## STORY of the UNCULDIAMONDS. BY GEORGE BARTON

(Copyright, 1906, by George Barton.) By George Barton,

RNES had just finished his second cup of coffee and was lying back in an easy chair in his Washington square apartments when he received a telegram stating that Abernethy, who evaded the customs with the South African stones, was on the Pelican. The chief inspector lit a stogie and stood at his window looking down at the murble arch in the square in a reflective manner. The metropolis was asleep yet, but the old man realized that if he was to accomplish any results that day he would have to be out and doing.

With a sigh and a last glance at his comfortable room the chief hurried out into the cold air of a January morning. Claney joined him on the boarding tug, and the little craft, though hampered on all sides by ragged blocks of ice, ploughed its way bravely toward the sea,

Barnes were a fur cap and a seasonable uister, which reached down to the tops of his fashionably clad feet. There was a lustre in his eyes which might have been caused by the nipping air or the subdued eagerness which he always felt at the prospect of a clash with his natural enemy-the smugglers. Clancy looked at him inquiringly once or twice, but forebore to ask the question which quivered on the end of his tongue.

"Who are you after" finally queried the curious assistant, after a long silence. "Abernethy," said the old man, shortly, The name was Greek to the young one,

"Is he a professional?"

"Yes," said Barnes, meditatively. "He's got a specialty-it's unset diamonds."-'Does he anticipate trouble?"

"Well, he's not the chap to hunt for it, but he'll get his wits to work the moment he sees that warning." And the chief pointed significantly to the blue and white revenue flag which floated commandingly from amidship.

"Abernethy might know you'd spot his name on sight."

"True; but I'm told he's dropped his distinguished cognomen and is now travelling under the alliterative if not alluring name of William Woodside, However, that's to be proved. Hello there! I believe the Pelican's in sight."

A great mass of black bow, obscuring the horizon, was hearing down upon them slowly and majestically. The tug piped out three shrill, tenor like shricks. The steamer replied with three rumbling roars. For a moment there was danger of a collision. The great unwieldy steamer, like a huge bully of the sea, seemed about to crush the diminutive government craft. But the pilot on the boarding boat was not idle. He gave his wheel a sudden twist, the tug executed a flank movement and drew up saucily alongside the Pelican. For a middle aged man, careful of his dignity. Barnes went up the rope ladder with amazing swiftness. Clancy was at his very heels. Salutations had scarcely been exchanged with the captain before the chief was examining one of the printed passenger lists. He nodded triumphantly to Clancy and placed his finger on a particular line. It read thus:

Woodside." A half dozen inspectors, following the chief and his assistant, seated themselves at the heads of the tables in the dining

"Stateroom No. 13 (outside), William

room, prepared to take the declarations of the passengers. Men from the steward's mess went through the vessel ringdinner bells and calling on the travellers to appear before the customs officers. The inspectors work expeditiously. The vessel moved swiftly, too, but by the time the spires and roofs of the city appeared in sight the declarations were finished. When they were compared with the steamer lists one name was missing-William Woodside.

Barnes looked significantly at Clancy. The captain's attention was called to the

omission. He swore softly. "He's a queer chap. He's acted mysteriously all the way over. Scarcely ever appeared in the dining room or on deck.

Come with me and I'll rout him out. Barnes and Clancy accompanied the the stern of the boat. The door was locked. The chief gave three vigorous knocks.

No response. Clancy kicked with the heel of his boot.

Nothing but the echo of the blows. The captain called out at the top of his justy voice. Only dead silence.

The three men looked at one another. Barnes' answer was characteristic.

"Break down the door!" Three pairs of sturdy shoulders effected immediate results. The lock broke and the door flew open. They all rushed in. The

next moment the three faces were a study. The room was empty! Barnes was the first to recover his wits.

