

The Lambton Diamond.

The famous Lambton diamond threw back the light from its many facets, and strange, brilliant colors shot from its depths. It was the finest stone I had ever set in my life.

I was particularly pleased with my design for the setting. No other hand had touched it, and I felt that the frame, so to speak, was worthy of the picture.

The ring, now that it was finished, was fit even to adorn the hand of Lady Gwendolen Forrest, the beauty and heiress of the season. But I did not envy young Lord Lambton his fiancée; in my own Nell I had a girl as good and as pretty as any in the land.

About to take the ring to Mr. Nugent when Nell herself ran in. She was my employer's daughter, and his private house was upstairs over the large showroom in Clifford street. It was against all custom for Nell to come down to my workshop, for her father disapproved our engagement. But today she had not been able to resist the temptation of having a peep at the Lambton diamond.

Just as she had slipped it on her finger, and was dancing about twisting her hand, that the marvelous stone might catch the light, the door opened and Mr. Nugent entered. I prepared to defend Nell from a harsh reprimand, but none came. Her father appeared oddly preoccupied, merely took the ring from her, examined it earnestly, and, snapping the lid of the case down upon it, placed it in his pocket and walked away.

Next day I was sitting at work, when I saw a hansom drive up, and Lord Lambton jump out. He came hastily into the room, which adjoined the one where I was sitting where Mr. Nugent was.

'So-and-so! I heard him say, and could scarcely believe my ears. You thought to fool me easily by a false stone; but I am as good a judge of jewels as you are. You are a thief, sir! What have you done with the diamond I entrusted to you?'

Mr. Nugent answered in a lower voice. What he said could not have made any great impression upon Lord Lambton, however, for he impatiently interrupted, and at last an ominous threat concerning the 'police' reached my ears.

I sat still. I understood very well that Lord Lambton had deliberately accused my employer of trying to palm off upon him an imitation diamond, yet I knew that I had set the true stone and delivered it to Mr. Nugent only yesterday.

My employer himself was a skilled workman, though not a good designer, and in the time that had elapsed between my handing him the ring and his transferring it to the owner he could have removed the stone and replaced it by a false one; but for such a bold trick to succeed the imitation must be magnificently made, and the original diamond must have been carefully measured.

I had never known that Mr. Nugent kept any false gems about the place, and besides was it likely that a man in his position would care to run so terrible a risk? Still I could not help remembering how haggard and irritable he had been of late, and the keen interest that he took in the racing intelligence.

As I thus speculated on the astounding accusation, Mr. Nugent himself opened the door of the workshop. He looked keenly at me as if wondering if it would be safe to trust me.

'Did you hear anything of what passed in the next room?' he questioned.

I admit that I had. 'Of course, I shall be triumphantly acquitted,' he announced, clearing his throat, huskily, as he spoke. 'Still, Lord Lambton can make things disagreeable. And look here, Wade, I haven't always been as friendly to you as I might, but I can trust you. You'll be an important witness. Do what you can for me, for the girl's sake.'

The words sounded strange, but I was given no time to answer, for at that moment Lord Lambton returned with two Scotland Yard men. My employer was given into custody and taken to the police station to be charged, the detectives remaining to search the premises.

Mr. Nugent being a widower, with only one child, the management of the business practically devolved on me, and as the detectives ransacked the place, they put many questions to me as to where the stones were kept. The safes were all pointed out to them, but they seemed disappointed with their operations.

Later in the evening they came to me in the workshop, and, holding out the ring that I had made for Lord Lambton, one of them said: 'This is your work, we understand. Is that the stone you set?'

I glanced at it, but I only replied: 'I don't call myself an expert in precious stones, and all I can say is that this one precisely resembles in size, shape and appearance the one given me to set.'

While this statement was practically true, that one glance had been enough to show me that I was not looking at the Lambton diamond.

The detectives left, saying that I would have to tell all I knew in the witness box, and then, just as I was about to lock up place for the night, Nell came in. It was the first time she had let me see her since her father had been taken away.

The face which I thought the sweetest on earth was marble white, and there were dark shadows under the lashes.

