

Diamond Cut Diamond

OR,
THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Geoffrey was taking the new horse he had bought for his wife in London for a gallop across the Downs; she intended to ride him for the first time to-morrow, and he was taking advantage of an off-day to give him a trial of speed.

Truth to say, he was not over well pleased with his purchase. There was something about the horse which did not seem to him altogether like about the Moor, as the horse was named; he did not think, indeed, that had his mind not been so absorbed with other things that day in London, that he would have bought him.

The Moor was undeniably a handsome horse, big boned, with good shoulders, and absolutely sound in wind and limb, a horse up to weight, too, and yet he had bought him at a comparatively low figure. Sometimes this is only a stroke of good luck, but sometimes again it points to an unknown and hidden defect, which the owner has been clever enough to conceal, and which the buyer only finds out afterwards to his cost.

The Moor might have been taken for a black horse, but for a slight indication of tan about the muzzle, nevertheless there was not a single white hair upon him from nose to tail. Now this, the knowing ones tell us, is a sure sign of temper; and it was of temper that Geoffrey suspected him, and yet he could not actually find it out, nor, indeed, could he lay his finger upon any specific blemish. He had now given him a pretty good trial, for upwards of an hour upon the hills. The Moor swung his head from side to side as he galloped, chucking it up occasionally in an uncomfortable fashion, but this might only be a trick. Again, he pulled a bit, but then he was very fresh—and he also had that sidelong uncertain glance out of the corner of his eye, which is reckoned as an untrustworthy sign both in man and beast. More than that Geoffrey found it impossible to accuse him of; he went with long easy swinging strides, that carried him swiftly over the ground; took a considerable fence or two in cold blood and without an instant's hesitation, and altogether comported himself on the whole in a satisfactory manner.

Nevertheless, Geoffrey had a vague sensation of mistrust about the animal, and he wished that he might persuade Angel not to ride him to hounds on the morrow; but her little mare being temporarily laid up with a thorn in her fetlock, he feared he should be unable to convince her of the necessity of giving up a day's hunting for so shadowy a reason as his own intangible and altogether groundless sensations of doubt.

So absorbed was he in the interest of his mount, and so intently was he on the look-out for the smallest sign of any of those evil things which he more than half expected to discover in his new purchase, that it was not until he was close upon her, that looking suddenly before him, he perceived the solitary figure of a woman in mourning garments, standing with a startled face and hands clasped convulsively together, straight before him, right in his very path.

The sight of her was a shock to him, the blood rushed tumultuously to his brain, he pulled up his animal with a jerk that nearly sent him on to his haunches, and then stood stock-still, looking at her.

It was Rose who came forward and spoke to him. "Geoffrey!" she spoke his name softly with a certain tremulous eagerness which she was unable to hide, and she held out her hand to him.

In an instant he had alighted from his horse and was beside her, his hand grasping hers, but he could not speak. "What in the name of fortune brings you here?" she asked with a smile. "What are you doing here? and how do you come to be riding on the Downs? Oh, I see, you must be staying at Codfisham with your father?"

"I am living here," he answered, regaining his self-control, and his voice at the sight of her quiet face and at the sound of her tranquil and natural questions.

"You are living here?" she repeated, wonderingly. "Yes, at Hidden House. Did you not know it? My Uncle bought it, he wished me to live in the country, part of the year; he has restored the house, changed it completely."

"I had not heard it," she said quietly and somewhat gravely. "If I had known—"

"If you had known," he interrupted, rather harshly and bitterly, "you would not perhaps have come so near me?"

"Possibly not, Geoffrey, why do you speak so bitterly? Of course, I am sorry that we have met; such a meeting can do no good, can it? It would have been better not. But since this accident has happened, at least let us speak to each other as old friends who say a few sad words ere they part again, probably for ever."

He bowed his head, humbly, touched by the gentle sadness of her words. "You are always right, and I am wrong! Forgive me, but, oh, Rose, it is terrible to me to be with you!"

There was a world of pain in his eyes, she could not bear to meet them. "Let us walk," she said briefly; she felt that it would be safer than to stand thus face to face in the solitude of the hills. So they walked on slowly side by side, back along the way she had come.

