom. Her eyes welcomed him, though her lips pretended to pout.

'I didn't want his suggestions. . Time is "You are ten minutes before your time, of importance, not talk. Is that the sir," she said, "and I am terribly busy. jewel-case?" "Yes," said Harcourt, taking it up and

What have you there?" "Oh! you know. You have been longing for me and the diamonds, especially he diamonds, for the last hour. I've a put it in his pocket.

great mind to carry them off again." The jewel case was wrapped in brown around it, I suppose?" paper with strong cord and sealed with proad patches of red sealing wax. Quite up carefully and put it in the other axcitedly she cut through the string, pocket.

leaving the seals unbroken, and let paper and twine and wax go down in a heap court," said the unceremonious detecon the carpet together. There emerged from the inner wrap- all I wanted and expected. When I have

ping of soft, white tissue paper the jewel more news to tell I'll write. Good-day rase in its new coat of light brown for the present." morocco with the monogram L. H. in Before Harcourt could reply Mr. Beck neat gold letters on it. She gave a little was out of the room and down the stairs, my of pleasure as her eyes fell on the and the hansom which he had kept waitlettering which proclaimed the jewels her ing whirled him away at headlong speed. very own. Like a bather on the water's Scarcely five minutes had passed since brim, she paused for one tantalizing mo- he disappeared down one side of the ment, drew a deep breath to make ready street when another hansom, driven at for the coming cry of rapture, and the same rapid pace, came tearing up the other. Lilian and Sydney had not fully

opened the case. It was empty.

recovered from their surprise at Mr. "What does it mean, Syd? Are you Beck's abrupt departure when a second playing with me?" But even as she knock came to the door, and Tomlinson sked his face told her he was quite entered again with a salver and a carda clean one this time:

Introducing one Paul Beck, Who Confesses to Having "No More System Than the Hound that Gets on the Fox's Scent and Keeps on it." This Story is the First of a Series Dealing with the Adventures of "The Rule of Thumb Detective."

please. I have an idea his man would wages. He will be here at eight o'clock and interlarded his sentences with scrap be useful, if we could lay our hands on to-morrow. I can give you his address of French.

if you want him meanwhile." "Thanks. I fear it would not be of and seated himself at the opposite side think so at all. He was quite a common much use to me. I fancy I will find him of the table.

when I want him, perhaps before you do. The detective looked at him curiously Good-day again, Mr. Smithson. By the when the waiter whisked away to execute for a moment. The jeweler had grown way, I would not advise you to count too his order, "I wanted to have a word with quite flushed and excited. "Many thanks for your advice, Mr. Ophir," he said quietly, "but I think I will take my own Mr. Beck had dismissed his hansom vaciously. "It's the Harcourt diamonds

when he entered Mr. Smithson's. He that have come to you, is it not? The

way, if you please." Twenty minutes afterward, the inde- was only a few streets from the Strand, wonderful diamonds of which one talked fatigable Mr. Beck was at Mr. Smith- and he now walked very slowly in that all the evening at the Harcourt recep-

"I don't think so, Mr. Beck; I don't

person."

morning, finished.

never will.'

hem?"

monds home with him?"

"Have you got it still?"

Excuse me for a moment."

"Then how did he make the case to fit

'We had a model-the old case."

son's workshop cross-examining the pro-prietor. But nothing came of it. The man who had carried the case to Mr. "He must help whether he likes it or not. Ophir's establishment was the man who It won't be the first time he has given me son's workshop cross-examining the pro-prietor. But nothing came of it. The man who had carried the case to Mr. "He must help whether he likes it or not. had made it. He was the best workman a lift, though never before in such a big the table the Westminster Gasette, with that Mr. Smithson ever had, though he thing as this. By George, he is a clever his finger on a prominent paragraph had had him for only ten days. His one! What a success he would be if he headed in big black letters:

name was Mulligan. He had seemed had joined our profession, though I suphard up, and offered himself for very pose he thinks he is better off as he is, moderate wages. But before he had been If he helps me to unravel this business half an hour in the place he showed I'll take care he gets his share of the what he could do. So when the order credit."

came in for a case for the Harcourt dia- Mr. Beck laughed to himself as if he monds, Mr. Smithson set him on the job. had made a good joke, and stopped ab-He worked all day, took the case home ruptly as he glanced at a church clock.