'There's something I must say to you,' she panted, 'something I've been wild to say all day, lest it should be too late, but I dared not let anyone suspect. A month ago father confided to me that he had lost a great deal of money—and he showed me how to open a secret drawer in his Chippendale bureau. 'If ever anything happens to me,' he said, 'don't lose a moment, but

look into this drawer; throw away everything that you will find in the left hand partition, and keep what may be in the right.'

II

Together we ransacked the old bureau, and at length Nell touched the spring which opened the secret drawer. I drew in my breath sharply, for the light which I held struck out a gleam from a pile of exquisitely made false stones which lay in a partition on the left hand, while on the right was the Lambton diamond.

Involuntarily I betrayed the dreadful nature of the discovery by an exclamation, for, left to herself, Nell would not have understood. But she was quick to comprehend, and realizing the worst she swooned, staggering backward.

'My poor father!' she moaned, as I held her. 'He is ruined forever—and I too. The daughter of a convicted thief is no fit wife for an honest man.'

'My darling, you are a wife for a king, and as for your father, I swear to you that I will save him yet.'

'You—you cannot.'

'I tell you that I can and will.' For even as I spoke an idea had flashed into my head which startled me by its audacity. In a moment I had thought out every detail.

I made up the stones, Lambton diamond and all, into a packet, carefully closing the secret drawer, and contriving to get away without being seen, and went straight to my brother's house in Kent, managing to avoid the service of a subpoena. Thus I was not present at the police court proceedings, which would have meant ruin for my plan.

Mr. Nugent was committed for trial, and meanwhile I stayed in the country, working each night in locked rooms, with the tools I had brought with me, until the grey dawn filtered upon my closed shutters. When I saw my old employer in the dock at the trial I was shocked at the ghastly change which had come over him. The evidence at first went steadily against him. Lord Lambton swore that the stones in the ring was not his diamond. One expert testified that not only was the stone now saw not the Lambton diamond, but was not a genuine jewel at all, but a marvelous imitation. Another was not so positive. He looked at the gem through his glass, turning it this way and that, declaring that in all his experience he had never seen a false stone so cleverly executed as this. Indeed, he was not prepared to swear that it was false.

The preliminary question of the prosecuting counsel brought out the fact that I had designed the ring's setting, and done all the work upon it.

'What sort of stone was it your employer gave you to set?' was the next question.

'An extremely valuable white diamond,' I replied.

'Do you swear that you set the genuine stone, and delivered the ring when finished to the prisoner?'

'I do.'

'Do you consider it possible that stone might have been taken out and an imitation one substituted?'

'Certainly. But I could tell whether the ring had been tampered with since it left my hands.'

'Take this, then, examine it, and inform the court if that is the stone you set.'

The ring was handed to me, and a hush fell upon the court. The kind of lull which denotes that a vital point in a case has been reached.

I put my hand in my waistcoat pocket for my jeweler's glass, and the sharpest eye could not have seen that I also drew forth a new ring, made in the secret hours of the night—an exact counterpart of the other, save that it contained the real Lambton diamond.

I pretended to examine the imitation with great care while all eyes were fixed upon me. At length I returned the glass to my pocket, and with it the false stone. I could hear my own heart beating, but, handing the court the new ring, said firmly, in reply to the snappish 'Well!' of the prosecuting counsel: 'I swear unhesitatingly that the setting of this ring has not been tampered with, and that this is the genuine diamond which was given me to set.'

A rustle went round the court; the doubting expert pricked up his ears, the prosecuting counsel, with Lord Lambton and the treasury solicitor, were whispering over the ring.

'M'ud,' said the counsel, 'I asked permission to recall the expert.'

I stepped out of the box and the expert stepped in. The new ring was put into his hand, a friendly ray of sunshine lighting up the jewel.

'This is very remarkable,' he said, at last. 'It's the first time I have ever made a mistake. This stone is genuine. I cannot doubt it.'

And so the prisoner was free; but when the verdict of 'Not guilty' was pronounced a faint groan echoed it, and a dead man was taken from the dock. A spasm of the heart proved fatal.

Six months later Nell and I were married. On our honeymoon we were walking in a lane near Ilfracombe, when we came face to face with Lord Lambton, who was stopping with his bride in a neighboring country house.

