

aliciously as
drawer the city
off and carried it to
That night at dinner
spoke somewhat vexedly
recollect Pauline, my dear, that I
promised you should have that set of
furs in Wicket's?"

"How could I forget, dad? You don't
mean that you have really ordered
for me?" cried Pauline delight-
edly.

"I was about to do so yesterday
when I lost my pocketbook. I'd been
to the bank and drawn the cash, was
bringing it home to you, when some-
how, somewhere not far from home
I lost the confounded thing. You'll
have to wait another week for the
furs, puss."

"What sort of pocketbook was it,
dad?" asked Pauline mechanically.
The question seemed a natural one
enough now—she had interviewed so
many lost property owners that day.

"New one I bought a week ago, red
russet, had four hundred in it and a
clipping of some sort about queer uses
of electricity."

"Dad?" cried Pauline tragically.
"Well?" asked her father. "I know
it was careless, but—"

"It isn't that, but I believe I found
that very pocketbook yesterday. I'd
retrieved it in this morning's paper."

"Well, by Jove, where is it?" asked
her father, with keen interest.
"I don't know where it is now," con-
fessed Pauline. "I've interviewed doz-
ens of people today. It does seem as
though the streets must be strewn with
pocketbooks, so many have been lost."

I was most particular about identifi-
cation, and it happened that the last
young man who called described the
pocketbook so accurately that I gave
it to him."

Mr. Lester knitted his brows thought-
fully. "That's very queer, Pauline.
You better tell me all about it and be
sure and recollect all you can about
the people who called in regard to the
matter. You see, there are many dis-
honest men, and women, too, for that
matter, who make a business of an-
swering advertisements of that sort.
Sometimes they can guess very ac-
curately at the appearance of a lost
article. Indeed, so clever are they that
they manage to possess themselves
of many articles to which they have
not the slightest right. Did you
find a clipping in the book?"

Pauline flushed at her own vanity
in attributing the possession of her
picture to some infatuated young man
when it was that dearest of men, her
father, after all, who had preserved her
likeness.

"I didn't notice the clipping, dad,"
she said, "but I did find a magazine
reproduction of my portrait—that and
the money."

"I certainly did not have your pic-
ture, Pauline, but that is a detail. Tell
me what you can about the people who
came today."

Pauline did so, omitting no incident
that she could remember and calling
upon her maid to substantiate any
doubtful points in her narrative. When
she had concluded Mr. Lester stood
mirthfully.

"Never mind, Pauline; but it is rather
funny, you know. I'm afraid there
was more avarice than romance in the
situation. Very likely the last half
dozen men who called were in league
to claim the pocketbook. By clever
guessing and the process of eliminat-
ing certain facts the last claimant was
able to give a rather accurate descrip-
tion of the article and so assured you
of his ownership. There, my dear,
don't feel badly. Almost anybody
might have been deceived in the same
way. Suppose you come to my study
and show me the picture. You say
you kept that."

Quite mortified and very penitent,
Pauline fetched the clipping from her
room and laid it on her father's desk.
Mr. Lester adjusted his eyeglasses and
looked critically at the clipping. Then
he nodded approval.

"Very good indeed, Pauline." Then
he turned the paper over and smiled
humorously. "Some Peculiar Uses of
Electricity," he read, handing the
clipping to her.

Pauline looked and blushed painful-
ly. "What a vain goose I am! Are
you not ashamed to have such a fool-
ish daughter? But it was a coinci-
dence, wasn't it?"

Mr. Lester drew her down to his
knee and kissed her gently. "There
is more to this matter, Pauline. I
happened into Frank Seymour's office
today and picked up this clipping from
his desk. He had just cut it from a
magazine, and it lay 'electricity' side
up. I read part of it and asked him
if I might borrow the clipping. He
seemed rather embarrassed. I under-
stand the reason now. The sly young
dog!"

Pauline buried her blushing face on
his shoulder. "You don't mind, dad?"
she whispered.

