

The Ruby Necklace

"She Paid the Price"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

On the night of Edith Palmer's birthday ball her husband came home early and sought his wife in her own rooms. His handsome face was aglow with love and admiration as he took the lovely form in his arms and kissed her eager, red lips.

"Darling, you are more beautiful every time I see you," he murmured.

"And you grow more blond," she chided him playfully. "I have been waiting for you to come and tell me what jewels I shall wear tonight." She turned to the dressing table and threw back the lid of a jewel box and removed the trays. Diamonds, sapphires and emeralds blazed in the light.

"Wear your rubies, Edith," said Dick Palmer, with a mysterious smile.

"Rubies? Don't tease, Dick. Those are the only stones I really want and do not possess. Shall it be diamonds?" "Rubies tonight," insisted Dick, and from an inner pocket of his coat he drew forth a flat leather case and placed it in her hands.

"Dick Palmer, you darling!" cried Edith, and she showered kisses upon him before she opened the box. When she finally threw back the lid she was awed by the beauty of the stones her husband had selected for her birthday gift.

On a bed of white velvet was coiled a magnificent necklace of flawless rubies, perfect in color and each stone the size of a very large pea.

Dick lifted the necklace and clasped it around his wife's neck; then he stood back to admire the rich red circle of fire against the whiteness of her skin.

"You dear, extravagant boy!" murmured Edith as she turned to the mirror to feast her eyes on the jewel. "I suppose you paid an enormous price for it."

"I paid a pretty stiff price, but I guess it's worth it. I didn't buy it in Buffam's. It isn't a brand new necklace; neither is it reconstructed from an old one. It's a genuine antique said to have belonged to an Asiatic ruler."

"Where did you find it, Dick?"

"In Lenquith's on Fourth avenue. I've had it a month now, and Buffam has been cleaning it up for me. Well, I must run away and dress." Dick kissed his wife again and left the room.

Edith stood long before the mirror watching the liquid flame of the ruby necklace as she slowly turned her neck. At last she unclasped it and replaced it within its case.

"I'll not wear it down to dinner. It will be a surprise for all of them when the ball begins," she said to herself and looked around for a place in which to secret the case. The large jewel box would just fit into the tiny steel safe sunk in the wall near the chimney. Before the inconspicuous door there was hung a heavily framed square painting, which could be moved aside only by pressing a knob on the other side of the room.

Now Edith selected a diamond bracelet—a dazzling serpent with ruby eyes—and slipped it on her arm. Then she closed and locked the large jewel box, pressed the knob that moved aside the square picture and placed the box in the little safe. There was room after all for the new jewel case containing the ruby necklace, and after another glimpse of the beautiful jewel Edith tucked that in the safe, closed the steel clad door, replaced the picture and went down to dinner just as the gong sounded.

The rooms were bowers of loveliness. A separate color scheme had been selected for each one, and the whole harmonized in one glorious arrangement of flowers and palms.

There were several people staying at the Palmers', and most of them were gathered in the drawing room when Edith entered—the Maxfelds, husband and wife; Eugenia Card, an old school friend of Edith's, and Dick's father, Henry Palmer. The fifth guest, Mme. Geulot had not yet joined them.

Just as the last strokes of the hall clock died away there was a rustle of silk that hesitated outside the door, and then Mme. Geulot came swiftly in, her bright coloring enhanced by two vivid crimson poinsettias at her breast. Her rich blue-black hair was coiled in a soft knot at the back of her shapely head, and above her low, thoughtful brow was placed a coronet of diamonds. Mme. Geulot was a very beautiful woman.

"A thousand pardons, cherie," she cried penitently. "That so stupid Marie de mine has made what you call a muddle of my toilet." She threw out her hands with a graceful gesture of despair, and her long dark eyes darted from one smiling face to another.

Mrs. Palmer shook her charming head and looked at the vision in amber satin and diamonds. "Dear Mme. Geulot," she said sweetly, "if you want to part with Marie I shall be delighted to relieve you of your stupid treasure!" "No, no!" And they all laughed at madame's dismay.

