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A novelization of the photo play selected as the best in over 19,000 submitted to the Chicago Tribune in a \$10,000 prize contest during December and January. The manuscripts came from many sections in the United States and thousands of amateurs took part.

"You black scoundrel!" roared the judge. "That gentleman has come all the way from England to see me on an important matter. Get my horse and put a saddle on the black mare. I will go to the station for him myself!"

At Stanley hall, in the old colonial bedroom of the mistress of the house, the colored nurse, Lucy, was ministering to her flower faced mistress, while Colonel Stanley stood by solicitously confirming the old colored man's words with affirmative nods.

"Yes, my honey, de doctor will be here any minute," the old nurse was saying. "Ain't the colonel jest back from goin' after him? Bless my soul, honey, dere come Dr. Lee hisself drivin' up wid dat ole red hoss, Stonewall, of his."

The colonel's wife lifted her fair face as the colonel bent over to kiss it. The old nurse softly bustled to the door and admitted the doctor.

In the cove of woods, hardly farther than a stone's throw from the mansion, night was falling darkly with the mutterings of an approaching storm. Over a smoldering fire crouched Matt Harding, the gypsy, puffing at his short black pipe. A cry of pain from the weather stained tent near by roused the man, and he arose and suddenly walked over and entered the shabby shelter.

In a few moments he emerged and hurried rapidly in the direction of Stanley Hall.

As he rapped at the great door of the mansion Ned, the colored butler, opened it, throwing a glare of yellow light upon the sinister face of the gypsy.

"You can't see nobody in this house, Mr. Man," said Ned.

"But I tell you Colonel Stanley promised me his doctor would attend my wife. She needs the doctor now. It's a matter of life and death. And it's bad luck when a gypsy dies without being able to face the rising sun."

"De colonel's allus doin' foolish kindnesses fo' poo' white trash," grumbled the dandy as he shut the door on the strange caller and went reluctantly to bear his message.

But the good old physician was positive that no harm would come from his absence for an hour or so and hastened away on his errand of mercy.

At the little station of Fairfax meanwhile the now frightened London lawyer was wondering whether he should load the elephant rifle with which he had provided himself and fortify himself behind his luggage. As the beat of horse hoofs drew nearer the English lawyer rose with leveled rifle and cried: "Halt! Who goes there, friend or foe?"

The approaching horseman, Judge Lamar Stanley, laughed grimly as he called out: "It's a friend! Don't shoot!" And then he rode up to the platform and introduced himself to the Englishman and explained matters to the latter's satisfaction. Then the judge fastened the luggage of his visitor to the two saddle horses, and they rode off together.

In the cove of wood the pattering night rain fell upon the gypsy tent. The storm passed as quickly as it had come, and the moon shone out refreshingly. The flap of the tent opened, and the bulky form of the good doctor was seen in the moonlight. He held a small swaddled object in his arms.

"Matt Harding," said Dr. Lee impressively, "the storm has passed with the miracle of birth, and you may say, as was said of old, 'Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given.'"

"Them's fine words for rich folk," grumbled the gypsy gruffly. "To me it don't mean nothing but another mouth to feed."

The doctor regarded the man with such a look of sternness that the gypsy took the child from the doctor and entered the tent with it after promising the physician to take good care of it and its mother.

The good doctor hurried back to Stanley hall, where all were impatiently awaiting him. He smiled reassuringly at the colonel's wife, the colonel and the nurse.

"A fine boy has been born to the gypsy woman," he said. "It seems an omen of like good luck to Stanley hall. We may expect a little earl to be born here this night," he added gently.

The colonel's flower faced wife shook her head and smiled back at the doctor, and the colonel spoke quickly. "I have no ambitions for any title for a son of mine," he said. "But I wish a boy if but to thwart my cousin, Lamar Stanley."

A bitter expression crept into the face of the negro woman at the mention of Judge Stanley's name.

"Don't you worry, honey," she said softly to her mistress, "an' don't you worry either, colonel. De good Lord don't intend no luck for Judge Lamar Stanley. I was a slave eef on his father's place when de judge was a young man. He killed my brother like a dog, an' he had me beat insensible when I called him 'Cain.'"

A girl child was born at Stanley hall at midnight. The colonel blanched at the news, but the flower faced mother smiled and called her husband to bring the diamond from the sky. With trembling hands he brought the precious heirloom, and the mother with her own weak hands placed the chain and the locket that contained the jewel around the neck of her newborn daughter.

