

tracted universal attention.

face.

Winton.

don't, get out!"

Winton doggedly.

graph, were smiling broadly.

Winton's former waitress took pity

on him. She had liked Winton, and ad-

mired him as different from the crowd

who flocked into the place. "She's

Winton left the hotel. He knew that

he had made a fool of himself for the

second time. The story of his infatu-

He had not known that there was

any racing that day. He had noticed

nothing, absorbed as he was with his

one thought. But now he saw that a

procession of carts and wagons, horse-

men and pedestrians, with here and

there a smart dog-cart, was making its

way toward the south side of the town.

Winton tramped along in their wake,

until Malopo was left behind, and he

saw the race course in front of him,

Vehicles of every kind were drawn

saw the spectators clearing from the

track. Then he perceived the horses

He worked his way through the mob

ed hodgepodge of crude uprights and

seats, paid his admission fee, and be-

Sheila. She was not there; he assured

the general disorder upon the course

He began to make his way around

of the vehicles. If Sheila was at the

races, some man had taken her, prob-

ably in a carriage. But Winton's feal-

ousy was smothered by his concern.

Nearly all Malopo had turned out.

and yelling as the horses came gallop-

ing home toward the flag-decked box

A dozen men caught at Winton, offer-

favorite, gents! Little Boy, nine to

He shook himself free, growing more

and more somber and resolute as the

behavior of the mob became more un-

restrained, and the sickness in his

heart grew as he thought of Sheila

How could the girl find pleasure in

such a place? And who was her com-

He looked at the faces of the women

seated in the carriages, and for the

first time he was conscious of a ter-

rible fear. He knew next to nothing

of Sheila. Suppose he had been mis-

taken and had read in her what was

not there-and denied to himself the

existence of qualities that were evident

to any less infatuated than himself!

He recalled the veiled warnings of

He had forced himself upon the girl.

and, if he had mistaken her nature

and character, how could he blame

At last he found her in the middle

She was seated in a smart dog-cart

beside De Witt. He was watching the

race and shouting vociferously as he

waved his card. His animation owed

champagne at his feet. Sheila was

listening to him, and laughing. Win-

ton wondered whether her mirth con-

cealed any deeper feeling; whether she

Why had she gone with De Witt?

His heart began to gallop. He walked

slowly toward them. He understood at

over women. He knew that jealousy

alone could justify the girl's outrage

He did not know what he was going

to do. Had he had a revolver he would

probably have fired automatically at

dead at his feet. As it was, the sit-

against her better nature.

was enjoying her situation there.

Van Beer and Ned.

four! Here y'are, mister!"

"Shylock, three to two! Back the

ing odds:

there.

panion?

her?

afternoon.

he was resolved to find her.

crowded with spectators.

galloping round the ellipse.

gone to the races," she whispered.

ation would be all over Malopo.

(Continued from last week). SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I .- Winton Garrett, twenty-five and just out of college, calls by appointment on Archie Garrett, his New

Ty-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 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.—Winton finds that sheila is cashier at the restaurant. He offers his friendship. She rebuffs him. Van Vorst, a notorious diamond thief, one of De Witt's men, slips the stolen De Witt diamond into Winton's pocket and two policemen club Winton and arrest him. He escapes them and when at his last gasp Sheila takes him into her house, bathes his wounds and saves him from his pursuers.

CHAPTER V.—The next morning sheila offers Winton help in escaping from Malopo. He convinces her with difficulty that he did not steal the De Witt diamond and that he is president of the Big Malopo company. Bruised and blood-stained he runs across town, breaks by force into the company meetbreaks by force into the company meeting, and aided by a popular demonstration proves his identity, blocks the reorganization and takes control. He asks Sheila to marry him. She laughs hysterically and refuses him.

CHAPTER VI.-Winton hires Seaton as compound manager and develops Big Malopo. Judge Davis, a philosophical old hypocrite of unknown past, offers him the syndicate's co-operation. "Otherwise, he says, "we'll smash you, you d-d young fool."

