

The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy.
Author of "Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," etc.

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"Confound it all, boy," yelled the merchant, "what was it to do when a ragged loafer like you came in and showed me a diamond worth a thousand pounds and told me he had dozens, hundreds, more like it? Did you expect me to risk standing in the dock by your side? Who could have given falter evidence in your behalf than I did? Who proved that you could not have stolen the stones? Who have you to thank for being at liberty now but the expert who swore that no such diamonds had been seen before in this world?"

Phillip waited until the man's passion had exhausted itself. Then he went on coolly:

"That is your point of view, I suppose. Mine is that you could have satisfied yourself concerning all these points without sending me to prison. However, this discussion is beside the present question. Will you buy my diamonds?"

Isaacstein recovered his seat. He wiped his face vigorously, and he traced instinctively conquered his fury. "Yes," he snapped. "How much do you want for them?"

"I notice that their value steadily increases. The first time you saw this diamond—and he held up the stone originally exhibited—"you said it was worth \$200 or \$300. Today you name a thousand. However, I will take your own valuation for this unimportant collection and accept \$50,000."

"Oh, you will, will you? And how will you have it, in notes or gold?"

He could not help this display of cheap sarcasm. The situation was losing its annoyance. The humor of it was beginning to dawn on him. When his glance rested more critically on Phillip, the boy's age, the poverty of his circumstances, the whole fantastic incongruity of the affair forced his recognition.

Not unprepared for such a retort, Phillip gathered the stones together and twisted the ends of the paper. Evidently the parcel was going back into his pocket. He glanced at a clock, to which he ticked solemnly over the office door.

"Here, what are you doing?" cried Isaacstein.

"Going to some one who will deal with me in a reasonable manner. It is not very late yet. I suppose there are plenty of firms like yours in Hatton Garden, or I can go back to Mr. Wilson."

"Sit down. Sit down," growled the man, vainly striving to cloak his nervousness by a show of genial jocosity. "I never saw such a boy in my life. You are touchy as gunpowder. I was only joking."

"I am not joking, Mr. Isaacstein. Your price is my price—\$50,000. If you think I carry that amount of money in my purse," demanded Isaacstein, striving desperately to think out some means whereby he could get Phillip into a more amiable mood, when, perchance, the true story of the gems might be revealed.

"No," was the answer. "Even if you gave it to me I should not take it away. I want you to advance, say, \$50 today. I require clothes and other things. This tomorrow you can bring me to a bank and pay a portion of the purchase price to my credit, giving me at the same time a written promise to pay the remainder within a week or a month, my receipt being a lien on the diamond merchandise. I am quickly becoming serious, methodical, as he listened. This businesslike proposal was the one thing needed to restore his bewildered faculties.

"Well, my boy," he said, "who has been advising you?"

"No one."

"Do you mean to say you came here today to trade with me without consulting any other person?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Isaacstein. I was coming, and I feel that I can always return to him for any advice if I am in a difficulty, but the offer I have just made is my own."

Watching Isaacstein's face was an interesting operation to Phillip. Under ordinary conditions he might as well expect to find emotion depicted in a pound of butter as in that oily countenance, with its set expression moulded by years of sharp dealings. But today the man was started out of all the accustomed grooves of business. He was confronted with a problem so novel that this experience was not wide enough to endure it.

So Phillip caught a gleam of resentment at the introduction of the merchant's name, and he instantly resolved to see Mr. Abington again at the earliest opportunity.

"Oh, he," he said, "you kindly today, did he?" snarled Isaacstein.

"Yes, most kindly."

"You don't drink, I suppose?" broke in the other abruptly.

"No, I am only a boy of fifteen and do not need stimulants."

He was favored with a sharp glance at this remark, but he bent over his

"You don't drink, I suppose?" diamonds again and began to examine them one by one. He knew that the action was tantamounting to his companion, and that it was why he had been

Isaacstein went to a sideboard and poured out a stiff glass of brandy. He swallowed it as an ordinary person takes an oyster.

"That's better," he said, returning to his desk. "Now we can get to close quarters. Hand over the stones."

