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GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown and William R Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Thomas L. Day.

County Commissioners—Wesley Jarrell Pres.; James B. Wright, Franklin P. Medford.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John F. Dawson, Chief Judge; J Olan Clark, Wm H. Deen, Associates.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

States Attorney—T. Alan Goldsborough.

Sheriff—Wm T. Hignutt, of E.

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A full line of Hosiery for Men, Ladies and Children, in Plain Fancy and Lace; also White in long and Short for Little Folks.

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A full line of Men's and Boy's Overalls best Hickory Stripe, plain and with aprons, @ 45c a pair; cannot be bought elsewhere for less than a half-dollar. Jumpers that are made for wear.

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FOR THE GIRL'S SAKE

By FRANK THOMAS

THE famous Crampton diamond threw back the light from its many facets, and strange, brilliant colors shot from its depths. It was the finest stone I had ever seen in my life.

I was particularly pleased with my design for the setting. No other hand had touched it, and I felt that the frame, so to speak, was worthy of the picture.

The ring, now that it was finished, was fit even to adorn the hand of Gwendolen Forrest, the beauty and heiress of the season. But I did not envy young Mr. Crampton his fiancee; in my own Nell I had a girl as good and as pretty as any in the land.

I was about to take the ring to Mr. Nugent when Nell herself ran in. She was my employer's daughter, and his private house was upstairs over the large showroom in Clifford street. It was against all custom for Nell to come down to my workshop, for her father disapproved our engagement. But to-day she had not been able to resist the temptation of having a peep at the Crampton diamond.

Just as she had slipped it on her finger and was dancing about, twisting her hand that the marvelous stone might catch the light, the door opened and Mr. Nugent entered. I prepared to defend Nell from a harsh reprimand, but none came. He father appeared oddly preoccupied, merely took the ring from her, examined it earnestly, and, snapping the lid of the case down upon it, placed it in his pocket and walked away.

Next day I was sitting at work when I saw a hansom drive up, and Mr. Crampton jump out. He came hastily into the showroom, which adjoined the one where I was sitting, and where Mr. Nugent was.

"Scoundrel!" I heard him say, and could scarcely believe my ears. "You thought to fool me easily by a false stone, but I am as good a judge of jewels as you are. You are a thief, sir! What have you done with the diamond I intrusted to you?"

Mr. Nugent answered in a lower voice. What he said could not have made any great impression upon Mr. Crampton, however, for he impatiently interrupted, and at last an ominous threat concerning the "police" reached my ears.

I sat still. I understood well that Mr. Crampton had deliberately accused my employer of trying to palm off upon him an imitation diamond, yet I knew that I had set the true stone and delivered it to Mr. Nugent only yesterday.

My employer himself was a skilled workman, though not a good designer, and in the time that had elapsed between my handing him the ring and his transferring it to the owner he could have removed the stone and replaced it by another. But such a bold trick to succeed the imitation must be magnificently made, and the original diamond must have been carefully measured.

I had never known that Mr. Nugent kept any false gems about the place, and besides, was it likely that a man in his position would care to run so terrible a risk? Still, I could not help remembering how haggard and irritable he had been of late, and the keen interest that he took in the stock exchange intelligence.

As I thus speculated on the astounding accusation Mr. Nugent himself opend the door of the workroom.

"Did you hear anything of what passed in the next room?" he questioned.

I admitted that I had.

"Of course, I shall be triumphantly acquitted," he answered, clearing his throat huskily as he spoke. "Still, Mr. Crampton can make things disagreeable. And, look here, Wade, I haven't always been as frindly to you as I might, but I can trust you. You'll be an important witness. Do what you can for me, for the girl's sake."

The words sounded strange, but I was given no time to answer, for at that moment Mr. Crampton returned with two Scotland Yard men. My employer was given into custody and taken to the police station to be charged, the detectives remaining to search the premises.

Late in the evening they came to me in the workroom, and, holding out the ring, that I had made for Mr. Crampton, one of them said:

"This is your work, we understand. Is that the stone you set?"

I glanced at it, but I only replied: "I don't call myself an expert in precious stones, and all I can say is that this one precisely resembles in size, shape, and appearance the one given me to set."

While this statement was superficially true, that one glance had been enough to show me that I was not looking at the Crampton diamond.

