

Diamond Cut Diamond OR, THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

On the Monday morning, quite a gay little cavalcade set forth from Hidden House, at an early hour, in order to be in good time at the meet at Wilton Gorse.

Geoffrey rode the chestnut, he had mounted Dulcie upon his second horse, a plain-looking bay, whose somewhat ungainly appearance was compensated for by his clever performances in the field. Miles was on a weedy-looking old crook, hired from the livery stables at Lillimster, a thin, rakish thoroughbred animal, now showing decided signs of age and over-work, whilst Angel was for the first time mounted upon The Moor.

A "southerly wind and a cloudy sky," gave promise of all that the hearts of sportsmen can desire, and the little party set forth in the best of spirits.

Geoffrey had returned from town late on Saturday night, having spent two days in negotiations, and interviews with both his senior partners. There had been, of course, what Dulcie called "A Row." Mr. Halliday ran his hands despairingly through his white hair and began by swearing by all his gods that nothing—no, nothing!—would ever make him consent to such a beggarly marriage for his daughter, but after long persuasions and many words he finally dissolved into tears, declared himself to be a miserable, broken-down old man, whose daughter had deceived and defied him; in spite of which statements, he was induced at last to admit that if his senior partner would take Miles back again and make things generally easy for him, he did not see how he was to hold out any longer.

Then Geoffrey tackled his uncle. He found the old man in a strangely mysterious mood. He would reveal nothing; he would promise nothing. He refused to give any reasons for his sentence upon Miles, at the same time he treated the matter airily, and declined to see anything serious in it.

"But it is a serious matter to Miles," urged Geoffrey, "he is engaged to my sister-in-law, and if he is to be left in the lurch—"

"Whoever said he was going to be left in the lurch?" interrupted the old man, testily. "You come and dine to-night, Geoffrey, and we will have a bottle of the '47 port."

"I can't come and dine, sir, with an easy mind, unless you will make me some sort of a promise."

"I ain't going to make any sort of promise! Tut, tut, how these boys do irritate me!" He spoke, angrily, but Geoffrey could see very plainly that he was not angry at all—he was only pretending to be. He could make nothing of him.

Eventually, he did, as he was asked, go and dine at Cromwell Road, and the three partners, the two old men and the young one, discussed a couple of bottles of the famous '47 vintage between them; and whether it was owing to the warming effects of that generous fluid, or to the extreme meekness and depression of Joseph Halliday—a state of mind in him which always filled the soul of his chief with a fiendish delight—or whether Mrs. Dane contributed to it by an exhibition of extra tearfulness and nervousness, due, no doubt, to a secret knowledge of the subject under discussion, or whether, perhaps, more than all else, it was not owing to the presence at his table of the only creature on earth who had ever got at that small shrivelled thing which physiologists would have called Matthew Dane's heart, and the sight of the earnest brown eyes which had been able, occasionally, to defy and withstand him, and the rare flashing smile which always had an indescribable influence upon him—whether all this it was, which produced the much-to-be-desired effect, I am unable rightly to determine; but certain it is, that Matthew Dane insensibly thawed and softened, and that when dinner was over and the servants had left the room, and his wife at the sign of an imperious nod from her spouse had also hastily retired, the old man suddenly delivered himself of the following remarks:

"Well, Halliday, I understand that pig-headed little girl of yours insists upon having her own way. I rather like people who go there own way unless they cross mine, you know, like this young scoundrel here, who has married Angel. I like Angel the best, you know, I always did, and always shall; she's better looking for one thing, and she and Geoffrey will always come first with me. As to this other girl of yours, she's a bit of a vixen, I fancy, but I think you had better let her marry Miles Faulkner if she's set upon it."

"I don't see what they are to marry on," here interpolated Joseph Halliday, with a miserable and rueful expression of countenance, that was not perhaps guiltless of a certain cunning assumption.

"No, I dare say you don't," replied old Dane rather crossly, "but then, you see, I do!"

"You will take him back, sir?" cried Geoffrey, eagerly.

"Pooh! pooh! How can I take him back, you young donkey! I when I've just sent him away, and when Tricket is hardly out of the country? I am not such a fool!"

"Then it was that despicable bound!" cried Geoffrey, excitedly.