Phillip the boy of the sort. "Why?" he inquired blandly. "You know all about them. You can hardly wait to see them so frequently."

"Confound it!" cried Isaacstein, growing red with renewed impatience. "What more can I do than agree to your terms?"

"I will advise you for an advance of \$50. I said nothing about leaving the diamonds in your charge. Please listen to me. I make no unreasonable demands. If you wish to keep the stones now you must first write me a letter stating the agreement between us. If it is right I will give you the diamonds. If it is not according to my ideas you must alter it."

Isaacstein sat back in his chair and regarded Phillip fixedly and with such calmness as he could summon to his aid. A ray of sunshine illumined a bald patch on the top of his head, and the boy found himself idly speculating on developments in the man's future. The man on his side was seeking to read the boy's inscrutable character, but the sixty of Phillip's gaze at his denuded crown disconcerted him again.

"What are you looking at?" he demanded suddenly.

"I was wondering how you will deal when you go to heaven, Mr. Isaacstein," was the astounding reply.

"You imagine, then, that I may deal fairly with you?" he said at last.

"Oh, yes. Why should you rob me? You can earn more money than you can ever need in this world by looking after my interests properly. If only you will believe this statement it will save you much future worry. I assure you."

"Were you in earnest when you said that you have an abundance of stones like those in your hands?"

"So many, Mr. Isaacstein, that you will have some trouble in disposing of them. I have diamonds as big, as big—let me see—as big as an egg."

"The wonder is that the man did not faint."

"My God!" he gasped. "Do you know what you are saying? Where are they, boy? You will be robbed, murdered for their sake. Where are they? Let me put them in some safe place. I will deal honestly by you. I swear it by all that I hold sacred. But you must have them taken care of."

"They are quite safe, be certain of that. Reveal my secret I will not. I have borne insult and imprisonment to preserve it, so it is not likely I will yield now to your appeals."

Phillip's face lit up with a strange light as this protest left his lips. The great iron key of No. 3 Johnson's Meads, and he was as certain now that his hiding place was unknown as that his mother's spirit was looking down on him from heaven and directing his every movement.

The man in spite of his own great lack of composure, saw the fleeting glimpse of spirituality in the boy's eyes. Puzzled and disturbed though he was, he made another violent effort to pull Phillip to his feet, and he said: "There is no need to talk all day," he said doggedly. "Now I am going to tell you something you don't know. If your boast is justified—if you really own as many diamonds and as good ones as you say you own—there must be a great deal of discretion exercised in putting them on the market. Diamonds are valuable only because they are rare. There is a limit to their possible purchases. If the diamond mines of the world were to pour all their resources forth into the lap of the public there would be such a slump that prices would drop 50, 60, even 80 per cent. Do you follow me?"

"Yes," he said.

A week earlier he would have said, "Yes, sir," but his soul was bitter yet against Isaacstein.

"Very well. It may take me months, years, to realize your collection. To do this properly I must have some idea of its magnitude. If there are exceptionally large stones among them, they will be dealt with separately. They may rival or eclipse the few historical diamonds of the world, but their worth can only be measured by the readiness of some fool to pay hundreds of thousands for them. See?"

"Yes," nodded Phillip again. His sentimentality brought the man to the point.

"Therefore you must take me into your confidence. What quantity of stones do you possess and what are their sizes?" he asked.

Isaacstein, cooler now, pursed his lips and pressed his thumb together until they appeared to be in danger of dislocation. It was his favorite attitude when engaged in a deal. It signified that he had cornered his victim. Phillip, appealed to in this strictly commercial way, could not fail to see it was to his own interest to tell his chosen expert the exact facts and nothing but the facts.

The boy, slightly undisturbed in tone and manner, hazarded an inquiry.

"What amount of ordinary diamonds—in their money value, I mean—can you dispose of readily in the course of a year, Mr. Isaacstein?"

"Well, \$250,000 or \$300,000 worth. It is a matter largely dependent on the condition of trade generally. But that may be regarded as a minimum."

