

Diamond Cut Diamond
OR,
THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

And then she turned and left him swiftly, without another word, and the women went away out of the desolate house, away down the lane again together. Neither of them noticed how, close under the shelter of a dark elm tree in the hedge opposite, a man stood motionless watching them come out of the door in the high wall, just as he had watched them go into it half an hour ago; and neither of them, in the soft sighing of the summer night breezes, and in the murmur of their own voices and the beating of their hearts, heard how the stealthy footsteps crept catlike in the shadow behind them.

Rose, now that all was over, trembled in every limb. Martine murmured broken words of affection and consolation to the mistress whom she loved.

"You should give him money and get rid of him; let him go away to America, as he wanted long ago," she said.

She shook her head. It is impossible. I should not dare to set him free, he would disgrace us again."

"Not under another name?"

"No man with that face, scarred and seamed as it is, could escape detection by so poor a strategy. Oh, believe me, Martine, I have thought of everything—everything—have thought till my head was on fire, and my heart sick with thinking, and there is nothing else to be done, no other plan." And then a long, shivering sigh broke from her pale lips. "Here—there!—on one side of the world or on the other! it makes no difference; nothing can set me free of him. Almost, my dear Martine, I envy those women of another faith than our own, who are able to profit by the laws of this country, and free themselves from a marriage yoke when it becomes insupportable."

"Ah, my dear lady. It is Heaven, not man, who will set you free! It is impossible that this miserable one can live forever."

"Hush, Martine!" she answered quickly, "do not put into words the wickedness of my heart; that is what I daily struggle against. Why should Leon de Brefour die, since he has not lived long enough for repentance? Every day Monsieur prays that his son's life may be spared until he has repented and is pardoned, and every day, I, too, with my lips, say Amen to that prayer, though Heaven knows how my sinful soul rebels against the desire."

"Ah, such goodness is too much for me, Madame!" cried Martine, impatiently. "When I see you suffer so much, when I know how you have sent away ce beau jeune homme who loves you, I feel no compunctions in desiring that the Almighty will take that other wicked one away, to finish his repentance in a world where they understand these things better than here on this earth."

Madame de Brefour had raised her hand to silence the old woman, but Martine was a person who would have her say, and even the allusion to the "beau jeune homme" was allowed to pass unrepined, although it made Rose smile in spite of her sadness. And they walked along fast in the darkness of the lane, but not so fast but that the man who followed them kept with them until they reached the station; but here the bright lights made him shrink away into the shadow, and hide himself until the train came up, and that they got into a front carriage, and their watcher into one at the back of the train. And when they got to Euston, there was a crowd upon the platform, and a confusion of porters and luggage, so that he lost sight of the two women he had so patiently followed, and saw them no more.

CHAPTER XVII.

Upon a hard-seated wooden armchair, Trousers sat licking his lips.

Trousers requires a whole paragraph I had nearly said a whole chapter, to himself, in order that his many virtues and peculiarities may be accurately set forth. Trousers is, to begin with, an animal, concerning whose breed and parentage there exists the profoundest uncertainty. Consider him by his head, and you might fairly take him to be a fox-terrier, did not his ears, in defiance of all aural and canine laws, stand erect in the air like the handles of a water jug. Again, taken by his body, which is broken-haired and brownish, your mind would dwell on the lurcher, or Bedlington terriers of your acquaintance. But if, on the other hand, you regard him from the point of view of a tail that is long, smooth, black and tapering, visions of Dachshund extraction might flit before your eyes; a theory, however, that is knocked utterly to the ground by a further contemplation of his legs, which are very long, and decidedly of the greyhound type. Take him all in all, then, Trousers belongs distinctly to no class, but has the distinctions of many. His outer dog, however, forms but a small portion of his nature. It is upon his character that I chiefly desire to dwell.

