



Miss Ruth Horr was guest of honor at an informal surprise party given in honor of her birthday by members of the Christian Endeavor of the First Christian church at the home of Albert Horr, 419 Lincoln street, Friday evening.

McMahon, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, Mrs. Mattie Wickersham, Mrs. Bertha Huelsdon, Mrs. Cora Morrison, Mrs. Vashli Davis, Mrs. Bertha Thompson and her daughter, Mrs. Annabel Lamb, Mrs. Allie Brumfield, Mrs. Carrie Fudge, Mrs. Ada Hunt, Mrs. Daisy Wait, Mrs. Malissa Tingler, Mrs. Mollie Bunker, Mrs. Elizabeth Harris and daughter, Mrs. Gladys Stoner, Mrs. Stella Bond, Mrs. Curtis Plankenhorn, Mrs. Myrtle Thompson, Mrs. Iva Tharpe and daughter, Mrs. Ida Rothermel, Miss Minnie Irvin, Miss Erma Lamb, Miss Irene Bond, Miss Colleen Plankenhorn, Miss Irene Hunt, Miss Marguerite Hildley, Rev. Victor Stoner and Charles Rothermel.

The members of the Standard Bearers organization of the Third M. E. church will present a three act missionary play, "Two Masters," at the church Wednesday evening at 7:45 o'clock. The interest of the play centers about Janet McCrea the daughter of missionaries in China. Special music will be given by members of the organization and a silver offering will be taken.

Mrs. Harvey Nye, 1208 North D street, will entertain the Missionary society of the First Baptist church Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

The marriage of Miss Pauline Wrede, daughter of Louis B. Wrede, West Main street, and F. N. Hall, of Dallas, Texas, was solemnized Saturday morning at 8:45 at the home of the bride. Only the immediate families and a few friends witnessed the ceremony.

The Home Department of the City Bible schools will meet Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Y. M. C. A. The devotional will be in charge of Mrs. William Day and Mrs. Louise Beckett will have the advanced lesson. All Bible school teachers are invited to be present. A Bible quiz will be conducted.

Mrs. George Semler and daughter Helen, who have been spending a month in Akron, O., have returned to their home on the National Road West.

Mrs. Effie Hall has returned to her home on West Main street, after an extended visit with her sons, Paul Brown, of Kansas City, and Russell Brown, of Gary.

Mrs. and Mrs. John Collins and family of Chicago, have come to Richmond for permanent residence.

Mrs. and Mrs. Edwin Cates, North Eleventh street, motored to Winchester, Friday.

Miss Maude Flannigan, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Heid, of Indianapolis, has returned home.

Mrs. and Mrs. Frank Williams have as their guest, Miss Martha Bond, of Oklahoma.

Robert Williams is the guest of Harry Williams, at Bowling Green, O.

Arthur Watson is in Columbus, O., on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilbert H. Toler and sons Kenneth and George, are spending the week at Lake George.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Mendenhall left Friday for an outing at Crooked Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Teegarden and son John, of South Fifteenth street, will leave Sunday for a motor trip to California by way of Yellowstone Park, Washington, and Oregon. John Teegarden will enter Leland Stanford University in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar G. Murray and Miss Maxine Murray are spending the week-end at their shack, North of Centerville.

Miss Jane Copeland will spend the week-end in Indianapolis.

Dr. Albert Peeger, who has been the guest of friends and relatives here for two weeks, will go to Elkhart, Ind., Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis C. King, South Twenty-first street, returned home Friday evening after spending a month in New York City, Philadelphia, Washington and Richmond, Va.

The foreign missionary society of the First M. E. church, will meet at the church at 7:30, Wednesday evening. Members of the church are urged to be present as a special program has been arranged.

The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE
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"I will show you the steps by which I reached my conclusions," said Holmes. "And let me say to you first, that which it is hardest for me to say and for you to hear: there has been an understanding between Sir George Burnwell and your niece Mary. They have now fled together."

"My Mary? Impossible!" "It is, unfortunately, more than possible; it is certain. Neither you nor your son knew the true character of this man when you admitted him into your family circle. He is one of the most dangerous men in England—a ruined gambler, an absolutely desperate villain, a man without heart or conscience. Your niece knew nothing of such men. When he breathed his vows to her, as he had done to a hundred before her, she flattered herself that she alone had touched his heart. The devil knows best what he said, but at least she became his tool, and was in the habit of seeing him nearly every evening."

"I cannot, and I will not, believe it!" cried the banker, with an ashen face.

"I will tell you, then, what occurred in your house last night. Your niece, when you had, as she thought, gone to your room, slipped down and talked to her lover through the window which leads into the stable lane. His footmarks had pressed right through the snow, so long had he stood there. She told him of the coronet. His wicked lust for gold kindled at the news, and he bent her to his will. I have no doubt that she loved you, but there are women in whom the love of a lower extinguishes all other loves, and I think that she must have been one. She had hardly listened to his instructions when she saw you coming down stairs, on which she closed the window rapidly, and told you about one of the servant's escapades with her wooden-legged lover, which was all perfectly true."