"And the bigger stones, worth many thousands each?"

"It is impossible to say. Taking them in the lump at values varying from a thousand each to fancy figures, perhaps \$50,000 worth."

"It would be safe to reckon on a quarter of a million a year, all told?"

"Quite safe."

"Then, Mr. Isaacstein, I will supply you with diamonds of that value every year for many years."

The man relaxed the pressure on his thumb, and he passed a tremulous hand across his forehead. He was beaten again, and he knew it—wounded by a gutter vulgus in a war of wits.

The contest had one excellent effect. It stopped all further efforts on Isaacstein's part to wrest Phillip's secret from him. Thereafter he asked for and obtained such diamonds as he needed and resolutely forbade himself the

history of questioning or probing the extent of his juvenile patron's resources.

But there was a long pause before he lost his tongue again. His voice had been so low and so infrequent. It will be better for you, safer for me, if I become your agent. I will take your stones to Amsterdam, have them cut sufficiently to enable dealers to assess their true worth and sell them to the best advantage. My charge will be 10 per cent and I pay all expenses. Today I will give you £50. Tomorrow I will take you to a bank and place five thousand to your credit. Meanwhile I will give you a receipt for fifty stones, weighing in the rough so many carats, and you or any one you may appoint can see the sale vouchers subsequently, when I will hand you the balance after deducting £5,000 and my 10 per cent. The total price may exceed fifty thousand or it may be less, but I do not think I will be far out in my estimate. Are you agreeable?"

Some inner monitor told Phillip that the man was talking on sound business lines. There was a ring of sincerity in his voice. Apparently he had thrust temptation aside and was firmly resolved to be content with his 10 per cent.

And this might well be. Twenty-five thousand pounds a year earned by a few journeys to the continent—a few lagging interviews in the Hatton Garden office! What a gold mine! Moreover, he would be the head man in the trade. He was that now, in some respects, but under the new conditions none could gain his place at the top. Even the magnates of Kimberley would be staggered by this new source of supply. What did it matter if the boy kept to his rags and amazed the world so long as the diamonds were forthcoming? It was no silk hatted gentleman who first stumbled across the diamond laden earth of South Africa. Isaacstein had made up his mind. Fate had thrust this business into his lap. He would be a fool to lose it out of mere curiosity.

"Yes," said Phillip. "I agree to that." "Samuel!" yelled Isaacstein. "Coming, sir," was the answering reply, and a hurried clerk appeared.

"Bring in the scales, Samuel."

The scales were brought and a level space cleared for them on the desk. Phillip, of course, had never before seen an instrument so delicately adjusted. A breath would serve to depress the balance.

The boy held forth his paper and poured the contents into the tiny brass tray of the scales. Samuel's mouth opened and his eyes widened. It was the first sight of the diamonds.

"Four ounces eight pennyweights five grains—620 carats in thirty stones, Oh, good gracious me!" murmured the clerk.

Isaacstein checked the record carefully.

"Right!" he said. "Put them in the safe."

Phillip raised no protest this time. Indeed, the man would keep his word. Indeed, Isaacstein intended to bring him fifty sovereigns, and ere the man returned he began to write on a sheet of letter paper:

"Received from—Here! What's your name?" he broke in.

"Phillip?"

"That will do today, thank you. The next time I call I will give you my full name and address."

Please yourself. I am no judge in this matter," and he wrote on:

Received from Phillip, a boy who refuses any other name, but the same whom I have known as Phillip, of Somerset House, just sign this receipt for £50."

Phillip took the two papers and read them carefully. Isaacstein's handwriting was a scrawl, but legible enough. The boy reached for a pen and signed the receipt with his name. He was on the point of adding his surname in an unguarded moment, but he felt the man's eye on him, so he simply wrote "Phillip" across the stamp at the foot of the paper.

Isaacstein fully appreciated the incident and knew that his own eagerness defeated the chance, all the more powerful because it was involuntary, of ascertaining the name of this marvelous youth.

