

Diamond Cut Diamond
OR,
THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

It was a heavenly summer evening, seven o'clock, the best hour of a July day. The shadows were long and deep, the light golden and tender, all hazy still with the long warmth and luxuriance of the noonday. On such an evening a certain peace falls before: upon the world, trouble stands aloof for a little space, and sorrow itself is hushed and deadened.

From Mongaigne's eyes wandered to the deep green of the river's banks, to the glow of the red sunset on the water, to the hum of the dragon-fly poisoning amongst the weeds by the edge. "I am reconciled," she said to herself. "I have fought out my battle, and I have conquered. I have gone back to my old life, to my higher aims, and I have rooted out that fever-giving new thing—that love that was a sweet poison—a delirium of joy, and yet a sin-staining evil—for ever and ever out of my soul."

And even as she said the words, there shot a little boat into her sight upon the stream. A boat that was lazily rowed down the stream by a broad-shouldered man, with a placid, good-natured face, like that of a kindly giant. A boat wherein two fair girls in cool summer dresses, pink and white, and jaunty little sailor hats, leaned back in the stern, and sang together, smiling as they sang, into the face of another man, young and well-looking, who half reclined at their feet, with his arms flung up behind his smooth dark head, and whose brown eyes rested admiringly upon the sisters.

"For life is short, and love is long, And life is made of tears and song, But love goes on for ever."

sang the girls, their lovely well-trained voices ringing out clear and bell-like across the water. Then the boat vanished, and a silver track of ruffled water streaming out far behind her was all that was left of her—but still the echoes along the shore took up the song and wafted it back again—"But love goes on for ever—for ever—for ever."

And Rose de Brefour turned and fled from that sight, and from that sound, with a bowed head and dazed eyes, and a heart from which the blackness of a horrible anguish had blotted out all her vaunted peace and content.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was a delightful day. A day such as—when the weather is fruitless, and the party harmonious—can only be enjoyed upon the river Thames. Angel and Dulcie thought that nothing so perfect had ever been planned or carried out before. It was Geoffrey who had proposed it; and although Mrs. Dane had demurred a little on the score of propriety, her husband had at once decided that there could be no earthly objection, and had decreed that the little party of four—Miles Faulkner, in virtue of his boating capacities, being the fourth—should be sent out for the day, with a due allowance of hampers full of good things, to sustain them by the way. From early morning, when they started, full of good spirits and merriment, from Paddington, down to night-fall, when they reappeared at that familiar terminus, somewhat less lively and very sleepy, the day was one of pure and unalloyed enjoyment. They had sung, they had laughed, and they had feasted. Sometimes the young ladies had taken the oars, and rowed—and in capital style, too—for these Canadian girls were at home upon the water as much in summer as in winter. Sometimes they all sang in parts together, or sometimes they only rested and talked, and made little jokes at each other's expense, for they were all young and healthy; though one or two of them had suffered keenly, suffering can be laid aside on a cloudless day in July, when but young people are given a holiday by their elders in order that they may enjoy themselves as thoroughly as possible.

So, although Geoffrey believed that his heart's best love had never loved him, and was now lost to him for ever, and although Angel had heard, only a few days ago, from the lips of the man she had allowed herself to love, that she loved not herself, but her sister—it is, nevertheless, in no way detrimental to the good qualities of both, to say that neither of these young people did any the less justice to the raised pies and the lobster sandwiches provided by Mrs. Dane's housekeeper, nor to the very excellent champagne with which these dainties were washed down. The picnic, in fact, was the dream of the whole day. Angel spread the cloth, and laid the plates, and the knives and forks, Geoffrey undertook the wine and ice department, and Dulcie and Miles Faulkner made the salad between them. Now, as to that salad, some very remarkable results were effected. Let me ask of my readers, if ever they have tried the concocting of a salad, as our neighbours say—"a dux?"—and let me assure them—"a dux?" have not done so, that there is no occupation so conducive to falling in love, in the whole world. Oh! that salad-making! What an infinite variety of combinations does it not present! Let me give the correct recipe, as furnished by Francatelli, with marginal notes by Cupid:

Francatelli. Take, and carefully wash, two fine lettuces, divide leaf from leaf, and dry each separately in a clean white cloth. This is best done on the palm of the hand, as if pressed on to a table, it is apt to bruise the leaf.

