DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY JANUARY 19 1907



wright, 1906, by Goorge Barton.) HE pungent odor of freshly boiled coffee in the neighborhood of Barnes' apartments, in Washington square, one crisp afternoon in November, gave notice to the outside world that the veteran inspector was at home. His friend Forward,

the chemist, was with him and he sat in sippered state discussing the value of blood corpuscles as evidence in murder trials. The old man insisted, with much vehemence, that while blood corpuscies, i properly proven, were more highly convincing to the mind of the average juryman than the red article. Clancy, of the sparkling eyes and the ever present smile, listened with a total lack of understanding. Indeed, he felt relieved when a maid entered the room and handed the chief a card. Barnes puckered up his eyes and held the pasteboard near the window in order

to read it.

psifeoonu next to read it. "Charence Potter!" he exclaimed, imally, "Why, that's an old school chaily, "Why, that's an old school chail haven't seen in 25 years. Tell bin to come up at once." In a short time the door opened and an agreeable looking gentleman of mid-de age entered. The moment the old man caught sight of him he rushed aross the room and gave him a bearish bag, and following this unusual per-formance by taking both of his hands in his own and shaking them with vigor and enthusiasism. "Hello, Clarry, old boy," he cried, "many a day has come and gone since I last set eyes on you. Where in the world have you been keeping yourself, and why haven't you ever come to see me."

and why haven't you ever come to see me" "It's your fault," replied the other re-provingly. "You know that when we formed our Last Man's Club I begged you to join. It has been the connect-ing link that has held us together for a quarter of a century. There hasn't been a year that we haven't met in friendly intercourse." "Very true," answered Barnes, nodd-ing his head regretfully. "But you know I was never of a convivial nature; I didn't go in for big dinners or any-thing of that kind. My slippers, a cup of coffee and a stogie, and I'm the most agreeable man you'd want to meet. By the way have a cup of coffee. No? Why, on a cold hay like this a dish of hot coffee is the acme of biss. You'll have a stogie. I'm sure. I thought so. Here's a match."

Here's a match." "By the way," resumed Barnes, while Potter was lighting his cigar, "is your Last Man's club still in existence?" "Yes," said the other, with some agi-tation. "That's what I came to see you

about." "Oh!" laughed the chief. "I'm too old to join anything of that kind now." "It's not that," retorted Potter hur-riedly; "no new men can come in. The covenant prohibits additions. As deaths occur the club gradually ceases to ex-ist. Tonight I am to entertain the club is one house and there are just 18 surhouse, and there are just 18 sur-

"Makes you feel creepy," suggested

"Makes you feel creepy," suggested Forward, hitherto silent. "Purely a coincidence," said Potter, nervously. "But what I came to see you about," he continued, turning to the chief inspector, "concerns both the cus-toms and the Last Man's Club," "Mr. Forward, my friend, and Mr. Clancy, my assistant, are both in my confidence," said the old man, antici-pating the next remark of his visitor. "You may speak with the greatest irredom."

"My story can be told briefly," res-ponded Potter, sinking back into an easy chair and poffing away at his storic. "It has been customary at each stogle. "It has been customary at each of our dinners to present the members with some little souvenir of the occa-sion. The character of the keepsake has always been kept a secret until it was presented to the members. This year, when I learned that I was to be the host of the Last Man's club, I de-termined to give my associates a gen-uine surprise. So I sent abroad and ordered 13 Hungarian opais. Now, al-though these rare stones were ordered two months ago, they did not arrive un-th today. I called at the custom house, made the entry, paid the duty and re-



CULPRIT HUNG HIS HEAD IN SHAME ".....

