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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1908

The Hissar Emerald.
 By CLARISSA MACKIE.
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Lamson blew a cloud of smoke into the air and, with meditative eyes, watched it dissolve.

"And the emerald," repeated Coleman eagerly as he fingered the contents of his friend's gem cabinet—"I don't see the Hissar emerald. What has become of it? That was the gem of your collection."

Lamson leaned forward and drew out the lower tray of the cabinet. From an assortment of small leather cases thrown carelessly together he took one and gave it to Coleman. "There is the Hissar emerald," he said quietly.

Coleman pressed the spring and as the lid flew up uttered a startled cry.

"Why—why," he stammered excitedly, "this is not the Hissar!" He paused interrogatively.

"It is the Hissar emerald and none other," returned Lamson, speaking with curious deliberation and distinctness. He took the case from his visitor's hand and shook the huge stone into his palm.

"It is like green glass," muttered Coleman, staring stupidly.

A piece of green stone as large as an almond, oval in shape, cut in a hundred facets that reflected the lamplight dully, rolled about in Lamson's hand.

"You are joking," said Coleman, sitting back in his chair and looking keenly at his host.

"I wish it were a joke," said Lamson ruefully as he replaced the jewel in the casket and laid it upon the table.

"I wish you would tell me about it, old man," remarked Coleman impatiently, lighting another cigarette. "Tell me about the transformation of one of the most famous jewels of the world into worthless glass."

"Of course you know its history, Coleman," began Lamson, settling back in his chair. "You know I purchased it from an old chap in Bombay for a ridiculous price—thirty gold rubles—and the man seemed to be much relieved to be rid of the stone. You know it was in my possession for ten years after my return from India, for you examined it frequently and admired its color and extraordinary brilliancy."

Coleman nodded.

"Three years ago I was in Paris," continued Lamson. "I had the emerald with me. I was considering a setting for it. Several weeks elapsed before I found time to visit a goldsmith. I cannot recollect what did detain me from going immediately on my arrival, but I do remember that one day I suddenly resolved to attend to the matter without further delay. I had been carrying the jewel in a chamotte bag which was concealed by a leather belt about my waist. I removed the bag from the belt and placed it in the inner pocket of my coat and proceeded at a leisurely pace toward a certain shop in the Rue de

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"As I passed a small cafe I glanced carelessly through the open door, and, upon my word, Coleman, I was never more startled in my life! My gaze encountered that of a pair of the greenest eyes I ever saw, and, strange to relate, they sparkled beneath the snowy turban of a Hindoo!"

Coleman threw back his head and laughed heartily. "A green-eyed Hindoo!" he chuckled. "Ye gods, what a combination!"

Lamson arose and paced the floor with long, nervous strides. As he talked he glanced furtively toward the long windows concealed by velvet draperies.

"Involuntarily I stooped and stared at the man," he continued, "and he returned my gaze calmly, coolly, insolently and with such steadiness and force in the depths of his green orbs that I felt myself drawn toward him by their very power. In less time than it takes to relate it I was seated opposite to him at the small round table with a glass of absinth before me. I looked at the fellow with fascinated interest, and he stared at me in return. He was a fine looking chap, tall, handsome, with clear dark skin in which was set those sparkling green eyes, such an anomaly in a man of his race that I felt the white turban he wore must have been assumed as a disguise. With that exception his clothing was the conventional European dress."

"As I lifted the glass to my lips mechanically he leaned forward and said politely, 'You are the well known artist, Mr. Lamson, are you not, sir?' I admitted the fact and made the usual remark about his having the advantage. He spoke excellent English with a slight accent, and his reply took me by surprise. 'You are the possessor of the Hissar emerald?' he asked coolly, with the air of one who had a right to know. I stared at him and made no reply. After he had repeated the question I found breath to tell him that he might seek that information elsewhere."

"What did he say to that?" asked Coleman, with interest.

"Bowed politely and said that he would take my advice."

"And you didn't favor him with a glance at the stone?" asked Coleman, with a disappointed grimace.

