Diamond Cut Diamond

By JANE BUNKER

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"MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY OF WELL-KNOWN AUTHORESS"

Scranton—While in the little Swiss town of Tarcy, where the "music proper educator" who tells the story of mysterious vanishing, she is asked to allow a young girl, Calista de Ravenel, to be her companion until in the United States Albinoni's brought an attachment for the girl. The lawyer leaves a letter to Albinoni by Ravenel, Calista's father, and departs. In the meal the girl Calista is the case of a casual acquaintance, Miss Delaria, which she had met while each was purchasing a pair of eiderdown quartet slips, which figure largely in subsequent events. When they reach New York, where Calista was to come into her fortune, the latter does not appear, and Calista performs goes to Miss Delaria's home. In the excitement of the situation arises the attendant carriage of one of Miss Delaria's friends. Through that happening the young lady that mysterious substance to be the heir to her fat. Calling on Miss Delaria, that lady shows her some remarkable gems, inferring them to be rubies, but which are really blood-red diamonds, and quite worth a million dollars. Miss Delaria admits the gems were smuggled, but offers no explanation. While they are talking a gentleman in the door throws them into consternation. The other asserts he is an officer of the law, with a warrant for the arrest of Miss Delaria and as a charge of handling the diamonds. She urgently has and persuades the officer to take the gems to her home for safe keeping. Next morning, realizing the responsibility in her possession of the diamonds, the officer takes them back to Miss Delaria, but while there she learns that the lady's aid has been kidnapped, supposedly on account of the gems, and agrees to keep them in a safe of importance and use the aid of her door changed and a duplicate added. Over the telephone Le Ravenel informs her Miss Delaria has met with an accident and cannot see her at once. Hastening to her friend, and meeting the gems, the jewelry is met by Le Ravenel, who claims the diamonds are the stolen from Tarcy on the boat. He accuses Miss Delaria of our friend the adventurer of the theft, and demands their return. She defies Le Ravenel, who threatens her with a revolver and escapes.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Twenty minutes broke out all over me as I thought what he might do. The night have twenty accomplices—he evidently had money enough to pay the price to a thief. Where could I go tonight? To a hotel? I didn't have any baggage. To a friend's house? I should have to explain—and I couldn't. I might go over to Philadelphia to my brother's but I didn't have money enough in my purse to pay my fare. And could I go off and leave the diamonds in my flat? Or could I take them with me, and perhaps be robbed, robbed and then murdered to keep my mouth shut? After what I'd seen of him I saw he'd be capable of anything.

With these thoughts I staggered out into the street. I noticed the clock as I passed—five minutes to eight, and I had come in at a quarter to six. I felt sick everywhere. I was afraid to go home and I didn't know what else to do. I knew I ought to communicate with Mrs. Delaria, but I didn't dare—even to try to reach her on the telephone might make it the worse for her.

In this frame of mind I reached Broadway—here or here I felt temporarily safe—and staggered right into the arms of—Billy Rivers.

I Staggered Right Into the Arms of—Billy Rivers.

"Billy!" I cried, as soon as I saw who it was. "My rescuer!" For sent to leaving a thick policeman to take care of me I'd rather have a little sweetheart. Billy might not be able to save my life now, but he and his pages would at least avenge my death. "Billy, where are you going?"

"Just come. Left the matter at Clifton Springs this morning. Meeting you now is what you might call—"

"Finding your aunt from home," I suggested.

"Much better than my aunt I ever had," returned Billy gallantly; which didn't mean much, since all he had in the world was an only mother. He added: "Say—I was just thinking of you, too. I was coming up to see you and get some really, truly advice. While I was over there in Paris I met of got the idea that I'd try my hand at the Monte game."

"Don't!" I cut him short. "Stick to the daily news and live things—" I was at the moment thinking of the things I was living. Also that I was living so much I was afraid to go home! "Billy, take me to a show tonight—any old show."

He swung me into a hotel—I haven't the remotest idea which, for I had lost all sense of place—and was back in five minutes with tickets, and we went.

It was a musical show, and of all things in the world I detest a musical show about the most. Billy, however, seemed nothing out of the way—that had been rectangular to let me get to sleep and after the show without suggestion. As to the rest of the day—words fail me. It was literally turned inside out and upside down. Treasures had been emptied out on the floor, then piled up and refilled with other things to get them out of the way. Even the bedrooms had been turned and searched behind and hundreds of twelve were dropped on the floor before another. Furniture had been taken from the walls and pillow cushions ripped open; actually the breakfast food in boxes, the butter and food in the refrigerator had been searched.

