

ton.

"Aye, aye!" muttered the old man.

"Maybe you're right there. But we'll

soon put your words to the proof of the

He took up the Bible and began read-

"I believe so," answered Winton.

"Man, it's easy. All things are easy

work for the Diamond Fields Syndi-

the passage you have been reading?"

ing from the page at which he had

Book that never lies."

the truth !" he cried.

opened it:

body else."

ing until I've had my say."

full of flaming anger.

anyway?" he asked.

"Not if he is green."

Ned Burns grunted incredulously,

"And what the devil has Mr. De

Ned Burns laid a hand on his shoul-

der. "Mr. Garrett, my lad," he an-

swered, "it ain't insulting a man to

"You're green, boy. Listen to me!

I don't love those thieves in the syndl-

cate, and when Mr. De Witt discharged

me at the end of the month he knew,

tell him to his face he's green."

Witt got to do with the Big Malopo,

and Winton suddenly felt his heart

### (Continued from last week).

#### SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Winton Garrett, twen-ty-five and just out of college, calls by ppointment on Archie Garrett, his New Appointment on Archie Garrett, his New York cousin and executor, to receive his inheritance of \$100,000. Archie, honest, an easy mark and a fool for luck, assures Winton that he is prac-tically a millionaire, as he has invested all but \$10,000 in a rubber plantation in either the East or West Indies and in a controlling interest in the Big Malopo diamond mine, somewhere or other in South Africa, sold him as a Special favor by a Dutch promoter named De Witt.

named De Witt. CHAPTER IL—Winton, en route to his mine, finds the town of Taungs wildly excited over a big strike at Malopo, including the 95-carat "De Witt diamond." Two coach passengers are a disreputable old prospector, Daddy Beaton, and his daughter Sheila. On the journey a passenger, who turns out to be De Witt himself, insults Sheila. Winton fights De Witt and knocks him out. Sheila tells him to turn back. She says that her father is a broken Eng-lish army officer, who has killed a man and is therefore in De Witt's power, that De Witt is all-powerful, being backed by Judge Davis, president of the diamond syndicate and also the native protectorate. native protectorate.

On claims more recently taken up men were hard at work with picks, or washing the clay in cradles. Nobody paid the least attention to the wayfarers.

Wintor's companion led him along the road that ran the length of the claims. Here and there were to be seen native gangs herded within the barbed wire tangles of their compounds. At length the desert reappeared. Sam stopped.

"This is the Big Malopo, sir," he said. Winton looked in front of him. He

saw a small shack, a patch of yellow ground, and many coils of barbed wire that had not yet been set up. There was nothing more.

"The De Witt diamond was picked up right fiere, sir," said Sam. "How far does the claim extend?"

asked Winton. "What are those men doing there? Are they the Big Malouo men?"

"No, sir. That is another claim. The claims are not extensive, sir. The Big Malopo is a large one. It measures Ninety-five carats, they estimate it will weigh, when it's been cut. She showed it to me. I gave her five pounds for it, and Mr. De Witt called me a fool, and swore when he paid me back. That's Mr. De Witt, but I don't know he's any meaner than that old hypocrite, Judge Davis.

"Somehow the news got into the papers down-country. Forty-eight hours the first rush of prospectors from Taungs took to get up here, and they couldn't understand why people in Malopo was ignorant of what had happened. Next day a hundred came from the Transvaal. Next day comes the colony rush. And today the population of Malopo looks like doubling every week. You may have passed some of them on the roads?"

"Yes, the road's alive with them." "It's one of the big rushes, Mr. Garrett, like in the old Kimberley days, and you can guess how De Witt's crowd is kicking itself for not having gobbled up the Big Malopo. They're finding stones everywhere as they get down toward the bottom of the yellow ground. And De Witt let the property go down when he could have gobbled it for a song."

"I seem to have walked into the situation at the most interesting moment," suggested Winton.