The detectives left, saying that I would have to tell all I knew in the witness box, and then, just as I was about to lock up the place for the night, Nell came in. It was the first time she had let me see her since her father had been taken away.

The face which I thought the sweetest on earth was marble white, and there were dark shadows under her lashes.

"There's something I must say to you," she panted, "something I've been wild to say all day lest it should be too late, but I dared not let any one suspect. A month ago father confided to me that he had lost a great deal of money, and he showed me how to open a secret drawer in his Chippendale bureau. 'If ever anything happens to me,' he said, 'don't lose a moment, but look into this drawer; throw away everything that you will find in the left hand partition, and keep what may be in the right.'"

Together we ransacked the old bureau, and at length Nell touched the spring which opened the secert drawer. I drew in my breath sharply, for the light of the candle which I held struck out a gleam from a pile of exquisitely made false stones which lay in a partition on the left hand, while on the right was the Crampton diamond.

Involuntarily I betrayed the dreadful nature of the discovery by an exclamation for, left to herself, Nell would not have understood. But she was quick to comprehend, and, realizing the worst, she swayed, staggering backward.

"My poor father!" she moaned, as I held her. "He is ruined forever—and I, too! The daughter of a convicted thief is no fit wife of an honest man!"

"My darling! You are a wife for a king, and as for your father, I swear to you that I will save him yet."

"You? You cannot!"

"I tell you that I can and will." For even as I spoke an idea flashd into my head which startled me by its audacity. In a moment I had thought out every detail.

I made up the stones, Crampton diamond and all, into a packet, carefully closing the secret drawer, and, contriving to get away without being seen, went straight to my brother's house in Kent, managing to avoid the service of a subpoena. Thus I was not present at the police court proceedings, which would have meant ruin for my plan.

Mr. Nugent was committed for trial, and meanwhile I staid in the country, working each night in my locked room with the tools I had brought with me until the gray dawn filtered under my closed shutters.

When I saw my old employer in the dock at the trial I was shocked at the ghastly change which had come over him.

The evidence at first went steadily against him. It was proved that he had lost money heavily on the stock exchange. Mr. Crampton swore that the stone in the ring delivered to him by Mr. Nugent's own hand was not his diamond. One expert testified that not only was the stone he now saw not the Crampton diamond, it was not a genuine jewel at all, but a marvelous imitation. Another was not so positive. He looked at the gem through his glass, turning it this way and that, declaring that in all his experience he had never seen a false stone so cleverly executed as this. Indeed, he was not prepared to swear that it was false.

This was the first ray of doubt which had been thrown by the evidence upon Mr. Nugent's guilt; and then I went into the box. I was cool now, for the game I had gone into had cost me many a qualm of conscience. But I had no intention of cheating Mr. Crampton, swearing falsely, or tarnishing my personal honor.

The preliminary question of the prosecuting counsel brought out the fact that I had designed the ring's setting and done all the work upon it.

"What sort of a stone was it your employer gave you to set?" was the next question.

"An extremely valuable white diamond," I replied

"Do you swear that you set the genuine stone and delivered the ring when finished to the prisoner?"

"I do."

"Do you consider it possible that stone might have been taken out and an imitation one substituted?"

"Certainly! But I could tell whether the ring had been tampered with since it left my hands."

"Take this, then, examine it, and inform the court if that is the stone you set."

The ring was handed to me, and a hush fell upon the court. The kind of lull which denotes that a vital point in a case has been reached.

I put my hand in my waistcoat pocket for my jeweler's glass, and the sharpest eye could not have seen that I also drew forth a new ring, made in the secret hours of the night—an exact counterpart of the other, save that it contained the real Crampton diamond.

I pretended to examine the imitation with great care, while all eyes were fixed upon me. At length I returned the glass to my pocket, and with it the ring with the false stone. I could hear my heart beating; but, handing to the court usher the new ring, I said, firmly, in reply to the snappish "Well?" of the prosecuting counsel:

"I swear unhesitatingly that the setting of this ring has not been tampered with and that this is the genuine diamond which was given me to set.

A rustle went round the room; the doubting expert pricked up his ears; the prosecuting counsel, with Mr. Crampton and the treasury solicitor, were whispering over the ring.

"You honor," said the counsel, "I ask permission to recall the expert."

