and was again busy with his lawyer.

The day of the trial arrived. All

business in Malopo seemed to have

ceased. The courtroom was packed

to its utmost capacity hours before

Judge Crawford took his seat on the

bench, while outside an increasing

A new suit and clean linen had

given him not merely a respectable

appearance, but something of the air

that he had had in his early days, and,

as Brown had surmised, this was likely

What seemed to interest the specta-

tors most was the resolute manner in

which he returned the look of De Witt,

who, seated though he was among the

witnesses, was in reality, as all knew,

the defendant. He was represented

by a lawyer, and was the central figure

in the courtroom, except, perhaps,

judicial face was as impassive as a

mask. Opposite him, on the floor of

the courtroom, sat Judge Crawford

in Davis' accustomed seat above the

Crawford was a short, sandy-haired

man, a jurist of reputation, with an

uncompromising manner. He looked

Seaton was formally charged, and

the trial began with the reading of

his written confession, in which, con-

trary to the general expectation, there

was no inculpation of De Witt. It was

a short and plain admission of hav-

ing purchased diamonds from the boys

Then followed the first sensation, in

capable of giving evidence?" he asked.

"How many cases like this have you

treated in the course of your experi-

"Thank you," said the lawyer, look-

It was becoming clear that De Witt's

lawyer meant to allege conspiracy on

the part of Winton and Seaton against

the syndicate. Winton followed with

a brief account of the events that had

occurred on the night of the robbery,

and the evidence of two or three sub-

"It contains the whole truth, noth-

"It's all true," answered Seaton

"There's nothing that ain't true in it."

"You induced Mr. Garrett's boys,

with small sums of money, to bring

you the stones, and you sold them to

the man Van Vorst on a basis of one-

"One hundred and twelve pounds,

"Who supplied you with this

"M. De Witt there."

like business, and he meant it.

to have its effect upon the jury.

on each side of the courthouse.

a firm step into the dock,

Judge Davis.

clerk

on the claim.

lesion?"

ence?"

pitch.

"Yes, sir."

"Yes."

"I did."

bribes?"

the consequences?"

than the truth?"

'Yes."

or truthfulness?"

and grunting, in the box.

ture of Ned's affliction.

"I do, undoubtedly."

"I am absolutely sure."

"None, but I have read-"

ing triumphantly at the jury.

sidiary witnesses followed.

De Witt and Davis.

(Continued from last week). SYNOPSIS

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 CHAPTER I .- Winton Garrett, twen-

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 diemond". 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 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 fheila 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 meeting, and aided by a popular demonstration proves his identity, blocks the regranization and takes control. Hearks 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 ded young fool."

CHAPTER VII.-Winton, infuriated CHAPTER VII.—Winton, infuriated by a scurrilous newspaper article about sheila and himself, knocks Sam down and publicly threatens Judge Davis. He finds Sheila about to elope with De Witt, to save her father. He horsewhips De Witt. Sheila again refuses to marry him and says she is going away, never to see him or her father again. to see him or her father again

CHAPTER VIII.—Winton hires Sam as night watchman. Van Vorst's gang steal the De Witt diamond. Winton pursues Van Vorst, who escapes with the big stone

CHAPTER IX.-Winton is rescued by Sheila, on her way to a native village. There she kisses an old woman, only partly white, and says, "This is my mother." He again asks her to marry him. She refuses him, because of the race bar. Heartsick, he sets out for Malopo with a native guide.

CHAPTER X .- Winton succumbs. His robs and deserts him. Sam res-him. Burns's brain is affected; he t tell what happened. The work-the mine return no stones. Win-forced to borrow money from the syndicate, agreeing to pay in a month

CHAPTER XI.—The syndicate makes further plans to oust Winton. His men search the native workers and secure many large diamonds. Seaton appears, confesses the plot and says he's come to take his medicine.

"See here," De Witt burst out, "what are you playing for? Is it the claim or is it something else?" "You'll have to see my lawyer."

"To the devil with your lawyer. I've done with Davis. He's the crookedest rogue in South Africa. You know what I want. Garrett. and I know what you want. Suppose I turn against Davis

and get you back your claim, will you prosecute?" "My lawyer-"

"The devil! I've come to you as man to man. I've had blows from you, and I've taken them. That's something no other man can say. I'll help you out if you'll help me." "What do you want?"

