

CHAPTER III.-(Continued.)

To-morrow care—and Mrs. Westerfield's faithful James justified her confidence in him.

She drew her chair near to him when he called her by her Christian name for the first time.

"When Westerfield was courting me," lady—if one can call such a creature a lady!—was living under his protection. He told Westerfield he was very fond of her, and he hated the idea of getting married. 'If your wife's first child turns out to be a son,' he said, 'there's an heir to the title and estates, and I may go on as I am now.' We were married a month afterward—and when my first child was born it was a girl. I leave you to judge what the disappointment was. My lord zan the risk of waiting another year, and 3 year afterward, rather than be married. Through all that time, I had no other child or prospect of a child. His lordship was fairly driven into taking a wife. Ah, how I hate her! Their first child was a boys big, bouncing, healthy brute of a boy. And six months afterward, my poor little fellow was born. Only think of it. And tell me, Jemmy, don't I deserve to be a bappy woman, after suffering such a dreadful disappointment as that? Is it true that you're going back to America? "Quite true."

"Take me back with you." "With a couple of children?"

"No. Only with one. I can dispose of the other in England. Wait a little before you say no. Do you want money?"
"You couldn't help me, if I did."
"Marry me, and I can help you to a

Cortune.

He eyed her attentively, and saw that she was in earnest. "What do you call a fortune?" he asked.

"Five thousand pounds," she answered. "Where's the proof of it?" he said,

She produced her husband's letter. He listened with the closest attention while she read. The question of stealing the diamonds did not trouble either of them. It was a settled question, by tacit con-

sent, on both sides. They looked at each other. They were made for each other, and they both felt It. At the same time, James kept his own interests steadily in view. He stated the obvious objection to the cipher. Experts had already tried to interpret the signs, and had failed.

"Quite true," she added, "but other peo-ple may succeed."

CHAPTER IV.

An advertisement in the newspapers addressed to persons skilled in the interpretation of ciphers, now represented Mrs. Westerfield's only chance of discov-ering where the diamonds were hidden. that she rec some amends for previous disappointment. It offered references to gentlemen, whose names were in themselves a sufficient gnarantee. She verified the references nevertheless, and paid a visit to her correspondent on the same day.

Ilis personal appearance was not in his favor he was old and dirty, infirm and poor. His mean room was littered with shabby books. When Mrs. Westerfield attempted to enter into explanations he "Show me your wohely interrupted her. cipher," he said; "I don't promise to study It unless I find it worth my while."

Mrs. Westerfield was alarmed, "Do you mean that you want a large sum of money?" she asked.

"I mean that I don't waste my time on easy ciphers invented by fools

She laid the slip of paper on his desk. "Waste your time on that," she said

eatirically, "and see how you like it!"

He examined it-first with his bleared red-rimmed eyes; then with a magnifying glass. The only expression of opinion that escaped him was indicated by his actions. He shut up his book, and gloated over the signs and characters before him. On a sud 'en he looked at Mrs. Westerfield. "How did you come by this?" he asked.

"That's no business of yours." "In other words you have reasons of your own for not answering my ques-Yes."

teeth in a horrid grin.

Shall you be long in finding out what 4t means?" she asked. Days may pass before I can find the

me a week." The week passed. Repeating her visit,

Mrs. Westerfield found him still scated at his desk, still surrounded by his books, still careless of the polite attentions that he owed to a lady. "Well?" she asked, "have you earned ployed the wrong man."

your money?" "I have found the clew."

"What is it?" she burst out. "Tell me the substance, I can't wait to read." He went on impenetrably with what he had to say. "But there are some minor combinations which I have still to discover to my own satisfaction. My work must e well done or not done at all. This is Saturday, eleventh of the month. We will

say the evening of Wednesday next. Mrs. Westerfield sufficiently controlled herself to be able to review her engagements for the coming week. On Thursday, the day exacted by the marriage license would expire, and the wedding might take place. On Friday, the express train conveyed passengers to Liverpool, to be in time for the departure of the steamer for New York on Saturday morning. Having made these calculations, she asked, with sulky submission, if she was expected to call again on the Wednesday

"No. Leave me your name and address. I will send you the cipher, interpreted, at eight o'clock."

While waiting to hear from the expert, Mrs. Westerfield made her arrangements for the desertion of poor little Syd.