He made a hasty survey of the stuffy little apartment. The upper berth was undisturbed. The lower one was in disorder, showing that it had been occupied the night A soft felt hat and a coat lay on the bed. A pair of rough looking shoes were beneath the bunk. A dress suit case of cheap material was spread out on the floor. It contained a few pieces of soiled linen. The large window of the stateroom was wide open. The space between the window and the rail on the side of the boat was less than two feet in width. The iron bar on top of the rail held a bit of torn cloth, corresponding in texture and pattern to the cost in the stateroom. These things were apparent at a glance. A newspaper, crumpled up, lay in a corner of the room. Barnes examined it minutely and then placed it carefully in his inside pocket. He turned to the washstand and noticed a question of counsel for the defense. sheet of note paper partly covered with writing. The chief picked it up. Claucy and the captain peered over his shoulder anxiously while he read as follows:

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird! That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the Till it is hushed and gone-

Barnes smiled grimly at these unfinished lines, and ejaculated one sarcastic word:

Clancy, laboring under great excitement. threw up his hands, and, unable to restrain himself, cried out: "Suicide!

The captain's rage was terrible. The profune things he said need not be recorded here. It should be remembered that he was a rough seafaring man, as jealous of the reputation of his ship as any landsman could possibly be of his good name. Pelican had reached its landing place of him, do you not?" and the work of docking it was now in process. The captain hurried to the pilot house, arthoyed at being away from his finished. Barnes was still pottering about mean by that, sir?" stateroom No. 18.

"Unlucky number that," said Clancy, Sarnes smiled in a way that meant

"Probably remores," insisted Clancy, "or he thought the jig was up and decided to end it all in Davy Jones' locker." Barnes shook his head, but the motion

nothing

A MAN WAS CROUCHING IN THE CORNER OF THE WARDROBE".....

enigmatic smile. The passengers were co:- of this self-possessed man. lecting their small baggage and the deck "He complained of being ill, sir, and I way:hands preparing to lower the gangplank. "Get the name of every passenger and

see that each one is identified," came sharply from the chief inspector. To make doubly sure, Barnes stood on the wharf and shrewdly scanned each per-

son. As the last tourist alighted he heaved captain to room 13, which was located near a sigh of disappointment and slowly made his way back to the deck of the vessel. "Chief," said Clancy, meekly, "there don't seem to be any doubt about this be-

ing a suicide." Barnes stamped his right foot in angry impatience. But almost instantly he re- old clothes and a pound cake-" covered himself and was the suave gentle-

'We will look a little further into the matter, Mr. Clancy," was his formal reply.

broke out suddenly with: "What's Cat?" Following the range of his pointed finger deck hands, responding to the call of

Barnes, came up and saluted. "What's that for?" repeated the chief. pointing to the offending rope. For the deck hands."

"Any of 'em gone ashore?"

"Only one, sir." Barnes groaned aloud. It was an un-

gave him leave of absence without pay." "Who was he?"

"His name was Brown, sir."

"Did you know him? What did he look

"Well, sir, we take so many of 'em on at every port that I confess I didn't know sir." this one. As to his looks, sir-well, he was suffering from neuralgia and his face was covered with bandages."

"Did he take anything ashore?" "Only a package of cigars, a bundle of ing man stepped forward.

"The detil!" elaculated Barnes. Oh, sir," cried the foreman, "there was your men are here." nothing dutiable, sir; I can take oath to Con was about to speak when the chief can assure you that he only had the old out pay." clothes, the cigars and the cake."

'What did he want with the cake?" bit of sentiment, sir. That was the ex- window, planation he made to me, sir." "Summon all your men on the after Banner-hurry like hell!"

deck," said Barnes, tartly, Clancy looked on with some curiosity, along the wharf side. Barnes sat with his wondered what this last move meant. Clancy was with him, he put his hand in

conveyed no more information than his usual manifestation of emotion on the part lined up like man-o-warsmen. The chief handed it to his assistant. The young man turned to the foreman and said in his curt thought that under the circumstances this

face. He counted a second time.

"All there?" queried Barnes, sarcastic-

"Yes," stammered the foreman; "all here,

"Brown, too?"

"Call Brown."

