

Diamond Cut Diamond

By JANE BUNKER

(Copyright, by Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"As soon as the baron asked me where De Ravenol was I saw the chance to get rid of him so he wouldn't be pestering around any more. I said yes—I knew about where he was—on the train—he went to California in the morning."

"California!" I gurgled. "On the train! Not for a mile! He's downstairs in this house, hiding—he was here when your baron came with a warrant to arrest him!" And punctuated with Billy's astonished exclamations, I poured out my own tale of woe and romance and wound up with monsieur's explanation—that it was a plot of the French government to hold up the Mexican deal by keeping Claire's father from going to Mexico and putting it through.

"Don't believe it," cried Billy. "Monsieur's made a mistake—he didn't see the man. Why, old Follow-up admitted to me he was working for the Emperor William! De Ravenol's got the wrong scent. But say—we must see him right off and put him wise to this. Say—it's awful tough—her father in such a hole. It 'most looks as if we ought to give him back the diamonds."

Before we could discuss it and how to communicate with the gentleman himself, he appeared at the front door. He'd gotten out in the basement, instead of his own flat, because he'd heard voices and had taken his chances on slipping upstairs unobserved.

I hurried him in, a chastened spirit, and Billy plunged into the recital of his interview with Baron von Follow-up and the clever way he thought he had got rid of him by saying monsieur had gone to California.

I thought I had seen monsieur at the top notch of emotionism already, but I was mistaken. He actually tore his hair—not a great deal, but enough to see.

"My life is ruin w's zis revelation," he wailed. "Wisout to obtain zose diamonds immediately—wisout to be able to return zem to zeur owner when he sens for zem—I am lost. Mon Dieu! I am regarded ze same as a robber."

"And how do I tell him zey got lost?—It is my young beautiful daughter Claire who lets get lost zose diamonds? God forbid I tell him zat."

"But how does he answer when I tell him ze zuse? Does he say, 'De Ravenol, I am sorry you lose zose most precious diamonds, but accidents will happen and I know you are a good man?'"

He paused for a bitter laugh and to wipe his face with his handkerchief.

"Perhaps you sink he says zat. Non! He tells me—De Ravenol, I know you steal zose diamonds while you pretend zey are lost. Sings like zat don't come lost so easy as you say. So I punish you for a robber and see zat you gain nossing from stealing my jewels."

Monsieur heaved a great sigh. "Zis morning, if I have zose diamonds, I am already on my way to Mexico, but now—"

"Hide man, hide for a couple of days," urged Billy, trying to cheer him up. "We'll help you. I think you ought to be down in your den now—I'm afraid every minute that man may turn up here again."

Later, I remembered the alacrity with which monsieur accepted the offer, assuring us fervently. "Only to hide saves me and my child from disgrace. I srow myself on your mercy—I trust you wis my honaire—wis what is dearest to me—wis my life."

Billy was deeply affected. I could see, and hurried monsieur off, returning in about half an hour to report, "All serene."

I fell asleep and was dreaming that the dome of the national capitol was tottering over on all of us, when I was awakened by the ringing of the front bell.

I saw by the dim light it was early—too early for anything but a fresh calamity—and I hopped out of bed and ran to the door.

"Who's there?" I called through.

"Billy. Open quick."

Billy tumbled in. "Claire's kidnapped!" he shouted in my face.

I don't know whether I put my arms around him, or he put his around me. Both, probably; but the next minute we were clinging together and his chest was heaving with hard dry sobs. When I finally got a coherent account out of him he told me that Claire had been a "little light-headed" through the evening.

"Then she's just wandered off in a half-delirious state," I affirmed positively.

"She's kidnapped," Billy affirmed more positively. "Old Follow-up has enticed her out on the pretext of finding her father, and now he'll use her as bait to get him out. I can't decide whether to see him and tell him now, or wait."

"Don't tell him yet," I advised promptly. "You're all upset and you think she's kidnapped—I know she isn't—she's just lost. She's wandering about the streets now looking for her father."

I gressed. What could I do? Nothing but stay home and wait—as I had been doing all through. I was hardly

through my simple breakfast when George came up.

"Why, that gen'lem'n—the one sent the note you wouldn't see yesterday—he say he got an appointment with you fer nine o'clock."

The very man Billy believed had kidnapped Claire!

"Show him up," I instructed with alacrity; and when he came I greeted him so affably he looked afraid to enter.

I almost flung the question at him—"Where is Miss de Ravenol?"—before I thought, but saved it just in time. He sat down in the chair I pushed forward; I sat opposite. He seemed at a loss to begin; I said not one word.

