

Diamond Cut Diamond

By JANE BUNKER

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SEVEN BIG PERFECTLY MATCHED, BLOOD RED DIAMONDS!

That's what this fascinating mystery-detective story is about and no wonder they make interesting complications when they bob up in New York in the possession of an interesting woman-clairvoyant who admits they are smuggled and thinks they are rubies—and especially when a mysterious stranger appears and says they belong to Wilhelm of Germany! Such a complicated web as is spun about the possession of these seven wonderful gems—easily worth a million or so! Those who have them from time to time naturally try to hang on to them, and those who haven't them try to get them—all of which makes a thrilling yarn.

Moreover, there are some unusual and interesting characters, including the "staid, proper spinster," who tells the story; a beautiful young French girl, who appears a darling in one chapter and an adventuress in the next; a young man much sought after by the various sleuths, and a bright young newspaper man who makes an excellent hero. Jane Bunker has told the story well and the action moves along swiftly, keeping the reader interested in both what is happening and what seems likely to happen.

CHAPTER I.

—I—

Claire.

I've always thought this adventure might credibly have happened to anybody else but me. Since it did happen to me I've come to the incredible conclusion that it's your staid, proper spinster who get into some of the bluggest adventures, only the world, just because of the bred-in-the-bone propriety of the people involved, never hears about the adventures.

Ann Preswick and I had spent the summer casually roving through Holland and Belgium, accompanied by two large suitcases, a bunch of extra soft lead pencils—mine—and a large paint-box and a white umbrella—Ann's—searching such adventures, literary and artistic, as two rather staid and prosaic women would be likely to find, which adventures we hoped to convert into cash through the American magazines.

At the end of three months Ann thought she saw two real live books as the offspring of our joint labors, so with my typewriter I went down to Vevay for the winter to work. However, I had hardly found myself nicely settled and "Belgian Byways" spurted along when I was called for to come home on family business.

While I was having the porter buy my Paris ticket for me a lady's card was brought to my room by the proprietor himself, telling me that the madame below stairs was the highly respected principal of a young ladies' school.

The madame turned out to be a pudgy, self-important person, speaking voluble and understandable English, who dived without waste of opportunity into her reason for visiting me: one of the young ladies of her school had just been telegraphed by monsieur le pere to meet him in Paris in the morning and must go up by the night train—of a necessity, mademoiselle must be chaperoned upon the journey—and madame had elected me to the privilege of doing it.

"That is something I never do, madame—chaperon strange young ladies."

"Madame—if you please—one moment. See the message of the father." She pulled out a long telegram in French. "You see—he goes to America at once with his daughter. She must be in Paris in the morning—must, you comprehend?"

"Madame, you really must excuse me and allow me to say bonjour. I never chaperon strange young ladies."

With that I sailed off upstairs as fast as my legs could carry me.

After what I'd said to madame and the way I'd treated her it never occurred to me that she'd laugh at my refusal. But it's what she did. She simply brought the child to the station and put her in my hands. And I saw a pair of beautiful big round eyes and a pair of beautiful big braids behind—I'd seen the braids the moment I entered the station and before madame had discovered me—and a charming, charming little creature about fifteen, in short frocks, and she put her little exquisitely gloved hand in mine and said, "Oh, do let me go with you! I'll not cause you a bit of trouble. You make me feel so safe and I'm so scared."

The last came out with a little gulp, and, silly old thing that I am about children of just that age—where childhood's world is closing them out of its innumerable protections and womanhood is opening the door to the world of straying feet—I said, "Come on, my dear," and put my arm around her, and away we went.

Claire—she asked me to call her by her first name—as was good as her word. She didn't make me the least trouble and she saved me a great deal at the frontier, for she spoke both French and German fluently—which I don't—and when a dingy, villainous-looking customs official venerated our compartment I was only too thankful I had the child with me. I thought I heard her say, "C'est ma mere," and why she should be telling them about her mother I couldn't make out. So I asked her.

The child blushed furiously and took my hand.

"Don't be angry with me, please. The man insisted on knowing who you were and I told him you were my mother."

And actually—that will show you the old softy I am and the way I'd fallen in love with the little thing—I wished it were true.

"I was so frightened," she went on, "that I hardly knew what to do. So I told him—I told him that"—she was red as a rose now—"I told him that you were the duchess de Poncefort—English, you know—and were traveling incognito. That's why they were all so civil."

