

DIAMONDS FOR A DRINK

By
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Vanderhulzen, the big Dutchman, stepped aboard the downcountry train from Kimberley, South Africa, en route for Cape Town. He laid his suitcase carefully 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 at him, and finally, spotting Vanderhulzen, seated himself opposite him. Vanderhulzen 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.

Vanderhulzen 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."

Vanderhulzen 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 Vanderhulzen. "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 Vanderhulzen, 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 leas 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 Vanderhulzen'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 Vanderhulzen, 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. Vanderhulzen leaped to his feet, to find himself looking down the muzzle of a revolver.

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

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

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

Vanderhulzen 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 Vanderhulzen 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 Vanderhulzen 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 Vanderhulzen'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 Vanderhulzen intended to go down country. He himself had never dared to purchase diamonds from the natives, but he knew Vanderhulzen'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 Vanderhulzen'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 Vanderhulzen, 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 Vanderhulzen. 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.

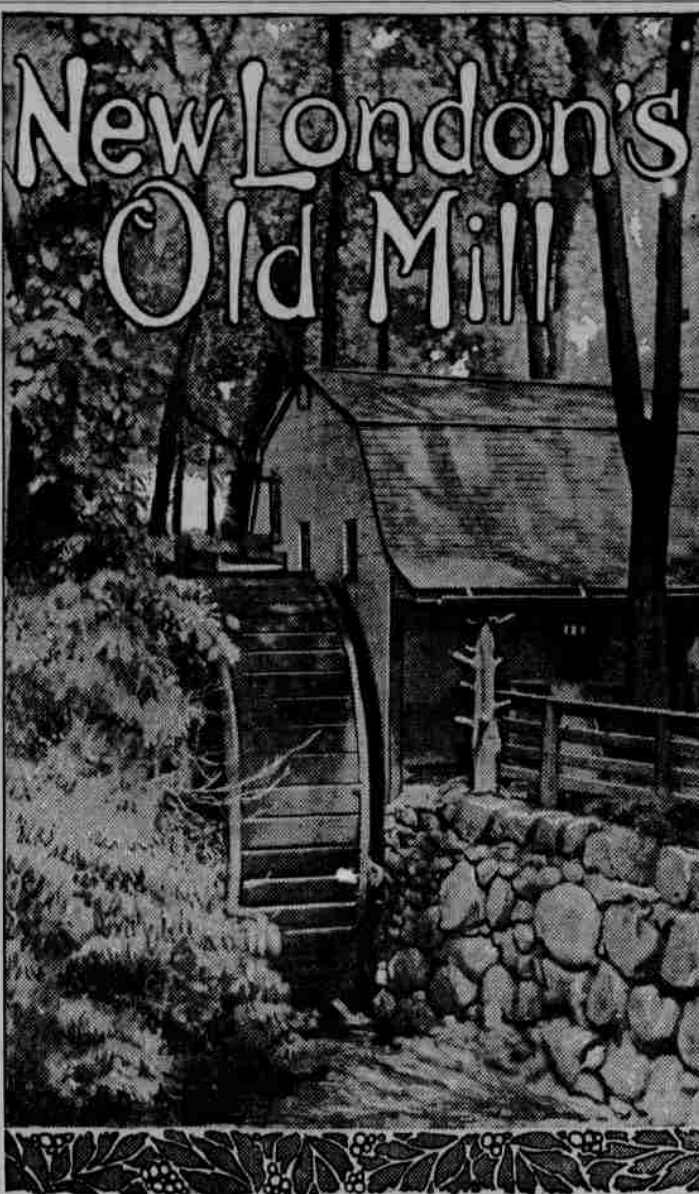
"I'll go back then—back to Vanderhulzen," he muttered, and flung himself upon the rocks. "When I am rested..."

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 Vanderhulzen 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 Vanderhulzen 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."



