

suid a voice beside him.

had been laid bare.

terested in a claim?"

ton curtly.

other.

Winton swung round, to see the little

man whom he had noticed before sup-

per standing against the wall of the

hotel. He started. How long the man

had been there he could not imagine,

but he felt almost as if his thoughts

The man dropped into the chair be-

side him. "And what do you think of

this country?" he continued, fixing

Winton with his black eyes. "Strang-

er, ain't you? I spotted you as soon as

"Yes, I'm a stranger," answered Win-

"There ain't many Americans in this

country yet, but they won't be long

coming. You always find 'em where

the money is," said the little man. "In-

"I might be," answered Winton. "As

"Oh, no offense," said the little man hastily. "We're all here for the money,

a rule I keep my affairs to myself."

ain't we? Of course, you're dead right

to take that stand. You don't know

me and I don't know you. Town's full

of rogues and I. D. B. men, anyway.

That was a smart trick getting away

with the De Witt stone, eh? But the

police will prove too smart for those

Winton said nothing. He disliked

the little man intensely. He felt an

atmosphere of stealth and moral un-

cleanness exuding from him, and the

little man was getting on Winton's

nerves by the way he fidgeted, first

with one arm and then with the other;

"This I. D. B. game now-vou've

heard of it, I suppose, even though you

are a stranger? Illicit diamond buy-

ing-it's as old as the first diamond

claim pegged out in Kimberley. Sev-

en years on the breakwater at Cape

most of the big men in this country

the convict brand stamped all over

them. But it's a temptation, when a

Kaffir laborer knows more ways of

hiding a stone than any white man

could think of. Takes a shrewd com-

pound manager to keep tab on them.

They used to swallow them, but we

in their skin and bury them, till we

started the medical examination as

well as the daily search. Then they

hid them in their dogs, and we shut the

dogs out of the compounds. There

was one fellow, a dentist, used to stop

their teeth with them. And that game

wasn't worked out before they had a

"Yes. Malopo's a queer place," he

continued. "Between you and me, I

don't believe that De Witt stone was

most people are saying. Just an ad-

"See here!" cried Winton, goaded to

exasperation. "What in the name of

thunder do yeu mean by calling the

Big Malopo Mr. De Witt's? What has

The little man laughed and nudged

Winton jovially in the side. The touch

of his fingers against Winton's coat

was almost intolerable. Winton moved

"Now it's you who are asking ques-

tions," said the little man. "You know

what you know and I know what I

He chuckled, rose up, and walked

away. Whatever the object of his

address might have been, it had suc-

ceeded in stinging Winton in his ten-

derest place. Everybody in Malopo

seemed to take it for granted that De

Witt already owned the Big Malopo.

Even Ned Burns had taken the stone

to De Witt. And it had been placed

on exhibition in the Syndicate bank.

show Malopo who owned the claim,

and he had forgotten all his warnings

A mob of men from the dining room

came out upon the porch, laughing and

joking. Inside the hotel Winton heard

two in altercation, the subject of their

dispute being, apparently, one of the

waitresses. The meal was over. Win-

ton rose and looked through the door-

way. Then he saw Sheila putting on

A man spoke to her as she left the

room, but she walked past him, and

went down the steps before Winton

could intercept her. He followed her.

and as he did so he heard one of the

men on the porch make a jesting re-

Winton did not heed it. He caught

up with the girl at the corner of the

She turned and stopped. "Mr. Gar-

mark about him to a companion.

her hat beside the cashier's desk.

about being cautious.

Winton was raging. He meant to

Mr. De Witt to do with it?"

new trick.

wasn't stolen."

his chair away.

know, eh?"

spectable now, and they ought to

fellows—if it ain't a lie."

you came in this afternoon.."

(Continued from last week). SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I .- Winton Garrett, twen-

CHAPTER I.—Winton Garrett, twenty-five and just out of college, calls by 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 practically 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.