The virtues of Trousers' disposition are absolutely without number. He has the fidelity of the fox terrier, the sporting proclivities of the lurcher, the speed of the greyhound, the dignified self-respect of the Dachs—everything, in short, is in him combined. In his tastes, too, he is a creature of sensitive discriminations. His leading passions are, an all-absorbing adoration for his master, and an equally absorbing hatred for street boys—this latter is no doubt born of bitter memories concerning those ringed scars by which his hind legs are still decorated. Upon these fundamental mainsprings of his being are

grafted other and lesser loves and hates. He loves those that love Miles Faulkner, and scents out with an unerring exactitude those that are not friendly to him; his dislikes, indeed, are more pronounced than his affections. Duns are his detestation; all tradesmen in fact, as the possible bearers of bills, come in for a share of his disapprobation, and a certain poor cousin, who is in the frequent habit of borrowing money from Miles, is an object of his most angry vituperation. All this, however, is but as child's play compared to the deadly animosity with which Trousers regards the whole of the female sex. Every petticoat in his eyes the nucleus of possible mischief. The landlady, whom he grudgingly suffers to live only because he conceives that, in some fashion beyond his powers of comprehension, she is of use to his master, comes in for nothing better, even towards the dinner-hour, than suppressed growls; the timid little servant-maid lives in terror of her life by reason of him; the laundress leaves Miles' linen tremblingly at the street door and takes to her heels and flies at the distant thunder of his voice; whilst, as to the occasional charwoman, a double fee is necessary to induce her to venture with her bucket and her brooms into the chamber, where "that there wild beast" is to be met with. There were no distinctions in this sweeping condemnation. If Trousers had his way every woman on the face of the earth would be exterminated. In short, with the uncomplimentary poet of a bygone generation, Trousers might have exclaimed—

"What mighty ills have not been done by woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!"

Now this is why Trousers sits regarding his master on this particular Saturday afternoon, slowly and disapprovingly licking his chops, whilst a puzzled enquiry in his eyes, and a quiver of uneasiness that vibrates through his whole body denotes his evident disquietude of mind.

What, asks Trousers of himself, do these strange and abnormal proceedings portend? Why these curious and unaccustomed preparations? What convulsion is to rend the peaceful and happy habits of the usual Saturday half-holiday? For Saturday is to Trousers the day of all other days. Saturday is the day when Miles comes home early from the City to his lodgings in Hammersmith, changes his clothes to a tweed suit of dittoes amidst frantic boundings of canine joy which keep pace with his toilet operations, and then put hat on head and thick stick in hand, he sallies forth for a long walk. Trousers following meekly at his master's heels so long as they are in the streets, but when once in rural roads and lanes, rushing off with wild barking and happy capers in a very madness of delight and ecstasy; or sometimes the programme is varied, and Miles gets himself into flannels and they go down to the river side and charter a boat. And that is also very delightful to Trousers. He sits erect and immovable in the stern as his master pulls up stream, possessing his soul in patience until, according to a time-honored custom, he shall pull up his craft under certain brown oozy banks and sedgy corners, well known to both master and dog, that are redolent of water-rats, and riddled by their holes. Here Trousers is allowed to flounder out in search of sport. He always sets out with the same keen excitement, but has never yet captured a water-rat, but he brings with him ever to the chase the same burning hopes and the same sanguine assurance of success, and he is made as happy and as proud as a king if he do but catch sight of a vanishing tail or sound of a disappearing splash.

But on this Saturday afternoon no such joys either of land or water seem to be forthcoming.

Miles comes home exceptionally early and in a cab, bringing upstairs with him a small wooden box, which he proceeds to unpack upon the floor with extreme care. There is hay in the box and Trousers sniffs about it with sharpened wits, but no odour of creature, dead or alive, greets his little distended nostrils, and his excitement dies away into dismay as he watches his master slowly remove from their wrappings six tencups and saucers of a dainty blue and white design, with sugar and slop bowl and cream jug to match. Miles sets them on the table, wipes each carefully out with a duster, and then turns the packing-case and its hay out on the landing. What do these grew-gaws forebode? Was not the ugly old green and white breakfast cup and the odd white saucer enough for them both? thinks Trousers ruefully. Then Miles shouts down the stairs: "Have the cakes come, Mrs. Lane!"

"Yes, sir."

"And the butter and cream?"

"Not yet, sir, but it's sure to be here in time," is the answer.

Cakes, butter, cream! Trousers licks his chops, as what dog of intelligence would not at the bare sound of the words; but he is well aware of the fact that such dainties, sweet-sounding as they are in his ears, cannot be about to be set forth solely for his own edification.

Then all at once the murder in all its dire atrocity is out.

"You can get it all set out ready, Mrs. Lane," calls out Miles, "but you had better wait to make the tea till the ladies arrive."

So that is it! Miles Faulkner is going to have a teaparty in his room for ladies!

Alas! what a catastrophe! No wonder that Trousers' eyes follow his master's movements with an utter misery of reproach in them that have at last the effect of making him feel uncomfortable.