"Sheila!" shouted De Witt with an expletive. "I want to know if you'll give her up. Come, is it a bargain? You've got her and you don't want her. She'd come to me quick enough if it wasn't for you. I'll give evidence that will return you control of the claim if you'll-'

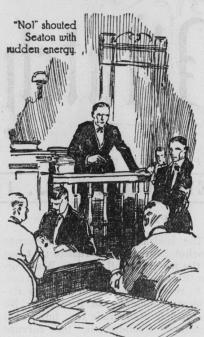
Winton was upon his feet, shaking with rage. De Witt sprang up and grabbed his hat.

"Won't, eh? Well, I'll show you!" he snarled, backing toward the door. He was outside before Winton could close with him. Winton hesitated. and then went back into his room and closed the door. His nerves were raw fourth of their carat value, you say?" and quivering, but he was glad that he had not laid hands upon De Witt

again. The incident aroused in him stronger resolve to shake the dust of Malopo from his feet. But for his nine shillings, and ninepence," reresolution not to yield to Davis, to see turned Seaton promptly. the thing through, he could hardly have remained another four and money?"

twenty hours in the wretched town But on the morrow he had put Sheila The stir in the courtroom was folout of his mind for the time being, lowed by intense silence.

"Your motive was to make money?" "No!" shouted Seaton with sudden



energy. "It was fear of that man who

has hounded me for twenty years," crowd, which choked the market He leaned forward and thrust out square, clamored in vain for admishis hand toward De Witt, who rose to sion. The line of horses and vehicles, his feet slowly. several rows deep, extended for blocks

His lawyer pulled him down and leaped to his feet. Seaton in court presented a very

"I object—" he began. different appearance from the Seaton "Not sustained," snapped Crawford. that Malopo had known and despised. "In what way, and why, has Mr. Three weeks of abstinence from liquor De Witt hounded you?" inquired Seahad made a new man of him and ton's lawyer. "Are you willing to braced him up, so that he was hardly waive privilege and make a full staterecognizable at first as he strode with ment to this court?"

"Yes, I'll tell you," cried Seaton. "That's what I come back for, because I'd rather be a dead dog on a gibbet than a jackal any longer. I'm going to end this game. I've played it too long. He's driven me from pillar to post for years, making me do his dirty work for him. He made me betray the secret of the new amalgam process on the Rietfontein in Johannesburg. He's used me like that, and when I've warned him he was driving me too far he's laughed at me and told me I could swing if I preferred to, and by God I'm going to. He made me tell

The multiplying and shifting rumors, "I object to this evidence!" shouted which had been flying through Malopo, De Witt's lawyer. "These allegations had settled down to the belief that against my client are totally irrelesomething dramatic and sensational vant, and made to arouse prejudicewas to be looked for, involving both "Objection sustained," said Judge Crawford. "The witness will confine The judge was seated in the gallery, himself to evidence bearing upon the where places had been reserved for a alleged theft of the stones."

few of the chief men of the town. He "Tell the court the story of your was a noticeable figure among the relations with Mr. De Witt in so far other occupants, as he bent forward as they relate to your theft of the from his place in the front row, lookdiamonds," said Brown. ing down on the spectators. His keen.

"When I came to Malopo," answered Seaton, "my gal had wrote me that Mr. De Witt was gone for good. So I went back. But I met him in the coach going up from Taungs. Mr. Garrett was there, and there was a vit of an argument between them. The next morning, after we had arrived Mr. De Witt came to me and offered me a job on the Big Malopo. Then Mr. Garrett got the control, and I asked Mr. De Witt for another job. I knew what was coming, but I was in want, and I had to get something, even from him. He told me to go to Mr. Garrett and ask him to make me compound manager, and I'd get the place. I knew what was wanted. It was the West Rietfontein over again-"

the appearance of Ned Burns, clicking Judge Crawford's gavel fell just as De Witt's lawyer sprang to his feet De Witt's lawyer, intervening, scored the first point against Winton after

"The jury will disregard all evidence the physician had explained the naconcerning other relations between Mr. De Witt and the defendant," he "Do you mean to say that this man said. is in possession of his full senses and

"Omit all further references to other jobs that you have done for Mr. De Witt," said Brown.

"You admit that there is a brain The gavel fell again. "Mr. Brown, you will abstain from "But you are quite sure that it is

suggesting the existence of other relations between the defendant and not of a nature to impair his judgment Mr De Witt," said the judge There followed an animated discus

sion. The jury, who had been following the evidence intently, looked bored and disappointed, and paid no attention to the dispute. "De Witt promised me he'd leave me

alone," continued Seaton, when he was permitted to resume. "But after we'd begun to excavate anyone who knew anything about diamonds could see that the main pipe was either on our claim or pretty nigh us. Then Van Vorst came to me and said Mr. Garrett was green to the business and there was a chance to make money. I refused, and sent him away.

