

Diamond Cut Diamond OR, THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

That was the verdict that went forth and thus it was that the hand of God struck him down, and set her free from the unbearable yoke and burden of his conscious companionship. Rose need never be afraid of him any more. There was nothing to be done but to surround him with such care and attention as were necessary to secure his bodily comfort. A trained attendant was easily found. A few simple prescriptions as to diet and exercise learnt from the London physician who interested himself with more than ordinary kindness in the sad lot that lay before the beautiful woman who had sent for him, and then she turned her back for ever upon Longway Road, and the old garden, and the summer-house upon the wall, and went forth to seek a new home, humble in size and surroundings, and lying secluded and far away in the bosom of a green western English county.

Here she set up her household gods and began, or tried to begin, her life anew.

Martine and Jacques, of course, went with her, and her husband's attendant that was the whole of her retinue.

Her books had come with her in great wooden cases, and Martine and Jacques unpacked and dusted them carefully; but she had no heart to read, or even to arrange and sort her old friends. For a long time even they failed to console her. She was stricken, indeed, to the very heart.

Her charge was comfortably housed in two or three upper rooms, from which, save for a short daily walk, he never emerged, so that she lived practically alone. She strove to do her duty by him, visiting him at stated intervals, and struggling to overcome the strong loathing and disgust with which she regarded him. And in time the wretched man evinced a vague childish pleasure in her presence, which, so pitiful and tender is the heart of a true woman, was not without its corresponding effect upon her, and her resentment and hatred became at last merged in a feeling of pity and commiseration.

Then one day, the better part of Rose de Brefour arose within her once again and she was struck with shame that she had yielded so long to despair and inactivity.

The cultured mind could not slumber in its misery forever. The brilliant intellect, the keen, appreciative brain, fought their way instinctively out of the dark mists of suffering and sorrow, and came to the front once again. By her books she had rescued herself long ago from succumbing to the circumstances of her life, to her books she now turned again, and raised herself anew out of the abyss of paralyzed hopelessness into which her fresh troubles had dragged her down.

She set to work to sort and settle her library, and was surprised to discover at once how great was the pleasure she derived from the occupation. The very touch of the calf bindings of her old friends awoke keen tinglings of delight in her fingers, and the glimpse of parchment pages and rough-edged and brown-stained leaves caused her heart to throb with a long-forgotten joy.

Soon she lost herself and her identity once more in an existence of absorption and meditation, and all the great undying words that noble minds have bequeathed for ever to the world to which they had bid adieu became once again the very meat and drink of her existence.

There came a day, when Rose de Brefour, looking up thankfully to the winter heavens above her, could exclaim from her heart, with a smile of joy: "I thank God for the great good gift He has given to me—for the friends who never change or die, for the comfort that is never failing for the joy whose sources lie deeper and spring more unfailingly than any human happiness!"

And so, in her own way, she was at peace once more.

By degrees, too, the house she had come to live in grew more humanized and refined. She took some pains to beautify and adorn it and add to its scanty furniture, not because of any strange eyes that were likely to look upon it—for now, as in the past, only from a different cause she knew no one, and was not likely to receive visitors. It was simply and solely a love of beautiful and pleasing things that actuated her, a natural leaning towards all that is refined and gracious in the surroundings of life, that is doubtless an innate tendency in every highly cultivated mind.

So the little house, no longer bare and desolate as on that dreary night when, all unknown to her, Geoffrey had stood without, and looked through the uncurtained window, became, in a humble way, a reflection of her own orderly mind and a fitting background to her own beautiful self.

In fixing herself some fifteen miles north of Lillimster, Madame de Brefour had had no thought of bringing herself into contact with Geoffrey Dane, or with any of the past scenes of her life in Hillshire. She was not in fact, in the very least aware that the Hidden House had been purchased and restored and renovated by Matthew Dane, and presented by him as a wedding-gift to his nephew. She imagined that Geoffrey and his wife must be living in London, and nothing could be farther from her thoughts than she ran the remotest danger of meeting either of them.

