THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Talks on Honesty and Truthfulness.

ANANIAS NOT BIGGEST LIAR.

Slurs Against Him Uncalled For. Wasn't Any Greater Liar Than Hundreds Who Hadn't Been Found Out, Says Gardner.

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"Befo' de openin' of de meetin' dis evenin'," said Brother Gardner of the Limekiln club as he stood up in his place, "Brother Comeback Smith come to me and said he was disapp'inted in Giveadam Jones. He had lent Brudder Jones a dollar and was to have it back in three days, but hadn't got it yet. Brudder Smith am a man fifty years old, but it am evident dat he don't know much about human natur'.

"I am now ober sixty years old, and I gin up lookin' fur an honest man fo'ty years ago.

"At about dat time I gin up lookin' fur a truthful man.

"Reckon it was in dat same week I gin up lookin' fur de man who'd yap his debts onless obleeged to.

"I tell you, my frens, dat most of our trubbles come from not understandin'

"I WAS HIDIN' BEHIND A CURRANT BUSH AS HE WENT."

human natur' better dan we do. We don't look at men as dey are, but as what dey orter be. We dun 'spect dem to lib by de Ten Commandments when we ourselves am not libin' up to five of 'em.

"Dar am no particular reason why de whole world shouldn't be honest, but it has happened fur de last 2,000 years dat it has been libin' de odder way, and it am 'spectin' too much to 'spect a change. We am all honest up to a sartin p'int, and den we begin to fall down. We seemingly can't git it outer our heads dat it am a sort o' duty to beat de odder man.

"I don't reckon dar was eber a time in dis world when eberybody spoke de truth. If dar was we haven't any record of it, and if we had a record I should think de man who made it was a liar hisself. I don't know dat Adam lied to Eve or Eve to Adam, but de lyin' business begun soon arter dar was fo' or five people on airth. I hain't tryin' to explain why folks lie. 'Pears to me dat truth would answer better, and yet I know dat if a man should start out in dis day and age to speak nuthin' but de truth he'd have his head knocked off befo' noon of de fust day.

"Fact is, we don't want de truth, de whole truth and nuthin' but de truth. We want de truth and lyin' mixed about half and half.

"Almost ebery day you read slurs agin Ananias bekase he was a liar. I nebber could see no jestice in it. He wasn't any bigger liar dan hundreds who hadn't been found out, and if he had been he was up to date 'nuff to see dat lyin' was gwine to become popular fur all time to come.

"I sorter like to have a liar come to me. If he lies, dat gins me a chance to lay back and establish a sort o' bond between us. I've nebber had de chance to tell yet, but it seems to me dat I wouldn't like a pusson who stuck right by de truth.

Brother Jones Borrowed Money.

"Brudder Jones has come to me and borrowed money and promised to pay it back by a sartin time. He's paid it not bekase he am not a liar and am too honest to beat me, but he knows what would happen if he failed. I should walk ober to his cabin, and, old as I am, I should purceed to make his heart ache.

"When I come in contact wid a man I look upon him as a man. I don't look fur no wings sproutin' from his shoulders. He was born into a lyin', dishonest world to hold his own. We all expect he realizes dat. If he don't, den de wuss fur him.

"Women am gwine to be hypocrites and liars and deceivers jest as long as dis old world stands. Dey's got to hold deir own agin men. Dar hain't one man in fifty dat am real honest and sincere when he speaks to a woman, and don't you forget dat she knows it.

"Grocers come to me and tell me dat Pickles Smith or Waydown Bebee has lied to 'em to git credit and dey want my influence to help collect de bills. Yes, de brudders lied, but what did de grocer do? He lied just as hard and tucked on de price besides. It was simply liar agin liar.

"A few days ago I hired Samuel Shin to work in my garden. He am jest as honest as anybody, but I reckoned he would steal at least two of my summer squashes when he went home at night. I was hidin' behind a currant bush when he went, and he had a squash under each arm. Did I git up and whoop and howl and cry out agin de wickedness of de world? Not any. I knowed human natur' and took it as a matter of co'se. Wasn't de least disappointed nor mad about it.