It is not nice to be disappointed of by a friend who is accustomed to adore one, even if that friend is only a dog. "Poor old Bags, what is it, old boy!" he says soothingly, giving his favourite a passing pat. Trousers shuffles his little fore paws up and down and raps his tailing inst the wooden seat of his chair, but he is dimly aware, no doubt, that these propitiatory caresses, this use of his most private name, are only intended to prepare him for the worst. The worst is soon, too soon, upon him. There comes a carriage dashing up to the door, a loud rat-tatting at the door, a subdued confusion of chattering voices and rustling skirts upon the narrow staircase, and then enter Mrs. Lane, all smiles, ushering in three ladies into Miles Faulkner's tiny sitting room.

Trousers gives utterance to one irrepressible howl of anguish, then, at a threat of his master's hand, tucks his tail well between his legs, lays his ears back upon his head, and scuffles away nimbly into the very farthest corner of the room. Here, underneath the shelter of a table with a long cloth, he turns and sits at bay. He does not dare to give so much as a growl, but his upper lip keeps rising quiveringly over his little sharp teeth, and a sort of smothered moan, like that of a crying child, is breathed forth at intervals, like a sigh, from out of the very depths of his injured being.

Oh! that he should have lived to see this day!

The ladies meanwhile, Mrs. Lane and the four Faulkners' sisters, are making the tour of Faulkner's apartment. It is extraordinary and a never-failing delight and interest the examination of a man's room causes to women. There is nothing that gives them so much pleasure as to be asked to tea by a bachelor. They will leave their own luxurious drawing-rooms, their satin couches and arm-chairs, their velvet-pile carpets and all the flower-scented atmosphere which surrounds them at home, with eagerness and alacrity, if they can only get a chance of going out to tea with a young man, however simply he may live, or however poor and mean may be his abode. It affords them a chance, no doubt, of examining that most interesting animal, Man, at large in his own diggings, of studying the queer ways and habits of the creature in its free and natural state. It is a voyage of discovery into unknown, or only dimly guessed at, attitudes. There was nothing much to be seen in Miles' room to be sure, save Miles himself, who looked so much too large in it, and got the ladies made to every corner of it. The two or three sporting prints upon the walls, and photographs mainly of his mother and of prize fighters, and champion rowers and swimmers, the pipe-rack above his mantelshelf, the few well-worn books—"Sponge's Sporting Tour," "Pickwick," two odd volumes on Natural History, together with sundry strange-illustrated treatises on athletic sports, and their uses, and methods of training, which lay in a confused heap upon a side table—all came in for a share of their careful attention and scrutiny.

"What is this for?" cries one.

"Who is this dreadful man in stripes?"

"Oh! look at this odd little box!"

"Is this meant for tobacco, Mr. Faulkner?"

There was no end to their questions and to their curiosity. They pulled his fishing-rods out of their cases and tried on his boxing-gloves, and struck attitudes with his fencing-sticks, and really seemed to enjoy it all amazingly.

"And now, Mr. Faulkner, you must just let us have one peep into your bedroom," said Mrs. Lane, and, blushing like a maiden, Miles opened the door of communication that led into his extremely simple little sleeping-chamber.

Mrs. Lane walked boldly in, asking questions concerning the due airing of his sheets and the mending of his linen, such as the mind of an elderly lady naturally runs upon in connection with a poor helpless young man, who has nobody but a landlady to "do for him," but the girls were shy, and stood at the doorway, content only with a furtive glance into this Holy of Holies.

Then said Miles to Dulcie, red as a peony all over his big fair face: "Won't you just go in?" It seemed to him that he would sleep better that night if her sweet presence might but for one instant glorify that poor little chamber.

Very timidly Dulcie made one step into the tiny room. Upon the bed, which took up two-thirds of the space, was a rather noticeable quilt of elaborate silk and wool crocheted work.

Dulcie's hand fell softly upon the fringe of it.

"Oh! what a lovely quilt!" she cried.

"It is my mother's work," answered Miles, with that sort of reverential devotion in his lowered voice with which he always alluded to that excellent defunct lady. "It was the last piece of work she did."

"It is beautiful," said Dulcie softly, respecting the emotion in his voice, and bending a little over the bed as she stroked the quilt admiringly—"how you must value it!"

