## Author of The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN RAFFLES, Etc. ILLUSTRATIONS by O. IRWIN MYERS

the bead.'

SYNOPSIS.

Cazalet, on the steamer Kaiser Fritz, homeward bound from Australia, cries out in his sleep that Henry Craven, who ten years before had ruined his father and himself, is dead and finds that Hilton Toye, who shares the stateroom with him, knows Craven and also Blanche Macnair, a former neighbor and playmate. When the dealiy papers come aboard at Southampton Toye reads that Craven has been murdered and calls Casalet's dream second eight. He thinks of doing a little amateur detective work on the case himself. In the train to town they discuss the murder, which was committed at Cazalet's old home. Toye hears from Cazalet that Scruton, who had been Cazalet friend and the scapegoat for Craven's dishoneaty, has been released from prison. Cazalet goes down the river and meets Blanche.

## CHAPTER V-Continued.

He had floundered to his feet as He was standing over her, feel. They were all over in about a minute. ing his way like a great fatuous cow. He was remanded till next week." ard, so some might have thought. But it really looked as though Blanche was not attending to what he did say; yet neither was she watching her little anglers stamped in jet upon the silvery stream, nor even seeing any more of Nelly Potts in the Australian veranda. She had come home from Australia, and come in from the river, and she was watching the open door at the other end of the old schoolroom, listening to those confounded steps coming nearer and nearer-and Cazalet was gazing at her as though he really had said something that deserved an anawer.

"Why, Miss Blanche!" cried a voice. "And your old lady-in-waiting figured I should find you flown!"

Hilton Toye was already a landsman and a Londoner from top to toe. He was perfectly dressed—for Bond Street-and his native simplicity of bearing and address placed him as surely and firmly in the present picture. He did not look the least bit out of it. But Cazalet did, in an instant; his old bush clothes changed at once into a merely shabby suit of despicable cut; the romance dropped out of them and their wearer, as he stood like a trussed turkey-cock, and watched a bunch of hothouse flowers presented to the lady with a little gem of a natural, courteous, and yet char

acteristically racy speech. To the lady, mark you; for she was man again, and making a mighty effort to behave himself because the hour of boy and girl was over.

"Mr. Cazalet," said Toye, "I guess you want to know what in thunder I'm doing on your tracks so soon. It's hog-luck, sir, because I wanted to see you quite a lot, but I never thought I'd strike you right here. Did you hear the news?

"No! What?"

There was no need to inquire as to the class of news; the immediate past that's worth all the oaths of all the and do a thing like this the very molet's life; and even in Blanche's presence, even in her schoolroom, the old days had flown into their proper place and size in the perspective.

"They've made an arrest," said Toye; and Cazalet nodded as though



"Mr Cazalet." Sald Toye, "I Guess You Want to Know What I'm Doing on Your Track."

he had quite expected it, which set Blanche off trying to remember some thing he had said at the other house; but she had not succeeded when she noticed the curious pallor of his chin and forehead.

"Scruton?" he just asked. 'Yes, sir! This morning," said Hil-

"You don't mean the poor man?" eried Blanche, looking from one to the other.

"Yes, he does," said Cazalet gloomfly. He stared out at the river, seeing nothing in his turn, though one of the anglers was actually busy with his

"But I thought Mr. Scruton was still-" Blanche remembered him, remembered dancing with him; she did not like to say, "in prison."

"He came out the other day," sighed Caralet. "But how like the police all over! Give a dog a bad name, and trust them to hunt it down and shoot it at sight!"

"I judge it's not so bad as all that in this country," said Hilton Toys. Craven, whatever else he might have I'm putth.

That's more like the police theory done in days gone by. So it simply spells it."

about Scruton, I guess, bar drawing

"When did you hear of it?" said Cazalet.

"It was on the tape at the Savoy when I got there. So I made an in-quiry, and I figured to look in at the Kingston Court on my way to call upon Miss Blanche. You see, I was kind of interested in all you'd told me about the case." "Well?"

"Well, that was my end of the situation. As luck and management would have it between them, I was in time to

hear your man-' "Not my man, please! You thought of him yourself," said Cazalet sharply. "Well, anyway, I was in time to hear the proceedings opened against him.

"How did he look?" and, "Had he beard?" demanded Cazalet and

Blanche simultaneously. "He looked like a sick man," said Toye, with something more than his usual deliberation in answering or asking questions. "Yes, Miss Blanche, he had a beard worthy of a free citizen.