"It was only three nights ago dat Elder Walpole come runnin' ober to my cabin to tell me dat his wife had been took wid cramps and must have half a dollar's worth of brandy to save her life. I didn't fall outer bed on de floor. I didn't fall ober no cha'rs. Neither did I gin de elder de half dollar. I knowed him fur a liar. I was 'spectin' some such job, and I had de vinegar and de kyann pepper in de same bottle and waitin' fur him. I insisted dat he take a big dose himself, and Mrs. Walpole was around as usual next mawnin'. I hain't said nuthin' to de elder, and I hain't gwine to. It was a sort o' duty fur him to beat me outer a half if he could, and it was my duty to protect myself.

"Man come to me last week and wanted to sell me a mewl. Was it dat man's duty to p'int out de ringbones and spavins on dat animal and to tell me furder dat he was blind in one eye and as deaf as a post? Course not. It was my duty to see fur myself, and when I had sawn I offered to trade him a watch in which sixteen wheels was missin'. We lied to each odder, and we parted de best of friends.

"De chickens was layin' mighty fine last month, and one day I took three dozen eggs down to de grocery and bought soap and tea. De grocer charged me too much, and I not only slipped a couple of de eggs back in my pocket, but three herrings besides. He was a cheat, and I had to be a cheat to match him.

"Size de World Up Right."

"I hear folks tellin' what a bad world dis am to live in and dat a good man gits no show. You jest size de world up right and you'll slip along same as odder folks, and as fur de good man—he'd better rub some of it off. Too much goodness is like puttin' a woolen blanket on a hoss in a July day. It's hot fur de blanket and uncomfortable fur de hoss.

"I hain't sayin' a word agin truth and honesty and gineral integrity. As long as de world seemed to have any use fur 'em dey was handy things to have around de house. What I say is dat you can't be a heap different from anybody else and make it pay or have any fun out o' it. If you do business wid a man you have got to do it as odder folks do.

"I hain't sayin' dat it's fur de best dat men lie and cheat and deceive and stand ready to do each odder up, and neither will I deny dat it adds zest to life and sharpens up a man's wits. I reckon I rather injoy it when Ebulution Brown comes ober to my cabin fur an hour's visit and tries to take de doah mat wid him when he goes. If he was a good man he would be a bore. As it am, I'm wonderin' when he will succeed in gittin' de mat.

"Jest look upon men as men.

"If you hain't lookin' fur truth and you git a dose of it de surprise will be pleasant.

"Don't expect de big end of de trade. Dat's what de odder feller is also lookin' fur.

"Be reasonably honest and be reasonably truthful, but don't go to braggin' about it or you'll be thought a thief and a liar.

"If you want to pass your last days in de porehouse, use men as dey ought to use you. If you want bacon and taters fur breakfast, use men jest as dey use you—wid a leetle extra exertion throwed in fur good measure."

M. QUAD.

He Sidesteps.

Husband—Yes, dear, of course we must economize.

Wife—Well, then, I've concluded that I might do the cooking myself.

Husband (hastily)—Oh, no, it's cheaper to keep a servant in the house than a doctor.—Woman's Home Companion.

Speed.

"It takes you a long time to pass a given point," said the minute hand en passant.

"I may be slow," answered the hour hand, "but it takes you all of sixty-six minutes to catch up with me."—Chicago Tribune.

The Workman's Error.

At the Zoo—Good gracious! How heavy my barrow is today.—Von Vivant.

A Wish.

A snowflake that started from who knows where
Came lilting and fluttering down
And rested at last in Phyllida's hair—
Phyllida's hair of brown—
Only a moment, then melted away
As ever such flakes must die,
But I envy it much for its moment's stay;
Its life was a glad little holiday,
Lived between earth and sky.

