

meant a handsome commission for himself. Just to go on with she chose a few articles from amongst the stock displayed before her, paid for them, and left.

She called again in the course of a few days, and on this occasion was met by one of the partners of the firm. She was charmed with the display laid before her, made her choice, and said she would return to the hotel to get the money, for she wished to show the jewels to her husband, who was unfortunately laid up with gout. She went, leaving her maid to await her return.

The maid chatted and laughed with the partner and shopman, and the former, mentioning he hoped she would not fail to remind her mistress of the existence of his firm in the future, pressed upon her the present of a diamond brooch. Hardly had she placed it in her pocket when two police officers entered the shop, caught the girl in their grasp, and announced to the astonished jeweller that both she and the so-called Countess X. were a couple of the smartest thieves in the world.

Luckily, said the officer, they had had the pair under close observation; they had arrested the countess, and lodged her at the police-station.

They hurried the woman outside, whilst the jeweller hastened to get his hat; and that was the last he ever saw of the maid, the bogus police officers, and the so-called countess.

The theft of the Earl of Anglesey's jewels is too fresh and well known to need mentioning; but passed into the annals of forgotten robberies, that is, forgotten by the public, for the police never forget them, is the theft of the jewels of the Countess Deyn, some 13 years ago. While the family were at dinner clever rogues were at work in the upper apartments of the mansion, with the interior arrangements of which they were as well aware as the family occupying it. Ere effecting an entrance, which they did by climbing on to a balcony, they blocked all the paths and side-walks leading to the house from the grounds by tying wire from tree to tree and across the gates. Any discovery of this would have raised the alarm that something was wrong, and given them a chance to escape, but the wires were not discovered until too late. Then it was found, too, that the Countess's jewel-box, which had been left open in her dressing-room, had been cleared of £8000 worth of jewels, none of which were ever recovered or even heard of again.

Hatton Gardens, the centre of the diamond trade, where men on the kerb, in the street, display handfuls of the gems, cut and uncut, to each other as though they were but so many peas, has been the scene of more than one great robbery, but a more daring coup than that planned and carried out a dozen years ago it would be well-nigh impossible to imagine.

By some means a gang of thieves learned that a certain merchant, who was in the habit of receiving large parcels of the gems every few months, was expecting the arrival of a consignment from South Africa. The actual date of its probable arrival they were, it seems, unable to ascertain, but they knew the packet was to be delivered by special messenger.

They rented an office immediately under that of the merchant's, and kept a sharp look-out for the arrival of the messenger, whose personality was known to them. They marked his arrival, but did not permit him to mount higher than the landing on which was their office. Reaching there, the men sprang upon him, wrapping his head in a drugged cloth, and dragging him into the office.

It was the work of an instant, and the man had never the chance to cry for help. Insensible, he was relieved of the diamonds, bound to a chair, and gagged and while the merchant awaited alone the coming of the diamonds, the robbers were away with their booty, valued at £8000.

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Young Mother: "Doctor, that bottle of medicine you left for baby is all gone."

Doctor: "Impossible! I told you to give him a teaspoonful once an hour."

Y.M.: "Yes; but John, and I, and mother, and the nurse have each to take a spoonful, too, in order to induce baby to take it!"

**Old Sweethearts Meet and Wed Two Hours Later.**

They met on the sands of the beach near the Cliff House in San Francisco just before the last mail left. As children they had been sweethearts in America. He drifted to South Africa and became a Kaffir king, a miner of fabulous wealth, and, incidentally, a husband. But he never forgot Anita Mallory, his California child sweetheart. He accumulated millions in the Rand, but he was not happy. His wife and he could not agree. She drifted away from him, and he got a divorce. In the far land of the nether realms of Africa, with all his wealth, with all his power, Jim Burslem could neither buy nor summon happiness. His dreams were of an American sweetheart, and last spring he came to America.

In New York he learned that his Anita had married a Los Angeles banker, Hugh Glassell, and in an aimless and yearning frame of mind the rich young widower set out for the pacific coast. He had made up his mind that he would not seek out his old sweetheart of childhood, but he could not resist the temptation to revisit the scenes of the early happiness of his boyist dreams. He went to San Francisco, got a room in the Cliff House, and, day after day, from his lonely window, watched the seals sporting on the rocks far out in the harbour.

One day in the dining room he saw a young woman who recalled his childhood. She was beautiful, dainty, lonely, and she knew him. She smiled upon him, and in five minutes he was exchanging the experiences of a decade with the girl whose heart had been his for all that time, but whose life had been not less adventurous than his own. He learned that she, too, was alone in the world, her husband having crossed the great divide, and left her a widow a year previously. She had not forgotten the old, simple, guileless days of their childhood, nor had the years effaced or diminished the tender regard in which she held him. For half an hour they talked over the intervening years, and then he said:

"Anita, we have both made our mistakes. We are sorry, are we not? But let us quit grieving and start it all over again. Let's start right now. Let's be married."

A sympathetic hotel clerk summoned Deputy County Clerk Baker, who accompanied the groom-to-be to the county clerk's office, where the license was made out. The Rev. John Rich, of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, was summoned, and within two hours after their meeting this lover and sweetheart of an old romance were man and wife. Mrs. Glassell became Mrs. Burslem, and the delighted couple set out for St. Louis, whence they will go to New York, returning to the western coast to make their home in San Francisco.

"I did not know that she had been married, and she did not know that I had," explains Mr. Burslem—Jim Burs-

lem, the multi-millionaire of the veldt. "I had never forgotten her, and my own failures and disappointments had brought her memory back with renewed affection and regret. Her story was so like mine; we met so unexpectedly, we sympathized so readily and so sincerely that there seemed to be something fatefully happy in our reunion. I proposed marriage five minutes after I knew her story. She accepted me promptly, and we were married within the hour. It was the happiest hour of my life. I was a boy again. I know that I am the luckiest man in the world. Suffering seldom works to the end that its victims shall be doubly happy. But that's what it did for me."



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