He opened fire on me thus: "I feel I owe you an apology for my unceremonious call yesterday."

I merely bowed in acknowledgment. "I shouldn't have insisted, you know, only we had traced the man to the house, and since he had called on you the evening before, it was a natural conclusion that he was calling on you then, also. They drove from their hotel to the Grand Central station, dismissed the carriage there and I have lost sight of their combined movement for about an hour."

"And you don't know where the girl is?" I asked, trembling a little and trying to control my voice.

"No—not yet. There is no chance of her hiding—or of her being hidden—for more than a few days—a few hours. No chance. Most natural that she should have gone in search of her father. He has not left the city—I am positive on that score. It is probable the girl has joined him by a preconcerted plan—or was meaning to when she left the house. I'll find her, I promise you!"

"And nothing is going to happen to her after you find her?"

"Happen to her! What could happen to her? I have nothing to do with her—my business is to locate her father and arrange a matter with him—quietly, I hope."

"And will the emperor imprison him if the diplomatic matter isn't satisfactorily arranged?"

"The emperor? I'm sure I can't say—I don't know anything about the emperor's diplomatic affairs."

"Then what are you after De Ravenol for?"

He reflected a few moments, and then with one of his funny looks, he remarked: "I'd rather have you for a friend than an enemy. It appears that De Ravenol carried off a million dollars' worth of diamonds in Paris the moment they were returned from the diamond cutter's in Antwerp where he had induced the owner to send them for recutting."

"Oh, never!" I exclaimed, shocked, and at the same time appreciating how monsieur had foreseen this very accusation. "I can't believe he's a thief—it's impossible."

"I don't wonder you doubt it," he replied. "I did myself for a while—that's what gave him the start of me."

And with that, off he went.

Poor monsieur! Accused of stealing the emperor's diamonds! And suddenly the words, "They were stolen the moment they were returned from the diamond cutter's in Antwerp,"

"Oh, never!" I exclaimed, shocked, and at the same time appreciating how monsieur had foreseen this very accusation. "I can't believe he's a thief—it's impossible."

"I don't wonder you doubt it," he replied. "I did myself for a while—that's what gave him the start of me."

And with that, off he went.

Poor monsieur! Accused of stealing the emperor's diamonds! And suddenly the words, "They were stolen the moment they were returned from the diamond cutter's in Antwerp,"

"Oh, never!" I exclaimed, shocked, and at the same time appreciating how monsieur had foreseen this very accusation. "I can't believe he's a thief—it's impossible."

"I don't wonder you doubt it," he replied. "I did myself for a while—that's what gave him the start of me."

And with that, off he went.

Poor monsieur! Accused of stealing the emperor's diamonds! And suddenly the words, "They were stolen the moment they were returned from the diamond cutter's in Antwerp,"

"Oh, never!" I exclaimed, shocked, and at the same time appreciating how monsieur had foreseen this very accusation. "I can't believe he's a thief—it's impossible."

"I don't wonder you doubt it," he replied. "I did myself for a while—that's what gave him the start of me."

And with that, off he went.

Poor monsieur! Accused of stealing the emperor's diamonds! And suddenly the words, "They were stolen the moment they were returned from the diamond cutter's in Antwerp,"

"Oh, never!" I exclaimed, shocked, and at the same time appreciating how monsieur had foreseen this very accusation. "I can't believe he's a thief—it's impossible."

"Van Ruten's most important work of recent years was the cutting of a collection of seven diamonds, worth at a rough estimate five million francs, which an American millionaire purchased in Paris from an Indian rajah. De Ravenol stole the diamonds from the millionaire and told Billy and me a pleasing yarn to account for his possession. Of course he wouldn't dare mention when the diamonds were last cut!"

CHAPTER XX.

All Is Explained.

The credit of Claire's discovery falls first to her and second to me—she found herself at my door late in the afternoon.

"Claire!" I cried, and at the same moment she cried, "Have they arrested papa?" and collapsed into my arms.

"They haven't arrested him—he's perfectly safe," I assured her. "Let me take off your coat and then I want you to lie down at once."

"No—I mustn't stop a minute—take me to papa."

"Listen to me, Claire," I expostulated a bit sternly. "I can't take you to your father now—it isn't possible."

She obeyed like the sick child she was and then the bell rang and there stood Billy and Mrs. Delario—Billy white and wobegone, Mrs. Delario white and distracted.

"She's here," I whispered, pointing in the direction of the study.

Billy stood on no ceremony—he swept both of us aside and romped through the hall and I heard one glad cry, "Claire!" and found him on his knees by the divan.

My only comment was a maidenly smile that went over his head—or under his feet, perhaps, for he was in too lofty a state at having found her to notice such trivial details as that he "found her" in my flat.

