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lower part of bow- seemed chiseled in tulle.

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etable Compound a fair trial. This famous remedy, the medicinal in- othy, help me count them. rears proved to be a most valuable tonic of eyes as if in the seclusion of a when the stranger's flashlight gaze and invigorator of the female organism. willing testimony to the wonderful ners, pushing chairs about, looking, graciously. Her dark neighbor was

If you have the slightest doubt the owner of the jewels. that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write
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to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

Kaffirs of Kimberly, the pearl-divers
(confidential) Lynn, Mass., for adpolynesia, the gold-seekers of the read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

OF HEADQUARTERS ::

BY MARCIN BARBER

British & Colonial Press, Limited, Toronto.

CHAPTER I

In the Diamond Horseshoe. A girl's scream clashed with the soprano's high note in the Jewel Song. and in a moment the Metropolitan Opera House was in confusion. The cry, half suppressed, broke the spell peculiar to a "Faust" night, somewhat portly Marguerite, her voice soaring like a cage-born bird suddenly freed, was decking her mature person with the glistening stage gems left on her scenic doorstep by the sauvest of devils. As the singer hung about her neck the rope of pearls with which Mephisto planned to fet ter her soul, Mrs. Missioner, swinging her fan with a freer motion, struck the slenderest part of her diamond collarette. The blow was sharp. The golden thread on which the choicesi of the Missioner jewels in their perforated settings were strong, snapped. Instantly most of the freed drops of frozen fire that constituted Mrs. Missioner's magnificent necklace the one with the Maharanee diamond-were rolling on the floor of the box.

Mrs. Missioner, as the little scream broke from Dorothy March, a debutante she had taken under her wing for the evening, clutched at the few diamonds that fell into her lap. Miss March drew her skirts tightly about her ankles and shrank into a corner of the box, making room fro the man who sprang to Mrs. Missioner's aid. Before another moment sped, Curtis Griswold was on his knees scooping together the scattered jewels with snow-gloved hands. Bruxton Sands, slower of movement, bent with more dignitiv to the task. In the box, separated from Mrs. Missioner's only by a low velvet rail, a man of Oriental features and complexion turn ed to watch the scramble for the jewels. Though he did not stir from his place, his hawk-like face seemed to thrust itself into the center of the excited group.

The confusion throughout the house died slowly. By that subtle magnet ism that inspires masses of humanity everybody seemed to know whence the scream had come, and all eyes were turned from the stage to the Missioner box. They saw the usually tranquil mistress of a hundred mil lions yielding publicly to emotions that her poorest sister on losing her only trinkets might have snared with her. So distracting was the excite ment in the Missioner box that for a second the great soprano paused in her cadenzas, and the conductor halted the beat of his baton. There was danger of the orchestra committing the crime of a break in its strains. But the musicians, deterred by discipline from imitating their leader's swift back glances at the auditorium, played steadily on.

"Someone has fainted," came in ill repressed tones from somewhere in the orchestra seats. Marguerite, her fingers, at her throat, paused almost Imperceptibly, but long enough for a quich look at the focus of excitement. "Continue! Continue!" she urged,

as she bent her gaze from the box to the conductor. "What's the matter? Go on!

on!" the stage manager cried in un dertones from the wings. Ushers in the back of the house sought to cover the confusion with ill-timed applause. The moment was big with potential tragedy. One cry of "Fire:" might have sent thousands of startled women and men battling along the aisles in an elemental fury of self-preserva-Mere prolongation of the situwithout that terrible tocsin might have ended in a smaller panic But the liquid notes of the soprano soaring again in the pyrotechnics of the Jewel Song reclaimed the attention of the audience. The conductor, evidently eager to hide his own momentary loss of poise, fairly lifted his men through the intricacles of the accompaniment. Promptness of action by the stage manager restored order behind the scenes.

Nothing of all those incidents struck the sense of anyone in the Missioner box. All four of its occupants were concerned for the immediate recovery of the diamonds that had sprung from Mrs. Missioner's neck to her lap, and then stampeded across the floor. Griswold, still on his knees, rescued the greater number. Sands, a man of action as well as of millions, picked Toronto, Ont .- "Last October, I wrote up the larger gems. Miss ,march to you for advice as I was completely run shrank further into the corner of the down, had bearing box and dragged her petticoats ever down sensation in the more closely until her immature form

els, backache, and "Look in all the corners look everypain in the side. I where," Mrs. Missioner urged.
"There's one behind the chair," she pointed.