"Tell me about yourself?" she asked, presently. "What is there to tell?" he replied, wearily. "I want to know how it is with you, how are you making out your life? Are you—are you happy?" The last word she almost whispered, as if half-fearful of speaking it.

He answered her only with a groan. These were things that he felt that he could never speak about to her; away from her he was able to force his thoughts from the past, but in her presence he only knew once more that she was the love of his life, who had driven him from her presence for ever, and that in that outer darkness where she was not there could be no peace for him for ever.

Perhaps she read his thoughts, in the pathetic reproach of the sad eyes bent upon her, for she answered him not according to his words, but according to that instinct of absolute comprehension which is the strongest and subtlest tie that can bind a man and a woman to each other.

"Life seems very hard, Geoffrey. Do I not know it, too? You have heard, perhaps, of my trouble and my loss? Yet, for us both, if we only look for it, there is enough left, is there not, to bring to us a fresh spring of purpose and of hope? You have the love of your young wife?"

"I have not got it," he said quickly, and a little brokenly. "She does not love me."

"Then teach her to love you, Geoffrey. It will not be a hard lesson, believe me, for her to learn," and she smiled a little pale, wan smile up into his face. "She is your wife, remember! bound to you by the holiest ties, ties that are strengthened by the same interests and hopes and the same mutual dependence. Believe me, a husband can always win a young wife's heart if he chooses. Think how entirely her life is in your hands, to spoil or to render happy, just as you see fit; teach her to love you, and love her yourself!"

"And you—you tell me this!" he said with a strange emotion. "You set me this, task, Rose?"

"Ah, yes, dear friend. Is it not the best counsel I can give you, the best thing my love can still do for you?" He stood still suddenly and caught both her hands in his, pressing them with a passionate gesture against his breast, and looking down into her beautiful face with hungry eyes, and pale lips, set into hard lines, that told of his soul's keen suffering.

"You know," he said, hoarsely, "that whilst you are alive, I shall never love another woman."

Her eyes shrank away from his, she could not bear to see the stricken agony in the face she loved so dearly. Vaguely, almost blindly, they wandered out across the glorious breadth of landscape beneath, across the great sweep of the curving hills, across the tender grey of the plains beyond, that melted softly in the far distance into the faint line of the sky. Just at the first she saw it all indistinctly and unsteadily, conscious of nothing, save of the pain at her heart and of the hot burning tears that welled up slowly into her eyes, so that they blotted out all save the knowledge of her great sorrow; but presently something else awoke in her—a dull, dim comprehension of the why and the wherefore of life's martyrdoms, a half-numbed sense of the greatness of this beautiful world, and of the utter smallness and nothingness of man's poor little hopes and dreams; and as it dawned more and more upon her soul, there came with it, as well, a strange, mysterious presence of something so infinitely grander and greater than the present passing moments, a something that enveloped her in a sudden calm, stillness, as though she had been lifted up above this mean material earth to a world that was better and more than the passion-tossed whirlwind of human suffering.

Then she spoke to him again, and her voice was sad, yet very sweet and tender. "Geoffrey, I think you are right. The best thing I could do now for you is to cease to live."

"Ah, Rose!" she was a cry of pain wrung from his very soul. "She held up her hand with a gesture of deprecation.

"Hush! hear me out. It might be that it would be the best thing, and yet it is not always that we in our ignorance can judge what is the best. Yet, dear love, whom I have loved so well, something tells me that never in this world shall you and I stand thus face to face alone again together. Never shall we speak heart to heart as we are speaking now; so hear me, dear one, and, in the days that are to come, remember these last words that I have been given me to speak to you."

He bent his head with a murmur of submission to her will.

"Geoffrey! had God willed it otherwise, we might perhaps have been very happy together; we thought it our eyes with that wilful blindness to the many danger-signs that raised their warning arms in our path. Then, at length, the flood of our destiny swept remorselessly between us and divided us for ever. Yet, if I were to live for a century, I could never regret the poor love that I gave you, for the past sweetness was worth all the present pain! And you, you will never be sorry, will you?—that you once loved me? It can never do us any harm that we have loved each other truly. In this cruel world men's hearts are so much oftener prone to burn with hatred and anger, than with the pure steady glow of the fire that is, after all, of Divine origin."

