

THE DIAMOND DOG.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

You might go far afield before you found two more queerly associated knights of industry than the Jew of Whitechapel and the Celestial of Singapore, who were sitting together over a bottle of brandy in a little back room behind a tin can store in Old De Beers road, Kimberly, late one night in the early '80s. Yet it was to very uncommon things here in this vortex of cosmopolitan villainies which the magnificent glitter of the diamond, more fatal in its fascination even than the glint of gold, had gathered together men of all colors and creeds from the remotest ends of the earth.

Something was evidently exercising the mind of the Jew very considerably, for his prominent eyes kept wandering restlessly about the little room, his heavy, pendant upper lip trembling every now and then with the movement of his heavy jaw, his fat, heavily jeweled fingers kept alternately drumming on the dirty table and wandering aimlessly through his black and rather greasy locks.

The Chinaman sat with his long-nailed fingers entwined on the lap of his ample blouse, and looked at him placidly out of his bright, inward-slanting little eyes. Neither had nor seemed to care for the time. Each was pondering a very important problem in his own way.

A shaggy, long-haired, disreputable-looking mongrel, which seemed to combine the half dozen varying strains in his nondescript lineage, seemed to be doing the same thing as he lay on a frowzy sheepskin near the table, with his wickedly crooked legs between his paws, and every now and then blinking up at his heathen master as though wondering whether he had found any solution to the problem yet.

"Is it good, Loo?" half whispered the Jew, at length breaking the pause, and bringing his finger down from his hair to the table for something like the twentieth time, "the old plan will all be played out now that this infernal new law has passed. The geminals will be harder to get than ever, and look at the risk—fifteen years on the biathedral break-water, just for being found with a few little kilps on you. The same ain't going to be worth the candle any more. If we don't find some new way, we're getting them out that the Jews won't trouble to. It 'ud be worth a fortune to a man who could hit on a real brain new fack just now, that it would, and if we can't get one the industry's going to be ruined, and there's all these ish to it."

The Chinaman looked at him steadily while he was speaking, and then, with a broad smile, he raised his eyes and looked into two little slits, he nodded his head after the fashion of one of his own idols, and said sentimentally and with the air of one who knows what he is talking about.

"All right, Missa Loo, no need no more scratch-head over dat. Kaffir boy plenty clever, but also some much kareless, no good. Plenty new fack, too. Loo, Loo, I can't say any name's before, you hab no get no work yet, Missa Loo."

"If you're thoughtful of a good new fack, one that'll work, mind, and that the teacaren't likely to get on to for a bit, I'll make it pay you well, Loo, I will, I will, you know me, Loo, and we've done business together before now, and I've always treated you fair and square, haven't I? If it's a likely lay it's worth twenty, no I'll make it fifty, there fifty down to let me into it, and the usual terms afterwards. That's good enough, ain't it? I can't speak no farther than that, can I, Loo, old pal?"

that, f-o-w, with eyes which began to roll somewhat wildly to and fro before many moments had passed, for Loo Chai's deft fingers had by this time laid the thick shaggy skin of the dog open from the base of the neck to the root of the tail. Then, putting one hand into the opening and taking hold of the tail with the other, he began to draw out the hindquarters of one of those daintily-shaped hairless dogs which his countrymen affect in the form of frieze.

The covering of the head and shoulders was a frieze, a perfectly fitting and most ingeniously contrived mask, which it had cost Loo Chai some weeks of patient labor and the animal a like period of not over-reckless training to get and keep in position. But the hinder part was a miracle of that imitative ingenuity in which the celestial excels all other workmen.

The delicate feeling along the back—the hair of the original owner of the skin had been thinned, something after the fashion of a woman's eye-lashes, so that it was absolutely imperceptible when closed, and yet the inside of the skin was lined with marvelous-contrived pockets, designed for small or large stones, according to the necessities of the animal's body or the length of the hair best afforded concealment. Loo Chai pointed these out to the Jew, and then, with a calm and, in its way, justifiable pride, and when he had done Mr. Lowenfeldt, who so far had not uttered any articulate sound, looking out at the hairless dog and then at his own blandly-smiling face and said very softly:

Loo Chai silently restored the dog to its original condition of disreputable curl, and then, with a look of satisfaction, he turned to the Jew and said:

"Well, Missa Loo, you no tink dat very fine fack? I, D. H. doggie, eh?"

The immediate result of the somewhat animated conversation which followed Loo Chai's pertinent and businesslike exposition of the merits of his new fack, and then of the \$250 in notes and gold, and the drawing of a bill for \$250 more at sixty-five days on the Standard bank at Cape Town. It was a big price to pay for a little dog, especially when considered in conjunction with the commission of 10 per cent on the possible future value of its skin, and the paying of it made out to be a very profitable transaction.

The Jew having thus paid his money, it was for the heathen to do the rest; and, as a first consequence of what he did, a Pondio Kaffir whom he long had under his eye for the working out of this particular scheme, presented himself at the gate of the new compound of the De Beers mine for hire early on the following day.

He had a very disreputable-looking mongrel under his arm, and this with only partly intelligible eloquence he strenuously insisted that the usual two-month term, and that the Kaffir stuck to his point and his dog, and eventually carried both through, for the compound system was new, and unpopular then, and native labor was very scarce, so at last, as he was turning away to offer his services elsewhere, he was called back and allowed to take his cur in, for he was a fine athletic, likely-looking boy, and after all, if the dog gave any trouble, a fatal illness would not be a very different thing to strange for.