In spite of the forthcoming ball the dinner was as perfect as it always had been since Pierre Caron had ruled in the Palmer kitchen. When the meal was concluded Edith went upstairs to complete her toilet, leaving her guests

scattered about the flower decked rooms.

As she went up the stairway to the next floor two faces peered at her from a curtained alcove—two dark faces with cunning eyes—but so contrasting were their conditions in life that had you coupled their names the world would have laughed at you.

After dismissing her maid Edith locked the door of her room and hastened to open the wall safe, where her jewels were secreted. She started back with a little cry of dismay, for the box containing the ruby necklace had disappeared.

She recovered herself almost instantly. "Of course Dick had taken it out to show his father, but how did he know it was there? He guessed it, as I did not wear it at dinner," she said as she closed the safe, picked up her gloves and fan and went down to the drawing room, outwardly composed. Her brain was a chaos of doubt and perplexity. She dreaded to ask her husband about the necklace. She was afraid to hear his answer.

Dick met her at the door of the drawing room. "Where is the necklace?" he asked quickly.

She paled to the lips. "Then you did not take it from the safe?" she gasped.

"No, of course not. I didn't know it was there."

"Then it has been stolen!" And she related the circumstances.

He frowned. "Where is Jeanne?"

"She was in my room when I returned to it after dinner. I dismissed her then."

"It happened at dinner," he said convincingly. "I'll ring up a detective. He can come as a guest. Don't mention the matter to any one."

"No," said Edith, and went to receive the first arrivals.

In spite of the loss of the ruby necklace the birthday ball was a distinct success. No one would have surmised from the sweet composure of the hostess that she had suffered a great loss. Many complimented her on the loveliness of her appearance, and others added that she needed no jewels to enhance her beauty.

Dick Palmer introduced a slim, dark haired man in correct evening attire as the detective, Mr. Block, and in a few crisp questions he drew from Edith all the facts surrounding the theft of the ruby necklace.

"Block suggests a guest in the house," said Dick later to his wife as they stood alone together.

"Impossible!" said Edith. "The Maxfelds are above suspicion. Eugenia could buy forty ruby necklaces. Your father—absurd! It must have been one of the extra servants."

"Jeanne!" asked her husband quietly.

"Oh, Jeanne is too much of a coward to attempt anything big like that. She might purloin a collar—in fact, she has a passion for collars and handkerchiefs, but not jewels."

"You have not mentioned our other guest, Edith," said Dick quietly.

She made a gesture of dismay and searched the room with her eyes.

"Mme. Geulot! Oh, Dick! I know you have warned me against my intimacy with her, when my acquaintance with her is so slight. But her letters from Paris were genuine, and she is so delightful! I wonder where she is. I have not seen her since dinner."

"I will search for her," said Dick quietly and was gone.

When he made his reappearance the last of the guests were taking departure, and when they were alone he placed his arm around his wife's slender form.

"Dear," he said, "be prepared for an unpleasant shock. The ruby necklace has been traced to Mme. Geulot. Detective Block found the jewel case on the person of our cook, Pierre Caron, who has confessed that the robbery was one of many that he and his wife, Celeste Geulot—none other, my dear—had planned. It seems she saw you trying on the necklace after I had left you, watched you hide it away and when you had left the room slipped in, secured the rubies, concealed them in her room and went down late to dinner."

"After dinner Pierre, her husband, went to her and demanded the necklace. She refused to give it to him then, and he took the empty case and went below, furious at her. She is now in her room or has escaped with the necklace. Will you go to her room and see if she is there? I want to avoid the servants knowing of the affair if possible."

Edith went to the door of Mme. Geulot's room and tapped lightly. There was no response to her summons or to louder knocking. Then Bleek set his shoulder to the door, and the lock gave way. He peered inside and then sprang within. The Palmers followed, gravely apprehensive.