Cupid. Lay the cloth upon a small white palm, the leaf upon it—then double over the cloth, and press a large palm hard upon it.

Francatelli. For sauce, take two

spoonfuls of oil—half of tarragon vinegar—one of mustard—a sprinkling of salt and pepper—mix all well together.

Cupid. This sauce has never been found to be successful if not mixed with two spoons impartially.

Francatelli. Slice up and add a cucumber and a couple of hard-boiled eggs.

Cupid. It is essential that they should be sliced evenly; to ensure this, one person must hold, another must slice.

Francatelli. Then with the fingers break the dried lettuce carefully in half. The knife must never be used, as it spoils the flavor of the lettuce.

Cupid. But as many fingers may be used as can be conveniently brought in together.

Francatelli. Until you get to the hearts. These must not be broken on any account, but laid in whole, side by side.

Cupid. And they generally are!

It was very much according to this recipe, that Miles and Dulcie made that particular salad. The over-arching trees made a grateful shade above, the sunshine flickered through the leaves, the little waves rippled with a soft cooing music along the boat's side; all the surroundings were poetical and harmonious, and Miles looked shyly and adoringly—as big men have a way of looking—into Dulcie's eyes.

"Is that the way?" he asked, and his great fist closed on the rosy finger-tips that held the tender green lettuce leaf between them.

"Not quite," said Dulcie, and sprinkled twice too much salt into the bowl upon her knees.

"But it will do very nicely, won't it?"

"Rather nicely, perhaps," was the somewhat inconsequent rejoinder, and then her hand shook, and the knife that was slicing the cucumber slipped, and there was a perfect tragedy of fear and apprehension.

"Did it cut you?"

"Not at all."

"But, it did. I saw it graze your little finger. Let me see."

And then the finger had to be carefully scrutinized, and by dint of holding up to the light, quite close to the eyes of the examining surgeon, a very small scratch was discovered—or, perhaps, invented.

The particular form of treatment to which this alarming wound was subjected, belongs to the lore of lovers and nurses, and need not be entered into at further detail. No doubt, like many other surgical operations, it proved beneficial in the long run, but the immediate symptoms were—no chloroform having been employed—those of violent agitation.

"How dare you!" with a little scream.

"Please forgive me," penitently, but not without utter misery.

"Never—never—never!" in a voice of suppressed rage.

"I'm a brute! I can never forgive myself. I'll promise never to do it again," energetically.

"Oh! well, don't make such a fuss, the others will hear, we'll say no more about it; just go on working, please, you haven't got half your leaves in yet, and I am at my heart."

"So am I," ruefully. "Mine's gone in long ago. Give me yours."

"Don't break it!" laughing.

"Not for worlds! It's far too precious," sentimentally.

"You great stupid!" throwing the heart into the salad bowl.

"That's the nicest thing you've said to me yet," etc., etc., and the next few remarks are made so low, and the two faces are bent so intently over the newly-concocted salad, that it requires a well-directed soda-water cork upon the nose of Faulkner's stooped colossal neck to rouse them both to a sense of the surrounding scenery.

"Haven't you done that salad yet?" "Ages ago!" retorts Dulcie, mistress of the situation in a moment, flinging back a merry face of unconcern. "And if you hadn't been so absorbed at the other end of the boat—I can use no other word—you would have discovered long ago that we are starving for want of our food."

But Miles Faulkner came back from that water party hopelessly in love with Dulcie Halliday.

He owned it to himself, somewhat ruefully, as he and Geoffrey in a hansom together followed the brougham that had been sent to meet the young ladies at the Great Western terminus. Miles had been unaccustomed to ladies' society, he was a rough, manly man, and women had played no part in his life. In London he knew nobody, and, save an occasional dinner-party, either at Mr. Dane's or at some old-fashioned friend's who invited him because they knew his parents, he had had no insight whatever into the Society life that most young men lead in town during the London season. This had never been a source of regret to him; his virtues were all sterling and solid. He was staunch to his friends, kind to those beneath him, but he had no qualities such as enable a man to shine in society; the small talk of London life was a closed science to him, the half-familiar, half-omnipresent tone of conversation which young men affect now—a-days in talking to ladies was utterly unknown to him. Women were to him strange, wonderful, beautiful things, too good to be spoken of save with bated breath, too pure to be touched by the rough hands of life's sterner realities; every lady made him think of his dead mother, for whose sake, till his dying day, he would respect and worship her whole sex.