CHAPTER II.—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 Seaton, 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 English 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 resident magistrate and judge of the native protectorate. native protectorate.

CHAPTER III .-- Winton finds Malopo CHAPTER III.—Winton finds Malopo in a turmoil, both over the strike and the theft of the De Witt diamond. Winton foolishly discloses his identity to Sam Simpson, a Jamaican negro, subeditor of the local newspaper. He more wisely confides in Ned Burns, watchman at the Big Malopo, who tells him that the syndicate has planned to take control of the mine the next morning. CHAPTER IV

Framed.

He saw her start, and then bend hastily over the money she was reckoning. But the flush that overspread her face showed her confusion, and when, compelled by Winton's presence, she raised her head, her mortification | then with one leg and then with the was too evident for Winton's feelings.

Suddenly he understood the meaning of her self-depreciatory words in the coach. A glance at the smirking waitresses, who were plainly of a class that had drifted to the fields for adventure and predatory purposes showed him the humiliation of the Town to buy diamonds that way, and girl's position. He remembered what she had told him about two kinds of started in that game. Perfectly rewomen; and in a flash he understood more than he could have learned in the course of a detailed explanation.

He saw the invisible class barrier that recognized two and only two conditions. On one side you were of the chosen; on the other, you shared the circumstances of the most vile. There were no subtle nuances of station here. nothing by which a decent woman was recognized as such, unless she came to Malopo in the care of some man of independent means. And a flood of pity surged over the

young man. He strode impulsively toward the desk.

"Miss Seaton!" he exclaimed. "I--" She shook her head in vexation. "You must go away, Mr. Garrett," she said.

"I want to see you, to speak with you."

"I dare not. Please go away!" Her distress was so evident that Winton could do nothing but obey. "At least let me meet you afterward," he pleaded. "Let me walk home with you. I shall wait for you on the steep."

"If only you'll go away nowbegged Sheila.

Winton went to a table. As he sat down he was conscious of the glance of the hotel proprietor, who stood near the entrance. The fellow was watching Winton and appraising him. Winton saw the waitresses glancing at him and smiling. And then he understood still more than before.

The flashy women in the Continental dining room were there much less for their ability to wait than to draw customers. And Sheila, in the cashier's seat, was the particular magnet of the place. And Winton might be a "find." The proprietor was sizing him up as a potential captive of his cashier. He was estimating him in terms of pounds and shillings brought to the bar of the Continental. The waitresses, always alert for new victims with money,

were watching him, too. Winton understood Sheila's shame to the full. It was his now, and it overwhelmed him. He must get the girl away from that place. Not for an instant did it occur to him to doubt her. He saw the desperation that had driven her to her employment, tied to a drunken, good-for-nothing father, in a land where women were of two kinds alone, the parasites and the home-

makers. He did not raise his eyes to the desk again, but ate his meal hurrledly, ignoring the friendly approaches of his waitress, and went out upon the stoep. He sat down, looking across the market square. The sun had set, and darkness was coming on with the swiftness of those low latitudes. He hegan planning busily for Sheila and

her father. He must discover what hold De Witt had over Daddy Seaton. If he could block. "Miss Seaton!" he began. break that bond and restore the old man's self-respect the beginning would rett-" she began. have been made.

did so. I thought you would allow

"What is it that you want?" asked

"I want to help you. I know that you are friendless here, that you are doing work which is unsuited to you. I know that you were not born for this sort of life. I want to be your friend, and your father's."

"A hundred men have said that to me since I came to Malopo," answered the girl bitterly. "I mean it."

"You mean that you are quixotic enough to wish to do a kindness without any return. No, Mr. Garrett. And I want you to forget that you ever met

She turned again and began walking quickly along the dark street, but Winton kept at her side.

"But you are unreasonable," he cried. "Miss Seaton, surely you are not so rich in friendships that you can reject one which is disinterested."