"Yes and no, Pauline," he admitted
between a sigh and a smile. "It is
not unexpected, and when Frank
comes send him to me, and you need
not be afraid of the outcome."

Christmas Prize

She Won It Easily and a Gift
For the Church Besides

By ROSA G. THORNDYKE
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Association.

"Girls," said Sadie Armsby to half
a dozen companions composing a com-
mittee to raise church funds for
Christmas, "it's a crying shame for
that Mr. Sytler to be permitted to shut
himself up in that fortress of his with
all his money, which he might use in
making people happy at Christmas
time, and never giving away a cent
of it to any one. He's too mean to
live."

"It isn't meanness," said Martha
Fowler; "he's writing some ponderous
book and doesn't wish to be distur-
bed."

"Hump!" said Lou Thorpe. "He
doesn't mind being disturbed by men;
it's only women he won't let come any-
where near him."

"I've heard he's very generous," re-
marked Irene Wilson—"that is, he
would be if one could get at him to
interest him in giving."

"He's handsome as a picture," said
Miss Thorpe.

"Why is it," asked Helen Dudley,
a stranger, "that no woman can get at
him?"

"Simply because he's built a house
separate from all other houses and
keeps a butler in lieu of a sentinel,
who, if any woman calls for a sub-
scription or any other business, be-
comes the medium of communication.
She can never see Mr. Sytler."

"It's my opinion," said Miss Fowler,
"that some woman should effect an en-
trance to this castle of his, get him out
and make a normal man of him. I've
heard the story about him—I mean
what caused him to shun women. A
girl once came to him and told him
something another girl had said about
him. He gave a handsome present to
the girl who said what was repeated
to him and cut the talebearer the next
time he met her on the street. Since
that episode he won't let a woman
come near him."

"He must be narrow minded to shun
the whole sex for the sin of one," re-
marked Miss Dudley.

"He's abnormally honorable,"
replied Miss Quigley—"Jacqueline
Leroy. And I think she'd like the
job. She's downed every man in the
town, and I have no doubt she's sig-
naling for some one else to conquer. Let's
offer her a prize if she'll bring Mr.
Sytler to the church Christmas party
on Christmas eve."

"I should think," remarked Miss
Armsby, "that if he's such a stickler
for honorable conduct some girl who
would be above making conquests for
fun would be more likely to succeed
with him."

"Oh, Sadie," protested Miss Quigley,
"you make me tired! Do you think a
man is drawn by a woman's honorable
conduct? Send him a fascinator and
the more dishonorably she treats him
the quicker she'll snare him."

"One of these rattlers, a bosom friend
of Miss Leroy, was commissioned to
go to her and offer her a present if
she would bring Westcott Sytler to the
Christmas church party. Miss Leroy,
instead of declining the bribe with in-
dignation, wished to know what it
would be and when told told that she
would receive a dozen pairs of gloves
struck for two dozen. Her terms hav-
ing been accepted, she began to lay
plans for getting her clutches on the
victim."

"Just think," observed Miss Thorpe
when she heard of this nefarious con-
tract, "of sending a girl with no sense
of honor at all to catch an abnormally
honorable man."

Miss Leroy's comeliness was a mat-
ter of dispute. By some she was called
pretty, by others homely. When her
face was at rest there was no beauty
in it, but when it lighted up it changed
completely, taking on an expression of
mingled innocence and childlike-ness.
Every one spoke of "that guileless
face" she had with her. Probably her
most effective feature was her eyes.
They were dark brown ones, and she
could look out of them anything she
pleased. Her principal use for them
was to send expressions of injured in-
nocence.