"When you speak of a lady, my friend, I presume you refer to the young woman in question," he said coolly; and the spectators snickered. Winton felt some hidden meaning in their mirth. He writhed under it.

"What does this mean. Mr. Hanson?" Judge Davis continued.

"It's part of the personal news, judge," answered the editor.

"Quite so," answered Davis. "It is unfortunate, Mr. Garrett, if you are the gentleman referred to. But the Everybody was drinking and shouting passage has my approval." His voice began to quaver. "It's our policy," he went on, "to promote temperance, pur- of the judges. Bookmakers, standing ity, and fraternity by publicity. Woe on chairs, shouted the odds, and evto those who harbor designs against erybody held a racing card in his hands. the well-being of the people of Malono! Woe to you, young man, if you are a wolf in sheep's clothing! The people of Malopo will tolerate nothing that cannot bear the full light of day."

"Go it, judge! Give him h-l, judge!" yelled the citizen who had spoken before.

Judge Davis looked about him unctuously and smacked his lips. He knew well how to take advantage of the admiration which his gallery play

aroused. "The Chronicle will not be intimidated in its policy of public justice," he pursued. "Do you wish to lay a

charge of assault and battery against Mr. Garrett?" he inquired of Sam. "I want him arrested!" yelled Sam. "He cut my lip. I'm a British subject

and I demand justice." "And you shall have it," answered the judge. "White or colored, every man is entitled to the full protection of the law. Go home, young man, and

reflect on that," he said to Winton. "I made a mistake," said Winton hoarsely.

"That's better, my friend."

"Yes, I made a mistake," he shouted shaking his fist in the judge's face. "Next time this happens it's you who will pay the penalty. I'll take the hide off your bones, you cowardly dog, old as you are! Understand me." he continued, looking so frantic that the judge stepped back to avoid the anticipated blow, "powerful as you may be in this town, you'll attack any woman through the medium of your paper at your personal peril!"

Pushing his way through the crowd, he went at a great rate until he found himself unaccompanied. He began to realize that he had made a fool of himthat moment why men kill each other self. He had given Sheila exactly that publicity which he desired to avoid. had the least share in his emotions; He had played into his enemies' hands. rather it was the sense that death

He must find her now before anything else was done.

He strode into the Continental. The men were just going into the dining room. Winton accompanied the crowd; but at the cashier's desk he saw a stout De Witt, and awakened to find him blonde, with rouged face and penciled eyebrows, and Sheila was nowhere in uation was relaxed in just such a com-

monplace way as averts so many tragedies. De Witt recognized him and nodded with surly amicability. Sheila smiled anxiously.

"That was a good run," called De Witt. "Miss Sheila and I have hooked in fifty pounds on Little Boy."

Winton did not answer him, but fixed his eyes on Sheila's face. He knew now that his dreams had been a delusion, that the girl was not to blame: that she was a worthless woman who had become nothing to him.

He met her look gravely, and then, through the smiling mask, he seemed to penetrate to the girl's tortured soul. He read the hopelessness, the shame beneath her smile.

"Why are you here?" he asked. De Witt, who was half drunk, turned to him in maudlin remonstrance.

"I tell you why she's here," he hiccuped. "Because she likes me. See? Likes me and don't care about youeh, Sheila?" glaring about him and showing all

He placed his arm about her, and the evidences of his agitation, atthe girl, shrinking in his grasp, yet did not seem to resent the familiarity. The manager recognized him as one "Sheila," said Winton, "if you came

of his disappointments. Winton's rehere out of affection for that man, moval to the European had angered Heaven knows it's no business of mine. him, and he had a sneering remark I'll go away. But if you came here at the tip of his tongue which died because he threatened you by means away as he saw the look on Winton's of the power he has over your father, Heaven help him!" "Where's Miss Seaton?" demanded

the whip. "You go to the devil!" he "She ain't here today," answered the roared. man. "This ain't no drawing room.

