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The Diamond Cross A Case Requiring Delicate Handling By JOHN Y. LARNED

One morning I went into a restaurant on Fifth avenue, New York, for luncheon, and since there was no one near to show me a seat I took one unbidden. I laid my hat and overcoat on a chair beside me, a waiter presented me with a menu, and I gave my order.

While I was waiting a man came in and took a seat at a table near by. He was fashionably dressed, but there was something in his physiognomy that I did not like. His clothes seemed too good for his breeding. I presume I noticed him especially because I had nothing else to look at, he being the only person near me.

After being served and having eaten I arose to depart. Taking up my overcoat I heard something drop on the floor. Supposing some article had fallen from one of the pockets of the coat I stooped to see what it might be. It was a Russian leather box, something like a glove box, though much smaller. Taking it up, I pressed a spring with my thumb, raised the cover and revealed a gold cross set with five diamonds, each as large as a pea.

When I raised my eyes from the box they rested on the man I have mentioned sitting near me. He was regarding me with a curious expression. He had seen me pick up the box, open it and the look of surprise on my face when I saw what it contained.

An explanation of my find occurred to me at once. Some lady had been lunching at the table I had used and while doing so had laid the jewel box on the chair beside her. She had gone away, having forgotten that she had placed it there. She may have laid it down while eating or when she took out her portemonnaie to pay the bill.

While I was wondering and deliberating what to do with my find the man who was watching me arose from his table and approached me.

"I'll trouble you for that, sir," he said, referring to the box.

"Is it yours?" I asked.

"No, but I have been employed by the owner to find it. I am a detective. A lady has been robbed of it. Her maid left her at the same time. I have been shadowing the maid and expected to find her today and hoped to arrest her."

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N. M. Newport

Attorney at Law

(CITY ATTORNEY)

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her. She has doubtless been here and left the box by mistake."

This story did not hang together. A lady's maid would not likely be lunching at a swell Fifth avenue restaurant with a valuable property she had stolen and surely would not have forgotten it. A woman who was used to such surroundings and possessions might have done so. My opinion was that the man who claimed to be a detective was bent on getting the find into his possession in order to get away with it. However, this was only a supposition of mine, and since I was found with property that he claimed had been stolen I did not like the prospect of becoming involved in a criminal matter. I concluded to temporize with him.

"I think," I said, "that I had better turn it in to the proprietor of the restaurant."

"You had better turn it in to me," he replied, regarding me sternly.

"Suppose I refuse?"

"In that case I shall consider it my duty to run you in."

"I can then tell how I happened to find the property."

"And prove if you can that you have not stolen it."

I winced. The fellow seemed to be a bad one, and he might make me a lot of trouble. I was wondering what I had better do when a lady, fashionably dressed, came hurrying up to me, looking as if something unusual had occurred. It struck me at once that she was the owner of the property, and I was not mistaken.

"I left a box on that chair," she said, pointing. "Have you seen it?"

I looked at the detective as much as to say: "Is this your lady's maid?" She looks for all the world like the lady herself. Ignoring me in his reply, he addressed himself to the young lady.

"This gentleman has found what you left. I am a detective and have been employed to trace this property which has been stolen. I don't know who you are or how you came into its possession. The owner desires to get back her jewel, and if it is placed in my hands I will return it and no questions will be asked; if not I shall be obliged to arrest you and you will have to prove your innocence."

The lady seemed very much troubled. She looked from the speaker to me and back from me to the speaker.

"My friend," I said to him, "there is a question to be decided concerning the ownership of this find. This young woman is evidently a lady, and I am a gentleman. We both shrink from appearing in a police court. Let us find some way by which we can settle the matter among ourselves."

"What do you propose?" he asked.

I knew by this reply that my suspicions of him were correct. He was no detective, but one of those well dressed crooks who frequent places where they hope to find well to do victims. At the same time he might make it very unpleasant for both the lady and myself. From this time it became a war of wits between us. I hoped to save the lady's property for her without her being forced into any unpleasant position, he desiring to avoid the arrest he had threatened, which was nothing more than a gigantic bluff. Turning to the young lady, I said:

"Will you submit to an arrest for the purpose of saving your property?"

"I'd rather lose it," she replied in a voice that trembled. The pretended detective looked at me as much as to say, "I told you so."