Miss Leroy determined to make a
reconnaissance of Sytler castle, as it
was called by the young women of the
place. Taking a book under her arm,

Keep in the Sunshine.
There are only two kinds of people in
the world—the people who live in the
shadow and gloom and those who live
on the sunny side of the street. These
shadowed ones are sometimes called
pessimists, sometimes people of mel-
ancholy temperament; sometimes they
are called disagreeable people. But,
wherever they go, their characteristic
is this—their shadows always travel on
before them. These people never bear
their own burden, but expose all their
wounds to others. They are all so
busy looking down for pitfalls and
sharp stones and thorns on which to
step that they do not even know that
there are any stars in the sky. These
folks live on the wrong side of the
street. And yet it is only twenty feet
across to the other sidewalk, where
sunshine always lies.—Newell Dwight
Hillis.

An Inquisitive Scot.
Scotchmen are fond of an argument
and delight to find flaws in an op-
ponent's logic. Two blacksmiths were
once conversing as to which was the
first trade in the world. One insisted
that it must have been gardening and
quoted from Genesis, "Adam was put
into the garden of Eden to dress it
and keep it." "Aye, John," retorted
the other, who had stood up for his
own trade, "but what made the
spades?"

Strange.
I never did
He resumed his work
interrupted by a slight
light. Looking for
was astonished to see a figure
appeared by the length of her dress to
be about thirteen years old—up in the
tree and making efforts to reach the
kite with one hand, while she clung to
a branch with the other. Mr. Sytler
threw up the sash and said to her:
"What are you doing up in a tree
trying to regain a kite in December?
This isn't kite time."

"My little brother was flying his kite,
and it came down in your tree. I
didn't suppose you'd mind my trying
to get it. I'm very sorry to have in-
truded."

She looked as if she would cry.
"My dear child, of course I don't
mind. Stop a bit. I'll get a broom
handle or something to poke it with."

He ran away from the window, pro-
cured a rod and ran back. The kite
was still dangling, but the girl was
nowhere to be seen. A dread that she
had fallen gave Mr. Sytler a cold chill.
Leaning out of the window, there she
lay under the tree, apparently uncon-
scious. To run down and out to
where she had fallen required but half
a minute. Scolding no sign of life, he
took the child up in his arms, carried
her into the house and laid her on a
lounge. He was surprised at her
weight.

"William!" he yelled.
The butler entered the room, but
got no farther than the door when he
was ordered to call a doctor. At that
moment Sytler felt a hand clutch his
arm and a forced voice say:
"No, no! I'm not badly hurt. Give
me a little time and I'll be all right."

"Never mind, William; wait awhile.
Bring a—What have we in the line
of restoratives—whisky? No; that
won't do. These creatures require
something struck under their noses.
I haven't smelling salts. Bring a glass
of wine."

William retired and returned with
the wine. His master took it from
him at the door and, going to the
girl, asked her to drink a little of it.
She barely touched it to her lips,
made a wry face and handed it back.
Two brown eyes looked up at him
with an expression he was not likely
soon to forget.

"I suppose," she said in a self re-
proachful tone, "that my fall is a
punishment for trespassing."

"Not at all, my dear child. You were
quite welcome to try to recover your
brother's kite."

"I'm much better now," she said.
"I'm going home."
"I'll send you in my auto."
"No; I'll go on foot, thank you. I
must run along; mamma will be wor-
ried."

"But the kite?"
"Oh, never mind that."
"Here's a dollar; buy your brother
another."

As she went out she showed signs
of weakness, and he supported her.
He tried to dissuade her from going
alone, but she was firm. He said he
would send to inquire about her, and
she gave him her address. Then she
dragged herself away.

The next morning William called to
know how the little girl was and was
told that she was in a critical condi-
tion. This brought his master. He
was ushered into a room where the
"little girl" lay on a lounge, but as
there was no short skirt to give her
the appearance of a child Sytler saw
what seemed to him to be a young
woman somewhere between seventeen
and twenty years old.

He saw Jack Leroy. She had flown
the kite herself and brought it down
after many attempts upon Mr. Sytler's
apple tree. When he went away from
the window she had scurried to a tree
and had only time to make an in-
conspicuous but graceful position on
the ground when he returned.

