



Madame Sara

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by L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace

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EVERYONE in trade and a good many who are not have heard of Werner's Agency, the Solvency Inquiry Agency for all British trade. Its business is to know the financial condition of all wholesale and retail firms, from Rothschild's to the smallest sweetstuff shop in Whitechapel. I do not say that every firm figures on its books, but by methods of secret inquiry it can discover the status of any firm or individual. It is the great safeguard to British trade and prevents much fraudulent dealing

Of this agency I, Dixon Druce, was appointed manager in 1890. Since then I have met queer people and seen strange sights, for men do curious things for money in this world.

It so happened that in June, 1899, my business took me to Madeira on an inquiry of some importance. I left the island on the 14th of the month by the Norham Castle for Southampton. I embarked after dinner. It was a lovely night, and the strains of the band in the public gardens of Funchal came floating across the star-powdered bay through the warm, balmy air. Then the engine bells rang to "Full speed ahead", and, flinging a farewell to the fairest island on earth, I turned to the smoking-room in order to light my cheroot.

"Do you want a match, sir?"

The voice came from a slender, young-looking man who stood near the taffrail. Before I could reply he had struck one and held it out to me.

"Excuse me," he said, as he tossed it overboard, "but surely I am addressing Mr. Dixon Druce?"

"You are, sir," I said, glancing keenly back at him, "but you have the advantage of me."

"Don't you know me?" he responded, "Jack Selby, Hayward's House, Harrow, 1879."

“By Jove! so it is,” I cried.

Our hands met in a warm clasp, and a moment later I found myself sitting close to my old friend, who had fagged for me in the bygone days, and whom I had not seen from the moment when I said goodbye to the “Hill” in the grey mist of a December morning twenty years ago. He was a boy of fourteen then, but nevertheless I recognized him. His face was bronzed and good-looking, his features refined. As a boy Selby had been noted for his grace, his well-shaped head, his clean-cut features; these characteristics still were his, and although he was now slightly past his first youth he was decidedly handsome. He gave me a quick sketch of his history.

“My father left me plenty of money,” he said, “and The Meadows, our old family place, is now mine. I have a taste for natural history; that taste took me two years ago to South America. I have had my share of strange adventures, and have collected valuable specimens and trophies. I am now on my way home from Para, on the Amazon, having come by a Booth boat to Madeira and changed there to the Castle Line. But why all this talk about myself?” he added, bringing his deck chair a little nearer to mine. “What about your history, old chap? Are you settled down with a wife and kiddies of your own, or is that dream of your school days fulfilled, and are you the owner of the best private laboratory in London?”

“As to the laboratory,” I said, with a smile, “you must come and see it. For the rest I am unmarried. Are you?”

“I was married the day before I left Para, and my wife is on board with me.”

“Capital,” I answered. “Let me hear all about it.”

“You shall. Her maiden name was Dallas; Beatrice Dallas. She is just twenty now. Her father was an Englishman and her mother a Spaniard; neither parent is living. She has an elder sister, Edith, nearly thirty years of age, unmarried, who is on board with us. There is also a step-brother, considerably older than either Edith or Beatrice. I met my wife last year in Para, and at once fell in love. I am the happiest man on earth. It goes without saying that I think her beautiful, and she is also very well off. The story of her wealth is a curious one. Her uncle on the mother’s side was an extremely wealthy Spaniard, who made an enormous fortune in Brazil out of diamonds and minerals; he owned several mines. But it

is supposed that his wealth turned his brain. At any rate, it seems to have done so as far as the disposal of his money went. He divided the yearly profits and interest between his nephew and his two nieces, but declared that the property itself should never be split up. He has left the whole of it to that one of the three who should survive the others. A perfectly insane arrangement, but not, I believe, unprecedented in Brazil.”

“Very insane,” I echoed. “What was he worth?”

“Over two million sterling.”

“By Jove!” I cried, “what a sum! But what about the half-brother?”

“He must be over forty years of age, and is evidently a bad lot. I have never seen him. His sisters won’t speak to him or have anything to do with him. I understand that he is a great gambler; I am further told that he is at present in England, and, as there are certain technicalities to be gone through before the girls can fully enjoy their incomes, one of the first things I must do when I get home is to find him out. He has to sign certain papers, for we sha’n’t be able to put things straight until we get his whereabouts. Some time ago my wife and Edith heard that he was ill, but dead or alive we must know all about him, and as quickly as possible.”

I made no answer, and he continued:—

“I’ll introduce you to my wife and sister-in-law tomorrow. Beatrice is quite a child compared to Edith, who acts towards her almost like a mother. Bee is a little beauty, so fresh and round and young-looking. But Edith is handsome, too, although I sometimes think she is as vain as a peacock. By the way, Druce, this brings me to another part of my story. The sisters have an acquaintance on board, one of the most remarkable women I have ever met. She goes by the name of Madame Sara, and knows London well. In fact, she confesses to having a shop in the Strand. What she has been doing in Brazil I do not know, for she keeps all her affairs strictly private. But you will be amazed when I tell you what her calling is.”

“What?” I asked.

