

# Welcome News

Any information that tells how sickness and disease can be overcome is the most welcome news a paper can print. Although this is an advertisement, it contains facts of more vital importance than anything else in this newspaper.

It tells of a medicine known for over thirty years as **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**. It is a medicine that purifies the Blood, and restores the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs to vigor and strength. Its principal ingredient is not alcohol. It does not ruin men's and women's lives by causing intoxication and fostering the appetite for strong drink.

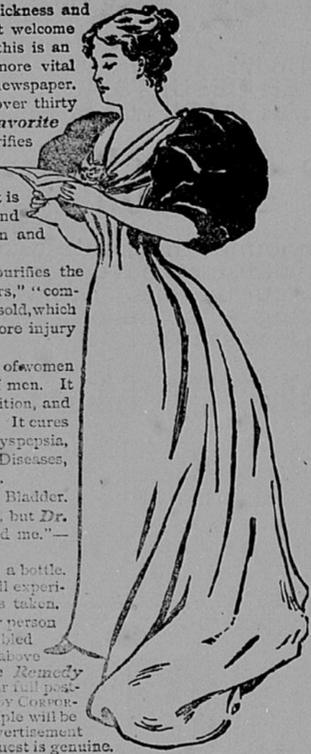
**Favorite Remedy** cools and purifies the blood. It is not like the many "bitters," "compounds" and "tonics," now so widely sold, which heat and inflame the blood, doing more injury than good.

**Favorite Remedy** cures troubles of women just as certainly as it cures troubles of men. It restores the Liver to a healthy condition, and cures the worst cases of Constipation. It cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes and Bright's Disease.

"My complaint was Stone in the Bladder. Physicians said my case was hopeless, but **Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy** cured me."—D. H. HOAG, Lebanon Springs, N. Y.

Sold in all drug stores for \$1.00 a bottle. One teaspoonful is a dose, and you will experience relief long before first bottle is taken.

**Sample Bottle Free!** Every person troubled with any of the ailments mentioned above is offered a chance to try **Favorite Remedy** without any cost whatever. Send your full post-office address to the **DR. DAVID KENNEDY CONFECTIONERY, Rondout, N. Y.**, and a free sample will be sent you. Please say you saw the advertisement in this paper, so we may know your request is genuine.



## TRIAL OF SENATOR QUAY.

His Lawyers File Demurrers to Four of the Five Indictments Against Him and Others.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28.—The case of Senator Quay and others, charged with conspiracy in the misuse of the money of the state on deposit in the People's bank, came up in the court of quarter sessions, Judge Findletter presiding.

The defendants were not in court, their interests being looked after by Attorneys Rufus E. Shapley and A. S. L. Shields. Immediately upon the opening of court, Attorney Shapley filed demurrers to four of the five indictments found against the defendants by the grand jury, and also filed a motion to quash the fifth indictment.

Upon conclusion of the arguments of Messrs. Shapley and Shields, and the reply of District Attorney Graham, the court took the papers under advisement. He did not intimate that he would announce his decisions on the motions presented.

## IN EFFECT JANUARY 2.

Rules of the New Bankruptcy Law Announced by the Supreme Court.

Washington, Nov. 28.—The United States supreme court through Justice Gray announced the new bankruptcy rules which it was authorized to frame and promulgate under the national bankruptcy act of July 1, 1898. The rules have been awaited with much interest, as a number of courts declined to proceed with bankruptcy cases until the supreme court announced the new rules.

Justice Gray announced that the new rules would take effect on Monday, January 2, 1899, and that all proceedings heretofore taken substantially in conformity with the act and to the regulations of 1867 as far as practicable would be upheld. The rules while promulgated at this time, he said, would not be ready for distribution for some time, owing to proof revision, etc.

## How Senator Perkins Stands.

San Francisco, Nov. 28.—United States Senator Perkins will leave for Washington Tuesday. In an interview he said: "Personally, I do not favor the retention of the Philippines, but great questions of state may arise which may outweigh my objections." He also expressed himself as opposed to the repeal of the war tax.

## Japanese Cruiser Injured.

New Castle, Nov. 28.—The second-class protected cruiser Kasagi, built by the Cramps for the Japanese government and which left New York on November 5 for this port, has sustained considerable injury by colliding with and damaging a bridge abutment at this place.

