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Feb. 10, 1888. 3ms.

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MSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1

SELECT STORY.

THE GREAT DIAMOND ROBBERY.

A STRANGE STORY OF SOCIETY FROM A DETECTIVE'S LIPS.

Mr. John Wylie was bitterly disappointed. He had been in the detective business for over fifteen years, and never before had he experienced such a reverse. It was an affair that had attracted the greatest public interest and attention. A success in it would have established his reputation as a detective forever. But he had failed utterly and ignominiously.

This is how the matter stood when he was called in by Sir Henry Heaviside to investigate it. On November 15 Sir Henry was away from home. On that night his wife, Lady Helena, assisted by her father, the Marquis of Doltshire, had given a little dinner, which was followed by a reception. Her ladyship had, as usual, been rather slow in dressing, and, when the dinner hour arrived, she was greatly pressed for time. In her haste, she had neglected to replace her jewels, which she intended to put on after dinner and previous to the reception in the safe, and contented herself with locking the door of her boudoir and putting the key into a drawer in her bedroom. After dinner she found the key where she had left it and reopened the door. On entering her boudoir she discovered, to her amazement, that the window was wide open. A moment's investigation showed her that all the jewels she had left upon her dressing table when she hurried down to dinner was stolen Their value was close upon £7000.

This was, I repeat, how the matter stood when Mr. Wylie was called in, and practically it was in the same state when, after six weeks' laborious investigation, he gave up the inquiry in despair. He suspected much, but he had discovered nothing. It was clear to him that the robber, whoever he might be, was perfectly familiar with the house and with Lady Helena's careless ways. It was also clear to him that the window found open—which was twenty-five feet from the ground, and which showed no evidence of having been forced—was left open as a ruse to mislead the detectives. He felt quite sure that the robber had entered the boudoir by means of Lady Helena's key, and that, if he left the house at all, he went out by a side door, which was fastened only by a spring lock. He was inclined, however, to believe that the thief was one of the household and that the jewels were still in the house. Acting on this belief he searched the house from top to bottom, examined all the servant's boxes and cupboards, and watched diligently all their movements; but, after six weeks thus employed, he had found nothing to implicate, or even throw suspicion on anyone in particular. He confessed himself utterly baffled.

As, one day seated in his sanctum, he was mournfully turning over in his mind the question of failure, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," he cried out.

The door opened and the office boy put in his head.

"Lady wants to see you, sir."

"Show her in."

The next moment a tall, stately, thickly veiled lady was ushered into the detective's private office. Mr. Wylie offered her a seat, which she silently accepted. As soon as the door was shut again she raised her veil and showed a handsome, refined face. Then without more ado she introduced herself.

"I am Lady Moodie," she said, "wife of the banker of that name."

The detective bowed.

"And I have come here," her ladyship continued, "in very great trouble, to see if you can assist me."

"You may rely upon it madam," said the detective, in his polite manner, "that I shall use my utmost efforts to do so."

"I will tell you," Lady Moodie went on without noticing Mr. Wylie's remark, "the whole story as shortly as possible. Owing to my health, I had to Winter last year in Florence. My husband's business and parliamentary duties would not permit him to join me. While living there by myself I met an Italian gentleman with whom I formed rather an intimate friendship. You should know," she added hastily, "that there was nothing improper in it, though much that was imprudent."

"I quite believe you," said Mr. Wylie.

Lady Moodie seemed rather irritated than gratified at this assurance.

"Thinking," she continued, after a pause, "that he was an honorable man, I frequently wrote to him, and some of my letters—one or two of them, at any rate—would, I am afraid, bear to a jealous mind a very different meaning from that intended. When I returned home, he followed me. By my influence he was received in society here—not only so, but I assisted him from time to time with money. At last his demands became too extortionate, and I refused them. Then the miserable scoundrel turned upon me, and threatened that if I did not comply with his requests he would give the letters I had written him to my husband. He has mistaken his woman," Lady Moodie concluded, passionately, "I would rather die than give a penny to the menaces of such a coward!"

"May I know the gentleman's name?"

"Count Ulrici."