"Mr. Garrett," she answered, steeping once more and looking him squarely in the face, "I am not so friendless as you think. And I do not accept friends out of pity. If you are a gentleman, you will not speak to me again, not notice me, in the Continental, or anywhere. Good night; and let this be good-by."

lost in the murky mazes of the foul had struck him down, and brought it streets that stretched toward the desert. His heart sank. There was nothing more that he could do, then. He never come.

Looking back toward the single electric light that stood at the corner of the market square, he fancied that he perceived the figure of the little man who had talked with him upon the stoep of the hotel. He was standing with another, pointing after him.

Winton strode away. He had entirely forgotten Burns' warning; and if he had remembered it would not have made any difference. He wanted to of revolver shots behind him, followed get out toward the desert again, to be alone.

Old clothes shops, which thrived upon the wages of the native gangs brought to work in the compounds, booths of Greek, Syrian, and Indian lined the sandy track. There were mean little alleys that extended at right angles, terminating in shadows. The moonlight, straggling fitfully through a bank of clouds, something rarely seen in the dry season, disclosed the desert beyond.

Near the outskirts of the town was a new structure consisting of about a score of brick houses of uniform height and a single story each, joined to form two sides of a square. On the third side was another street, with vacant which were of the crudest construction, contained apparently but two rooms apiece, and the aspect of the whole construction was dismal beyond imagibe inhabited, and this fact was to be learned by the tin cans and other refuse that had been thrown out from the doors. countered that. Then they'd cut holes

Winton turned from the place in disgust and made his way toward the end Then he perceived two men close behind him. Since the little man was not one of them, however, he thought little of the matter, and, as they came quickly toward him, he stepped aside to let them take the harder center of

the road. When they were almost abreast of him they separated, with the evident intention of passing on either side, blood, picked up here at all. De Witt brought For the first time Winton scented misit up from Kimberley and planted it on chief. He put his hand to his pocket, the Big Malopo claim. That's what where lay Ned Burns' revolver. He had half drawn it when it was dashed vertising trick to boom his stock, and to the ground, and the two leaped at the same with the stealing. That stone him.

> A stunning blow upon the head from a wooden baton sent Winton reeling. He gained his feet just in time, and sent the men staggering back with a couple of blows in the face. They came at him again. A second blow on the head felled Winton to the ground. His assailants were upon him, kicking and pounding him.

> One of them put his hand into his pocket and drew something forth, holding it up to his companion with an ex-



ultant cry. It seemed to be a small stone, wrapped in tissue paper. An instant later it lay in the man's palm, an irregularly shaped pebble, of no particular luster.

"It's the De Witt!" yelled the other, and, turning to Winton, kicked him

"The game's up, my lad," he shouted. "You asked me to go away, and I "We were tipped off about you, and

we've got you fair. Are you coming quietly?"

At first bewildered, Winton now discerned that the men wore the uniform of the town police. He saw the trap into which he had fallen. The little man had placed the stone in his pocket while they sat side by side on the stoep of the hotel, an hour before.

He saw the consequences. He would be flung into jail, held there, and, if not railroaded to the breakwater by Judge Davis, at least prevented from attending the meeting in the Chamber of Commerce the following morning. De Witt had laid his scheme well.

The fury that filled him at the realiration of his predicament momentarily paralyzed him. He lay perfectly still. One of his assailants stooped over him and looked into his face.

"You knocked him out for fair, Roborts," he said. "This will mean promotion for us."

"And De Witt'll pay through the nose. He'll have to," answered the other meaningly.

"There was some papers we was to took for," said his companion.

The two were off their guard as Witeton sprang. But he rather seemed to fly from his supine position to his feet with an instantaneous co-ordination of man's gruff answer. movements. Before the amazed police could meet his onslaught he had He watched her until her figure was snatched the baton from the one who crashing down on his skull. The man dropped upon his hands and knees, moaning, and began crawling with aphated Malopo now; he wished he had parently aimless movements, this way and that.