'Ah, Mr. Wade!' he exclaimed, 'I haven't seen you since that very mysterious case of mine. Do you know I have always thought of you—as a—very-clever man?'

'Thank you,' I said, quietly. 'Will you allow me, my lord, to present you to my wife—the only daughter of the late Mr. Nugent.'

Lord Lambton raised his hat, looked

keenly at pretty Nell, shook hands with us both, and murmured: 'Ah, I understand.'

Telegraph Blunders.

Two funny telegraph stories are printed by the Pittsburg Dispatch on the authority of a former employe of the Western Union Company. He was receiving a despatch from Albany, in which the sender was not ever careful in the matter of spelling his letters, Lawton took the address as follows: 'Dr. A. Wing, room car agent, Central Depot, New York.' The despatch came back with the parcel report that there was no such person at the address named. The operator at Albany was called up, and explanations followed, in consequence of which the address was changed to 'Drawing-room-car agent, Central Depot.'

A still more absurd mistake was once made in the same office when a telegram was received for James W. Gillespie, 'this clerk, Brooklyn nasty yard.' This was afterwards amended to read, 'James W. Gillespie, clerk, Navy-Yard.'

A: 'What is the difference between an ordinary foreign correspondent and a special journalistic commissioner?'

B: 'An ordinary correspondent gives the news in brief language, while a special commissioner begins with 'I am able to positively,' or 'I am authorized to say,' and then doesn't tell much.'

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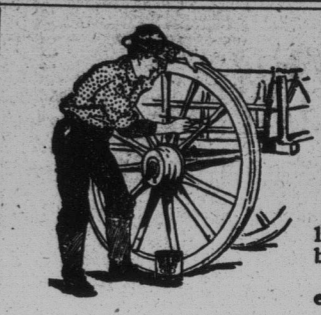
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True Paint Economy

lies in using paint a little before it becomes absolutely necessary. Don't wait till the old coat has entirely worn away.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

WAGON AND IMPLEMENT PAINT

keeps the farm wagons, implements, and tools, young and strong. It's easy to use. Red, Yellow, Blue, Green and Black. Every farm should have a can for ready use. Ask your dealer for it.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS, 2929 Stewart Avenue, Chicago, 21 St. Antonio Street, Montreal.

Lubeck, Sept. 12, by Rev. Z. B. Grass, Ernest W. Daisel to Lida B. Whippley.

Guysboro, Sept. 20, by Rev. W. I. Croft, Joseph W. Gobebe to Mrs. Eliza Cook.

Lawrencetown, Sept. 21, by Rev. L. F. Wallace, Clarence Grant to Essie Green.

Wallace Bay, Sept. 22, by Rev. A. D. McIntosh, Charles Foshner to Maggie Ross.

Fredericton, Sept. 22, by Rev. Geo. B. Paveon, John R. Briggs to Nellie Dunlop.

West Gore, Oct. 4, by Elder Hiram Wallace, Mr. George Gay, to Mary A. Wallace.

Truro, Oct. 4, by Rev. J. A. Rogers, Bernard McGinness to Annie Agnes Murray.

Pelle Riverie, Oct. 4, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, Lauchie L. Winters to Loreta J. Wainwright.

Red Beach, Sept. 24, by Rev. David Walker, Melvin S. Young to Leah M. Townsend.

Truro, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Thompson Morrison to Ida M. Richardson.

Weymouth Falls, Sept. 26, by Rev. F. R. Langford, John Fannell to Abbie Nichols.

Keegan, Sept. 23, by Rev. W. A. Mason, Alfred A. Spence to Essie K. Glenn.

Jordan Falls, Shelburne, Sept. 20, by Rev. J. Murray, Lemuel A. Rust to Marie Harlow.

Lawrencetown, Sept. 24, by Rev. J. Asbury, Alfred Ernest Hitchins to Louisa Coleman.

Delbert, Colchester, Oct. 3, by Rev. Francis A. Ross, Geo. A. Landels to Laura A. Lynds.

New Campbellton, Sept. 20, by Rev. D. Drummond, Philip McKimmon to Lizzie E. Mason.

East Mapleton, Cumb., Sept. 23, by Rev. Joseph Seller, Charles A. Love to Edie M. Brown.