"Would you be willing," I continued to her, "to leave the property in my keeping till the true ownership can be settled?"

For the first time she regarded me critically. Then she said, "I would trust you implicitly."

I took out my card and handed it to her. "I see no need for you to remain here longer," I said. "When the matter is settled I will return the box and its contents."

"Not so fast, please," said the man. "I will not release the young woman until I am informed what you propose to do with the find."

"I will go with you to a police office, where I will surrender the property. Then the young lady can go there in company with her lawyer, make her claim and prove that it belongs to her."

"I am not to be done out of my fee for the detective work I have accomplished in any such fashion," said the man. "Besides, there is a reward offered for the return of the jewelry."

It would seem that all I had to do was to call a policeman and direct him to take us to the station, where an investigation would take place. My respectability and that of the lady would be proved, and she could also bring evidence that the diamond cross belonged to her; but, irrespective of his dislike to going with a police officer, suppose the man should concoct a story such as he had attempted to palm off on me, adding that which would implicate her? A sensitive person shrinks from accusations, no matter how false. Judging from what I had seen of the man I believed that he would not hesitate to brand the girl as a thief or to make a false statement to show that I was implicated with her.

"This affair," I said to the man, giving him a knowing look, "had better be settled between you and me. I think I can persuade the young lady to recompense you for any loss you may make in your detective fees."

His case was not very strong, and my suggestion that blackmail would be paid had a wholesome effect upon him. He assented to my proposition and permitted the young lady to go her way. So distressed was she at the likelihood of being accused of having stolen her own property that I verily believe she thought little of intrusting her cross to a stranger and would have preferred to be out of the scrape rather than remain in it in possession of her property.

I took her name and address, and as soon as she had gone I said to the man, "Come with me. This is no place to talk." We left the restaurant together, and I asked him if he would suggest a place where we could hold a conference. He hesitated. I inferred that he would be glad to take me where he might get me in his power, but did not believe that I would be fool enough to go with him. At any rate, he said:

"Anywhere you like. All I wish is to be assured of my fees and that the young lady is the real owner of the property."

"How about the reward?" I asked.

"As to that," he stammered, "if the young lady can prove that she owns the property, then it can't be the same that I am employed to trace."

"Would you object to going to my rooms?" I asked.

We were passing a third rate hotel, and he said he would prefer going in there, so we entered and went into the writing room.

"How much do you want to let up on this matter?" I asked.

"How would five hundred suit you?"

"Make it half that and it is a go."

"Agreed."

I took out a pocket check book. He stopped me. "Cash, please," he said.

My doubts as to his being a detective had given place to a belief that he was not, and by this time I felt sure that he had come down from a scheme to get possession of the cross to levying blackmail.

"Very well," I said. "Of course I haven't the amount about me, but I can send to my bank for it."

I drew a check for \$250 and, calling a waiter—for he would not permit me to leave him—asked him to send the proprietor to me. When the latter came I asked him to send the check to the bank for the cash on my check. He did so, and on receiving it I counted it carefully, pricking several of the bills with a pin as I did so. Then I handed the man the money. He left the hotel, I following him till I saw a policeman, whom I asked to arrest him.

The moment the cop laid a hand on him and the rascal, turning, saw me his countenance fell. After leaving him at the police station I called on the young lady and handed her her diamond cross. After hearing what had occurred since she had left me with the blackmailer she made no objection to appearing as a witness at the trial. The pin pricks in the bills paid him proved my charge, and he was sent to the penitentiary for a term of years.

I made a charming acquaintance in the young lady, who was very grateful for my handling of her affair. What passed between us afterward is a story which she tells much better than I can tell it.

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and, by means of legs they could be detached so that the boat could rise instantly if necessary.

Besides a rudder, the boat had side paddies, or fins, which could be used to guide it up or down through the water.

The boat could go perhaps four knots an hour. It could remain submerged for half an hour or an hour without serious inconvenience to its crew, and once it remained as long as two hours under water without actual injury to them.

A floating torpedo was fastened to the boat by a line 100 feet long, and the inventor proposed that the boat should dive beneath the keel of the enemy's vessel and haul the torpedo after her. The triggers or sensitive primers of the torpedo would press against the ship's bottom, explode the torpedo and sink the vessel.