"And then love is not all! thank God it is not all! It is, after all, but a small portion of that dreary road we call life, along which each of us must wend his way. It blossoms like the flowers by the roadside, but it is not the road itself. We can, if we choose, find out many other good things that are worth living for; duties to others, kindness and charity to those about

us; and above all that solemn trust, God's best and highest gift to the creatures made after His image, the brain and the intellect which He has given us. Is this sacred charge to be flung aside as nought, just because we are a little unhappy? Is this unspeakably precious thing to be hidden for ever, and buried in a napkin in the earth? Geoffrey, love may be to men the greatest of earth's blessings; if its highest dream is realised it becomes the most God-like thing in the universe; but if across its pages the sad word "Never" chance to be inscribed, then let us not waste the residue of a life that is given us for better things in tears and vain repinings, otherwise it will but drag us down, and its very memory become a curse. Look! and like a prophetic, she pointed suddenly across the plain, whilst her beautiful face glowed and shone with an almost unearthly enthusiasm. "Look! how great and how wonderful is this World of ours in which we, poor pigmies, make our feeble moan. Will the unchanging course of nature, of winter and of summer, of day and of night, be altered, do you think, for all our cries and prayers? Will the grand sweep of earth and sky, of hill and valley, be changed for our foolish repinings, or will the Potter pay heed to the pots, which in the grand scheme of universal order are destined to be crushed into powder? Learn Nature's highest lesson from her teachings, Geoffrey! Rise above your destiny, do not sink and grovel beneath it; take your place in the battle of the world and fight the fight of life for the good of others; not for that small contemptible thing that is called happiness and pleasure. Work for others, and not for yourself! Oh! that men would but learn how much greater is sacrificial nobility and more blessed it is to die for others than to live for self!"

Her eyes, Heaven-inspired, were raised to the heavens above, and a fitful gleam of win or sunshine breaking suddenly through a rift in the clouds illumined her beautiful face with an almost superhuman brightness. Till the day of his death, Geoffrey Dane never forgot her as she was at that moment, with the glow of a glorious enthusiasm in her kindling eyes, with the light of the sun-god in a golden flood upon her loveliness—the spirit within shining through every feature, and the inspiration of her pure beauty that seemed to be above and beyond that of the daughters of men.

It went through his mind at that moment to marvel how such a one as he could have dared to love such a woman as this, for surely the "cleansing fires" of suffering had purified this great heart into the refiner's most unsullied gold.

Passionately, brokenly, he spoke to her, with the impetuosity of a deep and fervent adoration, such as men have felt for the Holy Virgin; such as they rarely feel towards an earthly woman.

"You are the noblest woman on earth! Always your influence has been with me for good, never for evil. If, indeed, as you say, we never to see one another again, then to my dying day I will bless the good God for having known and loved you, and for the love you have given to me. All that is good in me comes from you; all the highest sources of my soul have been fed and nourished by your beautiful nature, and by your good and gracious mind. I have obeyed you always, obey you, now, always, to the death. As I swore to you long ago, I will be your true Knight, and will do that which you desire me to do. I will try and make myself what you wish. I will so live, that in the other world—where, perhaps, without sin you may meet and love again—you will not be ashamed to own me and greet me."

And so they parted, all had been spoken between them; just a clasp of lingering hands; just a tear-laden look into one another's eyes, and all was over. The man flung himself on to his horse and rode madly away. The slight figure before the breeze, and with bowed head and tear-blinded eyes was hurrying back across to the grassy upland slopes.

And ever as she went, the same words rang in her ear, over and over again, with a terrible reiteration: "Whist you are alive, never! Whist you are alive, never!"

"Oh, God!" she cried out aloud in her anguish, casting up her desolate face to the heavens above her. "If God be faithful indeed, and prayer indeed be true, then grant me this, only this,—that I may die, so that he may live to forget me!"

It was the last and greatest effort of the human sacrifice of self.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Meanwhile, in the drawing-room at Hidden House, Dulcie Halliday sat crouched upon the ground at her sister's side, holding both her hands in hers and listening to the story of her mistakes and misadventures.

"Oh, my poor, foolish Angel!" she was saying. "What could make you believe that I loved Horace Lessiter? Had you no eyes to see that, indeed, I almost grew to hate him for having won your heart, and that the offer of marriage he made me before he went away only annoyed and distressed me unspcakably?"