THE.

hour ago she was hurrying through the dining room, when she slipped and fell on the polished floor and smashed a magnificent vegetable dish that had been a family heirloom for over a hun-dred years. The dinner is beginnig now, but Mary Martin, who was to have helped the caterer, is in her room cry-ing her eyes out." "What about the caterer?" her?' 'I'm absolutely convinced of her re-

urer, and told them what I intended to spring on the boys. But of course that has nothing to do with the case." "Probably not," responded Barnes, "but in order to work intelligently I must know the names of all the per-sons who had any knowledge of the opals."

must know the names of all the per-sons who had any knowledge of the opals." "Quite right," assented the agitated wistor. "Now I think I have given you all of the information in my pos-session. Will you help me?" "Till try," agreed the chief. "But teli me, has anyone else been in your "Only Augustine Smith." "Only Augustine Smith." "Who is he?" "The caterer who is to serve the dinner. He called this afternoon to set the table and arrange some of the preliminarles." "Is he a reliable man?" "The is our twenty-first dinner. Smith has sorved every one of them. On such occasions he has had the run of the house, and had he been so disposed could have stolen long ago. But I'm satisfied that he is perfectly honest." "And the servant girl—how about her?" "The aservant girl—how about her?"

white as chalk. The old man opened

agony or trying to make a mystery of this thing," he said, looking at the ca-terer while he spoke. "Mr. Potter, you are entitled to the whole story. It is short. This man, Augustine Smith, in ; moment of deplorable weakness, stole your opals."

servant girl. "I felt morally certain," he continued, "that the caterer was the culprit and when I found half a dozen little bits of

siri. Of course they all laughed, but the ring of sincerity was lacking in the mirth. There was silence for some mo-

"Our host," he said, "is entitled to a great deal of credit for his highly original manner of presenting us with these beautiful". beautiful

"Smith, the caterer, is entitled to the credit for that idea," interrupted Pot-

"Well," continued Hazzard, a triffe "Well, continued Hazzard, a triffe embarrassed, "we'll give Smith the cre-dit for that idea; but we must thank our host for the beautiful opals. I merely want to say that personally I am not a bit superstitious. You boys can all vouch for that; can't you?" "Sure!" chorused the members, won-daring what man coming.

"Sure!" chorused the members, won-dering what was coming. "Well," resumed Hazzard, his man-ner singularly disjointed, "what I was about to say was that my wife is-ab -very timid. She has certain pro-hounced aversions. One of them is a dislike for opals. If she thought for a moment that I had an opal she would be most unhappy. Now, while I do not take any stock in superstitious rubbish I have no desire to make my wife un-happy. I--"

take any stock in superstitious rubbish. I have no desire to make my wife un-happy. I.-." "I see," said the host, a triffe ironi-cally: "you refuse your opal?" "Not exactly that"--Before the confused member could finish his sentence there was a call for Potter. His wife, who was in another part of the house, wished to speak to him. He apologized for leaving his friends and hurried away. He re-turned in a few minates, looking very much perplexe. "Boys, I'm in a pickle. My wife has heard of the opals and says she will not sleep a wink tonight if I keep one of them in the house. I''--He could say no more. One after another of the members, with an eagerness bordering on the lu-dicrous, arose and volunteered to re-linquish his opal. One of the members suggested that the treasurer keep them for the benefit of the club; but the mere suggestion of the thing almost threw Winchell into a paroxysm. All this time the diners were in ig-norance of the fact that the caterer was guilty of the attempted theft of the stones. It was William Bott who mentioned Augustine Smith and spoke of his long years of faithful service to the club. The name was an inspiration. Almost simultaneously Mathieu and Scarlett, two of the most active mem-bers of the organization, were on their feet proposing that the opals be given to the caterer as "a testimonial of the esteem and regard feit for that gentle-man." "Of course," said Mathieu, persua-

man man." "Of course," said Mathleu, persua-sively, but with a mischlevous twinkle of the eye, "I merely suggest this as a method of relieving Mr. Potter and sevnection of there from an unpleasant predic-ament. And, needless to say, the idea hinges entirely upon the unqualified ap-proval of our host and the donor of the pals.

"You have my unqualified approval!" should Potter, "Now, what do the members say?" The members said "Aye" with a

table vibrate. "Send for the caterer," said Potter to

a colored waiter who was standing near

fellow!" to drown out any suggestion of that sort. Bott sat down squelched. Augustine Smith entered the room soon after and was formally presented with the 13 opals. He was overwhelmed with delight. It seemed like sarcasm that he should be given the stones he had tried to pilfer, but he accepted them gladly enough and 10 minutes afterward had left the house and was on his way home.