"Why, my dear child," I expostulated, for I do hate unnecessary lies, "I don't think all that was called for. I had nothing the officers might not have seen in welcome."

She hung her head and admitted, "I was afraid you wouldn't like it, but papa told me what to say in order to escape indignity. You see there are so many Russian spies passing the frontier—some very important ones have been escaping with papers and they are mostly women."

She seemed reticent about her father, saying he traveled most of the time and was in the diplomatic service and that she and her mother lived in Paris. But last September dear grandpa had had a stroke and her mother had to rush to America to a place called California, and she—Claire—was sent for safekeeping to madame's school.

Monsieur le pere met us at the station. Claire saw him in the distance, and with a cry of joy skimmed along the platform and into his arms. I came up sedately, just as her father set her down, and was introduced and thanked.

Monsieur de Ravenol had an air and a way, and the way was as convincing as the air. He gave me all the gratitude for the favor rendered that it was worth—and I thought rather more, and then immediately insisted on my breakfasting with them.

Where monsieur took us I don't to this day know, but it was an expensive, obsequious place and he seemed to be at home there.

"It was when I was biting into my second roll that monsieur came out plop—no less than that I was to take Claire on the steamer with me and let her share my stateroom!"

Oh, it was more than a favor he was asking—madame and himself and Claire would be forever in my debt. He himself had expected to sail in two days and join madame in New York, but he was "recalled to court" (what court he didn't trouble to tell me), and he could neither take Claire with him nor yet leave her alone in Paris. Madame de Ravenol would be awaiting her child in New York, hence if I could continue to keep the girl under my so estimable care until I delivered her on the other side monsieur would retain for me an everlasting gratitude.

Claire started and exclaimed, "Papa!" when she heard he was not sailing, and was meaning to send her on alone, but he gave her a hard look and a sharp sentence in what sounded

German, but I've since learned was a dialect I couldn't be supposed to understand. All I got of it was a stern, "Du must," which silenced the girl completely.

It was that—the callous rudeness toward me, though at the moment he was in the very act of asking a great favor—that nailed my resolution to have nothing whatever to do with him or his affairs. I replied, the moment I got the chance, "It is quite impossible, monsieur. I never share a stateroom with anyone."

"Ah, madame—a child—a little child alone, alone,"—he looked at me reproachfully. "What shall she make alone on that long voyage? And coming to your customs house in New York—I hear zat zey are terrible—zat ladies receive indignities beyond belief—being stripped to ze skin to be searched by monsters in human form."

I flared up at this—our customs house isn't anything to give one particular pride, but it's nothing indecent, and I told him very flatly it was not so. In an instant of unreserve I mentioned that I had a fourth cousin in the service who always met me and saw that I got through—he was in charge of the inspector who examined baggage on the line I always took.

"Ah, how excellent it would be for Claire to accompany you," monsieur exclaimed with feeling. "All her anxiety would be set at rest by your so estimable cousin. Surely you will not refuse her to share your stateroom?"

I was exasperated again in a minute. I've got Quaker blood in me, and come from a people whose yea is yea and whose nay means "that settles it." I snapped out that my stateroom was too small even for one, in comfort.

"But I shall most gladly engage ze largest on board for you and my daughter," he cried, brightening. "Indeed it is no more than right zat I pay ze entire passage."

Claire started and turned furiously red. Child as she was, she had a breeding and a delicacy of feeling that her father lacked. As for me, my eyes were popping. I threw my napkin on the table and let this icicle slide off my tongue: "Monsieur, I am perfectly able to pay my way through the world without the help of strangers," and with that I rose, adding, "I must say farewell to you and your daughter. I have many things to attend to and my friends are expecting me."

Monsieur and Claire immediately followed my example in rising, monsieur calling the garcon to bring the bill and telling Claire to go with me to the saloon. As she was leaving he called her back for another communication not meant for me to understand. She, poor child, wasn't equal to the task he set, for she blurted out, very red in the face, "Papa wants me to beg you to take me with you—" and then stopped and looked at the floor, for the smile she saw in my face.

"I understand just how you feel, my dear," I said gently. "You're too beautifully well bred to urge the granting of a favor that has been and must be refused."

