

THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY

By ROY L. McCARDELL

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A novelization of the photo play selected as the best in over 19,000 submitted to the scenario department of the Chicago Tribune in a \$10,000 prize contest during December and January. The manuscripts in this competition came from many sections in the United States and Canada. Authors of note as well as thousands of amateurs took part.

CHAPTER XLIV. An Altered Telegram.

SANKEY, the stableman, fought his way out of the melee at the circus. Of those who had seen him seize the diamond from the lion's paw several had been separated from him in the struggle and confusion, and others had been struck down by the circus men wielding bludgeons and shouting the circus men's battle-cry, "Hey, lube!"

Hiding the diamond in the pocket of his sweater coat, his hand clasped upon it, Sankey seemed to be but one of the many frightened, fleeing spectators speeding from the scene of tragedy and riot. Panting, he gained the street, swung himself aboard a crowded street car and made his way back to the mean neighborhood where his stable was. Here he threw the nervous monkey, Clarence, tied to the stall of Quabba's pony, into fits as he rushed into the place, clambered up the ladder and hid his booty, the diamond from the sky, beneath the hay in a corner of the loft.

Quabba had seen Esther safely to her hotel and had returned to the congenial quarters where he lodged—the stable—uttering lamentations in reaction of the excitement he had been through.

At the entrance to the stable yard he met the policeman who had already



Parker Promised He Would Send the Telegram.

heard of the riot call that had brought the reserves to the scene of tragedy and battle at the circus. The policeman discussed the whole exciting affair with Quabba, who had been a spectator. The two came down the alley together, and Sankey, the stableman, peering pensive stricken from a crack in the loft wall, saw them, and his guilty conscience prompted the harrowing thought that he had been identified as the thief who had dragged the diamond from the claws of death and that the search for him was on.

Quabba and the policeman called his name, but Sankey did not answer. He lay trembling in the loft in an agony of fear. Quabba and the policeman left the stable without looking into the loft and walked up the alley to the street, and Sankey dropped down the ladder, climbed the back fence and hid in another part of town, leaving the diamond beneath the hay.

Sankey reasoned if he were located and searched the diamond would not be found upon him and he would take the first opportunity of retrieving it and steal away with it by night.

Parting from the policeman, Quabba returned to the stable, angrily uttering maledictions on the absent Sankey, for Clarence, the monkey, was chattering with hunger. The pony had not been watered, and his hayrack was empty.

Quabba attended to these duties, then clambered to the loft and shoved down hay into the empty rack. Quabba gave full measure of hay to the pony. He did not know that in the generous measure of hay he shoved down into the rack there fell and lodged hidden at the bottom of the rack, just over the manger, the diamond from the sky!

That very morning Arthur, distrustful himself and suspicious of those around him, had written a telegram to Blake, the Richmond detective. Of all with whom he dealt Arthur had the most confidence in this astute and secretive confidential agent of his. Arthur also felt he could trust his English butler, Parker. Taking advantage of a moment that he was alone, Arthur had scribbled the telegram. It read: "Answer at once. Is Esther Harding in Los Angeles? Also wire condition of Hagar Harding." The telegram was signed with the name he was known by in the west, John Powell. He handed this to Parker, who faithfully promised he would send the telegram in secret, and he kept his word.

When Blake received this strange message he was puzzled, for he knew Esther had been in the west for several

months. But he had learned of Arthur's injuries and deemed that Esther was kept from the injured man. For Blake knew, too, that Blair and Vivian were in Los Angeles, and he suspected them. Blake telegraphed promptly: "Answering your wire, Miss Esther Harding is in Los Angeles. Hagar Harding continues to improve."

This telegram was delivered at the offices of the Good Hope Oil company. Blair, in charge, received all business and personal communications in the absence of the injured Arthur. Blair opened the envelope cautiously at the suggestion of Vivian, who was present. They were dumfounded for a moment, and then Vivian pointed to the first line of the message, which was typewritten.

"There is a purple ribbon on the typewriter over there," she whispered. "It seems the same type of the machine this telegram was copied on, in purple also. If the word 'not' were added at the end of the first line the message would read:

"Answering your wire, Miss Esther Harding is not in Los Angeles. Hagar Harding continues to improve."

"Vl, you are a genius!" cried Blair.

They placed the telegram in the typewriter, Vivian firmly struck the keys and the entire import of the message was changed. Then Blair carefully sealed it in the envelope and sent it by the office boy to Mr. Powell at his home.

"That will convince him he is dippy, for sure!" cried Blair. "But he must be pretty cunning at that to get a telegram out to Blake without Durand or De Vaux knowing of it, for they watch him like hawks."

