By DAVID FLEMING

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********** Hundreds of people knew Chartle Davids as a clubman having bachelor rooms and living in fair style. Not one man, however, could more than guess the source from whence his income was derived. He had been a captain in her majesty's service, but had been obliged to resign for lack of funds to go the pace. There were hints about a rich aunt at home, a richer uncle in Australia, some sort of an investment in the United States, but no one had any certain informa-

Davids was a gentleman, and there was no doubt that he stood well with most mothers who had marriageable daughters. The men who hinted that there was anything crooked about the ex-captain would have been taken to task at once, and yet there was one man in London who firmly believed it and meant to prove it. That man was McNulty, an old Scotland Yard detective. On a certain occasion while he was piping off a receiver of stolen goods he got sight of Charite Davids confidential confab with the man. He did not know him then, but he at once set out to learn who he was. In the course of a few weeks be sat down and summed up his case as follows:

"Davids is crooked because he has business with 'fences.' His income is a liberal one, but cannot be traced to any honest source. At three different country houses to which he has been invited there have been robberies. He has got on to the fact that I am piping him off. I got his valet drunk and pumped him, and the man was promptly discharged. He will give me a long fight, but I will trap him."

Davids also sat down and reasoned. "McNulty saw me talking with old Bones," he mused, "and that was reason enough for him to spot me. He has followed me on the street and pumped my man. He is evidently suspicious. He knows of the robberies, and while he cannot connect me with them he will set traps for me in future. Look out for McNulty."

From that day on for the next six months it was McNulty versus Davids -Davids versus McNulty. The fact that suspicion rested upon him even in the mind of one man served to make the ex-captain bolder than before. Four or five robberies occurred during the six months that left no doubt in Me-Nulty's mind as to who was the perpetrator, and yet he could get no hold on the man he was shadowing. For instance, Davids accompanied Lord Rothsay home in a cab after the theater and a dinner. My lord was drowsy and couldn't tell who his friend was next morning. He had been robbed



BE SAW CHARLIE DAVIDS IN CONFIDEN-TIAL CONFAB WITH THE MAN.

of a watch, pin, rings and purse, but he would have knocked McNulty down had the detective suggested that Davids reaped the benefit of the plunder.

What the detective looked for was a straight case, and, being backed in it by the Yard, he was given all necessary assistance. It thus came to his notice that Charlie Davids was invited down to Squire Huntington's for two weeks' shooting, and he had a list of all other guests. Among them was Lady Isabel Gray, who never moved out of her own house without carrying a peck or so of jewelry with her. When it was suggested to Squire Hunt ington that some of the "fancy" from London might trouble him during the party he willingly permitted McNulty to establish himself in the house as footman. A second man from the Yard was given a temporary berth in the stables and the new assistant parfor maid was one of the sharpest female detectives on the staff. They

were after a slick man. McNulty was so well disguised that his own wife dida't know him, and Charlie Davids walked smilingly into the trap prepared for him. Care was taken not to arouse the slightest suspicion on his part, and it was arranged without the squire's wife being any the wiser that his room should be the one directly above that of Lady Gray. He was athletic and nervy, and a sheet dropped from his window would ennote film to enter hers. Temptation was to be thrown at his head, so to speak, while McNulty watched outside and the assistant parlor maid kept vigil in the hall. Lady Gray's rubles and diamonds were worth a fortune, and as McNulty thought of them he chuekled to bimself:

"There isn't a man on top of this earth who wouldn't make a try for them under the circumstances. I am as sure to lay hands on Davids as I

am to see the sun rise." It didn't turn out so, however, 10v

ery night for seven nights the double watch was stationed and nothing came of it. On the afternoon of the eighth day, while the men were all in the covers shooting and the women scattered about the house, and while Lady Gray was lying down in her room for a brief nap, her whole outfit of jewelry was taken as if by invisible bands. Every male guest was in the field with gun in hand; every servant could account for his or her time to a second. Lady Gray's door was locked, and the lewels had been taken by some one finding entrance at the open window. A gardener had been engaged all the afternoon trimming a rosebush that grew under that window and a part of the time he had used a ladder. He declared that he had not left his work for a moment. He was searched and questioned, but even the chagrined and indignant McNulty believed in his innocence. Inquiries cautiously made in regard to Charlie Davids brought out the fact that he was a mile away at the moment the robbery occurred. The haul amounted to about £60,000, and Scotland Yard got the worst black eye

it ever received. Six months later the ex-captain, for good and sufficient reasons, took up his permanent abode in Paris. He had been there a year or more when he and McNulty met on the street one day. The detective was invited to have a smoke and a drink, and as they sat in Davids' luxurious quarters the baffled officer musingly observed:

"Davids, that robbery at Henderson's was a very queer thing. The slick one has got clear off with the goods and can never be meddled with, but I should like to bear what you think about It"

"I have often thought of the matter," the thief, whoever he was, spotted you him: in spite of your disguise. Then he got on to the other two. Then he saw that Ethel Birdsey?" things had been made too easy. He waited till all the men were in the field, and then, although he was not missed, be slipped aside, donned the dress of a gardener and made for the house. He reached it as the man at for a moment to drink with the coach- ence. man. The man was not absent for five minutes, but he lied about it. In that five minutes the thief ascended to the room, got the box of jewels and descended and made off, and he was lucky enough to don his own dress, secure the box and rejoin the hunt without having been missed. Luck does in Andersonville stockade."

