

THE DIAMOND RIVER

BY DAVID MURRAY

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The doctor's fat bulk began to shiver under his hand, and he released him. Monbodo slunk into an armchair, and sat there covering and pitiable. Jethroe planted himself with his back to the fire. There was silence for a space of two or three minutes.

"Of course," said Jethroe, at length. "I could make it extremely unpleasant; but you dismiss any such idea from your mind. I never played the sneak yet, and I'm not going to begin now. I mention these little things just to show my knowledge of the fact that the man I want to serve me has not always been over-scrupulous."

"Look at me now," said Monbodo, suddenly, "and I began life as a gentleman."

"Not you!" said Jethroe, with a laugh. "You fuddled yourself with wine when you were a schoolboy. You loafed your student days away in billiard rooms. Don't meet me with that kind of rot, Monbodo. Name your price." He waited, and no answer coming, he spoke again. "I'll name it for you, and I'll save your conscience into the bargain. Read that." He took from a pocketbook a scrap of newspaper and handed it to Monbodo, who after a while made shift to master its contents. "Now read that."

He passed over another scrap of newspaper, and waited until his companion returned it. "That fellow Edgecombe for his own purposes was personating me, and he was murdered in mistake for me. The men who killed him mean to mark me down. I don't mean to let 'em do it. So long as they believe me to be above ground the hunt will go on. That is why I mean to disappear."

"It's a dangerous game," said Monbodo tremulously. "The law doesn't inquire into motive in these matters."

"I'll pay—," said Jethroe. Then he paused, looking down at the doctor, who gradually straightened himself to look at him. "I'll pay—," he repeated, and then paused again—"five thousand dollars."

"Make it—make it—ten, and it's a bargain!" Monbodo gasped.

"Five," said Jethroe, coolly; "and it's a bargain, and a better bargain than you looked for, Tom Monbodo. I have my plan laid out already, and will talk it over comfortably after dinner."

"I suppose," Monbodo ventured—"I suppose you couldn't make it convenient to oblige me with a trifle on account? I'm a little pressed, as it happens. I'm—I'm a trifle in arrears with the landlord here, for example, and the ah—the village tradesmen are—exigent at times. They're ill-bred brutes, these people. Boecians, sir—boors."

"You can take that for handse!" said Jethroe.

"One hundred!" exclaimed Monbodo. "You are generous indeed! you are indeed generous, my dear sir!" He folded the notes which Jethroe had contemptuously let fall before him and thrust them into a pocket.

There was a knock at the door, and a rosy old woman came in with a tray and began to arrange the table. Jethroe fell into talk with her, and she became voluble about the business of the tourist season, and the contrasting quiet of the winter. The doctor slipped back to the kitchen and, having astonished the landlord by asking for change for a ten-dollar note, amazed him still further by paying his bill.

"I have reason to believe," Dr. Monbodo whispered to him mysteriously, "that my circumstances are about to undergo a change—a change of no small magnitude—of no small magnitude, my friend."

When dinner had been served and cleared away, Jethroe expounded his scheme. The doctor was firm upon his feet by this time, being one of that melancholy contingent who drink themselves day by day into possession of their sudden senses, and wake to the bemused helplessness of intoxication in the morning.

"You will find me entirely loyal to your purpose, Mr. Jones," he said, as he prepared to face the stormy night in his own ramshackle trap. "I have all your instructions in mind, and they shall be obeyed to the letter."

Jethroe senior, once more heavily clad against the weather, found himself alone in a section of a stateroom passenger coach, with an unbroken run of five-and-twenty miles before him. The wheels had barely made their first revolution, when Jethroe opened a small traveling bag which lay on the seat before him, and drew from it a brand new pair of scissors and a hand toilet glass. He laid these down while he unburdened himself of the overcoat, the tall collar of which had been so turned up as to leave visible little but the bridge of his nose and the keen gray eyes which glowed below his shaggy eyebrows. He gathered his great flowing beard in his left hand, and cut it away close to the chin, and thrust the severed hair into a paper bag. Then he took a look at himself in the toilet glass, and laughed.

"I think I shall make a little difference," he said, and so went on with his task, which began to be more than a little difficult and even in a small way dangerous, by reason of the uneven jolting of the carriage. He discarded the glass after one experimental minute, and, kneeling on the seat before him and making use of the mirror below the carriage rack, roughly trimmed away the whole beard and whiskers as close as he dare venture. "There's a change al-

ready," he said, cocking his chin at his own reflection and scrutinizing himself on this side and on that. "Now for the patent razor. I wonder if I shall leave myself in ribbons?"