His uncle laid his finger against his nose and there was a sort of twinkle in his eye. No man on earth, for certain, hated Albert Tricket with a more deadly hatred than he did, but knowing that which he had plotted and arranged, he was the last person in the world who would have given expression to that hatred.

"Albert Tricket is my dear nephew, a faithful and valued servant. I have a high opinion of Albert Tricket's tal-

ents—here is to his prosperous voyage to America," and he raised his glass to his lips, then suddenly, as he set it down again upon the table, his manner changed.

"No, I cannot take Miles Faulkner back, and the hundred and twenty pounds a year he has lost with his place would neither make nor mend him. But I am thinking, Halliday, that we want a manager badly at Lyons, the business there has been very slack lately, that fellow Dupres is no good whatever; he blunders over everything—a foreman has not weight enough either, we want a manager. There's that nice little house outside the town, you know, lying empty, it wouldn't cost much to furnish it up again. If you like to do it up for the young people I'll make Miles manager out there, and will see that he has a sufficient income to keep his wife like a lady upon."

And so this was the great and good news that Geoffrey had brought back in his pocket to Dulcie and Miles on the Saturday night. It will be imagined how joyfully he was welcomed, and with what rapturous thanks he was overwhelmed. No wonder that the four riders started forth with happy faces from the door on Monday morning, three of them at least, with genuine inward contentment, and the fourth was contrained to mirror back the satisfaction which he had been instrumental in bringing to the others.

Weldon Gorse was the picked meet of Hillsire Hunt. The hounds assembled in a lovely bit of rough park scenery, a sort of wilderness inside its wooden palings. Sir Alfred Weldon, a good old sportsman, who, at eighty years of age, still potted out upon an historical iron-grey hunter, and followed the hounds for an hour or so, when they came near enough to his house to enable him to join them without any very great exertion.

Out of compliment to this fine old English gentleman, who paid his fifty pounds subscription, and was asked a preserver of foxes as a hunting neighbourhood could desire, the meet at Weldon was an almost monthly occurrence; and Lady Weldon invariably gave a hunt breakfast on these occasions, presiding herself, in her snow-white hair, draped with a black lace Mantilla, at the top of the table, in the long-banqueting hall, where an ample repast, open to all comers, was always laid out.

When the party from Hidden House arrived upon the scene, this feast was at an end, and the red-coats were mustering thickly in the tangled hollow that lay between the smooth green glades of the park on the one side, and the open heath country, beyond the boundaries of the property, on the other.

It would be impossible to conceive a more charming picture as the horsemen came riding down from the house in twos and threes under the fine old elm trees of the park, the clear, blue-grey of the atmosphere making a soft background to the sleek, shining coats of the horses, and the brilliant flashes of scarlet flecking the glade with moving points of flame until they united in a mass beneath the shelter of the little wood, beneath which the hounds—a low, level pack—were closely kept in hand by the huntsman, and made together a dash of speckled white against the red earth of the bank behind them. Very soon, in that never-failing covert, which, within the memory of man, had seldom been known to be drawn blank, a fine fox had been found, and the whole field, an unusually large one for Hillsire, made as speedily as possible for the widely opened park gates close at hand.

Of that run, of how straightly ran the fox, of how gallantly pursued the hounds of what fences were negotiated, of who fell, and who was in at the death, I do not propose to write in detail. Are not these things inscribed in the annals of Hillsire Hunt? All that I intend to do now is to describe the career of one particular horse, of one particular rider. The horse is The Moor—the rider, Angel Dane.

The Moor started off at a good pace, but with that ominous shake of the head which Geoffrey had already noticed in him, and pulling and snatching at his bit in an uncomfortable fashion, Angel dropped her hands to him, and did what she could to soothe and humour him, and for the first half dozen fields all went fairly well, and she followed closely in the wake of her husband. But just as they came to within a few lengths of an inconsiderable fence The Moor swerved a little, and made as though he would follow another horse, and Angel, with the object of keeping him straight, lifted her whip and struck him.

This was the signal for his rebellion. He took the fence safely indeed, but with a sort of fury, and at a place of his own selection, not hers; and upon alighting at the further side of it, got down his head, shot off wildly at a terrific pace, past Geoffrey, who was hanging back a little to see what had become of him. In short, he fairly bolted, and Angel entirely lost all control over him.