'You see," said the chief, with a sardonic laugh, "Brown didn't go ashore. All

"But, sir." said the man, haltingly, "if that. I gave a personal examination, and any of 'em ever go ashore its always with-"Fathead!" Barnes muttered the word. He hurried

Clancy saw a rope gangway mear the other Devonshire woman and he was taking side. A passing cab was halled. They enend of the steamer. The foreman of the home a cake made in her old home. A tered. The chief poked his head out of the

"To the office of the New York Daily The vehicle rattled over the rough stones

was an act of extreme courtesy. Suddenly reply. it dawned on him that this was the news-The foreman did so, wonderingly. As he paper that had been picked up on the floor concluded a look of perplexity clouded his of stateroom No. 13. He glanced over the journal carefully. It was a copy of the Daily Banner of June 15, 1905. It did not seem to have any particular significance. To make sure Con went over it page by page and column by column. Barnes, sunk in the cushions of the carriage, watched him with a quizzical smile. Suddenly Clancy gave an exclamation of surprise. The foreman obeyed. An unkempt look- A little section of the fourth column of the fourth page about an inch deep was missing. It had been neatly cut from a column of small advertising headed "Personal." Con turned to his companion. "Did you notice this?"

"Certainly." Clancy was silent for a moment ; then he turned to his companion:

"What made you sceptical about the Well, you see, sir, his mother was a to the end of the wharf, Clancy by his suicide? The evidence was conclusive." "It was too conclusive; that made me "Did this cut newspaper influence you?

"Sure. A man may write poetry when he is in the queer state of mind which precedes self-destruction, but he is hardly likely to cut advertisements from a news The old man often did queer things and eyes closed. Presently, remembering that paper. Now, the important thing to find out is what was clipped from this paper. In five minutes all of the deck hands were his pocket, and, pulling out a newspaper. Don't you feel curious?

"Curious," cried Con, "why, I never in ject on the end of the counter, my life saw a mutilated newspaper that I wasn't filled with the most intense long ing to find out what had been cut from it." The cab pulled up in front of the Dally Banner office. Con, eager to participate in the search, reached the counter first, Have you a copy of the Dally Banher

of June 15, 1906?" The clerk, engaged in writing, made no answer; he did not even look up. Clancy The young man tugged away at an in- as pallid as a sheet, cipient mustache, and, pausing for a moment, smiled indulgently at his questioner.

"Why, that's last year." Con, irritably; I want to know if you have

The clerk drew himself up haughtily. "We only keep papers for a week back." "We only keep papers for a week back." "Hannah get—the—the gentlemen a glass Harnes stepped up to the counter. His of wine. They look—look—cold." voice was polite, but it was positive,

files. I would like to see the file for June of last year. "Certainly," with alacrity; "we keep the bound copies up stairs. I'll see if I can

"Of course you keep the Banner in bound

find June. You see some of our flies were destroyed by fire." Barnes' heart sank. If he failed to find the paper he might as well give up the chase. But he said nothing. He waited with infinite patience. Five, ten, fifteen

minutes passed. When the tension was becoming unbearable the clerk returned with the bound volume for June. The chief's face brightened. He turned to the book. opened it hastily and began turning the leaves feverishly. June 15 was reached at last. He turned to the fourth column of the fourth page and compared it line by line with the clipped copy in his possession. His search was rewarded. This was what

PERSONAL—Money advanced and highest prices paid for silver and gold and for diamonds, set or unset; transactions con-ducted in the strictest confidence. Apply to W. Wicker, 1987 Hilbert street, city. "Copy it!" he shouted to Clancy, in exultant tones. A hurried word of thanks to the astonished clerk and they were in the cab, scurrying post habte toward 1987 Hillbert street.

The driver lashed his horses, but even that did not satisfy the two men burning with impatience. Not a word passed between them until they came in sight of the goal, and then Barnes said, simply: "I hope we're not too late."

Hilbert street was a curious little thoroughfare, where a great deal of unique business was transacted with very little ostentation. Jewelers, opticians, money lenders and lapidaries were most conspicuous Many of them occupied but one apartment: Indeed, some were content with desk room. No. 1987 was a store and dwelling combined, and it was evident that the entire building was occupied by "W. Wicker" for business and domestic purposes. Reyond the name the only thing to distinguish it from its neighbors was a small, rusty tin sign, which notified the passerby that "We buy, sell and exchange jewelry of all descriptions." The windows were dirty and thin man, with parched skin and faded brown wig, stood behind the counter. As Barnes and Clancy entered the shop they umphant. heard the scuffling of feet and some one together, inquired blandly:

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?

gated Barnes. "At your service," was the smiling reply. "What are you paying for diamonds ing, for mingling with the crumbs and

today?" "That depends entirely upon the size and quality of the stones," was the professional

"But you buy 'em?"