Mr. Wylie, like everybody else, had heard of the Count. He was considered the best looking, best dressed and best mounted man to be seen in Rotten Row. He was reputed to be very rich, too, and it was this revelation as to the means by which he lived that astonished Mr. Wylie.

"I presume," said the detective, after a pause, "you wish me to get possession of these letters in some way or other."

"Precisely," answered Lady Moodie.

Mr. Wylie reflected for some moments in silence, then he said: "I really don't see how I can get them without committing a burglary."

"Couldn't you be induced to risk that?" asked Lady Moodie, eagerly.

The detective started. Evidently her ladyship was not inclined to stick at trifles.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Wylie, very deliberately, "burglary is rather a large order."

"I'm willing to pay anything to balk the coward,' replied Lady Moodie, fiercely.

"That's all right," answered Mr. Wylie, doggedly; "but money's of little use to a man who's doing his ten years."

At his words Lady Moodie's face became downcast. She was evidently disappointed. Mr. Wylie noticed this.

"At any rate," he said to her, "let burglary be the last thing. We may be able to hit on some easier expedient. Let me see, now." And he reflected a moment. "How many letters are there?"

"Some forty or fifty."

"Ah, so many? He couldn't, then, carry them about with him. Has he any servants?"

"Just one—a valet—an Italian, like himself."

"Hum! I wonder whether he could be bribed? Most Italians can. If I had a week or two to gain his confidence——"

"Impossible. If £5000 be not given Ulrici within a week the letters will be in my husband's hands."

"Oh, is that the case?"

"Yes, Sir Charles and I leave for Darklingbourne—that's our place in Doltshire—to-morrow, and the Count says that this day week he'll follow us, and that if, on his arrival, I don't give him that amount he will at once hand the letters to my husband."

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Mr. Wylie, jumping excitedly to his feet. "By Jupiter, I have him! Excuse me, my lady," he added, more calmly, "I think I see a way out of the maze. Do as you intend. Let him follow you to Darklingbourne, and if he presents himself to you there, defy him. You may do so with impunity, for by that time he'll have no letters to produce."

During the ensuing week Mr. Wylie kept a strict watch upon all the movements of the Count. He contrived, too, to discover a good deal regarding his past life and his future plans. He picked up an acquaintance with his valet, and from him discovered that his master intended to carry out his threat of going to Darklingbourne. The valet had orders to have his portmanteau ready, packed with everything necessary for a few days' stay from home.

On the evening preceding the day on which he was to see Lady Moodie at Darklingbourne, Count Ulrici drove to Euston. Mr. Wylie, who had ascertained beforehand the train by which he intended to travel, was there awaiting him. The detective was disguised. He was an adept in that business, and now his own mother would not have known him. He had provided himself with a first-class ticket to Rottenborough, the station nearest to Sir Charles Moodie's seat.

The Count came to the station unaccompanied by his servant. Mr. Wylie noticed that his luggage consisted of a large portmanteau only—no doubt the one the servant spoke of. It was marked on the side with the Count's initials, "R. U." As it was too big to be taken conveniently into the carriage, its owner directed it to be placed in the luggage van.

Having marked well the portmanteau and the van into which it was put, Mr. Wylie took his seat in the train in a compartment not far from the Count's. When the train reached Willesden he got out and went into the refreshment room. There he remained until the train had begun to move, when he rushed upon the platform just too late to get in.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, in affected vexation. "I am left behind."

"Very sorry, sir," said the porter. "Where are you for?"

"Rottenborough. When is the next train?"

"No other train to-night, sir. You'l have to wait till the 4 o'clock to-morrow morning."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Wylie, apparently much put out by the information. "What on earth am I to do? My luggage is gone on!"

"Train stops at Harrow, sir. I'll telegraph there, and have it sent back by the next train."

"Thank you, I wish you would. If I am to stop in town over night I must have it."

"Very well, sir. What is your luggage like?"

"It's a large leather portmanteau and was put into the through van for Rottenborough. They'll be able to distinguish it easily, as it has my initials upon it."

"And they are, sir?"

"R. U."