He returned the glass and the scissors to their places, and after a little swift rummaging, found a flask, a shaving bowl and brush, and a safety razor. He made a great lather, thrust a handkerchief between his collar and his throat, and, with much wincing and grimacing, began to shave. He made a tolerable piece of work of it, but shook his head in grave disapproval of the general result.

life now, and for a great stake into the bargain; but his spirits were youthful in their buoyancy, and he chuckled to think of the deception he was preparing for his pursuers.

He had settled himself cozily beside the fire when there came a tap at the door, and a waiter, in answer to his bidding, came in with a visiting card on a salver.

"Show the gentleman this way," said Jethroe, and slipped into the bed chamber the instant the man had disappeared. He left the door half open, and stood silently laughing behind it until the visitor was ushered into the adjoining room.

"That you, Harvey," he sang out then, in a big, cheery voice.

"Yes, sir," said Harvey; "it is I."

Jethroe listened until he heard the closing door and the waiter's retreating footsteps muffled on the carpet of the corridor. Then he strolled nonchalantly back to the sitting room with a smooth face, and with a nod of greeting such as a stranger offered, seated himself beside the fire and took up the book he had laid down a minute earlier. Harvey Jethroe junior, hat in hand, stood at the table and returned the greeting.

"Sold!" shouted his uncle, springing to his feet. "Own up. Say you're sold."

He laughed boisterously at his nephew's wondering face, and clipping him by the shoulders by both hands, rocked him to and fro.

"Sold?" the younger man answered, like a belated echo. "I never saw such a transformation in my life."

"You wouldn't have known me?" asked his uncle in high glee. "Confess it. You wouldn't have known me?"

"I hardly know you now," said Harvey. "If I hadn't come expressly by your own orders to find you here I should scarcely believe you."

GOOD Short Stories

A Canadian teacher fell heir last year to an English estate of £20,000. In the lawyer's office the clerks made bets as to how she would take it. One thought she would scream, two were of opinion that she would burst into tears, two others favored hysterics. Her reply to the messenger was disconcerting: "I shall finish my monthly report, hear these spelling errors, whip two boys, and be at your office in forty minutes."

It was Jennie's duty to read out during breakfast time all the most interesting items of the day. One morning, after wading through the latest intelligence from the front, she turned to another page of the paper and said: "Herbie, it says here that another octogenarian is dead." "What's an octogenarian?" "Well, I don't quite know what they are, but they must be very sickly creatures. You never hear of them but they're dying."

One day as a train from the East pulled up at a dinky little station of a most depressing town in the fever-and-ague district of Arkansas, a passenger, thrusting his head out of a car window, demanded in bitter tones of a dejected-looking citizen who was leaning against the station door: "Tell me, what do you call this dried-up, dreary, Godforsaken place?" "That's near enough, stranger," replied the native, in a melancholy voice; "let it go at that."

"I chanced to be in Chicago," said a gentleman at a dinner board to a company of fellow New Englanders, "two or three days after the great fire of 1871. As I walked among the smoking ruins, if I saw a man with a cheerful air, I knew he was a resident of Chicago; if I saw a man with a long face, I knew that he represented a Hartford insurance company. Really, the cheerful resignation with which the Chicago people endured the losses of New England did honor to human nature."

A story is told of John Fiske which illustrates his frankness. One day his wife had to report to him that their son had been guilty of calling Mrs. Jones, a neighbor, a fool, and Mr. Jones a much worse fool. Prof. Fiske sent for the youngster, and when he appeared in the library said to him, sternly: "My son, is it true that you said Mrs. Jones was a fool?" Hanging his head, the boy replied: "Yes, father, I did." "And did you call Mr. Jones a worse fool?" "Yes, father."

After a moment's reflection the famous historian said, slowly: "Well, my son, that is just about the distinction I should make."

Patrick Gleason, the well-known shoe manufacturer of Brockton, one day hired a laster who was a very poor workman. The first shoe the man took off his last was so badly lasted he did not dare put it on his rack for inspection, but hid it under his bench, intending to make a better job of it during the noon hour. The second shoe was not much better, but he thought it would pass, and started on the third. Mr. Gleason, coming along just then, picked up the shoe that lay on the rack and examined it. Then, turning to the laster, he said, angrily: "I'll bet you ten dollars you can't show me a shoe in this factory as badly lasted as this." "I'll take you on that bet," said the laster, and, reaching down, he took the first shoe from under his bench and handed it to Mr. Gleason. Mr. Gleason paid, but the laster lost his job.

TEA IN THE TABLOID FORM.

Good Quality of It Used by Russian Officers in Manchuria.

Compressed tea is common enough in Siberia, but so far as I know, an unknown commodity in this country. It is an ordinary black tea, which is very widely used by the Buriats of the trans-Baikal region, by whom the herb thus prepared is drunk, flavored with salt and sour cream. Sugar would be preferred, of course, but it is either unattainable or too high-priced, costing, as it does, from 75 cents to \$1 a pound.