"There's another," cried Dorothy, Lydia E. Pinkham's pointing at Griswold's feet. A glance VegetableCompound from the dark stranger in the next His hands were busy, but his eyes are here?" he asked, picking up Mrs. and am now entirely box directed the searchers toward still roved over the house. Idiy he noted Missioner's lorgnon bag, into which free from pain in snother part of the floor, and every the slowly ebbing interest of the au she had alipped the recovered gems on back and bowels and move was rewarded by the recovery dience, the departure of hundreds by leaving the opera box. am stronger in every of a gleaming stone. One by one, by twos and threes and larger groups. way. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's twos, by threes, the diamonds were the thronging toward the lobby for the Bruxton, the Maharance, the heautiful Compound highly to all expectant moth- gathered, and still the search went on. ers."-Mrs. E. WANDBY, 92 Logan Ave- Fast as they scooped them up. Sands with faint interest that he saw severa! know how ! prize it!" treasure into Mrs. Missioner's lap. "Are they all there?" asked the

"No. no," answered the widow, she has given bydia E. Pinkham's Veg- "There are several more. Please tal with the face of a hawk. look again-look everywhere. Dor-

gredients of which are derived from na- The women sorted and counted the tive roots and herbs, has for nearly forty gems, indifferent to the thousands

Women residing in almost every city Griswold and Sands renewed their bowed, coply as she began the incliand town in the United States bear search, peering into the remotest cor- nation of her head, but in the end

Klondikers, urged again and again by

Klondika she dissered into earth's se-

crets the world over toil ceaselessly to maintain the brilliance of that big recollection was not unpleasant. lewel show. They send their diasapphires, their pearls and opals and gold, to gleam on the heads breasts and gowns of women whom the industry of one generation, or the stock-market luck of another. crowned with riches. A night at opera is a parade of the wonders gems

gems can buy. in all that electric sparkle, no gems outshone the Missioner jewels, of which the neckiace Mrs. Missioner wore that night was the masterpiece. For in its center biazed the famous

Maharanee diamond. "I think we've found them all." sai Sands, rising and emptying his cupped hand into the miniature mountain in

Mrs. Missioner's lan. "No more in the box, that's certain." supplemented "Griswold, dusting his knees studiously. "Are you safe" asked Dorothy.

must have them all. Sands and Griswold nodded in chor Neither noticed the tascination with "which the eyes or the Eastener, like twin searchlights, swept the floor Sands and Griswold returned their chairs. Reluctantly realizing the thrilling little by-scene was at an end. the other members of the audience again focused their attention on tha stage. Mephisto befooled Dame Martha, Faust won Marguerite, and the curtain descended on an operation triumph, only to be raised and lowered and raised again as boxes, orchestra, and balconies recalled the singers for their meed of praise.

As they passed, bowing and smiling, before the curtain, a low cry came from Mrs. Missioner's throat. 'O-o-oh!" she exclaimed, half-rising her excitement, "the largest of al

is gone! The Maharanee! Instantly the turnioli was renewed Dorothy aprang to her feet and, be fore either of the men could antici pate her, began pushing the chair about until all save Mrs. Missioner were grouped in a corner of the box. Then the little debutante, regradless of her fluffy frock ,raked the floor with her fan, with her free hand, her feet, in almost hysterical quest of the still missing diamond. Griswold, nearly as excited as the women, recom menced his own search.

All the energy of the thousands women and men in the house was their eyes, and those eyes concentrated on the box where the millionaire widow, half-frenzied, was sacri ficing her Paquin gown to the hunt for her more treasured possession. All the action in Sands leaped to the fore. Stretching a long arm across the bent backs of Griswold and little

Miss March, he thrust a thumb against

an electric button. "It can't be in the box," he said de cisively, and when a breathless usper rapped at the door, the millionaire tore it open and whispered. "Run down to the orchestra and look everywhere around this box. A diamond has fallen over the rail."

"What can be the matter?" asked a thousand women of a thousand escorts. In many parts of the audience, they were standing between the seats for a better view of the box around which the little tempest of excitement

Quick questions rained on the searching usher from a group that surrounded him ten deep as he poked among the programmes that strewed the orchestra floor under the Mission-

"Keep cool, Doris. We'll find if said Sands to the widow.