THE OLD GRIST MILL

PHOTO BY E. W. PICKARD

BUILT in 1651 and still doing business is the claim that is made for New London's old town mill. There is no doubt that the mill is still doing business, and the records also show that the start of the industry was 264 years ago. The old town mill is one of the relics in which New London, Conn., takes special pride, and the operations of the huge overshot waterwheel are watched with wonder by a great many visitors in the course of a year. The mill is public property, and while the rental that the city receives from its use does not make it much of an investment in a financial way, it is a great historical asset and it would be difficult to place a valuation on the property that would be adequate to cover the humble structure.

While the age of the mill is generally exploited, there are a great many people, New Londoners included, who are not aware of the fact that it is not only old but that it was one of the first monopolies ever established in the commonwealth of Connecticut by the authority of a town.

Was First Monopoly.

The town records show that a town meeting was held on November 10, 1650, to arrange a system of co-operation with John Winthrop, the younger, in establishing a mill to grind corn, and the interest in the project is shown by an attendance of sixteen of the freemen. There was no question about the desirability of having a mill to furnish meal, and it was decided at that meeting that the people of the town should be at the charge of "making the dam and heavy work belonging to the mill." Six men were selected to do the work, and were ordered to make it substantial and sufficient. They were to be paid two shillings a day for their services and six other men were to rate the town to defray the charge. The work was started in 1651.

The monopoly feature of the mill proposition showed at that town meeting, for the records say:

"Further, it is agreed that no person or persons shall set up any other mill to grind corn for the town of Pequot within the limits of the town either for the present, nor for the future, so long as Mr. John Winthrop or his heirs, do uphold a mill to grind the town corn."

The dam was constructed in due course of time and the mill began its operations. As far as the records indicate it was conducted to the satisfaction of the people for a while, but John Winthrop became governor and moved to Hartford, and his death on April 5, 1676, in Boston, left the mill, with his other property, to his heirs, and they evidently didn't care very much whether the people had their corn ground or not, particularly as nobody could set up an opposition mill without taking a risk of getting into trouble.

People Make a Fight.

The monopoly clause in the vote of the town in 1650 was in force for nearly sixty years, but finally the conditions became so serious that it was necessary to make other provisions for the grinding of meal. In a town meeting, held December 26, 1709, the following vote was adopted:

"Whereas, the town has suffered many years for want of a gristmill, and no care taken by the heirs of former Governor Winthrop for our relief therein, who have some time claimed the privilege of supplying the town with what gristmills are necessary, and the present gristmill belonging to the late Governor Winthrop being like to be altogether useless in a little time, the town therefore sees cause upon the request of Robert Latimer, Stephen Prentiss, John Daniels, Richard Man-

waring, Oliver Manwaring, Jr., and James Rogers, Jr., to grant liberty to them, or the major part of them, to set up a gristmill upon the falls of Jordan brook, where it falleth into the cove."

As the result of that vote the old Jordan mill was built in 1712 and the business that the town mill did not look after went out to what is now a part of the town of Waterford. That mill ground corn for many years, but about a decade ago it burned down, and has since been replaced by a modern structure, while the original town mill is still doing business at the old stand.

Old Merged into the New.

While New London's ancient relic is on the site of the original mill and the building still maintains the same shape as that which was first erected there, it is doubtful if there is more than one of the first timbers still remaining.

The big overshot waterwheel on the mill looks as though it had been there for a good many years, and it is not unlikely that some of the visitors imagine that it is the original one that was installed in Winthrop's time. As a matter of fact it takes about twenty years to wear out a wheel of that sort, and it is by no means an easy matter to replace one when it is gone. About ten years ago the present one was built, and the man who was in charge of the building had some difficulty finding a millwright who would take the job of constructing the wheel. Finally one who worked on the old wheel a score of years previous took the job, but only on condition that it be by day work. It cost the city about \$1,000 to replace the wheel, and ten years hence it is quite likely that it will be even more difficult to have a job of that sort done.

The relic is not maintained for the sake of making money, and public sentiment would be very much offended if any change should be made that would put a stop to the operations of the huge wheel.