"They let them grow one, if they like, before they come out," said Cazalet, with the nod of knowledge.

"Then I guess he was a wise man not to take it off," rejoined Hilton Toye. "That would only prejudice his case, if it's going to be one of identity, with that head gardener playing lead in the witness-stand."

"Old Savage!" snorted Cazalet. "Why, he was a dotard in our time; they couldn't hang a dog on his evidence!"

"Still," said Blanche, "I'd rather have it than circumstantial evidence, wouldn't you, Mr. Toye?"

"No. Miss Blanche, I would not," replied Toye, with unhesitating candor. 'The worst evidence in the world, in my opinion, and I've given the matter some thought, is the evidence of idenbetrayed a quickened interest in his views. "Shall I tell you why? Think how often you're not so sure if you have seen a man before or if you never one, on the spot; and Cazalet was a ding, or else you nod wrong; if you seemed natural to Blanche, in the manifold and overlapping circumyou're not like any other man I know."

"I have!" cried Cazalet. "I've had it all my life, even in the wilds; but I never thought of it before."

"Think of it now," said Toye, "and you'll see there may be flaws in the could let her land to please him. best evidence of identity that money can buy. But circumstantial evidence can't lie, Miss Blanche, if you get enough of it. If the links fit in, to through so much as it is, whatever he prove that a certain person was in a may have done to deserve it long ago. certain place at a certain time, I guess Is it conceivable that he should go

Cazalet laughed harshly, as for no apparent reason he led the way into the garden. "Mr. Toye's made a study of these things," he fired over his shoulder. "He should have been a Sherlock Holmes, and rather wishes he was one!"

"Give me time," said Toye, laughing. "I may come along that way yet."

Cazalet faced him in a frame of tangled greenery. "You told me you wouldn't!"

"I did, sir, but that was before they put salt on this poor old crook. If you're right, and he's not the man, shouldn't you say that rather altered the situation?"

CHAPTER VI.

Voluntary Service. "And why do you think he can't

have done it?" Cazalet had trundled the old canon over the rollers, and Blanche was hardly paddling in the glassy strip alongside the weir. Below the lock

there had been something to do, and Blanche had done it deftly and silently, with almost equal capacity and grace. It had given her a charming fush and sparkle; and, what with the sun's bare hand on her yellow hair. she now looked even bonnier than indoors, yet not quite, quite such a girl. But then every bit of the boy had gone out of Cazalet. So that hour stolen

from the past was up forever. "Why do the police think the other thing?" he retorted. "What have they got to go on? That's what I want to know. I agree with Toye in one thing." Blanche looked up quickly, "I wouldn't trust old Savage an inch. I've been thinking about him and his previous Do you realize that it's evidence. quite dark now soon after seven? It was pretty thick saying his man was bareheaded, with neither hat nor cap left behind to prove it! Yet now seems he's put a beard to him, and next we shall have the color of his

eyes!" Blanche laughed at his vigor of phrase; this was more like the old. hot-tempered, sometimes rather over bearing Sweep. Something had made him jump to the conclusion that Scruton could not possibly have killed Mr. Craven, whatever else he might have I'm putting on airs. That's how he

was impossible, and anybody who took the other side would have to reckon

henceforth with Sweep Casalet. Mr. Toye already had reckoned with him, in a little debate begun outside the old summer schoolroom at Littleford, and adjourned rather than finished at the iron gate into the road. In her heart of hearts Blanche could not say that Cazalet had the best of the argument. Toye had advanced a general principle with calm ability, but Cazalet could not be shifted from the particular position he was so eager to defend, and would only enter into abstract questions to beg them out of

Blanche rather thought that neither quite understood what the other meant; but she could not blink the fact that the old friend had neither the dialectical mind nor the unfailing courtesy of the new. That being so, with her perception she might have changed the subject; but she could see that Cazalet was thinking of nothing else; and no wonder, since they were approaching the scene of the tragedy and his own old home, with each long dip of her paddle.

It had been his own wish to start upstream; but she could see the wistful pain in his eyes as they fell once more upon the red turrets and the smooth green lawn of Uplands; and she neither spoke nor looked at him again until he spoke to her.

"I see they've got the blinds down still," he said detachedly. "What's happened to Mrs. Craven?"