“A professional beautifier. She claims the privilege of restoring youth to those who consult her. She also declares that she can make quite ugly people

handsome. There is no doubt that she is very clever. She knows a little bit of everything, and has wonderful recipes with regard to medicines, surgery, and dentistry. She is a most lovely woman herself, very fair, with blue eyes, an innocent, childlike manner, and quantities of rippling gold hair. She openly confesses that she is very much older than she appears. She looks about five-and-twenty. She seems to have travelled all over the world, and says that by birth she is a mixture of Indian and Italian, her father having been Italian and her mother Indian. Accompanying her is an Arab, a handsome, picturesque sort of fellow, who gives her the most absolute devotion, and she is also bringing back to England two Brazilians from Para. This woman deals in all sorts of curious secrets, but principally in cosmetics. Her shop in the Strand could, I fancy, tell many a strange history. Her clients go to her there, and she does what is necessary for them. It is a fact that she occasionally performs small surgical operations, and there is not a dentist in London who can vie with her. She confesses quite naively that she holds some secrets for making false teeth cling to the palate that no one knows of. Edith Dallas is devoted to her—in fact, her adoration amounts to idolatry.”

“You give a very brilliant account of this woman,” I said. “You must introduce me tomorrow.”

“I will,” answered Jack with a smile. “I should like your opinion of her. I am right glad I have met you, Druce, it is like old times. When we get to London I mean to put up at my town house in Eaton Square for the remainder of the season. The Meadows shall be re-furnished, and Bee and I will take up our quarters some time in August; then you must come and see us. But I am afraid before I give myself up to mere pleasure I must find that precious brother-in-law, Henry Joachim Silva.”

“If you have any difficulty apply to me,” I said. “I can put at your disposal, in an unofficial way, of course, agents who would find almost any man in England, dead or alive.”

I then proceeded to give Selby a short account of my own business.

“Thanks,” he said presently, “that is capital. You are the very man we want.”

The next morning after breakfast Jack introduced me to his wife and sister-in-law. They were both foreign-looking, but very handsome, and the wife in

particular had a graceful and uncommon appearance.

We had been chatting about five minutes when I saw coming down the deck a slight, rather small woman, wearing a big sun hat.

“Ah, Madame,” cried Selby, “here you are. I had the luck to meet an old friend on board—Mr. Dixon Druce—and I have been telling him all about you. I should like you to know each other. Druce, this lady is Madame Sara, of whom I have spoken to you, Mr. Dixon Druce—Madame Sara.”

She bowed gracefully and then looked at me earnestly. I had seldom seen a more lovely woman. By her side both Mrs. Selby and her sister seemed to fade into insignificance. Her complexion was almost dazzlingly fair, her face refined in expression, her eyes penetrating, clever, and yet with the innocent, frank gaze of a child. Her dress was very simple; she looked altogether like a young, fresh, and natural girl.

As we sat chatting lightly and about commonplace topics, I instinctively felt that she took an interest in me even greater than might be expected upon an ordinary introduction. By slow degrees she so turned the conversation as to leave Selby and his wife and sister out, and then as they moved away she came a little nearer, and said in a low voice:

“I am very glad we have met, and yet how odd this meeting is! Was it really accidental?”

“I do not understand you,” I answered.

“I know who you are,” she said, lightly. “You are the manager of Werner’s Agency; its business is to know the private affairs of those people who would rather keep their own secrets. Now, Mr. Druce, I am going to be absolutely frank with you. I own a small shop in the Strand—a perfumery shop—and behind those innocent-looking doors I conduct the business which brings me in gold of the realm. Have you, Mr. Druce, any objection to my continuing to make a livelihood in perfectly innocent ways?”

“None whatever,” I answered. “You puzzle me by alluding to the subject.”

“I want you to pay my shop a visit when you come to London. I have been away for three or four months. I do wonders for my clients, and they pay me largely

for my services. I hold some perfectly innocent secrets which I cannot confide to anybody. I have obtained them partly from the Indians and partly from the natives of Brazil. I have lately been in Para to inquire into certain methods by which my trade can be improved.”

“And your trade is—?” I said, looking at her with amusement and some surprise.

“I am a beautifier,” she said, lightly. She looked at me with a smile. “You don’t want me yet, Mr. Druce, but the time may come when even you will wish to keep back the infirmities years. In the meantime can you guess my age?”

“I will not hazard a guess,” I answered.

“And I will not tell you. Let it remain a secret. Meanwhile understand that my calling is quite an open one, and I do hold secrets. I should advise you, Mr. Druce, even in your professional capacity, not to interfere with them.”

The childlike expression faded from her face as she uttered the last words. There seemed to ring a sort of challenge in her tone. She turned away after a few moments and I rejoined my friends.

“You have been making acquaintance with Madame Sara, Mr. Druce,” said Mrs. Selby. “Don’t you think she is lovely?”

“She is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen,” I answered, “but there seems to be a mystery about her.”

“Oh, indeed there is,” said Edith Dallas, gravely.

“She asked me if I could guess her age,” I continued. “I did not try, but surely she cannot be more than five-and-twenty.”

“No one knows her age,” said Mrs. Selby, “but I will tell you a curious fact, which, perhaps, you will not believe. She was bridesmaid at my mother’s wedding thirty years ago. She declares that she never changes, and has no fear of old age.”

“You mean that seriously?” I cried. “But surely it is impossible?”

“Her name is on the register, and my mother knew her well. She was mysterious

then, and I think my mother got into her power, but of that I am not certain. Anyhow, Edith and I adore her, don't we, Edie?"

She laid her hand affectionately on her sister's arm. Edith Dallas did not speak, but her face was careworn. After a time she said slowly:

"Madame Sara is uncanny and terrible."

There is, perhaps, no business imaginable—not even a lawyer's—that engenders suspicions more than mine. I hate all mysteries—both in persons and things. Mysteries are my natural enemies; I felt now that this woman was a distinct mystery. That she was interested in me I did not doubt, perhaps because she was afraid of me.

The rest of the voyage passed pleasantly enough. The more I saw of Mrs. Selby and her sister the more I liked them. They were quiet, simple, and straightforward. I felt sure that they were both as good as gold.