Such a man falls an easy victim to the first pleasant girl who takes the

trouble to interest herself in him, and as a rule his conquest is not only rapid, but it is complete. Miles Faulkner was by nature so faithful and so patient that to love for a day, with him, meant to love for life.

In one short summer day he had set up Dulcie Halliday in the empty shrine of his great true heart, and Dulcie was destined to reign there for ever.

He had no sort of doubt about it himself—but he supposed that for a clerk on a hundred and twenty pounds a year to love the daughter of a partner of the house which he served was, and must ever remain, a perfectly hopeless condition of things—and so he sighed at the hansom sped in the summer twilight across the Serpentine bridge, with all the dancing lights of London away to the east and all the shadowy old Kensington trees to the west—sighed so deeply that had not Geoffrey been much occupied himself with his own affairs he must have noticed that he had hurried the woman who had been a Divinity to him. Angel's sweet placid beauty never made his pulses beat any faster, nor did her quiet, yet lovely eyes, as they met his, produce upon him that strange bewildering fascination, that "thrill of pleasure that is almost pain," which the presence of one woman alone upon earth, had ever produced in him. He was perfectly well aware of the difference—and yet he told himself that no doubt this was the better thing for him.

It was plain to him that his uncle desired him to marry Angel—that Mr. Halliday desired it—and he told himself that no doubt Angel herself desired it also; and day by day, as he found himself constituted her companion and her guide, it became borne in upon him that a man might go further and fare worse than take Angel Halliday to himself for a wife.

"You will marry one of those girls, one day." The words came back to him, again and again, with one of those horrible twinges of pain which a past love, even if it is partially stifled, has always the power to inflict upon us at intervals. And they returned to his memory, too, with a sense of impending fate that was almost a superstition. Perhaps she had been right. She, who had taken his life's devotion as a sport, who had not loved him, who had not even been true to the compact, so one-sided, which he had striven so hard to keep, with her! For it was thus he thought of her. He had poured forth his all at her feet, craving for so small a boon in return that it seemed to him a cruelty—born of a hard and wicked nature—that she should have withdrawn even that little from him. He could not forgive her. It was as if she had betrayed him. Every day of absence hardened his heart towards her. And every day he saw Angel!

In that one sentence, is summed up the major portion of the infidelity of lovers all the world over. The one is away—the other is there!

"L'absence est le pire des maux," sings the forsaken ring-dove in the old French fable of Lafontaine. And for lovers' vows, and lovers' truth, it is the worst misfortune under the sun.

Mistrust, uncertainties, doubts of our own heart, doubts of the heart that we have won—misunderstandings, silent fallings away from one another of souls that have bound themselves into one. All these things arise Mismamlike, out of that one great evil of Absence, across that insuperable chasm of bodily separation, the heart strives in vain to reach—the pen only makes matters worse. The self-inflicted tortures do but thrive and grow like weeds, choking up the fair flowers of affection, until they wither and perish. And yet, if for one golden minute hands might clasp, and eyes might meet, and faltering tongues—however lamely—murmur broken words of repentance and of regret, then whole years of miserable misunderstandings would be washed away, and all the mischief melt in nothingness, like snow before the noon-day sun.

People may talk of hard-hearted parents, of mischief-making friends—of jealousies, of lovers' quarrels—not any one of these things—may, not all of them, put together, can be so dire a foe as that silent, secret enemy, who comes stealing, like an evil spirit, between those who have loved—pushing them away and away further and further apart, back with drawn sword from their Paradise—till at length they become hopeless, because they are helpless—they struggle no longer with their fate, and are content to drift away into the cold greyness of a perpetual division.

Thus it was with Geoffrey Dane. Absence made him unjust and unloyal to his love—whilst the constant presence of one who was fair to look upon, and pleasant to talk to, began to make him faithless too.

Angel was very sweet. There were no mysteries about her. She did not withdraw herself from him—on the contrary she welcomed him with smiles. Perhaps, indeed, he had, unwittingly taught her to love him already. Geoffrey, without any undue amount of vanity, had perhaps been sufficiently successful in life for this thought to be not altogether unnatural.