"Oh, yes." "Your transactions are perfectly con-

fidential?" quoting the advertisement. "Oh, perfectly."

"Have you bought any this morning?" "No." with a curious stare.

"Have any been offered to you?" The man drew himself up to his full crumbs." height and frowned-which did not add to his style of beauty.

to triffe with you." He was walking away when a movement

on the part of the chief caused him to halt. Barnes opened his ulster and unbuttoning his inside coat threw back the lapels and disclosed to the astonished dealer a glistening badge. The man peered at it closely, noted the gold eagle and the fence?"

monogram of the government. "From the custom?" he whispered in husky voice. Barnes nodded.

"I beg your pardon," said the other, ab-"I'll give you any information in my

As he spoke the scared white face of a woman peered from between the dark curher and at the same moment noted an ob- nized it instantly.

want facts. We are quite competent to form our own impressions. Now, str. answer me categorically."

From that time on he could get little more than "yes" and "no" from the witness. Presently counsel asked: "You say that you live next door to the

defendant?" "To the north of him?"

"No." "To the south?" "No."

"Well, to the east, then?" "No." "Oh," exclaimed the lawyer sarcastically, "we are likely at last to get down

"How is that, sir?" the astonished atpost for even those few minutes. Clancy to him, yet he lives neither to the north, a popular theater, and the first one held the and again the deluge occurred just before had the air of a man whose day's work is south, east or west of you. What do you had coin in his hand. It was their idea that entering Toledo, and the engineer tells

> Whereupon the witness "came back." "I thought perhaps you were competent to form the impression that we live in a flat," said the witness calmly, "but I see reached the box office the man accepted the inister, what was the name of them two I must inform you that he lives next door half dollar without question, and in return above me."-New York Times.

> After Dinner Speaking. O'Conner, the Irish politician, began an He got the balf dollars at a good. A northern man visiting in a southern

Bunch of Short Stories That Point after dinner speech in Philadelphia in quarter in change."-Minneapolis Journal. VETERAN member of the Balti- this way: "I must confess that I dread to more bar tells of an amusing make after dinner speeches. At the most cross-examination in a court of sumptuous dinners, even at such a dinner that city. The witness had as this one, I know that at the end I seemed disposed to dodge the must make a speech; I am nervous, I have no appetite, I find little to admire in "Sir." admonished the counsel sternly, the best efforts of the chef. In truth, "you need not state your impressions. We gentlemen, I can readily imagine Daniel. if he was at all of my mind, heaving a sigh of relief as the lions drew near to devour him-heaving a sigh of relief and murmuring: 'Well, if there's any after dinner speaking to be done on this occasion, at least it won't be done by me." "-Chicago News.

> Is Paid With Own Coln. William H. Berry, state treasurer of

Pennsylvania, was talking in Harrisburg about graft. "Grafters seem to thrive at first," he said, 'but retribution overtakes them in the end. It is like the two newsboys and the bad half

dollar. "Two newsbeys had a counterfeit half dolto the one real fact. You live to the west inr, and after discussing for some time the best way to get rid of it, they decided to try to pass it off on a theater.

"So they took their places on a cold night torney asked. "You say you live next door in the long line before the gallery door of in the burry and confusion the ticket seller would not take time to examine the money

And they were right. When the first boy handed out a ticket and a quarter change. "The second boy, grinning with joy, then handed forth a dollar for his own ticket.

Flying Through a Flood.

A story is told about the first run which the now famous Twentieth Century limited train made from New York to Chicago The story goes that when the fireman lowered the chute which scoops up water from between the rails and fills the reservoir in the tender he failed to gauge correctly the capacity of the tank, and the water, overflowing, ran through the full length of the vestibuled train, so powerful was the force which impelled it against the door of the

The railroad company sought to remedy this trouble, and on the next run a blind coach, one without a door opening next to the engine, was used. This proved to be a

prevention of the flood trouble. One night, after the Twentieth Century had made a name for Itself, a tramp climbed aboard the platform of the first coach as the train was leaving Cleveland. He knew that the next stop was at Toledo. more than 100 miles away, and saw an opportunity to travel undisturbed on a lim ited train, but the fireman saw him as he comfortably settled down for the trip When the train took water a few miles outs the tank overflowed quite profusely, that while he was spending a moment with his engine in the depot in Toledo the most washed out specimen of himnanity he had ever seen came up to him and said: "Say, Journal.

