

# DIAMONDS FOR A DRINK

By  
**H. M. EGBERT**

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Vanderhuizen, the big Dutchman, stepped aboard the downcountry train from Kimberley, South Africa, en route for Cape Town. He laid his suitcase carelessly upon the rack, placed his hand upon his breast to make sure that the package for which he had risked many years of freedom, was there, and sat down in a seat, looking out at the desert landscape.

At Boshof a stranger came into the train, looked keenly about him, and finally, spotting Vanderhuizen, seated himself opposite him. Vanderhuizen recognized him as a man named James, from Kimberley also; he had once been a mine guard, but had been dismissed for some dishonesty. He had contrived in some way to avoid the clutches of the law, always severe on buyers of diamonds from the native quarries.

Vanderhuizen nodded surlily. James was the last person in the world that he wanted to see just then.

James smiled sardonically. "Come into the smoker, Van," he said, "and we can discuss business."

Vanderhuizen uttered an oath and his hand stole in a betraying manner to the package inside his coat. He saw James' eyes follow the movement and realized that he was trapped. Sullenly he arose and accompanied him.

"Well?" he growled, as they took their places in the empty smoker.

"Halves!" said James, laconically.

"I'm fly."

"Curse you!" said Vanderhuizen.

"It's a lucky thing you met me," returned James, quietly. "Do you know Thompson of the Kimberley police?"

"What of him?"

"He's in the next compartment. He's undoubtedly waiting to arrest you as



"Hand Over the Bag!"

soon as you step off the train. If he can get you to Cape Town without doing so, he will save himself a lot of trouble. That's why I came—I got wind of the affair."

The big Dutchman scowled fearfully. Seven years on the breakwater for illicit diamond buying was the last thing in the world that he wanted. And the stones in his breast pocket were worth twelve thousand pounds anywhere.

"What's the game?" he demanded.

"Halves!" questioned James.

"I suppose so."

"I've telegraphed for two saddle horses to wait at Klipfontein station. We'll get there at dark. We can make a dash from the train, mount and be away before Thompson spots us. The saddle-bags are loaded with a week's food. In three days we can cross the desert to Khama's Land, where we can pick up at our wagon and make our way into Johannesburg. Thompson will be clean off the scent. It will take him a couple of hours to find a horse, and then he won't know for sure that we are going to Khama's Land."

"I'm with you," replied Vanderhuizen, curtly.

At Klipfontein the program was carried out. As the train drew, shrieking, up to the station, the confederates leaped from the carriage. At the rear of the platform a native man was waiting with two saddle horses, tough little Basuto ponies, of the kind that would carry their loads where no European horse could go. Two leaps into the saddles, two pulls at the reins, and the thieves were padding quickly through the single street of the settlement and out into the desert.

They looked back when they reached the sand. In the distance they saw a crowd gathered about a tall man who was making futile efforts to strike a quick bargain for a horse.

They rode till evening. When the moon came up they were alone upon the desert. They dismounted, made a fire from the scanty thorn scrub, and cooked some of the meat in James' saddle bags. On either side of the saddle hung a large water bag, the mois-

ture from which, evaporating, kept the contents cold as spring water. They watered the horses scantily. They watched by turns and started out at dawn. It was ten miles to the nearest water pool, where the water bags were to be refilled.

"I believe we've missed the pool," said James, toward noon. All around them was the shimmering desert, devoid now even of thorn scrub. The horses panted from the heat. James gave them the last of the water.

"We'll strike another water hole before dark," he said to his companion.

But they did not strike the water hole, and by sunset the horses were unable to proceed farther. James' was down, and Vanderhuizen's stood trembling, and evidently on its last legs.

"We had better press on afoot," said James. "I know there is a water hole at the foot of the mountains." And he pointed to where the blue outlines of a distant range rose against the cloudless sky.

He removed his saddle bags and slung them across his shoulders, and the two men proceeded wearily. James lagged behind Vanderhuizen, who, tortured by thirst, walked like a man in a nightmare. On they went, hour after hour, till suddenly the big Dutchman went down.

"You'd best leave me; I'm done for," he murmured.

James set down his saddle bags, opened them, and pulled out a bottle of water. He held it in the air. Vanderhuizen leaped to his feet, to find himself looking down the muzzle of a revolver.

"Hand over the bag," said James, briefly.

"You scoundrel!" shouted Vanderhuizen, through his swollen lips.

"This bottle for your half," James pursued. "And—I know where to find the water hole."

Vanderhuizen glared at him; then, with a gesture of despair, he took the precious bag from his breast and tossed it to the other. For a man will give all that he has to save his life.