Now, I cannot complain or rail at fate
(Since providence made me a man),
But this would I wish were it not so late
And long since my time began,
That I might be only a flake of snow
To fall when I left the sky
And melt on Phyllida's cheek below,
And of all the beautiful deaths I know
This were the best to die.
—Reynale Smith Pickering in Judge.

"A Pleasant Walk."

"A pleasant walk," said Herr Saudenheimer after a strenuous climb to the top of the mountain, wiping the perspiration from his brow; "my wife couldn't speak a word all the way up."—Fliegende Blatter.

Its Peculiarity.

"There is one peculiarly inconsistent thing about hay fever."

"What is that?"

"All are afraid of it, and yet everybody who gets it sneezes at it."—Baltimore American.

One Phase of It.

"Doubtless the servant girl problem is very annoying to you."

"Very," responded the housewife. "I have a really desperate time getting maids my clothes won't fit."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Its Second Childhood.

Nellie—Has she reached the age when her hair is getting gray?

Flossie — Worse than that. She's reached the age where it's getting golden again.—Kansas City Times.

—Get a puzzle and get busy Elwood.

"I Will Send Her"

[Original.]

De Witt Merriam, after taking many honors at college, having a fortune at his disposal, buried his talents in a napkin. In other words, instead of giving them to mankind he kept them for his own occasional amusement. Once and only once during the ten years following his graduation there was a chance for his reform. At Nice one year during the carnival he met a girl who might have awakened in him an ambition. There was a love affair, but in its incipiency the girl was taken westward by her parents, while Merriam went eastward. As soon as they had separated Merriam knew what he had lost. Why he had lost her he never told his dearest friend. It was supposed her parents had other plans for her.

But he did tell his dearest friend of his disappointment. Strangely enough, that friend was an Alpine guide. Merriam spent many summers climbing the Swiss peaks, always with the same guide, Herman Goertz. The dangers they passed together, the solitudes in which they camped, brought out a confidence that could have been elicited in no other way. The guide had occasion to love his employer. On one occasion Goertz slipped, hung by the rope over a precipice and was pulling Merriam over with him. He called on Merriam to save himself by cutting the rope, but Merriam was made of sterner stuff and hung on till the guide got a grip on the ice, and they were saved.

The two parted at last in a snowstorm. An avalanche began to move slowly, taking Goertz with it. Merriam could not see him, but heard him say: "Herr, farewell. I will send her to you." A week later the guide's body was found a thousand feet below, head down in the snow.

Returning to America, Merriam tried to amuse himself. One day while at the seashore, strolling alone on the beach, a fog came in from the ocean and enveloped him. He was walking slowly, guided by the sound of the breakers, when a form loomed before him and in another moment resolved itself into a woman. She stopped, and Merriam stopped.

"You here!" he said under his breath.

"Yes, and you!"

"I supposed you were in Egypt. I was told by a friend that he saw you at Cairo not three weeks ago."

"I was. I reached America last week."

"Strange!"

"That we should meet in this way I should think so. How small the world is after all! But there is something stranger still. Do you know that I felt a premonition of meeting you here?"

"In the fog?"

"Yes."

"That is remarkable." Then he added musingly, "A premonition that you would meet me—in a fog!"

"There are gray hairs—a few—in your beard. Let me see; it is ten years since we met in Nice."

"And parted."

"I couldn't help that."

"Not very well, you so young. Had you been thirty instead of twenty it might have been different. Who sent you here?"

"Who sent me?"

"I mean why did you come?"

"I took a fancy to walk down the beach."

"And I took a fancy to walk up."

"And then the fog rolled in, and we didn't see each other until we happened to come near together. After all, it's simply a coincidence."

Merriam was silent.

"What are you dreaming about? I've heard you have been spending most of your time climbing mountains. You seem now to be looking from some high peak and wondering, as Professor Tyndall did from the top of the Matterhorn, whether the broad expanse before him had contained the nebulous cloud from which the universe was evolved."