De Witt leaned forward and clutched

"Sheila, I asked you why you are If you want dinner, sit down. If you here," said Winton with patient obstinacy. The girls were watching the argu-The girl smiled mirthlessly. "I am

ment, which had every aspect of dehere with a gentleman, Mr. Garrett," veloping into an altercation. The she answered. "Surely that is answer diners, who knew all about the paraenough. Do I look as if I had been dragged here against my will?" "I asked you where she was," said

Mer lips quivered, but she was composed enough. "No," answered Winton. And there was nothing more to say. A few of those about the carriage were beginning to look at the trio curiously. Then the start of a race drew away their attention, and the course was a pandemonium of yelling spectators as the horses ran by.

Winton turned and began to make his way homeward. He had been on the point of making a fool of himself for the third time that day; but his tragedy had turned into a sordid drama. He felt that he did not want to see Sheila again.

He took a circuitous road back to Malopo. It was nearly sunset when he arrived. He meant to go to the claim, but somehow an impulse made him linger in the town long after the stream of vehicles with their shouting occupants had returned from the racetrack. up about it, and as he approached he

He watched the scene bitterly, the riotous groups that pervaded the market square, gathered about the stoeps of the hotels and filling every saloon. He hated Malopo more bitterly than to the grandstand, a roughly-constructhe could have thought possible. Somehow it seemed like a concrete enemy, a soulless monster that ground men, gan to search it systematically for body and soul, as it had ground Sheila. And in spite of himself the memory himself of that after a few minutes of the girl came back to him, and with of careful scrutiny. There must have it a great terror. A sense of danger been a thousand persons present, and to her set his feet along the mean street that led to the sordid brick houses.

made his investigation difficult; but Sheila, alone in Malopo, and De Witt, hot after his prey! Sheila, helpless! the barriers, scrutinizing the occupants It was growing dark as suddenly as darkness falls in the low latitudes. Winton hastened until he saw the squalid court before him, and the pump in the center. There was a light in the girl's room, and the dog-cart was drawn up at her door-no, not the dogcart, but a Cape cart, with a pair of horses, such as is used for traveling. And in it sat De Witt, amid a pile of small pieces of baggage.

As Winton drew near he saw Sheila standing in the doorway. She wore her hat and a traveling cloak. De Witt bent down and spoke to her; he gave her his hand, and, hesitantly, the girl went forward.

Then Winton sprang out of the shadows between them. And there was no need to ask any questions.

De Witt leaped to the ground: but before the men came to the grapple Sheila had caught with eager hands at Winton's upraised arm. "Stop!" she cried. "For my sake,

stop! You don't understand!" "He'll understand soon enough!"

snarled De Witt, beside himself with rage. "I won't fight him. You aren't worth it. I've been patient and waited to the limit; now you send the foo! away, or your father can swing!" "Go!" whispered Sheila, and, releas-

ing Winton, she put her hands to her head and looked at De Witt in terror. "Where are you taking her?" demanded Winton.

"Where I choose," answered De Witt. "You d-d fighting fool, meddling in other people's business, I'm going to tell you something now. You've she answered. "Let this be good-by. crossed my path in every possible way, Don't be alarmed about me. I am goand you're going to hear the truth. Her father's life is in my hands whena good deal to the empty bottles of hear of 'King' Seaton? That's him! street, utterly sick in spirit, toward He ran away to the native territories Malopo and the diamond claim. years ago, when the police were after

> Sheila ran to him with a cry. "No more, if you have any pity!" she pleaded.

horses, taking fright at the sound, gal- dear. loped away along the road into Malopo.

ously. Cursing like a madman, De Witt Witt, but none came. Then he rememleaped to his feet and tried to wrest bered that Sam Simpson had a similar the whip from Winton's hand.

Winton cut him across the face self in an uncommonly foolish position



and now with the other.

Winton dropped the whip at his feet. pound, turning their minds toward civi-"You can consider that on Miss Seaton's account," he said. "Our reckon- Witt assaulted me in the office this ing will come later. You can go."

staggered up. "I've got something to tell you," he whispered hoarsely, and the moment to thrust away his rage. "I won't hear you," shouted Winton, taking up the whip again. "One word

and I'll thrash you like the hound you are. And if ever you dare come to this house again, or to Miss Seaton-" De Witt shrank back. "You think there's no law in Malopo, maybe!" he

muttered. "You'll pay for this-in jail, you swine!" But as Winton stepped toward him he made off along the road. And Winton let the whip fall from his hand. take you to him."