The porter went off to telegraph and the detective returned to the refreshment room. There Mr. Wylie remained for some time apparently absorbed in the absorption of a glass of beer, but really wondering what the result of his stratagem would be. He greatly feared lest the Count might notice his portmanteau being removed from the van, and instead of a message coming that the luggage would be sent at once one would arrive directing his arrest. So great was his anxiety on this point that it seemed to him hours before the porter turned up. Then, to his immense relief, he learned that the portmanteau had been taken from the van at Harrow and would be sent back by the next train.

When the next train arrived at Willesden the porter pointed out to him the returned portmanteau. Sure enough it was Count Ulrici's. Letting it remain where it was, Mr. Wylie jumped into a compartment and proceeded with it to Euston.

At Euston Mr Wylie claimed the portmanteau and boldly putting it on the top of a hansome cab drove to King's-cross Station on the Underground Railway and there he took a ticket to Charing-cross. Carefully choosing an empty compartment he contrived, during the course of the journey, to effect a change in his disguise such that while no more like himself than ever he was still a very different looking man from the one who claimed the portmanteau at Willesden. When he arrived at Charing-cross it was quite dark, and there were few people about. Taking the heavy portmanteau in his hand he carried it himself from the station to his office in Duke Street.

The moment he got safely into his private office he produced a bunch of skeleton keys and set about picking the lock. Succeeding in this, he eagerly searched through the articles in the bag for the letters he wanted. To his chagrin he could discover no trace of them. Over and over again he searched the contents, but each time with the same result At length he paused in

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1888.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXII. NO 15
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LII, NO 3

his work, almost fainting with anxiety and disappointment.

"Another failure," he said to himself, "and a worse one than before."

As he spoke he continued aimlessly turning over the portmanteau's contents.

"What a fop the fellow is!" he exclaimed. "Why, half of his luggage is brushes. And now that I notice it, what strange brushes they are! What heavy backs they have!"

The backs of the brushes certainly looked very thick, and when Mr. Wylie examined them closely, he found that they were even thicker than they looked, for the hair in the centre was much shorter than at the sides, and the backs, therefore, must be deeper there. Indeed, they looked so suspicious that the detective at once began to try if they did not open in some way or other. He soon discovered that they did. The top scale of polished wood ran in a kind of groove, and was easily moveable. He pulled it back, and there, in the middle, was a hollow space crushed full of letters. Trembling with excitement, he lifted them out and looked at them. To his delight they were the very ones he was in search of!

There were two cases, each containing two brushes. In the first brush he opened there were sixteen letters from Lady Moodie; in the second there were fifteen. These were all in English. The brushes in the other case had also moveable backs and contained letters, but a glance at the handwriting showed him that they were not Lady Moodie's.

He glanced rapidly over the letters. Their contents were of the most innocent character, mere commonplace congratulations, condolences and inquiries such as a friend would write to a friend.

"I don't see," said the detective to himself "why she should be afraid of her husband getting these. But she said there were only forty of them, and there are only about thirty here Let me see. By jove, I have it! She told me there were only a few of them that were of a doubtful character. It is just those few that are missing. He has them in his pocket and I've failed again!"

He sat silent and still for a moment, dazed by his discovery; but he quickly gained his habitual coolness and decision.

"Well," he said, "I may as well see what the other letters are about."

He began rapidly to read them. They were in various handwritings, but most of them in one which he somehow or other thought he had seen before. These letters were signed simply with an "H.," and were couched in the most affectionate terms.

"I wonder who this 'H.' can be?" he said. "She's evidently very much gone on the Count and no mistake. There's a 'love' or a 'darling' for every other word. Here's an invitation for the 15th; how sweet it is. But here is one in which she has gone farther than the 'H.' It's signed 'Helena.' Now, I wonder who 'Helena' is? Hullo, what's here? A letter from a man, and signed 'Svendeleri'—the old Jewish money-lender and receiver of stolen goods. That, at all events, looks suspicious."

He read the letter very carefully. When he had finished it he lay back in his chair and drew a long breath.

"Good Heavens," he said, when he had recovered his composure, "this *is* a discovery! Was there ever anything so fortunate! I'm off by the morning train, and our friend will be safely in quod before he has a chance of seeing Sir Charles."

