



It was half-past twelve, and the sun was shining brightly when I again rang the bell at old Frick's in the Drammen Road.

I had slept a few hours, handed in my report to the superintendent, and now I wanted to have the pleasure of giving old Frick his diamond back again.

I had taken a little more trouble than usual about my toilet; you can guess the reason why.

I was very pleased to find Miss Frick alone when I was ushered into the sitting-room. I thus had an opportunity of exchanging a few words with her; for when old Frick came in I knew only too well who would take up all the conversation.

She received me in a friendly manner, and when, without further ado, I showed her the diamond, she clasped her hands in joyful surprise.

"How glad you will be! When he once gets it back again he will look upon last night's affair as an exceedingly pleasant diversion. May I take it to him?"

"Yes, of course!"

"It was I who advised him to telephone to you in the night, Mr. Monk, and to-day I also assured him that you would be certain to find his tortoise again."

"It is a great pleasure, Miss Frick, to find you have such confidence in me. May I ask how you got to know of my name?"

The young girl blushed a little. "We have often read about you in the papers, and Einar tells me there isn't a case which you cannot clear up."

"I must thank your brother for his flattering opinion, and I am indebted to the burglars of last night for giving me this opportunity of making your acquaintance and the acquaintance with your family."

"But you must excuse me a moment, Mr. Monk. I must hurry away and find uncle and give him the diamond. I haven't even told him you are here!"

She ran out of the room, and I looked after her, enraptured. She was even prettier by daylight than by lamplight. Light, reddish-golden hair, blue eyes, a straight nose, and a beautiful shapely mouth, yet not of the smallest. As for her figure, it was that of a veritable Diana as she vanished from the room.

I stood looking out of the window, when the door opened.

The other half of the house was partitioned into two, forming a larger and a smaller room. The larger did duty as Mr. Frick's office, and there his nephew took up his residence in the morning among the heap of business books. The smaller room, which, on account of the many feet thick, brick walls, gave very little inside space, served as a fire-proof room for money and documents.

This room had no windows, and only one very solid, double iron door, which led into the before-mentioned room used as the museum.

It had been made according to my suggestion; for I reasoned thus: The office is, as a matter of course, the least-protected room in the building. It has windows, and necessarily a good many strangers will be going in and out there. The safest thing is to let the one door to the fire-proof room, where Frick likes to keep a large sum of ready money, lead out into the museum. It is only frequented by the people of the house and guests, and at night it is more secure against burglary than the office.

All round the garden there was an iron railing, twice as high as a man, and people who were going to the house had to ring a bell at the iron gate.

At that time, when I made old Frick's acquaintance, he had invested a great deal of his money in various enterprises, mostly industrial undertakings, and especially such as would bring new trade and industry to the country.

He himself took no part in the management of these undertakings, and the work in his office was not more than that which could be managed by himself and his nephew.

It was not long before I was a regular and, as far as I could perceive, a welcome guest at the villa; indeed, all through the winter there was scarcely a day when I did not visit there.

Old Frick was never tired of asking me about news from the police courts; but I soon realized that it was not so much my stories that interested him, as the fact that for each of my stories, which I tried to make as short as possible, he found opportunity to treat us to two or three of his own, which always took a long time.

He was, however, an admirable storyteller, and we often sat by the hour together, listening to him with the greatest interest.

Generally the party was limited to old Frick, Sigrid, and myself. Einar was a gay young fellow, who spent a good deal of his time and his money with his

companions, and he gave us but little of his society. Thus the three of us spent many pleasant evenings together.

CHAPTER III. MR. REGINALD HOWELL. Here was my first letter from Miss Frick:

DEAR MR. MONK.—My uncle wants you to come and dine with us to-morrow at five o'clock. He is expecting an Englishman to-day, a son of one of his old Australian comrades, and would like you to make his acquaintance.

Yours, SIGRID FRICK.

It was not a love letter, not even a friendly epistle, but quite the most conventional piece of writing one could receive; and yet it caused me great happiness when this note arrived, in the fine bold handwriting I got to know so well.

It was on a Saturday, a few days before Christmas. From the first day I had seen Sigrid Frick, until now, I had employed the time in falling in love as deplorably as ever a man can do, and I could see that my attentions were not displeasing to her. And so, as a matter of course, I accepted the invitation for dinner next day.

On my arrival at Villa Ballarat, I found old Frick beaming with delight. "Here he is, Monk; here he is!—Reginald Howell, son of my old friend Howell, who was the best man and the most faithful friend in the whole world. I don't think my old friend, even when he was young, had such a fine appearance as his son here; but his heart was as true as gold, and he was as reliable as a rock."

