

THE DIAMOND GLOW

By George Elmer Cobb.

"Go tell that to the marines—foot soldiers won't stand it!"

The little spare man with soft, dreamy eyes and the face of a poet bowed in a deprecatory manner and left the noisy mess-room of the Kimberly diamond mines.

One man among the group arose and followed him. He was bronzed, poorly dressed, a generally down-and-out expression in his general ap-



Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

pearance, but behind it all was the restless ambitious soul.

"Wait a moment," he spoke, laying a gentle detaining hand on the man who had preceded him.

"What is it you want?" inquired the latter, lifting his stooped shoulders somewhat and turning his face up to the other.

"I heard your story in yonder."

"Well?"

"And I believe it. You want some

one to share your venture. I am your man, if you will accept me."

A great calm and soft content overspread the features of the man addressed. He simply put out his hand to clasp that of the other.

"They laughed at me in yonder," he said; "I, who located the big Rhodes claim and have spent ten years in the district. I am still John Brazelton, expert—I still know when I see a bit of glittering spar and a real diamond, even a mile away. There is one at Dykeman's Gulch. I have seen it and it is mine. You heard my story and believe it, you say. Then we become partners.

"To the extent of my limited means—a bare \$200, all—all I have in the world."

"It is more than sufficient. All we need is a wagon, a team of mules, some tackle and provisions."

"And then?"

"Patience and—riches!"

Bruce Beresford led his new partner to his room. As they entered it a mild-faced, blue-eyed man arose from polishing a rifle and some pistols at a little table.

"This is my friend and to be trusted. He is Vaclav Polski," introduced Beresford. "Now, then, Mr. Brazelton, tell your story over again."

It was a strange, extravagant narrative, but it was told on that strange South African realm of Croesus, where stranger stories had been told. In few words the gem prospector recited his story. In a lonely mountain gulch 200 miles away, while camping at night he had awakened to have his eye fixed hundreds of feet up the perpendicular cliff side upon a great liquescent mass of prismatic light.

Just at that phase of the moon, just at that hour the lunar rays rested for perhaps fifteen minutes across a surface, small but distinct, studded with sparkles of prismatic brilliancy.

"Diamonds!" pronounced the old expert positively. "Imbedded in the petrified clay, thrown there by some upheaval of nature they shone down