Some one had been telling the story of the mishaps of the customs examiner, the confidential clerk and the servant upon their generosity in giving away their "luck," as Bott phrased it, While they were talking the telephone bell rang again. Potter listened with a grim smile on his face.

29

"The highway robbers have been ar-rested," he said, "and identified by Smith. There were two of 'em, and it means 10 years aplece in the peniten-

tlary." "What about the opals?" asked Bott, "What about the ophis?" asked bott. "The men were caught crossing the Brooklyn Bridge," replied Potter. "They had the stones in a bar, and in the struggle that took place the thing slipped out of their possession. fell through the trestie work and the opais are now at the bottom of the

opals are now at the bottom of the order of the bottom of the river." Clancy and Forward accompanied the chief inspector of customs to his lodgings that morning. "No opals in mine," blithely remarked Clancy.

Clane Stuff and nonsensel" retorted

Barnes. "But," respectfully ventured For-

"But," respectfully ventured For-ward, "think of the customs examiner down with appendicits; the confiden-tial clerk with the broken leg: the ser-vant girl breaking the family helrloom, and the caterer sandbagged!" The old man's clear, ringing laugh echoed against the stiliness of the night air.

air. "I'll wager that 50 persons were oper-"TI wager that 50 persons were oper-ated on for appendicitis in this town yesterday: I'm sure that many had their limbs broken. As for careless ser-vant giris-that's too frivolous to dis-cuss. Finally, for seven consecutive nights cilizens have been held up and sandbagged at the very spot where the caterer was robbed this morning. It may be the means of compelling the authorities to police that place. If it does, it's a clear gain to society. Don't worry," smiled the old man as he bade them good morning. "but go home and read my essay on "The Theory of Coin-cidences."

CARRIE NATION

CARRIE NATION certainly smashed a hole in the barrooms of Kansas, but Ballard's Horehound Syrup has smashed all records as a cure for coughs, Bronchitis, Influenza, and all Pulmonary discases. T. C. H.-, Horton, Kansas, writes: "I have never found a medicine that would cure a cough so quickly was Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I have used it for years." Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main Stree' B

YOU ARE INVITED to come in and hear all the latest records and gra-phophones. Columbia Phonograph Co. 327 South Main.





e conversation. "There's no use in prolonging the

"Augustine Smith, our caterer, stole the opals?" repeated the astonished

host. The culprit hung his head in shame and did not say a word. Barnes briefly told the story of his investigation. He recalled the misad-ventures that had befallen Harmer, the customs examiner; George West, the confidential clerk, and Mary Martin, the servent circl

on his way home. At two in the morning Potter pound-ed on the table and declared the dined on the table and declared the din-ner closed. The members drank a final toast and joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." The voices were still raised high when the telephone bell rang. There was silence as Potter walked over to a corner of the room and picked up the receiver. "Yes, this is Potter. What is it?" A pause for a moment, and the host's face clouded. "The Samaritan hospital? What do

a colored waiter who was standing near his chair. "Say, boys," expostulated Bott feebly as the colored man left, "this hardly seems the right thing. It's like giving a fellow's luck away, don't you know"-He got no further. A battery of scowling faces was fol-lowed by a chorus of "He's a jolly good fellow!" to drown out any suggestion of that sort

In today. I called at the custom house, made the entry, paid the duty and re-ceived the goods. I opened the little case containing the gems, and was de-lighted with my purchase. When ex-paed to the sunlight numberless rain-tow thits fisshed forth from a series if small flakes. The reflection came 1 m surfaces of irregular dimensions. The goods were immaried form Kame goods were imported from Krem-