It would have been difficult for old Frick to get away from his reminiscences of old Howell, but luckily his niece recalled him to the present by intimating that he ought to introduce me to the young Englishman before he indulged in them further.

He was a tall, handsome young fellow, about my own age, and of the dark English type. His manners were easy and unaffected, as is usual with Englishmen of good birth.

There was nothing particularly attractive about his face, although he had fine eyes, somewhat dark, almost black, in fact, but without the fire in them that usually accompanies eyes of that color. His manners were rather insinuating, though not at all unpleasant.

I gradually learned to like him fairly well.

At first, it happened that he threw many a tender glance at Miss Frick, and on that account I felt not a little inclined to quarrel with him. But as this was only a repetition of what had happened in the past two months with half a dozen other young men who visited Villa Ballarat, I was sensible enough to allow these feelings to have only a momentary hold upon me.

He soon kept his eyes to himself, probably because he saw "how the land lay," as the sailors have it.

One thing which, in a great measure, spoke in the young Englishman's favor, was his apparent modesty.

When his father died the year before—he had until then lived in Australia—the son decided to go to Europe, and he took his passage on a sailing ship. But the vessel had caught fire in the open sea, and the passengers and crew had to take to the boats. Only one of the boats had reached land—the one in which Reginald Howell and eight others had saved themselves. But the boat foundered on a coral reef, and Mr. Howell at last found himself, the only survivor, on a little island. The natives were friendly to him, and after two months' stay there, he sighted a ship which brought him to England.

People seldom refuse to relate interesting stories when they concern themselves; but it was only after repeated appeals from old Frick that Mr. Howell was at last induced to give a very sober and curtailed description of his adventurous voyage.

It was easy to understand that he must have behaved very coolly and bravely under such terrible circumstances, and that it was only due to his presence of mind and courage that he was able to save himself, yet he seldom spoke of himself, and then always in the most modest manner possible.

In short, he had the habit, owing either to the way in which he had been brought up, or by nature, seldom or never of speaking about himself—a habit which never fails to make a favorable impression.

When the young man came to England, he of course gave the authorities an exact account of the wreck of the *Queen of the East*, and the fate of the crew. The account had been published in several of the English papers, and he laughingly proffered to show us some of these papers if we found his verbal account not exhaustive enough.

Mr. Howell had come to Norway at the express invitation of old Frick, who, when he had heard of his old friend's death, had written and asked his son to visit him in Norway. The young man had received Frick's letter just when he was on the point of sailing from Australia—he had already arranged previously to visit Europe—and had notified his departure by telegraph.

"You did right, Reginald, in coming as quickly as possible to your father's old friend. I suppose you intend to spend the winter with us. You can learn to go on 'ski' here; a fine sport, I can tell you. You must live with us. I have had two rooms made ready for you here in Villa Ballarat."

Mr. Howell said he thought he would avail himself of the invitation for one or two months; he was a keen sportsman, and had long ago made up his mind to have a look at, and a try at, ski-running.

(To be Continued.)

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Song and Story....

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still; The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill; The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call; The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain; This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again; We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go, Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: our loved and dead if they should come this day—Should come and ask us "What is life?" not one of us could say, Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;

Yet, oh how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed be the thought: "So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may show you naught; We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent, So all who enter death must go as little children sent. Nothing is known. But nearing God, and as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

Did She See?

A woman was discussing the English language with Rudyard Kipling. "Don't you think it strange, Mr. Kipling," said the woman with superior wisdom, "that sugar is the only word in the English language where an 's' and a 'u' come together and are pronounced 'sh'?"

Mr. Kipling's eyes twinkled as he answered: "Sure."

Was Willing to Try It Again.

Once when John D. Rockefeller was playing golf a negro lad crossed the links. Mr. Rockefeller had just given the ball a vigorous stroke and the lad received the missile squarely on the head. It was a heavy blow, but it only stunned the boy a little, and after blinking his eyes for a moment he was himself again.

Mr. Rockefeller, who had rushed up fearing that the boy had been badly injured was relieved to find that he took it so calmly, and, pulling a five dollar bill from his pocket he gave it to the youngster as a salve for his feelings.

The boy looked at the bill and grinned with delight. Then he looked at Mr. Rockefeller and inquired: "When is you goin to be playin' again?"

The Kind that Gets on.

Booker T. Washington, congratulated by a New York reporter on the success he had made of his life, said with a smile:

"I suppose I must be modest and declare that luck has had much to do with my progress, or, otherwise, I'll be in Senator Dash's shoes."

