



It was as I had suspected. The yacht had got under way, and was sailing out of the harbor to eastward, between the islands, as the wind did not admit of steering in a northerly direction. We were already about a quarter of a mile away from the anchorage.

"On our next tack we shall clear Tun-geness," continued Mr. Howell, "and then you know for yourselves how far it is out to sea."

"I looked at Monk, and I must confess my heart beat quicker than usual; but Monk smiled back in a manner which plainly said that nothing unexpected had happened."

"Presently a great whining sound cut through the air and forced its way through the open port-hole in the cabin. Monk, with a friendly nod to the Englishman, asked:

"What do you think that is?" "It is the grey gunboat, which is trying her steam whistle; but I promise we shall not be long troubled by her infernal noise; the wind freshens."

The Englishman threw himself comfortably into a chair. "This won't do any longer, Mr. Howell," said Monk, and this time his voice was again sharp and stern. "I suspected you would try and play us this trick, and so make your position worse, and so I allowed you to try it."

"What the devil do you mean?" "Be silent, and listen to me. It is time we came to the serious part of the business. The noise we heard comes, as you say, from the gunboat, and it was the signal which to me means that at this moment she is getting under way and making for this yacht. When she is alongside us, she will, by persuasion or force, compel you to turn back to Stavanger harbor. With this wind the yacht makes five or six knots, while the gunboat makes sixteen; so you can calculate for yourself how long it will take before she is alongside us."

It was a study to watch the Englishman's face as Monk spoke; it became pale and green with anger and disappointment. But he still tried to hold the position.

Do you mean to tell me that a Norwegian gunboat dares to stop an English yacht which has done nothing unlawful? It will cost the captain his position, if no more; you know that, as well as I do."

"This morning, at nine o'clock," answered Monk, quietly, "I was on board the gunboat, and after having stated my case, the captain gave orders to fire up."

At twelve the steam would be up, and until then I postponed my visit to your yacht. I informed the captain that I had business on board here, but that it was not improbable we might be exposed to violent treatment. It was arranged that if we did not leave the yacht within two hours, the captain was to send a boat and fetch us; and if the yacht weighed anchor without our having left, the gunboat was to follow and compel the yacht to return. Do you think the captain will hesitate at stopping the yacht, when he knows that two Norwegian subjects are retained on board and let the yacht again anchor, and the gunboat will not trouble us. That's the only way in which you can avoid a scandal. Do you understand me?"

The Englishman did not at first answer a word, but he made a wry face. After a short pause he violently pulled a bell rope, which hung beside his chair, and the captain of the yacht entered, with his gold-braided cap in hand.

if you win provide us with proof that Miss Frick, as she was then, had nothing to do with the robbery."

"Very well; I am willing. Ask, and I will reply."

"Who was it you photographed in the museum in front of the cupboard with the black diamond in her hand? I mean the photograph which you later on handed over to the court?"

"It was the maid—Evelina Reiersen; wasn't that her name?" "And you saw that she took the diamond and went away with it?"

"Yes."

"Was it quite accidentally that you happened to take the photograph? It was taken from the reflection in a mirror, was it not?"

"Yes, it was taken in a mirror. I came quite by accident into the museum, and she was so taken up with examining the diamond that she did not notice my presence until I had already photographed her. I knew she was doing something wrong, and thought there would be no harm in photographing her."

"Why did you turn toward the glass, instead of taking the photograph directly? You stood behind her, did you not?"

"Well, yes," said the Englishman, looking suspiciously at Monk, whose face was immovable. "Yes, I did. It was by mere chance I turned my apparatus toward the glass."

"How did the diabolical idea enter your head to make use of the photograph as evidence against Miss Frick?"

"Diabolical or not diabolical, she had offended me, no matter how, and I revenged myself. I had never taken a photograph in a mirror before, and so I examined the picture with the magnifying glass. You know how interested I am in snap-shots."

"Oh, yes; and then you observed all that about the clock—the right and left hands, and all the rest of it?"

"Exactly; it occurred to me that it might turn out unpleasant enough for Miss Frick. So I waited till the case came before the court, and then I sent a note to the counsel for the defence, which told him how he could get his client off."

"How did you know Miss Frick had been to the pawnbroker's? Speak out; for the sooner this is over, the better."

"Well, I knew young Frick had got into difficulties—the young greenhorn would insist on playing high with me and my friends—and I knew, too, that he had written his uncle's name on a bill for four thousand kroners."

take care of himself," I answered reluctantly. I felt disgusted with the cold-blooded scoundrel. "You ought rather to hope you will never see him again."

The subject of our conversation appeared again at this moment.

"Now, Mr. Howell, where is the proof you speak of? You will no doubt agree that the sooner this interview comes to an end, the better."

The Englishman opened a cupboard, rummaged awhile in a drawer, and came back to the table with something which looked like a folded letter in his hand.

"Everything may be of use in time—that is the reason I did not burn it. Here is a letter from Evelina, written the same day she hanged herself. It will be more than sufficient for you. But it's understood that no difficulty will be placed in my way to leave, if I give up the letter?"