"Bravo," came as an inspiration from a far corner of the balcony, as the great soprano made her final vow. Instantly it was taken up by hundreds. "Bravo! Bravissimo!" screamed delirious standees over the length of the orchestra. The firemen stood tensely at their posts in readiness for a life struggle. Ushers hurried to and fro home, fellowed by Dorothy. of women, surged that swelling roar, "Bravo! Bravo! Bravissimo!" until most other sounds succumbed to it. hunt survived.

pen, could summon all the artists who place, had sung their souls out on the stage to sing as soulfully in her salon, who, with another pen-sweep, could recompense them beyond their most arrogant demands, was in tears because she had lost a diamond.

fire held the history of an allen race. "After all," said Griswold in a swift aside to Dorothy, " she has recovered der. the other gems, and even if she cannot find this one-" "Don't you know?" returned little

Miss March excitedly. "Dont't you! really know, Mr. Griswold?" the clubman.

"Why, the history of that stone!" Don't you know Mrs. Missioner's husdiamond in America?"

Griswold shook his head. He was thrown did Sands speak. asual visits between the acts. It was | Maharance diamond! If you could and Griswold poured the glittering swarthy faces weaving through the crowd. Had his eyes been able to jewels, did not see the mussive sa'e follow those faces, he would have seen them converse in the corridor behind

struck a spark from her memory. She virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable reaching, grasping with the real of satisfied with this dubious encourage.

"You are fond of your jewels as felt for a switte.

to days long gone, and evidently the "I cannot blame you," said the Oriental. "Everyone knows you have the most wonderful jewels in the Little Miss March Hetened wideeyed. Sands bent toward Griswold

with a brief whisper. "These," returned Mrs. Missioner, "are among my very best diamonds. can work and of that which, too often, But they are nothing to the Maharanee, and that is gone." A leaping flash in the Oriental's

eyes soon faded to a gleam of polite "You are brave," was all he said "to wear them in public. Many a woman, save in her own bailroom, would

content herself with duplicates." "Duplicates!" There was unmistakable contempt in Mrs. Missioner's

"I trust," the Eastener continued, "you will recover the Maharanee, too." than another slow bending of her "Please be sure," hegged the widow head when the usher who had gone "I've looked thoroughly, sir," said to Sands, " and I can't find the

diamond anywhere." The millionaire slipped a banknote into the man's hands

"There's a good deal more than this in it for you if you find it. Griswold, as he moved to let the usher pass, stepped backward with such abruptness as to drive his heel sharply down upon something that slipped under his tread like a peach kernel. In the very moment when Mrs. Missioner, resuming her talk with the Oriental, said, with emphasis. "I leave imitations to others," that blundering heel crushed into and against the unyielding hardwood the floor, what had been the most com spicuous diamond in ail the richly jeweled collarette-crushed it untionly a tiny heap of pallid powder lay there save, where a great flake had slipped from the pressure and remain ed to betray what the little pile of dust has been.

"Jove!" exclaimed Sands. "The Maharanee!" gasped Dorothy.

The widow paled. The light in the Oriental's eyes flared to a flame. With a smile as inscrutable as his thoughts, he leaned across the low partition, picked up a pinch of the powder and the telltale flake and laid them deferentially on Mrs. Missioner's outspread fan.

"Your maid is more cautions," he said, his smile softening slightly, it may be, your jewel has made a mis-

Oriental sauvely self-effacing.

"Then." said Mrs. Missioner at last in a low, tense tone, "this is this "Not the Maharanee diamond;" re-

olied the Oriental. " In a sense, madame. I congratulte you." She stopped him with a look. "This-this thing is--"

ould say no more. "Paste!" thundered Sands. "I have been robbed." Missioner in a stiffed voice.

CHAPTER II

me home, Bruxton."