I stepped out of the box and the expert stepped in. The new ring was put into his hand, a friendly ray of sunshine lighting up the jewel.

"This is remarkable," he said at last. "It is the first time I have ever made a mistake. This stone is genuine. I cannot doubt it."

And so the prisoner was free. But when the verdict of "Not guilty" was pronounced a faint groan echoed it, and a dead man was taken from the dock. A spasm of the heart had proved fatal.

Six months later Nell and I were married. On our honeymoon we were walking in a lane near Ilfracombe, when we came face to face with Mr. Crampton, who was stopping with his bride in a neighboring country house.

"Ah, Mr. Wade!" he exclaimed. "I haven't seen you since that mysterious case of mine. Do you know, I have always thought of you—as—a very—clever man?"

"Thank you," I said quietly. "Will you allow me to present you to my wife—the only daughter of the late Mr. Nugent?"

Mr. Crampton raised his hat, looked keenly at pretty Nell, shook hands with us both, and murmured:

"Ah, I understand!"

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In the Parlor.

His words of love delight her,
She's such a lonely,
He makes her life much brighter
By turning down the gas.
—Philadelphia Press.

A GREATER DEPTH.



She—Do you remember last week, when we had a few words, I said that you were just as disagreeable as you could be, and that I hated you as much as I could hate anyone in this world?

He (anticipating apology)—Yes, I remember.

She—I didn't know you then as well as I do now, or I shouldn't have said that.—Ally Sloper.

Punishing the Scholars.

"Are people punished in cooking schools, pop, the same as they are in other schools?"

"Yes, my son, the pupils have to eat what they cook, sometimes."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Candid Explanation.

"Why is it," asked Mr. Biggs of his laundress, "that you charge me almost twice as much as you charge my friend Diggs?"

"Well," was the serene reply, "you see, suh, yoh shirts don' fit 'my husban' as well as Mistah Diggs' does; an' dey ain' as good shirts, neither."—Washington Star.

Domestic Strategy.

Husband—Why do you scold the butcher? It isn't his fault that the meat comes to the table all dried up. Scold the cook.

Wife—I don't dare to; but I'm in hopes that if I keep scolding the butcher, he'll get mad, and come around and scold the cook.—N. Y. Weekly.

Why She Quit.

"I've stopped keeping household accounts," she said.

"Did it worry you to know how much you spent?" asked her friend.

"No. The thing that annoyed me was to know how I could have so much left when I had spent so much."—Chicago Post.

Losing Sleep.

Patience—I always think of all the mean things I have said during the day before I fall asleep at night.

Patrice—Gracious! Do you stay awake as long as that?—Yonkers Statesman.

The Irish Orator.

"Oh, my friends!" exclaimed the orator, "it makes me sad when I think of the days that are gone, when I look around and miss the old familiar faces I used to shake hands with."—Tit-Bits.

SAME OLD THING OVER AGAIN.



Miss Gusherly—I suppose it's very hard work to find new ideas for your musical comedies.

Ruyters Kramp—I never tried to.—Chicago Chronicle.

Now They Don't Speak.

Clorinda—Young Saphead proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforeband that I would refuse him.

Bedelia—Oh, I'm sure he did, dear.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

If Nervous and Run Down

simply improve your circulation. Remove the waste matter that clogs the blood by taking Ramon's Pills—then tone the nervous system with the Tonic Pellets. All in one box for 25 cts and money back if not satisfied.

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Leap-Year Episode.

Fred—Miss Elder has proposed three times within the past six weeks, but I can't make up my mind to accept her.

Joe—Has she got any money?

Fred—About $50,000, I understand.

Joe—Well, you are taking desprate chances, old man. Suppose she should stop proposing?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Feathers for Her.

"My wife never wears feathers on her hats."

"Ah. Does she belong to the Audubon society?"

"No. They charge more for flowers than for feathers at the place where she gets goods."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Bright Outlook.

"Will your father give his consent?" asked the lover.

"Well, if father won't, mother will," replied the girl. "They never agree on anything, so we're sure to get the consent of one, and that is enough."—Chicago Post.

To Cure Constipation

take just a mite of Liver Food before retiring each night. Ramon's Tonic Regulator supplies it in a palatable form of powder, tea or tonic. 25c, and money back if not satisfied.

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