When Seaton was placed in the wit-"He come back, and he was always ness-box the excitement reached fever after me, trying to get me to drink, but I was trying my hardest to make "This is your own confession, writgood to Mr. Garrett. At last he come ten and signed by you?" asked Brown. to me and said De Witt was behind him, and the syndicate behind De "You make this of your own free Witt, and if I come to heel there'd be will, without monetary or other ingood money in it, but if I didn't De ducement of any kind, and knowing Witt would stick his knife in me. I knew what that meant."

"What did it mean?" asked Brown. "I stject to that question," shouted ing but the truth, and nothing more De Witt's lawyer.

> "The witness will confine himseif strictly to testimony hearing upon the allered diamond theft." "He'll say something before he can

be stopned." "In that case," said the judge blandly, "the jury will disregard the evidence at my instructions."

"Your honor, you know perfectly "How much do you compute that well they can't." you paid to the boys in the form of "Sit down, sir!"

"In my client's interest—" began the lawyer. "Mr. Lange, your client is not on

trial. Your status in this case is one of courtesy only." "Tell the court what hold Mr. De Witt had over you, in so far as it has reference to the robbery," said Brown

for." answered Seaton, fixing his eyes him who Sheila Seaton is. Then look on De Witt, who returned his stare with a sneering smile.

At this juncture all eyes were turned, with a simultaneous impulse, toward Judge Davis in the gallery. The old man sat there impassively, his square beard thrust out from his scrawny chin; he seemed the least affected of any of the spectators.

"It was twenty-three years ago," Seaton began. "I was prospecting for the early days, and there wasn't much law or order in the country. I'd been out after stones, but I hadn't found

"There was a lot of us prospectors on the trail of what turned out afterward to be the West Griqua mine, which was grabbed by the syndicate. we'd fixed up a sort of base camp, where we'd rest up when we returned, to get rid of our veld sores and fever. We'd pitched our tents together, so as to be sociable like.

"There I got into trouble over a woman. I wasn't a young man, by any means, but I'd been a fool all my life, and I ought to have known better, and didn't. Her husband was a representative of one of the big minwoman was all alone in the camp.

"I got into trouble over her. Her was handier, and I got the drop on him and killed him.

"We three was alone in the camp at the time: the woman, me, and the man I'd killed. It was a wild country, but murder was a game no man could afford to get up against. We asked one man, trying to stop him. left him lying there and took the horses and rode for our lives.

"He had friends, and they set the police on to us. We got away, though, and made for the native territories. You know how I came to be a sort of chief there. 'King' Seaton, I'm called, all over the country. After a while would be useless for him to interfere. I come back. I thought it had been forgotten.

"It ought to have been, but De Witt had known me in the old days and he recognized me. And he's held me in his power ever since by threatenmonds."

"What did you do with the woman?" shouted De Witt, springing to his feet and waving his arms furiously. "You've told the court this muchnow go on and tell the rest!"

gavel, but the uproar in the court was ing to howl them down. But all never trouble her. through the scene Judge Davis sat, gallery.

De Witt

time, Mr. De Witt!" cried the judge angrily. "There's no time like this." answered De Witt defiantly, striding

forward. "Put me in the witnessbox!" he shouted to Brown. "Put me there if you dare, and I'll tell the jury the rest of it."

Brown, nonplused over this new development, hesitated. But a glance at the faces of the jury showed him that he could not decline the challenge. He nodded to Seaton, who stepped down. De Witt entered the across the rivulet, topped the ridge of box. The clerk handed him the testament, but De Witt brushed it aside. and now, so keen was the interest, even the presiding judge failed to notice the irregularity.

"I'll tell you what I know," shouted De Witt, addressing himself to Davis in the gallery. "You've thrown me over after I've worked for you these canting hypocrite!" he cried. "Look sanctimonious, like a little tin god up in the skies!"

Judge Davis eertainly did look sanctimonious. His eyes were fixed upon floor of the courtroom Judge Davis of the Pharisee. But some of those the old man's eyes had in them a look of strained horror, as if he was ex- impracticable. pecting some dreadful revelation.

"I'm done with you now!" cried De first to last every bit of the dirty heart. work that nobody else would do. But Uncharitable! There's not a single scoundrel's body!