Now comes the queer part of the story. On account of some official red tape I was not permitted to take the crais with me immediately, but was told to call for them fater in the day. a the hour designated I was too busy to 0.50 I south me considered in the story to a the hour designated I was too busy to at the hour designated I was too busy to s. so I sent my confidential clerk, Mr. feorge West. He receipted for the tones and delivered them at my resi-fence. They were received there by Mary Martin, an old family servant, and the placed them on top of my desk in the library. When I reached home at the oclock this afternoon the opals were sone." "Gene?" echoed Barnes. "Tes, gone," repeated the other de-pondently. "A most careful search has been made, and I have not been the to locate them anywhere." "But they had left the custody of the oustoms?" suggested the inspector. "Apparently," replied Potter. "Of-ficialy I suppose you have no interest in the matter, but I appeal to you on the score of old friendship to help me find the opals." "Well," sighed the chief, looking at

ne find the opais." Well," sighed the chief, looking at the cozy fire and then at his slippered the cozy fire and then at his slippered the cozy fire and then at his slippered "Time!", cried the other, excitedly, "Time set for \$ o'clock. The money leasing the least part of the affair. My wonderful souvenirs are gone. The dispointment will be intense." "But surely the members are in imonance of the character of the sur-pite you had in store for them?" "Most of them are," replied Potter, "Jui let two of the boys into my con-fience. Only this morning I met charles Hazzard, the secretary of the chb, and Howard Winchell, the treas.

A Cold Easy to take Hard to break unless you use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy 15c and 50c at All Druggists

"I'm absolutely convinced of her re-llability." "H'm," murmured the old man; "and the clerk, George —I suppose he was a trusted person, too." "I would bank all I am worth on George West," was the fervent reply. The old man stared at his visitor in silence for some moments and ridge distance.

The old man stared at his visitor in silence for some moments, and, rising paced up and down the room. Pres-ently he made for the coffee urn and gulped down a cup of the cheering beverage. After that he lighted a fresh stogic and resumed his seat. "Will you take hold of the case?" asked Potter anxiously. "Yes," was the deliberate reply. "As far as I can see, it has nothing to do with customs, but it interests me and I want to serve you." "Can I help you?" "No, I don't think so." "What shall I do?"

"What shall I do?" "Go home; go ahead with your din-ner and leave the rest to me." "But how can I give the dinner without the opals? If I don't get them-before we sit down at 8 o'clock I'll have to provide other souvenirs, and if I do that Hazard and Winchell will think I'm a bluffer."

if I do that Hazard and Winchell will think I'm a bluffer." "I said go ahead with the dinner," replied the chief, with a trace of as-perity in his volce, "You've got to take a chance. I'm not infallible. I may succeed or I may fail. The thing for you to do is to look and act as natural as possible. Don't say anything to any one. Simply play the part of an agree. able and self-contained host." Potter arose, shook hands all around and left the room, looking far from satisfied. Forward gazed at chief in-spector in a curious manner. "This case seems to be without be-ginning or end," he ventured. The old man, who was pulling off his smoking jacket preparatory to leaving the house, nodded. "Clancy," he remarked, "you heard all that was said. Go to the apprais. er's stores, find out all you can there and if necessary go to the residence of the examiner who passed the opals and pump him dry. Forward, I'm going to press you into service also. Look up this man West. Shadow him for the next two hours and then you and Clancy report to me here at 8 o'clock tonight."

o'clock tonight." They separated and went their sev-eral ways. Promptly at the hour designated all three returned to the Washington square apartments. "Well, Clancy," said the chief to his assistant, "what have you to report?" The dapper little fellow seemed dis-turbed. As he spoke his voice trembled: "The opals were delivered all right: they have the receipts to show that, but a queer thing happened." "What was that?" the surface he was to give the mem-bers. The roast came on, and still there was no sign of the chief inspector of cus-toms. Potter began to regret that he had gone to Barnes. He even felt that he could have a sense of relief if he were assured that the opals were hope-lessly lost. The punch and the cigar-ettes were served and Barnes was as far away as ever. A settled dejection came over Potter and he sat there, a veritable death's head at the feast. Winchell and Hazzard were the life of the company. They exchanged remi-niscences, told stories and kept the ta-ble in a roar. Presently Hazzard walked over to Potter and whispered: "See here, old men, it's about time to spring your surprise with the opals; there's such a thing as straining curi-osity to the breaking point. Don't wait too long."