There was an air of con-
trasting with Mr. Sytler's
bachelor quarters. A cheerful fire
blazed on the hearth, the hangings were
in perfect taste, the pictures were at-
tractive, and a silken blanket grace-
fully covered the "little girl" from the
waist down. Sytler's call lasted a
couple of hours.

When Christmas eve came the prize
that had been offered for Mr. Sytler's
capture was almost forgotten, and
those who remembered it never
dreamed of Jack's winning it. When
the members of the congregation were
assembled for the Christmas festi-
vities a belated couple walked in to
gulf mud. A dozen girls uttered ex-
clamations of astonishment. The pair
were Jacqueline Leroy and Westcott
Sytler. Miss Leroy marched in as
unassumingly as if she had caught a
sparrow. The same innocent smile
played about her lips; the same guile-
less look was in her eye. No one would
have dreamed that she had accomplish-
ed anything unusual.

Mr. Sytler left a check for \$1,000
with the treasurer of the church.

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own trade, "but what made the
spades?"

is Stronger
A. MITCHELL
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I have been on the sea for forty
years and have passed through many
dangers. Thus I have had ample
opportunity to observe how different
people will act in the presence of death.
Three times have I been carried from
a stranded ship over boiling seas in
a breeches buoy and twice down
with the ship. While I can't say that
I have become used to it, yet I have
gained self control in the presence of
death, and this has enabled me to
take notice of the action of others
similarly situated.

Up to a certain point a marine dis-
aster is like a battle, many on board
being sustained by an endeavor to
avert the catastrophe. But once all
effort has become useless those ex-
posed to the merciless waters sink to
a condition of despair. Then the timid
woman may rise above the vigorous
man, and a little child may show more
fortitude than all. Once, and only
once, in my long experience have I
witnessed a case where the fear of
death from the waves was swallowed
by something stronger.

In 187— I was captain of a steamer
fitted up for the passenger service and
running between New York and Ber-
muda. One trip we made at a season
when travel was at a minimum
and carried very few passengers. The
day we sailed the weather was fair.
The few passengers were supposed to
be on board, and the gangplank was
about to be drawn in when a man was
seen running through the dock house
for the steamer. I was leaning over
the rail at the time to see that all was
clear for pulling out, and as soon as
the newcomer was aboard I turned
away. Then I saw a passenger stand-
ing on the deck pale as a ghost.

"Did he get aboard?" he asked.
"Yes," I replied and gave the signal
to move. I had too much on my mind
to give any thought to the incident.

LET FALL HIS BLOWS WITH THE FEET OF
A DEMON.

It was half an hour after this that I
left the bridge in charge of the first
mate and went below to make an ex-
amination. By this time the passengers
knew that the ship was about to go to
pieces. Passing through the cabin, I
found them all, except Burton, grouped
while one of them was praying.

"Are we lost, captain?" asked all at
once.

"I am going to see," I replied and
hurried away. Passing down a com-
panionway, I entered a lower deck.
It was dark, but not so dark that I
could not discern objects. And this is
the sight I saw through the gloom.

There was the long bodied, short
legged carpenter defending himself
against the stilted Burton. Carpen-
ter's weapon was a heavy furnace
poker, Burton's a cutlass that he had
stolen from among a lot of old arms
that had been locked up in the ship for
years. Burton made his thrusts and
let fall his blows with the fury of a
demon, while Carpenter, though on the
defensive, had been driven to bay and
was no less wildly vindictive. Both
men were covered with blood.

The contrast between this picture
and that of the huddled passengers I
had just left occurring under the
frigid conditions made my blood
run cold. The ship and passengers
were in my care. I was going to find
out how great was the damage from
the strain—whether, indeed, we had
minutes or hours before being engulfed—
and yet my steps were momentari-
ly arrested by the sight of two human
beings seeking to kill each other in
the very presence of another, a more
fearful, ending. Yet it was but a
glance I gave them, then hurried on.