The second policeman, who did not lack pluck, had time to draw his truncheon and attack Winton, who dodged in under a blow which glanced harmlessly off his arm, and landed his fist full on his mouth. The man stumbled and fell, and Winton turned and ran like the wind, making for one of the dark alleys that led out to the road. As he ran he heard the crack by the police whistle, and cries for help. The man had picked up Ned Burns' revolver and fired, but the bullets did not go anywhere near Winton, and the policeman's act in firing, and his delaying the pursuit to summon aspeddlers, alternating with vacant lots, sistance gave the fugitive time to dart out of sight around the corner.

Winton had been something of a sprinter at college. He knew he could probably outdistance the best of the police force. But he heard answering whistles before him and shouting. He inferred that he was running toward the police station. He saw another alley mouth open beside an empty peddler's wagon, and darted down.

The street was empty, but the moon now rode high in the sky, lighting up the town more brightly than an installots fronting it; on the fourth barbed lation of electric lights might have wire, and the desert beyond. In the done. Winton had baffled his pursuers of the leaders. center was a well. These houses, for the moment, but they were all about him; the trap had been well set, and in fact pairs of police had been stationed at the ends of all the streets nation. Only two or three seemed to a trapped rat, rushing blindly from alley to alley, and, what was worst, the foreign population of the district was waking from the early sleep induced by its activities of the day. As Winton ran an Indian fired deliberately at him from a window. The wind of of the street, looking upon the desert. the bullet whistled upon his neck. And the shouts were growing louder on all sides.

Winton was reeling from weakness as he ran. He had not realized how strong an effort he had made to pull himself together after the two stunning blows. Something was dripping into his eyes; he put his hand up and was amazed to find it covered with

At last he halted, breathless. He was in an alley blocked now at the end behind him by his pursuers. They had not seen him as he ran in the shadow of some booths, but the vells of the Indians apprised Winton that his course was accurately known. Before him a street ran at right angles, and somewhere in this another group was

racing to cut him off. He looked up in despair, and then discovered that he had run round the circumference of a large circle. In front of him was the square which he had passed immediately before the attack on him. He was approaching from the third side of it, and his only chance of escape lay into the desert, bright as day under the hard moon-

light. As he stopped he saw a woman emerge from one of the single-story houses and peer out from the door. Her attitude was indicative of terror. Realizing that she would be in danger from any chance shooting, Winton gathered his failing strength and stumbled on, meaning to pass her. He was almost at her side when a cry broke from her lips. He looked at her; it was Sheila Seaton.

She seemed to take in the situation in a moment. She grasped at him, and, as he reeled from weakness, dragged him into the tiny house with all her strength. Then she shut the door softly and blew out a candle.

Neither spoke. Winton had sunk to the ground, but, half fainting as he was, he could hear her frightened breathing as she stood over him, and then the cries of his pursuers as they swept down the street and met the party running up the alley.

There followed a medley of voices. They dwindled away and died in the distance. Winton heard the girl strike a match. The little candle light flamed up in a corner. Sheila, standing beside it, looked at Winton, saw the blood on his face, and ran forward with a low

She snatched a towel from a rack, dipped it into a basin of water that blood.

Winton staggered to his feet. He smiled whimsically at Sheila, tried to reach the door, and collapsed into the single chair in the room.

"I'm sorry," he whispered. "I didn't dream-you lived here. I'll go-in a

minute." "You can't go!" cried the girl in a frenzied whisper. "You are safe now.

You must wait." "They'll come back and search for

me. They're bound to get me. Miss Seaton, I-" "If they arrest you they can arrest

me, too. Come here-please do as 1

say. I'm going to help you as you

helped me." She placed her shoulder under his arm and raised him upon his feet. It was astonishing what strength lay ir her slim body, or what resolution nerved her. She forced him to cross the room and pass through a doorway Beyond was another door, and through

the glass of the uncovered window Wipton saw the pump in the square and the angle of the buildings.