It was his second assault that dayand it had brought him no nearer Sheila. But he had saved her. She had sunk, fainting, upon the ground. Winton bent over her and raised her. "Sheila!" he cried, and,

yielding to his overpowering impulse, he kissed her on the lips. She opened her eyes and shuddered, and looked at him in piteous appeal. "Let me go! Why did you ever come

into my life?" she moaned. "Sheila, I love you. You were going to sacrifice yourself for your father. It was wrong. You do not love that

She smiled wanly. "If he had told

you the rest-" she whispered. "I don't care what more that liar had to say. I love you, Shella, and l believe in you, in your goodness. I am going to make you my wife."

"If you knew, you would turn from me in loathing."

"Sheila, you are as good and true as any girl in the world."

"Oh, if he knew! If you could guess!" "Dear, I love you. Let that suffice

I can make you love me-" She shook her head with her unconquerable obstinacy. "Never," she an

swered. Winton held her by the wrists and looked at her, and she returned his

gaze, steady-eyed immovable. "Is it that you cannot love me?" he asked at last She nodded; but the nod itself was

a denial of its meaning. Then she be-

gan speaking with intense earnestness: "There is something that makes it impossible. I tried to warn you from the first, and you would not be warned. I cannot tell you. I want you to think of me"-her voice broke for a moment-"as you saw me in the coach coming from Taungs. You may not know that you are the first man in the world, the only man who has ever treated me as a woman hopes to be treated, with deference, with respect. That barrier has cut me off from the world-

"Morbidness, Sheila. Your father's troubles have preyed on your mind." "I want you to think of me as you thought of me that day. And I shall

not trouble you again. "You have helped me more than you

say any more." Her gesture was of irrevocable dismissal.

"Promise me one thing," cried Winton desperately. "That you will never sacrifice yourself for your father's sake

-to that man!" "I shall not see my father again,"

Her sobs choked her. She ran into ever I choose to give him up to the the house. And Winton, waiting, saw police. He killed a man. That's num- the light blown out; and, turning, he ber one. And number two's this. Ever made his way back along the dreary

CHAPTER VIII

Thieves in Night.

ing to-to friends-"

"Let him go, then! Get out, you-" Next day Winton was amazed to find | tween sleep and waking, where dream Winton could restrain himself no the old routine of things claiming his and reality are inextricably blended. more. He sprang at De Witt, snatched attention just the same. And somethe uplifted whip from his hand, and how, when he was away from Sheila, clawing at his throat, so that each brought the lash down across his face, the girl became a dream, a figment of breath became an effort. For a long Blood spurted at the blow. The his brain, impossible, and impossibly time he was unable to shake himself

The fight was short, but it went furi- a summons for the assault upon De grievance, and that he had placed him- sickly odor that filled his nostrils.

in th wo men in a single day n who had refused him. over a He was standing in the compound about no n, watching the natives at work, when Ned came up to him and announced that a man wished to see him. Turning, he was surprised to see Sam's black face smiling at him under the white hat. One of Sam's lips was swollen to more than its customary thickness by the blow that Winton had placed there on the preceding day.

Sam raised his hat without the least embarrassment.

"I'm thinking of making a change, Mr. Garrett," he said. "In what respect?" asked Winton,

mystified.

"In status, sir." "You are looking for a position and

have come to me?"

