

# A Physic Hunt for Diamonds

"It is your chief, Smithers," said Gentleman George.

"I shot my eyes; I turned about twice; I blew on my hand."

"Here's luck," I cried, as I pulled a card from the box containing the rejected and discredited risks of the Character Surety company.

"It is better luck," reflected Jarge; "for all the meaning of it," and he read as follows:

Anglum, Pierre, 21 Single, lives at home with his father, Dr. Robert Anglum, the noted scientist, and young sister Annette. Nifty for Pierre's application to be bonded for his duties under his father's will. Straight goods but queer. Walks in his sleep, writes poetry, forgets his own name, hides things. "To the funny house for him."

"It is luck," I began eagerly.

"'Tis the postscript that has the sting in it, like a scorpion's tail," Jarge went on, unheeding, "I've jotted down some time after in pencil by the inspector himself for his own personal use. Hear to it, now," and he read:

Good shot—\$50,000 saved. P. A. dead and the diamonds gone. 4 explains. If I only had the magnet—

"Now, what in the divvie—" he began.

"It is luck," I persisted. "It all comes back to me now; I kin see what he's drivin' at like the end of a road. '4 explains'—that's the sinance about, don't you see, Jarge?—about Anglum's walkin' in his sleep and hidin' things."

"The tucked away some'ers for keeps the diamonds left in his care by his uncle will—\$50,000 worth. 'Only a magnet!' Well, I guess, yes. If he only had a clue to lead him to that needle in a haystack."

"But we'll make a try for him, Jarge—'tis more an even chance." And then, as he brought down his hand heavy, I told this vortacous tale.

It was a year back when Jarge and me was apart. I was stumped; the pave disconsolate, with nautlin' but hands in me pockets, and those blue and cold.

A hearty old gent, with a long white beard, stopped me, lifting me chin and peerin' into me face with his bright, blue eyes. Thin, he offered me good pay and proof if I would be his bonded and surety subject for a triflin' scientific investigation.

I went to his roomy, ramblin' house, so tired and weak from me bed and board of stone that hardly had he told me to look at a big, blinkin' crystal and hardly had he made a pass and a stroke before I was piddlin'—in the line of "No; tublin' 'tis, in answer to his questions, but I don't know sayin' what, except it is about somethin' that was hid and not to be found."

He kep' me there for tree days in a veropable land of Canaan, served straight, without milk and honey at the side, 'tank goodness, and when he dismissed me as not proven, me pockets were warm enough to keep me hands from gittin blue and cold.

"This was Dr. Anglum?" ast Jarge, impatiently. "And you think he was searchin' for the diamonds?"

"Right, but," I answered. "At first, 't'ought he was simply daffy, but now I kin see he was daffy wit' a purpose, like every odder man of gen'us."

"And that ain't all, Jarge. He used me, he liked my gittin' ways. His last words were an expression of confidence."

"'Tis in your right hand, Jarge, a slight, but I ain't got the power to revoke it. Some'ers in the wurld, young man, is you compliment, the strong will that is a key to your slavative soul, which kin unlock and unfold the mysteries of nature. Promise me, if the two hemispheres are ever screwed together by fortune, under circumstances into a globe of puffin' knowledge and he will come to me as me honored guests."

"I see your drift at last," interrupted Jarge; "you want me to play the role of an audder Cally Ostrum. But what do I know about anny such?"

"That's the hat, the battle!" I cried, exultant. "Your method is sure to be an advanced way. Under your magical infonance I'll lead you by gradual and harmonous steps from cellar to roof, from cold to warm, until he be procces of elimination we locate your sinance. Talk about needles in a haystack! I'll 'trow that fodder with a fine tooth comb."

Jarge assented at length, but in a half-hearted way.

"'Tis all very like with a dotty old man," he grumbled as we started on our quest, "but there's a girl—what's her name—Annette?"

"There is a girl, very much of her name," I agreed with an impudent smack of the lips. "She was away when I was there; but I seen her pictur and it wud make a did octogonater skip with jy. I wisht I cud put myself in your place, Jarge, I wisht that only for the once I might pose as the masher univarsal."

But it was no use. The eternal spark of Jarge's vanity was blinked under a bushel of doubts. His Arab steed was shed with burlap and straw instead of fire.

"Eh, this ain't no good, Smithers," he fretted. "Was it genooine, was it natural?"

"Whin I had assured him of my ability to sleep at will under anny and all conditions, but allyus with wye open, I began to see the drift of his quams. The fear of the unknown was upon him—a fear that has rattled many a stouter nerve than he."

