

Diamond Cut Diamond

By JANE BUNKER

Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY OF WELL-KNOWN AUTHORESS."

Synopsis.—While in the little Swiss town of Vevey, where the "staid, proper spinster" who tells the story is spending a vacation, she is asked to allow a young girl, Claire de Ravenol, to be her companion back to the United States. Although forming an attachment to the girl, the heroine takes a dislike to Monsieur de Ravenol, Claire's father, and declines. On the boat she finds Claire in the care of a casual acquaintance, Mrs. Delario, whom she had met while each was purchasing a pair of slippers, exactly alike, which figure largely in subsequent events. When they reach New York, where Claire was to have been met by her mother, the latter does not appear, and Claire perforce goes to Mrs. Delario's home. In the confusion at the custom house, the spinster carries off one of Mrs. Delario's slippers. Through that happening she learns later that someone unknown to her has been in her flat. Calling on Mrs. Delario, that lady shows her some remarkable gems, believing them to be rubies, but which are really blood-red diamonds, and easily worth a million dollars. Mrs. Delario admits the gems were smuggled, but offers no explanation. While they are talking, a pounding on the door throws them into consternation. The caller asserts he is an officer of the law, with a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Delario's son on a charge of stealing the diamonds. She outwits him and persuades the spinster to take the gems to her home for safe keeping. Next morning, realizing the responsibility in her possession of the diamonds, the spinster takes them back to Mrs. Delario, but while there she learns that that lady's son has been kidnaped, supposedly on account of the gems, and agrees to keep them in a bunch of hyacinths and has the lock of her door changed and a chain-bolt added. Over the telephone De Ravenol informs her Mrs. Delario has met with an accident and urges her to call at once. Hastening to her friend, and leaving the gems, the heroine is met by De Ravenol, who claims the diamonds are his, stolen from Claire on the boat. He accuses Mrs. Delario or her friend the spinster of the theft, and demands their return. She defies De Ravenol, who threatens her with a revolver, and escapes.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Clammy sweat broke out all over me as I thought of what he might do. He might have twenty accomplices—he evidently had money enough to play the game to a finish. Where could I go tonight? To a hotel? I didn't have any luggage. To a friend's house? I should have to explain—and I couldn't. I might go over to Philadelphia to my brother's but I didn't have money enough in my purse to pay my fare. And could I go off and leave the diamonds in my flat? Or could I take them with me, and perhaps be kidnaped, robbed and then murdered to keep my mouth shut! After what I'd seen of him I now felt him capable of anything.

With these thoughts I staggered out into the street. I noticed the clock as I passed—five minutes to eight, and I had come in at a quarter to six. I saw spies everywhere. I was afraid to go home and I didn't know what else to do. I knew I ought to communicate with Mrs. Delario, but I didn't dare—even to try to reach her on the telephone might make it worse for her.

In this frame of mind I reached Broadway—here at least I felt tempo-



I Staggered Right into the Arms of—Billy Rivers.

rarily safe—and staggered right into the arms of—Billy Rivers!

"Billy!" I cried, as soon as I saw who it was. "My rescuer!" For next to having a thick policeman to take care of me I'd rather have a thin reporter. Billy might not be able to save my life now, but he and his paper would at least avenge my death. "Billy, where are you going?"

"Just come. Left the matter at Clifton Springs this morning. Meeting you now is what you might call—"

"Finding your aunt from home," I suggested.

"Much better than any aunt I ever had," returned Billy gallantly; which didn't mean much, since all he had in the world was an only mother. He added: "Say—I was just thinking of you, too. I was coming up to see you and get some really, truly advice. While I was over there in Paris I sort of got the idea that I'd try my hand at the literary game."

"Don't!" I cut him short. "Stick to the daily news and live things—" I was at the moment thinking of the things I was living. Also that I was living so much I was afraid to go home! "Billy, take me to a show to-night—any old show."

He swung me into a hotel—I haven't the remotest idea which, for I had lost all sense of place—and was back in five minutes with tickets, and we went.