"I hear she went into a nursing home before the funeral." "I expect we should find Savage



He Clutched Her Hand, but Only as He Might Have Clutched a Man's.

mind, Blanche? I should rather like tity." He turned to Cazalet, who had if it was just setting foot-with you-But even that effective final pronoun failed to bring any buoyancy back into his voice; for it was not in the least effective as he said it, and he no longhave! You kind of shrink from nod- er looked her in the face. But this all seemed natural to Blanche, in the stances of the case. She made for the inlet at the upper end of the lawn. And her prompt unquestioning acoutescence shamed Cazalet into further and franker explanation, before he

"You don't know how I feel this!" he exclaimed quite miserably. "I mean about poor old Scruton; he's gone even conceivable?"

Blanche understood him. And now she showed herself golden to the core, almost as an earnest of her fitness for the fires before her.

"Poor fellow," she cried, "he has a friend in you, at any rate! And I'll help you to help him, if there's any way I can."

He clutched her hand, but only as

he might have clutched a man's." "You can't do anything; but I won't forget that," he almost choked. meant to stand by him in a very different way. He'd been down to the depths, and I'd come up a bit; then he was good to me as a lad, and it was my father's partner who was the ruln of him. I seemed to owe him something, and now-now I'll stand by him

whatever happens and-whatever has happened! Then they landed in the old, old inlet. Cazalet knew every knot in the

post to which he tied Blanche's canoe. It was a very different place, this Uplands, from poor old Littleford on the lower reach. The grounds were five or six acres instead of about one, and a house in quite another class stood farther back from the river and very much farther from the road

The inlet began the western boundary, which continued past the boathouse in the shape of a high hedge, a cried. herbaceous border (not what it had been in the old days), and a gravel path. This path was screened from the lawn by a bank of rhododendrons, as of course were the back yard and kitchen premises, past which it led into the front garden, eventually debouching into the drive. It was the path along which Cazalet led the way heels was so struck by something that she could not help telling him he knew his way very well.

CTO BE CONTINUED.

"Look here, Charlie," said one young undergrad to another, who had been asked to run his eye over a letter which his friend had written to his father, in which there was the inevitable request for money, "you've spelled jug, g-u-g!" "I know," said Charlie; "but you see I need the cash. and don't want the old man to think

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Casalet, on the steamer Kaiser Fritz, homeward bound from Australia, ories out in his sleep that Henry Craven, who ten years before had ruined his father and himself, is dead and finds that Hilton Toye, who shares the stateroom with him, knows Craven and also Blanche Macnair, a former neighbor and playmate. When the daily papers come aboard at Southampton Toye reads that Craven has been murdered and calls Casalet's dream second sight. He thinks of doing a little amateur detective work on the case himself. In the train to town they discuss the murder, which was committed at Caralet's old home. Toye hears from Casalet that Scrutton, who had been Casalet's friend and the scapegoat for Craven's dishonesty, has been released from prison. Cazalet goes down the river and meets Blanche. Toye also comes to see her and tells Cazalet that Scrutton has been arrested, but as he doesn't believe the old clerk is guilty he is going to ferret out the murderer. Cazalet and Blanche go to Cazalet's old home.

CHAPTER VI-Continued.

"Every inch of it!" he said bitterly But so I ought, if anybody does." "But these rhododendrons weren" here in your time. They're the one improvement. Don't you remember how the path ran around to the other

wasn't made." "No more it was," said Cazalet, as they came up to the new gate on the right. It was open, and looking through they could see where the old gateway had been bricked. The rhododendrons topped the yard wall at that point, masking it from the lawn, and

making on the whole an improvement

of which anybody but a former son of the house might have taken more account. He said he could see no other change. But for the fact that these windows were wide open, the whole place seemed as deserted as Little ford; but just past the windows, and flush with them, was the tradesmen's door, and the two trespassers were

opened and disgorged a man. The man was at first sight a most incongruous figure for the back premises of any house, especially in the country. He was tall, rather stout, very powerfully built and rather handsome in his way; yet not for one mo ment was this personage in the picture, in the sense in which Hilton Toye had stepped into the Littleford

barely abreast of it when this door

"May I ask what you're doing here?" he demanded bluntly of the male in truder.