"I had never seen a job done so well hour, and I have no time to lose. I supor so quickly," concluded Mr. Smithson. pose I'll find him at the old spot;" and "But how did he manage at home? he set off at a double-quick pace, five Simpson's restaurant in the Strand.

"Bless you," cried Mr. Smithson brisk-"Yes, I think it is somewhere about. gambler. In the construction and man-

ufacture of mechanical tricks and toys

Mr. Beck nodded, hung up his hat

"The fact is, monsieur," he went on

"THE VANISHING DIAMONDS" Mr. Beck read it through carefully :

"Quite a sensation has been created in fashionable London by the sudden disappearance—it would, perhaps, be premature to say robbery-of the

famous 'Harcourt Heirloom,' perhaps, after the crown jewels, the most with him, and brought it back the next "Four o'clock," he muttered. "How famous and valuable diamonds in fast the day has gone by! Four is his London. Our representative learned from the eminent jeweler, Mr. Ophir, of Bond Street, that he had with his own hands this morning put the jewels into a

to the Hon. Sydney Harcourt. Mr. Har-There he was to meet M. Grabeau, at court, on the other hand, states that ly, "he never saw the diamonds, and the time the cleverest and most popular when the case was opened in his presdrawing-room entertainer in London. He ence by his fiancée, Miss Ray-for whom

a quick-change artist, but, above all and beyond all, a conjuror. He could ma-the toth and the Hon. Sydney Harcourt both here to morrow if I have anything to say to woman in the world, that you flare u nœuvre a pack of cards like a skilled speak the truth—and we have no reason you?"

business and that the Hon. Sydney Har-court, though he ran loose for a while of this M. Ophir, the thief. But you must on the race course contracted no serious be punctual, for I am a man of the pecuniary obligations of which the world minute."

knows. All these circumstances, of "Quite sure you are going to the course, heighten the mystery. We unuke's in the evening? derstand that the famous detective, Mr. "It is equally certain as a musket." Beck, at the instance of Mr. Ophir, called "Oh, very well, if I don't see you at subsequently at Upper Belgrave Street." the shop I will see you at dinner. M. Grabeau watched Mr. Beck eagerly. M. Grabeau drained the last drops of "Well," he asked impatiently, when Mr. his glass of whisky and water cold, picked up his cane and hat and gloves, took a cigarette from his neat little silver case, and stuck it in his mouth un-

"He did not even put them in, my side the shape was almost precisely t friend. Helas! My great detective, are same. Then he walked to the door you not a little-I will not say stupid-closed it softly, and turned the key in the a little innocent to-day? You will not lock. Any one with an eye to the lee think harm of M. Ophir. Tres bien. hole might have seen Mr. Beck dro Give me for a moment your watch and into an easy-chair with one of the two chain."

by magic Mr. Beck's watch and chain confident, which so many people wor were in his hands. A heavy gold watch when that delightful problem "Pigs with a heavy gold curb chain that fitted Clover" was the rage. to the waistcoat buttonhole with a gold

With rapid. dexterous fingers he fash- chuckle quietly to himself; then, if the ioned a copy of the Westminster Gazette ear was preternaturally acute, the li into the semblance of a jewel-case with tener might have heard him lock some wide, put the watch and chain in, so that stood in a neat overcoat of mahogany i Mr. Beck could see it plainly inside, and a corner of the room. closed the lid with two fingers only.

"There was no deception."

He pushed the box across the tablecloth to Mr. Beck, who opened it found it empty.

"But where has it gone?" he cried. "Behold, it is there," said M. Grabeau, tapping him on the capacious waistcoat. I could have sworn I saw you put it into the case and leave it there."

M. Ophir of whom you speak. I put it my pet. It's the nature of the bass in your pocket, he put it in his own. Be- Besides, it's true enough-most of it. hold all the difference. His plan was, have been, as they say, 'a wild youn oh! so much easier."

name of a most decent and respectable 'Mr. Ophir is a gentleman of unimpeact man.