"If I had known it!" sighed Angel, miserably. "You mean, that you would not have married Geoffrey? Well, Angel, then I am glad that you did not know it, and that things are as they are. Geoffrey, at least, is a good man—Captain Lessiter is nothing but a weathercock, and an evilly inclined weathercock, too!"

Then Angel began to cry softly. "Oh, Dulcie! think of the shame and horror of it, that a man who has passed a girl by, as long as she was free and offered for him, should insult her by an offer of love, as soon as she is the wife of another man and beyond his reach!" Dulcie smiled grimly.

"That, my dear, is no uncommon

thing in man. It seems to me, that 'thou shalt not covet' should have been addressed to the male sex only. They always want what they haven't got, and despise that which is their own property."

Angel, who was used to her sister's cynical remarks, and was never very quick at a repartee, took no notice of this axiom, but sat nursing her knees, with the tears running down her cheeks, a very picture of wretchedness. Dulcie flung her arms about her, all the old maternal instinct awaking again within her.

"Oh, my darling! what is it that troubles you? Surely you can afford to forget this wretch, this vile commonplace creature—he will never trouble you again. Did you not say he had gone away?—is it not all over now?—then why not tell Geoffrey and get it off your mind?"

"Tell Geoffrey! Oh, Dulcie, I dare not!" and then she fell to weeping again. "If Geoffrey loved me, it would be different, but he does not love me, there is that other woman—his own sister told me so—that married woman, he has always loved! What chance have I?"

But Dulcie only laughed. (To Be Continued.)

HOW QUEENS ARE GREETED.

When Queen Victoria drives through the streets of London, spectators crowd the sidewalks to see her pass by. When the royal liveries are descried in the distance, there is a loud outburst of cheering with a deep undertone of loyal affection. As the carriage draws near, a few hats may be raised and handkerchiefs are waved, but the voices are hushed and the queen is received in silence.

The queen smiles graciously, turning first to one side and then to the other, and bowing to her subjects. They in their turn stare at her intently and are voiceless, while the crowds a long way in advance are shouting themselves hoarse. That is the English way of greeting a queen.

In Italy there is neither cheering nor shouting when the queen approaches, but when she bows first to the right and then to the left, the salutation is returned. The crowds are silent: when the carriage with the scarlet liveries is seen, but when she bends her head in recognition of her subjects, every man, woman and child seems to regard it as a personal compliment and returns it by bowing low.

This is the popular practice in Rome, whether the queen drives in procession with King Humbert under military escort on a state occasion, or passes through the Corso for an afternoon's outing in the pleasure-grounds of the Pincian. The spectators await in decorous silence her greeting, and when it is offered it is returned with that grave air of ceremony which is peculiar to the Latin races.

An Englishman in Rome, failing to hear the loud acclaim of popular welcome which is associated with a royal progress in London, would ordinarily think the silent welcome a cold one, and be inclined to laugh at the motley Italian throng bending low and returning the sovereign's greeting.

An Italian in London, on the other hand, would regard an English crowd so unmanly in the presence of a royal personage as begins by making a great uproar and ends with little more than a stolid stare, leaving, as it seems to him, the queen's salutation virtually unacknowledged.

Every European capital has its own point of view in its relations with royalty and dignitaries of state. Even the crowds of street-loungers in London or Rome, Berlin or Paris, have their own notions of etiquette and propriety.

BEAUTIFUL STATIONERY.

It is useless for the malcontent to urge that the art of letter-writing is becoming extinct, for, while Patience no longer indites endless epistles to Prudence filled with homilies and inward reflections, she nevertheless, speeds her messages upon such exquisite paper that it is a real pleasure to receive one's mail.

Nothing is so characteristic or individual as cards and stationery, and the newest whims show ideal coloring and handsomely shaped envelopes—mostly square, and often finished with a white edge. This may be simply flat, or slightly raised, having an appearance of our swell summer gowns.

A leading dealer has great success with an artistic shade known as "Wedgewood," and identical with the tender, grayish green of that ware. The edges of both paper and envelopes are white—a tiny little cord effect, not more than a sixteenth of an inch in width, the monogram or crest appears at the middle of the top of the first sheet, and the address is in full upon the flap of the envelope, in white, silver, bright blue, gold or black. The address is, like the monogram, usually embossed, but is also seen in simple block type, a size or so larger than used for the visiting card. Block type, by the way, is almost universal for cards now, especially in long or difficult names.