"Oh, how did you know how I felt?" she gulped, looking up with her big eyes relieved of their embarrassment. "It's just how I felt, and I'm ashamed that"—she bit her lip and kept back what she was going to say—that her father had asked it—and said, artlessly, "I love you."

She put up her face and we kissed. That one little moment—the feeling that was the real thing—kept me believing in her later in spite of everything, and when I couldn't believe in her at all—except as the finished accomplice in a detestable crime.

Monsieur le pere hurried in. A glance quite plainly passed between them in which she told him it was no use. Then he said the carriages were outside, and he saw me into one and gave the driver the name of the hotel I told him, and I was off in a cloud of adieux and bows and hand-waves and whip-cracks and was presently at my hotel.

CHAPTER II.

The Slipper.

Ann was waiting for me at the hotel. While I unpacked and washed she sat on the bed and regaled me with the news. "Who do you think turned up from home last week? You'll never guess. Billy Rivers. And he's just the dearest ever."

Now, ages upon ages ago Billy Rivers had gone to school to me in the year of my initiation into the sacred mysteries of pedagogy in North Tonnawanda, and I rather think—now that I see things from the middle-aged point of view—that Billy taught me more than I taught him. He had been in New York now for some little time—since his graduation—a cub reporter on one of the big dailies.

"What's Billy doing over here?" "His mother had a stroke or something while she was at Aix for the baths and Billy had to come over to get her home. They're going Cunard day after tomorrow if she's able to travel."

When I came out of my stateroom

on the steamer the next-day-but-one after seeing my suitcase stowed the first person my eye lighted on was—Claire!

Claire tripped up to me, delighted but a little embarrassed, and in her wake followed a lady whose face was very familiar, as mine was to her, and a smile of recognition broke out on both of us at once and we exclaimed at each other, "Why, you're the Lady of the Slippers."

Now "the slippers" were the top notch of my wild extravagant life in Paris and I'd never mentioned them to Ann. I came by them in this wise: Just as I was leaving for Vevay I had passed a little shop on a funny little street and in the window was a pair of slippers. They were high over the instep—so they'd keep my feet warm—and decorated with the queerest oriental pattern you ever saw, and they had low heels.

I bounded into the shop to ask the price, and at the counter stood another American lady with an identical pair in her hand. I demanded the price.

"One hundred and twenty-five francs," beamed madame, "and most reasonable."

The other American woman and I dropped the slippers like hot cakes—our reckless passion for spending wasn't equal to twenty-five dollars for a pair of slippers. Madame came down ten francs and inveigled us into trying on the slippers. There was a difference of half a size in the pairs and they fitted as though they'd been made in heaven. Madame came down ten francs more and then knocked off five, and we bought them at a hundred francs a pair, laughingly telling each other we'd caught each other in the act and promising never to give each other away.

I had liked this American woman and should have been glad to see her again; and here she was. She was pleasant and unaffected, a woman of possibly forty; dark hair, black eyes, waxy as to complexion; not what I would call handsome but with a distinct air.

Claire had introduced her as Mrs. Delario and later the child confided that her father had found her by accident as he had me. That he paid her fare over as an inducement to her to come on this steamer—with me, I even then surmised. Claire and she shared the largest stateroom on board.

There were two other women going over, but Mrs. Delario and I seemed the only ones able to keep our sea legs, while Claire stayed in her berth for almost the entire passage.

But the really friendly acquaintance between Mrs. Delario and me began by our being flung into each other's arms when our frisky little craft took an unexpected dive, trying to see if she could hit bottom with her nose. We made profuse apologies and dropped for safety into the nearest chairs. I was clutching vigorously at the arm of mine, when she fastened her gaze on a ring I wore, reached out and took my hand.

She said, "What a very curious ring—it looks as though it had a history," turning it for different angles and fumbling at it as though she meant to draw it off.

I said it had, and she asked me to let her take it off and try it on. I had curled my fingers over hers to prevent it, for I hate to have people trying on my rings. So I shook my head and replied, "That would break the spell."

She dropped my hand instantly; said, "Excuse me—I didn't know it was that, though I felt the spell—the occult influence—before I touched it. You know I think I felt it that first time we met when we bought the slippers, though I didn't see the ring. I felt something occult all around you. You are under the protection of very powerful influences."

Those extravagant slippers give the spinster quite a shock.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hans Christian Andersen.