I found the stilted man, but there
were braces that hid fair to still hold
the ship together for some time. Har-
ling noted this, I hurried back to the
bridge by another route than that by
which I had come, for I desired to
shut off both the praying passengers
and the fighting enemies. As soon as
I reached the deck I noticed a lull in
the wind and saw a yellow strip of
light on the horizon in the direction
from which the storm had come. I
sent an officer to the passengers be-
low to tell them the hurricane had
passed and there was hope that the
ship would not break in two.

It was not till the next morning
that I considered the danger past.
Then I went below to announce the
good news to the passengers. All
were in the cabin except Burton and
Carpenter. As I left them I heard
the voice of a passenger raised in
thanksgiving for having been spared.
I went on into the place where I had
left the two men fighting and found
them lying stone dead. What the ele-
mental tempest had passed over the
storm of hate had taken.

Their secret died with them. Noth-
ing ever afterward came up to give
a clew to the nature of the feud be-
tween them. We buried them at sea,
sliding both over the ship's side to-
gether.

A Christmas Game.
The "chest" may be arranged in any
way that will hide one of the players.
The game is based on the old poem,
"Mistletoe Bough:"
The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The nobby branch shone on the old oak
wall.
The baron's retainers were blithe and
gay
A-keeping the Christmas holiday.
The "retainers" all form a ring about
the "lover," who is blindfolded. The
retainers sing:
Here we are so blithe and gay,
Keeping our Christmas holiday.
Oae will hide in the chest hereby.
To guess who it is you must surely try.
With that one of the "retainers" runs
and hides in the improvised chest.
The "lover" is led to it, and he may
ask questions of the hidden one, who
may reply by "Yes" or "No," disguis-
ing the voice. By these answers the
"lover" must tell who the retainer is.
If he fails he must try again. When
he succeeds, the hidden person becomes
the lover.

The Mean Thing.
"Phyllis is the meanest kind of a gos-
siper."
"What makes you think so?"
"Because she never tells you any-
thing herself, but gets you to tell her
all you know."

STAI
NOW IN SCE.

Other Part of Cullinan Diamond
Adorns British Crown.

QUEEN MARY MAY WEAR BOTH.

Famous Gems Can Be Removed From
Emblems of Empire and Used as
Pendant—Finder of 3,024 Carat Stone
Thought Himself Victim of Joke Un-
til His Prize Was Appraised.

The two great Cullinan diamonds
now shine dazzlingly in the crown and
scepter of King George of England.
The larger, the Star of Africa, which
weighs 516½ carats, has been set in
the king's scepter; the smaller gem,
weighing 300 3-16 carats, finds place in
the imperial crown and on state occa-
sions sparkles and burns immediately
above the ermine band which circles
the crown's base.

The diamonds can be removed from
the British emblems of power and
worn jointly as a pendant. Thus they
may adorn Queen Mary, who can have
the satisfaction of knowing that no
woman on the civilized globe possesses
their equals.

The setting of the diamonds in the
crown and scepter and as a pendant
was entrusted to Messrs. Garrard, the
crown jewelers, London. It was diffi-
cult to prepare the scepter to receive
the Star of Africa, for the general
ornamentation of the regal bangle had
to be kept intact—it has heraldic sig-
nificance.

Kohinoor Small by Comparison.
It gives a better idea of the Star of
Africa's size to state that the Kohi-
noor, which to the popular mind is the
ideal "big diamond," weighs after sev-
eral cuttings 106 1-16 carats.

The Cullinan diamond was named
after the head of the company which
owns the Premier diamond mine in
South Africa, where the diamond was
found in January, 1905. The original
stone, by far the largest diamond ever
found, weighed 3,024 carats, or nearly
one pound six ounces avoirdupois.

At that learned mineralogists and ex-
perts on gems believe it was part of a
still larger diamond which was cloven
when a volcanic eruption hurled it
with titanic force from the molten
depths where it was formed. No less
an expert than Dr. George Frederick
Kunz estimates that the original dia-
mond weighed no less than 5,000 carats
and that the part of it not yet found
is in four places at least.

