

# THE DIAMOND RIVER

BY DAVID MURRAY

## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Such violence, for instance, as was practiced last night on the man you call Edgewood?"

"Why?" cried Harvey. "The man was masquerading as my uncle?"

"That is the point," said Hargraves dryly. "The man was masquerading as your uncle, and the man was murdered. But if there is any such association between these two facts, as I am inclined to think, it is quite evident that Mr. Joseph Taylor was in ignorance of last night's tragedy when he saw you this morning. Are you prepared to lay the whole of this case unreservedly in the hands of the police?"

"If my uncle had thought the police likely to help him, would he not have applied to them himself?"

"And, on the other hand, Mr. Jethroe, if the people represented by Mr. Taylor had a claim which could be legally enforced, would they not have employed legal means? Here is a threat on one side, and evasion on the other. The conclusion seems to me tolerably obvious. Your uncle has something which he cannot legally defend, and the Eckel firm has a strong determination to possess it, without having any legal claim upon it. This is how I read the case."

"It looks like that," said Harvey; "but so far as I know, my uncle has borne a spotless reputation."

"Men of spotless reputations have been mixed up in very strange affairs before to-day," Mr. Jethroe said the lawyer, with a quiet smile. "If you will leave me free to act in your behalf, I may very possibly secure your liberation. If the police are enabled to make the inquiries to which we can direct them, they may be induced to withdraw their proceedings; we may even manage to keep the whole thing to ourselves. You had really better leave the matter in my hands, and rely upon me to act with all possible reticence and caution. Your uncle is most probably in very serious danger, and we can have a private watch set upon Mr. Taylor and his associates. Come now, Mr. Jethroe, have I your authority to act?"

"Yes," said Harvey suddenly; "you had better take the whole thing in hand. But you know my wishes, Mr. Hargraves; I must respect my uncle's desire as far as possible."

## CHAPTER VII.

Quitting the prisoner, Mr. Hargraves walked from the station to the court. At the back of the room, in the portion reserved for the accommodation of the public, sat a shabby man, of a furtive and shrinking aspect, with watery, blinking eyes, who was correcting the entries in a dog-eared little notebook with an inch of blunt pencil. In his abstraction in this task the shabby man looked hard at the ceiling from time to time, and the solicitor made vain attempts to attract his attention, until an officer observed the pantomime and said in a deep murmur, "Kloss, you're wanted." The man rose with a frightened start and caught sight of the lawyer's beckoning finger. He nodded in answer to the summons and, having hidden his pocketbook and his fragment of pencil in his pocket as if they were guilty secrets, made a shuffling way into the vestibule. Hargraves was there before him, and had already pencilled these words: "Joseph Taylor, Pacific Hotel. Keep in sight." The shabby man took this message, read it and straightway began to chew the paper on which it was written.

"There'll be something for ex's, governor," he said, and his employer tendered eight half dollars.

He slunk away, having bestowed the coins in as many separate pockets as he could find, as if they were as secret as the dog-eared book and the pencil, and as he shambled down the street he swallowed the pellet of paper as if it were a pill of unusual size, with exaggerated motions of the throat.

Hargraves returned to the station, was closeted there for something like a quarter of an hour with the officer in charge, stopping to purchase an early copy of an evening paper on his way. His eye ran over the pages as he walked and in a moment he had lighted upon what he wanted.

"The body has been identified as that of Mr. Harvey Martin Jethroe, a popular and wealthy man, for many years well known in mining and mercantile circles throughout South America."

Hargraves' way led him to the Pacific Hotel, where he inquired for Mr. Joseph Taylor. Mr. Joseph Taylor was in the billiard room.

"Well," said Mr. Taylor, "what can I do for you, sir?"

"My name is Hargraves, and I am a solicitor. I have a communication of some importance to make to you, and if it were convenient, I should like to make it privately."

"If you will come to my room," said Mr. Taylor, rising.

He was not entirely at his ease, as Hargraves' keen eyes discerned readily enough; but he led the way with apparent willingness, marshaled his visitor into an elevator and followed him. Then again he led the way to the extremity of a long corridor, and finally to a small sitting room.