And in the midst of the disorder one thing alone had apparently not been touched—the bunch of jonquils. I saw it the moment I got the dining-room light turned on. There it stood on the table, just as I had left it when I had crowded the diamonds down among the stems. But were the diamonds there?

I was in the act of making a dash to find out, when I remembered Billy—Billy mustn't know.

He had ejaculated, "Love and pumpkins! You did have a bunch!"

I pulled off my gloves—I must see if the diamonds were safe—just a touch with the end of my fingers and I'd know—

"I didn't do it with a bunch, Billy," said I, and I stooped to pick up a table runner and slide it into place, for there was a considerable heritage between me and the jonquils that were now out of my reach.

"I didn't suppose you did," Billy was generous enough to admit.

"I did it with a piece of intelligent folly—"

"Say—where did you leave the coats?" he questioned quickly, and I remembered the five hundred dollars that I'd forgotten for the moment.

I forgot the diamonds and sank into the nearest chair. I stammered, "Billy, I must know the worst, and I'm afraid to go to my bedroom and see if it's gone. It was in the bedroom drawer."

Billy struck a match and went down the hall. Then I saw the electric light illuminate the doorway and heard Billy:

"Love and pumpkins! Come here—quick!"

I rushed after him, without waiting to see if the diamonds were safe. He pointed to the bed: "Will you look at that?"

All the bed covers had been thrown off and on the mattress lay the five hundred dollars, spread out in rows of tens and fives.

The sight fairly cowed me in. It was a great deal worse than if the money had been stolen. The thought that so stunned struck me, and Billy too, for Billy said it, was, "That fellow certainly had plenty of time, and what's more, I bet he was waiting for you."

"He was," said I with conviction, catching at the foot of the bed for support.

Billy gathered up and counted the money. It was all there, five hundred dollars.

"Now what—do you make—of that?" he mediated.

I knew what I made of it, but for Mrs. Delaria's sake I did not tell Billy. He handed the bills to me.

"There's more to this," he observed. "Some mystery. I must search the other rooms."

"Listen!" I said.

We listened but heard nothing. Then he opened the bathroom door—nobody there. And with that he marched straight to the kitchen door and back to me in a flash.

"You open the front door and get ready to yell bloody murder if anything happens," he commanded.

"No, Billy!" I returned, coming to my senses and pulling out my bargain that had already once done duty that day. "I'll get ready to do bloody murder."

He flung open the kitchen door and we went in together.

Our mysterious burglar had vanished.

"Flew the coop," said Billy sadly. "And I might have caught him if I'd been a minute sooner. Just my luck." He pointed to the open window as he spoke.

To me that open window meant I had missed death because of Billy.

I swayed. He grasped my arm and steered me to the dining room and berthed me in the chair I'd just left.

"Get me a glass of water, Billy."

"Say, this is NEWS!" he chirruped, while I drank. "Mysterious robbery of well-known authoress—oh, I say, this is NEWS!"

He took the glass to the kitchen and came back with a notebook in his hand. I stumbled to my feet and got him by the shoulders.

"Billy Rivers, this is not news! It's life and death. Not a living soul must know of this till I tell it. Do you understand?"

"Well, but," he begun, "a robbery like this—and of you—"

"It wasn't a robbery."

"Wasn't a robbery?" He cast a glance over the wreckage strewn all over. "What was it, then?"

"A search."

"You mean I believe you're right," he cried, looking about again, with a new light in his eyes.

"I say—he got his business! This is a real mystery!"

"Don't you see why it cannot be known?"

"And do you know who searched and what he searched for?"

"I think so."

Billy stared at me for some seconds before he brought out: "I believe you know more about this than you're telling me. You're concealing something. Well—tell me this—did he get it?"

"I don't know."

Billy whistled and stared. "Say—this begins to be romantic."

"Romantic?" I snorted. "You don't know what romantic is!"

I managed to stay there. However much I respected Billy in general, I hadn't much confidence in his discretion.

"Billy, do you remember the time your mother put us in your bedroom Christmas eve and told you not to go to the entertaining hole and you went?" I asked desperately, trying to get at his conscience and lead him to promise to keep this to himself. "And you went—and the boys threw you in, sack and sack and all! And I found you and took you home and treated you and cuddled you up warm and saved you from—"

"A licking—and a good one," he finished for me. "Those were the mother's licks! Sore—before she lost the girls. And it wasn't the only licking you saved me from," he added, in the gratitude way I'd always loved him for even when I just couldn't love him he was so bad.

"Billy, dear," I said, pressing my hands on his shoulders, "it's your turn now. Do you understand?—and you've got to forget that you're a reporter and remember only that you're my friend and that I need one; for I'm in a lot of trouble and I simply can't explain."