We parted at Waterloo, Jack and his wife and her sister going to Jack's house in Eaton Square, and I returning to my quarters in St John's Wood. I had a house there, with a long garden, at the bottom of which was my laboratory, the laboratory that was the pride of my life, it being, I fondly considered, the best private laboratory in London. There I spent all my spare time making experiments and trying this chemical combination and the other, living in hopes of doing great things some day, for Werner's Agency was not to be the end of my career. Nevertheless, it interested me thoroughly, and I was not sorry to get back to my commercial conundrums.

The next day, just before I started to go to my place of business, Jack Selby was announced.

"I want you to help me," he said. "I have been already trying in a sort of general way to get information about my brother-in-law, but all in vain. There is no such person in any of the directories. Can you put me on the road to discovery?"

I said I could and would if he would leave the matter in my hands.

"With pleasure," he replied. "You see how we are fixed up. Neither Edith nor Bee can get money with any regularity until the man is found. I cannot imagine why he hides himself."

“I will insert advertisements in the personal columns of the newspapers,” I said, “and request anyone who can give information to communicate with me at my office. I will also give instructions to all the branches of my firm, as well as to my head assistants in London, to keep their eyes open for any news. You may be quite certain that in a week or two we shall know all about him.”

Selby appeared cheered at this proposal and, having begged of me to call upon his wife and her sister as soon as possible, took his leave.

On that very day advertisements were drawn up and sent to several newspapers and inquiry agents; but week after week passed without the slightest result. Selby got very fidgety at the delay. He was never happy except in my presence, and insisted on my coming, whenever I had time, to his house. I was glad to do so, for I took an interest both in him and his belongings, and as to Madame Sara I could not get her out of my head. One day Mrs. Selby said to me:

“Have you ever been to see Madame? I know she would like to show you her shop and general surroundings.”

“I did promise to call upon her,” I answered, “but have not had time to do so yet.”

“Will you come with me tomorrow morning?” asked Edith Dallas, suddenly.

She turned red as she spoke, and the worried, uneasy expression became more marked on her face. I had noticed for some time that she had been looking both nervous and depressed. I had first observed this peculiarity about her on board the Norham Castle, but, as time went on, instead of lessening it grew worse. Her face for so young a woman was haggard; she started at each sound, and Madame Sara’s name was never spoken in her presence without her evincing almost undue emotion.

“Will you come with me?” she said, with great eagerness.

I immediately promised, and the next day, about eleven o’clock, Edith Dallas and I found ourselves in a hansom driving to Madame Sara’s shop. We reached it in a few minutes, and found an unpretentious little place wedged in between a hosier’s on one side and a cheap print-seller’s on the other. In the windows of the shop were pyramids of perfume bottles, with scintillating facet stoppers tied with coloured ribbons. We stepped out of the hansom and went indoors.

Inside the shop were a couple of steps, which led to a door of solid mahogany.

“This is the entrance to her private house,” said Edith, and she pointed to a small brass plate, on which was engraved the name—“Madame Sara, Parfumeuse”.

Edith touched an electric bell and the door was immediately opened by a smartly-dressed page-boy. He looked at Miss Dallas as if he knew her very well, and said:

“Madame is within, and is expecting you, miss.”

He ushered us both into a quiet-looking room, soberly but handsomely furnished. He left us, closing the door. Edith turned to me.

“Do you know where we are?” she asked.

“We are standing at present in a small room just behind Madame Sara’s shop,” I answered. “Why are you so excited, Miss Dallas? What is the matter with you?”

“We are on the threshold of a magician’s cave,” she replied. “We shall soon be face to face with the most marvellous woman in the whole of London. There is no one like her.”

“And you—fear her?” I said, dropping my voice to a whisper.

She started, stepped back, and with great difficulty recovered her composure. At that moment the page-boy returned to conduct us through a series of small waiting-rooms, and we soon found ourselves in the presence of Madame herself.

“Ah!” she said, with a smile. “This is delightful. You have kept your word, Edith, and I am greatly obliged to you. I will now show Mr. Druce some of the mysteries of my trade. But understand, sir,” she added, “that I shall not tell you any of my real secrets, only as you would like to know something about me you shall.”

“How can you tell I should like to know about you?” I asked.

She gave me an earnest glance which somewhat astonished me, and then she said:

“Knowledge is power; don’t refuse what I am willing to give. Edith, you will not object to waiting here while I show Mr. Druce through the rooms. First observe this room, Mr. Druce. It is lighted only from the roof. When the door shuts it automatically locks itself, so that any intrusion from without is impossible. This is my sanctum sanctorum—a faint odour of perfume pervades the room. This is a hot day, but the room itself is cool. What do you think of it all?”

I made no answer. She walked to the other end and motioned to me to accompany her. There stood a polished oak square table, on which lay an array of extraordinary looking articles and implements - stoppered bottles full of strange medicaments, mirrors, plane and concave, brushes, sprays, sponges, delicate needle-pointed instruments of bright steel, tiny lancets, and forceps. Facing this table was a chair, like those used by dentists. Above the chair hung electric lights in powerful reflectors, and lenses like bull’s-eye lanterns. Another chair, supported on a glass pedestal, was kept there, Madame Sara informed me, for administering static electricity. There were dry-cell batteries for the continuous currents and induction coils for Faradic currents. There were also platinum needles for burning out the roots of hairs.

Madame took me from this room into another, where a still more formidable array of instruments was to be found. Here were a wooden operating table and chloroform and ether apparatus. When I had looked at everything, she turned to me.

“Now you know,” she said. “I am a doctor - perhaps a quack. These are my secrets. By means of these I live and flourish.”