"You have our word of honor that no information will be given to the police, and that nothing shall hinder your departure if you furnish us with the sufficient proofs of my wife's innocence."

The Englishman threw the letter across the table. Monk opened it and read aloud:

DEAR MR. HOWELL,—You are the only one who has shown any kindness to me in my misfortune, but all your kindness is wasted on a creature who is doomed to destruction. You warned me, long ago, against the wretch whom I believed in so blindly, but more than that was necessary to open my eyes.

He first persuaded me to steal in order to find the means for our marriage, and then he deserted me with the fruits of my crime. All the same, I was glad of your offer to get me acquitted, and thus enable me to marry the man I loved, not so much for my own sake, as for—

Then he deceived me again. I know that yesterday he left the country, and at the same time I learnt that my benefactor, Miss Frick, is accused of the crime which I have committed.

I know, of course, you will not let her suffer—you, who are her friend, and that of her family. But how can you prove her innocence without revealing that you deceived the court in order to help me, a poor girl whom you pitied?"

I do not understand much of this kind of thing; but I see that my life is useless, and that there is one way in which I can prove Miss Frick's innocence without being imprisoned myself.

When you get to hear I am no longer alive, then cut off the lowest slip of this paper and send it to the authorities. I cannot rely on my mother. She has a suspicion it was I who took the diamond, and worries me every day to tell her what has become of the money.

At the bottom was written in large, but irregular letters:

I and no one else stole Mr. Frick's diamond, and sold it to Mr. Jurgens for five thousand kroners. I, and no one else, shall suffer for my crime!

those who at the time threw stones at Sigrid."

"No one was found guilty," said Monk; "and I do not believe we could get the matter taken up again, except—"

Here Monk glanced at his wife. "All the people whose opinion I value," answered Mrs. Monk, softly, "know my story as well as I know it myself, and I shudder at the thought of appearing again in court."

"I have an idea," I exclaimed, "which solves the difficulty. I will write a novel about old Frick's diamond! The whole town will read it, of course. Then, don't you see, Innocence will be vindicated, Justice appeased, and I, as a just and fitting reward for my efforts in the cause of Right, will undoubtedly be crowned with the immortelles of Literary Success. What do you say to the plan?"

Old Frick jumped up, and seizing my hands within his own, shook them so vigorously that they fairly ached before he let them go again. "Just the thing!" he shouted; just the thing! You've hit it! Won't it surprise some of 'em! Oh, won't it! Ha! ha! my boy, go ahead! I'll supply the paper and the pens—I'll supply 'em, and the ink, too!"

And he returned to his seat beaming delightedly. Monk and his wife, interrogating each other's eyes, said nothing, but smiled their approval; and I, seeing it, felt it to be sufficient.

As for my wife, she leant back in her chair, and, tilting her head roughly to one side, laughed wickedly.

"I only hope he won't find the immortelles too heavy for continuous wear," was all she said.

THE END.

Catching Birds with a Line. Birds are often caught with fishing lines. Swallows and martins seize the angler's fly. Albatross are fished for in the southern ocean from the stern of an Australian clipper. But it does not often happen that a bird takes a hook and is hauled up from far below the surface of the sea. This was the catch made by a Scotch fisherman using a long line baited with a whitening. He was surprised at the weight of his capture before he brought it to the surface, but still more astonished when he saw that he had hooked a great northern diver, which had seized the whitening many fathoms below the surface. He managed to get the bird, which weighed as much as eight pounds, into the boat, and tried to get it off the hook. It retaliated by darting at his face with its bayonet-like beak, and split the skin of his forehead from the eyebrows to the hair, after which it badly pierced his hands before he killed it with a stretcher. These divers have been caught in nets set thirty fathoms deep.

A Millionaire's Fire Company. A number of the millionaires who live in one of the Philadelphia suburbs have formed a fire department of their own and are to build an engine house and fully equip it with all the necessary up-to-date apparatus at their own expense. They will employ a large fire company and so protect their own summer homes. Among the members of the organization are John Wanamaker, P. A. B. Widener and C. A. Barney.

Two-thirds of the dignity we encounter in our daily walks is merely bluff. The pawnbroker acts as timekeeper for men who fight hard luck.

Returned with Thanks. Once upon a time the late Guy Wetmore Caryl sold a story to a publisher of magazines. After several months had gone by he received a proof of the story and a note from the publisher. The latter was to the effect that, although the story had been bought, it was hardly worth the magazine wanted, and that he would be greatly obliged to Mr. Caryl if that gentleman would sell the story elsewhere and send him the check.

The publisher in question owns a number of grocery stores, and Caryl was somewhat of a wag. Therefore, his opportunity for obtaining the revenge that he felt was due lay right at his hand. Buying a large can of tomatoes, he removed part of the contents, sealed the can up again, and mailed it to the offending publisher, with this note:

"Dear Sir: The inclosed can of tomatoes was purchased by me from one of your stores. Although the purchase was made in good faith, I find that the change of policy compels me to return the goods to you and ask you to dispose of them elsewhere, re- mitting to me the ten cents that they should bring when you collect. The fact that I am returning this can does not necessarily indicate lack of merit, as many factors enter into the selection of material for filling a modern stomach, and what does not suit me may be exactly what someone else is looking for."—Lippincott's.