The Man of Action. The conference that followed in the quiet of Mrs. Missioner's library threw no light on the mystery of the Maharanee's disappearance, Mrs. Missioner was not of the fainting type, and when she entered her Fifth Avenue in vain efforts to quiet those nearest and Griswold, she went straight to the hem. Above all the clamor in the room in which she kept her jewels. Missioner box, the nervous inquiries Half library, half boudoir, the big apartment was a triumph of the decorator's art., It was lighted by slender vacuum tubes running along the walls, and only the noise of the diamond which could flood the farthest corner with noonday brilliance or soften the "Dorothy, Dorothy, I cannot go un- gloom to the faintest twilight gleam. til we find it," sobbed Mrs. Missioner. A grateful glow from logs of giant The woman who, with a sweep of her Georgia oak ruddled the Colonial fire-

Mrs. Missioner herself switched on the lights to their full radiance. She August 9, 1914. hastened across the room, her opera clack sligging from her white shoul-"You don't expect to find your dia-But such a diamond! Its prisoned mond there?" inquired Griswold a-

paste," she answered. "I am going to cal as soul is greater than body. see how many have been stolen. She dropped to her knees before the steel door of the bank-like vault "Know what, Miss March?" asked built in the wall, and turned the nick-India? Don't you know it's the finest whirled the little knob. Not until a 'his vicinity. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Drader, at Martin Snider's click approunced that the bolts were

Sands, absently counting the lesser

the box-the box in which the Orien- mind was working slowly, steadily. Dorothy, her small face cameo clear The hawk watched the Missioner in the intense light of the mercury, box. So steadily did he direct his watched the spining gems as the milpage at Mrs. Missioner that she was lionaire's strong Bugers flicked them delicately from the silken bag to the table. Plainly she, too, was groping for a clew. Griswold alone, therefore, saw the widow's gloved hand tremble as, swiftly, she turned a smaller kneb compartment in which she best her jewels. His eyes still upon her, be

(To be continued)

back | cess should carry no excess bangage. There is satisfaction in being able to deceive the deceiver.

Pleasant Fields of Holy Writ.

A weekly column of abiding interest to both teachers and

Motto for this week: "The mystery in the works of God is only another name for my ignorance."-Richard Cecil, 1748-1810. Third Quarter. Lesson VI.

THE BARREN FIG TREE AND THE DEFILED TEMPLE

(Temperance Lesson) (THE STORY)

The "Lamb" of the marriage scene at Cana suddenly becomes a "Lion"

in the presence of the gross profanation of his Father's house. He who adorned and beautified that innocent domestic incident with his presence Mrs. Missioner had no time for more and first miracle that He wrought, has now an aspect terrible in the exthe fan in His hand the chaff flies away. A modern, municipal to the orchestra hurried into the box. prophet Elijah, in the person of a metropolitan minister, not so long unearthed a scandalous sale of privilege to merchants and others to uplawfully blockade the city sidewalks. A corrupt hierarchy was doing something like that in the temple. For a fixed price, or a per centum on the sales they were allowing the traffickers to set up their tabernae and expose their wares. The growth was by almost imperceptible degrees. The national conscience, callous though it was, would have resented a wholesale introduction of the market. Located, too, as it was in the least sacred part, the court of the Gentiles, and partaking as it did of the nature of an insult to the foreign-born, it gave the least possible offense to the native Jews. . . So for gain the temple is metamorphosed into a stockyard. Bleating lambs drown the sound of the tinkling bells on the fringe of the high priest's robe, and the lowing of cattle competes with the antiphonal chanting of the priests. The sweet incense of the golden censer is neutralized by the malodors incident to a cattle-pen. Above all rise the piercing tones, the excited chaffering of the buyer and the seller and the moneymonger contending for his five per centum. No doubt these sly merchants availed themselves of the presence of worshipers from forthrough the velvet carpet, crushed, eign parts to expose for sale articles that had not even the poor excuse of a slight connection with the temple service. So the temple had become a noisy, filthy place. At the very period of the Passover, when it should be pervaded by a holy calm and quiet, it was really characterized by the greatest and profanest confusion. Mammon had supplanted God in His own sanctuary. . . Of this profanation Jesus had been the silent observer on His annual visits to Jerusalem. It was no late discovery on His part. His indignation was all the more terrible because it had been so long pent up. How this Galilean peasant could single-handed expel the horde of traffickers who had attached themselves to marble pillar and tassellated floor with the tenacity of barnacles has been matter of surprise to some who have sought a supernatural explanation and have supposed that Jesus was aided by a sudden outbeaming of His divinity. No doubt Jesus' face and carriage were majestic, and His voice authoritative; but it must be remembered He was dealing with a lot of conscience-cowards. They were perfectly aware of the illegal and sacrifegious character of their business. Again, there were many devout souls who had long been outraged by these time-honored abuses. They rejoiced to see the standard set up and gladly lent a hand so aid in the expulsion. . . The startled temple authorities regain their equilibrium and set upon Jesus as He stands there in the midst of the temple, pure and quiet, once more. They display that pitiful folly which always afterwards characterized their attacks upon Him. They dare not raise a question as to the justness of the thing done. Was not that very justness of the thing done a sufficient Mrs. Missioner did not faint. She credential of the doer It was ridiculous to ask for an additional sign. only clutched the soft hand of little They betrayed the poverty of their resources in doing so.