"Don't say any more," said Billy with a fine air, sailing up his hat. I remembered then that he had come for papers—George would be looking for some evidence of my truthfulness—and I searched up the first similar book I saw—my German dictionary, though I didn't notice what it was—and a bunch of old papers and thrust them into Billy's hand and got him out and George up in spite of protests that I ought not to stay alone after that.

I closed the door and put up the chain-bolt, and seeing my clothes all in a heap, went in and hung them up and threw the blankets on the bed. I turned out all the lights but one. And throughout all these operations I kept asking myself, "Did he get the diamonds?"

"We're in a Lot of Trouble."

Did the mysterious burglar get the diamonds?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Arabian Physician.

Then there is the Kitab-al-Mansuri of Ali Ben, the most eminent of the Arabian physicians, the Rhazes of European writers, of whom it is said that when in his old age he suffered from cataract and was asked to have his blindness removed by an operation, he replied:

"I have seen so much of the world that I am wearied of it."

Of whom also it is said that when called upon to select a site for a hospital in Bagdad, he caused pieces of meat to be suspended in various localities, and chose that one in which, after a given time, the meat showed least putrefaction, thus anticipating the knowledge of microbal infection. To him it is said that we owe the oldest account extant of smallpox and measles.—Life Magazine.

Unclutteringa Soul

By ELIZA A. BENOIT

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Isabel Everton deliberately ruffled her naturally ruffled hair with the assistance of many manipulations.

"Oh, I'm tired—tired to death!" was her exclamation unknown to herself.

The room was cluttered; her desk was cluttered; her mind was cluttered. For the working girls of an efficient young woman, the office was to a not extra, and it seemed to make a nuisance for the relief of stress and uneasiness.

The new disorder of things seemed to cling her soul, and she felt a vague feeling that by ridding her of the muddle disorder and eliminating as much as the result of things she would regain the mental freedom so necessary to the wise carrying on of her business affairs.

Isabel was a working girl of the kind that get paid for working. She realized that all girls worked—some at the job of earning a salary, some at the supposedly task of housekeeping and some at the steady grind of society.

Isabel preferred to tackle the latter two kinds but today the important desire for physical action became dominant in her mind and initiated an operation.

From the very little used drawer of her desk she distributed an apron of the coverall variety and a cap that was military prim. They covered her business attire with a completeness that seemed to upset her with a new mood, and she began to be pleased with herself for indulging in the very temporary experiment of "housework."

Her efforts successfully dislodged the dust that the recent wind had brought, and piece by piece she was ranking over the papers and letters on her desk, firmly determined to destroy every one that her far more exacting predecessor would allow.

With an almost reckless disregard of consequence, she tore paper after paper the ring may anything her nervous fingers, and she worked faster and faster, tossing the torn bits high, for the pleasure of watching them float softly to the wastebasket. Isabel laughed softly, then began humming an air she recalled.

An important contract, some receipts, a bill or two, and several letters were placed on top the desk, as they required the first attention of her clear thinking mind when she should settle back once more to her orderly routine.

So busy was she that Justin Stafford, whose office was across the narrow hall, passed or her in unannounced amazement as he passed by her door a moment. The hard, efficient Miss Everton, the unsentimental, independent wage-earner, who ignored any allusions a man might offer so easily as she looked through space, seemed vastly remote from the dusty maid who was flushed and smiling and singing.

With a wistfulness rare in a man, where the worldly woman is concerned, he refrained from speaking to her, and went quietly on with his errand before she could detect him watching her from the depths of his big heart crept a dim dawning of hope. The sight of Isabel in "human garb" as he mentally classified her apron and cap was like the mellow warmth of the sun on the desire he had buried deep. For that he would require her to be a drudge if he married her, but he wondered the sweetness that his wife would have the instincts of real womanhood. The Miss Everton with whom he had had business associations was practical and shrewd in a well-bred but "manly" way.

Stafford always approached himself when he thought of Isabel as "manly," for her manner, under every circumstance, was quiet decorum; but he resented hugely the spirit of equality she always managed to put into their relations. He wanted to look up to her. He believed that a man should always have to rise to a woman, but in spite of his dissatisfaction with her manner, he felt his heart gradually going to her, for, though he did not understand it, to his subconscious recognition of her hidden qualities.

A sudden gust of wind from the open window lifted the pile of documents that Isabel had placed ready for inspection, and gleefully flung them about the room for a moment, then out the door, and scuttling across the hall into the office directly opposite.

