

appeal. His heart was touched, but he had long ago made up his mind as to the right course in her interests as well as in those of justice and mercy.

"Countess, only on condition that you tell all to your husband, can I save your brother from the prison he richly deserves, and you from exposure and disgrace."

After much ineffectual pleading the Countess sobbed out a broken-hearted consent. When her husband came she looked like a dead woman.

The detective and his lordship were frightened, and the latter would have sent for a doctor, but she begged him to listen and not let her have another hour's suspense. Whilst she was getting ready to speak the detective answered Lord Kensington's quick, eager questions by a few remarks, preparing the way for her confession, begging his hearer not to interrupt, but to wait till the end before commenting.

This was Lady Kensington's story—Mr. Link bowing corroboration as she proceeded.

"My happiest years have been those of my married life. I never loved till I met you, dear. I shall never love anyone else. And yet I have kept something from you. Lady Seavers never told you of my family. I was an orphan, and you took her word for my history. My father was a clergyman, as she told you, I knew little of my parents, but I know they were good. But I have an only brother. He was in prison when I married. Ah! do not curse me, I pitied him at first, but later I got to hate him. He has never left me a year since he came out of goal. I feared your anger if you knew I had deceived you, and I feared to disgrace you. And I loved you so, I need not tell you of all the money I have given him. I have never been extravagant, and your generosity has always given and asked no questions. When you received an anonymous letter telling you I had a lover, can I ever forget your loving kindness. How you believed me, and how I hated myself for not telling you all. Then I determined to end it. I asked Wilford (my brother) for what price he would leave me for ever. He at once thought of the

Kensington diamonds. This was six months ago, but I never had any peace after that. When at last he threatened to do a mischief I despairingly gave in. He arranged everything, and told me what to do. On the night of the Drawing Room I put the diamonds in the jewel box ready to be put into the safe next day. I went to bed until I heard your knock, and your kind good-night. Then I rose, and gave a signal at my window. Wilford was waiting in the side street outside the garden wall, from where he could see my window. I then fetched the jewel box from the dressing-room, and waited at the open window of the bedroom. As soon as the police patrol had got well away Wilford hoisted a long telescopic iron rod to the window, and I fixed the ring of the jewel box to the hook as he had arranged. The box swayed a little at first, but reached its destination easily enough, and I closed the window quietly, and went to bed again. I could not sleep then, and I have never had a single night's rest since. That is all my story, and I ask you to forgive. Forgive me, and tell me what we can do. The diamonds are safe, and Wilford is in prison. But I am miserable beyond all words. Say that you forgive me!"

Lord Kensington had been an impatient listener all this time. He loved his wife with uncommon love, and her tale of woe filled him with a sympathy impossible for a man of his calm manners to express. Now, instead of speaking, he embraced his wife as he had never done before, and it needed no words for her to understand she was forgiven.

"Go on, Mr. Detective," said his lordship, "I want to know what more there is to be told. But one thing I have known for the past two years. The Countess's worthless brother came to me himself one day, and told me the story of his life. He blackmailed me into allowing him £500 a year on condition that he never troubled my poor wife. So you see we are a foolish couple, and I, too, have to ask forgiveness."

In a few words Mr. Link told all he knew. The grazed paint on the window of the bedroom, and some fresh chips on the old stone, of which the house was built, together with the absence of

footprints on the turf, had first given him a clue to the method of the thief. The garden wall had also been disturbed, and the search in the garden had revealed the telescopic iron rod with a hook at the end. This was found in the old creeper on the wall. We have already seen the other steps Mr. Link took to run to earth the diamond robber.

The restoration of the gems, the reward of Mr. Link, and the complete and lasting confidence which was added to an increasing love between Lord and Lady Kensington brings our story to an end.

In an hotel smoke room in Brisbane, a certain frequenter often boasts in his cups of his relationship to a well-known English peeress.

"Do you know," he sometimes adds, "I get twenty-five pounds every month from a banker here, on condition that I don't leave Australia. Well, what's the matter with Australia? Who wants to leave Australia? Have a drink."

**HOUSEWIVES' MISHAPS.**

MAKE ZAM-BUK A DAILY NEED.

The mishaps of a housewife are many. She may knock her knuckles whilst dusting, get burnt while ironing or cooking, scald herself with a kettle-spill or get cut with broken crockery and slips of the table knife. The housewife who keeps a pot of Zam-Buk Balm on a handy shelf provides against risks. Her choice of Zam-Buk Balm shows that she appreciates the necessity of purity in her healer, as well as the value of soothing, healing, and antiseptic properties in combination. For the crushed finger, the sprained ankle or wrist, the cut, scratch, bruise, burn or scald that may happen at any moment, Zam-Buk is indispensable.

Miss F. Douglas, of Sussex-street, Lower N. Adelaide, writes:—"Out of gratitude for the great benefits I have derived from Zam-Buk Balm, it gives me great pleasure to send you this testimonial. Some six months ago, while engaged in the kitchen cooking, I had the misfortune to upset a pot of boiled potatoes over my foot. I applied differ-

ent ointments and so-called healers, but at the end of a month my foot still remained bad. One day I bought a pot of Zam-Buk Balm, and after a few applications my foot showed signs of healing, and in a little while it was completely cured. I am exceedingly grateful for what Zam-Buk has done for me, and can recommend it as a handy household healer."

Zam-Buk is a healing, soothing, and antiseptic skin-dressing which no home can afford to be without, and is invaluable for cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, rashes, prickly heat, insect bites, sun-burn, piles, and all injuries and diseases of the skin and tissues. 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per pot, of all chemists and stores.



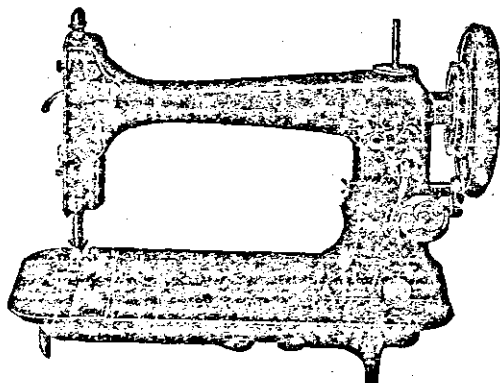
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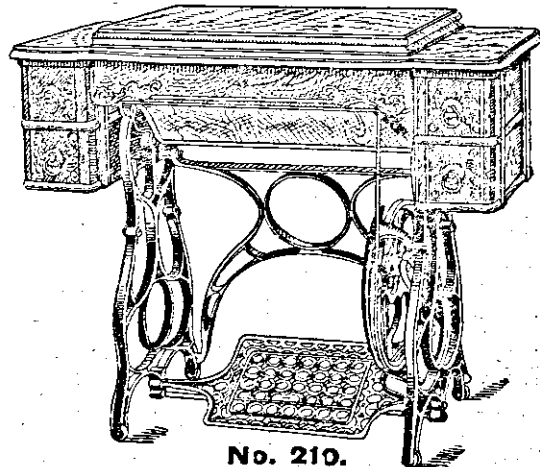
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