She did not despair for some time of regaining her hold upon him, for he took the next two fences well and easily, but the second one having landed him into a lane, The Moor, with apparently no further ambition to distinguish himself in the field, turned short off to the right, and, leaving the hunt far behind, galloped madly down it in a mingled condition of rage and excitement, which proved far beyond her weakening strength to restrain.

Of that headlong flight, Angel in after-days, remembered but little; fields, trees, houses, flew by her in lightning-like confusion; her brain reeled and whirled with the rush of

the air, and with the hopeless bewilderment of her position. Faintly now and then she heard the thud, thud, of another horse behind her, that told her that Geoffrey was probably following her. This was, however, but dimly borne in upon her mind. Only two things, indeed, remained with a vivid consciousness before her—one was her own fast-failing strength, and the other a vague horror of a terrible, impending doom which must inevitably lie before her—the almost certainty of a violent death. Soon this idea was the only one left in her mind—she saw nothing, heard nothing, thought of nothing else. It seemed to her that her whole life came up again before her—all her childish sins, all her woman's weaknesses, small things passed by and unrepented of, words spoken long ago and forgotten—all stood out with a fearful and supernatural distinctness out of the rush of ever-deepening darkness that seemed to be closing in about her on every side.

She never even saw a tall figure that rose up suddenly before her in the way—never heard the shout of warning in her path, or felt the sudden swerve that carried The Moor right from one side of the road to the other. Then all at once came a shock and a crash! and Angel was shot over The Moor's head right on to the grass by the roadside, and knew, shaken and bruised and battered as she was, that she was alive, and that she was saved!

Rose de Brefour had been leaning upon a stile leading from the field into the road; she was not far from her own little house, and had sauntered out for an afternoon walk. She carried a book in her hands, which she had been reading, although she was not reading it now, and, curiously enough the book was a novel.

It was not usual for her to read novels. She shrank perhaps a little from records of human love and human happiness, since love and happiness were forever forbidden to her. Sometimes, indeed, it gave her a dull, aching pain to dwell on these subjects, so that wisely she seldom opened books of fiction. The book she had been reading to-day, however, was one which holds its undying sway alike over every man and woman to whom English literature is dear. A book so grand, so powerful, and so entrancing that it may well deserve to be reckoned amongst the first, if indeed, not the very first itself, of all the novels of English literature. This book was "Jane Eyre." Rose had just finished it, and as she leant across the stile, her fingers loosely slipped amongst its pages, she was thinking deeply upon the strong, passionate story of man's rebellious love, of woman's purity and devotion. That love, so cursed and so restrained, so held back by every consideration, human and divine, had, notwithstanding all, had in the end its earthly reward and completion. The picture of blind Rochester, soothed in his eternal darkness by the love of the woman who comes to lay her life upon his suffering heart, is beautiful and touching in the extreme; but Rose de Brefour, whilst she acknowledged the poetry of it, told herself that it was not true to life.

Those who have loved in vain are not thus appropriately united—no miracle is worked for them—no providence intervenes to bring them together. Heart-broken they part—and heart-broken forever they remain apart—only that love grows colder and dimmer, and passion becomes silent, when Time with his healing touch has deadened all under an ever-thickening pall of insensibility.

And as she stood thinking of it—of the mystery and riddle of life, of how all toil and struggle for happiness, and of how few gain the prize—there came upon her a great weariness of soul—a great desire for that "long rest" wherein the problems of life shall perplex us no more, and all its sadness be hushed forever in the great sleep which nothing earthly can break or disturb.

Then far, far away, upon her ears there broke a distant sound that—as she took heed of it and listened, at first half-unconsciously, then with a rapidly-increasing interest—seemed to grow nearer and nearer to her at every second. It was a sound that once heard is never forgotten—a dull, regular, reiterating sound, muffled yet ringing—the sound of a runaway horse.

Keenly alive all at once to what this might mean, and what catastrophe it might chance to foreshadow, Rose sprang eagerly over the stile, and strained her eyes with a strange new sense of excitement towards the quarter whence these ominous sounds were now approaching her with lightning-like rapidity.

All at once she saw it, far away in the distance. The wildly galloping horse and the pale-faced rider, coming onwards, ever at that awful pace—soon she was able to distinguish the set features, the wide-opened grey eyes, the white parted lips, the panting bosom and labouring breath, the dishevelled hair flying back upon the rushing wind. One quick shock of recognition struck through her very soul.