Presented to King Edward.
The Cullinan diamond was presented
to King Edward by the South African
states, including the former Boer re-
publics, as a token of peace and re-
conciliation. The price paid for it has
been stated in various figures and as
high as \$1,000,000. Even that sum is
far below its theoretical value. At
great cost the huge stone was cut into
two gems, which now ornament the
British regalia.

The stone was found by the merest
chance. The day's work at the Pre-
mier mine was over, and Frederick
Wells, the surface manager, was mak-
ing his usual rounds.

Glaning along one side of the deep
excavation, his eye suddenly caught
the gleam of a brilliant object far up
on the bank. He lost no time in
climbing up to the spot where he had
noted the glint of light. He had not
been mistaken; it was really a brilli-
ant crystal. He tried to pull it out
with his fingers, and as this proved
impossible he sought to pry it out
with the blade of his penknife. To his
astonishment the knife blade broke without
causing the stone to yield.

Finder Thought It a Joke.
Telling of his discovery Mr. Wells
said: "When I took a good look at the
stone stuck there in the side of the
pit it suddenly flashed across me that
I had gone insane—that the whole
thing was imaginary. I knew it could
not be a diamond. All at once another
solution dawned on me. Some prac-
tical joker, thought I, has planted this
huge chunk of glass here for me to
find it."

With the aid of a larger blade of his
knife he finally succeeded in prying
out the stone and carried it to the
mine's office. Here it was cleaned,
and to the astonishment of all, it was
found to have a weight of 3,024 carats,
more than three times that of any other
diamond that had been discovered.

Time, but No Money.
Street Misadventure—My good friend,
why did I away the precious hours in
this fashion? Don't you know that
time is money?

Loafer—Don't you believe it, guv'nor
If that was so I should be a bloomin'
millionaire, I should. I've been doing
time on and off ever since I was a
nipper.—London Mail.

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mond weighed no less than 5,000 carats
and that the part of it not yet found
is in four places at least.

Presented to King Edward.
The Cullinan diamond was presented
to King Edward by the South African
states, including the former Boer re-
publics, as a token of peace and re-
conciliation. The price paid for it has
been stated in various figures and as
high as \$1,000,000. Even that sum is
far below its theoretical value. At
great cost the huge stone was cut into
two gems, which now ornament the
British regalia.

The stone was found by the merest
chance. The day's work at the Pre-
mier mine was over, and Frederick
Wells, the surface manager, was mak-
ing his usual rounds.

Glaning along one side of the deep
excavation, his eye suddenly caught
the gleam of a brilliant object far up
on the bank. He lost no time in
climbing up to the spot where he had
noted the glint of light. He had not
been mistaken; it was really a brilli-
ant crystal. He tried to pull it out
with his fingers, and as this proved
impossible he sought to pry it out
with the blade of his penknife. To his
astonishment the knife blade broke without
causing the stone to yield.

Finder Thought It a Joke.
Telling of his discovery Mr. Wells
said: "When I took a good look at the
stone stuck there in the side of the
pit it suddenly flashed across me that
I had gone insane—that the whole
thing was imaginary. I knew it could
not be a diamond. All at once another
solution dawned on me. Some prac-
tical joker, thought I, has planted this
huge chunk of glass here for me to
find it."

With the aid of a larger blade of his
knife he finally succeeded in prying
out the stone and carried it to the
mine's office. Here it was cleaned,
and to the astonishment of all, it was
found to have a weight of 3,024 carats,
more than three times that of any other
diamond that had been discovered.

Time, but No Money.
Street Misadventure—My good friend,
why did I away the precious hours in
this fashion? Don't you know that
time is money?

Loafer—Don't you believe it, guv'nor
If that was so I should be a bloomin'
millionaire, I should. I've been doing
time on and off ever since I was a
nipper.—London Mail.

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