"Y-e-s, I know it does," slowly replied McNulty as he nodded his head and drew at his cigar a little more vigorously.

"Anything else?" asked the ex-captain after a long pause.

"No, nothing else," was the reply. "I have accepted your view of the case, and I shan't let it worry me any longer, particularly as the thief is no longer living in England."

Rather Pointed Titles. The following incident is told of a popular and well to do bachelor, who is a patron of a circulating library:

"I am going on a short trip, Miss Blank," he said to the young lady at the desk, "and want to take a couple of interesting novels, but I can't make up my mind which two to select. Couldn't you help me out?"

"I am afraid my selections might not prove interesting to you," replied Miss "Just pick out two books fer me and

I'll guarantee to like them," he rejoined gallantly. "Have you read Barrie's or Reade's novels?" she asked.

"No; get me one of each and I'll be

satisfied." he replied. She selected two and handed them to her spouseless acquaintance, who, after warmly thanking her for the favor she had done him, turned up the backs of the books and read these

titles: "When a Man's Single." "It Is Never Too Late to Mend."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Re'll Do. City Editor (to new reporter)-If a ten story building should fall down what would you do? New Reporter-Write ft up, of course

-New York Times. A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD

(Original.) When the booming at Sumter fired alike the northern and the southern heart, precipitating civil war, and meof both sides were marching to the

took a very philosophic thew or the struggle. He had a theory that if the cause of the war, slavery, were let alone it would die a natural death, Therefore it was very stupid of the people to slaughter each other about it. Holding these views, he took no decided interest in the struggle and did not see why he should enter a contest of which he did not approve. But there is one thing about which no one is philosophic-love. Martin was very much in love with Ethel Birdsey. Ethel caught the war fever at once, and, not being a man to sacrifice herself, she thought it her duty to sacrifice

the man she loved, and that was Mar-"Martin," she said, "it will break my heart, but I must let you go."

"Go where?" "Why, to the war, of course." "But supposing I don't want to go to

the war? Ethel looked at him for a moment in blank surprise, then turned and walked away, saying, "To think that I have

loved a coward." Martin stood looking at her not only with astonishment, but cut to the heart, He had not considered the matter in this light. He had so deep a reverence for the girl be loved that it flashed upon him her words might be true. Ethel, I consider war a barbarous

way of settling a question." But think of the heroism."

"The generals get all that." "Well," she said, turning away again, "we don't seem to think alike in the matter, so there's an end on g."
"But, Ethel, there is something more

to me just now than the great question involved in this war."

"What's that?" she asked. "Slavery."

"Why, I thought it was firing on Fort Sumter."

"What is most to me is your love. I

shall go for your sake." And so it was that Martin volunteered and marched away to the war, Ethel waving him a last adieu, tears streaming down her emotional cheeks.

Four years passed and the war was ended. One day a man got off a train at the town from which Martin Riggs had volunteered and walked up the main street. Passing through the village, he struck a road leading to the right and the left and stood deliberatquietly replied the ex-captain, "and it ing. Just then a man drove by in a is quite clear to me. In the first place, hay wagon, and the stranger asked of

"Can you tell me where I'll find Miss

"Y' can't find no sich pussen; she's married."

"Married?" The stranger started. Yes; she married two years ago."

The stranger stood looking like one who has taken a journey for a purpose work on the rosebush went to the barn and found the purpose has no exist-

"What y' want with her?" asked the farmer.

"Well, I have a message for berthat is, I had a message for her, but so long as she's married"-

"Who was it from?" "A soldier of the late war. We met

"Martin Riggs." 'Oh, yes, I remember. Ethel sent him off to the war. She was very patriotic in them days. She wanted me to go, but I told her I thought I'd continue to do my fightin' on the farm with the army worm and sich varmints as destroys crops. How's Riggs gittin' along?"

"He's dead." "Dead? What a fool he was any-

way. How'd he die?" "Well, he was all used up. He was nothing but skin and bone, and then he got sick, and with sickness came nostalgia, or homesickness, and to cheer him up I proposed we should tunnel out. We did so and escaped. but the guard discovered us and shot at us. He bit Riggs and I carried him on my shoulder to a hiding place, where he died. Just before the end he told me that he had been fighting for the love of Ethel Birdsey.

The stranger paused for a few moments, then added: "There was one thing more he said, but I don't like to repent that. It's sacred."

