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Table listing various restaurants and their locations across different townships and boroughs.

The Forgiveness of Sins

By REV. JOHN C. PAGE, Extension Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—Having forgiven you all trespasses—Col. 2:13.

As a picture appears to better advantage in a suitable frame, so does this text appear when viewed in the suitable setting of its context.



Rev. John C. Page

read about "The handwriting of ordinances that was against us." This is the sentence of judgment and condemnation pronounced upon our sins.

DIAMONDS THAT WEEP AND RUBIES THAT CURE FOUND

Strange Legends and Traditions Surround Magic Gems Worshipped in India.

Bombay.—Diamonds that weep and rubies that cure poisoning are only a few of the many wonderful gems with which India abounds.

Because many of the inhabitants of India worship jewels as gods, they have gone to the ends of the earth and made use of any means to collect the most remarkable of precious stones.

Connected with the gems are legends and traditions, many of which are hard to believe, though the people of India swallow them whole and for more. There is, for instance, the cobra jewel, several specimens of which may be seen in the Poona district, 200 miles south of here.

The cobra jewel is supposed to be able to cure snake bites. It sticks to the wound only when the bite is poisonous. It falls off when the poison has been withdrawn from the wound.

The jewel is then washed in cow's milk. A rich Zamindar of Poona has such a jewel, which he says bears out the traditions attached to it.

One of the strangest types of jewels in India is that which is credited with the ability to weep. Recently an old necklace belonging to the royal house of Tanjore, South India, was sold in Madras. The purchaser sent it to a jeweler for resetting.

The jeweler found that the pendant diamond, which was generally of a bluish tint, took on a rosy shade during the course of the day. But when it was put under the direct rays of the sun it turned a deep blue.

The jeweler put the gem in his safe. Later, when he opened the safe, he found it flooded with brilliant moonlight. The cotton wool on which he had placed the diamond was wet. As he held the gem, his own hand became wet. Water seemed to ooze out of the diamond.

He has now found that the stone loses its luster when the moon wanes, does not emit light during the day, and sheds tears only on full moon night.

In Ceylon is the wonderful elephant pearl, which has been examined and reported authentic by Dr. Joseph Penrose, director of the Colombo museum.

The pearl weighs 12 carats, has a creamy-golden hue, and is two thousand years old. When the pearl was examined under a microscope, it was found to have a basis of ivory upon which one could see a perfect form of a white elephant.

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER, WNU Service, © by The Century Co.

CHAPTER XII—Continued

I couldn't speak; Peter, however, voiced my thought: "That goes with the theory that the attack was made by some one in the rear of the new-book alcove."

"Yes; it is further sustained by the fact that in the dust on that fourth shelf, between the front and rear racks of books, we found fresh streaks, such as would be made by fingers thrust in from the rear. And Professor Harrington says he made them."

"He admits he was there!" I gasped. "Candidly; says he reached into that shelf from the rear to search for books. Yet he absolutely denies having seen Mr. Grosvenor then or at any other time that morning, or having any knowledge whatever of the spring-lance."

"After a long silence, Mr. Almy added: 'The whole story will have to come out tomorrow, after one final check-up.' 'Who's the witness?' demanded Peter. 'That'll come out, too. It won't be long to wait.' 'Wait... what for? To tell that girl whose grandfather and cousin were thieves and liars that her uncle is a murderer? You take it lying down, seems to me. Isn't there anything a man can do?'"

Mr. Almy looked him up and down in rather a kindly manner. He answered quietly: "There might be. Do you want to come along and find out?" And so, as we reached Fourteenth street, with Washington and Lafayette exchanging patriotic raptures across a sea of parked taxicabs in a spirit of rainbow hope strangely at variance with that afternoon of gloom, the two men disappeared into the subway.

I looked at Peter; it was plain that Mr. Almy, though selecting him ostensibly because he filled physical requirements, had also chosen some one who would give Professor Harrington every favorable chance that honesty could give him. I grasped Peter's hand as he turned down the aisle, and wished him good luck. I couldn't think of a few well-chosen words; all that occurred to me was that it was said to be darkest before dawn, which, however, presupposed a dawn.

While I was setting my desk in final order, there was no sound in the shop save steps, and now and then voices. In the rear, the voices I heard distinctly, however; no traffic outside interrupted them that quiet Saturday evening.