Danger of Tasting Plants.

A child is an adventurous person, and the temptation to taste anything which comes in his way is very strong. It cannot be too often insisted upon that this habit should be strongly inveighed against and children absolutely forbidden to taste any berries, etc., or even to pick them. But even when really well trained in this way—and the majority are not—accidents will happen, and it is then that the knowledge of what to do is so valuable. Plants which frequently cause accidents in this way are hemlock, which is easily mistaken for parsley, wild celery, wild spinach, deadly nightshade—perhaps the most evil and most commonly experimented upon of all—yew leaves, the berries of the juniper and laburnum seeds. Also there are the fungi, which children should never be allowed to touch.

Rare Bird Killed in Scotland.

A rare bird, an excellent specimen of the little owl, which was killed on a Bialgowrie district estate, is probably the only one of the species ever got in Scotland. The species has been got in several parts of England, but does not seem to have been noticed either in Scotland or Ireland. Throughout most parts of Europe the little owl is a well-known resident. It is abundant in France, Belgium, Holland and Denmark, but has never been observed in Norway, and has only once strayed to Sweden. In North Germany it is far more common in the west than in the east. The little owl was the emblematic bird of ancient Athens, and the attributed favorite of the goddess of Wisdom.

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING ESTABLISHED BETWEEN RIDER AND STEED BEFORE THEY ARE ALLOWED TO ENTER INTO ACTIVE OPERATIONS.

Man Wearing Pair of Tan Shoes Politely Refuses to Allow Lady Solicitor to Blacken Them.

Mr. Brown had just thrust his feet beneath his desk and comfortably settled himself for a long afternoon's work when the office door opened and a lady canvas-bag entered with a satchel slung from her shoulder.

"An agent!" growled Mr. Brown, as she advanced to his side.

"Good afternoon, sir," said she, politely. "Have you any objection to a lady blackening your shoes for you?"

"Indeed I have!" responded Mr. Brown, emphatically.

"Oh, you mustn't mind a little thing like that," said she, reassuringly. "It's just a matter of business. I'm introducing a new kind of shoe polish, and I can't sell you some unless I demonstrate to you what it is, can I? So just put out your feet and I'll black your shoes in a moment."

"I cannot permit it, madam," answered Mr. Brown. "On no account will I permit you to do such a thing."

"I know, a great many gentlemen do object to letting a lady do such work, and a very great credit it is to their gallantry," said the lady sales-agent, simpering.

"Oh, I don't mind that," asserted Mr. Brown, interrupting her.

"Why, what is your objection, then?"

"Mine are tan shoes."

AIM IS POOR.



First Policeman—Why do you think she didn't intend to hit her husband when she threw the plate at him?

Second Policeman—From the mere fact that she hit him.

Disillusioned.

The cub reporter reported to the office. He was distraught, blue, broken in spirit.

"What ails thee, child?" queried the kind-hearted city editor.

"It was my first assignment," explained the cub, "and I found out that another legend has gone glimmering. De Fault, the thieving bank cashier, never taught in Sunday school."

May Lead to Contempt.

He—Do you know, you are so clever and charming and brilliant that I really feel embarrassed in your presence.

She—But you mustn't; really, you mustn't.

He (reassuringly)—Oh, I dare say I'll get over it when I know you better.—Life.

The Wretch!

The general joker was watching a suffragette and anti playing anagrams. "Here is one women should know how to use," said the genial joker, giving them the letters otvse.

"It's votes!" cried the suffragette.

"Guess again," said the anti. "It's stove."—Judge.

Not Comfortably.

"A lot of woman customers in a shoe store," remarked the clerk, "seem to forget the simplest rules of arithmetic."

"What do you mean?"

"It is mighty hard to convince them," he replied, "that 'six into three' won't go."

Two of a Kind.

"Yes," said the young drug clerk, who had been trotting in double harness for nearly three weeks, "I've sure got a boss wife."

"Well, you have my sympathy," rejoined the man who had dropped in to buy a bottle of hair restorer. "I've got that kind of a wife myself."