Phillip gathered up his gold, not without counting the coins. They felt strangely heavy in his pocket—much heavier than the stones they replaced, yet they formed but a thousandth part of the value of those flintlike pebbles. What a queer problem it was, this ratio of worth between a few stones and the bright minted sovereigns!

"What time shall I call tomorrow?" he asked, standing up in hand, ready to take his departure.

"At 11. But wait one moment. Have you no friends to look after you? See what trouble you may get into. Why, the mere possession of so much gold by a boy like you?"

"I can take care of myself, Mr. Isaacstein. I will be here at 11. Good afternoon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Poisoned by Chicken Sandwiches. Manson, Ill., Sept. 9.—Twenty members of a wheat threshing crew north of Manson were poisoned by eating chicken sandwiches. A number are dangerously sick, but physicians here believe all will recover. After finishing their three-shilling on a farm, all the crew were served with a lunch of chicken sandwiches. Soon all were sick and physicians were brought from two towns. The man who had developed in the chicken.

Great Things Always Expected. Milwaukee, Sept. 9.—The Journal says that Dr. Rudolph Silverston is completing an airship at a Milwaukee factory, and that great things are expected of it. The flyer, it is expected, will sail through the air with the speed of a rifle bullet and carry the navigator from Milwaukee to Europe in a few hours.

Root Leaves the Sanatorium. New York, Sept. 9.—Secretary of State Ethan Allen Tamm, who is appearing in excellent health, left Madison's sanatorium at White Plains, N. Y., today after a stay of several weeks. The secretary will go first to his old home at Clinton, N. Y. He plans to be in Washington the 15th inst.

Explained. He does not mean it. He says in his letter that everything has seemed dark as night since I went away."

"He may be telling the truth. You know love is blind."

MOORS MOWED DOWN BY FRENCH. Drude Administers Severe Punishment to Tribesmen—Eight of His Men Slain. Casablanca, Sept. 5.—Eight French men were killed and seventeen wounded in an engagement outside the camp. The dead include Major Prevost, of the 1st battalion of the foreign legion, and Lieutenant Bouzard, of the second battalion of Algerian sharpshooters.

The Moors concentrated the largest force they had yet mustered in this vicinity and returned to the attack about 6,000 Moors participated in the fight. The Moors, who were equipped on all sides, made a most impressive picture as, garbed fantastically, mounted on white horses and carrying their banners in the front line, they swept down from the hills in splendid formation and charged thunderously to within about 400 yards of the French camp, which for a moment seemed to be in danger of being captured. It was at this juncture, the Moors chanted in union verses from the Koran.

The irregular Algerian cavalry encountered the first shock of the Moors' assault without yielding a foot from the position they occupied. General Drude quickly employed his forces to the greatest advantage and the Moors were submitted to a fire of shot and shell which soon left the ground strewn with corpses.

JUST SOME ARMED CROOKS. Not a Hold-Up, but a Case of Picking Pockets on the Rock Island. Omaha, Sept. 7.—Three armed crooks who had picked the pockets of a number of Rock Island passengers in the station at Lincoln, and attempted to continue their game on the train, engaged in an encounter with Conductor Henry D. Busby, Mountain View, Mo., and William Snow, a member of the city police department, who was called in, with an iron cuspidor, Robinson attacked Ford and beat his head to a pulp against the bars of a cell. Ford was killed upon him, Henry Robinson, a demoted man who was locked in the city jail here, killed Austin Ford and seriously injured several other prisoners.

After striking Charles King, an old timer, and William Snow, a member of the city police department, who was called in, with an iron cuspidor, Robinson attacked Ford and beat his head to a pulp against the bars of a cell. Ford was killed upon him, Henry Robinson, a demoted man who was locked in the city jail here, killed Austin Ford and seriously injured several other prisoners.

FOUR POLITICIANS INDICTED. Grand Jury Returns True Bills Which Create a Stir at Allegheny City. Pittsburgh, Sept. 5.—A political sensation was caused here when it became known that the grand jury had indicted four prominent politicians of Allegheny City in connection with alleged tax receipt frauds in that city. The men indicted are Elliot Hodggers, member of the state senate of Pennsylvania, and former common pleas judge of the Allegheny courts, Samuel Grenet, director of the department of Allegheny; William Hodge, member of Allegheny council; William Lamb, a leading Allegheny politician.