Later he drew me to one side while Claire and Mrs. Delario were bubbling together and told me: "Say—I think I've made Mrs. D. understand about those things—I simply had to—it was getting too serious for everybody. But any funny thing—nothing I can say can shake her that our foreign friend is a thief—says she 'sees' it too plainly and she can't be mistaken."

"I'm afraid she's right," I whispered back. "The Great Unknown was here this morning—he says the diamonds belong to an American millionaire."

Things were happening that day exactly like a story-book plot—before I could get out another word of explanation the bell rang and the Great Unknown came in! I was too much astonished at having him pop up in answer to my speaking his name to keep him out, and he reached the room and saw the object of his search reclining on the divan with Mrs. Delario sitting beside her.

"Well—you've found yourself, I see," he said pleasantly to Claire after nodding casually to Mrs. Delario and Billy. "I've been hunting you all day and now, if you'll be so good as to tell me where your father is—I have business of great importance to him."

"I don't know where he is!" Claire cried, and then appealing to me, she blurted out: "But you do. Oh, tell him and let him save papa."

Tableau!

The cat was out of the bag! Everybody looked at everybody and the Great Unknown snapped his eyes and said, "Ah!" staring very hard at me.

"An accomplice!" And he gave the word a horrid twist as he said it, and I felt I was proving it by my cheeks.

"Say—look here! Accomplish in what?" Billy demanded fiercely.

"Accomplish in what? In the greatest diamond robbery of modern times," he replied imperturbably.

He sketched the story rapidly: An impetuous Indian rajah visiting Paris owned the stones and through De Ravenol, an impetuous nobleman and ex-diplomat who'd run through his own money and his wife's dowry, sold them to a Pittsburgh millionaire—name not mentioned—who intended them as a gift worthy himself and a certain lady of the operatic stage. The stones were so badly cut that De Ravenol induced his friend to send them to Antwerp for recutting by Van Ruten.

On the day of their return they mysteriously disappeared, as did also one of the rajah's retinue, who knew about the stones and had himself taken them to Antwerp. Suspicion fell upon him and the case was put into the hands of the Great Unknown.

"It is true," said Mrs. Delario earnestly, "every word of it. I see it—I hear it—I know it. We must give back the diamonds at once."

Her "we" gave us away completely! I saw the detective's eyes jump, but he said slyly: "I shall be thankful for your co-operation in recovering the stones—particularly if we can keep the matter quiet. You see, there is the wife in Pittsburgh—"

"I'm sorry—very sorry to hear that. It isn't right," Mrs. Delario interrupted.

The Unknown shrugged. "If the gentleman can be induced by you ladies to make voluntary restitution the case will be dropped. And merely for his daughter's sake—"

He broke off and looked at Claire kindly and inquiringly. I took the hint and asked:

"Will you promise me that if I succeed in getting him to return the diamonds the case will be dropped?"

"Gladly. I have explicit instructions on that head."

"Billy, you go after him—but don't let him know what he's wanted for."

Five minutes later he and Billy were in the room. When monsieur saw the Great Unknown he almost had a fit of hysterics; when Claire saw her father she did.

"Now, monsieur," said I coolly, when he had done with his "Mon Dieus" and "What does zis mean?" and a few more exclamations, "we'll help you out of your difficulties if you'll confess the truth. Did you steal those diamonds from the Pittsburgh gentleman?"

Monsieur clasped his hands and turned to me. "It was ze impulse of a moment—ze temptation of a single instant," he wailed. "I have regret it every hour—I am justly punish for my sin. I take zem—I know not for what—to make sport wis fate—and I sink to hide zose jewels, to bring zem to

On His Knees by the Divan.

America—dispose of zem in Pittsburgh where nossing dares he said about zem because of ze wife. I am in one little instant tempted and I yield and lose everyting. Mon Dieu."

I asked the detective: "Are you satisfied if he returns the diamonds now?"

"Certainly. It's all I ask."

I motioned to Billy and pointed toward my table. "Under that sheet of paper," said I.

Billy produced the blue box and placed it in monsieur's hand.

"Mon Dieu!" he ejaculated. "But, madame, you have give me your word of honaire zat you do not find zese diamonds in your slipper you carry off."

"She didn't! I found them," cried Mrs. Delario. "And when you accused me of robbing Claire I hadn't the least idea you referred to these stones and, anyway, I had already given them to my friend to keep for me—I didn't have them in the house the day you searched."

"And I kept them," I remarked, with a bitter smile. "It's all I've been doing for the last ten days."