It was a musical show, and of all things in the world I detest a musical show about the most. Billy, however,

seemed to find it to his liking, and commented on it freely—I remember his speaking of a miss at one end of the sextette as a "sweet bunch of petticoats" and I wondered what his mother would say to that. But the thing dragged along in its meaningless changes, and I sat there trying to find some coherence in its plot—or at least some gleam of real humor besides horseplay, and all the while there kept running through my head the words, "Your flat is being robbed—robbed—robbed!"

Billy and I came home on a local that dumped its passengers at One Hundred and Thirty-seventh, and I said, "Let's walk up," and pulled him out of the station and then into a side street and around a block until we were out of earshot of other pedestrians; then I said: "Billy, I've got a hunch that I've been robbed while we were at that show. You've got to come up with me."

"Aw, now—don't go worrying," he began soothingly. "Lots of people have hunches that never come to anything. But of course I'll go up with you—call the police afterward, too, if you want."

"Don't joke," I begged. "I've got five hundred dollars in the house—it would be just my luck." This was as good an explanation as any, and it was true. I didn't dare to tell him about the diamonds and my afternoon's adventure.

Billy whistled. "Good chance for me—if you haven't been burgled already. Three months in Paris for yours truly."

"Billy, listen," I begged, ignoring his attempt to be funny and cheer me up. "If George has gone off the elevator, all right—we walk up; but if George is still on—now listen, Billy, and play your part, for if I've been robbed George mustn't know it; if George is on I'll tell him you're from the office and have come up for some papers."

George has his virtues—he keeps tab on everybody in the house, who their friends are, how often they call and how late they stay. For me—who never did such a thing—to bring an apple-cheeked young man to my flat after midnight would be nothing short of an adventure in George's eyes—a thing to be told through the house for a month of Sundays afterward. So I got out a quarter—to be ready with my thanks, in case he'd stayed on, waiting for me, as he often did; and there he was, smiling.

I slipped the quarter into his palm and told him how glad I was that I didn't have to walk up—and this gentleman, too, who "had come up from the office to get some papers"—I didn't say what office.

The car slid up—my heart slid down; monsieur was in that flat waiting for me and I knew it. Don't ask me to explain how I knew it—I knew it—and I knew that he was in the kitchen—or would be in the kitchen, when the car stopped at the sixth; that he meant to let me come in, close the door on myself, and then appear; that he had the kitchen window open ready to retreat by the fire-escape if I should happen not to come alone.

I say I knew this. At the same time I knew that I must give him the chance to get away—I must let him know I was not alone.

The car stopped. George asked if he should wait, and I replied, in a rather loud voice, that it might take some little time to find the papers for Mr. Rivers; better go down again, for the front door was still open and somebody might slip in. I fumbled with my key to let the car descend, and when the noise had grown faint, so that monsieur could hear every word I said, I opened the door a crack and held it while I drew out the key, saying, so the words would carry through the hall, "Billy, have you got a match? Won't you strike it before we go in—the flat is dark."

Billy struck a match and the kitchen door slammed as I opened the front door. I knew by that that the kitchen window was open.

The hall, by the outside gas jet,

showed nothing out of the way—that had been rearranged to let me get inside and shut the door without suspicion. As to the rest of the flat!—words fall me! It was literally turned inside out and upside down. Drawers had been emptied out on the floor, then piled up and refilled with other things to get them out of the way. Even the bookcases had been moved and searched behind and hundreds of books were heaped on the floor, helter-skelter. Pictures had been taken from the walls and pillow cushions cut open; actually, the breakfast food in boxes, the butter and food in the refrigerator had been searched.

And in the midst of the disorder one thing alone had apparently not been touched—the bunch of hyacinths! I saw it the moment I got the dining-room light turned on. There it stood on the table, just as I had left it when I had crowded the diamonds down among the stems. But were the diamonds there!

I was in the act of making a dash to find out, when I remembered Billy—Billy mustn't know.

He had ejaculated, "Love and potatoes! You did have a hunch!" I pulled off my gloves—I must see if the diamonds were safe—just a touch with the end of my fingers and I'd know—

"I didn't do it with a hunch, Billy," said I, and I stooped to pick up a table drawer and slide it into place, for there was a considerable barricade between me and the hyacinths that were now out of my reach.

