

THE HISTORY OF THE UNCLE DIAMONDS BY GEORGE BARTON

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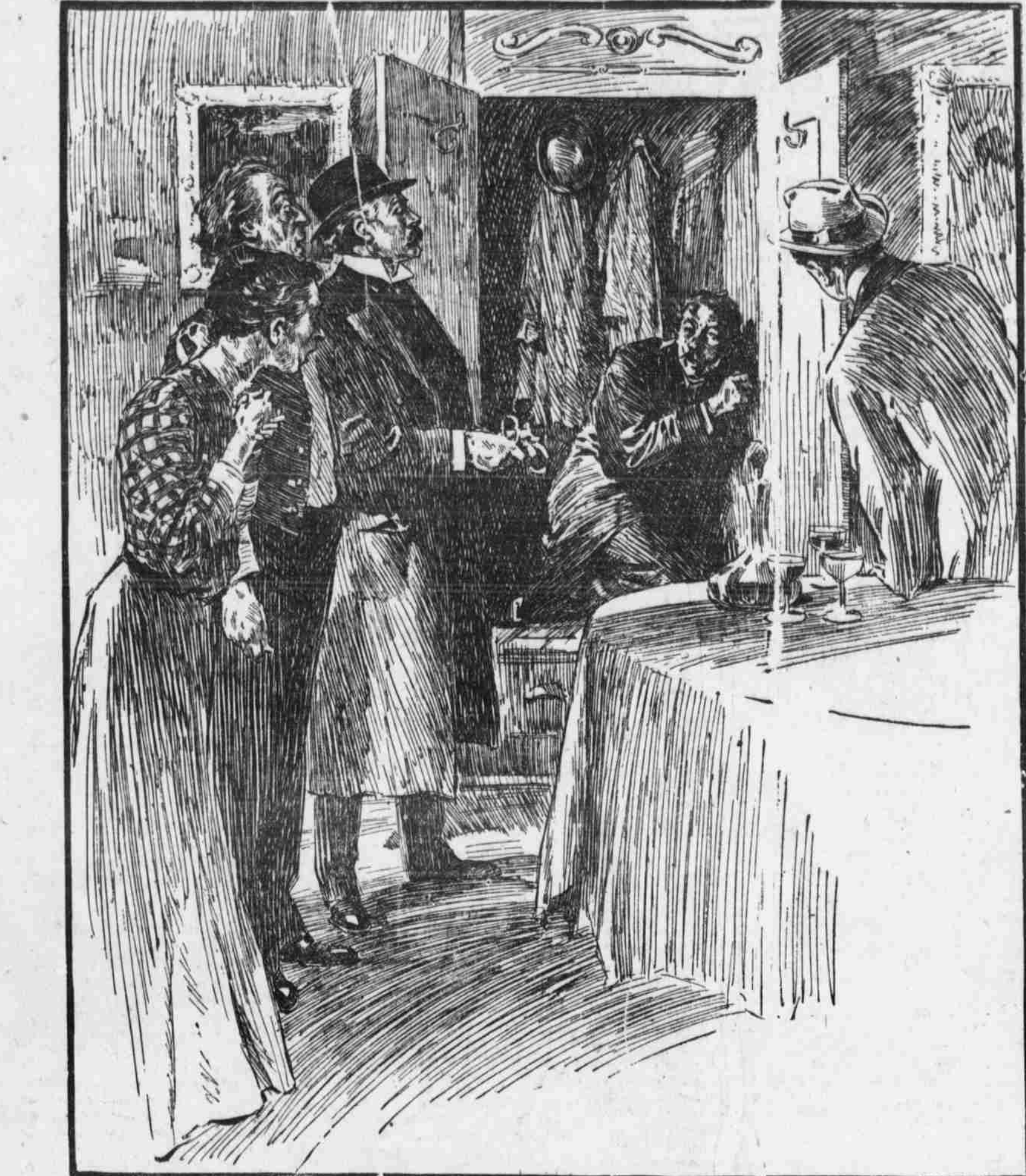
BARNES had just finished his second cup of coffee and was lying back in an easy chair in his Washington square apartment...

"Who are you after?" finally queried the curious assistant, after a long silence. "Abernethy," said the old man, shortly.

"That's 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 bearing down upon them slowly and majestically. The tug piped out three shrill, tenor like shrieks. The steamer replied with three rumbling roars.

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."



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

conveyed no more information than his enigmatic smile. The passengers were collecting their small baggage and the deck hands prepared to lower the gangplank.

Barnes stamped his right foot in angry impatience. But almost instantly he recovered himself and was the suave gentleman.

usual manifestation of emotion on the part of this self-possessed man. "He complained of being ill, sir, and I gave him leave of absence without pay."

"You see," stammered the foreman; "all here, sir." "Brown, too?" "I don't know, sir." "Call Brown."

handed it to his assistant. The young man thought that under the circumstances this was an act of extreme courtesy.

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Bunch of Short Stories That Point a Moral

One on the Lawyer. VETERAN member of the Baltimore bar tells of an amusing cross-examination in a court of that city.

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.

Is Paid With Own Coin. William H. Berry, state treasurer of Pennsylvania, was talking in Harrisburg about graft.

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

When Boston is Locked Up. Secretary of War William H. Taft has not a very high opinion of Boston as a place to have a good time in.

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

After Dinner Speaking. O'Connor, the Irish politician, began an after-dinner speech in Philadelphia in this way: "I must confess that I dread to make after-dinner speeches."

Who He Looked That Way. A northern man visiting in a southern quarter in change.—Minneapolis Journal.

The defendant smiled, and, with his lawyer's assistance, unscrewed his cork arm, and, leaving it in the dock, walked out.—Indianapolis Star.

The next moment his whole appearance changed. His face became hard and stern. He grasped the handles of the doors and threw them open.

"Curious," cried Con, "why I never in my life saw a mutilated newspaper that I wasn't filled with the most intense longing to find out what had been cut from it." "No," sneered Barnes, mockingly, "such carelessness is inexcusable."

PERSONAL.—Money advanced and highest prices paid for silver and gold and for diamonds, set or unset, transactions conducted in the strictest confidence, apply to W. Wicker, 1887 Hilbert street, city.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" "W. Wicker, if I mistake not," interrogated Barnes. "At your service," was the smiling reply.

The dealer was so startled by this request that he laid his glasses on the table unattended 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.

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 cake would go good with this wine."

The dealer was so startled by this request that he laid his glasses on the table unattended and gazed in a frightened way at his uninvited guest.

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

Barnes stood ceremoniously before the table. He leaned over and extending his open hand laid his palm flat over the center of the cake.

Clancy looked at the dealer and, leaving his hands clasped, and cried out in a supplicating manner: "I swear that I'm not concerned in this."

The big clock on the wall pointed to the top of the hour. The chief nodded and, turning to the dealer, said: "That's a fine piece of furniture over there."

The article was a large wardrobe, reaching from the floor almost to the ceiling. The tall man, in a coat of blue, came forward to talk. He merely nodded his head in answer.