"Why, you know Harmer, the exam-

"Certainly," said the old man, "what about him?"

about him?" "He's very sick," replied Clancy, "He appraised the opais this afternoon and started home in the best of spirits, but before he reached there he was taken with a high fever and an hour ago he had to be operated on for appendicits. The attack came so suddenly that it unnerved the man and all of the mem-hers of his family. I just left there. The doctor says the operation was a success and that he will recover, but he certainly had a close call." "Is that all?" asked the chief, grimly. "That's sall," murmured Clancy, "and I think it's enough, too." Without noticing the observation of

osity to the breaking point. Don't wait too long." The host groaned-actually and really groaned-and looked at the speaker with the air of a man who has lost everything in the world. Hazzard, tak-

into the little crumb pans before plac-ing the sweets before the guests. The caterer, Augustine Smith, pale, and frigid, and correct, as a head wait-er should be, stood at one end of the room and silently directed his men with his commanding eyes. They moved about the room with noiseless steps and in another moment an ice cream glace had been placed before each member of the club. The candied covering, ball shaped, was in two parts, pressed to-gether so as to hold the cream in place. Potter took a speen and, idly pressing gether so as to hold the cream in place. Potter took a space, and, idly pressing it in the crevice, pushed the thing apart. The shell separated and half of it fell on either side, and there on the plate. in all of its solitary glory, lay a beauti-ful opal. The other guests, noting the action of the host, quickly followed his example, and almost in the twink-ling of an eye the electric lights were reflecting the iridescent rays of 13 daz-zling opals. There were shouts of ap-proval, followed by hearty hand clap-ping on the part of the delighted mem-bers. They had been deprived of their ice cream, but they had a genuine sur-"What about the caterer?" "Mrs. Potter vouches for him. She says that he came to the house this af-ternoon and brought two colored as-sistants with him. She sat in the re-ception hall, where she could see or hear him all the time, and she is posi-tive that he did not go upstairs during the time he was in the house." Clancy noticed a glint of satisfaction in the chief's ere. the time he was in the house." Clancy noticed a glint of satisfaction in the chief's eye. "We're all at sea." he said; "but you've got something up your sleeve. What is it?" The old man smiled that inscrutable smile of his. He shook his head. "Never count your chickens before they're hatched. I can tell you nothing at present." ice cream, but they had a genuine sur-

bers. They had been deprived of their ice cream, but they had a genuine sur-prise in its place. Potter seemed stunned. He looked up and saw the smooth shaven face of the caterer whiter than ever. He look-ef beyond him, and there in the door-way stood the chief inspector of cus-toms, smiling and flanked on either side by Clancy and Forward. Nothing would do but that Barnes and his friends should meet and receive the congratulations of the members. Would the chief and his right and left bowers have a glass of wine? The two bow-ers accepted with grace and politeness. The old man, being abstemious, de-clined the wine, but took in lieu there-of a smoking hot cup of coffee. After the confusion had subsided Barnes asked Potter to come to the library for a moment. The caterer was



Many Salt Lake City Readers Have

"Good news travels fast." and the thousands of bad back sufferers in Salt Lake City are glad to learn that prompt relief is within their reach. Many a lame, weak and aching back is bad no more, thanks to Doan's Kidney Pills. Our citizens are telling the good news of their experience with the Old Quaker Remedy. Here is an example worth reading

Mrs. A. Clark, of 367 West First St., South, Salt Lake City, Utah, says: "A friend did me a great kindness when she not only recomended Doan's Kidney pills but brought me a part of a box that she had at home. I was suffering terribly with backache and kidney complaint and felt unfit for any exertion around the house. I had not used Doan's Kidney pills for more than a day when I felt relieved, and by the time I had taken one box not an ache or a symptom of the trouble remained." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 ents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffale, cents. New York, sole agents for the United States

Remember the name-Doan's-and take no other.

ue paper, such as jo idarles use to wrap around gems, on the Idarles use to wrap around gems, on the back stairway leading from the library down into the kitchen and thence into the dining room, I was convinced. Hy had gone up the back way to the li-brary to look for something in decorat-ing the table and saw the box on the desk. Some devilish curiosity impelled bim to come the case and when he saw desk. Some devilish curiosity impelled him to open the case, and when he saw these brilliant stones he succumbed to temptation—he became a thief. Mrs. Fotter thought he did not go to the second story at all. That is because she was in the reception hall in the front of the house. He assures mo this is the first time he has ever stolen, and L believe him. When the question of is the first time he has ever stolen, and I believe him. When the question of returning the opals was discussed he suggested the idea of placing them in the shells intended for ice cream. I agreed, and took the liberty to assure him that there would be no prosecu-tion. Now you have the whole story. If this pentience does not recommend

tion. Now you have the whole story. If this penitence does not recommend him to your mercy, I am satisfied that his ingenuity will appeal to your love of the original." "It does," replied Potter. "You can finish serving the dinner." he added, turning to the caterer. "and that will end all business relations between us." As the host returned to the dining-the opals with considerable curiosity. But their enthusiasm had subsided.