"But stay," he said to himself, "it isn't quite so simple as I thought. I must account for how I came by this paper, which will be difficult. Besides I'm not sure it will be evidence against him unless it's found in his possession. Let me see!"

He paused and reflected. Then, after a few moments, with a cry of triumph, he set to work replacing the contents of the bag. When every thing was in except the letter from Svendeleri and Lady Moodie's correspondence, he selected about ten of the most innocent of her letters, and, replacing the remainder in the backs of the brushes, locked up the portmanteau. Then he placed Svendeleri's letter in one of Lady Moodie's, put them in his pocket restored his disguise to what it was when he claimed the Count's luggage, and taking the portmanteau in his hand, left the office. When he reached the Strand, he called a hansom and drove to Euston. At Euston he asked for the station master. That official was duly forthcoming.

"This I find," said the detective to him "is not my portmanteau after all. I thought it was at first, as it has my initials on the side and is about the same size, but I find that my key won't go into the lock, so it can't be mine."

"No, sir, it isn't yours," replied the station-master, "it is Count Ulrici's. He's been kicking up a deuce of a row about it. We've had half a dozen telegrams from Rottenborough already. I'm glad it's recovered. What about your own, sir?"

"That's the question. You had better telegraph down the line about it. It must have been put out at one of the stations the 5 o'clock train called at, I suppose. I'll call and hear what news you have to-morrow. Good night." And the detective walked off.

Before 4 o'clock the next morning Mr. John Wyle was at Euston, not disguised this time, but in his usual costume. He took a ticket by the first train for Rottenborough, where he arrived about 8 After swallowing a hasty breakfast at the hotel in that interesting town, he obtained a cab and droye to Darklingbourne. There he inquired for Sir Charles Moodie. Sir Charles at once saw him.

He explained to Sir Charles that he was a detective. He had long, he said, been shadowing a foreigner who was suspected of a great crime, and who he learned lately, was about to try to levy blackmail upon Sir Charles by pretending to have letters from Lady Moodie which reflected on her reputation. He was anxious to have a talk with this gentleman in an unsuspected character in order to try to obtain some unguarded statements from him. He begged Sir Charles to allow him to represent himself as Sir Charles when the scoundrel came to the house. The Baronet seemed very averse to such a course, but Lady Moodie, who was called in for consultation, so strongly supported it, that at last he was induced to consent.

About mid-day Count Ulrici arrived. He sent up his card to Lady Moodie, but she refused to see him. Then he asked for Sir Charles. He was at once shown into the library where the detective was. The Count had never seen Sir Charles, who, involved in business cares, seldom went into the gay company his wife so delighted in.

The Count at once proceeded to business in the coolest and most impudent manner. He had no diffidence or hesitation about stating what sort of relations he wished Sir Charles to believe had existed between him and Lady Moodie. He said he had letters in her undeniable handwriting to prove the truth of his statements.

"Show me them," said the detective.

The Count handed over the letters. After fumbling with them for a moment Mr. Wylie proceeded to read them one by one. When he had finished he paused and said very coolly, 'I see nothing incriminating in these as against Lady Moodie. They are all of the most innocent description. But what's this?' And he held up Svendeleri's letter.

The Count turned deadly pale.

'Can I have made a mistake?" he muttered.

"I'm afraid you have," said Mr. Wylie, and he touched the bell.

As he did so the Count sprang madly upon him. There was for a moment a fierce struggle, but before the Italian could overcome Mr. Wylie's resistance, Sir Charles and a servant rushed into the room and seized him.

"Too late, my hearty," said the detective to the Count. "Look, Sir Charles, these are the letters he received from Lady Moodie; more innocent notes woman never penned. And see what I discovered among them—a letter from the Jewish scoundrel Svendeleri, offering £2000 for the Heaviside diamonds which were stolen about two months ago. There stands the thief!"

"What!" exclaimed the Count, "you're not Sir Charles Moodie?"

"No; I'm John Wylie, private detective, at your service."