"Exactly, Mr. Garrett. I can no longer reconcile it with my self-respect to remain a theoretical newsboy, while being de facto editor of the Chronicle. Mr. Hanson is an illiterate man, sir, and unable to spell, much less again, and then brought the stock down construct the English clause. The vioon De Witt's head. But the man was lence to which you subjected me yesgamer than in the coach; perhaps he terday has caused me to ponder, Mr. saw that defeat meant the end of his Garrett, and I have come to the conhopes of winning Sheila, who stood by, clusion that your objections, though wringing her hands frantically, and forcibly expressed, were not unethical. pleading piteously, now with one man And, to mention my chief motive, I wish to perform social service among At last De Witt went down to stay, the Bantu population of your comlization and uplift. Finally Mr. De morning on my refusal to indite a De Witt, disheveled and bleeding, scurrilous paragraph concerning yourself.

"So that's De Witt's game," mused the eagerness of his purpose seemed for Winton. "He must be at the end of his tether if he can't fly higher than that," he reflected. Then aloud, "What did he do to you. Sam?"

"He-well, kicked me, Mr. Garrett. And consequently I was unable to convince the judge that two pounds a week is incommensurate with the dignity of a position in which physical assault is a frequent and arbitrary element of the diurnal occurrences."

"Sam, I believe Mr. Burns wants a night watchman," said Winton. "I'll

Ned Burns was strongly opposed to Sam's employment. "You don't know what dirty work Judge Davis has sent him here for," he objected.

"I don't know," said Winton. "I rather fancy Sam is honest. You can't altogether blame him for having edited the Chronicle. It's pretty difficult to find work in Malopo."

"Well, we'll see what the Book has to say," grumbled Ned, taking out his Bible. He read:

"Two Kings, four, thirty-eight: 'And Elisha came again to Gilgal and there was a dearth in the land; and the sons of the prophets were sitting before him: and he said unto his servant, Set on the great pot, and seethe pottage for the sons of the prophets."

He closed the Book. "Well, I suppose it's all right then, Mr. Garrett." he said. "But if the Book hadn't said so I'd never have trusted him."

"Sam's all right," answered Winton. "But I'd be interested to know how you infer it from that passage."

"Why, Mr. Garrett, it's perfectly clear," answered Ned in surprise. "You're Elisha and I'm Gilgal, and you've come again to me. The dearth in the land is the problem about Sam. Sam's the great pot, and the pottage is the diamonds, and the sons of the prophets are the shareholders. Now the Book says the great pot is to be set on for the sons of the prophets."

Winton communicated the decision to Sam, and it was arranged that he was to enter upon his duties at the end of the week, relieving Ned, who still occupied the brick shanty, but was planning to board at a cottage on the Malopo road.

Winton had now reached the point where the immediate sale of the big stone had become inevitable. He had had a quantity of the blue clay—which is simply the yellow clay before decomposition-crushed with mallets, an unsatisfactory process, but useful when the slow process of decomposition cannot be undergone. This had been passed through the washing troughs and picked over. Not a single diamond had been discovered.

Ned could not understand it. If only a few small stones had been found this would have been an augury for the future. Still, little could be gauged as to the resources of the claim from this. dream. But it is all useless. I can't The diamonds might lie compactly at a lower level. But his need of funds compelled Winton to enter into negotiations for the sale of the big stone.

He showed it to one of the jobbers, who was in Malopo. The man agreed to advance him fifteen thousand pounds on it, pending its valuation. The transaction was to take place on the following morning.

Winton had had a day of intense labor in the compound, looking over the washings. He flung himself down on his bed without undressing, and fell asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. Once he awakened with a start, and, half dreaming still. imagined that he heard a horse canter up to the compound. Then he fell asleep again.

But after a while he began to be aware of a sense of oppression, and Was it love, or infatuation only? he struggled in that dim borderland be-He felt as if invisible fingers were free from the bonds of sleep. At last He half expected to be served with he found that his eyes were open. It was quite dark, but he fancied that there was a figure in the room, and he became aware of an intolerable, sweet, He must have stirred, for he felt

the hands at his throat again, and was certain that it was not hallucination: he felt them between periods of unconsciousness that might have been years. Something damp was against his lips. Winton recognized the odor as that of chloroform; and by the faint light of the moon that came through the little window he perceived a man's face bent over his.

He tried to cry for help, but only a hoarse whisper came from his throat, and the saturated handkerchief was elapped over his nostrils.