"Since the diamond from the sky turned up so tragically at the circus, Durand has forgotten his patient," said Vivian. "I believe Durand might have been on the level if it were not for one thing, diamonds!"

"He certainly is a bug on them," remarked Blair. "Here is all this business—millions at stake—and Durand is content that I have full charge, and he does not question whether I will cheat or play fair when we divide. All he thinks of is the diamond. He would sell his soul for a diamond, a big diamond like the diamond from the sky!"

"Who would not?" murmured Vivian. "I have sold my soul, and you have sold yours for the diamond from the sky. And it has never rested in our grasp."

"But it will!" cried Blair fervently. "It belongs to us, to you and me. I am Stanley and the rightful heir, and you are my wife. As for that smooth swindler, Durand, and his shadow, De Vaux, the diamond from the sky shall never be dirty spoil for them."

"You want to be careful and cunning and daring, then," said Vivian. "I know Durand of old. He goes through blood and fire for a diamond of price. It is an obsession with him. He was born so marked. His mother was a waiting maid to a French banker's wife and murdered her mistress for a diamond necklace a few months before Durand was born. He was born in prison."

"He's likely to die there," remarked Blair grimly. "He had better keep his hands off the diamond from the sky."

"And we had better get our hands on it," said Vivian. "What witchery is on it? It comes and goes like the devil's tailsmen."

"It will only rest and stay with a true Stanley," muttered Blair.

Vivian regarded him strangely, but said nothing. If this were true, why had the diamond from the sky avoided Blair as though it were a living thing that wriggled from his grasp?

Arthur was clay in the hands of the conspirators again when the doctored message from Blake reached him. Arthur believed now that it was true, as those around him inferred—his obsession that Esther was near—was a symptom of recurrent insanity. He shuddered and grew sick at the thought.

"Oh, God, spare me from madness!" he prayed in agony. "Let me recover in body and mind to make a man of me."

"Base, unworthy, profligate as I have been, my gypsy mother sacrificed her youth and every happiness in life, and she now lies in a madhouse, as I lie mad in a mansion."

And then in his weakness and in his strength he battled with the drug desire that clutched him by the soul—he battled and lost.

That afternoon the soft California air of late summer brought the spice of fruit and flower across the green lawns of the shining new Powell mansion, where dwelt the "Golden Man." Luck and fortune had been his, except an accident from the injuries of which, the newspapers stated, his friends were pleased to learn he was recovering.

This afternoon John Powell, the "Golden Man," goes to the races on his costly and shining tallyho. Four thoroughbred coach horses in gold mounted harness toss their heads in

English coachman and guard to blow



John Powell Goes to the Races.

"The yard of brass" add swagger to the turnout.

With the convalescent millionaire on his tallyho party to the races go his closest friends. These are his private physician, the eminent Dr. Frank Durand; his cousin, Mr. Blair Stanley, an eastern capitalist associated with Mr. Powell and managing his affairs during his convalescence; the Count de Vaux of Paris and Miss Vivian Marston, who, it is rumored, is a young woman of splendid family from New York and who has taken up nursing and who was called into the case by Dr. Durand and who aided that skilled physician to restore his patient to health again.

This and much more the papers say. And this and much more Esther reads. These are fine friends, she thinks. Fine



The Daughter of the Stanleys Walks In the Dust.

friends indeed, and he, the gypsy changeling, lords it well among them!

For the first time a sense of injustice and indignation burns Esther's bosom. She will make the test and prove him what he is. He is the gypsy and she is the true Stanley. She will go as the gypsy and confront the so-called gentleman, who once again bears a name that is not his own! She dons her gypsy dress and takes her tambourine and walks afoot beside Quabba, the humble mountebank. The daughter of the Stanleys, the fair young mistress of Stanley Hall, walks in the dust with a mountebank and a monkey, beside the mountebank's pony and street organ!

She goes to meet a gentleman with his coach and four. But as she goes she wonders bitterly if the mountebank is not the gentleman and the gentleman the mountebank. For Arthur Stanley, as "John Powell," has been called the "Golden Man," but the poor hunchback who trudges in the dust beside her has in honor and loyalty to her proved he has a heart of gold!

Toward them comes the tallyho. Arthur, in high spirits despite his recent injuries, demands to drive the horses, and sitting beside Vivian, displaces Blair. Vivian smiles at Arthur and hands him a rose from the bunch at her belt.

And then Esther steps by the wheel horse and cries up to him, "Arthur!"