"What a fool I was," exclaimed the Count, "not to see how it came about that my luggage went wrong."

HENRY LABOUCHERE'S LONDON TRUTH.

A Prince's Revenge.

In European countries, where princes become titular colonels at the age of ten, and assume actual command of a regiment before really entering upon their practical military education under the guidance of some veteran general, it occurs quite frequently that a prince should assert the authority which his station as a member of the imperial family insures to him over any higher commissioned officer, to remind his superiority over him as a prince, even though he be his subordinate as an officer in the field. On this score an amusing story is whispered in well informed circles about the Archduke Johann Salvator, a nephew of the Emperor of Austria. The prince is described as a wanton, fun loving character, and many are the anecdotes of his humor at the expense of others, though to his credit it is said that in all his escapades he never exceeds the bounds of the innocent harmless.

Recently the prince commanded his regiment at a manœuvre held under the auspices of an old and tried general, who had lately been the favorite target of the prince's humor. Here the general saw his opportunity for retribution. When at the close of the manœuvre, as is customary, the officers collected about their leader to receive his criticisms of the different regiments, the general expressed his satisfaction with the troop in the main, but continued, in a tone of infinite sarcasm: "I cannot refrain to mark that the defile of No.—" (the prince's own) "was very unsatisfactory. The bearing of the troop was bad; and in fact all through the manœuvre it showed poor drilling and leadership. A rapid and radical change would be desirable." So speaking, with a self-satisfied smile he turned in his saddle, and entering into a conversation with an officer at his side, he entirely ignored the presence of the prince, who, with a cold salute, turned his horse and galloped away, for even *he*, while in the character of a soldier, would not dare to utter a word in disrespect to his superior. But if revenge was denied to him in his present position, he could easily achieve it in the character of a prince. And he was not slow to avail himself of this opportunity.

A few minutes later, ere the group around the commander had yet dispersed, to the surprise of all there sounded the well-known bugle signal announcing the approach of a member of the imperial household. The general, as becomes his position, was at the head of the staff to receive so unexpected a visitor, when much to his chagrin, he perceived that it was Johann Salvator, who had returned, accompanied by his *attaches*. With unconcerned mien the prince galloped forward, and returning condescendingly the salute of the general, he demanded from him a report of the manœuvre, which the commander could not deny to his Imperial Highness. Then he expressed his desire to witness a defile of the troop, to which the general had to submit, and gave orders accordingly.

Closely the prince scrutinized each regiment, and when the last company had passed him, he turned to the general, and amid the respectful silence of all, he expressed in dignified language his disapproval of the manœuvre. "General," he continued, "it shows poor drilling and bad leadership. A rapid and radical change would indeed be very desirable. Entirely satisfied, however, am I with No.—" (again it was the prince's own). "Will you kindly transmit to its commander my thanks and my hearty approval of the excellent bearing which that regiment has shown during the defile?" So saying he turned about and galloped away, leaving behind him a cloud of dust and the stupefied general.—C. B., in *Harper's Magazine for April.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and postoffice address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y (25nov6m.

Prosperity of Our Country.

Just after the Revolutionary War, Lord Sheffield declared that "the American Continent was practically valueless for commercial purposes." "It was simply a vast wilderness which could never be thickly populated, with certain natural obstacles which rendered any extensive commerce impossible."

"The states on the Atlantic seaboard," he admitted, "might in time rise to some importance but the vast tract of inland territory was hardly worth consideration." He predicted that "settlements beyond the Alleghany mountains cannot become commercial, because there is no possible outlook to the sea for their products." "These mountains were a barrier to prosperity that could never be overcome."

In 1838 Mr. Van Buren in urging the Cherokees, Creeks and Choctaw indians to exchange their possessions in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi for lands west of Arkansas and assured them, in good faith, that "they could never be disturbed by white people because the land was not suitable for the white men, but admirably adapted to Indian life."

The United States enjoys every diversity of climate from Arctic snows to Equatorial heat, and, as a shrewd Yankee once said, "is bounded on the north by the Auro Borealis, on the east by the Rising sun, on the south by the South Pole and on the west by the day of Judgment." Its extent is simply unlimited and will with proper management at the head of the Government, continue to prosper and advance until the end of time.

The Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, on Bedloes Island, means much more than a mere monument to the greatness of a nation. We as a nation are truely enlightening the world Our schools of science are far ahead of those of the Old World. As a result of their researches, the lightening has been harnessed and made to do the bidding of man; to draw his coaches, to light his way by night with a brilliancy only equalled by the two great orbs of Heaven, by its agency the important events of Europe and the speeches of her statesmen are reported and published in the morning papers of America, in time to be read and commented upon at the breakfast table the next morning, and it is also used as a medium in the cure of diseases. The richest mines of coal, iron and petroleum in the world have been opened up and developed, and America now supplies the world with those commodities.

Another achievement of science has broken down Lord Sheffield's "barriers to prosperity" and removed the "natural obstacles to commerce" and now the "vast tract of inland territory" blooms with fields of waving grain and is dotted with populous and powerful cities rivaling, if not excelling those of Europe in commercial importance, has made of the Great American Desert a veritable Garden of Eden, blooming as the rose.

Owing to the inventive genius of an American, the cotton industry has now reached more than a hundred fold what it was before the Revolution, and a single state now produces more of that staple than the whole of Europe.

The voyage across the Atlantic, which was formerly attended with so much danger and hardship, requiring from six weeks to three months can now be accomplished in less than a week, with comparative safety, and the traveler is surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries of the most elaborately furnished parlor.

The continent has been spanned with iron, and the Atlantic and Pacific united with the longest continuous line of railroad in the world, thus bringing the great cities of the Atlantic Seaboard into direct communication with the rich gold regions of the Pacific Slope, and forming a commercial outlet for the products of the extensive and fertile prairie farms of the Interior Basin.

If Lord Sheffield could return from his grave and visit the Eastern cities, see the thousands of masts from the shipping in the harbors of the Atlantic coast, pointing towards the sky and resembling a pine forest denuded of its leaves, hear the hum of the busy machinery turning out the thousand and one articles ranging from a row of pins to a locomotive, and smell the smoke from the innumerable furnaces, then board a Pullman Palace Car and travel westward over mountains and through canons, passing on the way, through the populous cities of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, crossing the great Mississippi and Missouri rivers on the wonderful truss bridges, and as he traveled westward through the vast prairies between the Mississippi river and the Rocky mountains his attention would be attracted to the fields of golden grain, some of them nearly as large as a whole county in his native country and he would wonder as his eyes would fall for the first time upon the powerful steam reaper at work cutting, threshing, and bagging the wheat, which will soon be shipped across the Atlantic to supply the wants of his brethern in Great Britain, as he would be hurled rapidly on he would soon reach the mining regions of the Rocky mountains. Here he would behold men washing the precious metal from the sides of the hills, and hear the clatter of the stamp mills as the rich ore is crushed and separated from the shining metal, and as he would pass on, all the distance sleeping and taking his meals on the train, he would near the world famed Golden Gate of California.

Here, if it happened to be about sunset, a scene would greet his eye which, for grandeur and sublime beauty cannot be excelled in the whole world.

We repeat, if he could thus review the present condition and occupations of our sixty million people, witness the many sights to be seen in a trip across the continent, and experience the comforts and conveniences of overland travel, he would certainly predict for our country a much brighter future than his imagination pictured a hundred years ago.

What the future has in store no one can foresee, but certain it is that the past has witnessed a remarkable and almost incomprehensible growth both in area and power. No nation in all the history of man has made as rapid progress in a single century of existence.

We stand to-day a shining light, a bright star in the firmament of Heaven, a glorious example which the nations of the earth delight to follow.

W. E. L.

Benton, Pa. April 1st, 1888.

It is a well-known fact that Pond's Extract is used and recommended by more distinguished people than any preparation or remedy extant. For Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Sores, Ulcers, Piles, Frost Bites, &c., Pond's Extract is invaluable. *Avoid imitations.*

Bob Ingersoll is so irreverent that if he should see Death coming on a pale horse he would look around right away for the red-headed girl.—*Journal of Education.*