Then followed absolute unconsciousness, broken by the distant sound of a revolver shot, and a faint cry of pain. Both sounds passed through Winton's mind as meaningless; but suddenly he felt a hand upon his shoulder, shaking

With a supreme effort he sat up in bed. The fumes were suffocating, but he managed to spring to his feet and stagger toward the window, which had been opened. Then he saw Sam's agitated black face before him.

The man was speaking and trying to make him understand. Winton could not gather the import of what he was saying. He shook himself free impatiently and leaned out of the window, breathing in the desert air. Gradually his situation dawned upon him.

"What is it, Sam?" he mumbled. "Mr. Garrett, sir, come to the next room! They've stolen the diamond! I was watching, though my job doesn't begin till tomorrow. Come, sir!"

Winton stood up. The room had ceased to revolve about him, but still swung dizzily before his eyes. The moon was still low; it could not have been much past midnight. Eons seemed to have passed since Winton had gone to bed at nine.

He made his way toward the door, supported by Sam's arm. He passed through the open doorway.

The outer door was closed. Two men lay upon the floor against it. One was Kash, the Armenian, stone dead, with a bullet through his forehead. The other was Ned Burns, breathing noisily, but unconscious, and his head covered with blood from a blow of the butt of the revolver which lay beside

Sam caught at Winton's arm. "I heard the shot," he cried. "I was coming to watch the claim. I ran, and saw the two of them attacking Mr. Burns. He killed one; the other shot him and dragged his body inside and locked the door. I climbed through your window and found you unconscious from chloroform."

Winton began to take in the situation. Sam must have alarmed the robber, who had taken flight without waiting to finish Ned Burns. Evidently murder, a very dangerous game on British territory, had formed no part of their plans, otherwise he would have been killed in his sleep.

Sam was tugging at Winton's arm again. "Look!" he cried, pointing

across the room. Then Winton perceived that the safe had been blown open. But there was more than that: it had been displaced from the position which it occupied, and beside and half under it was a

yawning hole in the ground. "That's the way they came!" cried

Winton ran to the safe. The diamond was, of course, gone. He stooped and began hastily to search Ned's pockets for the keys. They were gone, too.

The chloroform stupor was fast leav. ing him. He ran toward the hole. He could just see the line of the tunnel below.

He swung himself into the hole and entered the tunnel, Sam following him. It was hardly wider than a man's body, and not three feet in height, so that it was necessary to scramble along it on his hands and knees. Once Winton fancied that he heard sounds ahead of him and stopped, but then he could hear nothing except the indefinite murmurs that are audible underground.

He went on like a mole, outdistancing the negro. Now and again he bumped into stakes that had been driven into the hard clay to hold up the roof. The robbers had laid their plans with care, and they must have been weeks about their execution.

At last a faint ray of moonlight appeared in the distance. It grew clearer, and the tunnel began to widen, ending suddenly in a circular pit, of the kind that marks the beginning of excavations along the diamond fields. Winton scrambled up the side and stood under the stars.

He then saw with bewilderment that he was standing in the compound of the adjacent claim, just where he had emerged on the prior occasion when he entered a branch of the tunnel beneath the Armenian's store.

It was clear that the diamond thieves had utilized for their work the Hottentot's predilection, learned from the Bushmen, for subterranean excavations. The plan had been a clever one, and it appeared to have succeeded.

(Continued next week).

Tea of Evergreen Leaves.

In Paraguay, Uruguay, Argentina, the Brazilian states, and to a less extent in Chili, a peculiar kind of tea is largely used by the native population. It is obtained from the roasted and pulverized leaves of an evergreen forest tree, the Ilex Paraguayensis. The outer branches of the tree are cut off and passed rapidly through the flames of a large fire, which wilts the leaves and tender stems, which are afterward dried and thoroughly smoked over a slow fire. Then they are ground to powder, and thus prepared for the making of tea. The beverage is said to be more gently stimulating than either coffee or ordinary tea, but it has a smoky flavor, disagreeable to the unaccustomed palate.-Detroit News.