## FIVE HUNDRED CARATS.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

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It was several months after the brilliant if somewhat mysterious recovery of the £15,000 parcel from the notorious but now vanished Seth Salter that I had the pleasure, and I think I may fairly add the privilege, of making the acquaintance of Inspector Lipinski.

I can say without hesitation that in the course of wanderings which have led me over a considerable portion of the lands and seas of the world I have never met a more interesting man than he was. I say "was," poor fellow, for he is now no longer anything but a memory of bitterness to the L. D. B., but that must be told in another place.

There is no need of further explanation of the all too brief intimacy which followed our introduction than the statement of the fact that the greatest South African detective of his day was after all a man as well as a detective, and hence not only justifiably proud of the many brilliant achievements which illustrated his career, but also by no means loath that some day the story of them should, with all due and proper precautions and reservations, be told to a wider and possibly less prejudiced audience than the motley and migratory population of the camp as it was in his day.

I had not been five minutes in the cozy tastily furnished sanatorium of his low, broad roofed bungalow in New De Beers road before I saw it was a mu-



"I took a long draw at my weed."

sem as well as a study. Specimens of all sorts of queer apparatus employed by the L. D. B.'s for smuggling diamonds were scattered over the tables and mantelpiece.

There were massive, handsomely carved brier and meerschaum pipes, which seemed to hold wonderfully little tobacco for their size; rough sticks of firewood ingeniously hollowed out, which must have been worth a good round sum in their time; hollow handles of traveling trunks; ladies' boot heels of the fashion affected on a memorable occasion by Mrs. Michael Muratti, and novels, hymnbooks, church services and Bibles, with cavities cut out of the center of their leaves which had once held thousands of pounds' worth of illicit stones on their unsuspected passage through the book post.

But none of these interested or indeed puzzled me so much as did a couple of curiously assorted articles which lay under a little glass case on a corner bracket. One was an ordinary piece of heavy lead tubing about three inches long and an inch in diameter, sealed by fusing at both ends, and having a little brass tap fused into one end. The other was a little ragged piece of dirty red sheet india rubber, very thin—in fact, almost transparent—and, roughly speaking, four or five inches square.

I was looking at these things, wondering what on earth could be the connection between them and what manner of strange story might be connected with them, when the inspector came in.

"Good evening. Glad to see you," he said in his quiet and almost gentle voice and without a trace of foreign accent as we shook hands. "Well, what do you think of my museum? I dare say you've guessed already that if some of these things could speak they could keep your readers entertained for some little time, eh?"

"Well, there is no reason why their owner shouldn't speak for them," I said, making the obvious reply, "provided always, of course, that it wouldn't be giving away too many secrets of state."

"My dear sir," he said, with a smile which curled up the ends of his little black carefully trimmed mustache ever so slightly. "I should not have made you the promise I did at the club the other night if I had not been prepared to rely absolutely on your discretion—and my own. Now, there's whisky and soda or brandy. Which do you prefer? You smoke, of course, and I think you'll find these pretty good, and that chair I can recommend. I have unraveled many a knotty problem in it, I can tell you."

"And now," he went on when we were at last comfortably settled, "may I ask which of my relics has most aroused your professional curiosity?"

It was already on the tip of my tongue to ask for the story of the gas pipe and piece of india rubber, but the inspector forestalled me by saying:

"But perhaps that is hardly a fair question, as they will all probably seem pretty strange to you. Now, for instance, I saw you looking at two of my curios when I came in. You would hardly expect them to be associated, and very intimately, too, with about the most daring and skillfully planned diamond robbery that ever took place on the fields, or off them, for the matter of that, would you?"

"Hardly," I said, "and yet I think I

have learned enough of the devious ways of the L. D. B. to be prepared for a perfectly logical explanation of the fact."

"As logical as I think I may fairly say romantic," replied the inspector as he set his glass down. "In one sense it was the most ticklish problem that I've ever had to tackle. Of course you've heard some version or other of the disappearance of the great De Beers diamond?"

"I should rather think I had," I said, with a decided thrill of pleasurable anticipation, for I felt sure that now, if ever, I was going to get to the bottom of the great mystery. "Everybody in camp seems to have a different version of it, and of course every one seems to think that if he had only had the management of the case the mystery would have been solved long ago."