"Perhaps it is fate," he said to himself, as the hansom drew up at the house in the Cromwell Road, and the lights of the hall and the welcome of a cosy supper-table recalled the two men from their somewhat serious reflections.

As Geoffrey entered the house he noticed with surprise, a somewhat un-

usual incident. Albert Trichet, followed by Mr. Dane, came out of the library door.

Trichet looked flushed and excited, in good spirits too—for he bowed with effusion to his fellow clerks—and nodded gaily to the Miss Hallidays and seemed disposed to linger in the hall and join the little party of young people as they entered. Angel and Dulcie had met young Trichet before, their father had once brought him down to dinner, and they hated him with a deadly hatred. Dulcie bent over the hall table, where lay a letter directed to herself, which she slipped into her pocket with a slight flush. Angel turned her back upon him, and began talking hard to Miles Faulkner—Geoffrey nodded to him carelessly. If Mr. Dane had had the remotest intention of inviting his third clerk to join the supper party—which is perhaps doubtful—the reception he encountered from the four young people evidently decided him against any such hospitable intent.

"Well, good night, Albert!" he cried, in a hearty, cheery voice—a thing Mr. Dane could assume at pleasure when you to call. "Come in to supper, my dears," to the girls. "Have you had a nice day, and are you very tired? Geoff, my boy, go and see if your Aunt is coming down. Come in, Faulkner, you are hungry, I daresay."

Albert Trichet felt himself dismissed and his smile of triumph changed into a scowl. When he got outside the door, he turned round and shook his fist angrily against it.

"Ah! you think yourself a big man, you do—you are the favorite nephew, and you are to have the pick of Halliday's daughters, are you? Ah! I wonder who'll be partner at Dane and Trichet's in the long run, my fine fellow, you with your pretty moustache and your dandy clothes, and your gentleman airs, or I with a few home truths to drive in about you. Ah! I think I've put a spoke in your wheel to-day, young man. Men who want to get on fair and square in this world, shouldn't lead double lives and carry on with married women. Ah! the Governor will stand a lot, but he'll not stand that, I fancy!"

To Be Continued.

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

A Letter Written by Himself Falling into Cromwell's Hands Decides his Fate.

There is no more interesting or instructive page of history than that which relates the story of a long struggle between an unhappy prince and his people. The details of the civil war between Cromwell's "Iron-sides" and Charles I. are ever a fruitful subject for reflection, and the tragic end of the long struggle is depicted in the accompanying illustration more clearly than words can tell it.

In 1645, not a year after the fatal battle of Marston Moor, the cause of Charles was completely overthrown, and he soon afterwards surrendered himself to the Scots. Even then, however, Cromwell had no definite views, when a letter fell into his hands in which, writing to his wife, Charles said: "For Cromwell and Ireton I design no reward, but that for a silken garter they should be fitted with a hempen rope." Then Cromwell saw that it was to be his own life or the king's.

After being moved as prisoner from one castle to another, the king was at length brought before a specially constituted court in Westminster Hall, and on January 27th, 1649, was sentenced to death.

The last words King Charles ever spoke he exchanged with Bishop Juxon on the scaffold erected in front of Whitehall while awaiting his doom. The interview is thus given by the historian Hume:

"At the last moment Bishop Juxon said to the king: 'There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven, and you shall find, to your great joy, and prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory.' 'I go,' replied the king, 'from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place.' 'One blow was sufficient, and the executioner, holding up the head of the king, uttered those historic words—'This was the head of a traitor.'"

LACE MAKING.

Although about the middle of the seventh century lacemaking spread from Venice to other parts of Europe, such as Alencon, Brussels and some other towns of Flanders, the art of making it really belongs to the south of Europe. Pillow lacemaking, on the contrary, though it originated in the picturesque city of Venice, belongs to England and Flanders. It is made by first drawing the pattern on parchment, which is fastened on a cushion. Pins are then stuck into the pattern, and the linen threads, which are wound on to bobbins, are then twisted in and out. For elaborate patterns in pillow lace a vast number of pins and sometimes 1,200 bobbins are used. The best kinds of pillow lace are Mechlin, Brussels and Honiton. Valenciennes is also a very characteristic specimen. But the valuable hand-made laces have been in a great measure replaced by the imitation, made by machinery with cotton instead of linen. Thus the industry of lacemaking by hand, to a great extent, died out. Attempts, however, have since been made to re-establish it, and they have partly succeeded in the south of Italy; also in Monition and parts of Ireland.