The person on whose assistance she could rely was an unmarried elder sister, distinguished as proprietor of a cheap girls' school in one of the suburbs of London. This lady—known to local fame as monds, consigned to the Liverpe i firm.
Miss Wigger—had already proposed to was missing from the wrecks, vessel

take Syd into training as a pupil teacher. "I'll force the child on." Miss Wigger promised, "till she can earn her board and lodging by taking my lowest class. When she gets older she will replace my regular governess, and I shall save the sal-

As the hour of eight drew near on Wedshe said. "his brother was a bachelor. A nesday evening, Mrs. Westerfield's anxiety forced her to find relief in action of some kind. She opened the door of her sitting room, and listened on the stairs. It still wanted a few minutes to eight o'clock when there was a ring at the house bell. She ran down to open the The servant happened to be in the hall and answered the bell. The next moment the door was suddenly closed

"Anybody there?" Mrs. Westerfield asked. "No, ma'am."

This seemed strange. Had the old wretch deceived her, after all? "Look in the letter box," she called out. The servant obeyed, and found a letter. Mrs. Westerfield tore it open, standing on the stairs. It contained half a sheet of common note paper. The interpretation of the cipher was written on it in these

"Remember, No. 12, Purbeck Road, St. John's Wood. Go to the summer house in the back garden. Count to the fourth plank in the floor, reckoning from the side wall on the right as you enter the summer house. Pry up the plank. Look under the mold and rubbish. Find the diamonds." Mrs. Marshfield was on the point of

sending for a cab and driving to his lodgings, when James came in, eager to know if the interpretation had arrived.

Keeping her suspicions to herself, she merely informed him that the interpretation was in her hands. "Put a chisel in your pocket when we go to church to-morrow morning," was the one hint she

At eleven o'clock the next morning they were united in the bonds of wedlock. On leaving the church door, the married pair began their honeymoon by driving to St. A dirty printed notice in a broken win-

dow announced that the house was to let; and a sour-tempered woman informed them that they were free to look at the The bride was in the best of humor. She

set the bridegroom the example of keeping up appearances by examining the di-lapidated house first. This done, she said sweetly to the person in charge: "May we look at the garden?" "The woman made a strange answer to

this request. "That's curious," she said.

James interfered for the first time. What's curious?" he asked, roughly.

"Among all the idle people who have pray, pray, pray have some pity on me!"

The mother was as selfish and as cruel come here, at one time or another, to see this house," the woman said, "only two ve wanted to look at the garden.

for the summer house, leaving it to his man relationships. wife to pursue the subject or not as she pleased. She did pursue the subject. "I am one of the persons, of course," she said. "Who is the other?"

"An old man came on Monday." The bride's pleasant smile vanished.

"What sort of person was he?" she sour-tempered woman became The

sourer than ever. "Oh, how can I tell!" A brute! There!" The very words which the "A brute!" new Mrs. Bellbridge had herself used when the expert had irritated her. With serious misgivings, she, too, turned her steps in the direction of the garden.

James had already followed her instructions and used his chisel. The plank lay loose on the floor. With both his big hands he rapidly cleared away the mold and the rubbish. In a few minutes the hiding place was laid bare.

They looked into it. They looked at each other. There was the empty hole, telling its own story. The diamonds were gone.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Bellbridge eyed her husband, prepared for a furious outbreak of rage. Ele stood silent, staring stupidly straight before him. The shock that had fallen on Drawing his own inferences from that his dull brain had stunned it. She took reply, he showed his three last-left yellow, his arm and led him out to the cab that was waiting at the door. The driver, helping him to get in, no-

ticed a piece of paper lying on the front seat. He was about to throw it away clew; I won't attempt it unless you give when Mrs. Belibridge took it out of his "It isn't print," she said. "it's A closer examination showed that the writing was addressed to herself, This was what she read: "Don't trouble yourself, madam, about the diamonds. You have made a mistake-you have em-

Those words-and no more. Enough. surely, to justify the conclusion that he had stolen the diamonds. Was it werth while to drive to his lodgings? They tried the experiment. The expert had gone away on business-nobody where.

The newspaper came as usual on Friday To Mrs. Bellbridge's amtrement it set the question of the theft at rest, on the highest authority. An article appeared in a conspicuous position, thus expressed:

"Another of the many proofs that touth is stranger than fiction has just occurred at Liverpool. A highly respected tirm of ship owners in that city received a strange letter at the beginning of the present week. Promising that he had some remarkable circumstances to communicate, the writer of the letter entered abruptly on the narrative which follows. A friend of his connected with literature had, it appeared, noticed a lady's visiting card left on his desk, and had been reminded by it of a criminal case which had excited considerable public interest at the time-the trial of Captain Westerfield for willfully casting away a ship under his Never having heard at the trial, the writer, at his friend's sug estion, consulted a file of newspapers dis a rered the report-and became aware for be first time that a collection of Brazil ; die

when she had been boarded by the salvage party, and had not been found since. Events which it was impossible for him to mention had revealed to his knowledge a hiding place in which these same diamonds—in all probability—were concealed. This circumstance had left him no alternative, as an honest man, but to be be-forehand with the persons, who contem-

