LAMBKIN'S DIAMOND.

I am or have been a general all round cuss. I have been concerned in every kind of "job" from bank burglary and stole purse down on the innocuous steamships—which is really a gentlemanly business—to everyday New York footing and green goods. It seems rather hard, doesn't it, that I should be driven to honest work for a livelihood in my old age because the presidents and cashiers of the banks themselves now, and the cities themselves, incorrigibles nowadays, have passed the public so thoroughly that the rawest tenderfoot from the farthest backwoods gives when you endeavor thus cards in a related trade, and the greatest farmer from Wayback Corners rises up and tries to whipsaw you when he gets a good grade ready!

Imagine, if you can, what the sum drawn is for the—accounted rare—case, so reaching my majority. I left the Fleers reformatory, by spending the wages in London, the winter in Cairo, the spring on the Riviera, the early summer in Paris, the hot weather at Homburg or Ischl, always with several trips each year on the fastest steamers between New York and London or Havre—imagine, I say, what a sum drawn for me to be waiting outside for a policy for fifteen years!

However, I started in to tell the story of how I, clever as I am, was once fooled by a hotel clerk. Yes and one of the very best, too, in my opinion, he fooled me badly as I was. My pal in this job was a Russian of good family, who made most of his money out of young Englishmen on "the continent," as they call the rest of Europe in England. Baranof was his specialty, and he had been blackballed at every club in Paris and warned out of every casino in France from Boulogne to Menton. I selected him to do the job with me because it was to be done in America, and he had an accent that he couldn't control himself. There was no danger that it he got drunk while playing the part of a foreigner who could scarcely speak the language, he would give himself away by falling into good English. I've known cases then one job spoiled that way.

But I am getting ahead of my story. One summer five or 15 years ago I happened to be in one of our most fashionable watering places. There is no necessity for specifying it. The day of my arrival I dropped into a swell hotel, and when I asked the desk was a clerk who wore the most magnificent diamond I had ever seen. And I had seen the crown jewels of every monarchy in Europe! I gave one glance at the jewel and went back to my room to get my luggage, started for New York and took the next steamer for Havre, calling to Bilskil, which was my Russian friend's name, to meet me at the landing stage.

We were back again inside of three weeks, two of the hottest, howling swells you ever saw. Bilskil was traveling as Prince Ekimoff of Russia, and I was a swagger Englishman. I'd have put myself down as a lord if there had been any engine of Burke and Debrett in America. Bilskil was all right, because they don't keep a Russian stuffbook that holds all the princes. A Russian prince does not necessarily rank much higher socially in his own country than a policeman does in New York anyway, but everybody doesn't know that here. We had trouble enough with us to fit out a country clothing store and bathroom as big as four bogs, all of them gasted over with foreign hotel and steamship labels like a dead wall with circus posters.

We went directly to the hotel, where I had seen the diamond. The very great joy the desk was still there, and he still wore the beautiful jewel. When Bilskil laid his eyes on it, he took one out on the veranda and silently wrung my hand, great tears standing in his eyes. His emotions were so profound that he could not speak.

Well, we played the luxury swells for two weeks. We wore English clothes, with plaids so big that you had to see two suits to find out what the pattern was. We drank champagne all day, which has a great effect on people who don't know much of the world. We played billiards for fabulous amounts and threw money about—in the proper direction, too, if it were done. Of course, when it was learned in the place that a Russian prince, with an intimate English friend, was stopping at the hotel there were a great many overtures made to have our acquaintance. We took pains to limit one of the highest standing publicly, which matched everybody that we were what we pretended to be. At this time we were gradually playing up to the clerk with the big diamond. His name was Jackie Lambkin.

We were hardly civil to him at first, then we became friendly and finally familiar. W—Bilskil and I—treated him as another throwy man says we all do our—first cousin, then cousin and then cousin. Bravo! We never mentioned his diamond, except that I remarked once that it was a rather pretty stone, but you may believe that we looked at it some when he was not aware of it. As for Bilskil, he was positively sick with envy at the attention we showed him. He became so arrogant and haughty that the proprietor of the hotel would have discharged him, I am sure, if he hadn't been afraid of offending his two aristocratic guests.

Finally the night came for the grand coup. We left all our trunks at the hotel, which we considered that we could well afford to do, as we calculated that the diamond, even cut up, which was the only way we could dispose of it, would a gem would bring us to a small fortune and make proportionate to talented couple of valiers, including enough clear than to last until we reached Liverpool. The scheme was that Bilskil should smuggle himself out of the hotel and wait for me on the beach at Dieppe. I was to bring Jackie out to meet him. Then we were to pretend to fight, take the big diamond and run.

Everything worked like a charm until it came to taking off the diamond. It was impossible to do this without little Jackie's consent first. When we were waiting at the hotel door, in the carriage, and Jackie was just about for Bilskil to supply his value and get Pedro Lambkin disposed and all, in a, when some cruel cry sounded me. We could see midnight train to New York, Liverpool, and go to at the Astor house, and the money vanished the mere suggestion to us that we propose to come another enough to disclose the previous proof that had sent us already to touch effect. When we opened his valise, we discovered no Russian baron valet name, broken glass and fragments of rubber. The diamond was an electric light, and had to a crazy lottery in the hotel stealing Jackie's big jewel.

We knew Jackie Lambkin's body during the stolen of the jewel, and Bilskil and I have not spoken to each other since. Exchange.

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To whom it may concern:

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CHAS. H. HEAP,
Assistant manager of Times and Herald, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of November, 1894.

(SEAL) JOHN C. EVANS,
Commissioner and Notary Public.

Commission expires February 11th, 1895.

STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF McLENNAN.

Before me, the undersigned authority on this day personally appeared George Cummins, who after being by me duly sworn, on his oath says that I have been troubled with a hernia built in for the last six months and could not do a good day's work. I saw a notice in the paper of Professor Nier's visit to Salt Lake City, and I went to see him. I was able to walk up and down the stairs without any assistance. I feel much better since I saw Professor Nier. Yours truly, GEORGE CUMMINS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of April, 1894.

J. T. HARRIS,
J. P. Sub precinct No. 2, Navarro County, McLennan County, Texas.

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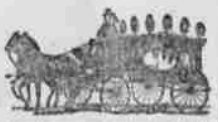

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