Big Bras D'Or, C. B., Sept. 25, by Rev. D. Drummond, Angus Campbell to Maggie McLennan.

Halifax, Oct. 3, by Rev. E. P. Crawford, Henry Yorkie Complin to Mary Alice Margaret Robertson.

DIED.

Ottawa, Mrs. Sibyl Magee.

Moncton, Oct. 5, Cyril Wynn, 2 Dartmouth, Oscar E. Johnson, 14.

Halifax, Oct. 4, Ellen Eyles, 44, Pambroke, Oct. 1, John Porter, 44.

St. John, Oct. 8, James F. Millan, 1, New Weston, Oct. 3, Lydia Elliot, 65.

Dartmouth, Oct. 1, Harold N. Craig, 65, St. John, Oct. 6, Mary G. Moran, 91.

St. John, Oct. 1, John A. Connell, 32, Halifax, Oct. 4, Margaret Hamman, 59.

Portaupeeque, Sept. 25, Maggie Knight, Truro, Sept. 24, Eliza Boyd Hooper, 1.

Guysboro, Oct. 2, Mary Ellen Peart, 61, Brookline, Sept. 3, David M. Gilbert, 55.

Windsor, Sept. 10, Iva Man I Redding, 28, Tobique, Sept. 21, Adam Vanderbeck, 29.

Essex, Sept. 22, Egan Malham, 70, Mohannes, Oct. 3, William Hamphrey, 72.

Bobbinstown, Sept. 15, Anie Bertram, 83, Wolfville, Oct. 2, Aubrey E. Benjamin, 19.

Upper Newport, Sept. 25, Mary McNeill, 33, St. Stephen, Sept. 24, Ruth Jennie Davidson, sheet Harbor, Sept. 24, Mrs. Eliza Watt, 95.

Weymouth, Oct. 5, Mrs. Robert Langford, 69, South Williamson, Oct. 3, William Bishop, 44.

St. John, Oct. 9, Rev. Peter Trimple, C. S. B., New Jerusalem, Oct. 4, James W. Johnson, 70.

Kentville, Oct. 2, Camilla Mary McPee, 12, Upper Malaga, Sept. 1, Welwood McNab, 68.

Dartmouth, Oct. 4, Lillian May Dowdle, 10 wks. Gaspereau, Sept. 27, Mrs. Martha A. Martin, 71.

Port Lorne, Sept. 29, Mrs. Theobald A. Snow, 75, Charlottetown, Oct. 2, Sarah Waddell Hopetown, 73.

Essexport, Sept. infant daughter of Abner and Stella Leonard, 29 days.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Passenger Train Service

FOR St. John, N. B.

In Effect October 2nd, 1898.

LEAVING, Eastern Standard time, at 6.25 p.m. St. Stephen, 7.00 p.m. Bangor, Woodstock and points North, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points South and West.

STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

FOR Fredericton.

(Local Time.) Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8.30 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 o'clock a. m. for St. John.

Steamer Olivette will leave indicators for Gagetown every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 6 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

CHANGE OF SAILING.

On and after Monday, the 29th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8.30 (local). Returning will leave indicators same days at 8 p. m. local.

CAPT. E. G. EARLE, Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Lvs. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr. Halifax 8.45 p. m., Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 8.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. at Digby 12.30 p. m., Lvs. Digby 1.00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 8.35 p. m., Lvs. Halifax 9.00 a. m., Tuesday and Friday.

arr. Digby 12.45 p. m., Lvs. Yarmouth 8.00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 8.00 p. m., Lvs. Digby 11.55 a. m., arr. Digby 11.45 a. m., Lvs. Yarmouth 8.35 a. m., Mon. and Thur.

Lvs. Digby 10.30 a. m., arr. Halifax 8.35 p. m., Lvs. Annapolis 7.50 a. m., arr. Digby 6.50 a. m., Lvs. Digby 8.20 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on flying business express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward,

By far the finest and 'fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Train arriving in Boston early in the morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Steamers can be obtained on application to City Agents.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Farnborough.

See close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. F. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, the 30th June, 1898 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Hampton, 6.5 Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax, 7.0 Express for Halifax, 7.0

Express for Sussex, 11.5 Express for Hampton, 12.4 Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Sydney, 12.0

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal express.