"And after him Abdon the son of "You certainly have, Mr. Garrett, Hillel judged Israel. And he had forty Not but what I was expecting somesons and thirty sons' sons, that rode on thing to turn up. I was lying awake threescore and ten ass colts; and he last night, puzzling and worrying, and judged Israel eight years." He snapped I thought I'd find what the book had the Bible shut. "Man, you've told me to say. So I opened it in the dark and struck a light, and the first words my eyes fell upon was that passage where "But how do you get that sense from David danced before the Ark and his wife nagged him for making a show of himself. And he'd took off his to them that know how to search the clothes in his frenzy, as you'll no Scriptures. Abdon's Mr. Davis. Mr. doubt remember. Now, sir, I put it Davis is the judge, ain't he? And to you, could there have been anything Israel's Malopo. And the forty sons more like a sign?" and thirty sons' sons are the men who

"But what was your interpretation?" inquired Winton. cate. And the threescore and ten ass

"Why, it's perfectly simple, sir, to colts are the same poor fools themthem that's got the gift to understand. selves, that work for those swindlers, David's Judge Davis, of course, and his and are asses without knowing it. wife's De Witt, who's always girding And the eight years is me, who've at him to be crookeder than God made worked for Judge Davis and Mr. De him naturally. And the clothes he Witt these eight years past, here and took off is his smug Pharisee face in Kimberley, and am discharged at that's going to be unmasked. And the the end of the month because Mr. De Ark-well, I thought that was Malopo. Witt has promised the job to some-But now I see it's you. He's going to dance before you, sir, and you're "Steady, Mr. Burns," said Winton. going to be the piper." "There isn't going to be any discharg-

"I hope so, Mr. Burns," said Winton. Ned Burns laid a hand on Winton's arm. "Tell me one thing," he said. "How many people know you are in Malopo?"

"Two," answered Winton. "Yourself and a colored man."

Ned Burns stared at him. "I don't quite make that out," he said. "You've kept your business to yourself mostly, but you've told a nigger?"

"The man Sam from the Chronicle." "Sam Simpson?" cried Ned. "Then you might as well have gone straight to Mr. De Witt and his crowd. Sam's the whole Chronicle and the Chronicle's Judge Davis. The Chronicle couldn't run without Sam. There ain't anybody here with the education to run it but Sam, for all his play about being a newsboy. That's just one of Judge Davis' tricks. How did you come to tell Sam Simpson?"



the drawer and pulled out a small automatic.

loaded. That'll be all. Except, remember not to talk alone to strangers." "No, there's something more," said Winton. "I came away without my breakfast. Can you give me a bite, Mr. Burns?"

Ned Burns shook his head as if he thought Winton uncommonly green. But he took some bread and bacon from a closet, and, going to the door, began to build a little fire of sticks in front of the shack. Soon Winton was eating with more relish than he had felt since he had landed.

"I'll do what you say, Mr. Burns," he said, when the meal was ended. "And don't worry about your job. We stand together. It seems like Providence, my turning up at this time."

"It is Providence," answered Burns. "Half a minute, Mr. Garrett. We'll see what the book has to say about it." He brought the Bible out of the shack, opened it, and began to read: "One young bullock, one ram, one he-

lamb of the first year, for a burnt offering; one male of the goats for a sin offering; this was the oblation of Ahira the son of Enan." He closed the Book. "We win, Mr.

Garrett," he said in a tremulous voice. "We win." "How do you make that out?" asked

Winton. "It's as plain as a pikestaff, sir. The young bullock is the Big Malopo. The

ram's Judge Davis. The he-lamb of the first year is yourself. The male of the goats for a sin offering is Mr. De Witt, who's to be punished for his sins."

"And Ahira, the son of Enan?" asked Winton. "That's the big diamond," responded

Ned. It was evident that the watchman

had not yet learned of the supposed robbery, and Winton did not think it necessary to enlighten him. He bade him good-by and turned toward Malopo. But his mind was in a whirl, and, feeling the need of being alone in order to

#### **Christmas March Was Played by Minister**

HE minister had hung up his 0 stocking, too. The sprites that put into it a candy cane, a lollipop, a ball, an apple and a motor car that would go, had added a mouth organ, most appropriate and perhaps most needed of all gifts, for what other mouth should so dispense harmony?