"Tucker," came Mr. Almy's voice, "did you ever see this before?" A rough deep voice answered: "Yes, sir; I saw that piece of yellow paper when I was here Monday." "Where did you see it?" "In the old gentleman's hand."

"In Professor Harrington's hand?" "No, sir, he didn't have it; it was in Mr. Grosvenor's hand." "Go and stand where you were when you saw it, Tucker." I turned and glanced down the aisle, hearing a movement, far back, I saw

"The ten-forty click—the first we heard!" "And before he had a chance to get nearer, Harrington came down the aisle and stood looking at books there, and then disappeared, after speaking to Miss Abbott, toward the rear Tucker stood gaping at Mr. Grosvenor a while longer, unable to make his actions out, when suddenly he heard another click, and Mr. Grosvenor slumped to the floor. Instantly, he says, the professor walked around from behind the rear alcove and up the aisle, without looking to right or left."

the shelf, like he was looking over something. "Read down, Farrell, until you can see into the gap," directed Mr. Almy. "Is that the way it was, Tucker? You see, he's just Mr. Grosvenor's height."

"Yes, sir; but he ought to have his book in his left hand, and his right sort of stretched out along the shelf on the empty space, like as if he was going to take something off it. . . . There, that's it."

"Now, Farrell," said Mr. Almy, "what do you see?" "There's a gap clear across the shelf from front to back," answered Farrell. "I see Burton plain; nothing else."

"All right; hold your position, Burton, do you see the spring-lance?" There was a very brief pause; then Peter answered: "Yes, sir."

"Then reach through the gap, and feel it up—"

"That was the last I heard. I fled out of Burrows's as before fire or flood. I was useless there—as useless it seemed to me, as everybody else was before that devastating story of Tucker, who had been unlearned from his obscurity to save Julia. It was true, but only thereupon to involve her distinguished uncle, our old friend. My superb dinner simmered down into a glass of hot milk to make me sleep, which desirable end accomplished at three o'clock Sunday morning."

And at seven the telephone rang, arousing every one in the house except myself, for whom the message was. It was from Mr. Almy, and he asked me to come into town on the

"You Think I Get Married?" He queried Coquettishly.

first train I could get, and come straight to Normandy terrace. This was all he said; he sounded very tired. I could not wait for details; in fact, I did not wish to hear them until I had to. So, merely obeying orders, I reached Normandy terrace soon, and in a state of extreme anxiety.

And who should come dashing forward out of the restaurant but Ernesto? Yes, Ernesto, and as I knew him of old, before we had mysteries and midnight alarms! He was in gala array, his black Sunday suit, a dazzling collar, a purple boutonniere.

"Ahh-h!" This morning I go to church," cried Ernesto, rubbing his hands. "Not much I don't go there, it's too long in church, but this morning, yes!"

Brought up with a shock, "What for?" I demanded, as much as sea as a regular heathen.

Creases bordered Ernesto's eyes and nose and lips. "You think I get married?" he queried coquettishly. "Not me! But other people, maybe. . . . notta!" He glanced up the stair wall and reproduced his classic wink, his fine softened by regard. "I go burn a candle for them this morning, anyway!"

"Oh!" I breathed, clutching the banister. "You don't mean . . . has something . . . something nice happened?" "You don't know-ow?" cried Ernesto, crescendo. "My God! You go upstairs!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Great Scott, Constance!" Said Peter, "and I Could See He Was Very Nervous."

Sacrifice Ever Part of World's Progress

Progress is the result of experiment and sacrifice, and all submarine and air disasters are courageous efforts to overcome the obstacles which hinder scientific development, explains an editorial in Liberty.

"If a disaster is big enough it anesthetizes the mind," continues the editorial. "We understand one death better than six, or six hundred. So, when a dirigible falls, a transatlantic liner is lost, or a submarine is wrecked, there comes the protest that all this must be stopped."

"We venture another point of view when these pioneers are killed, much as we regret their death, we are proud that such men have lived. Without their courage progress would stop, for progress is nearly always dangerous."

"The voice of the defeatists," concludes the editorial, "should not be the governing voice. There were defeatists in Paris at the turning point of the war. There were defeatists in Columbus' crews, and in Magellan's. They all wanted to turn back. What if they had had their way?"

Spellbound

Ten-year-old Mary had won a scholarship, and was telling her mother about the papers.

Ripen Corn Quickly

In the Pyrenean uplands on the Franco-Spanish frontier corn is grown to some extent, but the season is too short to let it ripen in the usual way.