As a matter of fact, she ran, in the ordinary course of events, no such danger at all; for a great spur of the Downs lay fixed between her house and Lillimster, and a road so bad and so stony would painfully over the hills so that direction that an effectual na-

tural barrier was raised between her and any frequent intercourse with the more civilized portion of the county. No common occurrence would have seemed to override this barrier. But one day, Fate or Providence, or whatever it is that has the ordering of the daily trivialities of our lives, interfered in an unexpected manner, and an event, unexciting in itself, but productive of unexpected results, was suffered to take place.

Martine, coming downstairs with a tray-full of glass and crockery, tripped against the carpet and fell. The tray was precipitated into the hall beneath, and every single thing that was upon it was smashed into atoms. The faithful old woman, to whom every item of Rose's possessions was precious as an inestimable treasure, ran weeping into her mistress's presence.

"Ah! what was to be done? She had broken—'Dieux des Dieux'—what had she not broken?—'des carafes! des tasses! des assiettes!' and, worse, 'calices'—all the china lamp which every always lit at Rose's elbow, had been reduced by her unlucky tumble into a very ruin!"

"Ah! malheureuse que je suis!" cried poor Martine, wringing her hands, with streaming eyes; "all these years and no such misfortune has ever happened until this accursed day!"

Rose endeavoured vainly to console her. Martine flung out her hands with a gesture of despair, and enumerated the list of casualties over again, ending with quite a desperate cry of "Et la lampe! la lampe!"

"I must go up and buy all, in London, to-morrow!"

"Nonsense, Martine! Your journey would cost more than all you have broken."

"I would pay myself!" cried Martine, striking her ample breast tragically with a couple of sharp, emphatic blows.

"Nonsense!" said her mistress again. "I tell you what we will do, you and I, Martine, we will have the pony-cart quite early to-morrow, so as to give the pony a rest, and take plenty of time, and we will drive into Lillimster and get all you have broken there." And so it was settled.

Mme. de Brefour—more for necessity's sake than for pleasure—had set up a little village cart and a strong hardy little pony, who could do a long day's work and be none the worse for it. Jacques, who was now butler, gardener and coachman combined looked after it and drove it daily into the nearest village to procure the necessities of life for the little household.

The following morning early, after breakfast, Rose and Martine started together on their expedition. Rose, with a list of things, which the approaching visit to a town and shops suggested to her, and Martine with a huge market basket, of French origin, in which to bring back the purchases.

And over the shoulder of the Downs, along a chalk-bespinkled steep and rutty road, their way led them in process of time straight down into the village of Coddisham.

Martine, elated by the unusual delight of a drive, and by the keen sunshiny air, discoursed, as was her habit, when alone with her mistress, in a free and untrammelled fashion.

"Ah! if it would only please Heaven to take that poor, Monsieur Leon to itself!" she began in that artless and outspoken manner, which she never took the trouble to repress. "then Madame might live in a town and marry again some rich and handsome Monsieur."

"Martine!" cried Rose, reprovingly, "how can you speak so of poor Monsieur Leon?"

"Ah! yes, I know, la malheureuse! Does anybody wish him to live, I should like to know? Not even you, mon ange, though you are so good and resigned to that which le bon Dieu orders. Even you would be glad if he were to die!"

"But it is wrong to speak of such a thing!"

"Mais pourquoi donc?—since we all think it, every hour of our lives. Oh! I do not think that the thoughts that are spoken are any more wicked than the thoughts that are thought," continued this philosopher of a modern school. "Moi, je n'y vois pas de différence! And if it was to make you happy after the trouble you have endured, why it might be almost a virtue to offer up daily prayers for it to come to pass. Only think, Madame, if you were able to marry again!"

Hush Martine, I am too old for such thoughts!"

"Ah! ah! when there was Monsieur Geoffrey. Ah, but he should have waited—celui-la!"

The flush of pain upon her mistress' face warned her that she was treading on dangerous ground. Madame de Brefour only said sadly:

"Dear Martine, you mean it kindly, but I am never likely to marry again—moreover, it is a sin to wish for the death of a fellow-creature, however sad may be his earthly conditions."