"No. I am listening to the voice of a friend going to his death. There was a snowstorm. I couldn't see him. As the avalanche took him he bade me farewell through the flakes. And now you come to me through the mist."

She placed a hand on his. "Don't wear that uncanny expression. You seem to be standing between the natural and the spirit world. Go back in fancy to Nice. Say again what you said then."

"And receive a different answer?"

"All is changed. I am alone in the world."

Two expressions were hovering on his face contending for precedence, the one she had called uncanny gradually receding before the other, a sudden hope.

"And receive a different answer?" he repeated.

"Yes."

If one had been listening to this dialogue between two persons he could not see, he would have heard nothing further except the plashings on the line of foam.

Then came a soft yellow light from above, and the mist slowly melted away, revealing the ocean, the circling gulls, the dunes, the cluster of hotels and cottages both up and down the beach, connected by a curved white line of foam. Idlers were scattered here and there, and some fishermen were beaching a boat.

"My world has cleared," said Merriam. "Now I shall begin to live. I must do something for you." Then the faraway look came back upon his face. He was thinking of the words:

"Herr, farewell. I will send her to you!"

CHAUNCEY WARDWELL.

THE PEERAGE.

Curious Points About the Nobility of Great Britain.

It will doubtless be news to the majority of people that it is within the power of the British parliament to deprive a peer of his peerage. This would only be done, however, on grounds of public policy, and such a proceeding is naturally of a very exceptional character. As a matter of fact, there is only one instance to be found on record of a deprivation of this kind. In the reign of Edward IV. George Neville, duke of Bedford, was stripped of his title and dignity on the grounds of poverty, and he died a commoner in 1483. The existing dukedom of Bedford was not created until more than a couple of centuries later.

The many people who of late years have brought forward claims to titles generally regarded as extinct and the lands which go with them may take courage from the fact that peerages die hard. In the Hastings case, for instance, the peerage was claimed and the title thereto established in 1841 after remaining unclaimed 450 years, while in 1839 the Camoys title was successfully claimed after the peerage had been in abeyance for 420 years.

There are at the present day five degrees of peerage—namely, duke, marquis, earl, viscount and baron—although for nearly 300 years from the time of the Conqueror to the reign of Edward III. there were only two, earl and baron. The latter degree is the most ancient, dating from the conquest, while it is a singular fact that no new degree of peerage has been introduced since the reign of Henry VI., who created the title of viscount in 1440.

Regarding the marriage of peers, there are one or two points which may be interesting. When a peer marries a commoner, the latter becomes a peeress and fully entitled to the privileges of peerage other than the right to sit in parliament. Furthermore, she remains noble, notwithstanding the death of her husband. If, however, during her widowhood she marries a commoner then she ceases to be a peeress. On the other hand, a peeress in her own right who is married to a commoner still remains a peeress, but does not impart her nobility to her husband. A well known example of this law, of course, was furnished by the marriage of Baroness Burdett-Coutts to William Ashmead Bartlett, who simply adopted the name of Mr. Burdett-Coutts.

Much has been written at one time or another concerning the rights, duties and privileges of peerage. Here are one or two points, however, which are not common knowledge. An English peer has the right to a summons in parliament, but he is not permitted to sit in the house until he is twenty-one years of age. Neither can a peer do so who is an undischarged bankrupt.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

From an Old Arithmetic.

These questions are from a London arithmetic of the year 1785:

A man, overtaking a maid driving a flock of geese, said to her: "How do you do, sweetheart? Where are you going with these thirty geese?" "No, sir," said she, "I have not thirty, but if I had as many more, half as many more and five geese besides I should have thirty."

A, B and C playing at hazard together, the money staked was 190 guineas; but, disagreeing, each seized as many as he could. A got a certain number, B as many as A and sixteen more and C the sixth part of both their sums. How many had each?

A gentleman going into a garden meets with some ladies and says to them, "Good morning to you ten fair maids." "Sir, you mistake," answered one of them. "We are not ten, but if we were twice as many more as we are we should be as many above ten as we are now under." How many were there?