"She is heir to Stanley hall, at least," murmured the mother, "and until you die," she added, turning to the colonel, "she may wear it as a charm against harm, as the Stanleys of our branch have always done."

Then as all turned away to hide their tears at the parting of her words the young mother, with trembling hands, drew a slip of folded paper from beneath her pillow and, opening the secret latch at the back of the locket, placed a mother's last message unnoticed beneath the diamond from the sky, murmuring as she did so:

"A charm against harm, my little daughter; 'charm against harm.' And then she sank back upon her pillow, her babe upon her breast.

The old nurse turned and gazed fixedly at her mistress; then, with a scream of grief and terror, she threw herself beside the babe and mother.

"My sweet mistress is dead!" It was but too true; this gentle soul had passed.

In the library an hour later Dr. Lee stood over the shattered colonel. "Listen to the truth," said the doctor. "It is idle for you to rave. I have told you, you have aneurism of the heart, and another attack like this may be your death. You cannot hope to live to marry a wife who may yet bear you a son."

"I will never marry again!" cried Colonel Stanley in anguish. "I have loved but one woman, could love but one woman, and she is dead! But, by heavens, I will cheat Lamar Stanley and all his brood! I have \$5,000 in your safe. I will buy the male child born to the gypsy woman. I will hide away my own flesh and blood, my little daughter, and have her reared tenderly, yet in secret. And the gypsy's brat at my death shall be the Earl of Stanley in England and possess the diamond from the sky. That will be fine for Lamar Stanley and his vermin offspring!" And he laughed and shook his hands in bitter rage.

"I mean it, and you must help me. You hate Lamar Stanley, for he ruined you. Mammy Lucy hates him. He killed her twin brother in cold blood. Come."

In the glow of his campfire Matt Harding gazed greedily at the wealth beyond his wildest dreams that Colonel Stanley had roused him from his fitful slumber to pour into his lap.

Hagar, roused from her fevered dreams, felt her babe being lifted from her bosom. The royal gypsy husband and father seized her by the throat as she feebly struggled. He gagged and bound her hastily as he might and emerged panting from the tent, carrying the swaddled babe which he handed to the colonel and the doctor.

"Does my wife object?" he asked to the doctor's question. "Say, gentlemen, she would sell every child she expects to have for half the money. We'll be twenty miles away by sunrise and fifty miles more by another day. We'll be gypsy kings and queens and you'll never hear of us again."

Back at Stanley hall the doctor and the colonel entered secretly by the library window and bore the babe upstairs to the waiting nurse. Reluctantly and yet resolved like all the rest, the faithful colored nurse arrayed the gypsy child in fine linen and hung about its neck "the diamond from the sky" while the little daughter, born to Stanley hall, whimpered beside its fair dead mother.

In answer to the summons to Stanley hall came Judge Stanley, the kinsman enemy and the English barrister.

It was a strange group that gathered in the colonel's library, the English barrister, the grim, bitterly disappointed judge, silently facing Dr. Lee and Colonel Stanley.

A pull at the bell rope and the weeping colored nurse entered the library bearing the black haired, dark eyed babe. A male child in Stanley hall, presumptive heir to an English earldom, and blazing on its breast was the diamond from the sky.

(To be continued.)

A candle from the family altar set afire the cradle containing the infant of Mrs. Sophie Berlie of Brooklyn, and the child was badly burned.

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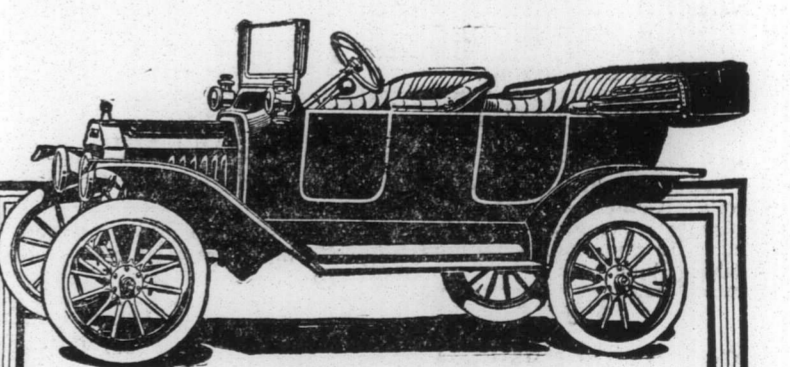
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