But Martine was an obstinate, old woman, and only tossed her chin defiantly. She refused to see any sin in wishing for the death of so unprofitable a person as Leon de Brefour.

A glorious scene opened out before them. A vast flat plain, reaching away for miles, lay spread like a map below. A plain swept by sunshine and shadow, and melting away into the tender indistinctness of the horizon, whilst close on either side the long range or round-topped hills swept back, curve beyond curve, like great billows of a giant ocean that have suddenly been stilled into immovable silence.

Immediately above them, a conical head, the landmark of the range, rose bare and bleak above its fellows, its brown face, scarred by the furrows of many water-courses and seared by the whirlwinds of a thousand storms. The day was fresh and sunny, and crisp, with a bit of frost in the air. The wind-blown clouds flung swift-changing shadows upon hill and plain, nestling lovingly in the great hollows of the Downs, or hurrying with lightning speed across their swelling bosoms.

The Downs were looking their best. How often, a year ago, had Rose lingered amongst them, and watched their varying loveliness, and watched their beauty as she watched them had she not learnt to love them!

Involuntarily she pulled up her pony for a moment, so that she might stop and look at their well-remembered features. A down country is like the sea, it gives one the same impression of infinite power and of illimitable vastness. A man who has been bred and born amongst the Downs can scarcely fail to have at his heart that solemn conviction of the greatness of the works of God, that sense of the immensity of Nature, with which a seafaring population is more generally credited. Those round, grassy hills, swelling away one behind the other, grow upon one wonderfully when one comes to dwell amongst them—they are so silent, and so vast, and their very uniformity fills one with a marvellous awe.

Rose de Brefour had known their strange, weird fascination, and had learnt to love them once; and now as she looked upon them again, memory carried her back to a certain April day, not quite a year ago, when the east wind had swept chill and bitter across their green bosoms, and the little lambs had sped away at her approach, and she herself had gone up to wait and to watch for a puff of white smoke across the far distance of the plains. And as she remembered that day, her eyes filled with sudden blinding tears. She gathered up the reins again, and the little pony trotted gaily on, and very soon was carrying them down hill towards the plain below.

Then all of a sudden, as they came down the road, a something familiar struck her in the aspect of the country. A square church-tower below a cluster of thatched cottages, a red-brick vicarage house, amongst the trees. Surely, surely this must be Coddisham itself! She pointed it out to Martine. She had not guessed that the road would lead her so near to the village, yet since fate had brought her here, a sudden fancy to see everything once more came into her mind.

"Martine," she said to her companion, as they entered the little village street, "I should like, I think, to stay here and have a walk whilst you take the cart on to Lillimster; you can put up at the hotel, you know, and do your shopping and get some food, and then come back here and pick me up just here by the churchyard. I will give you an hour and a half, but do not hurry. I will wait here till you come."

And so she alighted, and Martine went on alone. She walked back slowly towards the church, under the overarching boughs of the avenue of trees, that led towards it, under which she had walked on that Sunday, now so long ago, when she had met Geoffrey for the first time. There were no golden leaves, fluttering about her now as she walked, and upon the bridge across the trout-stream no slight figure clad in rough tweed, watching her with a startled look of wondering admiration in his wide-open brown eyes. Half expectant, indeed, she paused, lest some faint vision of that dearly loved face might perchance be conjured up for one brief second by still rebellious heart; but there was nothing—nothing but the low, moss-grown brick wall, and the babbling brook, singing ever on its way, and the speckled trout hurrying to and fro under the opalescent wavelets.

Rose de Brefour sighed. The past never comes back to us. Those sweet moments, so simple yet so happy, that we treasure so fondly in the storehouse of our hearts, never again repeat themselves, however we may yearn for them, but a shadow-like vision of their long-withered joy. The place may be the same—but we are changed—or some one who threw the glamour over all is missing, and we find again in the familiar features of the scene nothing more than the chill blank of a sorrow-laden emptiness.

Yet, whilst those vanished hours were still our own, within our grasp—how little we valued them, how lavishly we wasted them—how wantonly we flung away in handfuls the rich prizes for the very least of which we now starve and pine in vain!