M. Grabeau snapped his fingers in con-emptuous anger. "This man," he said, Harcourt.' There's no denying that temptuous anger. "This man," he said, "I know him, I have had what you call true, anyway."

shufflings-dealings with him. He is cold, but he is cunning. He called me- strong man, to sit there quietly and her You surely did not let him take the dia- miles an hour at least, in the direction of case, sealed up the parcel and handed it I, Alphonse Grabeau, call him, M. Ophir, straight to their low den, wherever it me, Alphonse Grabeau, one cheat. Now such things said! Why don't you one thief, and I will prove it. He has and-and-oh, how I wish I were a mail stolen the diamonds. I will help you, my for their sake!" friend, to run him up.

was a marvelous mimic and ventriloquist, the jewels were meant as a wedding thought from the first you could give me quick blood to her cheek. "It's becau

"I will be in my lettle establishment not riled by the half-lies of those ca vanished through the case and brown until two hours of the afternoon. At though I try to grin and bear it. The paper in the hansom cab. We need not four I will be here at my dinner. In the are lots of people who will take the say that, in position and respectability, Mr. Ophir stands at the very head of his Duke of Doubleditch. At any time I you-"

"Mr. Beck, sir,' said the footman, want now, I wonder?"

"I won't detain you a moment, Harcourt," said the imperturbable Beck, walking quietly into the room. "You have a clue, then?" "Well, yes, I think I may say I have clue.'

chain." He leaned across the table, and as if and round with that look, puzzled yr A little later any one with an ear i the keyhole might have heard Mr. Bec "Now observe; this will be our case." draw a deep breath of relief, and the

a closely fitting lid. He opened the box thing in his own pet patent safe which

"Oh! how can people be so mean? cried Lilian Ray, in a voice that quivere with indignation.

She was standing in the middle of he own drawing-room, and the tattere fragments of the "extra special" editio of the Evening Talebearer flutter round her like a pink snowstorm.

"Easy, Lil, easy!" cried Harcourt from "Eh bien! So could the men of this the sofa where he sat. "Take it quiet scamp.' 'No one knows the amount c

"But, monsieur, M. Ophir has, the my debts'-because there aren't an able respectability.' 'This is a most up

"I wonder at you, Syd-you, a

"Glad your're not, Lil, for my sake "I am obliged, monsieur, I rather he answered, in a tone that brought th

like this. But you must not think I'

A sharp knock came to the door. "Show him up. What does the fello

serious. "I cannot make it out, Lil," he said in in altered voice. "I cannot make it out at all. I brought the case direct from Mr. Ophir's. He told me he had put little cry. the diamonds in and sealed the box up with his own hands. See, you have not

"Oh, don't leave me, Syd."

moment. It may be necessary to employ | sir?" a detective. I'll tell him so at once. Can

write a note anywhere?" "There's the writing table in the cor-

mme pen and paper and began: dinary thing has happened. I took the keep his back to the light. case you gave me, as you gave it to me, "You are back very soon, Mr. Beck," case you gave me, as you gave it to me, and opened it without breaking the "I wish I had come five minutes soonence. clear up the mystery. - If you suspect case?" dishonesty, engage a detective at once.

He ran downstairs himself to hail a with an alert cab driver on the box was it?" trawling up the street. Harcourt raised his hand, almost knocking over a sturdy mendicant who was standing in front of he door dangerously near the curbstone. "Here, my man," he said to the cabman. "Take this to Mr. Ophir's, in Bond

Street. The address is on the envelope. Wait for an answer; double fare if you make quick time."

The driver took the letter, touched his bat, and was off like a shot

Harcourt threw the grumbling beggar shilling and slammed the door. If he had waited just one second he would also, Miss." There was a touch of adhave seen the beggar go off almost as miration in his voice as he addressed quickly as the hansom. Miss Lilian.

Sydney, do cheer up a little," pleaded Lily. "It will come out all right. closed behind him, "isn't it just thrilling! not, I won't mind in the least, and There never was such a mixed-up mysyour father is too fond of you, and of tery. I do wonder which is the right Mr. me, I think, to be really angry. It wasn't Beck?" Your fault, anyway."

You see how it is, Lil. I have been same Mr. Beck. toing the pace a bit before I met you, Meanwhile Mr. Beck was being driven darling, and many people think I as fast as a hansom could carry him back have outrun the bailiff. So there is sure to Mr. Ophir's, in Bond Street. be malicious whispering and tattling He found the eminent jeweler in his are sufficient. and people may say-no, I cannot tell little glass citadel at the back of his you what they may say, and what is glittering warehouse. more, I don't care. You never can say "Well?" he said, more, I don't care. You never can say

