

WHO STOLE THE JEWELS?

By DAVID WALTER CRUICK

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I was taking dinner with my friend Horace Jones and his wife the other day. Jones has accumulated a snug sum hunting up racials. In other words, he is a detective. When we were drinking our coffee and smoking I asked him to give me the most important case in which he had ever been employed.

"You mean the most important to my employer or to me?"

"Well, let it be the most important case to you."

"All right. I'll give you the Williams case."

I saw his wife look up at him, evidently with an intent to stop him, but he told the story all the same.

"Mrs. Williams came to the office one day—she was a widow—and stated that something was occurring in her home she wished investigated. She possessed a number of valuable family jewels, which she kept in a safe imbedded in the wall on the second story of her dwelling. She alone knew the combination, and yet the jewels were gradually disappearing. She had a governess for her children, a Miss Elizabeth Ward, whom she suspected. I having been detailed on the case, she was giving these facts to me. At this point I interrupted her.

"I thought you said, Mrs. Williams, that you alone knew the combination. How can Miss Ward open the safe without it?"

"Possibly in this way: She has a brother who is a skilled mechanic in the service of a safe and lock company. He visits her frequently, and I suspect that either he has instructed her in lock picking or she conceals him in the house and he watches his opportunity to pick it himself unobserved."

"It struck me that to discover the truth all she had to do was to watch and she would catch either Miss Ward or her brother stealing the jewels. But if she preferred to pay a detective for doing it I was quite willing." I was introduced into the house as a nephew of Mrs. Williams, from a distant land, and, of course, to Miss Ward.

"I found the governess a very attractive young lady. Had I not felt very sure she was an adventuress I should have fallen in love with her. Indeed, I'm not sure but—Don't like to hear it, eh, dear? That's quite natural. I'll switch off from that part of the story, though I'm sure you have no reason to be jealous. Well, I took up my residence for a few days or a few weeks, as the case might require, and was assigned a bedroom directly opposite the safe in which the jewels were kept.

"It didn't take me long to find out that Miss Ward was as smart as a steel trap, and I made up my mind that to catch her—or her brother, which was the same thing—I would have to be awake every night in the week. But she seemed worried. With the true detective instinct, I saw through that. I inferred that her brother was dominating her, compelling her to keep on with the thefts, while she feared this scheme would at last be detected and one or both would spend a term in the state prison. At any rate, she was worried."

"I remained awake all night for several nights in succession, and as I had no excuse to remain in bed all day I gave up the plan of catching the thief in the act and determined to try and worm myself into the confidence of Miss Ward and see if I couldn't get the secret from her. I found her quite willing to be courted and—"

"Horace" interposed Mrs. Jones.

"Pardon, my dear." Then to me: "My wife can't bear to hear me speak of my premarital affairs."

"Of course she can't." I chimed in with Mrs. Jones. "How would you like your wife to talk about her own premarital affairs?"

"Um! That's different. But to go on with my story. I didn't get much from the governess, and while I was making up to her Mrs. Williams reported that she had lost another jewel.

"Meeting Miss Ward after this theft, I found her in a very bad humor. Why I could not understand, for neither she nor any one else had been caught stealing. She astonished me by coming out bluntly:

"Mr. Detective, if you wish to find out who is stealing the jewels change your room."

"You could have knocked me down with a feather. I knew I had met my match and answered never a word. I went to Mrs. Williams and told her I would take a room farther from the safe. She gave me one at the end of the hall where I could see without being seen, the light, which was kept burning low all night, being directly over the safe.

"Time passed, during which I was getting impatient at doing nothing, though I was not dissatisfied at being kept in the house with Miss Ward. One night I heard a light tap at my door. Putting on a dressing gown, I

opened it. Miss Ward was standing in a dark corner and pointed toward the safe. There stood Mrs. Williams fumbling with the lock.

"She's asleep," whispered Miss Ward.

"Mrs. Williams opened the safe, took out something, closed the door and went away. The mystery was solved. As a sleepwalker she was transferring her jewels from the safe to a tin box in her bedroom closet."

"What became of Miss Ward?" I asked.

Jones looked at his wife, and both smiled.

He Sat.

It is related of the Rev. Matthew Clark that in the audience was once a young British military officer whose scarlet uniform far outshone any rival habiliments and so fixed the gaze of the young damsels present that the wearer, enjoying the impression he was making, not only stood through the prayer with the rest, but remained standing after all others had sat down until the pastor had proceeded for some time with his sermon, and at length, noticing a divided attention and its cause, the minister stopped, laid aside his sermon and, addressing his new hearer, said:

"Ye're a braw brave lad, Ye ha'e a braw suit of clathes, and we ha'e a' seen them. Ye may sit down."