"I didn't suppose you did," Billy was generous enough to admit.

"I did it with a piece of unmitigated folly."

"Say—where did you leave the cash?" he questioned quickly, and I remembered the five hundred dollars that I'd forgotten for the moment.

I forgot the diamonds and sunk into the nearest chair. I stammered, "Billy, I must know the worst, and I'm afraid to go to my bedroom and see if it's gone. It was in the bureau drawer." Billy struck a match and went down the hall. Then I saw the electric light illuminate the doorway and heard Billy:

"Love and pumpkins! Come here—quick!"

I rushed after him, without waiting to see if the diamonds were safe. He pointed to the bed: "Will you look at that!"

All the bed covers had been thrown off and on the mattress lay the five hundred dollars, spread out in rows of tens and fives!

The sight fairly caved me in. It was a great deal worse than if the money had been stolen. The thought that instantly struck me, and Billy too, for Billy said it, was, "That fellow certainly had plenty of time, and what's more, I bet he was waiting for you."

"He was," said I with conviction, catching at the foot of the bed for support.

Billy gathered up and counted the money. It was all there, five hundred dollars.

"Now what—do you make—of that?" he meditated.

I knew what I made of it, but for Mrs. Delario's sake I did not tell Billy. He handed the bills to me.

"There's more to this," he observed. "Some mystery. I must search the other rooms."

"Listen!" I said. We listened but heard nothing. Then he opened the bathroom door—nobody there. And with that he marched straight to the kitchen door and back to me in a flash.

"You open the front door and get ready to yell bloody murder if anything happens," he commanded.

"No, Billy," I returned, coming to my senses and pulling out my hatpin, that had already once done duty that day. "I'll get ready to do bloody murder."

He flung open the kitchen door and we went in together.

Our mysterious burglar had vanished.

"Fiew the coop," said Billy sadly. "And I might have caught him if I'd been a minute sooner. Just my luck." He pointed to the open window as he spoke.

To me that open window meant I had missed death because of Billy.

I swayed. He grabbed my arm and steered me to the dining room and berthed me in the chair I'd just left.

"Get me a glass of water, Billy."

"Say, this is NEWS!" he chuckled, while I drank. "Mysterious robbery of well-known authoress—oh, I say, this is NEWS!"

He took the glass to the kitchen and came back with a notebook in his hand. I stumbled to my feet and got him by the shoulders.

"Billy Rivers, this is not news! It's life and death. Not a living soul must know of this till I tell it. Do you understand?"

"Well, but," he began, "a robbery like this—and of you—"

"It wasn't a robbery."

"Wasn't a robbery?" He cast a glance over the wreckage strewn all over. "What was it, then?"

"A search."

"Gee whiz! I believe you're right," he cried, looking about again, with a new light in his eyes.

"I say—the plot thickens! This is a real mystery!"

"Don't you see why it mustn't be known?"

"And do you know who searched and what he searched for?"

"I think so."

Billy stared at me for some seconds before he brought out, "I believe you know more about this than you're telling me. You're concealing something. Well—tell me this—did he get it?"

"I don't know."

Billy whistled and stared. "Say—this begins to be romantic."

"Romantic!" I snorted. "You don't know what romantic is!"

I managed to stop there. However much I respected Billy in general, I hadn't much confidence in his discretion.

"Billy, do you remember the time your mother put on your brand-new Fauntleroy suit and told you not to go to the swimming hole and you went?" I asked desperately, trying to get at him somehow and bind him to

a promise to keep this to himself.

"And you went—and the boys threw you in, sash and curis and all? And I found you and took you home and ironed you and curled you up fresh and saved you from—"

"A lickin'—and a good one," he finished for me. "Those were the mother's lickin' days—before she lost the girls. And it wasn't the only lickin' you saved me from," he added, in the grateful way I'd always loved him for, even when I just couldn't love him, he was so bad.

"Billy, dear," I said, pressing my hands on his shoulders, "it's your turn now. Do you understand?—and you've got to forget that you're a reporter and remember only that you're my friend and that I need one; for I'm in a lot of trouble and I simply can't explain."