Miss March so tightly that the debu- through His ministry, even as He hung on the cross, Jesus was importuned tante with difficulty suppressed a for a sign; but He never once worked a miracle on demand. On this ocscream. This time there was silence casion He responded with a parabolic saying, the meaning of which unin the Missioner box, for Griswold. folded itself to friend and foe alike, on the occasion of His resurrection even as he began to stammer an Like many of Jesus' sayings, this had both a literal and figurative meanapology for his awkwardness, let the ling. The literal referred to His body, which the Jews did destroy, and words die on his lips as he saw the which Jesus raised three days later. The spiritual meaning might cruel pallor of the widow's face. The | brought out in a paraphrase, "Continue to destroy this temple by delibersilence of Sands was grim, that of the ate profanation of it and out of it, as from a decaying husk, I will raise the living stalk of my church.

THE TEACHERS' LANTERN

No portion of Scripture displays the opposite traits of Jesus' character more finely than Mark II. Here is Love and Wrath in juxtaposition and equipoise. The individual human character will draw from Jesus just what it merits-His loving approbation or His wrathful displeasure I . . . The holiest use of the human heart is His "Come!" or Depart!" that it shall be a temple of God, redolent with incense, vocal with praise. . . If the temptor were to approach the believer, and propose to move in all at once with all his traps and clutter, the proposition would be indignantly resented. He approaches clandestinely. He effects an entrance by imperceptible degrees. Before one is aware of it, the temple is Relief is found by flying to the Master, entreating Him to enter the heart-temple, assert His authority and drive out If all the thoughts of seeming worshipers in any given congregation could at the same instant take material form and be exposed to view, what a scene the Christian auditorium would present! A vanity fair: a fancy ball; herds and flocks and tables of money-changers! The church needs to be guarded against profanation as well as the temple. The Quaker proposed a good way of cleaning up the meetinghouse when he said. "Let each clean the spot he occupies."

The white pillar in a which in a western city is still shown on which

a compound interest problem to a finish in the very midst of a sermon

noted banker is said to have, all oblivious to his surroundings, worked out

What was that but the table of a money-changer in the church? ANALYSIS AND KEY Jesus' Anger: Lamb to Lion. Its Cause: Degree. Graft of Hierarchy. Temple Converted into Market. Expulsion of Traffickers. Not Effected by Divinity. On Occasion Jesus' Mien Majestic. Traffickers also Conscious of Crime. Authorities Demand "Sign.

Jesus' Parabolic Reply. The Young People's Devotional Service John 8: 31-36.

WHO IS PREE? "If ye continue in my word then are ye my disciples indeed. And ders, and paused in front of the safe ive shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. Racial pride led the Jews to deprecate Jesus' proposition to make them free. They cried, "We are Abraham's seed and never were in bondage. It is very common to hear people to this day discanting on their personal liberty. But'no one can gainsay Jesus' affirmation, "The committer of sin is sin's servant." "Emancipation" is one of the most inspiring words in "Perhaps all the other stopes are human language. But moral emancipation is as much greater than physi-

Snider Road Items. Clayton Card, a daughter. Raspis berries were a poor crop. C. Bartsch Snider Road, Aug. 3-Having et knob right and left. The door, about done and a very poor crop is has purchased a horse from S. Deaprinted to harmoize with the Flemish reported. The First Lake feldspar der. H. Snider has purchased a valcak of the wainscot, was ornamented mines have closed down for a couple luable horse from James Goodberry, band bought it from a Maharanee, that with only the widow's crest. Silence toi weeks. The rain Sunday evening of Verona. Visitors: Mrs. Charles they brought it all the way from held the others as her gloved fingers was appreciated by the farmers of Bartsch, at S. Drader's; A. and C.





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