She turned her back on me and walked into the other room with the light, springy step of youth. Edith Dallas white as a ghost, was waiting for us.

“You have done your duty, my child,” said Madame. “Mr. Druce has seen just what I want him to see. I am very much obliged to you both. We shall meet tonight at Lady Farringdon’s ‘At Home’. Until then, farewell.”

When we got into the street and were driving back again to Eaton Square, I turned to Edith.

“Many things puzzle me about your friend,” I said, “but perhaps none more than this. By what possible means can a woman who owns to being the possessor of a shop obtain the entrance to some of the best houses in London? Why does

Society open her doors to this woman, Miss Dallas?”

“I cannot quite tell you,” was her reply. “I only know the fact that wherever she goes she is welcomed and treated with consideration, and wherever she fails to appear there is a universally expressed feeling of regret.”

I had also been invited to Lady Farrington’s reception that evening, and I went there in a state of great curiosity. There was no doubt that Madame interested me. I was not sure of her. Beyond doubt there was a mystery attached to her, and also, for some unaccountable reason, she wished both to propitiate and defy me. Why was this?

I arrived early, and was standing in the crush near the head of the staircase when Madame was announced. She wore the richest white satin and quantities of diamonds. I saw her hostess bend towards her and talk eagerly. I noticed Madame’s reply and the pleased expression that crossed Lady Farrington’s face. A few minutes later a man with a foreign-looking face and long beard sat down before the grand piano. He played a light prelude and Madame Sara began to sing. Her voice was sweet and low, with an extraordinary pathos in it. It was the sort of voice that penetrates to the heart. There was an instant pause in the gay chatter. She sang amidst perfect silence, and when the song had come to an end there followed a furore of applause. I was just turning to say something to my nearest neighbour when I observed Edith Dallas, who was standing close by. Her eyes met mine; she laid her hand on my sleeve.

“The room is hot,” she said, half panting as she spoke. “Take me out on the balcony.”

I did so. The atmosphere of the reception-rooms was almost intolerable, but it was comparatively cool in the open air.

“I must not lose sight of her,” she said, suddenly.

“Of whom?” I asked, somewhat astonished at her words.

“Of Sara.”

“She is there,” I said. “You can see her from where you stand.”

We happened to be alone. I came a little closer.

“Why are you afraid of her?” I asked.

“Are you sure that we shall not be heard?” was her answer.

“She terrifies me,” were her next words.

“I will not betray your confidence, Miss Dallas. Will you not trust me? You ought to give me a reason for your fears.”

“I cannot—I dare not; I have said far too much already. Don’t keep me, Mr. Druce. She must not find us together.”

As she spoke she pushed her way through the crowd, and before I could stop her was standing by Madame Sara’s side.

The reception in Portland Place was, I remember, on the 26th of July. Two days later the Selbys were to give their final “At Home” before leaving for the country. I was, of course, invited to be present, and Madame was also there. She had never been dressed more splendidly, nor had she ever before looked younger or more beautiful. Wherever she went all eyes followed her. As a rule her dress was simple, almost like what a girl would wear, but tonight she chose rich Oriental stuffs made of many colours, and absolutely glittering with gems. Her golden hair was studded with diamonds. Round her neck she wore turquoise and diamonds mixed. There were many younger women in the room, but not the youngest nor the fairest had a chance beside Madame. It was not mere beauty of appearance, it was charm—charm which carries all before it.

I saw Miss Dallas, looking slim and tall and pale, standing at a little distance. I made my way to her side. Before I had time to speak she bent towards me.

“Is she not divine?” she whispered. “She bewilders and delights everyone. She is taking London by storm.”

“Then you are not afraid of her tonight?” I said.

“I fear her more than ever. She has cast a spell over me. But listen, she is going to sing again.”

I had not forgotten the song that Madame had given us at the Farringdons’, and stood still to listen. There was a complete hush in the room. Her voice floated

over the heads of the assembled guests in a dreamy Spanish song. Edith told me that it was a slumber song, and that Madame boasted of her power of putting almost anyone to sleep who listened to her rendering of it.

“She has many patients who suffer from insomnia,” whispered the girl, “and she generally cures them with that song, and that alone. Ah! we must not talk; she will hear us.”

Before I could reply Selby came hurrying up. He had not noticed Edith. He caught me by the arm.

“Come just for a minute into this window, Dixon,” he said. “I must speak to you. I suppose you have no news with regard my brother-in-law?”

“Not a word,” I answered.

“To tell you the truth, I am getting terribly put out over the matter. We cannot settle any of our money affairs just because this man chooses to lose himself. My wife’s lawyers wired to Brazil yesterday, but even his bankers do not know anything about him.”

“The whole thing is a question of time,” was my answer. “When are you off to Hampshire?”

“On Saturday.”

As Selby said the last words he looked around him, then he dropped his voice.

“I want to say something else. The more I see - ” he nodded towards Madame Sara—“the less I like her. Edith is getting into a very strange state. Have you not noticed it? And the worst of it is my wife is also infected. I suppose it is that dodge of the woman’s for patching people up and making them beautiful. Doubtless the temptation is over-powering in the case of a plain woman, but Beatrice is beautiful herself and young. What can she have to do with cosmetics and complexion pills?”

“You don’t mean to tell me that your wife has consulted Madame Sara as a doctor?”

“Not exactly, but she has gone to her about her teeth. She complained of

toothache lately, and Madame's dentistry is renowned. Edith is constantly going to her for one thing or another, but then Edith is infatuated."

