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THE LOST NECKLACE

Who Stole It?

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mr. William Donnay sat in his study reading. He was an old gentleman, very rich and lived in elegant style. All his immediate family had died and left him alone in his old age. There was but one person to inherit his wealth, a grandson, and the young man found it irksome to wait until he should step into his grandfather's shoes. Mr. Donnay, senior, had a fad which interested him at a time of life when activity did not. In the upper part of his house was a large room in which were stored many and varied curios. There were relics of war, pottery that had been dug up by archaeologists after having been buried some 2,000 or 3,000 years. There were Egyptian ornaments and one mummy. Jewels that had decorated the person of some ancient princess were in cases, and even those intrinsically valuable were exposed to the clutches of any one who might take a fancy to them.

On this particular morning when Mr. William Donnay sat reading in his study there was a knock at the door and his valet, Simpson, entered. Mr. Donnay looked up inquiringly. "There's been more stealing, Mr. Donnay," said Simpson. "The amber necklace has been taken from its case in the museum."

Mr. Donnay's brow darkened. "And the diamond pendant has gone with it."

Mr. Donnay did not hasten to reply, but when he did he said: "Well, Simpson, I presume I must investigate these thefts. I'll see my lawyers and learn what can be done."

Gerald Donnay had seen the valet enter his grandfather's study and followed him, stopping near enough to the door, that had been left partly open, to hear what was said. When he had heard it he hurried away to his grandfather's attorneys.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when an office boy admitted the young man to the law offices of Harley & Rogers, but it was long after 3 when George Harley hurried in from court.

When the lawyer entered with a brief note of greeting to the stranger the youth came forward eagerly. "Mr. Harley?" he inquired.

"Yes," returned the lawyer, admitting the client to his private office and scanning the card which he found on his desk. "You wished to see me, Mr. Donnay?"

"It is a very pressing matter," said the other, drawing a chair close to the desk and sitting down, "a matter of the utmost secrecy."

"A case of private inquiry?" "Something of the sort, you see, Mr. Harley, I live with my grandfather, Colonel Donnay, and the old gentleman is—er—rather eccentric—dreadfully penurious, don't you know?" He laughed in an embarrassed manner.

"Doesn't like to see a young fellow enjoy life, eh?" questioned Harley. "That's it! Give me every time I ask for a check, and he seems to forget that some day all the money will be mine—unless he changes his will, and he's apt to do that any moment."

"And the matter about which you wished to consult me?" suggested Harley.

The young man grew paler, and his voice dropped almost to a whisper. "It's about a necklace—an amber necklace of great value. It has been in the Donnay family for many generations, and, aside from the fact that it is made up of 100 carved beads of pure amber, there is a pendant which is almost priceless; it is a large canary diamond." He paused and moistened his dry lips.

NOT A PARTICLE OF DANDRUFF OR A FALLING HAIR

Save Your Hair! Double Its Beauty In Just a Few Moments.
25-Cent "Danderine" Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Wavy and Beautiful.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes, but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful. A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance, an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance. Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.

"And the necklace has been stolen?" Gerald Donnay started violently, and his light-blue eyes wore a frightened expression. "Who told you that?" he demanded. "I surmised it. Please go on with your story, Mr. Donnay."

"Pardon me, Mr. Harley; I am much upset by the whole occurrence. My grandfather keeps the necklace in his museum on the top floor of the house. Last night it was intact in its case. This morning my grandfather appeared at the breakfast table much agitated, saying that the amber necklace had disappeared and there was no sign of burglary. You see, it places me in a very unpleasant position."

"Why?" "Because only yesterday I had asked my grandfather to help me out of a grave financial difficulty. He refused. His natural inference is that I helped myself to the necklace."

"He cannot have a high opinion of your integrity," remarked the lawyer bluntly. "He hasn't. In fact, he has more than once unjustly accused me of helping myself to various articles of value about the place."

"And what is your theory?" asked George Harley, fastening his keen eyes on the other's face. "Do you believe it was an inside job?" "Yes; I am sure that I can lay my hand on the guilty man. It is grandfather's valet, Simpson, an Englishman who has been with him for many years—a sly rascal, believe me, sir!" Young Donnay spoke vindictively.

"Simpson is still in the house?" "Oh, yes. Probably he has secreted the necklace and after my grandfather's death will dispose of it to excellent advantage."

"And what can I do in the matter?" "This," said Gerald Donnay, leaning over and tapping a long forefinger on the polished top of the desk—"this Mr. Harley, I want you to go to my grandfather's house with me and prove to him that I am guiltless in the matter of the amber necklace. Also help me to find the real thief."

"You are sure that we can fasten the guilt upon Simpson?" "Positive," said the other confidently. "Can you come home with me now, Mr. Harley?"

Harley was thoughtful for a few moments, staring at the anxious face of his client.

Suddenly he jumped up and reached for his hat and overcoat. "Let us go now, Mr. Donnay. My car is at the door."

Five minutes later they were speeding up town to the quiet cross street where the Donnays lived.