"Don't say any more," said Billy with a fine air, taking up his hat. I remembered then that he had come for papers—George would be looking for some evidence of my truthfulness—and I snatched up the first sizable book I saw—my German dictionary, though I didn't notice what it was—and a bunch of odd papers and thrust them into Billy's hand and got him out and George up in spite of protests that I ought not to stay alone after that.

I closed the door and put up the chain-bolt, and seeing my clothes all in a heap, went in and hung them up and threw the blankets on the bed. I turned out all the lights but one. And throughout all these operations I kept asking myself, "Did he get the diamonds?"

"I'm in a Lot of Trouble."



"I'm in a Lot of Trouble."

While a Los Angeles publisher was abroad, a few months ago, with a newspaper crowd he was invited, with the rest of the party to dine with a duke and duchess who were burdened with a double last name, such as Kelly-Angus.

The Californian was in an awful stew from the time the dinner started as to how he should address the hostess in case he fell into conversation with her, but finally, when the opportunity came, he proved himself every inch a diplomat.

The duchess, it seems was apologizing for the dinner not being more formal, or something like that, and the newspaper man, desiring to make her feel at ease, just reached his right hand across the table, took the hostess by the hand, and said:

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Kelly, all of us like good home cooking."—Washington Star.

Outgessed Him.

Pauline Lord went to call on William Harris, Jr., agent an engagement just before he set sail for Europe.

"What's your salary?" demanded Harris, after the other details had been discussed, Miss Lord told him.

"Ouch!" decried the manager, wincing at the sum.

"Why, don't you think I'm worth it?" Miss Lord asked.

"Yes," admitted Harris, "but I didn't think you did."

Malay Archipelago.

When you leave the east coast of Africa, you strike across the Indian ocean, following the equator, which cuts Sumatra and Borneo in halves. It is in the forests of those great islands that our somewhat less near relatives, the orang-outangs, reside. All of the Malay archipelago (which properly includes the Philippines) might be described as a partly submerged continent, and no great amount of geologic uplift would be required to convert it into a single land mass nearly as big as Australia.

A summer girl has many engagements, but the telephone girl gets the most rings.

How Mr. Johnson Resigned Himself to the Advent of the Unnecessary Quadruplets.

Andrew Johnson, negro, of Forsyth Ga., father of quadruplets, three boys and a girl, never overlooks a business opportunity. The day following the arrival of the four picaninnes, white citizens journeyed out to the little log cabin on the outskirts of the town to look 'em over. Whereupon Andrew painted a sign and nailed it to his door. The sign read:

"Come and see the babies. Admission, adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents."

Money rolled in.

"I sure needed a lot o' things a heap worse than dem four chillun," Andrew said. "But you got to take dem a dey gone."

Relieved Mind of Hostess.

California Newspaper Man Proved Himself a Diplomat in Situation That Called for Tact.

Philosophy to the Rescue.

How Mr. Johnson Resigned Himself to the Advent of the Unnecessary Quadruplets.

Malay Archipelago.

A summer girl has many engagements, but the telephone girl gets the most rings.

Relieved Mind of Hostess.

California Newspaper Man Proved Himself a Diplomat in Situation That Called for Tact.

Philosophy to the Rescue.

How Mr. Johnson Resigned Himself to the Advent of the Unnecessary Quadruplets.

Malay Archipelago.

A summer girl has many engagements, but the telephone girl gets the most rings.

Relieved Mind of Hostess.

California Newspaper Man Proved Himself a Diplomat in Situation That Called for Tact.

Philosophy to the Rescue.

How Mr. Johnson Resigned Himself to the Advent of the Unnecessary Quadruplets.

Malay Archipelago.

A summer girl has many engagements, but the telephone girl gets the most rings.

Relieved Mind of Hostess.

California Newspaper Man Proved Himself a Diplomat in Situation That Called for Tact.

Philosophy to the Rescue.

How Mr. Johnson Resigned Himself to the Advent of the Unnecessary Quadruplets.