"Yes, he knew everything, gentle- from her forever. men, and yet there was one thing that he didn't know, and now his turn has come, and he's going to know it. Ask him to take off his collar and show you his throat, gentlemen. You'll find a bullet-hole there. It's healed up he was drenched to the skin before he long ago, but it's burning like the rage he felt when he tried to shoot back, just one second too late. That's the hole left by Daddy Seaton's bullet, growled in the distance; the brilliant and Daddy Seaton's been running for lightning flashes lit up the heavens. his life for twenty years because of a man he never killed.

"Look at him again, gentlemen! Ask Daddy Seaton to tell you if there was only the woman in the camp, or the day. An unreality hung over the if she didn't have a baby of six months past; it seemed as if everything had with her, that she wouldn't leave be- been a dream since the night in Shei-

"Aye, I'll tell. That's what I come | hind, although he wanted her to. Ask at that old rogue up there once more. There sits the man that printed insults in the Chronicle against his own daughter, not knowing that she was his. And tell Daddy that he knew whose child Sheila was, but that he didn't know till this moment that the man he shot and thought he killed is

the man who's sitting up there!" A cry broke from Seaton's lips, The old man staggered in the dock. The diamonds in Griqualand. Them was lawyer put an arm about him to steady him; and, leaning back against the supporting shoulder, Seaton watched De Witt, whose last blow had been the culmination of all his years of persecution.

But the old man in the gallery rose slowly to his feet and thrust out his hand. The square white beard None of us had been successful, and worked up and down as the jaws champed. He raised his arms, and for a second the motionless old figure and the old figure below looked at each other fixedly.

away.' Then, with a strangled cry, Judge Davis dropped unconscious.

CHAPTER XIII

Death's Harvest.

Winton was only vaguely aware of ing companies, what had got wind of the quick termination of the trial, with us being on the trail of something, its expected, though illogical verdict and sent him up to investigate. He of "not guilty." He saw Judge Davis was away for days at a time, and the lifted and carried out by his supporters; saw De Witt, his face twitching nervously at the verdict, stride from husband come back and found us to- the courtroom; then he was pushing gether. He tried to shoot me, but I his own way outside among the excited, buzzing groups, and perceived old Seaton moving slowly among the crowd, which parted to make way for the man whose tragedy affected them with horror.

"Where are you going, Daddy?" "I'm going to find my gal," mumbled Seaton. "She's been all I've had. Maybe I ain't her father, but I'm going

Slowly he walked away, and nobody attempted to stop him. Winton, after a moment of doubt, realized that it

He watched Seaton's departure with a mind that was too numbed to enable him to understand the fullness of his success. There was no doubt that the legality of the syndicate's acquisition of his shares could now be questioned. ing me with the law. So that's how He could regain the majority and I come to steal Mr. Garrett's dia- keep control, if Seaton's acquittal were followed, as it must be, by De Witt's arrest and his conviction.

But there was more than that. Winton began to realize, in a dazed sort of way, that the disclosure had given pray, Mr. Garrett, that God's venhim Sheila. He knew she loved him, Judge Crawford hammered with his in spite of all her bitterness in the but God must have dealt with her past. He would go to her, make her too loud for him to make his words his wife, and take her home to his vengeance on. Aye, He's mocked me heard. Some were hissing, others try- own country, where the past should and made a fool of me. But I'm going

He was brooding over this when he impassive and still, in his place in the heard two revolver shots ring out in Nkama's tribe, up in the hills. My quick succession. Looking up, he dis- God, to think of my child living like covered that he was alone. The crowd an outcast among the Kafirs!' "There's more to the story by a was running toward the south side d-n sight," he shouted. "You've heard of the square, where there seemed to that much, and now I'll tell the rest!" be some commotion. Winton saw a "You can be heard at the proper struggle in progress; the heaving shoulders of a horse appeared above the crowd; and suddenly the horse and its rider emerged at a furious gallop, scattering the crowd right and left.

Through the gap thus formed Winton could see a man lying upon the ground, resting on his elbow. His

hand clutched a revolver. The rider was De Witt. Amid the vells of the mob he dashed in a cloud of dust across the market square and turned down the street leading to the new suburb. The horse bounded

the diamond ground, and disappeared. The fallen man was being helped to his feet. He staggered in the arms of his supporters, and the blood was streaming from a bullet-wound in his

shoulder. Winton gathered what had occurred from the excited conversation that you." followed. The sheriff had attempted ten years and more, you smug old to arrest De Witt on the strength of a court order hastily secured. De at him! There he sits, clean and Witt, who had had a swift horse ready outside, in the anticipation of just such a contingency, had shot the sheriff and galloped away.