Mme. Geulot was there. She was sitting before a cheval glass in all the regal splendor of her amber satin ball gown. About her throat was clasped the ruby necklace.

She was dead.

Bleek stepped forward and unclasped the necklace and examined it closely. "That's the way with many of these Asiatic baubles," he said thoughtfully. "I happen to have heard of this one before. There is a large reward out for it. There is a legend that if it is honestly bought or sold or presented as a gift it is quite harmless. If it is stolen the wearer pays the price, as Mme. Geulot has done, poor soul!"

He pointed to the throat of the dead woman, where a heavy black mark encircled the whiteness of her neck.

"It grew tighter and finally strangled her," he explained as they went away and closed the door behind them.

"That's an Asiatic trick, too," he said. But Edith and her husband were not listening. Edith was weeping bitterly. She was grieving for the friend who had proved false and who had paid the price.

GRAHAME-WHITE PLANS BIG AIR FLEET PROJECT.

Aviator Lays Scheme For Mercantile and Mail Carrying Dirigibles.

A comprehensive scheme for dealing with the entire subject of an aerial fleet and its necessary appendages has been laid before the English government by Claude Grahame-White. The scheme includes the establishment of a mercantile air fleet subsidized by the government, airship stations in every large city and around the coast and schools for air pilots all over the United Kingdom.

It is understood that a powerful group of financiers is ready to finance any scheme having government support for building dirigible airships simultaneously in various parts of England. Mr. Grahame-White in an interview said:

"It is my aim to found a mercantile air fleet on the same basis as the Cunard line. We could carry mails for the government, and the airships could be used for general purposes in times of peace. Our proposal is cut and dried. We are prepared to do the work provided we have government assurance. We are prepared to foster this immense industry with private capital and to take all the responsibility. We are ready to secure the finest skilled mechanics from all parts of Europe and to put a mercantile air fleet on a paying basis."

Advertising Brings Customers Advertising Keeps Customers Advertising Insures Success Advertising Is the Way to Success Advertise Regularly in This Paper

For Sale Large Dairy and Hay Farm

GOOD SUMMER RESORT.

The Buy-U-A-Home Realty Company has just listed one of the finest and best-known farms in Wayne county. It is located in the heart of the summer boarding business, in Wayne's highlands. The property consists of 325 acres and is well watered both by creeks and springs. A most beautiful natural lake, consisting of 15 acres, is one of the attractive sheets of water in Preston township. Ideal for the location of summer cottages. The farm is 2 1/2 miles from the Lakewood station on the Ontario & Western railroad, three miles from Poyntelle on the same road and two miles from Como. Of the 325 acres 275 are under good state of cultivation, consisting of meadows, plow ground and well-watered pasture fields. The balance are in maple, beech and birch timber. This farm is especially adapted to raising hay and for dairying.

There are four dwellings and cottages upon the premises. Dwelling No. 1 will accommodate from 40 to 50 guests. Near this house is a never-failing spring for domestic use. The second cottage contains nine rooms. Good water. Small barn near house. Home No. 3 is a very good seven-room cottage furnished with water by one of the best springs in Wayne county. Cottage No. 4 is near beautiful natural spring lake, which consists of about 15 acres. The above mentioned places are located in an ideal summer boarding district visited every year by boarders from Philadelphia, New York, Scranton and other cities. Other cottages could be built on the border of this lake.

Situated upon the premises is a laundry, coal and wood house combined, size 20x50 feet. The second floor is equipped for holding entertainments, etc.

The barns are as follows: Horse barn 26x56 feet, with running water; hay barn 26x36, with two cow sheds attached 20x50 feet. One building with scales and wagon house with underground stable for cows. One good blacksmith and carriage shop, with second story for storage. Chicken houses, capacity for 200.

Barn No. 4 situated near House No. 3, size 30x40 feet, two sheds for cattle, with good spring water. Two other hay barns, size 26x36 feet, and 18x20 feet.