Malay Archipelago.

A summer girl has many engagements, but the telephone girl gets the most rings.

Relieved Mind of Hostess.

California Newspaper Man Proved Himself a Diplomat in Situation That Called for Tact.

Philosophy to the Rescue.

WRIGLEY'S

5c a package before the war

5c a package during the war

5c a package NOW

THE FLAVOR LASTS SO DOES THE PRICE!



RELIEVED MIND OF HOSTESS PHILOSOPHY TO THE RESCUE

California Newspaper Man Proved Himself a Diplomat in Situation That Called for Tact.

While a Los Angeles publisher was abroad, a few months ago, with a newspaper crowd he was invited, with the rest of the party to dine with a duke and duchess who were burdened with a double last name, such as Kelly-Angus.

The Californian was in an awful stew from the time the dinner started as to how he should address the hostess in case he fell into conversation with her, but finally, when the opportunity came, he proved himself every inch a diplomat.

The duchess, it seems was apologizing for the dinner not being more formal, or something like that, and the newspaper man, desiring to make her feel at ease, just reached his right hand across the table, took the hostess by the hand, and said:

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Kelly, all of us like good home cooking."—Washington Star.

Outgessed Him.

Pauline Lord went to call on William Harris, Jr., agent an engagement just before he set sail for Europe.

"What's your salary?" demanded Harris, after the other details had been discussed, Miss Lord told him.

"Ouch!" decried the manager, wincing at the sum.

"Why, don't you think I'm worth it?" Miss Lord asked.

"Yes," admitted Harris, "but I didn't think you did."

Malay Archipelago.

When you leave the east coast of Africa, you strike across the Indian ocean, following the equator, which cuts Sumatra and Borneo in halves. It is in the forests of those great islands that our somewhat less near relatives, the orang-outangs, reside. All of the Malay archipelago (which properly includes the Philippines) might be described as a partly submerged continent, and no great amount of geologic uplift would be required to convert it into a single land mass nearly as big as Australia.

A summer girl has many engagements, but the telephone girl gets the most rings.

Relieved Mind of Hostess.

California Newspaper Man Proved Himself a Diplomat in Situation That Called for Tact.

Philosophy to the Rescue.

How Mr. Johnson Resigned Himself to the Advent of the Unnecessary Quadruplets.

Malay Archipelago.

A summer girl has many engagements, but the telephone girl gets the most rings.

Relieved Mind of Hostess.

California Newspaper Man Proved Himself a Diplomat in Situation That Called for Tact.

Philosophy to the Rescue.

How Mr. Johnson Resigned Himself to the Advent of the Unnecessary Quadruplets.

Malay Archipelago.

A summer girl has many engagements, but the telephone girl gets the most rings.

Relieved Mind of Hostess.

California Newspaper Man Proved Himself a Diplomat in Situation That Called for Tact.

Philosophy to the Rescue.

How Mr. Johnson Resigned Himself to the Advent of the Unnecessary Quadruplets.

Malay Archipelago.

A summer girl has many engagements, but the telephone girl gets the most rings.

Relieved Mind of Hostess.

California Newspaper Man Proved Himself a Diplomat in Situation That Called for Tact.

Philosophy to the Rescue.

How Mr. Johnson Resigned Himself to the Advent of the Unnecessary Quadruplets.

Malay Archipelago.

A summer girl has many engagements, but the telephone girl gets the most rings.

Relieved Mind of Hostess.

California Newspaper Man Proved Himself a Diplomat in Situation That Called for Tact.

Philosophy to the Rescue.

How Mr. Johnson Resigned Himself to the Advent of the Unnecessary Quadruplets.

Malay Archipelago.

A summer girl has many engagements, but the telephone girl gets the most rings.

Sleepless Nights

and coffee-drinking are closely linked together with many people.

If your case is like that, try

Instant Postum

—a wholesome cereal drink with a really rich coffee-like flavor that meets the test of taste, just as the beverage itself meets the test of health.

Economical, Ready Instantly, Delicious

Made by

Postum Cereal Company
Battle Creek, Michigan

Sold by Grocers and General Stores