The Hellenic Epicures.

Enormous feasts were spread at the Persian and other Asiatic courts, and the great Grecian conqueror of those regions was once or twice in his dazzling career more lavish than even the successor of Caesar. But it was not a regular habit with him, nor was reckless prodigality ever a vice of his nation. Of course there were exceptions, and that societies devoted to luxurious living existed in Athens we know from the works of Archestratus and Athenaeus, who wrote long poems to the glory of cookery. The Hellenic epicures were ingenious and often fantastic in their ideas, but were not, as a rule, guilty of gross extravagance. They were fond of such conceits as having a whole pig served, one side roasted and the other boiled and stuffed with a great variety of delicacies, although the animal had never been cut or separated in any way. Their cooks were also skillful in preparing vegetables to taste like meat.

Welsh by Extraction.

In Lord Halsbury's young days, before he was solicitor general and before he even dreamed of becoming lord chancellor, he was the leader of the South Wales circuit. In this capacity he once fought very strenuously on behalf of a Welsh public authority and rather amused his listeners by the ardor with which he identified himself with the interests of the locality.

"Come, come," interposed the judge good naturedly, "you must not argue too much in that strain. You cannot make yourself out to be a Welshman, you know."

"Perhaps not," returned the future lord chancellor, "but I have made a good deal of money out of Welshmen in my time."

"Well, well," replied the judge, "we may call you a Welshman by extraction."—London Tit-Bits.

They Are Plentiful.

"Pa, do you know any philosophers?"

"Yes; I meet crowds of them every day."

"What do they do?"

"They are generally busy explaining how glad they are that they have no money and are therefore in no danger of losing anything on account of the stringency."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Public Benefactor.

Stingyman—It is true that I put very little money in circulation. But that really makes me a public benefactor.

Binks—In what way?

Stingyman—All the authorities unite in declaring that money is a transmitter of disease. They'll never charge me with pushing any plagues around.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Looking Backward.

Patience—Oh. I can look after myself.

Patrice—So you can, dear, if there is a mirror handy.—Yonkers Statesman.

—For any of the ordinary diseases of the skin Chamberlain's Salve is excellent. It not only allays the itching and smarting but effects a cure. For sale by Chas. Strang.

A WIDOW and A WIDOWER

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They looked upon Aaron Turner at the family hotel in Paris where he was stopping as something of a curiosity. He did not look at all like the man who travels. On the contrary, they set him down as a tiller of the soil and wondered how he had ever found his way across the Atlantic. He was slow moving and slow spoken, with what seemed a religious turn of mind.

They had looked to see Mr. Turner register as "judge" or "general," and they had expected him to boast of his herds of cattle in Montana or his oil wells in Texas, but he had disappointed them. His name went down as plain Aaron Turner. After a week or so it came to be understood that he was a widower, having lost his dearly beloved about a year before.

When plain Mrs. John Gates arrived at the same hotel a few days later than plain Aaron Turner, she also proved to be something of an enigma. She had no diamonds and no style. She was dressed in mourning and was often found with tears in her eyes.

In due time, which in this case meant two days after her arrival, the widow Gates was sought out by plain Mr. Turner. His first excuse for presenting himself before her was that both were Americans. His second was that both had lost their beloved partners and that there should be a bond of sympathy between them.

The tearful widow Gates was also communicative. She had made the trip with her husband in the hope that it would improve his left lung. It had been hard scraping to get the money together, and the last $10 had been raised on the family sewing machine. Just as the lung seemed to be growing better her dear departed had been taken off with typhoid fever and buried among a race of people who drank absinth instead of buttermilk and who shrugged their shoulders instead of swearing right out. She resorted to tears as she finished her plaint. Mr. Turner spoke consoling words. He reminded her that in the midst of life we were in death and that human nature was so constituted that it could not go on grieving forever. As a matter of fact, the widow felt quite chirked up when he took his departure, and during the next two weeks they were often seen together. They became quite confidential before the widower decided to trust the widow with a secret. He wanted to do something for the minister and the Sunday school class at home. Deacon Pegram would be expecting some sort of a present, and there was his sister, who kept house for him. Taken altogether, he would be expected to make a score of presents. While none of them would be of great value, each one would be cherished for the sake of the giver. As the two were going home on the same steamer and as he had only a small trunk with him, would the widow kindly take charge of the packages as he brought them to her?