In the indictments are allegations of conspiracy to procure false registration and fraudulent voting, the preparation of false registration and fraudulent voting and conspiracy to issue fraudulent tax receipts. All the accused went to the court house and gave bail in the sum of \$2,000 each.

Safe Blowers Get \$8,000. Franklin, N. D., Sept. 7.—The James River bank, of this place, was dynamited and the robbers escaped with \$8,000 in cash and with valuable papers. Seven charges of dynamite were used in blowing up the vault and the bank was destroyed. The explosion were prevented from interfering with guards who were stationed at the front and rear of the bank. Frank Fitzpatrick, a hotel guest who sought to break through the line of guards, was not successful.

Seventeenth Century Superstitions. That it is a very unfortunate thing for a man to meet early in a morning an ill favored man, or woman, a rough footed steed, a shag-haired dog, or a black cat, is a superstition that has come down to us from the days of gold and silver. It is a superstition that a man born in the daytime will be born with a caul on his head, shall be very fortunate, and that the pain of the right hand, the thumb, is a shrewd sign he shall receive money. That it is a great sign of ill luck if a man's feet are not clean, and that it is naught for any man to give a rat a ride, are other superstitions for fear it cuts away all love that is between them. That it is ill luck to have the saltcellar fall toward you.

Likes Being Hunted. The extraordinary intelligence and skill displayed by Reynard when he is hunted makes it extremely probable that he, in common with the huntsman and the hounds, feels the keen pleasure of the pride of art—an important constituent of the spirit of the sport. In proof of this, an old fox, when fresh, has often been observed to wait for the hounds, apparently with the purpose of drawing them on, and his eyes are fixed upon the dogs during the play of his skill. The fox owes his present existence in England to his skill in providing sport, and it is not therefore unreasonable to suppose that he has acquired the sporting instinct, just as the pointer, the hunter and the terrier certainly enter into the spirit of the sport for which they have been bred and to which, therefore, they owe their existence.—London Standard.

Ostriches Are Poor Sailors. "Ostriches are terrible creatures to have aboard ship in a storm," said a sailor. "Knocked about by the waves, they fall and break their legs. We once carried eight superb ostriches. They were good sailors. Their appetites were fine. But two days from port a nasty gale overtook us. And then it was pitiful to see those ostriches. The ship's heels were so much that they off their pins, sent them rolling back and forth, and fro, wildly, helplessly. Imagine a dozen ostriches, now on their feet, then—bang—on their backs, their long legs in the air, rolling every which way. What you expect to happen happened, of course. Their legs broke. You could hear above the storm the sharp crack of the splitting bone. Of those eight fine ostriches only two reached port alive."

Harvester Common Pays Fine. Austin, Tex., Sept. 7.—The International Harvester company of Wisconsin pleaded guilty to a violation of the anti-trust laws, and paid a fine of \$25,000 assessed by the court. The company also agreed that a perpetual injunction be entered forbidding it to operate in Texas.

STRIKERS WILL WORK ON FARMS. Over One Hundred Operators Agree to Hire One as "Hands" in Several States. Chicago, Sept. 7.—A delegation of union farmers in Chicago seeking to hire 2,000 striking telegraphers as farm "hands" in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Kansas. The arrangements of fresh union men and their wives, the farmers held out to the strikers, together with an offer of \$5 a month "and board," resulted in many of the operators accepting the invitation.

At union headquarters it is said that between 100 and 200 strikers probably will leave for the farms in a few days. This will leave less than 1,000 idle operators in the city.

W. C. Crowley, state organizer of the farmers' union, is the "good angel" of the strikers. Mr. Crowley called on Secretary Wesley Russell of the telegraphers' union first and received an endorsement of the scheme from the official. They then proceeded to enlist a number of operators.