The boat was sent to Charleston to operate against the blockading fleet. General Beauregard had the torpedo fastened to the bow. It terminated in front with a sharp lance head, so that when the boat was driven against a ship the lance head would be forced into the ship below the water line and the torpedo fastened against the side. The boat was then to back off and explode the torpedo by a lanyard.

General Beauregard called on the Confederate fleet for volunteers, and Lieutenant Payne, a Virginian, and eight sailors volunteered. On the evening fixed for the expedition the crew had embarked, and the boat was submerged until only the combings of her hatch were above water. Lieutenant Payne was standing in the hatchway when the swell of a passing steamer rolled over the boat, and it sank instantly with her eight men. Lieutenant Payne sprang out of the hatchway as the boat sank, and he alone was saved.

In a few days she was raised, and again Payne volunteered and with him eight more men. The embarkation for the second attempt was made at Fort Sumter, and, as before, all being made ready, Payne, standing at his post in the hatchway, gave orders to cast off, when the boat careened and sank instantly. Payne sprang out, two of the men followed him, and the other six went down with the boat and perished.

Again the boat was raised, and her owner, Captain Hundley, took her for an experimental trip to Stone river, where, after going through her usual evolutions, she dived into deep water and disappeared. After a week's search she was found at an angle of forty degrees, her nose driven into the deep, soft mud of the bottom.

Her crew of nine men were standing, sitting or lying about in her hold, asphyxiated. Hundley had died at his post with a candle in one hand, while with the other he had been vainly trying to unclamp the hatch. The angle at which the boat had gone down had jammed the keys so that the men could not cast off the iron ballast that held them down.

Again the ill fated vessel was prepared for action, and volunteers were called for. Lieutenant Dixon of the Twenty-first Alabama volunteered and eight men with him.

The ship Housatonic was selected for attack and on a quiet night the brave crew set out from Charleston. Lieutenant Dixon guided the boat straight to the Housatonic, and the explosion tore open the ship's side, so that she went down with all her crew in two minutes.

The torpedo vessel never returned, and whether she went down with her enemy or drifted out to sea was long unknown. Many years after, in the work of deepening the bar off Charleston harbor, divers in submarine armor visited the wreck of the Housatonic and found the little torpedo vessel lying by her huge victim, and within her, the bones of as devoted and daring men as ever went to sea.

In the history of the submarine certainly the Hundley is entitled to honorable mention.—Yough's Companion.

Peace would be universal if there were neither thine nor mine.—Italian Proverb

In an Australian Sleeping Car.

The sleeping cars of Australia are in many ways better than those of the United States. Instead of being of continuous length they are broken up into compartments, each one of which contains two berths running crosswise the track, a separate lavatory and divers shelves, racks, hooks and cubby holes for disposing of a traveler's belongings. The privacy of the arrangement is much to my mind. The porter, who is also the conductor, takes charge of all heavy bags, satchels and packages and puts them in an apartment specially reserved for that purpose. Bishop E. E. Ross in Dallas News

Instinct of the Mudfish.

The remarkable instinct which causes the mudfish to roll himself in a ball of mud when the dry season approaches is a wonderful provision of nature, intended solely, it would seem, to prevent the extinction of the species. The most interesting fact about this fish is that it breathes by means of its gills when in its native element and by means of lungs during its voluntary imprisonment in the mud cocoon.

SHORT AND TRAGIC

Career of the First Submarine
Used in Real War.

SHE WAS BUILT IN MOBILE.

Constructed of Boiler Iron and Crude in Design, She Was Operated Against the Federal Ship Housatonic With Disastrous Results.

It is a fact that a submersible boat did actual service in the war between the states and was perhaps the first practical submarine used in actual warfare.

The boat was built in Mobile in 1864 by two men named Hundley and McClinton. It was of boiler iron, sharp at both ends and was about thirty feet long, five or six feet in beam and five or six feet deep. It was propelled by a screw, the shaft of which ran horizontally along the hold, almost from stem to stern and was turned by eight men, who sat four on each side of the shaft.

The only hatchway, placed well forward, was two feet in diameter, and it was closed by an iron cap that worked on a hinge and was airtight. In the forward part of the cap there was a clear glass bulwark, through which the pilot could see. The boat had water tight compartments, by filling or emptying which it could sink or rise. A ballast of iron rails was placed outside the

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