He handed the diamonds to the Great Unknown. Silence fell on all of us for a moment, in which Claire lifted her tear-stained face from my shoulder, her eyes encountering an ardent gaze.

"Oh, Mr. Rivers," she cried, in answer to it. "You've been so good to dear papa!"

"Billy! Mrs. Delario and I had nearly killed ourselves and Billy got the only thanks that were worth anything!—not that we grudged him the gratitude, considering; but then, you know! Well, such is life! She and I looked at each other and I winked. She winked back, and we never let out so much as half a smile. But two dear young things were happy, so we let it go at that."

The names of the Pittsburgh millionaire and his surreptitious lady were never revealed to me, nor did the detective ever tell us his; and though I learned who he was, he wished to be known as "the Unknown" and to myself, I always called him "the Great Unknown."

The diamonds were returned and the case hushed up for the sake of all concerned; and now, but one little reverberation of it lingers in my life: young Mrs. Rivers permits me alone in the whole world to call her husband "Billy" without protest; to everybody else, even to his mother-in-law, he is William—William Shakespeare Rivers, a rising young dramatist with what looks like a real future before him. All thanks to me, of course; and when I remind him of it as a delicate hint for appreciation he warmly acknowledges, "Yes, I owe all to you that I don't owe to Claire."

(THE END.)

The First Needle.

Needles were first made in England by a native of India in 1543. The art was lost at his death, but Christopher Greening recovered it in 1560. Mr. Damer, an ancestor of the earls of Dorchester, settled at Long Grendon, in Bucks, where the manufactory was still ex'ant last century.

An Old Settler.

A mammoth's skull and tusk found at Denham, England, are said by Sir Ray Lankester to be 70,000 years old.

HOUSE BUILT OF CONCRETE BLOCKS

Seven-Room Home Will Accommodate Large Family.

ECONOMY IMPORTANT ITEM

Progress in Manufacture of These Comparatively New Building Units Has Brought Them Rapidly to the Front.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST, on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building 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. 1327 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

In many parts of the country there is a shortage of materials, such as lumber and brick, that ordinarily are used in home construction. This shortage bids fair to become greater as the home building season advances and will bring disappointment to many who had counted on building homes of their own this year.

The perfection of the concrete block building unit, however, will solve the problem for many home builders. During the last few years there has been a great advance in the manufacture of concrete blocks and now they rank with the best of building materials. The advantage of using blocks is that they are made near the place where they are used, which saves a great proportion of freight charges. Also they are usually made 8 by 8 by 16 inches, a size that saves considerable in the cost of the labor required to lay up masonry walls.

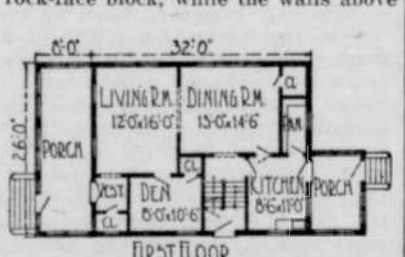
Everyone knows that concrete, when properly made, makes permanent buildings. It becomes stronger with age. And concrete blocks are merely



units of concrete that are laid in walls just as brick are. In their manufacture, however, an air space is cast into them, which provides insulation against heat and cold, making concrete block houses warm in winter and cool in summer and economical to heat.

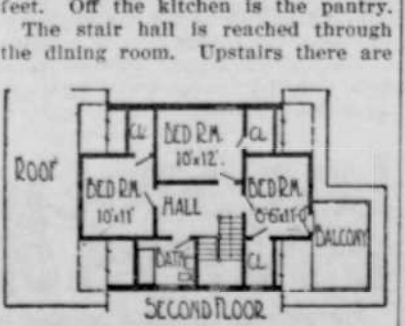
What a good exterior appearance concrete blocks have is shown in the home in the accompanying illustration. This is a story-and-a-half house, containing seven rooms and bath.

The foundation of the house is of rock-face block, while the walls above



the sill are of smooth face block. The design is attractive, the inclosed porch running the full width of the house, the long slope to the roof and the dormer set into both front and back being good features.

Plans of the two floors show the dimensions and arrangement of the rooms. There are four rooms on the first floor and three on the second. The entrance from the porch is into a small vestibule, off which is the living room, 12 by 16 feet. At the side of the living room is a den, or library, 8 by 10 feet 6 inches. Back of the living room, through a cased opening, is the dining room, 13 by 14 feet 6 inches. A group of three windows in the dining room make it light and cheery. The kitchen adjoins the dining room and is 8 feet 6 inches by 11 feet. Off the kitchen is the pantry. The stair hall is reached through the dining room. Upstairs there are



three bedrooms, all opening off a central hall, and the bathroom. Because of the roof construction, there are three unusually large closets, one off each bedroom. Two of the bedrooms have dormer windows, making them light, airy rooms, while the third is at the side, in the gable.