Next moment Vanderhuizen had knocked the head off the bottle and was gulping down the life-giving fluid. James watched him sardonically.

"You will find the water hole half a mile distant, at the foot of that elevation," he said, indicating a hummock in the sand. And he watched Vanderhuizen stagger away.

He went back to the horses and, knocking the heads off the other bottles, poured the contents down their throats. The animals, revived, staggered to their feet. His own horse was done for, but Vanderhuizen's seemed capable of carrying him to his destination—another water hole along the wagon route across the desert, which he knew like a book.

He clasped the diamonds to his breast as he rode, and chuckled. The scheme had been an excellent one and had worked out better than he could have expected. He had heard in Kimberley, by the merest chance, that Vanderhuizen intended to go down country. He himself had never dared to purchase diamonds from the natives, but he knew Vanderhuizen's reputation as a successful and daring thief, and it had occurred to him that there was a splendid opportunity of compelling the man to share his plunder with him.

The advent upon the scene of Inspector Thompson had been a little disconcerting; but the same chance which had told him of Vanderhuizen's maneuver had given him information that the police were on the man's trail. He had then telegraphed to Klipfontein for the two horses—and everything had gone like clockwork.

It was no wonder that he chuckled. Looking back he could see the horse still lying upon the sand, and Vanderhuizen, a tiny figure under the moon, marching painfully back. His own plans could not fail him. He would strike the water hole, refresh himself and his steed, and then proceed in a leisurely manner toward the wagon path.

At last he reached the place. He shackled his horse to a torn tree and climbed the ascent toward the hollow crater in which lay the pond. But when he reached the summit he found himself staring down into a dry mud hole.

The water had dried up under the influence of the hot sun and an unusually long dry season.

For a few minutes he could not believe his eyes. Then he lost his self control. He would have to go back to Vanderhuizen. And his bottles were empty. He was parched with thirst, and his animal was incapable of proceeding farther.

For hours he raved beside the water hole, clenching his fists and calling down curses upon his luck. He spread the diamonds in a little heap before him and looked at the dull pebbles, each one worth a little lake of wine. And for all these he could not get so much water as would wet his lips.

"I'll go back then—back to Vanderhuizen," he muttered, and flung himself upon the rocks. "When I am rested . . ."

But nature, outraged, revenged herself upon him by drawing down his eyelids, and he slept profoundly.

"Get up, James!"

He started to his feet. The sun was high in the sky. Before him stood Vanderhuizen and—Inspector Thompson.

"I want you, James," said the inspector, fingering the bag of diamonds, which he had taken from beside the sleeping man. "I thought Vanderhuizen was the man I was after, but—well, you understand. Your horse is dead, but you won't mind a little walk of twenty-five miles or so? You see, we've got plenty of water."

# DOWN the STORIED RHINE

FIRST among the commercial rivers of civilization, the most important geographical feature of central Europe, a hotly contested boundary for more than two thousand years, one of the richest among the streams of the world in legend and folklore, and incomparable for the beauties of its course, when one calls to mind the Rhine of Germany he thinks upon one of the most important elements of the culture and the history of his race, whether he be of its Latin or its Teutonic branch.

The Rhine and the Germans came upon the stage of history together, and their fates have been indissolubly bound together ever since, says the National Geographic society's bulletin. His kindred with this mighty river, Father Rhine, is one of the more conscious elements of each German's life, and to his folklore, his literature, his war songs, his opera and his blood offerings have testified. Few geographical features have af-



BINGEN AND THE ROMAN BRIDGE

fected the conscious life of a race so deeply as has the German Rhine.

Rising in the highest Alps in central Europe, the Rhine reaches the North sea after a journey of 850 miles, and the last part of its course is through a lowland whose surface is below the tides' crest. The river gathers its water at the base of melting glaciers, plunges over great rock masses toward its lower levels, cuts through the wildest mountain valleys, traverses a wonderful high, broad plain, and then, entering its famous gorge, wanders through exquisite panoramas, through a lane everywhere mantled with ruins of historic castles, abbeys, churches, and every foot of its way celebrated by legend or history. After emerging from its gorge, it flows through a plain where powerful steel, textile and chemical industries center. Through Germany and Holland the Rhine forms the principal water avenue of central and western Europe, and an enormous commerce is handled through its ports.

The Rhine is international. It is divided between Switzerland, Germany and Holland. That part of the river which lies in Germany, 450 miles in length, has been most disputed. The French have laid claim

to its left bank on the ground that the Rhine formed the boundary line of Roman Gaul. Though the Roman empire reached out beyond the broad Rhine, the river formed, nevertheless, its effective barrier against the north barbarians. However, when the realm of Charlemagne was divided and the boundaries of Verdun established, the Rhine became wholly the property of Germany, and France early began her centuries-long policy of winning the stream back again. Complete success crowned this policy under the Napoleonic empire, and the Rhine became once more the boundary of Gaul. The Germans reassumed sovereignty of their beloved Father Rhine after 1871, and in the present war the possession of the historic river is one of the most critical questions.