As Jack said the last words he went over to speak to someone else, and before I could leave the seclusion of the window I perceived Edith Dallas and Madame Sara in earnest conversation together. I could not help overhearing the following words:

"Don't come to me tomorrow. Get into the country as soon as you can. It is far and away the best thing to do."

As Madame spoke she turned swiftly and caught my eyes. She bowed, and the peculiar look, the sort of challenge, she had given me before flashed over her face. It made me uncomfortable, and during the night that followed I could not get it out of my head. I remembered what Selby had said with regard to his wife and her money affairs. Beyond doubt he had married into a mystery—a mystery that Madame knew all about. There was a very big money interest, and strange things happen when millions are concerned.

The next morning I had just risen and was sitting at breakfast when a note was handed to me. It came by special messenger, and was marked "Urgent". I tore it open. These were its contents:—

"MY DEAR DRUCE, A terrible blow has fallen on us. My sister-in-law, Edith, was taken suddenly ill this morning at breakfast. The nearest doctor was sent for, but he could do nothing, as she died half an hour ago. Do come and see me and if you know any very clever specialist bring him with you. My wife is utterly stunned by the shock.—Yours, JACK SELBY."

I read the note twice before I could realize what it meant. Then I rushed out and, hailing the first hansom I met, said the man:

"Drive to No. 192, Victoria Street, as quickly as you can."

Here lived a certain Mr. Eric Vandeleur, an old friend of mine and the police surgeon for the Westminster district, which included Eaton Square. No shrewder or sharper fellow existed than Vandeleur, and the present case was essentially in his province, both legally and professionally. He was not at his flat when I arrived, having already gone down to the court. Here I accordingly hurried, and was informed that he was in the mortuary.

For a man who, as it seemed to me, lived in a perpetual atmosphere of crime and violence, of death and coroners' courts, his habitual cheerfulness and brightness of manner were remarkable. Perhaps it was only the reaction from his work, for he had the reputation of being one of the most astute experts of the day in medical jurisprudence, and the most skilled analyst in toxicological cases on the Metropolitan Police staff. Before I could send him word that I wanted to see him I heard a door bang, and Vandeleur came hurrying down the passage, putting on his coat as he rushed along.

"Halloa!" he cried. "I haven't seen you for ages. Do you want me?"

"Yes, very urgently," I answered. "Are you busy?"

"Head over ears, my dear chap. I cannot give you a moment now, but perhaps later on."

"What is it? You look excited."

"I have got to go to Eaton Square like the wind, but come along, if you like, and tell me on the way."

"Capital," I cried. "The thing has been reported then? You are going to Mr. Selby's, No. 34a; then I am going with you."

He looked at me in amazement.

"But the case has only just been reported. What can you possibly know about it?"

"Everything. Let us take this hansom, and I will tell you as we go along."

As we drove to Eaton Square I quickly explained the situation, glancing now and then at Vandeleur's bright, clean-shaven face. He was no longer Eric Vandeleur, the man with the latest club story and the merry twinkle in his blue eyes: he was Vandeleur the medical jurist, with a face like a mask, his lower jaw slightly protruding and features very fixed.

"The thing promises to be serious," he replied, as I finished, "but I can do nothing until after the autopsy. Here we are and there is my man waiting for me; he has been smart."

On the steps stood an official-looking man in uniform who saluted.

“Coroner’s officer,” explained Vandeleur.

We entered the silent, darkened house. Selby was standing in the hall. He came to meet us. I introduced him to Vandeleur, and he at once led us into the dining-room, where we found Dr. Osborne, whom Selby had called in when the alarm of Edith’s illness had been first given. Dr. Osborne was a pale, under-sized, very young man. His face expressed considerable alarm. Vandeleur, however, managed to put him completely at his ease.

“I will have a chat with you in a few minutes, Dr. Osborne,” he said; “but first I must get Mr. Selby’s report. Will you please tell me, sir, exactly what occurred?”

“Certainly,” he answered. “We had a reception here last night, and my sister-in-law did not go to bed until early morning; she was in bad spirits, but otherwise in her usual health. My wife went into her room after she was in bed, and told me later on that she had found Edith in hysterics, and could not get her to explain anything. We both talked about taking her to the country without delay. Indeed, our intention was to get off this afternoon.”

“Well?” said Vandeleur.

We had breakfast about half-past nine, and Miss Dallas came down, looking quite in her usual health, and in apparently good spirits. She ate with appetite, and, as it happened, she and my wife were both helped from the same dish. The meal had nearly come to end when she jumped up from the table, uttered a sharp cry, turned very pale, pressed her hand to her side, and ran out of the room. My wife immediately followed her. She came back again in a minute or two, and said that Edith was in violent pain, and begged of me to send for a doctor. Dr. Osborne lives just round the corner. He came at once, but she died almost immediately after his arrival.”

“You were in the room?” asked Vandeleur, turning to Osborne.

“Yes,” he replied. “She was conscious to the last moment, and died suddenly.”

“Did she tell you anything?”

“No, except to assure me that she had not eaten any food that day until she had

come down to breakfast. After the death occurred I sent immediately to report the case, locked the door of the room where the poor girl's body is, and saw also that nobody touched anything on this table."

Vandeleur rang the bell and a servant appeared. He gave quick orders. The entire remains of the meal were collected and taken charge of, and then he and the coroner's officer went upstairs.

When we were alone Selby sank into a chair. His face was quite drawn and haggard.

"It is the horrible suddenness of the thing which is so appalling," he cried. "As to Beatrice, I don't believe she will ever be the same again. She was deeply attached to Edith. Edith was nearly ten years her senior, and always acted the part of mother to her. This is a sad beginning to our life. I can scarcely think collectedly."