"Hardly! He left me then," continued Lamson, lowering his voice to almost a whisper as he leaned toward his friend, "and I never have passed a moment since then that the fear of death did not hang over me. That green-eyed devil has tracked me relentlessly around the world. I know of course that it is his intention to get possession of the emerald—possibly it was once his—and I know that some day he will wear me out and"—He threw out his hands with a hopeless gesture and sat down in the chair and stared into the fire.

"I shouldn't think he'd want it now," remarked Coleman grimly, with a side glance at the dull green stone in the case. "I can't imagine any one, especially clever chaps like those Indians, bothering over worthless glass."

Lamson sighed impatiently. "I thought you would understand," he whispered. "It's vanished. I hoped to throw them off the track—to make them believe that I had disposed of it. I had an imitation made in Paris and gave them every chance to steal that, but they would have none of it. They know I have the stone, and they are determined to have it. They are getting impatient now."

"But do you mean they are here—in New York?" gasped Coleman.

"I found this on the table when I came in after dinner. The chances are that you might have found me done for when you dropped in a half hour later."

As he spoke he lifted a small round basket woven of wicker and with a lid curiously fastened. He lifted the lid and beckoned the other man to look.

"Heavens!" Coleman stared at the gray, lifeless coils of a tiny snake. There was an odor of chloroform about the basket.

Lamson laughed shortly. "I suspected the contents of the basket. I have seen such things in India. I took precaution to stupefy the inmate—it is a deadly horned viper—before I investigated."

"How did it get in here?" muttered Coleman.

Lamson shrugged his shoulders and looked again toward the window draperies, which stirred slightly as by a sudden draft. "Give it up," he said wearily. He was silent and thoughtful for a moment and then added slowly: "I believe I will let them have it after all. I am tired of the chase. It's wearing on me. Come, let us go into the library." He placed the basket on the table and led the way to a door in a corner of the room.

Coleman followed him with an anxious gleam in his eyes, and as they entered the library and the door closed behind them he grasped Lamson by the arm and began, with affectionate concern in his voice: "Say, old fellow, don't you think that you've sort of got the emerald on your mind? Let it prey upon you, you know, and that you imagine you are being pursued?"

"Look!" Lamson interrupted him shortly. He had drawn aside a heavy curtain and disclosed a carved panel through the interstices of which the interior of the studio was plainly visible. There was the table beside the fire. On it were the gem cabinet unlocked, the emerald in its case and the wicker snake basket. Suddenly the window draperies fluttered, and a long, lithe, black garbed figure glided forward. A white turban brushed by the lamp, and beneath it was a dark skinned face and fiercely brilliant green eyes. The man hovered over the table for a brief instant and then turned and glided back to the window. Again the draperies stirred and were still.

Coleman rubbed his startled eyes. The wicker basket was gone. The Hissar emerald was gone. He followed Lamson back to the studio and watched his friend as he closed and locked the open window. The artist then stepped to the hearth rug and lighted a cigarette.

"And the Hissar emerald?" began Coleman moodily, when Lamson stopped him with a gesture.

"Is here," he said coolly, snapping open his silver matchbox and displaying within its lid the rich green sparkle and royal splendor of the Hissar emerald.

A bone of contention is very likely to get the members of the family in the soup.

The fool loves a cheerful flatterer.

There isn't so much credit in over-coming temptation that doesn't tempt.

He is a wise man who praises his friends and lets their enemies shy the bricks at them.

Petition for Liquor License

TO THE HONORABLE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR KLAMATH COUNTY.

We the undersigned, residents and legal voters of the precinct of Wood River, in the County of Klamath, State of Oregon, and actual residents therein, and who have actually resided therein for more than thirty days immediately preceding the date of signing and filing this petition, do hereby respectfully petition your honorable body to grant and issue to James H. Wheeler, a resident of said precinct, a license to sell spirituous, vinous, fermented or malt liquors in less quantities than one gallon, in the precinct aforesaid for a period of six months, from the 3rd day of July, 1908.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, that this petition will be presented to the County Court aforesaid at the court room in the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day or as soon thereafter as said petition can be heard.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1908.