face clouded. "The Samaritan hospital? What do you want with me? To tell me? To tell me what?" There was a mumbling sound over the wire. Potter clutched the receiver so tightly that the veins in his hands stood out like tiny bits of string. "You are sure he is out of danger." The reply must have been assuring. for he said:

"All right; I'll be up the first thing in the morning."

CICARETTE AND TOBACCO HABITS CURED BY

TRIB

Read what Judge A. L. Currey, a prom-inert judge of Baker City, Ore., says of "TRIB:"

inert judge of Baker City, Ore., says of "TRIE." " Thave given your 'TRIB' a fair trial and followed directions fully, and now desire to tender you my unsolicited word as to its efficiency. Let me truthfully say that I feel entirely different in every way. It seems strange, indeed, to me to be ready and waiting for three square meals a day, good sound, pleasant, refreshing sleep, no nervous nightmares and a de-gree of self-reliance that used to require more than one cocktail to induce. I did not take TRIB' from a moral standpoint, but it was a choice between liquor, the pine box and 'TRIB' and 'TRIB' won out in a fair contest. I positively have no appetite for intoxicants and to judge others by myself, anyone can de-rive the same benefit 'TRIB' has made many happy homes." Investigate this remedy while we are offering an absolute guarantes with ev-ery treatment. Price per treatment, \$12.50. F. C. SCHRAMM.

F. C. SCHRAMM.

Cor. First So. and Main Sts., "Where the Cars Stop." Sole Agents.

The Spencer Seedless Apple

No Core-Sure Cropper-Red Color -No Blossom - One-Fourth More Solid Meat-TheApple of the Future

This will be to the apple family what the navel orange has been to the orange family. PLANT TREES NOW, thus assuring yourselves of the first apples on the market, which are BOUND TO BRING ADVANCED PRICES.

Our trees are grown by ourselves at Provo. Utah, and are the finest that can be grown; large, thrifty roots and from six to eight feet high. WE GUARANTEE them to please. You take no chances.

Send us your orders for Spring delivery of 1907.



"Never count your chickens before they're hatched. I can tell you nothing at present." Meantime the dinner of the Last Man's club had started at the home of Clarence Potter. The quaint dining room with old fashioned Dutch decora-tions was prettily arranged for the oc-casion. A mirror covering the center of the table deftly rimmed with moss, easily created the illusion of a placid stream of water. Flowers and lighted candles added to the cheerfulness, while several musicians hidden behind a mass of artificial shrubbery discoursed such sweet harmony that the surviving members of the club, with one excep-tion, felt as if they were in Elysium. That exception was the host. Potter, who sat at the head of the table, alter-nated between agony and , bliss. It would be the most successful dinner in the history of the club—if it were not for the opals. He had been reluctant to begin without the stones, but he re-membered the explicit directions of the chief inspector, and he was grimly obe-dient. The oysters had been served, and Potter between the blyalves strained his ears for the ring of the door-bell that would announce the ar-rival of Barnes. But the course came and departed and there was no sign of the old man. The soup followed, and the distracted host scalded his mouth in a bungling attempt at trying to talk, to listen for a sound at the front door and to eat at the same time. Presently his agitated manner was noticed, and the members began to banter him on his melancholy appearance. Hazzard and Winchell were especially boisterous be-cause they believed his uneasiness was due to his doubt about the success of the sourp believed his uneasiness was due to his doubt about the success of the sourp believed his uneasiness was due to his doubt about the success of the sourp believed his uneasiness was due to his doubt about the success of the sourp believed his uneasiness was Heard it and Profited Thereby.