The compressed tea is of a very good quality. Just now it is of interest because it is used by the Russian officers in Manchuria. The tea is compressed by superb modern machinery, evidence of which is afforded by the splendid specimen of die-sinking on the tablet itself. Such has been the pressure employed that the formerly soft and yielding leaves assume the appearance of a hard tile, which can with difficulty be cut with a knife. As a general rule, a mallet or hammer is used to break off a piece, very much as if the tablet were of stone.

The tea employed is a straight Suchong, which needs no cream because nature has given it a slightly creamy taste and also one that is feebly saccharine, so that it requires less sugar than other teas. In flavor this

compressed tea can not be compared with the natural herb. It is much flatter in taste, but possesses the same stimulating properties. A piece the size of a thimble is sufficient for a large, strong cup. No teapot is necessary. Scalding water is poured on the nugget in a cup and in a few minutes the tea is ready.

No cementing agent whatever is used in compressing high-grade teas—not even sugared water nor artificial heat. The little heat that is generated in compression starts the tannic acid in the leaves, which is all the adhesive required to hold the block together. A tablet thus compressed may be exposed to soaking rains with little danger of injury. As a general rule, however, compressed tea is kept in worsted bags.

The official Russian compressed tea is not obtainable in Europe outside of Russia.—Scientific American.

ATTACK ON VICIOUS BOOKS.

The Pennsylvania Bars Trashy Literature from Libraries.

The action of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company prohibiting the sale of lurid novels and detective stories on its trains will be heartily approved by the public as being a step in the way of true reform. Cheap stuff that we call literature is turned out by the wholesale, says the Toledo Blade. Years ago, when the dime novel first made its appearance, the authorities undertook to put a ban on its sale, and did accomplish much in this direction. The yellow back was thereupon discarded and was succeeded by more pretentious publications, clothed in better language, but every bit as vicious in influence. The popular appetite was so strong that it overruled all protests and the circulation has grown apace.

How to check the current has long been a problem for the moralists. Ministers have thundered their denunciation from the pulpits. Social purity leagues and other organizations seeking to elevate the human mind, have waged incessant warfare, and yet little progress has been made. The great newspapers have deprecated the tendency and have pointed out the danger ahead, but their advice has apparently accomplished little in the way of reform.

But the Pennsylvania is applying a practical remedy, and if it enforces the new rule it will have accomplished a great good. It is hoped that other railroads will follow its example and that the movement just begun will spread to every book shop in the country. But to accomplish this there must be a public awakening. The demand for trashy literature must be killed. Parents must guard their children against its pernicious influence and keep the stuff out of their homes.

Comfort in a Bald Head.

There are advantages accruing even from bald heads. It is pointed out by a writer in a medical journal that bald-headed men never suffer from consumption and that a tendency to baldness is an assurance that the dreaded scourge will pass over him whose thatch grows thin. At first glance it would seem absurd to argue that a man's hair is indicative of his immunity from disease, but the writer who advances this novel theory declares that in the five years during which he seriously added a record of his patients' hair or lack of it his case cards have failed to show a single instance of "bald" being entered upon the card of a consumptive.

He had under treatment more than 700 cases, and he makes the further statement that in a census of more than 5,000 tuberculosis cases he failed to discover a single sufferer who was bald. He makes no effort to explain his theory upon medical grounds, but simply offers the results of his observation for the benefit of the profession.

Story of Adolph and Anna.

Adolf, an Austrian artisan, adored Anna, an aristocrat. And Anna adored Adolf. Another aristocrat, Alfred, an ambassador, adored Anna. Anna adored Alfred. Alfred adored Anna, admitting admiration. Anna assumed amazement. Alfred adored Anna. Anna admonished Alfred. Alfred adopted aggressiveness. Alfred's audacity alarmed Anna. Alfred attempted abducting Anna. Anna, afraid and agitated, acquainted Adolf. Adolf accused Alfred. Alfred, angered, abused Adolf awfully. Adolf answered Alfred. Alfred attacked Adolf. Anna, aghast, aided Adolf. Adolf and Anna almost annihilated Alfred. Alfred abdicated absolutely. Anna accepted Adolf. Adolf and Anna abruptly absconded and abandoned Austria altogether, arriving at Antwerp, and always abiding abroad afterward.—Town Topics.

Breakfast Table Repartee.

"Will somebody please chase the cow down this way?" said the funny boarder who wanted some milk for his coffee. "Here, Jane," said the landlady ironically, "take the cow down where the calf is bawling."—Kansas City Journal.

Some men do well by doing their best friends.

(To be continued.)

An Edge on It.

"It must be awfully dull out here in the country."

"Dull, nothin'! I've been a-turnin' th' grindstone all day, by gum!"—Cleveland Leader.