The lieutenant dropped as if shot.—From the "Autobiography of Horace Greeley."

How He Did It

By LOUISE DA ROSS

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There were two things Frank Trowbridge excelled in, but before stating them it is better to give the information that Frank's whole front name was Frances and she was a girl. The two accomplishments were riding and athletics. She lived in summer on a lake ten miles long by three to six miles broad and could—any other girl near it rowing, sailing, swimming, diving, fishing and any other sporting accomplishment fitted for women. The boys were all in love with her.

Frank wasn't overscrupulous as to making believe that she returned their affection, at least to a slight degree, but nothing definite could be got out of her by any of them. Charlie Wiggins, who was a year or two older than the rest of them and consequently harder for her to manage, was a cool sort of a chap, and it bothered her because she couldn't tease him as she teased the others. Near the end of a summer she had half promised to be engaged to half a dozen fellows and feared she would be obliged to be serious with some one of them. Charlie came up from the city for a two weeks' vacation. It struck Frank that by giving him the most of her time the others would drop out of the race, thinking that he was the lucky man. Then when they found they were mistaken she could accuse them of having deserted her.

Charlie fell into the trap very easily; but, though he didn't let Frank know it, he had no mind to fall out. With her permission, to say nothing of encouragement, he devoted himself to her till just before the time when he must leave. Then he laid his own trap.

"Frank," he said, "that little single sticker your father gave you in the spring is a dandy, isn't she?"

"She can beat anything on the lake."

"Except my Gertrude."

"If you Gertrude's a tub. By the bye, who's she named for?"

"That's a secret."

Frank slowly raised her long lashes and gave him a look.

"You think she can beat my Polly, eh?"

"I'm sure of it."

"I'll bet you a pound of candy against—"

"Nonsense! Do you suppose I race for trifles?"

"What stakes would you race for?"

Charlie didn't reply for some time. Then he said: "I'll race my Gertrude in a wind fair for both two miles up and two miles back. If you lose you marry me; if you win I marry—"

"Whom?"

"My boat."

"I know what you mean. You'll marry this mysterious Gertrude."

There's no knowing by what feminine process Frank made up her mind to accept the challenge. She certainly hadn't the slightest doubt that the Polly could sail around the Gertrude in circles, the latter being notoriously the most sluggish boat on the lake. But she was a trifle jealous of this unknown Gertrude, and Charlie was to marry her if he were beaten. Be this as it may, the race was made up to take place on the first day there was a sufficient breeze. Frank was to sail the Polly and Charlie the Gertrude.

On the day of the race there was a breeze varying from 4 to 10 knots. Charlie gave Frank permission to inspect his boat, which she did, but

Charlie declined to inspect the Polly. Most of Frank's semblings as well as many others were on hand to see the race, but no one knew the stakes. All expected that it would be a walk-over for Frank.

A designated starter fired a pistol, and when the boats sailed over the line another was fired, indicating that the race was on. As was expected, the Gertrude dropped astern of her rival from the first. But when the former had got over half and the latter three-eighths of a mile the Gertrude ceased to lose. The Polly turned the stake boat a quarter of a mile ahead, when the Gertrude began to make a slight gain. This was astonishing, for she didn't career any more under a fresher breeze, indicating she didn't get one. She was not long in catching the Polly and not much longer in pulling ahead of her, though this at first was hard to tell, for Wiggins passed a hundred yards to her lee. This was considered very good of him, since his boat did not blanket his rival.

Meanwhile the breeze had lost nearly half its force. But while this made a great deal of difference in the speed of the Polly it did not affect that of the Gertrude. The latter sailed on, slowly gaining on her rival, coming in an eighth of a mile ahead. The winner was received with no especial demonstrations, for sympathy was all with the lady. But what was lost in rooting was made up in surprise. Wiggins remained in his boat till Frank came in beside him, blushing like a peony, at which every one wondered. Charlie stepped into her boat and handed her ashore, saying as he did so: "Ladies and gentlemen, I take both pride and pleasure in introducing my fiancée."

The half dozen semblings who were present were crushed, and Frank wished she were at the bottom of the lake. "How did you do it, Charlie?" she asked that evening when they were consulting about an engagement ring.

"I bored a hole in the bow and one in the stern, with a pipe between them. With my feet I pumped water from the bow and drove it out at the stern. See?"

"I think I do."

Camels in Arabia.

There are two varieties of camels in use in Arabia, the dromedary and the freight camel. The dromedaries are celebrated for their easy riding gait and speed. A dromedary carries about 300 pounds and travels about six miles a day. It can be purchased for 100 to 150 Maria Theresa dollars (\$12.50 to \$18.75). A freight camel carries about 500 pounds and travels about two and a half miles an hour. It costs 200 Maria Theresa dollars (\$25) or more.