MR. PAUL BECK Private Detective Harcourt started, and Lilian uttered a

"The same man, Tomlinson?" "The same, sir; leastways he seems a even broken the seals." And he mechan- very absent-minded gentleman. 'Any ically picked up the litter of paper and one been here for the last ten minutes? twine from the floor. "No one touched he said, breathless-like, when I opened it since except myself and you, and the the door. 'You was, sir,' I said, 'not five diamonds are gone. Old Ophir would no minutes ago.' 'Oh, was I?' says he, more dream of playing such a trick than with a queer kind of a laugh, 'that's an archbishop. Why, the old boy warned quick and no mistake. Am I here now?' me as he gave me the precious parcel. 'Of course you are, sir,' I said, looking We cannot be too careful, Mr. Har- at him hard, but he seemed no way in court' he said. 'There are twenty thou-sand pounds in that little parcel; let no hand touch it except your own.' The first thing is to see Mr. Ophir." 'I said, humoring him; for he was as

serious as a judge, and seemed quite put "Well, to write to him, then. There out to hear he had gone away in a hanmust be some ridiculous mistake some-where. Perhaps he gave me the wrong 'ten minutes late. Well, young man, case. Perhaps some one substituted the there is no help for it. Take this card empty case when he looked aside for a to Mr. Harcourt.' Shall I show him up,

> "Of course." "Mr. Paul Beck, sir."

There was a slight, indescribable change in the manner of Mr. Beck as he He growled a bit at the dainty fem- now entered the room. He was less furtive and less abrupt in his movements. Dear Mr. Ophir: A most extraor- and he seemed no longer anxious to

straight to Miss Ray, Belgrave Street, said Harcourt; "have you got a clue?"

seals, by cutting the strings in her pres- er," said Mr. Beck, his voice quite The diamonds were gone, changed. "I'm afraid I have lost a clue. There must be some mistake some- I have lost the clue, in fact, and I must where. Perhaps you may be able to set about finding it. Where is the jewel-

"Why, I gave it to you not ten minutes

stopped himself with a queer smile that was half a grimace. "Oh, yes, you gave to take the note. A smart hansom it to me. Well, and what did I do with

> "You put it in your pocket, Mr. Beck, and carried it away."

"Was I in a hurry?" "You were in a great hurry." "Was I dressed as I am now?" "Exactly." "And looked the same?" "Precisely." "And I kept my back to the light, I

warrant." "Your memory is wonderful."

"I have the honor to wish you a very

"Oh, Syd !" she cried, as the door

He returned with a rubbed and faded he was possessed of a skill and ingenuity Beck at length came to an end, "it is all jewel-case covered with what once had almost beyond belief. right there?

Mr. Beck had met M. Grabeau at some "That was our model, Mr. Beck. You of those social functions where the in- porter! see in the raised centre a place for the troduction of a detective, either as a

famous detective." footman or a musician, is thought a prudent precaution, and the acquaintance "I see," said Mr. Beck. Then, after a between them had ripened into companionship if not friendship. Mr. Beck's notion of the business. I have an idea "I don't say I won't sell it to oblige a hound that gets on the fox's scent as

the Frenchman. time, you know." Naturally, when Mr. Beck became tangled over the vanishing diamond puz-

when Mr. Beck you said that was his name-say any-

lighted. Mr. Beck rose at the same moment. "Good evening, monsieur," he said adthat-

"What?" asked M. Grabeau sharply, open it?" for Mr. Beck paused in the very middle of his sentence.

your talents didn't get fair play and full quite empty, faded and empty. scope in the right direction. M. Grabeau beamed at the compliment,

and went out beaming. Mr. Beck called for a second helping

of boiled mutton, and ate it slowly. His case in your hands for one moment. face and manner were more vacuous don't close it. Now will you kindly than ever.

ly must have detained Mr. Beck, for it he walked with a quick swinging step up looked on in amazement. to the "leetle establishment" of M. Gra- "Now, kindly squeeze t beau, in Wardour Street. He paused for sorts of ingenious and precious knick- by magic, there blazed on the slop knacks and trifles were temptingly ar- faded velvet a great circlet of flashing ranged, then walked into the shop.

There was a young man of about nine-teen years alone behind the counter. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" she c

"Good-day, Jacob," said Mr. Beck. "Master out?" "Just gone a quarter of an hour ago."

the way, Jacob, that's a new thing you! have-the coral necklet and brooch there admiration and gratitude that even in the window. Will you let me have a detective was captivated. peep at it?"

and set it on the counter. The set was a struck dumb with blank amazement. fine specimen of carved coral linked with fine gold in a case of faded brown morocco and dingy white velvet that pause. looked as old as themselves.