So swift was the maneuver that De Witt's gravely. To those on the Malopo found itself totally unable to cope with the situation. There was looked at that moment the very type wild talk of forming a posse to pursue the outlaw. But De Witt's horse near him in the gallery noticed that was the fastest in Malopo, and, as in the case of Van Vorst, pursuit seemed

While an impromptu mass meeting was being held Winton made his way Witt, flinging out his arm with a back to the claim. He understood sweeping gesture. "He knew what I now all that the verdict meant to him, was doing for him; he knew from the and the thought of Sheila filled his

It was growing dark. Early the next he wouldn't soil his own hands with morning he meant to ride out into the it. He wouldn't listen to the details. hills and bring her back with him, It was always, 'Go ahead, De Witt. and they should never be parted if you think it proper, but don't do again. He thought with infinite pity enything unrighteous or uncharitable' of her sufferings, with tenderness of her loyalty. It seemed most fit that drop of charitable blood in the old bis lips should be the first to tell her what would remove the dark cloud

> As Winton turned into the road that led toward his claim there came the sudden sputtering of heavy drops, and then a deluge. He covered the last hundred yards at a racing pace, but reached the cottage.

> After the long months of drought the rains had broken. The thunder The rains poured in torrents upon the desert, which sucked them up and stored them in its hidden springs. Winton felt utterly worn out after

la's house.

Winton was about to go to bed when there came a feeble tap at the door. When he opened it he saw Judge Da-

vis standing there, wet through. He was shocked at the change in the judge's aspect. He seemed to have aged a dozen years; he was an old, broken man. He came forward uncertainly and sat down

Winton tried to get him to take off his wet clothes, but the judge shook his head vacantly, as if he hardly understood.

"You remember what we talked about that day?" he asked, with nothing in his voice in the least like a quaver.

"That day I came to you for the loan?"

"About gaining the whole world and losing one's soul? Mr. Garrett, I lost my soul long ago. I thought I'd gained the whole world, but it's all slipped away-it's all slipped

"You've found what you wanted most, judge," said Winton, pitying the



old man with all his heart. "You've found your daughter."

And suddenly the conviction was borne in upon him that the old queen of the village was Davis' wife. The shock of the realization was paralyzing. He said nothing of this-how could he tell him that his wife was living? He said nothing as the judge went on:

"Yes, I've found her. I've been a fool and I've been punished, but all the past is finished now. I used to geance might overtake the mother; years ago, and it's myself He's taken to find my girl and take her away. I know where she is. She's living with

He stood up and clenched his fists furiously. "I was face to face with Seaton today, and I didn't kill him." he said. "Let him cross my path

again and he'll die!" "He didn't know," said Winton. "He wronged me. He brought all this on me. That snake De Witt is nothing. I care nothing about his part in it. But let Seaton take care, if ever we meet. Mr. Garrett," he added, falling into a casual tone, "you know Sheila. You were a friend of hers. You stood by her when I was printing lies against her in the Chron-

and bring her home." "Judge, I'll go, and I'll bring her to you," said Winton, wondering how this new development would affect his

icle-may God forgive me. I want you

to ride out with me in the morning

"I'll go with you, Mr. Garrett. I'll be here on horseback at six in the morning. That's what I came to tell

"Then I'll be ready, judge," said Winton,

The old man went out silently, leaving Winton pondering still more deeply. But he realized that Judge Davis' claim was prior to his own. And he tried to view the matter unselfishly. though a fierce jealousy tortured him at the thought that he, who had stood by the girl in her extremity, should have to yield to the man who had persecuted her.

(Continued next week).

There's a Reason.

Jones was walking along the street wearing a very glum expression on his usually cheerful countenance when he was accosted by his friend Brown.

"Hello, old man," exclaimed the latter. "You're looking very down in the mouth. What's the matter?" "Yesterday," said Jones, "I refused a poor woman a request for a loan and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole evening."

"Your softness of heart does you credit," said Brown. "Who was the woman?"

"My wife," was the sad reply.

Slight Difference.

The manager of a telephone company sent for a new cperator and asked her what sort of work she was doing before she began to preside at a switchboard "I sold mo tickets," faltered the

new girl. "I thought so." said the manager. "Now, don't get offended. Just a word of advice. With us you say 'Number, please?' Not 'How many?' The phrases are very much alike and vet there's a distinction."