"No harm, I hope," replied Cazalet, smiling, much to his companion's relief. She had done him an injustice, however, in dreading an explosion when they were both obviously in the wrong, and she greatly admired the tone he took so readily. "I know we've no business here whatever; but



I Ask What You're Here?" He Bluntly Asked.

it happens to be my old home, and I only landed from Australia last night. I'm on the river for the first time, and simply had to have a look around.

The other big man had looked far from propitiated by the earlier of these remarks, but the closing sentences had worked a change.

"Are you young Mr. Cazalet?" he

"I am, or rather I was," laughed Cazalet, still on his mettle. "You've read all about the car

then. I don't mind betting!" exclaimed the other with a jerk of his topper toward the house behind him. "I've read all I found in the papers

last night and this morning, and such arrears as I've been able to lay my this afternoon, and Blanche at his hands on," said Cazalet. "But, as tell you, my ship only got in from Australia last night, and I came round all the way in her. There was nothing in the English papers when we touched at Genoa.'

"I see, I see." The man was still looking him up and down. "Well, Mr. Cazalet, my name's Drinkwater, and I'm from Scotland Yard, I happen to be in charge of the case."

"I guessed as much," said Cazalet, and this surprised Blanche more than anything else from him. Yet nothing about him was any longer like the Sweep of other days, or of any previous part of that very afternoon. And was also easy to understand on

reflection; for if he meant to stand by the hapless Scruton, guilty or not guilty, he could not perhaps begin better than by getting on good terms with the police. But his ready tact. and in that case cunning, were certainly a revelation to one who had known him marvelously as boy and youth.

"I mustn't ask questions," he con tinued, "but I see you're still searching for things, Mr. Drinkwater."

"Still minding our own job." said Mr. Drinkwater genially. They had sauntered on with him to the corner of the house, and seen a bowler hat bobbing in the shrubbery down the drive. Cazalet laughed like a man.

"Well, I needn't tell you I know every inch of the old place," he said; "that is, barring alterations." as Blanche caught his eye. "But I expect

this search is narrowed, rather?" "Rather," said Mr. Drinkwater, standing still in the drive. He had also taken out a presentation gold half-hunter, suitably inscribed in memory of one of his more bloodless victories. But Cazalet could always be end of the yard? This gate into it obtuse, and now he refused to look an inch lower than the detective inspector's bright brown eyes.

"There's just one place that's occurred to me. Mr. Drinkwater, that perhaps may not have occurred to

"Where's that, Mr. Cazalet?" "In the room where-the room

itself." Mr. Drinkwater's long stare ended in an indulgent smile. "You can show me if you like," said he indifferently. "But I suppose you know we've got the man?"

CHAPTER VII.

After Michael Angelo. "I was thinking of his cap," said Cazalet, but only as they returned to the tradesmen's door, and just as Blanche put in her word, "What about

me? Mr. Drinkwater eyed the trim white figure standing in the sun. "The more the merrier!" his grim humor had it. "I dare say you'll be able to teach us

a thing or two as well, miss." She could not help nudging Cazalet in recognition of this shaft. But Caraet did not look round; he had now set foot in his old home.

It was all strangely still and inactive as though domestic animation had been suspended indefinitely. Yet the open kitchen door revealed a female form in mufti; a sullen face looked out of the pantry as they passed; and through the old green door (only now it was a red one) they found another bowler hat bent over a pink paper at the foot of the stairs. There was a glitter of eyes under the bowier's it from that day to this!"

friends into the library. The library was a square room of respectable size, but very close and dim with the one French window closed and curtained. Mr. Drinkwa ter shut the door as well, and switched on all the electric lamps. The electric light had been put in by the Cravens; all the other fixtures in the room were as Cazalet remembered them. But the former son of the house gave himself no time to waste in senti mental comparisons. He tapped a pair of mahogany doors, like those of a wardrobe let into the wall

"Have you looked in here?" de manded Cazalet.

"What's the use of looking in a cigar cupboard?" Drinkwater made mild "Cigar cupboard!" echoed Cazalet

in disgust. "Did he really only use it for his cigars?" "A cigar cupboard," repeated Drinkwater, "and locked up at the time it

happened. What was it, if I may ask, in Mr. Cazalet's time?" "I remember!" came suddenly from Blanche: but Cazalet only said. "Oh.

well. If you know it was locked there's an end of it." Drinkwater went to the door and summoned his subordinate. "Just fetch that chap from the pantry, Tom." said he: but the sullen suffered

of them, and was sharply rated when he appeared "I thought you told me this was a cigar cupboard?" continued Drink water, in the browbeating tone of his first words to Cazalet outside.

from police rule took his time, in spite

"So it is," said the man. "Then where's the key?"