With an impatient exclamation Isabel pursued them, madly waving her disorderly in wasted effort. Giving hurried thanks that Mr. Stafford was temporarily out of his office, she gathered up her papers, which were now quite scattered and lay like tired children at various places about the room. They were all there but the important contract. That she must have, as her signature was required before the day was over.

In some perturbation she looked around again, even scattering to Mr. Stafford's desk. And there it lay, thrust by the force of its fall, part way into an open drawer. As she drew it out a picture, clipped from a newspaper, came with it, and fluttered to the floor. Stooping to recover it, her breath shortened, for the picture was one of herself which had appeared a short time since in a local paper that was featuring the suffrage cause, "How Isabel Everton, Who Proves Woman's Efficiency in Business, Is Helping the cause under which she lives."

Underneath, in a composition was written, "Social Service Woman." Her cheeks were deep of the worst, the last time her eyes had rested on her and said, "Is that—was he thought of her? Is, Business Woman?" Into the flame of shame crowded the copper at Detroit. The doubt of whether she had ever been proud of her work, sweeping between doubts and settling that she had not, in spite, she felt as guilty as she were a criminal.

A definite resolve sweeping called her. She turned and uncertainly out of the room, hall, and into her own office. The room of isolated look, filing cabinets, every evidence of modern methods seemed to grow and chide her as she looked at the clock on her desk. Everything was in history to the minute with the exception of the seven which had met her affairs, yet to her it was a hopeless jumble of things to be compartmentalized. After all, a woman's office and a woman's housekeeping were inadequate when it came to a man and need of a woman.

With the realization, the tears which before had refused to come well through all the years of struggle, and they washed away the barriers she had rightly erected around her heart. She knew he had failed in the big thing of life, failure was not sweet.

After some moments the tired head and grimly wiped away the tears, and sat before her desk to think.

His voice deserted him as he dressed her.

"Isabel—I—I—tell me, dear, what is the matter?"

"Nothing!" The answer was as all to be hearing, but nevertheless red eyes are not well rested, and anger must it seemed merely pique.

"Is it because—" he ventured, then could find no words.

"Oh, it's because everything is so crowded full of things to distract be—crowded and jammed! I'm sick of it all!"

"Thank God, dear heart! Thank God, you are a real woman, after all. I've a place for you in my heart and my home—if you'll come."

Radiant, Isabel listened, and he leaned toward him.

"Oh, I see why there wasn't room for those other things. My soul was crowded with love for you!"

MOSQUITOES ALWAYS A PEST

Complaints About "New Jersey Variety" by No Means Confined to Western Times.

It is natural to assume that such pests belong in their dusty petition, to modern times only. But as is not the case with mosquitoes. According to an expert of the department of agriculture, who is held to be the foremost authority on what is sometimes called the "New Jersey variety," the researches indicate that the inhabitants of ancient Greece were sometimes forced to abandon their dwellings to avoid the attacks of mosquitoes. The citizens of Abdera, a city of Ionia, fled from the mosquitoes of Aliens, and Pergamus, a beautiful city in Asia Minor, was abandoned for the same reason.

Sapor, king of Persia, was compelled to raise the siege of Nisibis by a plague of gnats. Humboldt says that in certain regions of South America the inhabitants pass the night buried in sand, which covers them to the depth of three or four inches, leaving out only the head, which is protected by a cloth.

There is even a mosquito story which had the hardihood to attack the security of George Washington, or possibly that of a contemporary lover, Isaac Weld, in his "Travels Through North America," says in reference to Shenesborough, N. Y., that mosquitoes were very ferocious and plentiful there.

"General Washington told me," he says, "that he was never so much annoyed by mosquitoes in any part of America as in Shenesborough. They used to bite through the thickest boot." Now the boots of those days were very thick and mosquitoes were probably, so far as structure goes, pretty much as they are today. Moreover, the Father of His Country could not lie; but perhaps Mr. Weld could, or, more probably, one of the gentlemen may have indulged a sense of humor.

Territory Without Sabbath.

Bobby and Mildred went into the country to visit their cousins, Willie and Ray. At home they were in the habit of attending Sunday school, and their mother packed their best clothes in a separate suitcase. But as their time was mostly spent in fishing and nutting in the woods, the children did not know when Sunday came. On their return home mother found their Sunday clothes had not been worn and asked them why they had not dressed up on the Sabbath. "Why, mother," Bobby replied seriously, "there wasn't any Sabbath in the country."

Tungsten From Peru.

The United States has become by far the largest importer of tungsten from Peru, taking the place previously occupied by Germany. The metal, used for making the hardest steel, is mined by natives, washed out by hand and transported across the Andes on the backs of llamas and burros.

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