Hans Christian Andersen, styled the children's poet, was a celebrated Danish writer, born at Odense in 1805 and died at Copenhagen after a brief illness, August 4, 1875. His last years were unhampered by criticism and attended by all the honor and love that should accompany genius combined with old age. As the child of poor, shiftless parents, he had little instruction and few associates, but his dramatic instinct was developed by Fontaine and the Arabian Nights, and the visit of a theatrical company to his native city led him to seek his dramatic fortune in Copenhagen, where for four years he worked diligently but produced nothing of note. In 1835 he essayed the "Fairy Tales," by which he was to receive world wide recognition. The classic "Tinderbox" and "Big Claus and Little Claus," are also of this year. A short time afterwards "Only a Fiddler" gave him a European reputation.

DAIRY BARN TO HOUSE 20 COWS

Will Make an Attractive Addition to Farm.

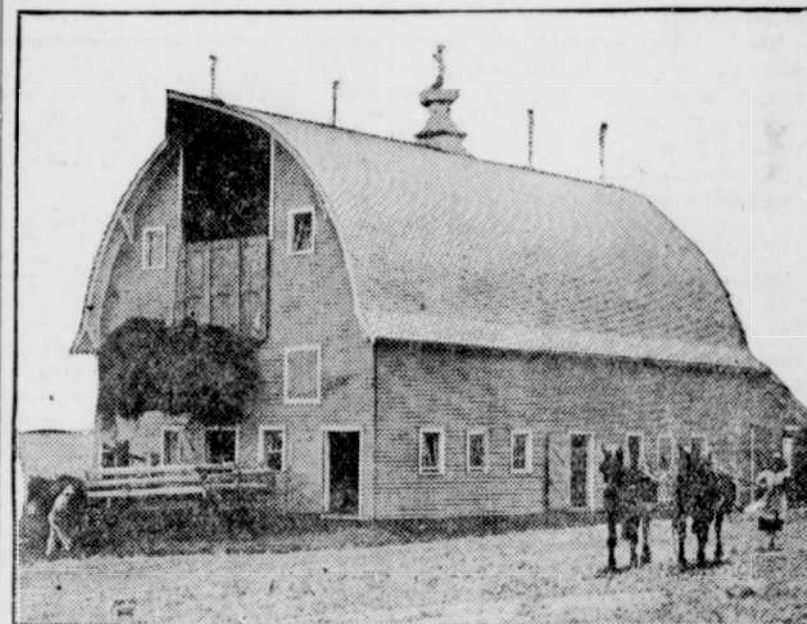
DESIGN HAS FINE FEATURES

Good Building Keeps Animals Healthy and Productive and Provides Space to Store Their Winter Food.

By W. M. A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1377 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Every farm owner who builds a new barn wants it designed so that it will make an attractive addition to his farm building group, and at the same time will provide a modern house for his livestock—one in which the animals will be healthy and productive—and a place where he may store the supply of feed that the occupants of the barn will consume during the months they are not in the pasture. This is especially true of the dairy



designed for the dairy herd. There are no animals on the farm that are as grateful for a good home as cows. They produce more milk and better milk, and are more healthy when they have a well-ventilated, weather-proof place in which to live during the cold weather. Consequently, the most successful dairy farmers are paying a whole lot of attention to the design of their cow barn, for they find that good houses mean larger profits.

However, the farmer who does not specialize in dairy products does not want, neither would it be good business for him to have, an expensive barn. But he can build his small barn along the same lines as the large dairy barns are constructed, and equip it so that the work of caring for the cows—ordinarily called chores—will be done quickly and easily. And he can make that barn just as comfortable as though it cost several times as much as the small one does.

An exceptionally good design for a small dairy barn is shown in the accompanying illustration. This is a Gothic-roofed barn, 34 feet wide and 52 feet long. And though it is small, the stalls are arranged so that it will

that some farmers like and that others object to.

There are two features of this design that will appeal to the farmers' practical minds. One of these is the arrangement of the hay mow door. It is designed so that it drops down, leaving a generous opening, through which half a load of hay can be swung without scraping the sides. The carrier track extends well out from under the eaves, so that the hay may be transported to any part of the barn. The other feature is the implement and wagon shed, or lean-to at the rear of the barn. This latter furnishes a weather-proof house for the wagons and farm implements and at the same time they are handy.