"I'd like to hear it, stranger. I won't

"'Jim,' he whispered, 'mafe the dear girl happy. Take my place." The farmer sat silent with the loose reins in his hand. He seemed to be

thinking hard. "Stranger," he said presently, "ef over Riggs and be consoled by you. But secin' she's married there's no consolin' to be done; leastaway none in the female line. Ethal's husband wouldn't mind a little o' that sort o' thing. Praps you might make a deal with him to leave the field open to you and see how she'd take the message and Riggs' plan o' makin' her happy. Her man's been tryin' to do 't for nigh

on to three years, and the more he's tried the more mis able he's made her." "You seem to know all about her." "Why shouldn't I, stranger, seein' 's I'm her busband?"

The farmer gave the reins a melanof both sides were marching to the choly shake and drove on. The front, there was one unwilling volume stranger turned and took the next deteer. For a young man March Riggs parting train. JOSEPH. H. KING.

BIRES AND SONS.

Sir S. Tatton Sykes, the richest barenet in England, has a passion for overcoats and wears a new one every week.

J. Plerpont Morgan has one of his country homes situated in wilds so remote that deer from the adjoining forest nibble the honeysuckle decorating its veranda.

Senator Thomas Patterson of Colo rado says that one of the most enjoyable periods of his life was the two weeks he spent traveling with a circus in southern Michigan.

Harry Lehr's big brother William is sort of major dome for the Astor family. He arranges its entertainments, issues invitations and looks after its recreations generally.

Giovanni Oreglia, a nephew of the Italian cardinal, is chef at the Victoria hotel in San Francisco. He has lived in this country eighteen years and says he has no desire to return to Italy.

Senator Hoar is well to do. His family has been in comfortable circumstances for generations. He has lived carefully, though well, and his posses sions have increased moderately with

Only three of the famous electoral commission of 1877 survive-ex-Senator Edmunds, Senator Hoar and General Eppa Hunton of Virginia. All of the five justices of the supreme court are

Hon. Kataoka Kenkichi of Tokyo, Japan, president of the lower house of the Japanese parliament, is a devout Christian man and holds meetings in his house, where the principles Christianity are explained.

Captain Abner Randall of Portland, a native of Harrington, Me., is one of the old time saits. He is eighty-four and still continues in the coasting service as skipper of the schooner General Banks. His mate is eighty-two, and the schooner herself is forty.

J. B. Haggin, the noted horseman, has raised some of the greatest racers of which the American turf can boast, but he has never been heard to yell at the closest finish, nor does he even smile at victory. His record for taci-turnity is almost without parallel.

Pierre Celessin Cerf, a member of the firm of La Grange et Cerf, the greatest advertising contractors in papers by paying them an annual sum

for their entire advertising space. One Yankee Racial Type.

A distinct racial type as marked almost as that of any European people has certainly been evolved in the United States, but it does not bear any parficular resemblance to the Indian type. It is not difficult to designate an American man or woman in Europe, and Americans abroad are recognized not only on account of their ciothes and speech and external manner, but by that something distinctive in face and form and temperament which we call race. It is true that there are certain superficial differences between eastern and western Americans, between northerners and southerners, but it is a curtous thing that in a country of such length and breadth and of such diverse climatic conditions, in a country peopled by descendants of so many branch es of the Caucasian family, a national racial type that is fairly uniform and predominant should have been produced in a few generations and should be able to assimilate to itself the vast horde of foreign elements which is continually being absorbed into it-Harper's Weakly.

The Egyptians counted "12" as their most propitious number, and so did most of the ancient nations.

Lord Kelvin and the Teapot. Domestic science has of recent years adopted the phraseology of the laboratory and become the favorite field of "'If you ever get out of this and go chemists and economists. Many years north,' he said, 'see her and tell her ago, however, it was still a novelty to that I died in frying to be worthy of be treated not flippantly, perhaps, but with less seriousness than it receives today. It was with something like joy therefore that a few students admitted to the somber meetings of the Royal Scientific society of Edinburgh heard Lord Kelvin announce "Tea Cozies" as the subject of his paper for the evening

In that bleak land, where the afternoon cup of tea is the universal habit, the padded hood to slip over the tea-pot and arrest the dissipation of its heat is everywhere in use. Lord Kelyou'd 'a' come here and found Ethel vin had made an exhaustive study single she'd 'a' been jist the gal to cry of radiation in proportion to the surface of the teapot and wished to show that the surface of the teapot might be reduced to a size where the cozy would no longer keep it warm, but make it actually colder. The boy on the back meat listened eagerly. Here at last will a practical use for science. By manufacturing teapots of scientifically exact proportions the cumber-some tea cozy might be dispensed with and one's fortune made. Through endless formulae the lad tried to follow the course of the argument. At last Lord Kelvin reached his conclusion. "The proper size, in short, for the ideal tea-pot." he announced, "is approximately that of an ordinary garden pea."-

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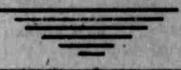
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