"Your boy, Arthur, went to bed after his interview with you, but he slept badly on account of his uneasiness about his club debts. In the middle of the night he heard a soft tread pass his door, so he rose, and looking out, was surprised to see his cousin walking very stealthily along the passage, until she disappeared into your dressing-room. Petrified with astonishment, he had slipped on some clothes, and waited there in the dark to see what would come of this strange affair. Presently she emerged from the room again, and in the light of the passage-lamp your son saw that she carried the precious coronet in her hands. She passed down the stairs, and he, thrilling with horror, ran along and slipped behind the curtain near your door, whence he could see what passed in the hall beneath. He saw her stealthily open the window, hand out the coronet to someone in the gloom, and then closing it once more hurry back to her room, the passing quite close to where he stood hid behind the curtain."

"As long as she was on the scene he could not take any action without a horrible exposure of the woman whom he loved. But the instant that she was gone he realized how crushing a misfortune this would be for you, and how all-important it was to set it right. He rushed down, just as he was, in his bare feet, opened the window, sprang out into the snow, and ran down the lane, where he could see a dark figure in the moonlight. Sir George Burnwell tried to get away, but Arthur caught him, and there was a struggle between them, your lad tugging at one side of the coronet, and his opponent at the other. In the scuffle, your son struck Sir George, and cut him over the eye. Then something suddenly snapped, and your son, finding that he had the coronet in his hands, rushed back, closed the window, ascended to your room, and had just observed that the coronet had been twisted in the struggle, and was endeavoring to straighten it when you appeared upon the scene."

"Is it possible?" gasped the banker. "You then roused his anger by calling him names at a moment when he felt that he had deserved your warmest thanks. He could not explain the true state of affairs without betraying one who certainly deserved little enough consideration at his hands. He took the more chivalrous view, however, and preserved his secret."

"And that was why she shrieked and fainted when she saw the coronet," cried Mr. Holder. "Oh, my God! what a blind fool I have been! And his asking to be allowed to go out for five minutes! The dear fellow wanted to show by the missing piece where at the scene of the struggle. How cruelly I have misjudged him!"

"When I arrived at the house," continued Holmes, "I at once went very carefully round it to observe if there were any traces in the snow which might help me. I knew that none had fallen since the evening before, and also that there had been a strong frost to preserve impressions. I followed the tracks of the coronet, but found it all trampled down and indistinguishable. Just beyond it, however, at the far side of the kitchen door, a woman had stood and talked with a man, whose round impressions on one side showed that he had a wooden leg. I could even tell that they had been disturbed, for the woman had run back swiftly to the door, as was shown by the deep toe and light heel marks while Wooden-leg had waited a little, and then had gone away. I thought at the time that this might be the maid and her sweet heart, of whom you had already spoken to me, and inquiry showed it was so. I passed round the garden without seeing anything more than random tracks, which I took to be the police; but when I got into the stable lane a very long and complex story was written in the snow in front of me."

"There was a double line of tracks of a booted man, and a second double line which I saw with delight belonged to a man with naked feet. I was at once convinced from what you had told me that the latter was your son. The first had walked both ways, but the other had run swiftly, and, as his tread was marked in places over the depression of the boot, it was obvious that he had passed after the other. I followed them up, and found that they led to the hall window, where Boots had worn all the snow away while waiting. Then I walked to the other end, which was a hundred yards or more down the lane. I saw where Boots had faced the snow, and his set it right. He rushed down, just as he was, in his bare feet, opened the window, sprang out into the snow, and ran down the lane, where he could see a dark figure in the moonlight. Sir George Burnwell tried to get away, but Arthur caught him, and there was a struggle between them, your lad tugging at one side of the coronet, and his opponent at the other. In the scuffle, your son struck Sir George, and cut him over the eye. Then something suddenly snapped, and your son, finding that he had the coronet in his hands, rushed back, closed the window, ascended to your room, and had just observed that the coronet had been twisted in the struggle, and was endeavoring to straighten it when you appeared upon the scene."

the lane yesterday evening," said Mr. Holder. "Precisely. It was I. I found that I had my man, so I came home and changed my clothes. It was a delicate part which I had to play then, for I saw that a prosecution must be avoided to avert scandal, and I knew that so astute a villain would see that our hands were tied in the matter. I went and saw him. At first, of course, he denied everything. But when I gave him every particular that had occurred, he tried to bluster, and took down a life-preserver from the wall. I knew my man, however, and I clapped a pistol to his head before he could strike. Then he became a little more reasonable. I told him that we would give him a price for the stones he held—£1,000 apiece. That brought out the first signs of grief that he had shown. 'Why, dash it all!' said he, 'I've let them go at £600 for the three!' I soon managed to get the address of the receiver who had them, on promising him that there would be no prosecution. Off I set to him, and after much chaffering I got our stones at £1,000 apiece. Then I looked in upon your son, told him that all was right, and eventually got to my bed about 2 o'clock after what I may call a really hard day's work."

"A day which has saved England from a great public scandal," said the banker, rising. "Sir, I cannot find words to thank you, but you shall find me ungrateful for what you have done. Your skill has indeed exceeded all that I have heard of it. And now I must fly to my dear boy to apologize to him for the wrong which I have done him. As to what you tell me of poor Mary, it goes to my very heart."

Uncle Ben says: "Nevvy, after a chronic gets cured it takes him quite a while to get used to being healthy."

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A fitting climax to the close of our great July sale. When this announcement reaches you, you had better make a final memorandum of the things you should have before this sale closes. Store open until 9 p. m.

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