"We shall be sufficiently private here, sir," he said. "Take a chair, if you please, and let me know your business."

"That may serve to introduce it," said Hargraves, laying his newspaper upon a central table, and indicating a headline with his forefinger.

Mr. Taylor, with an aspect of surprise, adjusted a gold rimmed pince-nez, and stooped to read. He dropped with such

suddenness that, if a chair had not been by hazard behind him, he would have fallen to the floor.

"What," he asked in a trembling and half-breathless voice—"what has this got to do with me?"

"Why, Mr. Taylor," said Hargraves, "you announce yourself as the emissary of some society or firm which has dealings with Mr. Jethroe, and you use toward that gentleman threats of a most unmeasured nature. It is not for me to explain the connection these facts may have with the dreadful event recorded there." He pointed to the open journal before him. "You, perhaps, may be inclined to give me some information."

It was evident that Mr. Taylor was not a man of strong nerve, and that he was not accustomed to circumstances of personal peril. It was evident, further, that he felt himself in peril now.

"But who are you?" he stammered, "and why do you come to me?"

"I am a solicitor," said Hargraves, "and I come to you because I am engaged for the defense of the man who is charged with last night's crime."

"He's—he's—arrested?" Taylor asked, swallowing between each word, and panting like a man who has been run to a standstill.

"I have just been in consultation with him, and I have come straight from him to you."

"But," the wretched man panted, "he can't have sent you here."

"He did not specifically send me here," Hargraves answered, "but the information he gave me made it seem very well worth my while to come. I will put the matter in a nutshell, Mr. Taylor. I am engaged for the defense. Do you decline to help me?"

"But I've got to understand," said Taylor, wiping his forehead. "Look here, sir—he saw suddenly how his hands were shaking, and tried to steady them upon the table, with such poor success that an ash tray which lay there began to jerk about the cloth. He wrapped the betraying members in his handkerchiefs, and slipped them between his knees. "You charge me with having brought a threatening message to that unhappy gentleman. I don't deny that I carried out my orders. But if I had been privy to his death last night, I should have been mad, sir—stark, staring mad—to have come here with a threat of extreme proceedings this morning."

"Do you mean to aid the defense in any way, Mr. Taylor, or do you not?"

"No," said Taylor. "I—I wash my hands of it; I'll have nothing more to say to it. If I'd have guessed that it was anything more than bluff, I'd never have entered into it. I am no party to this wicked act, sir, and I'm not to be identified with it."

"I may understand, then," said Hargraves, "that you regard your own escape as certain?"

"My escape!" said the wretched man. "I've nothing to escape from. I was instructed to accompany Mr. Jethroe from Brazil and to deliver a message to him on his arrival here."

"You accompanied Mr. Jethroe, did you? Then you may be useful to the defense, after all, and in a way perfectly harmless to yourself."

"I—I don't see how," said Taylor.

"I will show you how in good time, Mr. Taylor," said Hargraves. "In the meantime, can I carry any message for you?"

"Message?" stammered Taylor.

"To my client."

"Certainly not, sir. No, sir—most assuredly not, sir. I have had enough of your client to last me for my lifetime."

"Very good. I can tell you one thing, Mr. Taylor: You will certainly be summoned to attend the inquest to-morrow, to identify the body."

With this Hargraves left him, and as he closed the door and came upon the corridor his impassive face sparkled for an instant. A second later he was as grave as ever, and he walked to his chambers and plunged into the consideration of a mass of papers there with as complete a forgetfulness of the prisoner as if no such person existed. The day had long since faded, and he had been working fully two hours by gaslight, when a clerk appeared and said:

"Rouse to see you, sir."

"Show him in," said Hargraves, without looking round.

A man entered, and stood at an attitude of military ease.

