

It has taken on a horror from which I can never now dissociate it.

On a sofa drawn up to the stove lay the child, as I supposed, asleep. I saw folds of the grey frock here and there beneath the scarlet shawl which covered her; one edge of which shawl drooped over and threw the little face into shadow.

Beside the sofa stood the lady, a tall, black figure, her face wearing the same expressionless calm, but whiter than I had yet seen it, and one heavily-ringed hand gently patting the scarlet shawl.

Facing her stood Herr Gluckstern, and one glance at his troubled face convinced me that he had met with no lightening of his anxiety; his voice, when he turned and spoke to me, settled that fact. His usual staidness was torn from him by a genuine concern.

"Herr Howard," he began hurriedly, "this lady also has lost diamonds—gone this day. I took the liberty to send for you. It is an elaborate, planned crime. It must be so. I tell Madame de Carnis

"My loss," the lady interposed politely, "is a small one compared with that of your friends. I did not know of their disaster when I sent for Herr Gluckstern. Mine is but a small clasp, but the diamonds were exceptionally fine, and it means much to me."

"Ah, of course, of course," agreed Herr Gluckstern.

By a few questions I gained a description of the jewel and of the discovery of the loss; and I hastened to assure the lady that everything possible was already being done secretly to trace and secure the thief and recover the property. She listened to me with calm attention, and quickly realized the promptness of our action.

"And when Detective Waldler is arrived—" hastily began Herr Gluckstern.

"A good detective?" questioned the lady. "His name is—what did you say? And for a moment her hand ceased its gentle patting of the scarlet shawl.

"Detective Waldler," repeated Herr Gluckstern proudly. "The greatest man in Europe for jewel robberies."

"Ah—that will be a relief," she replied rather dazedly, "to know—the matter is in—the most skilful hands." She spoke in a curiously intense monotone.

"The diamonds mean more than their intrinsic worth to her," I thought.

After a short time more of regrets and discussions the lady, facing us both in the fading light, said, "It would be better, I think, if I were to fetch for you the box in which my diamonds are, as a rule, kept; you can then see, perhaps, if the methods have been the same in both cases."

Bending over the little form on the sofa, she raised the edge of the scarlet shawl, and took a long look at the shaded face. Then she turned away from it and went into an inner room.

We waited in the twilight, the plump little Herr Gluckstern and I; occasionally we spoke, in lowered tones for fear of disturbing the motionless child on the sofa. Once or twice a curious wave of unreality passed over me, born, I suppose, of the silence, the dimness, and the startling events which had brought me to this room. And when the dimness deepened, and the lady did not come back to us, the discovery of some fresh, dismaying fact, however exaggerated, in my opinion, seemed to become quite possible. Like the dream-life of the night, the amazing, the fantastic, the awful, whatever might happen, would seem to be but a natural phase of this tense period.

I do not know what impulse urged me at length to cross over to the sofa and softly raise the scarlet shawl. I was, I think, still in a half-absent, half-unreal state of mind. I felt suddenly that I wanted to see that little face in repose, and I obeyed the impulse.

The lifting of the shawl did not disturb the sleeper, she lay perfectly still; but as I placed it back again my hand touched the little hand lying on the grey folds, and in an instant I knew!

"A light!" I demanded, forgetful of the lady who had passed into the other room, forgetful of the fact that the child was no business of mine. "A light, quickly!"

Obedient to the insistence in my voice, Herr Gluckstern pressed the electric light on, and I pulled back the shawl, letting the dazzling stream fall on the face of the child.

She did not stir; not an eyelash quivered; she lay there with open eyes and an unaltered look on her face, but she, the child—she must have been dead some hours.

Before that awful day was over we knew much; much we could only guess.

We knew that while Herr Gluckstern and I had waited there in the twilight the lady in black had passed out from that inner room into oblivion. Whether or not she had loved the child whose little dead shoulder she had patted so mechanically, as she talked to us, we could only guess. We knew, when Herr Waldler came, that we had stood face to face with one of the most daring jewel thieves of the century. Whether her callousness meant callousness, or whether beneath that placidity she had hidden maternal agony that afternoon, we could only guess. I knew now that she had known the child beneath the shawl to be dead. I guessed that she was facing her peril when she heard the name of Herr Waldler, when she took her last look at the little pinched face and left it for ever. But the woman herself—at the end as at the beginning, she was and has remained inscrutable.

The child—of her little life, of her death, what could we know?

She was buried in the English cemetery. Diana and I wished it, we arranged it, we followed her there, and there left her.

In the pocket of her little woollen frock was found a diamond earring, caught in the stitching. That was the only item Mrs. Terence ever recovered of her priceless collection.

Was the child at the Hotel Nare dumb? Was she guilty? Was she tortured? Of what use are guesses? To this day I shudder when I think of the final agony of fear, the mad child-despair which may, in mercy, have brought the final rest; but I only know that she went out into the unknown with horror in her eyes.

### An Ambassador in His "Nightly."

The Marquis de Noailles, formerly French Ambassador in Berlin, relates an amusing incident which occurred when he was at the German capital. The Emperor one morning came to see him without giving him notice, and entered his bedroom while he was asleep. The Marquis de Noailles replied that the adventure happened not to him, but to Sir Frank Lascelles, the British Ambassador. "My colleague," said the Marquis de Noailles, "was in bed, and, without announcing himself, the Emperor entered his bedroom and woke him, laughing at the embarrassment into which the British diplomat was thrown by this early morning visit. His Majesty sat down by his bedside and had a long conversation with him; and at last the Emperor rose and said, 'Good-bye, my dear Ambassador. Don't disturb yourself, I know my way.' And with a cordial handshake his Majesty descended the staircase. But Sir Frank Lascelles, wishing to open the door for his visitor, had hastily donned a dressing gown and run to the door. The Emperor, who had already reached the bottom of the stairs, perceived the Ambassador, and immediately called laughingly to his aides-de-camp, who had remained in the waiting-room, 'Ho! you there! Come and see an unusual sight—an Ambassador in his shirt!'"

After the crusade against English spelling, there is to come a crusade against English tailoring. "It is time," writes an American contemporary, "the tyranny of the English tailor fashions should cease." But could this revolution be accomplished even if the "four hundred," passing a self-denying ordinance, bought the reach-me-downs of Chicago and walked abroad in them? The superiority of the London tailor, like the superiority of the Parisian dressmaker, is one of those great facts that nobody can deny and nobody can explain. A man may contrive to be well dressed in Paris by paying a very long price and employing an alien artist; in the Tropics countries he may be well dressed if he wears a uniform, but not otherwise. Original conceptions in the matter of male attire may, indeed, be met with in various parts of the Continent; but this is one of the branches of art in which success depends not upon brilliant ideas, but upon skilful adaptation of means to end. The English tailoring fashions are followed because English clothes generally fit the wearer. Joseph himself would be esteemed a sorry object nowadays if that condition were not fulfilled; his brethren, instead of envying him and putting him in a pit, would recommend him to place himself in the hands of a Bond-street artist.

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