Senator Dash, of Tallapoosa, prided himself on his rise from the bottom, for Senator Dash, in his youth, had worked with the colored men in the cotton fields.

"Boasting at a political meeting about his rise, the senator singled out Uncle Calhoun Webster among his audience and said:

"I see before me old Calhoun Webster, beside whom, in the broiling southern sun, I toiled day after day. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to Uncle Calhoun. Tell us all Uncle, was I, or was I not, a good man in the cotton fields?"

"Yo, wuz a god man, senatah," the aged negro replied, "yo' wuz a good man fo' a fack; but yo' sut' my didn't work much." —Washington Star.

Here is a touching war story that was printed in the "London Nursing Mirror." It was told in a West Country Hospital by one of many British soldiers who lay there.

The British had taken a German trench with bayonet. Two British soldiers badly wounded lay besides a dying German in the trench.

"What wouldn't I give for a drink!" called out one Tommy to the other. The German understood the word "drink" for it is much like the word in his own language.

The soldier who lived to tell the tale, said "He kep' sayin', 'ere,' and pointin' to his side. We thought he wanted liffin' up, and couldn't rest easy; so, after a bit, I managed to lift myself up and give him a pull, and then I found he was lyin' on his water bottle. It was full of wine and water, and I put it to his lips.

"Pore chap! He was nigh done for, but he sez, 'No, not me. I die—you drink! He died, too, he did, and later some of us buried him proper."

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If Lincoln Had Commanded at Gettysburg?

In John Hay's war-time diary, published for the first time in Harper's Magazine, Hay makes a definite statement that Lincoln thought at one time of taking command of the Union armies in the field.

"News traveled with desperate slowness to those kept in suspense at the White House during this crisis. The battle of Gettysburg ended at dark on July 3, 1863; and yet for more than a week following, doubt and hope alternated in Lincoln's mind as to whether the Union general, Meade, would complete his victory by destroying Lee's army. On Saturday, July 11, 1863, Hay writes:

"The President seemed in specially good humor today, as he had pretty good evidence that the enemy were still on the north side of the Potomac, and Meade had announced his intention of attacking them in the morning. The President seemed very happy in the prospect of a brilliant success.

"Sunday, 12th July—Rained all the afternoon. Have not yet heard of Meade's expected attack.

"Monday, 13th—The President begins to grow anxious and impatient about Meade's silence. I thought and told him there was nothing to prevent the enemy from getting away by the Falling Waters if they were not vigorously attacked. Nothing can save them if Meade does his duty. I doubt him. He is an engineer.

"14th July—This morning the President seemed depressed by Meade's despatches of last night. They were so cautiously and almost timidly worded—talking about reconnoitering to find the enemy's weak places, and other such. About noon came the despatches stating that our worst fears were true. The enemy had gotten away unhurt. The President was deeply grieved. 'We had them within our grasp,' he said; 'we had only to stretch forth our hands and they were ours. And nothing I could say or do could make the army move.'

"Several days ago we sent a despatch to Meade which must have cut like a scourge, but Meade returned so reasonable and earnest reply that the President concluded he knew best what he was doing, and was reconciled to the apparent inaction, which he hoped was merely apparent.

"Every day he has watched the progress of the army with agonising impatience, hope struggling with fear. He has never been easy in his own mind about General Meade, since Meade's General Order in which he called on his troops to drive the invader from our soil. The President says: 'This is a dreadful reminiscence of McClellan. The same spirit that moved McClellan to claim a great victory because Pennsylvania and Maryland were safe. The hearts of ten million people sank within them when McClellan raised that shout last fall. Will our generals never get that idea out of their heads? The whole country is our soil.'

"15th July—Robert Lincoln says the President is silently but deeply grieved about the escape of Lee. He said: 'If I had gone up there I could have whipped them myself.' (And Hay adds) I know he had that idea."

Advertisement for Second National Bank, featuring an image of a hand holding a check and the text 'Just Sign and Cash'.

Advertisement for R. Reich & Son, 'The Home Furnishers', located at 120 Centre St., Meyersdale.

Advertisement for Baltimore & Ohio Niagara Falls tickets, priced at \$12, with return dates from July 23 to October 15.

Advertisement for Waverly Gasoline 76° Special Motor-Auto, highlighting its quality and availability.

Advertisement for 'Our Job Work', stating 'Our work is of the best and our prices are right'.

Advertisement for 'Rheumatic Sufferer's Given Quick Relief', featuring an image of a medicine bottle and a testimonial.

Advertisement for 'Castoria' for infants and children, noting its long history of use.