Then, after breakfast, came the procession into the parlor and unto the wonderful tree. First, little Sarah, with the early and aided steps of her one year and the big eyes of her first the mouths and hands of half the Christmas tree. Then demure Helen, blowing her own horn for once, then big Sarah and all the uncles, aunts and cousins, then father and mother, nicest thing about her is the expresmarch upon his new organ.

happy circle they asked for the words her: of that new tune and here they are:

If birds could sing in Christmas trees, If they could hum with happy bees, If they were sweet with all the spice Of all things beautiful and nice. They could not altogether be More full of love than this, our tree. Chorus.--March, march to the Christmas tree It has a loving gift for thee.

Then they all sang it, after which

the beautiful tree yielded its fruit. -Christopher G. Hazard. (C). 1923. Western Newspaper Union.)

0.0 **Christmas Telegrams** 

# Add Yuletide Cheer

E WAS always busy, always rushing, always hurrying. He always had so many things to 40 attend to and so many people were constantly pressing it upon his time with this demand, with that, which required attention. He wished he could see more of his friends. His frieds wished they could see more of him. He was the sort they would like to see more of and at times they were a little annoyed that he was so busy.

He was busier than was really normal. They said he had no time for the pleasant things of life and that he could neither enjoy things himself nor could he be enjoyed because he was always having so much to do. But he took time for one thing. He

never failed to take time for it. Every Christmas he sent all his friends beautiful Christmas telegrams of cheer. He thought of them and he remembered them and every Christmas morning as his friends opened their gay Christmas telegrams they

would say: "He always finds time to think of me on Christmas morning, anway! What a pleasure this is !"--Mary Graham Bonner.

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# rine Way to Keep a

**Face Looking Happy** 

RS. LARKIN is a little old lady who lives in a red house just over the hill. The children troop by her door-yard every day on their way to school. They always look up at her windows, for Mrs. Larkin is sure to be at one of them, nodding and smiling in the pleasantest fashion.

Mrs. Larkin has cookies in jars and Mrs. Larkin can knit red mittens faster than anybody else in town. Both cookies and mittens find their way to children in the village.

At Christmas time, the little old lady is busier than ever. But the and then the minister, playing his new sion on her face. To say it shines. does not half describe the brightness When they were all seated in the of it. One day Tilly Tinker said to

> "What makes your face like a candle, Mrs. Larkin?"

"Bless you, Tilly!" laughed the little old lady, "What do you mean?" Tilly had difficulty in explaining, but

she finally succeeded in making Mrs. Larkin understand what she meant by comparing her face to a candle.

"I'll tell you a secret," said the little old lady in a whisper: "At Christmas time I always pretend I'm looking at a Christmas tree! A tree with a thousand candles, everyone lighted! So perhaps some of them are reflected on my face. It's a fine way to keep a face looking happy. Just try it yourself !"

Perhaps Mrs. Larkin found the best recipe tor happiness-she filled her hands with good works and her mind with the brightness of lighted candles. -Martha B. Thomas.

(C. 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

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Christmas, the Snow

and the Sleigh Ride

T WAS Christmas night. The moon was shining and the snow sparkled like diamonds more rare and wonderful than are ever seen in a jewelry shop. The bells jingled, the frosty air seemed to say in its cool, cheery way: "I'm here. I brush against your faces so you can feel me and my cold, bracing ways."

And the sleigh went merrily along. Inside the sleigh were a man and a girl. And they were saying things which may not sound new to you.

"There is nothing in the world like love," was one of the things they said.

"And to be in love, and sleigh-riding on Christmas night after a perfect Christmas day-there is nothing in the world like it."