It was Geoffrey's wife! There came no fixed or distinct idea into her mind—no swiftly-formed intention, no debating with herself as to what she was going to do or how she was going to do it. Those glorious martyrs, who, from the world's foundation, to its close, have given, and will give, their lives to save those of others, are not prone, I reckon, to reason about what they do. One grand and splendid instinct is theirs—one God-like impulse—one unhesitating rush towards the Death that surely crowns them with an ever-lasting crown.

So Rose de Brefour sprang forward to her certain destruction with all the great enthusiasm of superhuman self-sacrifice burning in her soul. A rush across the road, a frantic snatch at the bridle of the maddened animal—a wild jerk with all the strength of her woman's arms—and the deed is accomplished. Angel is saved, and The Moor, pitching heavily forward and dragging her down with

him in the hurricane vehemence of his fall, plants both his knees with the whole force of his weight upon her chest and rolls over the prostrate form stretched before him upon the ground, till the delicate body is crushed, and the woman's life is stamped out, and the noble heart is silenced and stilled for evermore.

She had died so that he might live to forget her! That had been her prayer, and the Great God had heard and granted it. Geoffrey Dane lived, and although he never forgot, yet in process of time he learned to be happy.

During the long weeks of nervous prostration, which for Angel Dane followed upon that terrible day, Geoffrey watched over his suffering wife with all the tenderness of a mother. Half-distracted by his own unutterable grief, he yet learned to silence his own sorrow in order to soothe and comfort her; and when she was strong enough to hear his confession he laid bare all his heart to her, knowing that in Death, Angel would forgive the woman he had loved and who had died to save her.

And so time went on, and the gaping wound, that was such an agony at first, closed up, and became in a fashion healed.

And one day a little Matthew Dane came into this world of trouble and brought a great deal of happiness and pleasure along with him, not only to his parents, but to a certain grim, old gentleman, now well stricken in years, who has taken to read his Bible and repenting him of his sins, since the death of his wife and his own fast-failing health.

In truth, since the day that he broke the sad news to his partners and clerks that poor Albert Tricket had died of swamp fever in South America, the old tyrant had never been quite himself again. Conscience sometimes wakes up in an unaccountable fashion; and now and then, although human justice fails to detect a crime, the sinner himself is brought to a due sense of it by gentler and more merciful methods.

Geoffrey and Angel live with this old man now in the great house in Cromwell Road, and Hidden House has been sold again, and strangers sit in the long, low library where Geoffrey Dane once long ago told his love in the gloaming hour to the beautiful woman who loved him, but who could never become his own.

So the book was turned over, and life went on the same, only that—as she had said—across that folded page the hand of One who is more mighty and knows better than we, His puppets, had written in indelible letters the one sad word "Never."

The End.

A RICH MAN'S SIMPLICITY.

Built a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Church and Smoked His Pipe in the Kitchen.

In England the people of the north are much more simple and democratic in their ways, as a rule, than those of the south, who are more affected by London manners. In his book "Lancashire Life of Bishop Fraser," Archdeacon Diggle gives an interesting picture of a north-country giver.

It chanced that soon after Bishop Fraser came into his diocese, he had to consecrate one of the finest churches in South Lancashire. It had been built on the benefaction of a manufacturer, at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars. When the bishop returned from the consecration he was lost in wonder at Lancashire ways; and he thus told his story to the archdeacon:

I got out at B. station and after a walk of twenty minutes came in sight of the church a mile away. It impressed me with its nobility. I was on my way to the house of Mr. W., the man who had built the church, and I expected to find a fine mansion.

"Can you tell me where Mr. W. lives?" I asked a pedestrian.

"Oh, ay," he answered, "in yon cottage against yon bank."

Thinking there was some mistake, I went on, and presently overtook a girl in her Sunday attire. To make it plain whom I meant, I said to her:

"Can you tell me where Mr. W. lives—the gentleman who built this church?"

"That's his house," she said, pointing to the same cottage. "I'm going to the consecration."

Still I was sure there must be an error, but made my way to the door of the cottage. An old woman, simply dressed, answered my summons, I dared not ask if Mr. W. was in, and repeated my question:

"Can you tell me where Mr. W. is, who built this church?"