And he heard again the shouts of his pursuers, returning from their fruit- asked. less search. They swarmed into the square and heavy blows resounded you?" upon one of the doors, followed by 9

"They'll be here in a moment," Win-

ton gasped. "They'll see you if you try to leave. You must lie down here. This is my father's room. He's away on the fields. You must let me cover you and, if they come, they'll think you're he. Quick! Oh, please be quick!"

Winton took in the stretcher bed with its disordered array of blankets. He knew Sheila had told the truth. The once chance of saving her now was to do as she wished him to do; you as you wanted to help me, and and it was one chance in a dozen.

He managed to crawl upon the stretcher, and the girl pulled the blank- curiously and wondering whether the ets over him. She hurried to the back door and bolted it; then blew out her light. Hardly were these preparations made when the crowd came yelling along the row of houses, banging at all the doors and smashing the windows. The police were far outnumbered by their followers; for an I. D. B. chase arouses as much enthusiasm and vindictiveness as the pursuit of a horse thief in the old days of our own West. It would have gone hard with Winton story will repeat itself until we flee if the mob had discovered him. And for the first time in his life he was afraid. He was afraid for Sheila.

He heard her creep into his room in the darkness and stand behind the rive. He has displaced a man for him. door. The mob was abreast of the house.

yelled, and a stick smashed the window glass into tinkling fragments. The thin door yielded under the terrific

"Open, whoever's here!" cried one

eared to Winton's gaze in the shaft of moonlight that fell upon the floor. She wore a long dressing gown, and her leading into the desert. He was like hair hung loose down her back. At the sight of her the crowd was silent, that he could stand; his head still and Winton, crouched under the blan- ached abominably and the room kets, ready to make his last fight for the girl, waited, with every muscle taut together. He faced Sheiia and took and every nerve quivering, for the moment that never came.

Perhaps in his ignorance of frontier life he misjudged the rough and ready nature of Malopo's inhabitants. He had seen the worst side of Malopo only. The mob hung back, ashamed, "What do you want?" asked Sheila

steadily. "There's a damned I. D. B. thief hiding somewhere along this block. We want him," cried the man who had shouted first.

"He isn't here," said Sheila quietly. "There are only myself and my father here, and he's sick. Won't you please go away?"

"It's Miss Seaton!" cried one of the men. "That goes, boys! Her word's as good as the best in town, and she's the pride of the good old Continental bunch. Hooray!"

"Come along boys!" shouted another; and the mob began to move away. Winton crawled painfully off the stretcher and staggered toward the girl, who was still standing beside the door. The robe which she had flung over her dress lay at her feet, where she had thrown it. She was coiling up her hair in a knot behind. As Winton came toward her she turned from him and hid her face in her hands.

"I don't know what to say," he began. "I want to thank you, but that sounds foolish after what you have done for me. I-I'm going now."

But instead of going toward the door he fell in a dead faint at her feet.

CHAPTER V

The Stockholders' Meeting. The next thing of which Winton

was aware was that the moonlight had given place to the light of day. It was intolerable, in spite of the strip of heavy material that had been pinned before the window. Winton raised his head, and groaned at the stabbing pain in his temples. He saw the stretcher bed and a quantity of dried blood on the blankets, and he did not remember what had happened to him or know where he was. Glancing about him in bewilderment.

he saw the bare brick walls of the interior of the house. The floor was of boards, roughly laid down, and a strip of cheap carpet led into the room from another room behind the door. Between two of the loosened planks was a little pyramid of earth, the night's labors of the white ants that swarmed everywhere.

The room contained, besides the stretcher bed, a chair, a little mirror, stood on a packing case, and kneeling and a cheap bureau. In a corner were beside him, began wiping away the some shelves with crockery and cooking utensils.