And so the threads are spun amidst sunshine and laughter; spun, and then snapped and lost, never to be found again!

Thinking of all this, Rose de Brefour sauntered on sadly and dreamily till her wandering footsteps carried her, half unknowingly, past the church, and the last of the poor little thatched cottages, upwards once more towards the great silent Downs above.

At first she had no definite intention save to wander vaguely and to think over the past; but when she found herself back again upon the free, breezy, upland plain, she told herself that she would walk for a mile along the hills and look down upon the house in the chalk hollow that had once been her home.

The crisp wind caught her pale cheek as she walked, warming it into an unwanted glow, and ruffled lightly the

thick tresses of her auburn hair—not all the disfiguring ugliness of her crumpled garments could tarnish her rare and wonderful beauty. She went slowly, thinking much of those stolen days of transient happiness of the past year, days when she had tampered with wrong, bewildering her wiser judgment amidst a maze of false instincts and unreal imaginations—things which had been foreign to her nature, but which she had permitted herself to be led away by, for the sake of that short fever of hopeless love that had possessed her so determinedly and haunted her with such remorseless persistency.

"Ah!" she cried, half aloud. "How foolish are those who dread the retributions of another world! How little they must know of this one! Is not life long enough for punishment and do not a few short years bring down the irrevocable consequences of our sins upon each one of us?"

Then she looked suddenly up, and because the Downs are vast and wide and open, like the plain of their prototype, the sea, and because like it there can be nothing sheltered or hidden up on the grandeur of their greatness, then it came to pass that, far away, she discerned a small dark speck coming towards her—a man upon a horse.

Very far away when first she saw it, yet coming ever nearer and nearer to her. And then suddenly she stood still, clasping her hands, tightly upon her breast. To conceal herself would be impossible—flight would be in vain—and yet had the green earth opened and swallowed her up alive she would have been glad.

For she saw that it was Geoffrey Dane.

(To Be Continued.)

ADVENTURE AT NIAGARA.

How a Party of Tourists Were Nearly Carried to Their Death.

When the "ice-bridge" over the gorge below the falls forms at Niagara, tourists are likely to flock to it, since from it a superb view upward and upon the cataract can be had. From this ice-bridge, indeed, the cataract appears to be falling from the very skies.

On the 21st of last January the ice seemed very strong in the great gorge and more than a hundred people, mostly tourists, had ventured out upon it. They were moving about, or standing and looking at the falls, when some of them became aware that the ice was heaving, and soon all of them heard a groaning and crushing sound. Presently they saw that they were moving down-stream.

The mass of ice on which all these people stood had broken away from the shore, and was moving down toward the Whirlpool Rapids. To be carried into that maelstrom meant certain death. The people on the ice-floe as it had now become, were men, women and children. They were filled with terror, and rushed toward the American shore.

But a wide fissure had formed here—altogether too wide for any one to leap across. They rushed the other way, and here, too, a chasm of open and swiftly rushing and tumbling water separated them from escape.

The ice-raft, already feeling the influence of the whirlpool, which was but a few hundred yards below, tossed and tumbled and strained. The men on the raft feared that it would go to pieces and precipitate all who were upon it into the torrent. They counselled the people to crowd near one side, and take the chances that the current should force that edge against the shore.

It swung toward the shore, touched it, and the men, women and children peared from it to the land—all except two, a man and a woman. Before these could escape, the ice-raft had swung out into the stream again, and was pitching up and down more wildly than ever, and rushing downward toward the whirlpool.

All beholders had given them up, and they had themselves given up, when a rough counter-current caught the ice and hurled it toward the Canadian bank. It did not touch; there was still a gap—it even began to widen, when the man urged the woman to jump. She did; he followed her on the instant and pulled her up on the bank.

They were saved, and by what will always seem to those who behold it a special intervention of Providence.

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

What sad and fateful words are these: Too late! too late! too late! The bitter words that were our last, The broken vows behind us cast, The chance to do a kindness past, Too late! too late! too late!

What friendships true there might have been; Too late! too late! too late! The trustfulness that once was ours, The sweet delights of happy hours, Have wither'd like last summer's flowers, Too late! too late! too late!