There are three apple orchards on the farm and a small fruit orchard. The property will be sold for a reasonable consideration and upon easy terms.

Consult Buy-U-A-Home Realty Co., Box 52, Jadwin Building, Honesdale, Pa.

SPENCER The Jeweler

would like to see you if you are in the market for

JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, WATCHES, CLOCKS, DIAMONDS, AND NOVELTIES

"Guaranteed articles only sold."

MASTER'S SALE of Valuable Heavily Timbered REAL ESTATE In Partition.

The undersigned, a Master appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Susquehanna county to make sale of the real estate in partition proceedings between William Main et al. plaintiffs, and Robert H. Rose et al. defendants, will expose to public sale and vendue at the Court House in Montrose, Pa., on Thursday, the 15th day of May, 1913 at two o'clock p. m., the following described real estate:

FIRST PIECE:—Comprising 284 1-4 acres, more or less.

This piece is covered with heavy timber chiefly hemlock, original growth and also a portion of the waters and ground thereunder of "Silver Lake," one of the most beautiful fresh water lakes in northeastern Pennsylvania, and shore line thereof about three-quarters of a mile, making a very attractive spot for cottagers, fishing and boating; in the center of the hill country of Pennsylvania about 1800 feet above sea level.

SECOND PIECE:—Comprising 805 3-4 acres more or less.

This piece consists almost entirely of very heavy virgin hemlock interspersed with some pine and hardwood; one of the most valuable timber tracts of its size in the state of Pennsylvania. Within easy reach of railroad and shipping facilities, being within ten miles of D., L. & W. R. R. and L. V. R. R.

Any further information desired concerning either tract will be furnished by the Master, together with map of the tract.

JOHN S. COURTRIGHT, Master. Montrose, Susq. Co., Pa. A. B. SMITH, Attorney. Montrose, Pa.

The Citizen wants a good, lively correspondent in every village in Wayne county. Will you be one? Write this office for particulars.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY 1871 FORTY-TWO YEARS OF SUCCESS 1913

WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

Honesdale, Pa.

The Leading Financial Institution of Wayne County

THE PROOF

We lead in CAPITAL STOCK \$ 200,000.00 We lead in SURPLUS and UNDIVIDED PROFITS 372,862.00 We lead in TOTAL CAPITALIZATION 572,862.00 (Our CAPITALIZATION is the DEPOSITORS SECURITY)

We lead in Deposits 2,463,848.60 We lead in TOTAL RESOURCES 3,040,099.22 This year completes the FORTY FIRST since the founding of the WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.

MANY BANKS have come and gone during that period. PATRONIZE one that has withstood the TEST of TIME.

OFFICERS: W. B. HOLMES, President H. S. SALMON, Cashier A. T. SEARLE, Vice-President W. J. WARD, Asst. Cashier. DIRECTORS: W. B. HOLMES F. P. KIMBLE T. B. CLARK A. T. SEARLE W. F. SUYDAM C. J. SMITH H. S. SALMON H. S. SALMON J. W. FARLEY E. W. GAMMELL Nov. 12, 1912.

For Results Advertise in The Citizen

GET THESE Money-making Secrets WITH THE Farm Journal



Is this cock properly held? "Poultry Secrets" tells how to carry fowls, and other secrets far more important.

FARM JOURNAL ("cream, not skim milk") is the great little paper published for 36 years in Philadelphia by Wilmer Atkinson. It is taken and read by more families than any other farm paper in the WORLD. Its four million readers (known as "Our Folks") are the most intelligent and prosperous country people that grow, and they always say the Farm Journal helped to make them so. Their potatoes are larger, their milk tests higher, their hogs weigh more, their fruit brings higher prices, because they read the Farm Journal.

Do you know Peter Tumbledown, the old fellow who won't take the Farm Journal? By showing how NOT to run a farm, Peter makes many prosperous. Nobody can go on reading the Farm Journal and being a Tumbledown too. Many have tried, but all have to quit one or the other.