But Dulcie would have been very much surprised if she could have seen, at a latter period of the day, a big young man upon his knees by his bedside, kissing with a passionate devotion the spot whereon her soft fingers had lain!

Well, after they had seen all that was to be seen and admired everything that could by any stretch of fancy be considered worthy of admiration, the ladies consented to sit round the table and begin tea. Mrs. Lane placed herself behind the new cups, which of course came in for a share of praise. Miles did not mention that they had been purchased for the occasion, although Trousers no doubt very much wished he could have let them know it, and, at her host's request, she began

to pour out the tea; because a man is ever shy, even in his own room, of meddling with a tea-pot when there is a woman present. There was a teacake and what Mrs. Lane called a "Smiling Madeira," and some nice thin bread and butter, which, if the truth had been told, Miles had cut himself, not being over-confident of his heavy-handed attendant; so that altogether, what with the cream and the steaming tea, there was quite a little feast in the Hammersmith lodging; and they all became very merry indeed.

Mrs. Lane caught herself listening and looking towards the door.

"Is not Geoffrey coming?" she asked at length, for the certainty of meeting Geoffrey had been the only plea she had been able to bring forward to her lord and master, as a motive for the expedition. He had not approved of it, but he had given a grudging consent upon her suggestion that his nephew would of course, be of the party. But Mrs. Lane had sympathies with Dulcie, as well as with Angol, and a true love-lye of the old-fashioned sort—two young hearts drawn together, irrespective of incomes and ways and means, was a situation that invariably aroused her affectionate interest; and believing that she here scented out this arcaid condition of things in its dawn stages, she was determined to do her best to help the budding cause; thus to favour young lovers was now, poor lady, one of the few amusements of her life. Yet when Geoffrey did not appear, she began to feel uneasy. "What would her husband say to her, if he did not come?"

"Did you not invite Geoffrey, too?" she asked.

"I certainly invited him," answered Miles. "He was coming, I understood; he will, no doubt, be here presently."

To be Continued.

OLD WEDDING GIFTS.

Giving wedding presents is an old custom, but the custom differs in different countries. Scotland's penny weddings were peculiar. They were called penny affairs, but the invited guests contributed shillings, and occasionally a half crown, and out of the sums thus collected the expenses of the wedding feast were paid. Germany has a "pay wedding" at which the bride receives her guests with a basin before her, in which each person entering deposits a jewel, a silver spoon, or a piece of money. In some parts of Germany the rule is that the expenses of the marriage feast shall be met by each guest paying for what he eats and drinks—a sort of European plan wedding, you might call it.

The prices paid for dishes and drinks are high, and the happy young couple make a handsome profit out of their wedding, often realizing a sum sufficient to start them pretty nicely in life. After 300 guests are present at such a wedding. Sometimes the flow of presents is in the other direction. In Poland, for instance, a girl is not regarded eligible for marriage until she has wrought with her own hands cloths and garments for the friends who will accompany her future lord to the altar. But in most countries the wedding present system is similar to that which is familiar here, and which has become a serious tax.

The following are some of the queer customs connected with the wearing of bridal wreaths:

The German bride wears the myrtle for her bridal wreath, while the girl of the Black Forest adorns herself with the flowers of the hawthorn. In France and England and in the United States, the orange flower is in vogue, while the maidens of Italy and the French provinces of Switzerland, use white roses. Pinks, carnations, and red roses are worn by Spanish brides. In Lithuania the bridal wreath is wound of the Syrian rue; on the Ionian islands, the grape vine; in Bohemia, Corinthia, and the Krain districts, of rosemary, and in Hesse, of artificial flowers, to which ribbons are added. In Norway, Sweden, and Serbia bridal crowns are made of silver; in Bavaria and Silesia, of gold wire, glass beads and tinsel; among the Fins, the Wendes and the peasants of Altenburg, of paper, and in Athens of costly filigree. Bridal wreaths were in vogue among the pagans, and were introduced among Christian brides during the fourth century.

BETTER FUEL THAN COAL.

A newly discovered mineral which is of a lustrous black color and which as a fuel surpasses coal and all other substances heretofore known, is described by the Journal of Geology. It is found on the island of Barbados, in the Lesser Antilles, where the natives call it "manjak." It is thought that manjak is petrified petroleum, great quantities of petroleum being found on the same island. It contains only 2 per cent of water and fully 27 per cent of solid organic matter, thus surpassing in utility the best asphalt of Trinidad, in which 30 per cent of water is contained, and which has been classed so far as the very finest fuel. Mixed with turf it gives heat far superior to any known.

