

ODD DIAMOND STORY.

Robbers Carried Valuable Stones and Did Not Know It.

There have been many interesting tales of thrilling diamond robberies and strange hiding places for the loot have been discovered by ingenious writers, but perhaps the most remarkable story was that related some years ago by a well known exponent of detective lore of how three hold, bad robbers carried the valuable loot they had endeavored to steal about their persons for nine days without knowing it was in their possession.

As the story runs, James Tracey, an old Transvaal diamond digger, had reached the end of his resources while prospecting for gold in the Rocky Mountains, when he ran across a patch of familiar looking blue earth, in which he found imbedded three large diamonds, the combined value of which was about \$100,000. Having a sick child whom he could not leave, it was finally decided to let his wife take the stones to the nearest town for sale.

Unfortunately the discovery of the diamonds had got abroad, and had attracted the attention of three unprincipled rogues, who were noted as the worst of all the bad men of the Rockies.

After a long tramp the wife reached a rough mining camp about half way to the town of her destination, and after rebuffing some insults from the rough miners she met a smooth faced pacific-looking little man who offered his assistance in such a hearty manner as to win her confidence, and she accepted his offer.

While they were discussing her errand, the three bad men rode into camp, and after a threatening controversy with Mrs. Tracey's champion, who was warned to get out at once or be killed, the little man spiritedly refused and informed the roughs that he was Patrick Walsh, at that day known as the quickest man on the draw and the straightest shot in Colorado.

The three robbers were perhaps the greatest scoundrels in the West, but cowards at heart and they refrained from openly attacking Walsh, but determined to stall him and Mrs. Tracey as soon as they resumed their tramp to Silvertown, where the diamonds were to be disposed of.

Said Walsh to Mrs. Tracey, "Can you trust me?"

"I can," said she. "Then let me have the diamonds, I will hold these scoundrels back. You return to your husband, tell him what you have done, and that in a week or ten days he will hear from me and have his diamonds. If I do he will hear from me anyhow."

In full view of the scoundrels, Mrs. Tracey passed over the diamonds, bade her champion goodbye and he started back toward the mining camp.

Grimly the three robbers stalked him until, suddenly rising from concealment, he momentarily exposed himself. A shot rang out. With a shriek Walsh fell to the ground and lay very quiet. Cautiously approaching, the robbers examined the prostrate body, declared him dead and holstering their guns, prepared to search for the diamonds.

Instantly three shots rang out. Three curses and shrieks rent the solitude. Three big forms dropped to the ground, one shot through the shoulder and the other two with a shot in the fleshy part of the thigh.

Before they could recover, Walsh, who had not been hit, frisked them of their guns and left.

Walsh Turns Up Safe.

Nine days later Walsh appeared at Tracey's home, hurriedly told him that he would get his diamonds for him, and the two men rode down the valley toward the mining camp, which they entered at dusk. With their guns leveled in front, they entered the gambling saloon, held up the crowd of roughs among whom were the three bad men, playing monte at a table. One had his shoulder strapped up with bandages, the other two were each resting a leg on a spare chair.

Without more ado the three men were taken from the saloon, their arms bound to their bodies and taken down the mountain to a half way professional looking gentleman arranging a display of surgical instruments on a table.

"These are the men, doctor," said Walsh. "They have been winged and need attention. Sorry you have no anesthetics, but brave men don't mind a little pain. I want you to cut the bullets out."

Amid vociferous protests the three captives were stripped, laid on the table, and after considerable probing, the surgeon removed all three bullets and handed them to Walsh.

The latter coolly wiped them with a flannel rag and handed them over to Tracey, saying, "There's your diamonds, Jim," as the latter and the three rogues gaped with astonishment.

Continuing, he said: "Now you see my little scheme. It was impossible

NOT ALARMING SAYS DOCTOR.

President's Condition Due to Overwork On Present Trip.

On Board President Wilson's Special Train, Sept. 26.—In a formal statement late this afternoon, Dr. Cary T. Grayson, the President's personal physician, said Mr. Wilson's condition was "not alarming" but would require rest for a "considerable time."

Dr. Grayson's statement follows: "President Wilson's condition is due to overwork. The trouble dates back to an attack of influenza last April in Paris from which he has never entirely recovered. The President's activities on this trip have overtaxed his strength and he is suffering from nervous exhaustion. His condition is not alarming but it will be necessary for his recovery that he have rest and quiet for a considerable time."

At the same time Secretary Tammuly issued this statement:

"Upon the advice of Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, the President's physician, it has become necessary to cancel all the President's engagements for the immediate future."

During the day the President slept some and ate light food. Dr. Grayson remained in the President's private car much of the afternoon.

DEMANDS BRIDGE.

Commission Insists on Elimination of Bad Crossings.

Columbia, Sept. 25.—If the Southern Railway has not enough money to construct an overhead bridge to eliminate dangerous grade crossings between Greenwood and Hodges, as claimed in a letter from H. L. Hungerford, of Charlotte, general superintendent of the company, then it should be liquidated and placed in the hands of persons who can operate it with proper protection to the public, is the position taken by Frank W. Shealy, chairman of the South Carolina railroad commission, in a letter written to Mr. Hungerford today.

The controversy between the commission and the officials of the Southern Railway is the result of efforts to eliminate four or five dangerous grade crossings between Greenwood and Hodges, on the line of the Southern Railway.

The commission cannot understand, it is asserted, why the Southern Railway has not money enough to protect human life and offer some modicum of protection to the people crossing its right of ways on highways. "If it is necessary for the public to pay higher rates to protect life and property," said the letter, "let that question be properly handled. If the Southern Railway Company is in such financial straits that it cannot protect the public which is forced to cross its tracks, not of its own will, but because the company saw fit to construct and maintain a railroad track through this locality, and at the same time protect itself against loss, then it is time that the property should be liquidated and go into the hands of people who can and will afford proper protection."

In conclusion, Mr. Shealy said that the various letters of the railroad authorities have been far from satisfactory, and he asked Mr. Hungerford, if he is not in a position to handle the matter amicably, to let him know at once and "the commission will undertake to find someone who can do so."

Mr. Shealy said that unless Mr. Hungerford could give the commission something definite, he will be requested to appear before the commission in person, Wednesday, October 1, when the commission will find whether or not it has authority to compel the construction of the overhead bridge.

"We cannot dicker or evade when human life is at stake," declared the chairman of the commission.

for your wife to get to Silvertown, and as there were three of these ruffians, I wasn't going to take any risks. I couldn't hide the stones, because if I had gone under you would have lost them. So I extracted the bullets from three of my revolver cartridges and put the diamonds in their place. And as a result, for the past nine days these three beauties have been walking about with a diamond apiece under their hides and none the wiser. I told the doctor here all about it. I tracked these chaps to their shanty up in the mountains, and so there you are."

A stream of oaths burst from the rogues, and turning on them with a queer smile Walsh said: "Now, you carrion, get. If you're within 100 miles of this place this day a week you will be buried there the next day."

This is the only case on record where diamonds were secretly shot into a man and hidden from the robber himself beneath his own hide. And it is also the only known case of diamonds having been used as bullets.—Springfield Republican.

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