"Perrott, Perrott and Lane confirm the prisoner's statement in all particulars. Both the cables is answered, and uncommon quick. Harvey Martin Jethroe—that the name right, sir?—sailed from Rio Janeiro, arriving at New York three days ago. Harvey Martin Jethroe sailed from Alcoa Bay, arriving day before yesterday. Thomas Edgewood, wanted for extensive frauds, believed to be identical with Jethroe of Rio Janeiro. Signature of Harvey Martin Jethroe at Perrott, Perrott and Lane's identical with signature of gentleman as took rooms last night at Pacific Hotel. That's all, Mr. Hargraves. There's been three of us on the job. That's the list of charges, and this is the change out of a twenty dollar note."

"Mr. Jethroe still at the police station?"

"That reminds me, sir—I beg pardon. I put in my report, sir. The inspector gave me instructions to say, sir, that the police won't give evidence. The charge will not be preferred, sir, and he would like to have a minute with you at your earliest convenience."

"Now, you silly fellow, why didn't you tell me that at once? You might have

left that unfortunate gentleman to be taken to jail."

"Head that full of detail, sir. I shouldn't ha' forgot it in the long run—not me, Mr. Hargraves."

"I know you," said Hargraves. "You've that foolish pride in thinking you can remember everything. If you took notes, like a sensible man, you wouldn't forget things."

"Not in the long run, Mr. Hargraves. Nothing more tonight, sir? Thank you. Good night."

Rouse was gone, and the clerk was back again.

"Well, now, what is it?"

"Kloss, sir."

"Show him in. What is it, Kloss?"

The shabby man laid a shabby hat upon one corner of the desk, and took the dog's-eared notebook from a pocket. He fumbled his dirty little diary for a while, and read:

"J. T. left P. Hotel with all baggage in four-wheeler. Booked first class Cincinnati. Took front smoker."

"Very well," said the lawyer; "that will do. A short day's work, Kloss. We'll stop Mr. Taylor and have him back instantly."

He made a precise toilet at a dressing stand which occupied one corner of his room and betook himself once more to Central station. There he held a second conference with the officer in charge, much briefer than the first. Then the two sought the prisoner, who all this time had found the minutes weigh like lead.

"Mr. Hargraves has cleared up this little matter for the present, Mr. Jethroe," said the inspector, "and you are free to go. You mustn't blame the police. If you hadn't neglected the local inspector's warning there'd have been no trouble in the world."

"I'm glad to be out of it," said Jethroe. "Do you know, Mr. Hargraves, I am very dolefully hungry, now that I have a chance to think about it."

"Why, so am I," said Hargraves. "I haven't lunched to-day. Let us dine together. I have some interesting matter for you."

"Yes," said the inspector, looking smilingly at the wall, with his head on one side, as if he had a pleasing work of art in contemplation. "It looks as if it had the making of a very pretty little case in it." He was a big, round, genial looking man, and now that official relations were laid aside he was no more like the man who had received Harvey on his first presentation than the very ripest cheese is like the very driest chalk. "It looks like a very pretty little case, so far, Mr. Jethroe. I fancy we shall find it interesting before we've done with it. It lends a sort of charm to business—don't you think so, Mr. Hargraves?"

"Why, as for that," said Hargraves, "if a man's not interested in his work he had better make room for another man who is."

The released prisoner and the lawyer were out in the lamplight and the fog together a minute later.

"I never thought of it before," said Harvey, "but there are millions of people round us who enjoy the greatest blessing of life, and never even dream of it."

"The greatest blessing of life?" said Hargraves, questioning.

"Life's greatest blessing," said Harvey—"liberty."

A laborer, shoving his barrow northward, overheard the words, and turned, laughing.

"Right you are, gov'nor," said he. "There's a good many as has felt like that in Central station."

"And right you are," Harvey answered; "there's a quarter for you."

He threw a coin into the barrow and went on. The man was at his elbow a moment later.

"Gov'nor," he said, "this ain't a quarter; it's gold."

"Keep it," said Harvey, "keep it."

The man laid the coin in his palm and polished it on his trousers.

"I should like to knock up agen you," he said, looking after the retreating figure in the fog, "next time you scrapes the gallows."

(To be continued.)