I remained with him a little longer, and then, as Vandeleur did not return, went back to my own house. There I could settle to nothing, and when Vandeleur rang me up on the telephone about six o'clock I hurried off to his rooms. As soon as I arrived I saw that Selby was with him, and the expression on both their faces told me the truth.

"This is a bad business," said Vandeleur. "Miss Dallas has died from swallowing poison. An exhaustive analysis and examination have been made, and a powerful poison, unknown to European toxicologists, has been found. This is strange enough, but how it has been administered is a puzzle. I confess, at the present moment, we are all non-plussed. It certainly was not in the remains of the breakfast, and we have her dying evidence that she took nothing else. Now, a poison with such appalling potency would take effect quickly. It is evident that she was quite well when she came to breakfast, and that the poison began to work towards the close of the meal. But how did she get it? This question, however, I shall deal with later on. The more immediate point is this. The situation is a serious one in view of the monetary issues and the value of the lady's life. From the aspects of the case, her undoubted sanity and her affection for her sister, we may almost exclude the idea of suicide. We must, therefore, call it murder. This harmless, innocent lady is struck down by the hand of an assassin, and with such devilish cunning that no trace or clue is left behind. For such an act there must have been some very powerful motive, and the person

who designed and executed it must be a criminal the highest order of scientific ability. Mr. Selby has been telling me the exact financial position of the poor lady, and also of his own young wife. The absolute disappearance of the step-brother, in view of his previous character, is in the highest degree strange. Knowing, as we do, that between him and two million sterling there stood two lives—one is taken!”

A deadly sensation of cold seized me as Vandeleur uttered these last words. I glanced at Selby. His face was colourless and the pupils of his eyes were contracted, as though he saw something which terrified him.

“What happened once may happen again,” continued Vandeleur. “We are in the presence of a great mystery, and I counsel you, Mr. Selby, to guard your wife with the utmost care.”

These words, falling from a man of Vandeleur’s position and authority on such matters, were sufficiently shocking for me to hear, but for Selby to be given such a solemn warning about his young and beautiful and newly-married wife, who was all the world to him, was terrible indeed. He leant his head on his hands.

“Mercy on us!” he muttered. “Is this a civilized country when death can walk abroad like this, invisible, not to be avoided? Tell me, Mr. Vandeleur, what I must do.”

“You must be guided by me,” said Vandeleur, “and, believe me, there is no witchcraft in the world. I shall place a detective in your household immediately. Don’t be alarmed; he will come to you in plain clothes and will simply act as a servant. Nevertheless, nothing can be done to your wife without his knowledge. As to you, Druce,” he continued, turning to me, “the police are doing all they can to find this man Silva, and I ask you to help them with your big agency, and to begin at once. Leave your friend to me. Wire instantly if you hear news.”

“You may rely on me,” I said, and a moment later I had left the room.

As I walked rapidly down the street the thought of Madame Sara, her shop and its mysterious background, its surgical instruments, its operating-table, its induction coils, came back to me. And yet what could Madame Sara have to do with the present strange, inexplicable mystery?

The thought had scarcely crossed my mind before I heard a clatter alongside the

kerb, and turning round I saw a smart open carriage, drawn by a pair of horses, standing there. I also heard my own name. I turned. Bending out of the carriage was Madame Sara.

“I saw you going by, Mr. Druce. I have only just heard the news about poor Edith Dallas. I am terribly shocked and upset. I have been to the house, but they would not admit me. Have you heard what was the cause of her death?”

Madame’s blue eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

“I am not at liberty to disclose what I have heard Madame,” I answered, “since I am officially connected with the affair.”

Her eyes narrowed. The brimming tears dried as though by magic. Her glance became scornful.

“Thank you,” she answered; “your reply tells me that she did not die naturally. How very appalling! But I must not keep you. Can I drive you anywhere?”

“No, thank you.”

“Goodbye, then.”

She made a sign to the coachman, and as the carriage rolled away turned to look back at me. her face wore the defiant expression I had seen there more than once. Could she be connected with the affair? The thought came upon me with a violence that seemed almost conviction. Yet I had no reason for it—none.

To find Henry Joachim Silva was now my principal thought. Advertisements were widely circulated. My staff had instructions to make every possible inquiry, with large money rewards as incitements. The collateral branches of other agencies throughout Brazil were communicated with by cable, and all the Scotland Yard channels were used. Still there was no result. The newspapers took up the case; there were paragraphs in most of them with regard to the missing step-brother and the mysterious death of Edith Dallas. Then someone got hold of the story of the will, and this was retailed with many additions for the benefit of the public. At the inquest the jury returned the following verdict:—

“We find that Miss Edith Dallas died from taking poison of unknown name, but by whom or how administered there is no evidence to say.”

This unsatisfactory state of things was destined to change quite suddenly. On the 6th of August, as I was seated in my office, a note was brought me by a private messenger. It ran as follows:—

“Norfolk Hotel, Strand.

“DEAR SIR,—I have just arrived in London from Brazil, and have seen your advertisements. I was about to insert one myself in order to find the whereabouts of my sisters. I am a great invalid and unable to leave my room. Can you come to see me at the earliest possible moment?—Yours

“HENRY JOACHIM SILVA.”