'Tis those who love that suffer most; Too late! too late! too late! Tender hearts are soonest broken, Careless words—how easy spoken—Scorn exchanged for Love's sweet token, Too late! too late! too late!

Give flowers and kindness ere they be Too late! too late! too late! While life, and health and hope are mine, Let friendship, love, and truth endure, Then dark Remorse will not be thine, Regrets may come too late! John Imrie. Toronto, Canada.

A Child's Suffering.

MR. WM. MCKAY, CLIFFORD, N. S., TELLS OF HIS DAUGHTER'S CURE.

She Was First Attacked With Acute Rheumatism, Followed by St. Vitus' Dance in a Severe Form—Her Parents Thought She Could Not Recover.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

Wm. McKay, Esq., a well known and much respected farmer and mill man at Clifford, Lunenburg Co., N. S., relates the following wonderful cure effected in his family by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills:—"About three years ago my little daughter Ella, then a child of ten years, was attacked with acute rheumatism. It was a terribly bad case; for over a month she was confined to her bed, and during most of the time was utterly helpless, being unable to turn in bed, or in fact to move at all without help. She could not even hold anything in her hand. All power or use of her limbs had entirely gone and the pain she suffered was fearful. By constant attention after a month or so she began to gain a little strength, and after a while improved enough to be taken out of bed and even walked around a bit after a fashion by means of a support. But now she was seized with a worse ailment than the rheumatism. Her nervous system gave way, appeared completely shattered. She shook violently all the time, would tumble down in trying to walk. In attempting to drink from a cup her hand shook so as to spill the contents all over herself. She was a pitiable object. The doctors were called to her again and said she had St. Vitus' dance in the worst form. She took the medicine prescribed and followed the instructions of her physician for some time, but without apparent benefit. She wasted away almost to a skeleton and we gave her up for lost. About this time I read in a paper an account of a great cure of nervousness effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and resolved to try them. I bought six boxes and the little girl began using them. The good effects of the first box were quite apparent and when four boxes were used, she seemed so much improved that the pills were discontinued. She kept on improving and after a few weeks was as well as ever. We were told that the cure would not last, that it was only some powerful ingredient in the pills which was deceiving us and that after a time the child would be worse than ever. All this has proved false, for now nearly three years she has had unbroken good health, nerves as strong as they are made, and stands school work and household work as well as a mature person. We have no doubt about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restoring to our little girl, whom we looked upon as doomed to an early grave."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or shattered nerves, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, headache, dizziness, erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Protect yourself against imitations by insisting that every box bears the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TASTE SENSATIONS.

There Are Really Said to be Only Four of Them.

There are only four simple taste sensations—namely, sweet, bitter, sour—and salt. It is said by some that there are only two, sweet and bitter. All other sensations which are commonly called tastes are complex results of sensations of smell, touch, temperature and sight. The means by which we distinguish almost all of our common food and drinks is not the sense of taste so much as it is the sense of smell, touch, temperature and sight. All the fine differences by which we distinguish the various fruits, meats and drinks depend not upon taste at all, but upon these other senses. A proof of these facts may be given by merely blindfolding the eyes and closing the nose and taking various kinds of foods and drinks into the mouth without swallowing them. It will then be found that it is quite impossible to distinguish many of the commonest foods and drinks. It is, of course, generally known that what is popularly mistaken for the taste of coffee, tea and wine is only their aroma.

HOW THEY MANAGED IT.

And so you have finally succeeded in getting your husband to take the gold cure? I thought he always claimed that he could quit drinking whenever he wanted to? Yes, he did. We have just convinced him that he ought to take something to make him want to.

FIRST MISSION IN JAPAN.

The first missionary entered Japan in 1859. The first Christian convert was baptized in 1864, and in 1872 the first church was organized. Now there are over 40,000 converts and a Christian community of 150,000 in that country.

LARGEST CIGAR FACTORY.

The Compania General of Manila, the largest cigar-making concern in the world, employs over 10,000 hands, and turns out every year 80,000,000 cigars, 40,000,000 cigarettes, and nearly 3,000 tons of cut tobacco.