The widow would and did. While she was financially hard up, she was also buying a few presents, and all could go into her trunk together. The two did not go out together or shop together. For some reason they didn't propose such a thing, although it would have been perfectly proper. The Frenchmen realized that it would have been proper, and when it didn't occur they shrugged their shoulders and muttered something about American eccentricity. By and by sailing day came, and the widow and the widower took the train for Havre and found themselves on board of their steamer. They were hardly settled when the widower made a proposition. There was nothing matrimonial about it. He had discovered that there was a passenger on board who knew him, and if he was seen acting as escort to the widow there would be talk about it at home. He therefore proposed that they should seem to be strangers for the voyage.

The widow was agreeable. She also had a reputation to preserve. On landing in New York she would go to a certain hotel, and the widower would call there and say farewell and receive his presents. As neither had brought along anything dutiable, there would be no trouble at the customs house. Things were settled this way, and no one aboard came to know that plain Mr. Turner and plain Mrs. Gates had spoken words of consolation to each other on the soil of France. It was only when the steamer had sighted Sandy Hook that the widower looked at the widow in a peculiar way. She interpreted it to mean that the custom house officers would soon be aboard and asking for declarations, and she returned his look with one calculated to put him at his ease. Plain Mr. Turner was one of the first ones ashore when the steamer docked. He had nothing to do but to disappear. As the widow Gates had a mournful and innocent look, the inspector passed her baggage after a perfunctory inspection, and then she disappeared.

Two hours later the widower called at the hotel agreed upon. There was no widow there. He called again and again. He called until he learned from a clerk that the customs officials were after a woman who had smuggled $15,000 worth of laces and silks on her own account and $30,000 worth of diamonds on account of a "pal," and then he made himself scarce. He was on a still hunt for the woman for the next three months, but he didn't find her. They were both liars and deceivers and smugglers. It was a case of dog eat dog, and the big dog had been eaten.

M. QUAD.

Passed the Limit.

"I purchased these shoes here last month, and I want to get them exchanged," began the man in the department store. "You'll notice that the patent leather has cracked."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the clerk when he had examined the shoes. "They are old stock. The patent has probably expired."—Harper's Weekly.

Heeded Instructions.

Father—Joe, why do you suppose that old hen persists in laying in the coal yard? Joe—Why, father, I guess she has seen the notice, "Now is the time to lay in your coal."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE RADCLIFFE DIAMOND

[Original.]

I am a detective. Among the queer cases I have had, the case of the Radcliffe diamond was, I think, on the whole, the queerest. I call it the Radcliffe to distinguish it, for a Mr. Radcliffe was its owner. One morning on reporting at the office the chief told me that the gentleman had lost a very valuable diamond, not much smaller than some of the famous diamonds of the world, and wished a detective to try to recover it. I called on Mr. Radcliffe, who took me into his study and said to me:

"You have nothing to do in finding out who stole the diamond. I know that already. What I want is its return. A diamond is so easily put away where it cannot be found that the greatest care must be taken to trap the person who possesses it. The chief clerk at my office is the thief. I took the diamond there and put it in my safe. The clerk—his name is Coleman—and myself alone knew the combination. Coleman deliberately took the diamond, knowing that I could not prove him the thief and if I did I could not recover the property. I have offered him $10,000 to return it, but he will not admit that he stole it till I offer him the price he has fixed for its return, with indemnity against prosecution. I wish you to trap him with the diamond on his person."