A PARIS HEROINE.

The most talked-of woman in Paris at the present moment is Mme. Jacque, a concierge or janitress, of great personal bravery. Within a short time she has stopped runaway horses in crowded streets, saved a young woman from being crushed under the wheels of an omnibus on the Boulevard des Italiens, and plighted until the arrival of the police a man who was pursuing his wife with a carving knife in his hand. Her courage has obtained for her a silver medal from a humanitarian society.

Healthy, Happy Girls

OFTEN BECOME LANGUID FROM NO APPARENT CAUSE.

The Blood is a Vital Element—It Must Be Kept Pure, Rich and Red—Only in This Way Can Young Girls Attain Perfect Health.

In the early days of her womanhood every girl—no matter what her station in life—should be bright, active, cheerful and happy; her step should be light, her eye bright and her cheeks rosy with the glow of health. But the reverse is the unfortunate condition of thousands of young girls throughout the Dominion. They drag along, always tired, never hungry, breathless and with a palpitating heart after slight exercise, so that merely to get up stairs is exhausting. If a doctor is consulted he tells them that they are anaemic—the plain English for which is they have too little blood—and unless a powerful blood-enriching, nerve-restoring tonic such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is taken to restore health, decline and an early grave is only too likely to follow.

The benefit which follows the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind is amply illustrated by the following testimonial from Miss Ida Bookman, of Marksville, Ont. Miss Bookman says: "It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge the benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My health was completely broken down; I became so weak I could scarcely walk across a room. I was very pale, had no appetite and gradually lost flesh until I was more of a skeleton. I was subject to palpitation of the heart, dizziness and violent headaches. I was under treatment from two doctors, but neither seemed to benefit me and I went on in this way for about seven months. Having seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills recommended I determined to try them. Before I finished the second box I began to improve and by the time I had used eight boxes I was as well as ever I had been, and had gained 22 pounds in weight. I am grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and freely give this testimony in the hope that it may benefit some other girl suffering as I was."

More pale and bloodless girls have been made bright, active and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than by any other means. Mothers should see that their daughters entering womanhood are strengthened and invigorated by the use of this great blood-making tonic. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOUSEKEEPING IN ITALY.

An interesting letter from a lady of limited means who passed last summer in Italy tells an entertaining story of housekeeping in that sunny land, tragic with the shadows of departed grandeur.

"I have become a padrona, with seven enormous keys, so heavy that I have to carry them in a basket. I am not only a padrona, I am also a cook, art student, and should be studying Italian. Also it has been very hot—so hot that one felt as if there was little worth doing in this world, and one didn't care 'tuppence' who did it."

"Did you ever keep a use in hot weather, with no ice and no screen, and in a land where the insectivora abounded?"

"We have the pestilence which hopped in darkness, and flies by the 500, and many, many mosquitoes and harvest mice, and green and blue beetles and harvest bugs that bite, and long-nosed gray beetles that plunge into the milk, and big grasshoppers that come zipping in through the windows, and a few centipedes and rumors of scorpions and a mighty orchestra of cicadas that drone and buzz among the olive trees under my window. Every day brings some fresh discovery in the stinging and biting line. Fifteen minutes at a stretch of peaceful comfort has been impossible. With this wail finished, I will remark that the insect enemy is the worst thing about San Gimignano—for San Gimignano. For my quarters, five rooms and a garden across the lane, I pay about \$6.40 a month and for my beloved Maria, my servant, who comes for an hour and a half every day, \$1.60 a month. We are delightfully behind the times here. Everything is done here with hand labor, distaffs, plows, spinning wheels, farm implements, as they were in Virgil's time."

SPIDER WEB FACTORY.

Some ten years ago a French missionary started the systematic rearing of two kinds of spiders for their web, and the Board of Trade Journal states that a spider web factory is now in successful operation at Chalais-Meudon, near Paris, where ropes are made of spider web intended for balloons for French military aeronautic section. The spiders are arranged in groups of twelve above a reel, upon which the threads are wound. It is by no means easy work for the spiders, for they are not released until they have furnished from thirty to forty yards of thread each. The web is washed and thus freed of the outer reddish and sticky cover. Eight of the washed threads are then taken together, and of this rather strong yarn cords are woven, which are stronger and much lighter than cords of silk of the same thickness.