In uncontrollable excitement I hastily dispatched two telegrams, one to Selby and the other to Vandeleur, begging of them to be with me, without fail, as soon as possible. So the man had never been in England at all. The situation was more bewildering than ever. One thing, at least was probably—Edith Dallas’s death was not due to her step-brother. Soon after half-past six Selby arrived, and Vandeleur walked in ten minutes later. I told them what had occurred and showed them the letter. In half an hour’s time we reached the hotel, and on stating who I was we were shown into a room on the first floor by Silva’s private servant. Resting in an arm-chair, as we entered, sat a man; his face was terribly thin. The eyes and cheeks were so sunken that the face had almost the appearance of a skull. He made no effort to rise when we entered, and glanced from one of us to the other with the utmost astonishment. I at once introduced myself and explained who we were. He then waved his hand for his man to retire.

“You have not heard the news, of course, Mr. Silva?” I said.

“News! What?” He glanced up to me and seemed to read something in my face. He started back in his chair.

“Good heavens!” he replied. “Do you allude to my sisters? Tell me, quickly, are they alive?”

“Your elder sister died on the 29th of July, and there is every reason to believe her death was caused by foul play.”

As I uttered these words the change that passed over his face was fearful to witness. He did not speak, but remained motionless. His claw-like hands

clutched the arms of the chair, his eyes were fixed and staring, as though they would start from their hollow sockets, the colour of his skin was like clay. I heard Selby breathe quickly behind me, and Vandeleur stepped towards the man and laid his hand on his shoulder.

“Tell us what you know of this matter,” he said sharply.

Recovering himself with an effort, the invalid began in a tremulous voice:

“Listen closely, for you must act quickly. I am indirectly responsible for this fearful thing. My life has been a wild and wasted one, and now I am dying. The doctors tell me I cannot live a month, for I have a large aneurism of the heart. Eighteen months ago I was in Rio. I was living fast and gambled heavily. Among my fellow-gamblers was a man much older than myself. His name was Jos ♦ Aranjo. He was, if anything, a greater gambler than I. One night we played alone. The stakes ran high until they reached a big figure. By daylight I had lost to him nearly ♦200,000. Though I am a rich man in point of income under my uncle’s will, I could not pay a twentieth part of that sum. This man knew my financial position, and, in addition to a sum of ♦5,000 paid down, I gave him a document. I must have been mad to do so. The document was this—it was duly witnessed and attested by a lawyer—that, in the event of my surviving my two sisters and thus inheriting the whole of my uncle’s vast wealth, half a million should go to Jos ♦ Aranjo. I felt I was breaking up at the time, and the chances of my inheriting the money were small. Immediately after the completion of the document this man left Rio, and I then heard a great deal about him that I had not previously known. He was a man of the queerest antecedents, partly Indian, partly Italian. He had spent many years of his life amongst the Indians. I heard also that he was as cruel as he was clever, and possessed some wonderful secrets of poisoning unknown to the West. I thought a great deal about this, for I knew that by signing that document I had placed the lives of my two sisters between him and a fortune. I came to Para six weeks ago, only to learn that one of my sisters was married and that both had gone to England. Ill as I was, I determined to follow them in order to warn them. I also wanted to arrange matters with you, Mr. Selby.”

“One moment, sir,” I broke in, suddenly. “Do you happen to be aware if this man, Jos ♦ Aranjo, knew a woman calling herself Madame Sara?”

“Knew her?” cried Silva. “Very well indeed, and so, for that matter, did I. Aranjo

and Madame Sara were the best friends, and constantly met. She called herself a professional beautifier—was very handsome, and had secrets for the pursuing of her trade unknown even to Aranjo.”

“Good heavens!” I cried, “and the woman is now in London. She returned here with Mrs. Selby and Miss Dallas. Edith was very much influenced by her, and was constantly with her. There is no doubt in my mind that she is guilty. I have suspected her for some time, but I could not find a motive. Now the motive appears. You surely can have her arrested?”

Vandeleur made no reply. He gave me a strange look, then he turned to Selby.

“Has your wife also consulted Madame Sara?” he asked, sharply.

“Yes, she went to her once about her teeth but has not been to the shop since Edith’s death. I begged of her not to see the woman, and she promised me faithfully she would not do so.”

“Has she any medicines or lotions given to her by Madame Sara—does she follow any line of treatment advised by her?”

“No, I am certain on that point.”

“Very well. I will see your wife tonight in order to ask her some questions. You must both leave town at once. Go to your country house and settle there. I am quite serious when I say that Mrs. Selby is in the utmost possible danger until after the death of her brother. We must leave you now, Mr. Silva. All business affairs must wait for the present. It is absolutely necessary that Mrs. Selby should leave London at once. Good night, sir. I shall give myself the pleasure of calling on you tomorrow morning.”

We took leave of the sick man. As soon as we got into the street Vandeleur stopped.

“I must leave it to you, Selby,” he said, “to judge how much of this matter you tell to your wife. Were I you I would explain everything. The time for immediate action has arrived, and she is a brave and sensible woman. From this moment you must watch all the foods and liquids that she takes. She must never be out of your sight or out of the sight of some other trustworthy companion.”

“I shall, of course, watch my wife myself,” said Selby. “But the thing is enough to drive one mad.”

“I will go with you to the country, Selby,” I said, suddenly.

“Ah!” cried Vandeleur, “that is the best thing possible, and what I wanted to propose. Go, all of you, by an early train tomorrow.”

“Then I will be off home at once to make arrangements,” I said. “I will meet you, Selby, at Waterloo for the first train to Crons Moor tomorrow.”

As I was turning away Vandeleur caught my arm.

“I am glad you are going with them,” he said. “I shall write to you tonight re instructions. Never be without a loaded revolver. Goodnight.”

By 6.15 the next morning Selby, his wife, and I were in a reserved, locked, first-class compartment, speeding rapidly west. The servants and Mrs. Selby’s own special maid were in a separate carriage. Selby’s face showed signs of a sleepless night, and presented a striking contrast to the fair, fresh face of the girl round whom this strange battle raged. Her husband had told her everything, and though still suffering terribly from the shock and grief of her sister’s death, her face was calm and full of repose.