## Keys to Success.

We say of a man "he has a good knowledge of human nature and will get on." Similarly the people who study the temperament, character and needs of other nations—i. e., who understand the geography of other nations—will be successful in commerce, writes Gilbert H. Grosvenor in the Chautauquan. No better illustration can be given than the wonderful development of German commerce with South America, Turkey and eastern Asia.

The Japanese successes in the present war are also significant. The Japanese were students of geography, but the Russians were not. If the Czar had studied the geography of Japan he would have learned that they were being suffocated in their small area, and just as a chicken must burst its shell or die, so Japan must expand or perish; and he would also have learned that a people who had conquered geographic obstacles such as surround the Japanese must be brave, resolute, brainy and enterprising.

## Honorable

A young man of Baluchistan was invited to tell how he kissed Ann; but he only said: "Nay, I'll not give her away; Though I know very well you kissed Ann."

—Carolyn Wells.

## Can't Dodge 'Em.

Church—I see many American automobiles are going to Japanese cities.

Gotham—Oh, well, you know, the Japs are excellent gymnasts!—Yonkers Statesman.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

### A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

#### Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

The trusts will take their feet out of the trough whenever the people quit feeding them.

Nan Patterson's abandonment of her stage career is a handsome tribute to American theatergoers.

Of course a bridegroom goes with every bride, but he doesn't count for any more than a father at a mothers' congress.

A London paper says Mr. Carnegie is living like a duke. It was hardly to be expected that he would live like a coachman.

Those who get their information from theaters might imagine that Japan lives in an atmosphere of comic opera. The powers know better.

There are more hump-backed people in Spain than anywhere else in the world. Sometimes we almost feel ashamed of having whipped Spain.

The periwak feather in the Prince of Wales' coronet is said to be valued at \$50,000, but if they ever get popular the millinery stores will have them at \$2.00.

An Indiana judge has decided that the Anti-Cigarette law is constitutional, but that if a man wants to smoke he can. There must be Scotch blood in the veins of this jurist.

An Oklahoma woman wants a divorce because her husband has been reading the Bible to a charming little widow. Some women just can't think of having their sisters saved.

Russia's new Parliament may be all right, but to outsiders it would seem that a body consisting of a Gosudarstvennaia Duma and a Gosudarstvennaia Sovet started out under an awful handicap.

Now that Lillian Russell has given magazine readers her views on "How to Keep a Husband," David Bennett Hill might further edify them with an article on "The Advantages of Early Marriage."

Mr. H. Lehr of Newport can't understand why there is so much hatred of the rich by people who work. Not all people who work hate the rich. There is Mr. Lehr's friend, Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr., for instance. It is reported that he has recently gone to work.

Another shot has been aimed at Mr. Cleveland on account of his onslaught against women's clubs. The president of the New Jersey Federation stigmatizes him as "the greatest sage who lives in the shadow of a New Jersey university." But, unfortunately, Mr. Cleveland is bombproof.

Too much must not be expected of the liberal movement in Russia. Spasms of any kind are prone to be short-lived. When the pressure of the present stress is withdrawn the grand dual party will almost certainly reassert its reactionary influence. Every reform that amounts to anything is a matter of slow growth.

A distinguished English physician is authority for the statement that many a headache, from which a woman suffers upon returning from a shopping tour, a walk or a ride, is due to the strain upon the leverage of the roots of the hair, caused by the action of the wind upon large hats. Headaches hurt, but hats are handsome. Possibly some millinery genius will invent feminine headgear in which it will be possible to take a double rein when the winds blow high and low and call for undue strain upon the hair roots that make for women's crowns of glory.

A writer in one of the current magazines directs attention to a new profession that has arisen in this country—the profession of getting hurt, by which money is extorted from railroads and other corporations. If the corporations would show more eagerness to settle bona fide claims and a disposition to pursue to the end the prosecutor of bogus ones public sympathy would aid them powerfully in putting an end to the new profession. The policy very often followed of treating all claims alike and scaling each down to the lowest cent after the longest possible delay is responsible not only for the growth of the get-hurt-quick people, but for the comparative lack of public indignation at the new species of fraud.