Mr. Beck with intent admiration in-spected the trinkets for fully five min- work as ever came out of hands. utes, turning the case round several times closing of the case works the sprin to get a better view. He seemed much you see, sir. That's the notion of it, interested in a smear of what looked like not a bad notion either." damp gum on the edge of the leather.

at last.

me four different times-not for sale, no It's wonderful! wonderful! But he matter what price I might be offered." ever did you find it out? You must "Well, it is not so much the red affairs I have worked up some marvelous sys want as the box they are in. My aunt that nobody can understand but "Pretty accurate for a newspaper redesired me to get her one for a brooch self. "And you have got the clue-you, the and necklace she picked up cheap at a Mr. Beck actually blushed under the

"Well, yes: monsieur, I think I have a not forbidden to sell the box, were you, bit of a clue. But I came to hear your Jacob?" profession had an intense attraction for that you are the man to put me on the friend of the master, if I get a fair price keeps on it. I just go by the rule

right track. It would not be the first for it. What would you say to a sov- thumb, and muddle and puzzle out it ereign now?" Mr. Beck said nothing to a sovereign,

Monsleur beamed at the rough compliment. "You must first tell me all— but he produced the coin in question were in the case?" said Harcourt everything." "I guessed it, sir, when I saw

He took from his pocket the old jewe case which he had purchased for a so ereign, and set it on the table. *

"You see this, Miss Ray. Is it at a like the case that came with the di monds?"

"The case that came without the miringly, "I must shake hands with you monds you mean, Mr. Beck," said Lilla if it was to be the last time. I always smiling. "It is just like it in shape, is thought you were almighty clever, but I the other was quite new and shining." never rightly knew how clever you are "That is a detail, miss. A clever has until tonight. It is a thundering pity could make that little change of new old in half an hour. Now will you kind

As Lilian opened it she thrilled the sudden unreasonable notion that t "That, that you are not one of us : that diamonds might be inside. But it

"The inside is just the same, too,"

said, "only this is so faded. Anyth else, Mr. Beck?"

"Would you oblige me by taking your thumb here and your other th

Something of special importance plain- here on the opposite side?" Mr. Beck guided the slender. was a quarter past two next day when thumbs to their places while Harco

"Now, kindly squeeze both together Lilian gave a quick, sharp gasp of done moment before the window where all light and surprise. For suddenly, as diamonds with a star of surpassing

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cried breathles "They are too beautiful for any How clever you were to find them, Beck; wasn't he, Syd? Do tell us "Oh, well, I'll see him later on. By and where and when you managed it!" e way, Jacob, that's a new thing you She so bubbled over with delight and

"Will you open the case again, Miss Jacob took the case from the window he said. She raised the lid and window The case was empty

"A trick case," said Harcourt, after

"Just so, sir, that's the whole story

"And the diamonds are safe in "What's the damage, Jacob?" he asked cried Lilian; "they were there all time, and I have only to squeeze "Not for sale, sir. Master cautioned my thumbs and they will come out a "Ah I" said Mr. Beck meditatively. most wonderfully clever. I suppose

sale, and this would about do. You were shower of compliments.

"A little common sense, Miss, the all. I have no more system than t

cases as best I can.' "When did you guess the diam

"Hullo!" he cried pleasantly, "that is you? Bon soir, Monsieur Beck. I hope that you carry yourself well?"

been dark green morocco.

"Which! Of course they are both the slope."

great star. The necklet ran round this

pause: "You can let me have this old case, I suppose? "Certainly. Mr. Ophir's instructions