"How should I know? I never kept cried the butler, crowing over his oppressor for a change. "He would keep it on his own bunch; find his watch, and all the other things that were missing from his pockets when your men went through 'em, and you may find his keys, too!"

Drinkwater gave his man a double signal; the door slammed on a petty triumph for the servants' hall; but now both invaders remained within.

"Try your hand on it, Tom," said the superior officer. "I'm a free-lance here," he explained somewhat superfluously to the others, as Tom applied himself to the lock in one mahogany door. "Man's been drinking, I should

say. He'd better be careful, because I don't take to him, drunk or sober. I'm not surprised at his master not trusting him. It's just possible that the place was open-he might have been getting out his cigars before dinner-but I can't say I think there's much in it, Mr. Cazalet.

It was open again-broken open before many minutes; and certainly there was not much in it, to be seen, except cigars. Boxes of these were stacked on what might have been meant for a shallow desk (the whole place was shallow as the wardrobe that the doors suggested, but lighted high up at one end by a little barred window of its own) and according to Cazalet a desk it had really been. His poor father ought never to have been a business man; he ought to have been a poet. Caralet said this now as simply as he had said it to Hilton Toye on board the Kaiser Fritz. Only he went rather further for the benefit of the gentlemen from Scotand Yard, who took not the faintest interest in the late Mr. Cazalet, beyond poking their noses into his di-minutive sanctum and duly turning them up at what they saw.

"He used to complain that he was never left in peace on Saturdays and Sundays, which of course were his



"You Ought to Have Been a Burglar, Sir," Sald Mr. Drinkwater.

only quiet times for writing," said the son, elaborating his tale with filial plety. "So once when I'd been trying to die of scarlet fever, and my mother brought me back from Hastings after she'd had me there some time, the old governor told us he'd got a place where he could disappear from the district at a moment's notice and yet be back in another moment if we rang the gong. I fancy he'd got to tell her where it was, pretty quick; but I only found out for myself by accident. Years afterward he told me he'd got the idea from Jean Ingelow's place in Italy somewhere."

"It's in Florence," said Blanche, laughing. "I've been there and seen it, and it's the exact same thing. But you mean Michael Angelo, Sweep!"

"Oh, do I?" he said serenely. "Well, I shall never forget how I found out its existence."

"No more shall I. You told me all about it at the time, as a terrific secret, and I may tell you that I've kept

think of having the nerve to pull up the governor's floor! It only shows what a boy will do. I wonder if the hole's there still!"

Now all the time the planetary detective had been watching his satellite engaged in an attempt to render the damage done to the mahogany doors a little less conspicuous. Netther appeared to be taking any further interest in the cigar cupboard, or paying the slightest attention to Casalet's reminiscences. But Mr. Drinkwater happened to have heard every word, and in the last sentence there was one that caused him to prick up his expert ears instinctively.

"What's that about a hole?" said he, turning round.

"I was reminding Miss Macnair how the place first came to be-

"Yes, yes. But what about some hole in the floor?"

"I made one myself with one of those knives that contain all sorts of of things, including a saw. It was one Saturday afternoon in the summer holidays. I came in here from the garden as my father went out by that door into the hall, leaving one of these mahogany doors open by mistake. It was the chance of my life; in I slipped to have a look. He came back for something, saw the very door you've broken standing ajar, and shut it without looking in. So there I was in a nice old trap! I simply daren't call out and give myself away. There was a bit of loose offcloth on the floor-

"There is still." said the satellite pausing in his task.

"I moved the ollcloth, in the end: hawked up one end of the board (luckily they weren't groove and tongue). sawed through the next one to it, had it up, too, and got through into the foundations, leaving everything much as I had found it. The place is so small that the olicioth was obliged to fall in place if it fell anywhere. I had plenty of time, because my

people had gone in to dinner." "You ought to have been a burglar, sir," said Mr. Drinkwater ironically. "So you covered up a sin with a crime, like half the gentlemen who go through my hands for the first and last time! But how did you get out of the foundations?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)