A carriage was waiting for us at Crons Moor, and by half-nine we arrived at the old home of the Selbys, nestling amid its oaks and elms. Everything was done to make the homecoming of the bride as cheerful as circumstances would permit, but a gloom, impossible to lift, overshadowed Selby himself. He could scarcely rouse himself to take the slightest interest in anything.

The following morning I received a letter from Vandeleur. It was very short, and once more impressed on me the necessity of caution. He said that two eminent physicians had examined Silva, and the verdict was that he could not live a month. Until his death precautions must be strictly observed.

The day was cloudless, and after breakfast I was just starting out for a stroll when the butler brought me a telegram. I tore it open; it was from Vandeleur.

“Prohibit all food until I arrive. Am coming down,” were the words. I hurried into the study and gave it to Selby. He read it and looked up at me.

“Find out the first train and go and meet him, old chap,” he said. “Let us hope that this means an end of the hideous affair.”

I went into the hall and looked up the trains. The next arrived at Crons Moor at 10.45. I then strolled round to the stables and ordered a carriage, after which I walked up and down on the drive. There was no doubt that something strange had happened. Vandeleur coming down so suddenly must mean a final clearing up of the mystery. I had just turned round at the lodge gates to wait for the carriage when the sound of wheels and of horses galloping struck on my ears. The gates were swung open, and Vandeleur in an open fly dashed through them. Before I could recover from my surprise he was out of the vehicle and at my side. He carried a small black bag in his hand.

“I came down by special train,” he said, speaking quickly. “There is not a moment to lose. Come at once. Is Mrs. Selby all right?”

“What do you mean?” I replied. “Of course she is. Do you suppose that she is in danger?”

“Deadly,” was his answer. “Come.”

We dashed up to the house together. Selby, who had heard our steps, came to meet us.

“Mr. Vandeleur,” he cried. “What is it? How did you come?”

“By special train, Mr. Selby. And I want to see your wife at once. It will be necessary to perform a very trifling operation.”

“Operation!” he exclaimed.

“Yes; at once.”

We made our way through the hall and into the morning-room, where Mrs. Selby was busily engaged reading and answering letters. She started up when she saw Vandeleur and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

“What has happened?” she asked.

Vandeleur went up to her and took her hand.

“Do not be alarmed,” he said, “for I have come to put all your fears to rest. Now, please, listen to me. When you visited Madame Sara with your sister, did you go for medical advice?”

The colour rushed into her face.

“One of my teeth ached,” she answered. “I went to her about that. She is, as I suppose you know, a most wonderful dentist. She examined the tooth, found that it required stopping, and got an assistant, a Brazilian, I think, to do it.”

“And your tooth has been comfortable ever since?”

“Yes, quite. She had one of Edith’s stopped at the same time.”

“Will you kindly sit down and show me which was the tooth into which the stopping was put?”

She did so.

“This was the one,” she said, pointing with her finger to one in the lower jaw. “What do you mean? Is there anything wrong?”

Vandeleur examined the tooth long and carefully. There was a sudden rapid movement of his hand, and a sharp cry from Mrs. Selby. With the deftness of long practice, and a powerful wrist, he had extracted the tooth with one wrench. The suddenness of the whole thing, startling as it was, was not so strange as his next movement.

“Send Mrs. Selby’s maid to her,” he said, turning to her husband; “then come, both of you, into the next room.”

The maid was summoned. Poor Mrs. Selby had sunk back in her chair, terrified and half fainting. A moment later Selby joined us in the dining-room.

“That’s right,” said Vandeleur; “close the door, will you?” He opened his black bag and brought out several instruments. With one he removed the stopping from the tooth. It was quite soft and came away easily. Then from the bag he produced a small guinea-pig, which he requested me to hold. He pressed the sharp instrument into the tooth, and opening the mouth of the little animal placed the point on the tongue. The effect was instantaneous. The little head fell on to one

of my hands—the guinea-pig was dead. Vandeleur was white as a sheet. He hurried up to Selby and wrung his hand.

“Thank heaven!” he said, “I’ve been in time, but only just. Your wife is safe. This stopping would hardly have held another hour. I have been thinking all night over the mystery of your sister-in-law’s death, and over every minute detail of evidence as to how the poison could have been administered. Suddenly the coincidence of both sisters having had their teeth stopped struck me as remarkable. Like a flash the solution came to me. The more I considered it the more I felt that I was right; but by what fiendish cunning such a scheme could have been conceived and executed is beyond my power to explain. The poison is very like hyoscine, one of the worst toxic-alkaloids known, so violent in its deadly proportions that the amount that would go into a tooth would cause almost instant death. It has been kept in by a gutta-percha stopping, certain to come out within a month, probably earlier, and most probably during mastication of food. The person would die either immediately or after a very few minutes, and no one would connect a visit to the dentist with a death a month afterwards.”

What followed can be told in a very few words. Madame Sara was arrested on suspicion. She appeared before the magistrate, looking innocent and beautiful, and managed during her evidence completely to baffle that acute individual. She denied nothing, but declared that the poison must have been put into the tooth by one of the two Brazilians whom she had lately engaged to help her with her dentistry. She had her suspicions with regard to these men soon afterwards, and had dismissed them. She believed that they were in the pay of Jos[◆] Aranje, but she could not tell anything for certain. Thus Madame escaped conviction. I was certain that she was guilty, but there was not a shadow of real proof. A month later Silva died, and Selby is now a double millionaire.