Parma violet, so called, but really a delicate pinkish purple shade, blue gray, pale steel and a café au lait gaudy red and showy blue papers are not countenanced by good taste, and the envelope is quite in keeping with the general good forms, being almost square, only slightly oblong, and of only medium size, nothing bizarre or overdone, and in papers at least, never was so marked an era of exquisite suitability.

Blood Poisoning.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF A PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY FARMER.

Hospital Treatment Failed to Benefit Him and His Life Was Despaired Of—Again Well and Strong.

From the Belleville Sun.

A reporter of the Belleville Sun recently had an opportunity to investigate a cure made through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People which is little short of miraculous. The subject of the cure is Mr. William H. Conklin, a well known farmer who lives in Ameliasburg township, Prince Edward county. When the reporter drove over to see Mr. Conklin he was under the impression, from what he had heard of the case, that he would find a partial invalid, but to his surprise found a stalwart, robust man of six feet, actively engaged unloading logs from a sleigh. On making known the object of his visit the reporter was invited into the house and Mr. Conklin gave his story as follows:—

You can see for yourself that my condition is now one of good health, and yet I have been near death's door. A year ago last summer I injured my hand, with the result that blood poisoning set in. A doctor was called in and the usual treatment given and I started to work. It soon turned out, however, that the poison had not been entirely got rid of and it spread through my whole system. The doctor was again called in, but looking upon my case as critical, advised me to go to the hospital at Belleville. This I did and remained there throughout the month of October, 1897. My condition was desperate, and as I was not making any progress toward recovery, I may frankly say that I gave my case up as hopeless. Believing that I could not recover, I asked to be taken home. I then tried various treatments with no better results. I could not walk without help, and I was doubled up like a jack-knife. At this stage I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and sent for half a dozen boxes. After using the first half dozen my appetite returned and night sweats which had been the bane of my sleeping hours deserted me. Knowing that the pills were helping me I sent for a further supply. Meantime a swelling came in my hip, which finally broke, and from that time my progress was more rapid and I am again as sound as ever, and able to do a day's work with any one. I can only add that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought me to my present state of good health and so long as I live I shall praise the remedy that brought me back from the verge of the grave.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FEMININE NECKWEAR.

The affectation of things masculine in wearing apparel by women has many and very curious fluctuations. This is especially notable in the matter of neckwear. During the entire winter a year ago the up to date and altogether correct young woman wore a white ascot tie with her tailor made suit. The last season has been quite different. Not an ascot has been seen, but instead, the daintiest, much be-trimmed and essentially feminine stocks and ties. The linen collar has given place to little turned down muslin affairs embroidered or hemstitched and lace edged, and the whole effect has seemed quite elaborate and fussy. The chances are that these generally becoming articles of neck gear will hold their own through the early spring and my lady's shirt waist continue to be trimmed past recognition, but fashion's finger indicates that plain effects are not forgotten, and the dainty maid will return to her fresh and severely plain shirt and ascot as soon as summer comes.

ONE FOR THE JUDGE.

Lord Esher had many amusing stories to tell of his experience on the bench, says St. James' Gazette. Once a well-known lady litigant described the late Master of the Rolls as "a perfect darling." A short time before he retired Lord Esher told a troublesome applicant that her case had been sent to be tried by a certain learned judge without a jury, adding, He is a capital lawyer, you know, and will try your case very nicely. But she demurred, and pressing her request for a jury, said: Oh, yes, my lord, Mr. Justice— is all very well as to law; but, my lord—and in this respect I am all in a difficulty in your lordship's court—my case requires so much common sense. Lord Esher was so delighted with this that he persuaded the court to dismiss the lady's application without costs.

AN ADMIRAL'S SOUVENIRS SOLD.

Four gold caskets, presented, with the freedom of their towns, to Admiral Lord Rodney, after his victory over the Spanish fleet by the cities of London, Edinburgh and Cork and the borough of Huntingdon, were sold at auction in London recently. The London casket brought \$1,500, Edinburgh casket \$1,250, the Cork casket \$600 and the Huntingdon one \$295. Each contained the diploma conferring the freedom.