But it was as beautiful to them as though no one else had ever said these things. For beauty is not dependent upon novelty. It depends on something far deeper and truer. There is nothing new about love. There is nothing new about Christ-

two hundred feet by seventy-five. You will find Mr. Burns, the watchman, in that building, sir, if you wish to see him. But he will not answer questions. He is a misanthropical man, sir. You are interested in the Big Malopo, sir?" "Yes. I own it," answered Winton.

"At least, four-fifths of it. I am Winton Garrett."

Before the words had slipped from his mouth he regretted the rashness of his self-betrayal. But the effect upon the negro was extraordinary. He stared and gaped, edged away, and then broke into a quick run, and never stopped as long as he was within sight.

Winton stood looking after him in astonishment until he had disappeared in the distance; then, after a moment of hesitation, he stepped up to the shack and tapped at the door.

An elderly man appeared instantly. He had a white beard and a shock of white hair. He was in his shirt sleeves, and he carried a shotgun in his hands. From his appearance Winton inferred that he would not be chary of using it. "Another of 'em!" he cried angrily,

leveling the gun. "You make tracks before I get my eye in, young feller. There ain't nothing to see."

"I came to see Mr. De Witt," said Winton.

"He's gone out of town and won't be back till to-morrow afternoon, and if you want a job there ain't nothing." "I believe you are the watchman?" Winton asked. "What's your name?"

"My name's Ned Burns," shouted the old man. "What's yours?"

"My name's Garrett, and I hold a good block of shares in the Big Malopo," answered Winton recklessly.

The old man stared incredulously at him. Then he turned into the shack, beckoning mysteriously to Winton to follow.

"What's the game?" he asked bitterly. "You ain't lying for fun?"

"Read that," said Winton, pulling Archie's letter of introduction to De Witt out of his pocket. He had decided impulsively, but, as he was convinced, rightly, to trust Ned Burns.

Parenthetically, he had been reconciled to Archie before he left New York. It was impossible to bear illfeeling against Archie, and after all, Archie had done his best. He was simply incapable.

But was he incapable, or had his luck held true?

Ned Burns took a pair of heavy, silver-rimmed spectacles from a little table in the shack, drew the letter out of the envelope with shaking fingers. and read it. He handed it back without a word, searching Winton's eyes, though, keenly, with his own. Then, opening a drawer in the table, he took out an ancient and much worn Bible.

"Lay your hand here," he said, opening the book at random. "Now swear you've told the truth."

"That's going a little further than I

didn't he, that there ain't no job for men of my age in Malopo, and that nobody would hire a man who'd grown too old to hold his own against the niggers, when they break loose in the compounds? That's me, Ned Burns, who've given Mr. De Witt eight years, and as strong as ever, except my arm's stiff from rheumatics. And me, set here like an old hen over that diamond patch, with millions to be picked up, and Mr. De Witt knows he can trust me not to take a smell of the ground. Not but he knows any man'd

be a fool to steal when it's seven years' hard labor even to buy diamonds in this country."

Ned Burns seemed possessed by his

grievances to the exclusion of all else. And Winton had a knack, somehow, of striking a man's moods at the right moment. It was a quick impulse, a swift decision, and the exact action.

He took the old fellow's hands in his. "Mr. Burns, I guess we need each other," he said. "I'm green. You're discharged. Post me on the situation and you can rely on me that you're not discharged. I only landed a week ago," he added ingenuously, "and I haven't begun to understand the first thing about this country. I thought all I would have to do would be to prove my identity and step into the business."

"Oh, Lord!" said Ned Burns. "Sit down here, Mr. Garrett. Yes, you're green, sir, but the same good fortune that brought you to me will see you through your difficulties. Sit down." He pushed a packing case toward Winton, who took his seat beside the watchman.

"You don't know nothing about the situation here?" asked Ned. "Just bought the shares and come out to run things?"

"Something like that. My trustee bought the shares for me," Winton answered.