"It is invariably the case," said the inspector, with another of his quiet, pleasant smiles, "that every one can do work better than those whose reputation depends upon the doing of it. We are not altogether fools at the department, and yet I have to confess that I myself was in ignorance as to just how that diamond disappeared or where it got to until within 12 hours ago."

"Now, I am going to tell you the facts exactly as they are, but under the condition that you will alter all the names except, if you choose, my own and that you will not publish the story for at least 12 months to come. There are personal and private reasons for this which you will probably understand without my stating them. Of course it will in time leak out into the papers, although there has been and will be no prosecution, but anything in the newspapers will of necessity be garbled and incorrect, and—well, I may as well confess that I am sufficiently vain to wish that my share in the transaction shall not be left altogether to the tender mercies of the imaginative penny-a-liner."

I acknowledged the compliment with a bow as graceful as the easiness of the inspector's chair would allow me to make, but I said nothing, as I wanted to get to the story.

"I had better begin at the beginning," the inspector went on as he meditatively snipped the end of a fresh cigar. "As I suppose you already know, the largest and most valuable diamond ever found on these fields was a really magnificent stone, a perfect octahedron, pure white, without a flaw and weighing close on 500 carats. There's a photograph of it there on the mantelpiece. I've got another one by me. I'll give it you before you leave Kimberley."

"Well, this stone was found about six months ago in one of the drives on the 800 foot level of the Kimberley mine. It was taken by the overseer straight to the De Beers' offices and placed on the secretary's desk—you know where he sits, on the right hand side as you go into the boardroom through the green baize doors. There were several of the directors present at the time, and, as you may imagine, they were pretty well pleased at the find, for the stone, without any exaggeration, was worth a prince's ransom."

"Of course I needn't tell you that the value per carat of a diamond which is perfect and of a good color increases in a sort of geometrical progression with the size. I dare say that stone was worth anywhere between £1,000,000 and £2,000,000, according to the depth of the purchaser's purse. It was worthy to adorn the proudest crown in the world instead of—but there, you'll think me a very poor story teller if I anticipate."

"Well, the diamond, after being duly admired, was taken up stairs to the diamond room by the secretary himself, accompanied by two of the directors. Of course you have been through the new offices of De Beers, but still perhaps I had better just run over the ground, as the locality is rather important."

"You know that when you get up stairs and turn to the right on the landing there is a door with a little grille in it. You knock, a trapdoor is raised, and if you are recognized and your business warrants it you are admitted. Then you go along a little passage, out of which a room opens on the left, and in front of you is another door, leading into the diamond rooms themselves."

"You know, too, that in the main room fronting Stockdale street and Jones street the diamond tables run round the two sides under the windows and are railed off from the rest of the room by a single light wooden rail. There is a table in the middle of the room, and on your right hand as you go in there is a big safe standing against the wall. You will remember, too, that in the corner exactly facing the door stands the glass case containing the diamond scales. I want you particularly to recall the fact that these scales stand diagonally across the corner by the window. The secondary room, as you know, opens out on to the left, but that is not of much consequence."

I signified my remembrance of these details, and the inspector went on:

"The diamond was first put in the scale and weighed in the presence of the secretary and the two directors by one of the higher officials, a licensed diamond broker and a most trusted employee of De Beers, whom you may call Philip Marsden when you come to write the story. The weight, as I told you, in round figures was 500 carats. The stone was then photographed, partly for purposes of identification and partly as a reminder of the biggest stone ever found in Kimberley in its rough state."

"The gem was then handed over to Mr. Marsden's care pending the departure of the diamond post to Vryburg on the following Monday—this was a Tuesday. The secretary saw it locked up in the big safe by Mr. Marsden, who, as usual, was accompanied by another official, a younger man than himself, whom you can call Henry Lomas, a connection of his, and also one of the most trusted members of the staff."