Why Re Looked that Way.

town announced that he could tell a man's very well put. Following it logically, I His auditors looked at one another with imprisonment. He can accompany it or incredulity. "Weil, I seldom make a mistake. You,"

he said, indicating one of the group about lawyer's assistance, unscrewed his cork him, "are a McKinley man." "That's right," said the man referred to. out."-Indianapolis Star. "You." pointing to another, "are a Cleve-

land democrat." crowd began to sit up and take notice. "You," addressing a third, "are a Bryan "You're wrong there. I'm sick; that's Cadogan, the real estate man, when the

Lawyer Outwits Judge. A magazine editor was talking about W. W. Jacobs, the humorist.

"I went abroad this summer," he said. "to try and get Mr. Jacobs to write for me, but I found that he had all he could do for six or seven years to come. "He is a quiet, modest chap. When I praised his wonderful skill in the writing of short stories he said it was only their surprises that made his stories take. Then, to illustrate what he meant, he told me a story wherein the surprises came fast and furious.

"He said that a lawyer defending a man accused of housebreaking spoke like this: were republicans. "Your honor, I submit that my client inserted his right arm and removed a few can punish the whole individual for an went to the polis. offense committed only by one of his

political tendencies by looking at his face. sentence the defendant's arm to one year's not, as he chooses." "The defendant smiled, and, with his

When Boston is Locked Un-"Yes, that is so," answered he. And the Secretary of War William H. Taft has not a very high opinion of Boston as a place to have a good time in, judging from his answer to an invitation extended by John J.

what makes me look that way."-Harper's effort was being made to arrange for the nation's taking over part of Deer island. "Come down to Boston," suggested Mr. Cadogan, "and we'll take you down the harbor, give you some good fishing and a good dinner, take in a theater and-

"Then put me to bed," continued the secretary, laughing. "I understand you lock the town up at 11 o'clock.-Boston Herald.

Pairs Early and Often.

A number of years ago at a small town in Maine an important local election was to take place, and there was strong rivelry between the republicans and democrats. Old Hiram Morse, the blacksmith, was a strong democrat, but many of the farmers

On the morning of the election a farmer did not break into the house at all. He came to have his horse shod. The blackfound the parlor window open, and merely smith said to him. "We're both busy You're a republican and I'm a democrat. trifling articles. Now my client's right arm Let's pair off. We'll neither of us vote, ivers we went through?"-Army and Navy is not bimself, and I fail to see how you and it will amount to the same as if both

> This was agreed upon. After election it was found that Morse had paired off with "That argument, said the judge, is five republican farmers.-Boston Herald.

"Hannah!" he cried sharply, "take that cake into the dining room. The store is no place for it."

"No," school Barnes, mockingly, "such, carelessness is tnexcusable."

The woman frowned at the visitors, and, picking up the cake, carried it into the other room. Almost simultaneously Barnes bucried around the end of the counter and followed her into the apartment. repeated the question with some emphasis, dealer clutched him by the sleeve, his face "What do you mean by this-this intru-

"Pardon the impertinence," said the chief, "You don't have to tell me that," said bawing low, "but my friend and I." pointing to Claney, "want to impose on your

hospitality for a moment," 'Yes, yes," marmured the dealer, feebly.

As they seated themselves at a small round table there was a clatter from the yard in the rear. It sounded as if some one was scaling the fence. Clancy rose impulsively and started for the back door. Barnes detained him with a look.

"Stay here; this is more important." The man and the woman, thoroughly alarmed, stood as if petrified. The jeweler was the first to recover.

"Hannah," he said irritably, "I asked you

to get the gentlemen some wine." The woman went to the sideboard and with trembling hands poured wine into two tiny glasses. She was so nervous that drops of the red liquid fell and discolored the white linen covering. Still shaking, she carried the glasses over to the round table and placed one in front of Barnes and the other before Clancy. The man had partly recovered his possession by this time. He filled a glass for himself, and

lifting it said, with assumed jocularity: "Gentlemen, your health; I hope this will warm you a bit."