Ned nodded. "Here it is," he said. 'When the first diamonds was found in Malopo there was a rush. That was two years ago. And it come to nothing. You see, the stones is at the bottom of the yellow ground, and when they'd dug and dug and didn't get enough out of it to pay their board people got tired and moved away. But a few of the far-sighted ones stayed. The syndicate had gobbled up a quarter of the claims, and it stayed. The Diamond Fields Amalgamated owned another quarter-that's Van Beer's concernand it stayed. That ought to have showed people there was something in Malopo.

"But, anyway, they thought the claims was good for nothing, and set out to unload the rotten shares wherever they could. That's how you got your shares, Mr. Garrett. Then, last week, a kid Tottie girl coming into town with a basket to buy flour picked up a big pebble right there in that hole. That was the De Witt stone. ret," he said. "You may need it. It's

"I met him selling papers, he showed me the way here, and we got into conversation," said Winton, feeling uncommonly foolish. "No doubt that explains why he left me rather suddenly," he added.

"No doubt," answered Ned dryly. "He just run back as hard as he could go to tell the judge. Now, Mr. Garrett, 1'll come to the point. You've got a big game to play, and you've just come

in time to play it. There's to be a meeting of the snareholders of the Big him. His coming had certainly been. Melopo in the Chamber of Commerce building tomorrow morning at ten. That means Mr. De Witt, Judge Davis, and maybe two or three more-and you. And they're going to wind up and turn the Big Malopo over to the syndicate."

"I don't think so," said Winton. "I'm glad to hear you say that," answered Ned earnestly. "But De Witt and Judge Davis won't stop at nothing to get hold of the Big Malopo. You see, Mr. Garrett, there's diamonds all through this yellow ground, but the big with his problems for hours, arising diamonds comes out of the blue pipe, and the blue pipe's on our claim. That's pretty well known because we're the center of the diamond ground."

He went on briefly to explain how the diamonds, formed in the volcanic pipes under pressure, were forced upward and distributed through the surrounding territory within a certain radius about the pipe's mouth. The pipe itself undoubtedly lay in the Malopo claim, probably immediately beneath the place where the De Witt stone had been discovered.

"You asked me just now what Mr. De Witt had to do with us," said Ned, "using words for which I hope you may be forgiven. There's your answer, sir." Tomorrow the syndicate gets hold of the Big Malopo unless you're on hand in the Chamber of Commerce building at ten to stop it."

"I'll be there," answered Winton. "Remember, they'll stop you if they can, and by now they know that you're in Malopo. It may be they're making their plans while we sit talking here. Go home, Mr. Garrett, and stay there. Keep among the crowd. Don't obey no messages, nor go to meet nobody. Where is it?"

"The Continental."

"The best place. Stay there all the evening. See your window's fastened. Put something against your door. Keep your revolver handy-

"I've never owned a revolver in my life," said Winton. Ned Burns made a clucking sound

and, opening the drawer, pulled out a small automatic. "Take this, Mr. Gar-

think, Winton retraced his steps after he had gone some distance, crossed the diamond fields by means of a succession of plank paths, and made his way into the desert. The diggers, hard at work in the sun, paid no attention to him.

Once beyond the fields, Winton walked leisurely along a rough wagon track that ran through the sandy waste. The thin wisps of burned grass that covered the face of the land were more desolate than the bare earth itself. The desert reached as far as could be seen on every side. The sun blazed in the cloudless sky.

Winton tramped on, turning over it. his mano all that Ned Burns had tong providential. Doubtless De Witt anu Davis, believing that they would never be troubled by him, had felt secure in their scheme. The Big Malopo was to be wound up and reconstructed, probably a trifling sum would be sent to Archie, and Judge Davis would be the raler of the diamond fields. He meant to stop that game. But

the thought of Sheila kept intruding into the situation, and of Seaton, under 1.3 Witt's thumb. Winton cast himself down upon the desert and wrestled at length, still perplexed, but someturn out well.