"By the way, Mr. Smithson," he said,

or think or look anything but what's stored into the little glass soom closing thing about Mr. Ophin?" M. Grabeau.	from his waistcoat pocket, placed it on 1 guessed it, sir, when 1 saw at 1
	him all_everything_ the counter turned the contents of the Onhir and I was sure of it when I and
Wonderful is Wonderful is the door carefully behind him. "Well, now, Mr. Beck, now that you "I hope he's here," said Mr. Beck to with admirable	and an not formatting and in a limiting have still your Vou too how it is sing if M. A. Like
	his own character at Bel- itself in his pocket, and walked out of put the diamonds into the case and n
minutes the diamonds had vanished from think I have a clue. I can make a fair he asked me if I did not do work for taurant. Grade Street.	the shop. one took them out, it stood to reaso
Vaniat memory as completely as they had guess who has the diamonds. Who made Mr. Ophir, and he seemed anxious about One look relieved his mind on that "Well." he sai	
their memory as completely as they had guess who has the diamonds. Who made Mr. Ophir, and he seemed anxious about One look relieved his mind on that "Well," he sai it. I thought. He was very strong in his score. M. Grabeau was there in his usual think, monsieur?	blankly at the stout figure moving ran, the appearance to the contrary
	and the second sec
ught of a cab whirling to the door "Hem-ah-Mr. Smithson, one of the praise of Mr. Ophir. He said he thought place at a corner table, at his accus- "Mr. Ophir," suddenly back to the works, most competent and reliable men in the be could get a recommendation from him tomed dinner-a plate of rare roast beef. "No!" cried h	Mr. Beck in a tone of face wore a look of innocent content, been for the case it made containt
World World it has a did by T did to T	the first danks and TT that a find the contain danking the sector is
	on't think, then, there is he walked and presented all the out "Your double! Then you mere rich
tentre of a silver salver a visiting card finished case indeed." Slightly soiled. Harcourt tool, is and moved toward the door. He a smooth cream-colored face	e hint in the paper that ward and visible signs of a respectable Lilian; there were two Mr. Beeks.
Sully soiled TT.	
Lilian, peering over his shoulder, read. Mr. Peering over his shoulder, read. Mr. Smithson's workmen." Mr. Smithson's workmen." Mr. Smithson's workmen." Mr. Smithson's workmen." Mr. Smithson's workmen." Mr. Smithson's workmen." Mr. Smithson's workmen."	some campling debts?" been well above the average
MR. PAUL BECK "I think you told me this man saw you "Good-day, Mr. Smithson," said Mr. entered the room, and laid down the "No, my friend	A kaliera ma Ha brows Mr Back lat himself in with a later Suit But I mant to have the to the
"What is half is he the diamonds into the case, and seal Beck. "Mr. Mulligan did not turn up in pale green evening paper on which a nothing more th	an he has said. It was her and walked moiselessly unstaine to first Mr. Reck?"
	the most of his while his some method little sitting an at
"Stout party in gray, sir. Don't seem "Yes. He was standing only a few "Yes. He was standing only a few "Now, how did you guess that, Mr. "Hullo!" he cried out, pleasantly, "that His father, he is you? Bon soir. Monsieur Beck. I hope beautiful. I have	is rich his lady she is dearning room for the tash the old Mulliman athermine Martin Cather
"What a bright," "Hullo I" he cried out, pleasantly, "that His father, he is you? Bon soir, Monsieur Beck. I hope beautiful. I hav	is mon her Respectable case from his pollet and set it havid an is in prison at hereast and set it havid and is in prison at hereast
What i one water that the the the the the the the the the th	to been ner a property and been and been a bright at his the methic and been a bright and the been a bright an
"Buttered III what can he of my own men also standing cose by it thing call i fear he may have here into you carty you act with the stand of the standing cose by it thing and i fear he may have here activity the standing the s	to him the jewca. The other old case-the one ne got from Mr. Lie was arrested this alternoon by at
want?" muttered Harcourt to himself you would care to examine them." "Mr. Paul Beck," cried the footman, to see them just yet. But I will trouble know, Mr. Beck. But he is coming back perfectly, when he spoke as M. Grabeau "But how did	, even if he have debts, Similason- on the round table in the cen- pointment at Simpson's restaurant by the
Mr. Paul Bootman disappeared. "Thank you, Mr. Ophir, I don't want duiging. Inisiaten do sometimes, you that, diougn ne could mimic any voice which is not pro	ved. second Mr. Beck.
Thank you, Mr. Opnir, I don't want duiging. Inshinen do sometimes, you that, dough he could immic any voice which is not pro Praing the door with a flourish with a flourish were for Mr. Smithson's address, if you in the morning. I promised him double he spoke with a strong French accent, of the case?"	Mr. Ophir get them out The two cases were alike, though not (Copyright, 1918, by The McCing
The door with a flourish. to see them just yet. But I will trouble know, Mr. Beck. But he is coming back perfectly, when he spoke as M. Grabeau "But how did he spoke with a strong French accent, of the case?"	(identical in form; he opened them, in-)
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