The Farm Journal is bright, brief, "boiled down," practical, full of gumption, cheer and sunshine. It is strong on housekeeping and home-making, a favorite with busy women, full of life and fun for boys and girls. It sparkles with wit, and a happy, sunny spirit. Practical as a plow, readable as a novel. Clean and pure, not a line of fraudulent or nasty advertising. All its advertisers are guaranteed trustworthy.

The Farm Journal gives more for the money and puts it in fewer words than any other farm paper. 32 to 80 pages monthly, illustrated. FIVE years (60 issues) for \$1.00 only. Less than 2 cents a month. No one-year, two-year or three-year subscriptions taken at any price.

The Farm Journal Booklets

have sold by hundreds of thousands, and have made a sensation by revealing the SECRETS OF MONEY-MAKING in home industry. People all over the country are making money by their methods.

POULTRY SECRETS is a collection of discoveries and methods of successful poultrymen. It gives Felch's famous making chart, the Curran method of getting one-half more pullets than cockerels, Boyer's method of insuring fertility, and priceless secrets of breeding, feeding, how to produce winter eggs, etc.

HORSE SECRETS exposes all the methods of "bishing," "plugging," cocaine and gasoline doping, and other tricks of "gyps" and swindlers, and enables any one to tell an unsound horse. Gives many valuable training secrets.

CORN SECRETS, the great NEW hand-book of Prof. Holden, the "Corn King," shows how to get ten to twenty bushels more per acre of corn, rich in protein and the best stock-feeding element. Pictures make every process plain.

EGG SECRETS tells how a family of six can make hens turn their table scraps into a daily supply of fresh eggs. If you have a back-yard get this booklet, learn how to use up every scrap of the kitchen waste, and live better at less cost.

THE "BUTTER BOOK" tells how seven cows were made to produce half a ton of butter each per year. (140 pounds is the average). An eye-opener. Get it, weed out your poor cows, and turn the good ones into record-breakers.

STRAWBERRY SECRETS is a revelation of the discoveries and methods of L. J. Farmer, the famous expert, in growing luscious tall strawberries almost until snow flies. How and when to plant, how to fertilize, how to remove the blossoms, how to get three crops in two years, etc.

GARDEN GOLD shows how to make your backyard supply fresh vegetables and fruit, how to cut down your grocery bills, keep a better table, and get cash for your surplus. How to plant, cultivate, harvest and market.

DUCK DOLLARS tells how the great Water duck-farm near Boston makes every year 60 cents each on 40,000 ducklings. Tells why ducks pay them better than chickens, and just HOW they do everything.

TURKEY SECRETS discloses fully the methods of Horace Vose, the famous Rhode Island "turkey-man," who supplies the White House Thanksgiving turkeys. It tells how to mate, to set eggs, to hatch, to feed and care for the young, to prevent sickness, to fatten, and how to make a turkey-ranch PAY.

THE MILLION EGG-FARM gives the methods by which J. M. Foster made over \$10,000 a year, mainly from eggs. All chicken-raisers should learn about the "Rancocas Unit," and how Foster FEEDS hens to produce such quantities of eggs, especially in winter.

DRESSMAKING SELF-TAUGHT shows how any intelligent woman can design and make her own clothes, in the height of fashion. The author has done it since she was a girl. She now has a successful dressmaking establishment and a school of dressmaking. Illustrated with diagrams.

SHALL I FARM? is a clear, impartial statement of both advantages and drawbacks of farming, to help those who have to decide this important question. It warns you of dangers, swindles, and mistakes, tells how to start, equipment needed, its cost, chances of success, how to get government aid, etc.

These booklets are 6 x 9 inches, and profusely illustrated. Farm Journal FOUR full years, both for \$1.00 with any one of these booklets. The Booklets are NOT sold separately—only with Farm Journal. Be sure to say WHICH booklet you want.

WILMER ATKINSON COMPANY, PUBLISHERS FARM JOURNAL, WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