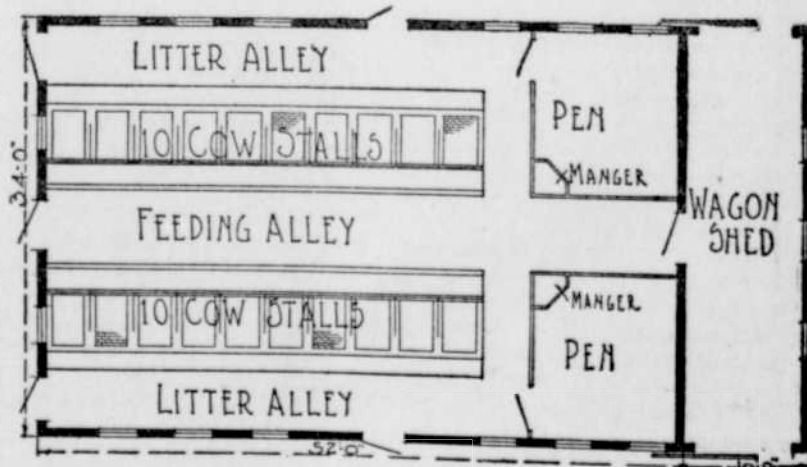
The interior arrangement of the barn, the placing of the stalls and the other conveniences that will lighten the work of caring for the herd are shown by the floor plan. It will be noted that there are two rows of stalls, each accommodating ten cows, and that they are placed so the animals face in. It may be interesting to know the reason for having the cows face each other, instead of the outside walls of the barn, and consequently the light. Some observant person noticed in studying the habits of cows, that invariably they graze in the pasture with their backs to the sun. He thus figured it out that by arranging the stalls so that they follow the cows' natural inclination to turn away from strong light the cows will be happier, and a happy cow is a milk producer. The added advantage of so arranging the stalls is that a carrier track may be run through the center of the barn, making it easy to transport the hay

to the mangers and feed the animals without lugging hayforkfuls of hay half way through the building.

On either side of this barn, it also will be noticed, are litter alleys. Gutters are sunk into the concrete stable floor, which can be flushed readily, helping to keep the barn sanitary, and the floor and bedding dry. The litter is loaded into a carrier, the track for which runs out to the manure pile in the rear, and dumped, without much labor involved. By so placing the litter alleys they are directly in front of the windows, so that the sun's rays hit the litter and help purify it. Sunlight is nature's greatest germ killer. Germs live only in dark, unventilated places.

On the roof of the barn is shown a ventilator. This is connected with foul air flues that run up through the walls of the barn, carrying out the foul air, and drawing in the fresh air.

While they are not shown in this plan, the most progressive dairy farmers now pipe fresh water to each stall, and install individual drinking cups, one for each cow. Among other things dairymen have discovered is that plenty of fresh water greatly increases the flow of milk. If running water is



Floor Plan.

house 20 cows, their calves and a bull, should the owner keep one.

As will be seen by the picture this is an attractive barn from the exterior. While it may be called a Gothic-roofed barn, still it has a break, or gambrel in the roof, taking away the oval effect

not available, a tank should be built in the barn, so that the cows can be watered often.

This is not a large barn, but it is an efficient one and a building that will soon pay for itself in the increased profits that the cows will earn.

Plea for Increased Production.

The fear of increased production ties the hands of the scientist. He would and he could do so much more if only the world would let him, but there is that continual opposition. It is very difficult to understand, but there it is, and if you want to get full value out of the work of science for peace, you must first remove that dread of increased production and make the people see that it is to their own advantage. For, remember, the benefits of increased production always go to the mass of the people. The few who are rich have or can obtain all the things made, and at once they are available for an increased number of people. The wider distribution of those possessions which make for

the comfort and pleasantness of life depends on increased production. — Lord Moulton.

The Royal Coachman.

The trouble when Queen Victoria first traveled by train (17 years after their institution in England), was not who should follow, but who should go before it. The chief royal coachman maintained that he must ride on the engine, as, though he could not drive the train, he ought to make a pretense of doing so. Finally it was decided that he should go on the pilot engine, which preceded the royal train. But the snout from the engine played such havoc with his scarlet livery that the proud functionary abjured the honor afterward.—London Daily News.