Not that Jarge was a coward—proud, ambitious, eagerness, greed, united to give him a sort of despit courage. But there was nautwin' matter of 'ak about it.

It was allyus under excitement, inspiration; with nerves tightened up to the highest pitch, and hysterics follerin' cius like a shadder. No forlorn hope for Jarge, such as propin' t'row a tunnel to locate a mine; he wanted to see the way ivery time; yin, and to know it wuz his.

However, the preliminaries were so familiar as to put him at ease. Dr. Anglum recognized me at once; he greeted me with feverish glee. The old man had fallen in the year, as if the hand of Dea' had already begun to smooth and soothe him into no't.

"'Tis it really so?" he quavered, "you have found your Alter Ego at last?"

"We're from the very same shell, and no mistake," I replied.

"An adept, a true adept, yused in the mysteries of the Yeast," he murmured as Jarge tossed back his flowing locks and cast his eyes into a corner of the ceiling.

It was really pitiful, so it wuz, to watch his tremblin' eagerness, his implicit faith that his own crazy no'tion had come true, as he explained how vital it was that certin' valuable hid in the house should be found, as he offered iverythin' he possessed, with no Spanish string to it.

"I did, for I can't help it, for wasn't and the only time I was under a spell—the yearn and strain of a good woman's agonized heart. I pleaded guilty without blinsh of the charge. I t'row myself on the mercy of the court."

Again I was struck with the sudden grasp and maturity of her nature.

"You must continue as you have until the end," she declared. "It is possible that

the outcome may bring jy and victory to my poor father, shame and defeat to the wretch with whom you consort."

"What use cud I do but obey? I wasn't lookin' for trouble with Jarge, therefore I had to keep quiet about my treachery. I respicited Annette for her new found fortune, I was cur'us to see how far and in what direction it might lead her."

I was sorry, too, for the poor old doctor. If the diamonds were not recovered he wud be ruined, since he held himself in honor bound to make good the ligatures to whom they had been bequeathed. Why, thin, shudn't I let them have a fightin' chance? It had allyus been easy come and easy go with me; there was plenty more cards in the box and there wud be anudder day.

Besides, I tuk a pride in my unsuspected powers and was anx'us to see if they wud not prove victor'us. The field of research was narrow; we had kivered the first two stories; there only remained the third, havin' a vacant attic in front an' a large work room in the rear, where the doctor had pushed his investigations, and within which his apparatus was stored.

"Smithers," said Jarge, with sparkling eyes when he was alone arter the last seants we was distined all unknowin' to hold. "Smithers, me b'y, we have copped the game for fair. Did you notice anythin' peculiar about my actins, this mornin', whin you had indicated that I shud search just back of the lidge of the dormer window in the attic?"

"I noticed you palmed somethin', Jarge."

"It was a note; here to it," he cried, and thin he read as follows:

For safe keeping against the secret enemies of our house I have hid the diamonds in the black box standin' on the father's workbench.

"We've got them sure," he continued delir'us, "as sure as if they was allyus in my hand. At the mystic hour of 12 the night, whin old Orphus is in ascendency 't'round the house, we'll pluck thin from their matrix, and thin, he and away to Tom Tiddler's ground!"

There was no holdin' of him, he was so excited, so excited, in such a state, do you mind, wud he kep' him up to despit deeds shud it didn't last.

"But it only last. Either the old doctor was persesed by the imp of the perverse or else his daughter had been primin' him; I cudn't tell which."

At all events, for the rest of the day and until late at night he dealt out some blood curdlers from the undelfed springs of his min'ry and exper'ence. I caught meself seein' things on the wall and lookin' over me shoulder for more and wuz bein' over, and so for Jarge, his courage was visibly costin' from ivery pour. He was in a blue funk, he was, whin at midnight's mystic hour we stole up the attic stairs.

"If it only wasn't so dark," he murmured.

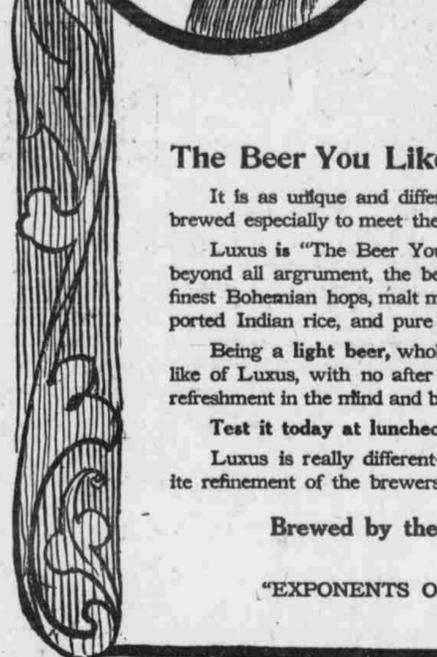
Dark it wuz; that cold, black dark which wud make a roovin' vauit cosy in comparison. I know I had to hold on to my own jaw; as for Jarge, you'd think it was playin' bones in some divvie's orchistry.