I got an assistant to play detective with Coleman, while I was to be his real shadower. My object was to drive him from his room and, indeed, out of town, expecting that he would take the diamond with him. My stool pigeon found him the same evening in a billiard room and made it appear that he was watching him. Coleman went at once, not to his home, but to the house of a relative. From there he went to a railway station. Of course I was watching him from a distance and made up my mind that he had taken the diamond from the house he had visited and was going to try to get out of the country with it.

Coleman went to the ticket office and bought a ticket to New York. I was in line behind him and bought a ticket for the same place. I telephoned to the office for assistants to keep him in view till the train, which was not due to start for an hour, should be off, I keeping out of his way. One of them signaled me when he got on the train, and as it pulled out I got on myself. I had refrained from having him arrested while in his own town, fearing that he might have a confederate keep the gem till the train started or to hand it to in case of arrest. I preferred to take my chances with him in a region strange to him.

I took along an assistant and when we had been on the road a couple of hours told him to let Coleman see that he was watching him. Then I went to another car. My object was to drive him from the train. I also instructed the assistant not to get off the train if Coleman did. I wished the fugitive to think that he had eluded the detective. At every station I looked out for my man, and it was not long before I saw him, when the train stopped, alight and stand on the platform. When the train went on, he remained. Having fancied he would get on before the train started, I remained on the car. Seeing that he would remain, I jumped off. He cast a glance at me that told me my game of secrecy was up and henceforth I must follow him as a suspected detective.

But it did not matter. The station was at a small village, which was as good a place as any to try to recover the diamond. Coleman went to a hotel. He did not enter his name on the register, but sat down in the office. I sat down opposite him. He knew, and I was willing that he should know, that I was after him.

Presently he got up, walked out and through the village and beyond, where the road ran through a wood. I followed him, keeping my hand on my revolver. Coming to a place where the road turned through a cut, I was walking with a bank behind me when Coleman suddenly turned and fired at me so quickly that I had no time to protect myself from the shot. I was not scratched, and Coleman, instead of firing again, threw away his pistol and called out that he surrendered.

Somewhat puzzled, I advanced, holding him covered, searched him for other weapons and, finding none, for the diamond.

It was not on his person.

I was satisfied that he had tricked me. But how? I went to the side of the road and picked up his pistol. It was an old fashioned one barrel pistol of very large bore. What had he to do with such a weapon? For a moment, and a moment only, I was balked as to his reason; then suddenly the whole scheme flashed upon me.

Marching Coleman back to the village, I put him in limbo, then returned to the place where he had fired at me. I searched for an hour in the bank and below it, then, when I was about to give up, concluded to scratch away the earth in a line extended from where Coleman had stood to where I had stood. Presently I was delighted to see something glistening roll out. It was the diamond. Coleman had fired it from his pistol.

Having both Coleman and the diamond, I returned with him to the city and handed the one over to the authorities and the other to its owner. I don't know which was more pleased at my success, Mr. Radcliffe or I. He gave me a special fee for my services which was enough to buy me a small house.

EDWARD S. SPINNEY.

A Cure for Misery.

"I have found a cure for the misery malaria poison produces," says R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. "It's called Electric Bitters, and comes in 50 cent bottles. It breaks up a case of chills or a billious attack in almost no time; and it puts yellow jaundice clean out of commission." This great tonic medicine and blood purifier gives quick relief in all stomach, liver and kidney complaints and the misery of lame back. Sold under guarantee at Chas. Strang's drug store.

CASTORIA

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

He Robbed the Thief.

From Czenstochowa, the Mecca of Polish pilgrims, comes an amazing story of coincidences. A pilgrim went to one of the priests and complained that some thief had stolen his purse while he was in church and asked for money. The priest replied that he had no money and that the best thing for the pilgrim to do was to try to find the thief.

"I shall go into the church and steal money from somebody else," said the pilgrim, "for I have nothing to go home with." He went into the church and, seeing a man in the crowd with a wallet on his back, slipped his hand into it and pulled out his own stolen purse, with the exact sum he had left in it. He was so glad to find his money that he hurried off to tell the priest, and the thief got away.—Warsaw Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

FORM NO. 179.