COURSE OF TREELESS REGION.

A Warning to Us to Save the Monarchs of the Forest.

A warning which applies to Canada as well as to the United States, for which it was intended, is contained in an article contributed to the Atlantic Monthly, by President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University. "Any one," says President Eliot, "who has travelled through the comparatively treeless countries around the Mediterranean such as Spain, Sicily, northern Africa, and large portions of Italy, must fervently pray that our own country may be preserved from so dismal a fate. It is not the loss of the forests only that is to be dreaded, but the loss of agricultural regions now fertile and populous which may be desolated by the floods that rush down from bare hills and mountains, bringing with them vast quantities of sand and gravel to be spread over the lowlands.

"Travelling a few years ago through Tunisia, I came suddenly upon a fine Roman bridge of stone over a wide, bare, dry river bed. It stood some thirty feet above the bed of the river, and had once served the needs of a prosperous population. Marvelling at the height of the bridge above the ground, I asked the French station-master if the river ever rose to the arches which carried the roadway of the bridge. His answer testified to the flooding capacity of the river and to the strength of the bridge. He said: 'I have been here four years and three times have I seen the river running over the parapets of that bridge. That country was once one of the richest granaries of the Roman Empire. It now yields a scanty support for a sparse and semibarbarous population. The whole region round about is treeless.

"The care of the national forests is a provision for future generations for the permanence over vast areas of our country of the great industries of agriculture and mining upon which the prosperity of the country ultimately depends. A good forest administration would soon support itself but it should be organized in the interests of the whole country, no matter what it costs."

HIS CONSOLATION.

Who was it said I was a back number? said Li Hung Chang indignantly. I said so, answered the Empress Dowager, with a stony glare.

Well, he answered more softly, maybe I am. But I don't know as I care much what kind of a number I am, as long as I have a dollar mark in front of me.

Partial Paralysis.

A SEVERE COLD BRINGS A WIFE AND MOTHER LOW.

Partial Paralysis Accompanied by Fainting Fits Follows—Doctors Fail to Bring Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Health.

Brookholm, a suburb of Owen Sound, is fairly vibrating with interest in the wonderful cures effected in that place by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A newspaper of the vicinity, spending some time in the vicinity, was directed to a house on a hill overlooking Owen Sound's beautiful bay, and was told that there he would learn something about a cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The hill was climbed and it is to Mr. J. F. Goodfellow, the genial owner and occupant of that pleasant home, that he is indebted for the following facts:—"My wife owes her good measure of health to-day to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Mr. Goodfellow. "On the 12th of July, 1895, Mrs. Goodfellow went on an excursion to Collingwood by boat and came home with a severe cold, which developed into a partial or slight attack of paralysis in the left side and limb. In addition, at times she would be seized with a dizziness which often resulted in sudden and severe falls. The paralysis made her unable to lift any weight with her left hand. She called in medical aid and for some months followed the advice and took the medicines prescribed. But it was only money wasted as she did not get any better. As Mrs. Goodfellow has three children and her husband to care for it was a deep trouble to the family for her to be so afflicted. For eight months these dizzy spells and the paralysis continued. Then some friend asked her to try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To please the friend she consented to purchase a few boxes. When these had been taken she felt decidedly better. The fainting spells came less frequent, her strength returned to her side and arm and she was delighted with the result. After taking about six boxes, and feeling quite well again, she discontinued the use of the pills for a time, but later felt some of the old symptoms returning. She again procured a supply and recommended their use, and was overjoyed to find that these valuable little pellets again gave relief. She continued taking them until she felt that she must certainly be over the effects of the trouble when she again ceased to take the pills. That is over a year and a half ago, and only once or twice since has she had any slight symptoms of the old trouble, and then a few doses of the pills would give full relief. Mrs. Goodfellow is decidedly of the opinion that she owes her present health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and is most enthusiastic in her recommendation of them to her friends and acquaintances.

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