However, we persisted, creepin' into the workroom and passin' in the cister until I cud strike a match for our beams. The light flamed for a second and thin went out, but d'rectly in front of Jarge was the black box on the stand. He stretched out his hand—whin bang, bang!

I t'ought it was the rissurrection. There was a flashin', blindin' flash and a blaze; there was a din, inosent, terrifin, horribel! I staggered against th' wall, faint and sick.

"Pick up your fellow rogue and be gone," said a stern v'ice, as the old doctor hisself advanced from behind a screen.

"Whin he recovers his senses tell him that t'row your machinatus the diamonds have been found and delivered to their rightful owners. If it wasn't for a since of obligation to you, Smithers, personally, but for your oliverness in devisin' a method of search and the favor you rendered me



daughter, I'd have you both in the lockup. As it is, let this be a lesson to you not to meddle with what you don't understand. Use, like Charcot's method of hypnotism, a dazzling light attinded by the clang of a srong, it may t'row you."

# Light Beer for a Level Head

A light beer is just as essential as a moderate luncheon for a level head during business hours. Heavy, sticky, "bilious" beers are decidedly out of order during the business day—in fact they are out of place any time. A beer that requires digestion, instead of aiding digestion, is not the beer for you. The modern demand is for a light beer.



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**A Pair of Short Anecdotes**

**James Bryce's Claims on America.**

WRITING of the new British ambassador to the United States, the Hon. James Bryce, Mr. Charles Johnson makes the interesting observation in Harper's Weekly that there is not a section of the American community on whose welfare Mr. Bryce has not some special claim. There is the great bulk of the nation, to which Mr. Bryce's great reputation recommends him. "To the Irish-American comes as a staunch home-ruler, who never for a moment wavered in his convictions. To the German-American he may probably boast that he is an alumnus of Heidelberg, that he is a lifelong student of German literature and history, that in his first political campaign, he had the honor, shared by few British members of Parliament, of addressing the German electors of East London in their own Teutonic tongue. To the French, he can point to his splendid study of Charlemagne, in the Holy Roman Empire, and say that few historians have done more ample justice to the great reviewer of the French empire. The Italian should welcome him as a great student of Italy, from the days of Julius Caesar up to the present day. He may fraternize with the Swiss, if we have any among us, on the high ground that, for years, he was one of the most intrepid climbers of their lovely mountains, and in a former president of the Alpine club. The Hungarians will remember with a glow of satisfaction that he has explored many of the remote corners of their beautiful kingdom. The Slavs know of him as a traveler in Poland. The Russians may recall, with admiring pride, that he has the honor of having climbed Mount Ararat, alone and unguided, while the dozen Cossocks and Kurds who made the start with him were loiling worn out on the lower slopes of the mountain. To Scandinavians he may talk of his explorations in Iceland, where he trod in the footsteps of the daring Vikings of old, and his claim to have proceeded thence to America is better authenticated than that of Leif the Lucky or Eric the Red."

**When Stubbs Cooled His Heels.**

J. C. Stubbs, one of the important witnesses in the International Commerce commission's investigation into the Harriman lines, is traffic director of the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific and is accounted one of the most prominent railroad men in Chicago. Mr. Harriman, it is known, relies upon his judgment in traffic matters almost implicitly. Mr. Stubbs arrived in New York City from Chicago one morning not long ago, relates the New York Sun, and had planned, after transaction of business with his chief, to return on an afternoon train. But Mr. Harriman was busy and kept the traffic director waiting and idling at the outer office. Eventually, train time approaching, he sent in to Mr. Harriman to request an immediate interview. The response was immediate, Mr. Harriman throwing open the door and shouting at the top of his voice:

"Sit down, Stubbs, and wait till I get ready to see you. Your salary goes on just the same whether you're in Chicago or New York."

Mr. Stubbs went back and sat down and did not appear at all disconcerted.

"He probably knows," said the man who told the story, "that more prominent men than he in the financial world have accustomed themselves to just such treatment."

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