COMBINED NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE DISTRICT OF OREGON.

In the matter of Butte Falls Sugar Pine Lumber Company, a corporation Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy No. 1184.

To the creditors of the Butte Falls Sugar Pine Lumber Company a corporation, of Butte Falls, Oregon in the County of Jackson, and District aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 13th day of December, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock A. M., there will be a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt at the Commercial Club Rooms in the City of Medford, in said district, for the following purposes:

I. To consider a proposed sale of the following described property viz:

20000 feet of lumber appraised at $8.00 per M.
1000 feet of lumber appraised at $10.00.
12 boxes of giant powder appraised at $18.25.
One saw mill at the Caster place appraised at $1000.00.
50,000 feet of logs appraised at $2.00 and, if objection to said sale is not made, or if objected to, it is ordered forthwith to attend a sale of such property at private sale, on such terms as may then fixed.

II. To attend an examination of the bankrupt.

III. To transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

Dated December 2nd, 1907.

JOHN S. ORTH,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, November 6, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber land in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

MATTIE L. GRIDLEY,

of Vancouver, County of Clarke, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 8574, for the purchase of the South West Quarter of section No. 12, in Township No. 36 South, Range No. 2, East W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Roseburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 29th day of January, 1908.

She names as witnesses: Mrs. Lou C Miller, of Vancouver, Washington; Wm. Loushlin, D. M. McDonald, Wm. Entwerp, all of Medford, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 29th day of January, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

JOHN A. TROEH,

of Vancouver, county of Clarke, state of Washington, filed in this office on December 29, 1906, his sworn statement No. 8604, for the purchase of the S W ¼, of Section No. 2, in Township No. 36 South, Range No. 2 East, W. M., Ore., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office, at Roseburg, Oregon on Saturday, the 15th day of February, 1908.

He names as witnesses: D. N. McDonald, John Lowe, B. P. Yeomans, Martin Parks, all of Vancouver, Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 15th day of Febuary, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson.

W. H. Bradshaw, Plaintiff, vs. Ann V. Owens, Defendant.

To Ann V. Owens, defendant.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON:

You are hereby equired to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within ten days from the date of the service of this Summons upon you if served within this County, or if served within any other County of this State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this Summons upon you; and if you fail to answer for want thereof, the plaintiff will take a default against you, and will apply to the court for relief prayed for in his Complaint towit: That it be decreed that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple of lots 5 and 8 in block No. 32 of the City of Medford, Jackson County, Oregon; and that the defendant has no interest therein; and that she be forever enjoined from asserting any interest therein.

This summons is published in THE MEDFORD MAIL in pursuance of an order made by the Hon. H. K. Hanna, Judge of the above entitled court, said order having been made on the 26th day of June 1907, and which order requires the publication thereof once a week for six consecutive weeks. The first publication of this summons under said order is made on Friday, November 1st 1907, and the last on Friday, December 13th 1907. You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint on or before the last named date.

Dated November 1st 1907.

COLVIG & DURHAM,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson.

J. D. Van Dyke, Plaintiff, vs. Nettie Van Dyke, Defendant. } Divorce

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within ten days from the date of the service of this Summons upon you if served within this County, or if served within any other County of this State, then within twenty days of the service of this Summons upon you; and if you fail to answer for want thereof, the plaintiff will take a default against you and will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his complaint towit: For a decree of the court forever dissolving the marriage contract now existing between plaintiff and defendant; and further decreeing to plaintiff the care and custody of Ruby Van Dyke the minor child of said parties.

This summons is published in the MEDFORD MAIL by order of Hon. H. K. Hanna, Judge of the above court, made and entered October 26th 1907, and to be published for six consecutive weeks, the first day of Publication thereof being Friday, November 1st 1907, and the last day being Friday, December 13th, 1907. And the defendant is hereby required to appear in said court and answer the complaint on or before said last named date.

COLVIG & DURHAM,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.