A GROTESQUE BIRD.

Remarkable Assortment of Colors of the Brazilian Toucan.

The very peculiar looking Brazilian bird, the toucan, has a body about as big as that of a gold finch, but its beak is very different and easily its dominant feature, though this bird is by no means lacking in bright and striking colors. The toucan's beak is half as long as its body, and it is broad and thin and set on edge vertically, shaped something like a blunted scythe, with the slightly curving, rounded edge on top and ending with a hook point turned downward—a remarkable beak in size and shape—and this beak is rimmed with a remarkable assortment of colors, purple and red and green and yellow, while around the beak at the head runs a line of black.

The eyes of the toucan are surrounded by circles of a bright light blue, and on its breast, regularly outlined, is a broad and deep expanse of bright yellow in size and shape in proportion to the bird about the same as the generous expanse of shirt front shown by a man in evening dress with his waistcoat cut low and well rounded out at the bottom. This show of yellow being edged with a red line. The toucan's body for the bulk of it is black or a very deep blue black, but around at the base of the tail run two bands of color, one red and one white.

It is not a song bird. It is called as a pet, not for children, but as a gift, and it is more often favored by men than by women. It takes \$25 to \$50 to buy a toucan.—New York Sun.

Snubbed the Composer.

Gustav Mahler had a queer experience in Munich one day for which his name was partly responsible. His new symphony was being rehearsed, and he took advantage of an hour's intermission to get some fresh air. "On returning to the building," says a Munich paper, "he lost his way and tried to reach the hall through a corridor in which plasterers were at work. 'You cannot pass through here,' he was told. 'But I am Mahler.' (Mahler is the German for painter.) 'You look it,' was the unsympathetic reply of the man who blocked his way. 'We are not ready for the painters yet, so run on.' And the composer, realizing that argument would be useless, plunged into the labyrinth and finally reached his destination."



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ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has this day been appointed administrator of the estate of Amanda S. Doughty, deceased, by the Hon. County Court of Polk County, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same on or before six months from the date hereof, to the undersigned, duly verified, and all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate settlement thereof.

Dated at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, this 28th day of March, 1911.

J. M. GRANT,
Administrator of the estate of Amanda S. Doughty, deceased.
SIBLEY & EAKIN,
Attorneys for estate.

Notice of Intention to Establish Street Grades.

Notice is hereby given to the property owners of the city of Monmouth, and to all whom it may concern, that after the expiration of 10 days from date of this notice, the common council of said city purpose to establish grades for street and side walk purposes upon the following named streets: All of Jackson, Main and Clay streets, Monmouth Avenue, and on all streets running North and South, so much as lie between Jackson and Clay streets, to wit: On East, Catron, Ecols, Broad, Knox, Warren, College, Whitman and West streets, and on all streets abutting on Main street east of East street.

By order of the City Council.
Dated this 14th day of April, 1911.

D. E. STITT,
City Recorder.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that on the 25th day of March, 1911, the directors of Lindsay & Company, a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of Oregon, with its principal office and place of business at the City of Monmouth, in said State, duly filed supplementary articles of incorporation for the purpose of changing the corporate name of said Company to Strickler & Murdock, Incorporated, and that said supplementary articles were filed and said corporate name changed in accordance with the unanimous vote of all the stock of said corporation subscribed.

Dated this 31 day of March, 1911.

SAMUEL STRICKLER,
FRANKLIN E. MURDOCK,
JOHN B. STUMP,
Directors of said Corporation.

Not Idle Curiosity.

Mrs. Wankerknowe—I should like to know, Mr. W., why you are so cross when I ask questions. Surely you don't think I have idle curiosity? "Great Scott, no! Yours is the most perniciously active, wide awake, sleepless, energetic curiosity I was ever my fate to encounter."

Another Version.

The latest rendering of the Burns lines, "Oh, wad some power," etc., is given in a London evening paper thus: "Oh, wad some power the giffle gie us to see some folk before they see us."

Church Directory.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

L. C. HOOVER, Pastor

Morning service at 11:00 o'clock
Evening service at 7:00 o'clock
Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.
Y. P. A. Meeting at 6:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

W. A. WOOD, Pastor.

Morning Service at 11 a. m.
Evening Service at 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

W. W. DAVIS, Pastor.

Preaching Service, 11:00 a. m.
" " 8:00 p. m.
Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
B. Y. P. Union, at 6:30

W. C. T. U.

Local Union meets every second and fourth Friday in the Evangelical church at 2:30 p. m.



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