"Every day, and sometimes two or three times a day, either the secretary or one or other of the directors came up and had a look at the big stone, either for their own satisfaction or to show it to some of their more intimate friends. I ought perhaps to have told you before that the whole diamond room staff were practically sworn to secrecy on the subject, because, as you will readily understand, it was not considered desirable for such an exceedingly valuable find to be made public property in a place like this. When Saturday came, it was decided not to send it down to Cape Town, for some reasons connected with the state of the market. When the safe was opened on Monday morning, the stone was gone."

"I needn't attempt to describe the absolute panic which followed. It had been seen two or three times in the safe on the Saturday, and the secretary himself was positive that it was there at closing time, because he saw it just as the safe was being locked for the night. In fact, he actually saw it put in, for it had been taken out to show to a friend of his a few minutes before."

"The safe had not been tampered with, nor could it have been unlocked, because when it is closed for the night it cannot be opened again unless either the secretary or the managing director is present, as they have each a master key, without which the key used during the day is of no use."

"Of course I was sent for immediately, and I admit that I was fairly staggered. If the secretary had not been so positive that the stone was locked up when he saw the safe closed on the Saturday, I should have worked upon the theory—the only possible one, as it seemed—that the stone had been abstracted from the safe during the day, concealed in the room and somehow or other smuggled out, although even that would have been almost impossible in consequence of the strictness of the searching system and the almost certain discovery which must have followed an attempt to get it out of town."

"Both the rooms were searched in every nook and cranny. The whole staff, naturally feeling that every one of them must be suspected, immediately volunteered to submit to any process of search that I might think satisfactory, and I can assure you the search was a very thorough one."

"Nothing was found, and when we had done there wasn't a scintilla of evidence to warrant us in suspecting anybody. It is true that the diamond was last actually seen by the secretary in charge of Mr. Marsden and Mr. Lomas. Mr. Marsden opened the safe, Mr. Lomas put the tray containing the big stone and several other fine ones into its usual compartment, and the safe door was locked. Therefore that fact went for nothing."

"You know, I suppose, that one of the diamond room staff always remains all night in the room. There is at least one night watchman on every landing, and the frontages are patrolled all night by armed men of the special police. Lomas was on duty on the Saturday night. He was searched as usual when he came off duty on Sunday morning. Nothing was found, and I recognized that it was absolutely impossible that he could have brought the diamond out of the room or passed it to any confederate in the street without being discovered. Therefore, though at first sight suspicion might have pointed to him as being the one who was apparently last in the room with the diamond, there was absolutely no reason to connect that fact with its disappearance."

"I must say that that is a great deal plainer and more matter of fact than any of the other stories that I have heard of the mysterious disappearance," I said as the inspector paused to refill his glass and ask me to do likewise.

"Yes," he said dryly, "the truth is more commonplace up to a certain point than the sort of stories that a stranger will find floating about Kimberley, but still I dare say you have found in your own profession that it sometimes has a way of—to put it in sporting language—giving fiction a seven pound handicap and beating it in a canter."

"For my own part," I answered, with an affirmative nod, "my money would go on fact every time. Therefore it would go on now if I were betting. At any rate I may say that none of the fiction that I have so far heard has offered even a reasonable explanation of the disappearance of that diamond, given the conditions which you have just stated, and as far as I can see I admit that I couldn't give the remotest guess at the solution of the mystery."

"That's exactly what I said to myself after I had been worrying day and night for more than a week over it," said the inspector, "and then," he went on, suddenly getting up from his seat and beginning to walk up and down the room with quick, irregular strides, "all of a sudden in the middle of a very much smaller puzzle, just one of the common L. D. B. cases we have almost every week, the whole of the work that I was engaged upon vanished from my mind, leaving it for the moment a perfect blank. Then, like a lightning flash out of a black cloud, there came a momentary ray of light which showed me the clew to the mystery. That was the idea. These," he said, stopping in front of the mantelpiece and putting his finger on the glass case which covered the two relics which had started the story, "these were the materialization of it."

"And yet, my dear inspector," I ventured to interrupt, "you will perhaps pardon me for saying that your ray of light leaves me as much in the dark as ever."

"But your darkness shall be made day all in good course," he said, with a smile. I could see that he had an eye for dramatic effect, and so I thought it was better to let him tell the story uninterrupted and in his own way, so I simply assured him of my ever increasing interest, and waited for him to go on. He took a couple of turns up and down the room in silence, as though he were considering in what form

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