# KNOW THY COUNTRY

## Express

The express companies handle more than three hundred million express packages in the United States annually, and during one recent year \$4,000,000,000 was dispatched to practically all corners of the earth by express and not one cent went astray. More than \$1,500,000,000 of this amount was handled for the United States government.

The value of property owned by the express companies is \$27,154,000 and represents the assessed value of land and buildings, horses, wagons, trucks, safes, chests, office furniture and other property. In this valuation are included 17,000 wagons, autos and sleighs and 20,000 head of horses and mules. The number of horses and mules used in this industry exceeds the total number of work animals in the United States cavalry or in the entire state of Delaware.

Eleven important express companies operate in the United States. These express companies, according to recent figures compiled by the interstate commerce commission, operate over 301,064 miles of line. Ninety-two per cent of this mileage is over steam roads, 5 per cent over steamboat lines and the remaining mileage is operated over electric lines and stage-coach routes.

The operating expenses of the express companies in America in 1913 aggregated \$79,216,000. This does not include the amount paid to carriers for express privileges. Today this industry carries on its pay roll 80,000 people, who receive an aggregate of \$40,000,000 in salaries and wages annually. Seventy per cent of the express companies' revenue, after deducting the amount paid the railways for express privileges, goes to meet the pay roll of this industry.

The income account of the companies in 1913 was around \$168,880,000, which included earnings from transportation, money orders, C. O. D. checks and other sources, but approximately \$38,872,000 of this amount was paid to the railroads, steamship lines, etc., for express privileges. The express companies pay one-half of their total income to the railroads for express privileges.

Revenue derived from the government by the railways for handling mail during the past ten years has increased 20 per cent, while that paid by the express companies has increased 105 per cent during this period.

The C. O. D. service, a simple and effective method of selling merchandise without risk to the owner and shipper, has been and is an important factor in extending trade relations between thousands of manufacturers, merchants and individuals. Approximately five million C. O. D. shipments are handled by express companies annually.

The "commissions" executed by the express companies are an important function in their business. The express companies will make purchases of any article desired, and while they do not purchase and sell food or other commodities for their own account, they perform a similar service for the benefit of their patrons.

ging potatoes, and the borax potatoes on a farm are laid in rows. The lumps of borax, however, are probably five or six times as numerous as real potatoes would be in the same area. The lumps of borax varied from the size of a hen's egg to pieces of one and two cubic feet in size. They lay close below the surface, and when broken were soft looking, like moist snow.

"After lying in rows in the air, subject to the intensely drying winds that swept over the plains, the wet snow color became white, like pure, dry snow, the lumps became hard, the weight diminished more than half, by reason of the evaporation of the water. The borax then contained about 45 per cent of pure boracic acid. In some places borax lay in unbroken seams fifteen to twenty inches thick."

Progress in Siam. Until eleven years ago there was not an inch of railway in Siam. A Belgian firm has just carried out a huge railway building contract. Railroads are sprouting everywhere. Siam is leaping forward as Japan did. She has had her future king in England for nine years and he has gone back now to learn something about his own country. "I will be his teacher," said his father at the banquet when they welcomed him home from Sandhurst and Oxford. While the prince was westernizing his mind in England they were westernizing matters in Siam.

England sent them officers from India to teach them to police their districts. Belgium sent two assistants to help a British adviser to the ministry of justice in the matter of legal administration. A busy little Japanese lawyer is remodeling the whole legal code of the country. The king has his harem and his sacred umbrella and all manner of fumery, but he has ships with quick-firing guns.

Mere woman is not counted as a personal entity in the census of Siam, but the queen appears in bloomers and fancy blouse at public receptions. Electric street cars, controlled by Danes, run at a fast pace over an eleven-mile route in and about Bangkok.

The Czar's Lack of Confidence. Illustrative of the Czar's lack of confidence in the Russians who surrounded him is the following incident: Czar Nicholas I. had some trouble with his back and his physician ordered massage treatment. But Nicholas declared himself unable to find a single man whom he dared trust for the simple operation. He sent to Frederick William IV. of Prussia, asking that a few non-commissioned officers of the Prussian guards might be allowed to wait upon him. The application was granted, and the officers acted as masseurs and returned to Berlin laden with rich presents. "I know my Russians," Nicholas told them. "So long as I can look them in the face everything is well, but I will not risk letting them work behind my back."

Longest Christian Name. Mrs. James Gill of Toledo, O., has the longest Christian name on record. Her father was responsible for it. It is written in the family Bible as follows: "Mississippi Arkansas Napoleon Four Hundred Miles Below the Mouth of the Ohio Abster." Mr. Abster explained that his daughter was named in honor of an aunt who lived at Napoleon on the Mississippi river in Arkansas, 400 miles below the mouth of the Ohio.

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