Lowenfeldt relieved his feelings when he heard of the barren result of his labors. The next morning a somewhat uneventful scene was enacted outside the main gate of the De Beers compound. Some thirty or forty Kaffirs, whose time was up and who had a general feeling of dissatisfaction, were being dismissed, some coming out laughing and singing and chattering and jingling their hard-earned money like so many children, and among them was innocently festive as any, was young Bymebye the Pondio. He was not carrying his dog this time. He was able to find it up without difficulty when he had got a safe distance from the gate. This he could have done quite easily if the dog had only been left to itself. But it wasn't.

No sooner had it passed the Rubicon almost unnoticed, and shown itself in the road, than a peculiar cry, something like high tenor "coo-coo," rose wildly into the still air from nowhere in particular. The heathen dog pecked up its late carter at the familiar but long unheard sound, and the next instant between \$10,000 and \$12,000 worth of dog and diamonds was scurrying down the road as fast as forty legs could carry it. Bymebye let out a high-pitched howl of rage and horror, and started off with great leaps and bounds in pursuit of the much longer tail and scuttling animal which was literally running away with the dog. The cat joined in the hue and cry, some for good reasons, and some for bad, and the mere fun of the thing, but unfortunately just as they were beginning to gain on the flying creature, a signal of mounted police coming back from their night's duty on the Free State border, turned a corner out of the Du Toits Pan road at a trot and barred their way.

The dog delcated in among the horses' legs and got clear away to the eager arms of a policeman who was waiting for it in a half-ridden shabby cabriolet ten yards further down the road. The police, always suspicious of anything like a Kaffir conspiracy, ordered Bymebye and his dog to stop, but the Pondio and one or two of the others who knew the worth of the quarry made a desperate effort to get through and continue the chase with the dog, but they were speedily run down, collared and marched off to the trunk—where, being able to give no satisfactory reasons for their anxiety to catch the dog, they were summarily fined 5 shillings each and kicked out.

Almost at the same moment that they regained their liberty, the man who had been the Diamond Fields Advertiser described the next morning as "a shocking tragedy," took place just outside the bar of the Central Hotel. Mr. Augustus Lowenfeldt, who was taking a few whiskeys and sodas with some friends, and was just bidding them good-bye to go and get about some important business, when he happened to look out the street and saw a well-dressed Chinaman walking up the opposite side with a hairless Chinese terrier at his heels. His friends saw his hands go up to his collar. He let a quick and low forehand suddenly became a deep bluish purple and his eyes, blood-shot and staring, started half out of their sockets. Puffing feebly with his fast-tightening collar, he half gasped, half gurgled:

"(By—ten thou—done, by—) and then he fell back and pitched sideways into the road, and before they could get him back into the bar he was dead.

"Never knew poor Gussie to have 'em before," one of his friends sympathetically remarked to the man who had been the remains safely on to the ambulance. "I don't think there really was a dog there, but if I did, the thing looked to me more like a rat. Come and see, and have another, it's given me quite a turn."

How the Courts Interpret Various Knotty Problems.

A specific tax levied under state statute upon every sewing machine in use, and its agents and all wholesale dealers in sewing machines manufactured by companies that have not paid the tax is held, in Singer Mfg. Co. v. Wright (Ga.) 35 L. R. A. 497, to be constitutional.

of accident his acceptance of relief from the relief department should operate as a release of the employer, is held, in Pittsburgh, C. O. & S. L. R. A. 517, to be based upon a valid consideration, not lacking in mutuality, and not contrary to public policy.

A by-law that withdrawing members shall be paid in the order of their presentation of claims, is held, in Ingham v. Board of Fifth Ward Permanent D. S. & L. Assn. (N. Y.) 35 L. R. A. 447, not to exempt them from the operation of a statute which places upon a list from which appointments and promotions can be made, and a statute exempting them from examination is held unconstitutional.

A settlement consisting of fourteen families averaging about five persons each who reside along a stream for a distance of about two and one-half miles, separated from forty other families or more, occupied chiefly in farming, but having a school district, district school and postoffice, while the nearest settlement in any direction is about six miles away, is held, in Weston v. Weston (Iowa) 35 L. R. A. 396, to be a village within the meaning of a statute prohibiting the keeping of cattle within seven miles of any water, and the refusal of the court, causing or leading to the way its way into a stream of water used by the inhabitants.

MR. NUOMO AND VALET.

A 14-year-old boy steals money, buys a yacht and comes to grief.

A week ago Leon Nuomo of Port Gibson, Miss., reached New Orleans with \$305 in his inner pocket, a valet tagging on behind, and a yearning for a wild life on the river, relates the New Orleans Times. When Leon was arrested yesterday he had a steam launch which he didn't know how to run, a skiff, and an empty purse. His valet was still with him. Leon is 14 years of age. His valet is 10, and as black as the proverbial ace of spades. It is rumored that they had to put the valet in a cisten to give day a chance to break around Port Gibson before the authorities could get to them.

Leon brought his penchant for steam launches with him when he came to New Orleans, and for several days he and his father looked around for what he wanted. Finally he located the proper article in Algiers. He purchased it for one Mr. Cury, a French agent, and he also bought a skiff before yesterday. He also bought a skiff, and paid for it in cold cash.

Yesterday Special Officer Taylor, one of the police, happened to see the launch and skiff before yesterday. He also bought a skiff, and paid for it in cold cash.

Leon finally went off to admit the facts about the launch, and to say that he had spent every cent he had stolen. Then the sheriff telegraphed the authorities at Port Gibson, putting them in possession of the facts about Leon's arrest. He received the following reply:

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