The Rhine, like a mighty tree in form, receives its waters from countless tributaries, and gives them up to the sea through innumerable offshoots. Its principal source issues from glacial ice 7,271 feet above the

sea within the confines of the most independent canton in Switzerland. On its way the Rhine is fed, directly and indirectly, by 12,000 tributaries, and it drains more than 75,000 square miles. Where the Rhine enters Germany, at Basle, it is about 600 feet broad, and, for the smallest river boats, navigation begins here. There is a project to make the Rhine navigable from Basle to its source for larger lighters and small steamboats.

Lovers of natural beauty mention the German Rhine and the American Hudson in the same breath. The Rhine, however, has many traits in common with the American Mississippi. It is Europe's most important river, it drains one of the greatest industrial regions on earth, and it is one of the main factors in German commercial development. Moreover, the great timber rafts upon the Mississippi, as Mark Twain describes them, can be seen in season floating down the Rhine. Some of these rafts are 800 feet in length, and are guided down the river by more than two hundred men who live upon them in little huts, a whole village afloat. They closely resemble the rafts which Huck Finn met in his travels down the American river.



CASTLE OF GUTENBERG AND ISLAND FORTRESS OF THE PFATZ

## POINTS OUT NATURE'S ERROR

Mr. Gwimpton Turns Aside From Daily Duties to Discourse on Matters of Conscience.

"Wealth, as we know," said Mr. Gwimpton, "is very unevenly distributed, but conscience is more so."

"Some men are overburdened with conscience; some have none at all. Some people worry themselves sick over this or that real or imagined transgression of the civil or the moral law."

"There are others who worry only that they cannot safely transgress the more."

"Between these two extremes we have the man commonly described as overconscientious, meaning one worthy but timid, who lets a conscience too keen and active keep him from betterments of his fortune that he might otherwise compass. Then we have those people who are not troubled in such ways, who are all but conscienceless and whose conscience really lies dormant."

"It is true, too, that a thing that may stir one man's conscience may not touch another's; we are differently constituted. There appears to be no absolutely definite standard of conscience applicable to and actuating all men alike. This enormously complicates the conscience situation."

"But still the great primary difficulty lies in the uneven distribution of conscience. If we could only have something like an even distribution of such conscience as now exists it would, for one thing, in some measure reduce piracy in its manifold forms as now practiced under civilized conditions by men without conscience, and for another thing, it would by reducing the stock of the man of abnormal conscience, spare him the worriments that now beset him and let him take without qualms whatever benefits rightfully belong to him. In fact, a more even distribution of conscience would tone up the world generally and make it in many ways a vastly more comfortable world to live in."

"Pending that happy day it behooves us, I suppose—at any rate, my friend MacBlink, a well meaning and cheerful but not always overtrusting man, says it does—to be still more or less wary in our dealings with our fellow man in order to avoid subjecting our well meaning but weaker brother to undue temptation, and to avoid being circumvented by somebody who was perhaps overlooked entirely in the conscience distribution."

### Aeroplane Carries Off Prisoner.

The story of an aviator who came back to the Russian lines with an Austrian prisoner strapped to the tail frame of his aeroplane is told in a Petrograd dispatch from the front in Poland:

"The airman, Terentiy Paschaloff, ascended from the aviation headquarters in the rear of General Ivanoff's army in his 150-horsepower machine, accompanied by his mechanic. The machine carried a small gun and a number of bombs."

"Owing to motor trouble, Paschaloff had to descend two miles behind the Austrian lines. While the mechanic was repairing the motor six Austrians approached. Paschaloff turned his one-pounder on them and fired one shrapnel shell, which exploded accurately and felled five men. The sixth surrendered."

"Then came the problem—what would he do with his prisoner? Paschaloff decided to abandon his stock of bombs and tie his prisoner to the tail frame of his machine. Thus burdened, the aeroplane rose and flew over the Austrian lines amid a storm of bullets, regaining the Russian lines without damage."

### Man Who Was Always Late.

Private — was known to all his chums as "the early bird," probably because it was an exact description of the very opposite to what he really was, for "the early bird" was always late, the last man to get out of bed at reveille and the last man on parade, and when his regiment sailed for France his chums declared that he was the last into the transport ship and the last out of it.

When his regiment was doing its spell in the trenches "the early bird" was sent for by his officer, and as he was creeping along the trench towards the dug-out a stray bullet caught him in the shoulder, just as he was outside the officer's shelter.