James H. Wheeler.

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
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| Roy R. Wise | H. B. Loxley |
| N. J. Johnson | O. B. Bunch |
| David Ramley | Asa Drope |
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| J. E. Vose | L. W. Copeland |
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| G. T. Gray | Wm. Denton |
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Klamath Falls Public Library
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Summons
 In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Klamath County.
 John Koontz plaintiff, vs. Amanda Ella Koontz defendant, suit in equity for 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 on or before Saturday, June 13th, 1908, being the last day prescribed in the order for publication of this summons, the first publication of which being on Saturday, May 2nd, 1908, and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, filed herein, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant.

This summons is served by publication in the Evening Herald, by order of Hon. Henry L. Benson, Judge of the Circuit Court for the first judicial district of Oregon, dated May 1st, 1908, which order requires summons to be published once a week for six consecutive weeks from the 1st day of May, 1908.

A. L. LEAVITT,
 Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice For Publication
 Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, Lakeview Oregon, May 15, 1908, Notice is hereby given that Albert Harrison, of Klamath Falls, Oregon, who, on Nov. 8, 1907, made timber and stone application, No. 4015, for NE 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 29, Townsite 37 S., Range 9 E., W. 11, Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before County Clerk Klamath Co., at his office at Klamath Falls, Ore., on the 11th day of August, 1908. Claimant names as witnesses: John G. Schallock, of Klamath Falls, Oregon, T. J. Staten, of Klamath Falls, Oregon, Albin Jamison, of Klamath Falls Oregon, Wm. Carlisle, of Klamath Falls, Oregon.

J. N. WATSON, Register. 5 18

Professional Cards

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 Office over Klamath County Bank

C. F. STONE
 Attorney at Law
 Office over postoffice, Klamath Falls, Oregon

D. V. KUYKENDALL
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Statement of Condition
 of the
Klamath County Bank
 Klamath Falls, Oregon
DECEMBER 31, 1907

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$340,530.80
Bonds and Securities	63,525.84
Real Estate, Buildings and Fixtures	14,745.18
Cash and Sight Exchange	166,247.89
Total	\$585,049.51

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock, fully paid	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits	21,753.11
Due Other Banks	32,000.94
Deposits	431,295.46
Total	\$585,049.51

I, Alex Martin, Jr., Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
ALEX MARTIN, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of January, 1908.
 [Seal]
 C. H. WITBROW,
 Notary Public for Oregon.

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E. R. REAMES	Vice-President
ALEX MARTIN, JR.	Cashier
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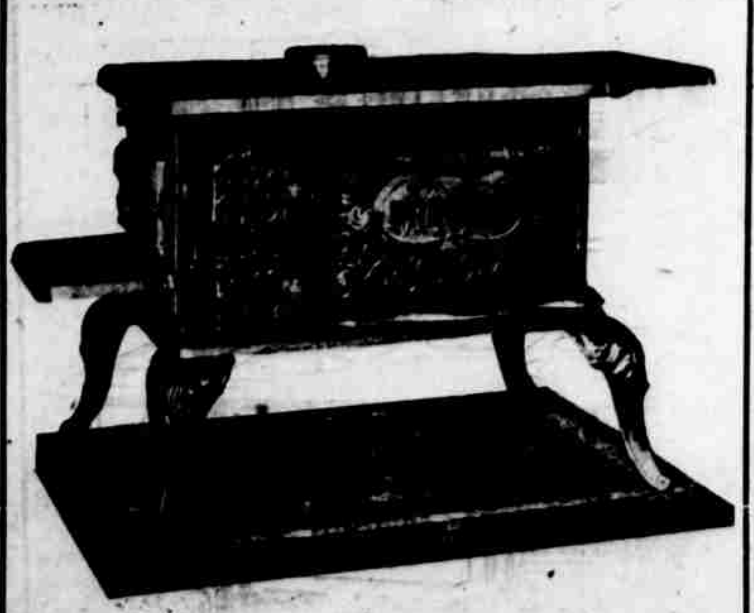
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