plated stealing the precious stones. He had accordingly taken them under his protection until they were identified and claimed by the rightful owners. In now appealing to these gentlemen, he stipulated that the claim should be set forth in writing, addressed to him under initials at a postoffice in London. If the lost prop-erty was identified to his satisfaction he would meet-at a specified place, and on a certain day and hour—a person accredited by the firm, and would personally restore the diamonds, without claiming a reward. The conditions being complied with, this remarkable interview took place; the writer of the letter, described as an infirm old man very poorly dressed, fulfilled his engagement, took his receipt, and walked away without even waiting to be thanked. It is only an act of justice to add that the diamonds were afterward counted, and

not one of them was missing." Miserable, deservedly miserable, married pair! The stolen fortune, on which they had counted, had slipped through heir fingers. The berths in the steamer for New York had been taken and paid for. James had married a woman, with nothing besides herself to bestow on him, except an incumbrance in the shape of a

By a refinement of cruelty, not one word had been said to prepare little Syd for the dreary change that was now close at hand n her young life. The poor child had seen the preparations for departure, and tried to imitate her mother in packing up. She had collected her few morsels of darned and ragged clothing, and had gone upstairs to put them into one of the dilapidated old trunks in the great playground, when the servant was sent to bring her back to the sitting room. There, enthroned in an easy chair, sat a strange lady; and there, hiding behind the chair in undisguised dislike of the visitor, was her little brother Roderick. Syd looked timidly at her mother and her mother said: "Here is your nunt."

"Make your courtesy, child," sal Miss Wigger. Nature had so toned her voice as to make it worthy of the terrors of her face. But for her petticoats, it would have been certainly taken for the voice of a man.

The child obeyed, trembling.
"You are to go away with me," the school mistress proceeded, "and to be taught to make yourself useful under my

Syd seemed to be incapable of understanding the fate that was in store for her. She sheltered herself behind her merciless mother. "I'm going away with you, mamma," she said-"with you and Rick.

Her mother took her by the shoulders and pushed her across the room to her aunt.

"You belong to me," said Miss Wigger, "and I have come to take you away." At those dreadful words, terror shook little Syd from head to foot. She fell on her knees with a cry of misery that might have melted the heart of a savage. "Oh, mamma, mamma, don't leave me behind! What have I done to deserve it? Oh,

woman as ever lived. But even her hard heart felt faintly the influence of the James turned on his heel and made most intimate and most sacred of all hu-Her florid cheeks turned pale. She besitated.

Miss Wigger marked that moment of maternal indecision-and saw that it was lime to assert her experience as an instructress of youth.

"Leave it to me," she said to her sister. You never did know, and you never will

know, how to manage children.' She advanced. The child threw herself shricking on the floor. Miss Wigger's long arms caught her up-held her-shook her. Be quiet, you imp!" It was needless to tell her to be quiet. Syd's little curly head sank on the school mistress' shoulder. She was carried into exile without a word or a cry-she had fainted.

CHAPTER VI

Time's march moves slowly where weary lives languish in dull places. Dating from one unkept and unacknowledged birthday to another, Sydney Westerfield had attained the sixth year of her martyrdom at school. In that long interval no news of her mother, her brother, or her stepfather had reached England. Roder ick Westerfield's daughter was, in the saddest sense of the word, alone in the world.

The hands of the ugly old clock in the school room were approaching the time when the studies in the morning would come to an end. Wearily waiting for their release, the scholars saw an event happen which was a novelty in their domestic experience. The maid-of-all-work put her head in at the door, and interrupted Miss Wigger conducting the education of the first class.

"If you please, miss, there's a gentleman in the drawing room," she said. "And here's his card."

Being a mortal creature, the school mis tress was accessible to the promptings of curiosity. She snatched the card out of the girl's hand.

Herbert Linley, Mount Morven, Perthshire. "I don't know this person Miss Wigger declared. "You wretch, have you let a thief into the house?"

"A gentleman, if ever I see one yet," the servant retorted. Miss Wigger referred to the card again and discovered (faintly traced in pencil) these words: "To see Miss S. W.

The school mistress instantly looked at Miss Westerfield. Miss Westerfield rose from her place at the head of her class. At a loss to understand the audacity of her teacher in rising before the class was dismissed, Miss Wigger began by assert-

ing her authority. She did in two words: 'Sit down!" "I wish to explain, ma'am, "Sydney Westerfield, you are setting the worst possible example to your class. I shall see this man myself. Will you sit

Pale already, Sydney turned paler still. She obeyed the word of command-to the high delight of the girls of her class. Miss Wigger entered her drawing room

With the slightest possible inclination of her head, she eyed the stranger through her green spectacles. The servant's estimate of him was beyond dispute. Mr. Herbert Linley's good breeding was even capable of suppressing all outward expression of the dismay that he felt on finding himself face to face with the formidable person who had received him.