After seeing that he wasn't seriously wounded, the officer exclaimed, with a twinkle in his eye. "If you had just been a second earlier you would have missed that."

"I would, sir," returned Private —, "or if I had been a second later it would have missed me."—London Tit-Bits.

### Photographic Marvels.

In making photographs of the splash formed by a falling liquid Professor Worthington of the Royal society, in London, has succeeded in giving an exposure of less than three one-millionths of a second. This is effected with an electric spark, which can be so accurately timed that the operator can select any desired stage in the progress of a splash within limits of error not exceeding two one-thousandths of a second.

A photographic printing machine exhibited at a recent meeting of the society had a roll of prepared bromide paper fed in at one end and turned out finished photographic prints at the other end at the rate of 2,000 to 3,000 per hour. These photographs may be used for illustrations in newspapers and magazines.

## THREE DAYS IN ONE

Seeming Impossibility Easily Shown as a Fact.

Irregularity of Date Line Accounts for the Paradox—Explanation Given by Scientist in the New York Sunday World.

Three days can exist at the same time! It sounds impossible, but it is nevertheless a fact that when it is very late Sunday night at Attu Island it is Monday noon at London and Tuesday morning at Cape Deshnef, Siberia!

If one travels westward, one loses a day in going round the world; if one travels eastward, one gains a day, writes Hereward Carrington in the Sunday New York World Magazine. Could one travel at the rate of 15 degrees a day, one would lose exactly one hour each day. In twenty-four days the circuit would be complete.

Inasmuch as sun and earth are constantly revolving and day merging into night, Sunday passing into Monday, etc., it is obvious that at one point on the world's surface an arbitrary line must be set, to the east of which is one day, to the west of which is the



When it is Noon Monday in London, 6 A. M. Monday in Chicago and 6 P. M. Monday in Calcutta, it is Still Sunday at Attu Island and is Already Tuesday at Cape Deshnef.

next day. This immediate "jump" of a day regulates the calendar for one circumnavigating the globe. This "international date line," as it is called, passing north and south and dividing our world into two equal parts, is the 180th meridian and crosses the Pacific ocean—where fortunately there is very little land—taking a slight bulge outward to include Siberia, and one the other way to include Attu Island, which belongs to Alaska geographically. The map will show this. West of this line is Monday and east of it is Sunday.

When it is noon Monday in London, Tuesday has already begun at Cape Deshnef, Siberia, but Monday morning has not yet dawned at Attu Island; nearly half an hour of Sunday still remains there. We are thus confronted with the paradox of three days co-existing at the same time!

We must remember that every day begins at midnight. If we could travel round the world at the same rate that it travels, beginning our flight at noon, it would be perpetually noon all the way round! Yet we should lose a day.

While at any particular point on the surface of the earth a day is twenty-four hours long, every day, as a matter of fact, lasts forty-eight hours—sometimes even longer. This seems another contradiction. Yet it can be explained. Any given day, say Christmas, begins (as that day) immediately west of the 180th parallel. One hour later Christmas day begins 15 degrees west of the date line, two hours later 30 degrees west of the line, and so on round the globe. Those living just west of the date line would have enjoyed twelve hours of Christmas when it reached England, eighteen hours when it began in the United States and twenty-four hours (a whole day) when it began in Alaska. Already Christmas had existed twenty-four hours on this globe, but having just begun in Western Alaska, it will last there twenty-four hours longer.

We have just seen that each day lasts for forty-eight hours. As a matter of fact, a day lasts in some places more than forty-nine hours. This is because of the irregularity of the date line previously mentioned. Let us begin an imaginary journey from Cape Deshnef, Siberia, at midnight. As midnight sweeps westward successive places see the beginning of the day. When the day begins in London it has been that same day at Cape Deshnef twelve hours and forty-five minutes. When this same day arrives at Attu Island it has been twenty-five hours and twelve minutes since it began officially at Cape Deshnef. Since the day will then last twenty-four hours at Attu Island, before it is spent forty-nine hours and twelve minutes will have elapsed from the beginning of that day until the time it closes. Thus three days can exist at one time, as before explained.

### Duse Refuses to Help.

The New York World's correspondent at Rome writes to that paper that Eleonora Duse, "who sits in a corner and feels lonely while women of her age are making huge successes on the stage," refused to take part in charity performances in aid of earthquake sufferers.

"Why should I exhibit my voice, tired with emotion, and my face, lined with care, to well-dressed women in stalls and boxes?" she asked. "Let them give the price of their beautiful jewels and gowns for the poor."

And she wrote to the earthquake committee to that effect, too.