He draws the horses to a halt. A look of glad, wild joy comes to his eyes, succeeded by a glare of horror. Vivian lashes the off horse with the whip she has seized, the rose falls from Arthur's nerveless hand and the horses dash away—and the coach is gone in a cloud of dust.

Dentistry At Reduced Prices

THERE IS A QUESTION IN THE MINDS OF SOME OF THE PEOPLE OF CACHE VALLEY, AND WE OFTEN HAVE IT BROUGHT TO US: ARE ENSIGN & SMITH DOING THEIR DENTAL WORK AS WELL AT THEIR REDUCED PRICES AS THEY WERE FORMERLY WHEN CHARGING THE TRUST PRICES?



This question is answered by some of our competitors and their friends in the negative. You are informed that we are not, and that we are using inferior materials, etc.

We wish to say that every piece of work that leaves our office represents the best effort that we can possibly put forth, and that the materials used are always of the very highest grade.

We guarantee all that we do to be entirely satisfactory in every respect, and will use every effort to please you.

How can we do more? And how can we afford to do less? Haven't we a reputation to maintain? And would it not be absurd for us to spend money in establishing ourselves and then by underhanded means undo in a day more than we could establish in a month? The greatest ad we can possibly have after all is the character of the service we perform.

We are local boys, and did you ever hear of either of us being charged with dishonesty? Now, we do have an object in offering our services at these reduced prices. First we want to do away with credit, which is a bugbear of all business, and to establish ourselves on a strictly cash basis, and while we do not want to offend anyone, we wish it understood that we cannot extend credit. Our second object is to increase the volume of business. Let us give you an example of the saving you effect by doing business with us.

A SINGLE SET OF TEETH SAVES YOU \$5.00 A DOUBLE SET \$7.50 AND MORE
GOLD CROWN \$2.50 AND UP TO \$5.00 A FOUR TOOTH BRIDGE FROM \$10.00 TO \$15.00
and other work in the same proportion. Now we know what we are talking about for we have the price list of the dental society in our possession and these figures are based on these prices.

WON'T IT PAY YOU TO CALL ON US?

Over Howell-Carden's

Drs. Ensign & Smith

First North and Main

CONDITION OF SUGAR BEETS

According to the October monthly crop report of the Department of Agriculture, the condition of the sugar beet crop on October 1 was 1.7 per cent above the average level and 1 per cent below the September 1 estimate.

The Department's experts forecast the beet crop when harvested at 6,158,000 tons, a decrease of 60,000 tons from the previous month's forecast and 870,000 tons more than the 1914 crop, which totaled 5,288,000 tons.

TWO CHILDREN HAD CROUP

The two children of J. W. Nix, Cleveland, Ga., had croup. He writes "Both got so choked up they could hardly breathe. I gave them Foley's Honey and Tar and nothing else and it completely cured them." Contains

no opiates. Cuts the phlegm; opens air passages. Sold everywhere.—

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 5-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

This Is What You Have Been Looking For

60 acres of choice irrigated land within walking distance of Logan Public Schools and Colleges, together with farm machinery, 7 good milch cows, 3 horses. This is offered at a bargain for a short time only. \$2,500.00 cash will handle it. Balance, long time, with low rate of interest.

Our demand for farm property has never been greater. If you have farm lands for sale at prices that are right list them with us and we will get results.

We have some choice office rooms for rent at a reasonable price.

CARDON COMPANY

112 North Main

Phone 99

A Stitch in Time

Logan People Should Not Neglect Their Kidneys

No kidney ailment is unimportant. Don't overlook the slightest backache or urinary irregularity. Nature may be warning you of approaching dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease. Kidney disease is seldom fatal if treated in time, but neglect may pave the way. Don't neglect a lame or aching back another day. Don't ignore dizzy spells, irregular or discolored urine, headaches, weariness or depression. If you feel you need kidney help begin using the reliable, time tried remedy, Doan's Kidney Pills. For 50 years Doan's have been found effective. Endorsed by Logan people.

Mrs. Jensina Larsen, 331 S. Crockett avenue, Logan, says: "During the past several years my kidneys have been weak and whenever I caught cold or exerted, I had an attack of backache. I often became so sore and lame that I could hardly keep up. Doan's Kidney Pills strengthened my kidneys and made me feel better in every way."

Call at this office and get a bundle of old papers for a nickel. Just the thing for starting fires.

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Lump Coal - - - - - \$6.00 per ton
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We will give a discount of five (5)% for Cash on Delivery, or at yard

Now is the time to put in your winter's supply Let Us Have Your Order

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