The basement extends under the whole of the house, and is large enough for the heating plant, fuel storage room and rooms for other storage purposes.

Considered from all viewpoints this is an extraordinarily good home building design. It will go on a comparatively small lot, and at the same time provides a comfortable and convenient home for a good-sized family. Also it can be constructed at a reasonable cost.

In selecting a plan for a home, every builder is guided more or less by homes he has seen, or by building designs he has inspected. This design is a good one, but it may not exactly conform to the ideas of the prospective builder as to what the interior arrangement should be.

Every plan an architect draws is susceptible to change. This plan is no different than the average. The size and shape of the house shown in the illustration is such that any changes the prospective builder wants can be easily made.

RAT ALWAYS MAN'S ENEMY

Deeds Credited to Savage Little Rodents Are Almost Beyond Belief, Says English Writer.

Rats have been known to attack people on roads, says a writer in London Answers.

A few years ago, a rat sprang on to a cyclist at Carlbad. He threw it off, and managed to run over it. They sometimes kill babies in their cradles. There is a terrible story of an officer who one night got accidentally locked up in St. Patrick's cathedral in Dublin. He was in uniform, as the custom for officers then was. In the morning nothing was found of him but his sword and the metal parts of his accoutrements. He had been devoured by rats.

Rats are weird creatures. Many years ago there was a man living near the house of the present writer's family, of whom it was said that he could make rats follow him, and put them into the houses of those whom he disliked. And a certain maid servant was found to bring a plague of rats into every house where she obtained a situation. She said, when questioned, that the animals followed her wherever she went, and used to play

about on her bed at night; but she did not mind them in the least.

The rat of which we see the most in England, the brown or Hanover rat, is really an alien—and a most undesirable alien. He is one of the many doubtful "blessings" that we owe to Germany, from which country he came to England about 200 years ago. The old English rat is black, and is smaller than our German friend. The invaders have almost exterminated him, and he became very rare; but it is now stated that he is increasing in numbers.

EYES TELL SEAT OF DISEASE

Application of "Iris Science," It Is Asserted, Is a Practically Certain Diagnosis.

Just as we find the state of the weather by reference to a barometer, so can we tell whether a person is in good health by examining the eyes. This method of diagnosing disease from the eyes is known as the "Iris Science," and, according to Dr. Anderson of Denmark, is the only reliable method by which the seat of a disease can be discovered.

The science was discovered by a Hungarian, according to London Answers. During boyhood he caught an owl which had broken its leg, and noticed that a black spot appeared in a certain part of the iris. Some years later he noticed the same black spot in the iris of a man who had sustained a broken leg. The experience caused him to investigate and he found that every disease could be read from a certain portion of the iris.

When a disease is cured white lines inclose the dark spot that proclaimed the disease. From this the stage of the disease can be ascertained. If the white lines do not entirely surround the dark spot the disease is not completely cured.

Drugs are always clearly shown on the iris—arsenic by white specks on the out-edge, inorganic iron by brown marks round the pupil.

Cylinder Was Missing.

Her husband had given her a runabout and she had learned to drive it. Not long after she got into trouble, took the car to the garage and was told to leave it, as one of the cylinders was missing.

That night she said to her husband: "Harry, that garage man told me I had lost one of my cylinders and I can't think where I could have dropped it. What does it look like? Maybe I can find it in the yard."

No Petrified Human Bodies.

There are many evidences of petrified bodies of marine and other animals, but none of human bodies.



Get You

While

During this month payment down will the greatest mode American home. Y installments.

Snap the switch—t erage big family w cents. It will was the Automatic Ele wiring can be do

Come to any Idaho Electric Washer is you how it is opera You owe it to yourtomatic Electric W

The

PUTTING Means S

Putting off 'til tom minute orders for f greater than the su a tenth of the order office.

Our supply of wood today and insure ye ing your order with ments and it will be cords, and many pe

Our yard manager v ing prices of wood. right away. When next winter your su more than repay yo

A A We tain

Boise Pa F. A. C.



IN THE COUNTY COU STATE OF OREGON, COUNTY OF MAL

In The Matter of the E WILLIAM KENNEDY, D

NOTICE IS HEREBY Emory Cole, executor o of William Kennedy, d rendered and filed with aforesaid for settlement Account of his administr estate; and that Mond 1920, at one o'clock P soon thereafter as an b in the Court Room of s Vale, Malheur County, been appointed as the t for the settlement of at which time and plac