A Shame.

"What is the matchless statesman peeved about?"

"Because he is a matchless statesman."

"I don't get you?"

"He has a cigar and no one in the crowd has a match."

Does It Now.

Hobbs—I wish someone would invent an alarm clock that would not wake one, but make one want to get up.

Dobbs—Mine does that—it makes me want to get up and fire it out the window.

Her Way.

"That woman across the way treats her husband like a dog."

"Poor man!"

"Oh, he likes it. She's always feeding and petting him."

Their Class.

"Some malicious farmer must have sowed thank-you-marms on this road."

"Well, if he did, he's raised a bumper crop."

HORSES IN WARFARE

Animals Carefully Trained for the Service.

Perfect Understanding Established Between Rider and Steed Before They Are Allowed to Enter Into Active Operations.

The almost human instinct possessed by trained cavalry and artillery horses provides a striking illustration of equine intelligence. They understand the words of command quite as well as their riders and drivers and will answer to the regular calls in the most perfect manner. One has only to watch cavalry executing a turning movement to realize how perfect the understanding is between the horses and the men, and after a few lessons in charging the horses will prick up their ears the moment they hear the word and throw themselves into the rush as wholeheartedly as the riders.

Of course the animals have to go through a strict course of training before they reach this pitch of perfection. As a rule, they are bought as raw colts, and after the preliminary breaking in—getting used to bit, saddle and rider—they are taught to jump and lie down. When this part of the training is satisfactorily accomplished the horse is taught to halt sharply at the word of command, to pull up in its own length, even when galloping, and to walk, trot and gallop in line. This last is a very essential part of his education, because when a charge is ordered in battle it is essential that all the horses should be kept in a mass.

A very important part of the training is to teach a horse to stand fire. At first the horses are terrified when they hear the thunder of artillery and the crack of rifles. They get restless and "whinny" with fright. After having been through the hands of the experts at the cavalry school, however, a horse will allow round after round to be fired over its body without moving.

Naturally a perfectly trained army horse is greatly treasured. The British army veterinary corps has been so successful during the present war that it is estimated that out of 27,000 wounded or sick horses that have passed through the hands of the corps 10,000 have been returned for service at the front again, while a very large proportion of the remainder are making good progress at convalescent farms.

The corps is now the largest organization of its kind attached to any army in the world. Many of the cases it has dealt with have been wonderful examples of surgical skill, and the lives of hundreds of animals have been saved, of which many would hitherto have been condemned as incurable, even in times of peace.

ENJOY LIFE IN TREE TOPS

Romantic Young Couple Have Chosen Abode in Which They Are Living in Contentment.

The choice of moderate elevations for home sites proves to be justified by scientific experience. British medical men report that health and energy are most promoted by living at heights of 300 to 500 feet, where winds



have a freer sweep than in the valleys and the blood of anemic persons gains a new abundance of red corpuscles. At greater altitudes, on the other hand, Professor Gaule of Zurich finds nervous disorders common.

One solution of the altitude problem has been found by a romantic young couple living not far from San Francisco. They constructed a dove cote in a tree in order that they might not be molested, and, finding life in the tree tops delightful, made their permanent home there.

Back From Cannibal Lands.

The Baron Erland Nordenskiold, the Swedish explorer, who has just returned from two years spent among cannibal tribes on the frontiers of Brazil and Bolivia, reports that he discovered important ruins there of stone age civilization. He brings home with him some sixty chests of scientific material, notes and photographs. His Swedish companion in the expedition was murdered by the natives. But Baron Nordenskiold made the trip accompanied by his wife, without mishap to either.

May Grow English Nuts Here.

Horticulturists at the Pennsylvania State college have begun an exhaustive investigation of the possibilities of growing English walnuts commercially in that state. Every known tree of that variety in Pennsylvania will be studied by experts, and from data obtained in a state-wide survey a report will be issued to hundreds of persons now writing to the college for information on the subject.