Then Winton remembered, and he groaned again and made a brave effort to rise. At the sound Sheila came through the doorway. Her eyes were red and heavy, and she did not look at him, but set down a tray beside him, with a cup of tea and some strips of toast scorched over an open fire.

"How do you feel now?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm better," muttered Winton, trying to rise once more. But she put him gently back upon the pillow. "You are not well enough to get up,"

she said. "You must rest till nightfall, and then I shall try to get you out of Malopo. Father may be back today, but if he comes he will be in no condition to understand or to cause trouble." "Why should I leave Malopo?" asked

Winton. "Who do you think I am?" "I don't know who you are," answered Sheila, "but I know that you came here to steal the De Witt diamond."

Winton looked at her in incredulity. "You think I am a thief, then?" he

"Aren't you?" she answered. "Aren't

"Because I was pursued by that

mob?" "Because you talked of the diamond all last night. You said it was yours." "And you shielded me and saved me.

believing that?" She shrugged her shoulders. "I have lived long enough in this country to know that good men and bad men are just about the same," she answered. "Perhaps I have lost my sense of right and wrong. I don't know, or care. I only knew that you were in danger, and I wanted to help

did help me." "I see," said Winton, gazing at her acid of humiliation had eaten into her

soul beyond restoration. "I may as well explain to you where my father is," the girl continued. "Mr. De Witt sent for him and offered him a position. I know what that means. He is planning to use him as a tool for some dishonorable purpose, as he has often done before. We are in his hands. We have only been three months in Malopo, and the same old

somewhere else. "Mr. De Witt has offered father the position of compound manager on the Big Malopo as soon as the gangs ar-Father walked out to a new claim that the syndicate is developing, outside the "There was a light here!" a man town, to see Mr. De Witt, and didn't return. He will be back some time today, drunk. If he comes in before dark he will go to sleep at once; and I shall hide you in my room till it is safe to leave. I have seven pounds, and that will help you across the desert The bolt was shot back. Sheila ap- if you need money. Atter that you must do the best for yourself that you

can." Winton made a tremendous effort and got off the stretcher. He found seemed to sway, but he pulled him self

her hands in his. "You have saved me when you thought I was a thief," he said, "and I think it is the most wonderful thing I have ever known. Now listen to me. I am not a thief, nor does Mr. De Witt or the syndicate own the Big Malopo. I am the president of the Big Malopo company."

(Continued next week).

Not Enough Forest Protection.

Thirty-nine states contain important areas of forest land, but only 27 have organized state forest protection on a more or less adequate scale. Systematic fire protection of privately owned forest lands is sadly lacking. At least 166,000,000 acres of such land now receive no protection and on many other areas the protection furnished is incomplete and inadequate. An average expenditure of between two and one-half and three cents an acre, or a total of \$9,250,000, would fairly protect all of the privately owned forest land in the United States. The task is at present twothirds undone.

For Value Received. A Boston woman relates that dur-

ing her trip to England she visited a certain place and employed a guide to show her around. After he had explained the principal attractions of the neighborhood she remarked as she handed him his fee: "I trust that what you have told me is absolutely true. I never feel I should pay for untruths."

"Well, ma'am," responded the old fellow, scanning the coin, "truth or untruth, ye've had a good shillin's

Better Animals in Conada.

There have been large increases in the number of pure bred animals in Canada during the decade between the last two censuses. The increase in the number of pure bred horses between 1911 and 1921 was 44 per cent; of cattle, 139 per cent; of sheep, 75 per cent, and of swine, nearly 44 per cent. The number of pure bred horses in the Dominion in 1921 was 47.782; cattle, 296,656; sheep, 93,643, and of swine, 81,143.

Growth of Bank Deposits.

A single New York city bank of today carries deposits equaling more than 21 times the total deposits in all the city's banks in 1847. The deposits in New York banks in the year 1847 totaled \$28,000.000. These banks carried \$11,000,000 of specie and had a circulation of about \$7,000,000.