That play should be play and not work has been discovered by the managers of a public playground in the crowded district of New York. When the place was first opened the play was organized, times were set for various games, and the boys were under the direction of instructors. The

most enthusiastic boys of the neighborhood would not play in this way, and stayed away. Now the boys are allowed to organize their own games, and the instructor stands ready to give advice only when it is asked. As a result there is more enthusiasm, and the leaders in boyish sport lead in the playground, and the play is really play, that is, spontaneous activity of young life. There is a whole philosophy of education in the "Let me do it my way, mamma," which every mother has heard from her children when she has been trying to show them how to secure the result which they were seeking. She knows that no assistance is better than too much if we are to have independent and self-reliant men for the future.

The ancient belief in an elixir of life is not abandoned. A Chicago professor is arguing gravely that it is not impossible for modern men to live as long as did Methuselah. All that is required is to discover what the different tissues of the body need for food and to give each tissue the exact amount that is wanted. This scientist believes, as the old alchemists did, that man, having eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, may be able to put forth his hand and eat of the tree of life, in spite of the flaming sword meant to keep man away from it. "Our eating is entirely empirical," says the learned scientist. That is his way of stating the fact that we eat whatever we please whenever we can get it. We eat to appease our hunger and please our palates, and know and care less about the tissues and their needs than of any other earthly subject. Men eat unscientifically and will continue to do so in spite of any scheme of dietetics. If we fed ourselves as rationally as we feed our horses, or even our dogs, we would undoubtedly have longer life and better health. But human life is more than merely physical. We have life separate from that of the animals. The spirit has much to do in making man's life long and more in making it sweet. There are men and women young at 90 and others old at 50. The physical health may be no better in the one class than in the other. But the difference lies in the mental and temperamental makeup. The man young at 90 has viewed the world sanely, has fitted himself into his environment, has had worthy purposes and carried them out without unnecessary friction. The truest elixir of life consists in a wholesome spirit. Every man must be his own alchemist.

Interest in one of the great romances of history—the romance of the Bonaparte family—has been revived by the appointment of Charles Joseph Bonaparte of Baltimore as Secretary of the Navy. Secretary Bonaparte is a grandnephew of the great Napoleon. His grandfather was Jerome Bonaparte, and his grandmother was Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, whom Jerome married during a visit to America in 1803, when his brother was First Consul of France. Napoleon was not pleased with the marriage, and to secure its dissolution he vainly sought the assistance of the Roman Catholic Church, one of whose priests had performed the ceremony. The French council of state finally decreed a divorce. Under Napoleon III, the council of state, upon an appeal by the rejected wife, recognized the validity of the marriage and the legitimacy of her sons. But when Napoleon III, died Mrs. Bonaparte sought vainly to have her grandson, Jerome Napoleon, brother of the Secretary of the Navy, recognized by the family as a member of the Imperial dynasty. The present heirs to the Napoleonic dynasty are grandsons of the Secretary's grandfather, and his second half-cousins. Secretary Bonaparte's grandmother lived until 1879, and fought to the last for her rights. His father was born in England, lived abroad most of the time, was never an American citizen. His brother was an officer in the French army. One of his second cousins, Louis, is a major-general in the Russian army, and two others are living on the reputation of their ancestors. The Secretary of the Navy is the first of his immediate family to identify himself closely with American life, instead of clinging to a hope some day of ruling over France. It is not too much to say that he is the worthiest surviving descendant of the Corsican family. But is it not curious that Napoleon's grandnephew should be at the head of the American Navy Department?

A Kipling Souvenir.  
Of an interesting Kipling relic, Charles Warren Stoddard writes: "The object that first caught my eye was an old desk, black with age, no doubt rheumatic in every joint. It was a solid panel, but curved in the fashion of a roll-top desk. Across the length of it, cut deep in large letters, such as schoolboys love to carve was this legend: " 'Oft was I weary when I told a Thee.' " "So sang the galley slave in a frigid less verse; and so, in the hour of triumph, Rudyard Kipling graved upon the cover of the desk at which he won his fame."—National Magazine.