"What is your business, if you please? Miss Wigger began.

"I have taken the liberty of calling," he said, "in answer to an advertisement." He paused and took a newspaper from the pocket of his overcoat. He opened it and pointed to the advertisement.

"A young lady wishes to be employed in the education of a little girl. Possess ing but few accomplishments, and having been only a junior teacher at a school, she offers her services on trial, leaving it to her employer to pay whatever salary she may be considered to deserve

'Most impertinent!" said Miss Wigger Mr. Linley looked astonished. "I say, most impertinent!" Miss Wigger repeated. "One of my teachers has issued an advertisement, and has referred to my address, without first consulting me Have I made myself understood, sir? She looked at the carriage when she call ed him "sir."

But just here the door was opened; a young lady entered the room. Was this the writer of the advertisement? He felt sure of it, for no better reason than this: The moment he looked

at her she interested him. 'What do you mean by coming here?'

"Your advertisement?" Miss Wigger re-peated. "Miss Westerfield, how dare you

beg for employment in a newspaper, without asking my leave?" "I only waited to tell you what I had done, till I knew whether my advertise-

ment would be answered or not." She spoke as calmly as before, still submitting to the insolent authority of the school mistress with a steady fortitude, very remarkable in any girl-and especially in a girl whose face revealed a sensitive nature. Linley approached her, and said his few kind words before Miss Wigger could assert herself for the third

"I am afraid I have taken a liberty in answering you personally, when I ought to have answered by letter. My only excuse is that I have no time to arrange for an interview, in London, by correspondence. I live in Scotland, and I am obliged to return by the mail to-night."

He paused. She was looking at him.

Did she understand him?

She understood him only too well. For the first time, poor soul, in the miserable years of her school life, she saw eyes that rested on her with the sympathy that is too truly felt to be uttered in words. Her bead sank; her wasted figure trembled; a few tears dropped slowly on the bosom of her shabby dress. She tried, desperately tried, to control herself. "I beg your pardon, sir," was all she could say; "I am not very well."

(To be continued.)

Sold Tickets on Him.

It is good to be a celebrity, and it is sometimes profitable merely to recognize one. While Chauncey M. Depew was at the Omaha exposition, says the New York Times, he and President Callaway of the New York Central chanced to go into a booth on the Midway Plaisance.

It was a tame entertainment and there was only a meagre attendance when Mr. Depew and Mr. Callaway entered. Their stay would have been very brief except for the fact that they had scarcely taken their seats before there began a steady inpouring of peoditorium was crowded.

Taking this extraordinary increase of spectators as an indication that something of an interesting nature was about to be disclosed, the two New-Yorkers concluded to sit it out. Half an hour's waiting failed to reward their patient expectancy, however, and Mr. Callaway suggested that they move on.

Just then ex-Secretary of Agriculture Sterling Morton pushed his way through the crowd, and extending his

hand to Mr. Depew exclaimed: "Well, Doctor Depew, so you are really here! I thought that 'barker' was

lying." "What do you mean?" inquired Mr.

Depew. "Why, the 'barker' for this show is standing outside and inviting the crowd to 'step up lively' and pay ten cents for the privilege of seeing the 'great and only Chauncey M. Depew.' "

Ingenuity. In physics and natural history there are opportunities to direct and control the out-of-school activities of young people of which the enthusiastic teacher of science is not slow to avail him-

gives the following: One of the most astonishing facts of the time is the ingenuity of boys in constructing electrical apparatus, with

I know boys who have belt-lines of electric tramways circulating in their garrets; and a boy who, last year, was the despair of his teachers, now deserved recognition in the manual training exhibit as the clever inventor of a most ingenious electrical boat.

An invitation to boys to bring to school products of their own ingenuity or the natural history specimens that they have collected will result in an exhibition which, in variety and quality, will be a revelation to one who is not used to following them in these interests.

Question of Price. "That woman tried to beat me down on the price of quinine." "What did she say?"

"She said I ought to make it 10 cents cheaper because she had to pay her little boy to take it."

No Argument. "I beg your pardon!" said the patient in a haughty way; "It isn't for a young physician like you to disagree with an old and experienced invalid like me!" And he went out to look for another physician.

Bilkins-"Who was it wrote 'Actions speak louder than words?" Harper-'I don't know, but I'll bet the thought occurred to him while he was trying to sneak upstairs at three o'clock in the uorning."—Chicago News.

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