"Oh, you're the bishop, are you?" she said. "He's here—he's been expecting on you. You'll find him in the kitchen."

Ushered into the kitchen, I found an old and fine-looking man seated by the fire, smoking a long churchwarden pipe.

"So you've come, have you?" he said to me. "Nowt like bein' in good time. There'll be a snack o' something when you've done."

"You have done nobly by the district, Mr. W.," I said, grasping the old man by the hand. He returned my hearty squeeze, but seemed surprised. "Now, now," he said. "I made the population here by my mills, so I mun do my duty by them."

It was all a very simple matter to this old manufacturer, who still smoked his pipe by his kitchen fire, and so it seemed to his people as well.

A SMALL FAMILY.

Robbie, asked the visitor, have you any brothers and sisters?
No, replied Robbie, I'm all the children we've got.

Cured of Epilepsy.

THE STORY OF A ST. CATHARINES LADY WHO IS RESTORED TO HEALTH.

She Suffered Severely, Sometimes Having as Many as Four Spasms in a Week—Several Doctors Consulted Without Benefit.

From the Star, St. Catharines.

Mrs. S. B. Wright, of St. Catharines, has for a number of years been a severe sufferer from epilepsy, from which dread disease she is now happily free. To a reporter who recently called upon her to ascertain the manner of her cure, she said:—"It is to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my release. It is some years since I had my first attack. At the time I did not know what the trouble was, but the doctor who was called in to attend me at once said it was epilepsy, and that the disease was incurable. After this I had the spasms as often as two, three and four times a week. I had no premonitory symptoms, but would fall no matter where I was. I always slept heavily after an attack. Finding that the local treatment was not helping me my husband took me to a doctor in Hamilton. He also said that he could not cure me, but that he could give me medicine that would prolong the period between the spasms. This he accomplished, but I longed for a cure rather than for relief, and I finally consulted a specialist, who told me that he could cure me, but that I must have patience. I asked him how long he thought it would require to effect a cure, and he replied at least six months. He gave me medicine, and I took it faithfully, but instead of getting better I was surely growing worse. After following this treatment for some months without avail, I felt that I could not hope for a cure and was about resigning myself to my fate. My sister, however, urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a trial and reluctantly I decided to take her advice. For a time after beginning to use the pills I continued to have the spasms, but I felt that gradually they were less severe and my strength to bear them greater, and I persisted in the treatment until the time came when the spasms ceased and I was as well and strong as ever I had been. I took in all twelve or fourteen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although several years have elapsed since I discontinued their use, I have not in that time had any return of the malady. I owe this happy release to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them."

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

OOM PAUL'S SKY SYSTEM.

How the Crafty President of the South African Republic Learned All the Secrets of the British.

No one ever denied that Oom Paul, President of the South African Republic, was an astute old statesman. At the time of the Jameson raid it caused Dr. Jameson and his associates considerable surprise that their plans were known to the Boers almost as soon as they were conceived. The British were met, fought and defeated by an ambushed body of men almost at the very beginning of their attack, and it was believed at the time that one of their number had turned traitor and given the plans to the Boers, but now the secret is known.

The old warrior enlisted the services of the barmaids of Johannesburg in the political secret service. Through them he learned that new men were being enlisted in the Cape police and that new guns were being shipped week after week, from England. Through the same source he was informed of the attempts that were being made by English politicians to force the hands of the Government of the Orange Free State in case war should be declared by the British Government against his country. The Englishmen babbed all this over their cups, and the barmaids' winning smiles and bright eyes never gave them the suspicion that they were telling secrets of vital importance.

No sooner had the pretty barmaids enticed from the sturdy colonists their important secrets than Oom Paul was informed. The old statesman knew how to parry blow with blow. To the amazement of the British, no sooner had they increased their force of available fighters by means of secret enlistment than they were informed that Oom Paul had enlisted a still larger number of men. No sooner had their guns arrived from England than they found out that the Boers also had obtained from a firm in Germany, a larger number of weapons of still better manufacture. By means of always being forewarned Kruger warded off war.

NOTES AND NOTES.

Does your wife play by note?
I'm-er-yes. The piano dealer holds me for \$500.

SIAM'S FEMALE BODYGUARD.

The King of Siam has a bodyguard of female warriors—400 girls chosen from among the strongest and handsomest of all the ladies in the land.