During the ride George Harley learned that the household consisted merely of Colonel Donnay and his grandson, Gerald, and that the colonel was enjoying his usual health.

When they mounted the brownstone steps of the mansion the door opened, and a manservant presented himself. He was a quiet, middle-aged man with graying hair and rosy cheeks and trustful eyes.

"The valet, Simpson, attending the door during another servant's absence," guessed Harley, and he was right. "My grandfather, Simpson?" demanded Gerald sharply.

"Taking a nap, Mr. Gerald, and he begs not to be disturbed."

"Very good! Now, Mr. Harley, suppose we go up to the top floor," said Gerald as he led the way up several flights of richly carpeted stairs to the top floor of the house.

"This is the museum," he announced, opening a narrow iron door at the head of the last staircase, "and here is the place from which the amber necklace was stolen."

George Harley glanced around at the rich collection of antiques which crowded the cases and walls of the narrow gallery. Then he stared down at the velvet lined tray where the amber necklace had temptingly lain.

"Where is Simpson's room?" asked the lawyer. "On the floor below—in the wing. I will lead you there."

Gerald Donnay started for the door, but George Harley stooped to pick up a small pale yellow object from the floor under the case. He slipped it into his pocket and smiled strangely.

ence that Gerald Donnay possessed an indulgent grandparent. "This is my room," said Gerald impatiently, as they entered the room. "There can't be anything to interest you here, Mr. Harley."

The afternoon was closing in, and the room was growing dim. "Would you mind making a light, Mr. Donnay?" said the lawyer quietly. When Gerald Donnay switched on the electric lights and turned around it was to face the muzzle of George Harley's automatic pistol.

The young man's face was a study in expression as his long jaw slowly dropped and his pale eyes started from their sockets. Slowly, his shaking hand was lifted above his head. "Don't shoot!" he said weakly. "I won't—provided you hand over that diamond pendant," ordered Harley, poking the nose of his weapon into Gerald's thin back. And when the diamond pendant had been removed from the mattress, where Gerald had sewn it, and Harley had placed it in his pocket, the lawyer said to the cringing thief: "Now, forget that we discovered the broken necklace in Simpson's room. Remember that you placed it there, and also remember that the beads which you 'planted' so cleverly that they marked a trail from the museum to Simpson's room, were your undoing. They are also scattered along the hall from the valet's room to your door—this you did not know! Now, shall we interview Colonel Donnay?"

REMARKABLE LAST LETTER

FROM THE BATTLEFIELD BY A BOY LIEUTENANT.

"Our Spirits Endure," He Wrote—
Letter Was Enclosed in the Will of the Dead Young Hero.

The following remarkably touching letter from 2nd Lieut. E. L. Townsend, London Regiment, who was killed in France, appears in the London Daily Mail. It was sent to his father, W. L. Townsend, 2-4, New Basildon street, E.C. 2, enclosed in the gallant boy's will, to be opened only in the event of his death:—

September 8, 1916.
Dearest Mother and Father,
You are reading this letter because I have gone under.

Of course I know you will be terribly cut up, and that it will be a long time before you get over it, but get over it you must. You must be imbued with the spirit of the Navy and Army to "carry on." You will still have little Donald, who is safe at any rate for some while. If he should ever have to go on active service I should love to see that his invariably good luck will bring him through.

You must console yourselves with the thought that I am happy, whereas if I had lived—who knows? Remember the saying attributed to Solon, "Call no man happy till he is dead." Thanks to your self-sacrificing love and devotion I have had a happy time all my life. Death will have delivered me from experiencing unhappiness.

It has always seemed to me a very pitiful thing what little difference the disappearance of a man makes to any institution, even though he may have played a very important role. A moment's regret, a moment's pause for re-adjustment, and another man steps forward to carry on, and the machine clanks onward with scarce a check.

The death of a leader of the nation is less even than a seven days' wonder. To a very small number it is given to live in history; their number is scarcely one in ten millions. To the rest it is only granted to live in their united achievements. But for this war I and all the others would have passed into oblivion like the countless myriads before us.

We should have gone about our trifling business, eating, drinking, sleeping, hoping, marrying, giving in marriage, and finally dying with no more achieved than when we were born, with the world no different for our lives.

Even the cattle in the field fare no worse than this. They, too, eat, drink, sleep, bring forth young, and die leaving the world no different from what they found it.

But we shall live for ever in the results of our efforts. We shall live as those who by

BEST FOR LIVER, BOWELS, STOMACH, HEADACHE, COLDS

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Don't Be Bilious, Constipated, Sick, With Breath Bad and Stomach Sour.

CANDY CATHARTIC CASCARETS
10c
WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Tonight sure! Take Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. Wake up with your head clear, stomach sweet, breath right and feeling fine. Get rid of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, furred tongue, sour stomach, bad colds. Clear your skin, brighten your eyes, quicken your step and feel like doing a full day's work. Cascarets are better than salts, pills or cathartics because they don't shock the liver or gripe the bowels or cause inconvenience all the next day.

Mothers should give cross, sick, bilious, feverish children a whole Cascaret anytime as they can not injure the thirty feet of tender bowels.



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