The sun was low in the west, and the cool of the afternoon was refreshing as he made his way back toward Malopo. He crossed the fields, passed through the new suburb, and found himself among the street crowds again. the steps that led up to the stoep of the Continental, where a group was still discussing the absorbing topic of the robbery.

Winton, lingering among the men for few moments, drew the conclusion that no progress had been made so far in the solution of the mystery.

He might have waited, but as he stood there he saw a little man with a heavy mustache standing a little way beyond the throng and regarding him attentively. Winton did not like the little man's face, and he suddenly remembered Ned's injunctions. He knew that if he remained the little man would accost him.

He was turning away when the supper bell began to ring in the ball. One or two men got up, and Winton went with them toward the room where the meal was served. He saw three or four waitresses, whose appearance did not harmonize with their occupation, standing behind the chairs, and noted the intimate smiles that passed between them and the men who entered. Then he perceived behind the door, at

the cashier's deck-Sheila. (To be continued).

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#### **REAL SPIRIT**

F THE real spirit of Christ-mas is within us we will, J indeed, find that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and we will give out of the full-ness of our hearts and because of the joy that giving brings us, instead of from any other motive. So to get the real joy of giving and to receive the ness of the Christmas spirit in fullest measure, give because your heart prompts you to and forget all else .- Katherine Edelman.

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"It Is More Blessed to **Give Than Receive**"

HIS has nothing to do with banks or savings accounts; but more money is saved at Christmas time than any other time

of the year. Yes, saved. That may sound absurd to a lot of people who have spent all their money buying presents for their families and friends and neighbors, but it is true just the same. How? Why, because giving the best beauty parlor, and it serves is the finest sort of saving, and not men as well as women. If you would how assured that everything would only saving, but investing. Every good become handsome, become joyous first.

gift is a permanent gain to the giver; it is better than a bank book carrying lng with kindliness and good-will!the same amount, for a gift is more truly a saving than credit account on a bank ledger. If you want to save your money, give it away-wisely. Does that sound unreasonable? Re-A few minutes later he was ascending member, it is more blessed to give than receive.-F. H. Sweet.

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# AUNT MEHITABLE'S PRESENT

Aunt Mehitable had a powerful and active imagination that often kept her awake. She was ever creating difficulties by imagining them and making things crooked by trying to straighten them out. "Hiram," said she, "I can't think what has got into George; I didn't like the way he looked at us this morning."

"Probably he was thinking of somebody else," answered her brother. "George," began his aunt the next

day, "what was the matter with you yesterday morning, you looked source the mistletoe when I called. 'n pickles."

"Nothin' was the matter with me," said the boy. "I was puzzlin' over your Christmas present." Then he added, 'Since you're so mighty suspicious, I guess I'll give it up." But remembering her goodness of heart, George relented, and, when the day that shines away all unpleasantness came round, Aunt Mehitable had a new nightcap! -C. G. Hazard. (C, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

mas. But that doesn't make either of them any less wonderful !---Mary Graham Bonner.

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**Beat Beauty Parlor** 

for Christmas Time

E BUY wreathes for the window, tinsel for the Christmas tree, holly for packages and flowers for the table, but what about giving some attention to our faces?

Have you ever thought about that?

Dress your face up in a smile, Wear it late and early, It puts the sunshine in your eyes, And makes your hair look curly!

There is an undeniable magic in happiness-it beautifies!

Happiness makes holiday in the heart, and the face reflects it.

Better than a thousand candles is the light of cheer.

"J-O-Y" is the sign that hangs over And joy comes from living and giv-

Martha B. Thomas. (©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

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BOTH DISAPPOINTED



He-1 expected you'd stand under She-And I expected you'd have an armful of Christmas presents.

-WESSEDIONES ERASTUS' CHRISTMAS TREE

"Where's yo' gwine?" was the question, as Erastus passed by with a good-sized Christmas tree. "I's been where I's gwine," was the rather enigmatical answer .-- C. G. Hazard. (@, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)