KILLED IN JAIL BY DEMENTED MAN. Fire Department Had To Be Called in to Subdue the Crazy Murderer. Connersville, Ind., Sept. 5.—Thrown into a rage by several cups of water being dashed upon him, Henry Robinson, a demoted man who was locked in the city jail here, killed Austin Ford and seriously injured several other prisoners.

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Accidental Success. "In literature," said a publisher, "popular success frequently comes by accident. A remarkable case was that of J. H. Shorthouse. This man, a poet chemist, spent some years writing a book called 'John Inglesant.' But the publishers would have none of John Inglesant," and finally Mr. Shorthouse printed 100 copies at his own expense.

Only forty of these copies sold, one purchaser being a photographer. The photographer took Mr. Gladstone's picture some weeks later, and the old man chose a staid pose, sitting with a volume in his hand. He bent in absorption over the work, which happened accidentally to be John Inglesant's, and in the thousands of copies of the photograph that were sold by accident the book's name was plainly to be made out.

"Mr. Gladstone was regarded as a great critic, and the people thought he desired to recommend 'John Inglesant.' What was the result? Within the year 50,000 copies of John Inglesant had been sold, and Shorthouse was a made man."

Occasional headache, belching, bad taste in the mouth, lack of appetite and slight nervousness are symptoms of indigestion which, when allowed to go uncurd, will develop into a case of dyspepsia that will take a long time to get rid of. Don't neglect your stomach. At the first indication of trouble take something that will help it along in its work of digesting the food you eat. Kodol For Indigestion and Dyspepsia will do this. Kodol will make your food do your good and will enable you to enjoy what you eat. Sold by all druggists.

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RAILROAD Time Cards. Manchester & Oneida Rv.

TIME TABLE. Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 6:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 8:00 a. m. In Connecticut, leaves at 8:00 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 8:00 a. m. Train No. 4 leaves Manchester at 6:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 8:00 a. m. In Connecticut, leaves at 8:00 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 8:00 a. m. Train No. 6 leaves Manchester at 8:35 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 10:20 a. m. In Connecticut, leaves at 10:20 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 10:20 a. m. Train No. 8 leaves Manchester at 10:00 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 11:45 a. m. In Connecticut, leaves at 11:45 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 11:45 a. m. Train No. 10 leaves Manchester at 12:00 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 1:45 p. m. In Connecticut, leaves at 1:45 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 1:45 p. m. Train No. 12 leaves Manchester at 2:00 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 3:45 p. m. In Connecticut, leaves at 3:45 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 3:45 p. m. Train No. 14 leaves Manchester at 4:00 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 5:45 p. m. In Connecticut, leaves at 5:45 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 5:45 p. m. Train No. 16 leaves Manchester at 6:00 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 7:45 p. m. In Connecticut, leaves at 7:45 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 7:45 p. m. Train No. 18 leaves Manchester at 8:00 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:45 p. m. In Connecticut, leaves at 9:45 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:45 p. m.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. TIME TABLE. Main Line Passenger Trains. WEST BOUND. Train No. 1 leaves Chicago at 6:00 a. m., arrives at St. Louis at 11:00 a. m. Train No. 3 leaves Chicago at 8:00 a. m., arrives at St. Louis at 1:00 p. m. Train No. 5 leaves Chicago at 10:00 a. m., arrives at St. Louis at 3:00 p. m. Train No. 7 leaves Chicago at 12:00 p. m., arrives at St. Louis at 5:00 p. m. Train No. 9 leaves Chicago at 2:00 p. m., arrives at St. Louis at 7:00 p. m. Train No. 11 leaves Chicago at 4:00 p. m., arrives at St. Louis at 9:00 p. m. Train No. 13 leaves Chicago at 6:00 p. m., arrives at St. Louis at 11:00 p. m. Train No. 15 leaves Chicago at 8:00 p. m., arrives at St. Louis at 1:00 a. m. Train No. 17 leaves Chicago at 10:00 p. m., arrives at St. Louis at 3:00 a. m. Train No. 19 leaves Chicago at 12:00 a. m., arrives at St. Louis at 5:00 a. m.