Clancy drank it down with one gulp, but Barnes did not touch his glass. He looked up and spoke in his smoothest accents: "I dislike to impose on your hospitality so much, but really a small piece of calte

would go good with this wine." The dealer was so startled by this request that he laid his glass on the table untasted and gazed in a frightened way at his uninvited guest. The next moment the eyes of every one in the group turned to the sideboard, where the cake lay. It was of medium size and artistically frosted on top. As no one moved, Barnes arose, as if to reach for it.

The dealer ran over and stood in front of him, exclaiming excitedly: "No, no, you can't have any of that." "Why, I just love Devonshire pound

"You can't have it." The chief looked him in the eye with a cold, relentless glance. Outwardly he was unmoved. When he spoke it was to

Without parleying any further he thrust the man aside and going over to the cake the interior quite dim. A dull gas jet picked it up and laid it on the center of

threw a yellowish light over a showcase the table. The others stood about as if containing watches and diamonds. A tail, transfixed. Clancy found voice to say:-"Would you like a knife?"

"No." The voice rang clear and tri-Barnes stood ceremoniously before, the disappeared in the little living room be- table. He leaned over and extending his hind the showcase. The tall man leaned open hand laid his paim flat over the over the showcase, and, rubbing his hands center of the cake. He gave a quick all the strength of his wrist upon the "W. Wicker, if I mistake not?" interro- frosted confection. It must have been very stale, for 't dissolved instantly into a muse of crumbs. The result was truly amas-

sparkling in the gloom of the dimly lighted room were hundreds of little diamonds. unset and of the most exquisite cut. Clancy gasped for breath.

The man and the woman stared until their eyebails protruded from their sockets.

Barnes alone was calm. He pulled a big chamois bag from his pocket and, tossing it to Clancy, said in businesslike tones:-"Gather the gems carefully and leave nothing for our hospitable friend but his

Clancy began his unique task immediately. The dealer turned to the chief, with "Sir." he said, angrily, "I have no time hands clasped, and cried out in a suppli-

cating manner:-"I swear that I'm not concerned in this. "No," said the chief cynically, "you didn't quite have the chance."

Clancy put the last diamond in the bag. He turned to his superior. "What about the chap that jumped the

Barnes laughed and waved his hand toward the gems. "He was superfluous; we have all we need in this room. After that the chief was still, as if in

jectly, and his lips trembled as he spoke, deep thought. From time to time his gaze wandered to the other side of the room. Presently he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a little fragment of cloth. He examined it carefully and then exhibtains behind the counter. The dealer saw ited it to Clancy. The young man recog-"The bit of cloth we found on the rail

outside of stateroom No. 13 on the 'Pell-The chief nodded and, turning to the

dealer, said: "That's a fine piece of furniture over The article was a large wardrobe, reach-

ing from the floor almost to the ceiling. The tail man was too much agitated talk. He merely nodded his head in amon The chief walked over to the wardrobe It was closed, but the tail of a cost protruded from beside the hinges. Barnes arm, and, leaving it in the dock, walked held his sample of cloth against the fragment of garment. "A perfect match," he murmured insinu-

The next moment his whole appearance changed. His face became hard and stern. He grasped the handles of the doors and threw them open. A man was crouching in the corner of the

wardrobe. He came shambling out in a daged sort of fashion. Instantly the chief had seized his wrists and fastened them with a pair of sliver handcuffs.

"Now, Mr. Abernethy," he exclaimed, 'your professional career is ended!" "You've got me!" sullenly retorted the smuggier.

"I have," was the triumphant reply, "and you can thank yourself for overplaying your part. Clancy looked at the dealer and his wife. "Any arrests here?"

"No," replied Barnes. "We'll treat 'em as dupes, although they showed a willingners to become accomplices." He started from the room "Oh, thank you! Thank you!" came in

duct from the man and woman. The chief made no reply. The dealer summoned a speck of courage, He pointed to the two filed glasses on the table. He spoke timidly:

"Won't you have your wine?" Barnes, in the doorway with his prisoner,

snelled fronically. "You and Hannah," he said, "may drink