

**Diamond Cut Diamond**  
OR,  
**THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.**

**CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.**

There was a dead silence for the space of twenty seconds or so. Geoffrey's heart beat a little, he would not help the old man out by a single word; he thrust his hands deep down into his trousers' pockets and then looked at him steadily. Perhaps Matthew Dane did not altogether like the look in those grave brown eyes. Somehow, he could not meet them. And the sentence, when it was spoken, came out at last with a certain difficulty.

"You must marry Angel Halliday." Another short silence; and then Geoffrey, whose eyes had dropped, answered slowly, with a little quiet smile: "That, my dear uncle, is impossible."

Matthew Dane sprang to his feet angrily.

"And why is it impossible, pray? It is not only possible, sir, but it is a necessity, and I insist upon it. I have determined that it is to be—the thing is settled."

"Pardon me, Uncle Matthew," interrupted Geoffrey quietly, but firmly. "I don't see anything settled in the matter. My marriage is a thing that will concern myself alone, and no one else in the world. I will marry when I choose, or I will not marry at all. Miss Halliday is, no doubt, a charming girl, but I have no desire to make her my wife."

The old man was facing him, livid with rage; a wild desire to strike down even who dared to say nay to him, possessed him; but with a superhuman effort he controlled himself, and spoke with calmness. "Don't be a fool, Geoffrey, the match is in every way desirable. The girls, of course, will divide their father's share in the business; Angel will probably have the larger portion. It was Halliday himself who made the proposition to me; he will be satisfied with an alliance for his daughter, which, without being brilliant, will comprehend many solid advantages. The thing has been arranged between us, it is the basis of my proposals to you, the very key-note of our future arrangements. There can be no reasonable objections to such a plan. As to the girl herself, what young man in his senses would refuse to marry a girl like that? She is pretty, ladylike, and accomplished, and, moreover, you have already paid her such marked attentions that you have no right to draw back now."

"All that you say about Miss Halliday is quite true, uncle," replied Geoffrey. "She is pretty and clever, and charming—if, by my attentions, I have unwittingly raised any expectation in your mind, or in her father's, I am sincerely sorry for it; and you see that I have proved my regret by keeping out of her way—but, honestly, I do not believe that Miss Halliday herself has misunderstood me."

"This is all child's play," cried Mr. Dane, who was rapidly losing his self-control. "I have set my heart upon the scheme, and you must do as I wish, or else all that I have offered you is withdrawn. So now you can choose. Will you marry Angel Halliday and become my partner and heir, or will you remain a beggarly clerk, with a sixpence, to the end of your days? There is no middle course, that is my alternative. You may either take it or leave it."

He turned away and walked to the window, turning his back upon the young man. Geoffrey was very pale; he, too, had changed his position, and went and stood by the fire-place, with his shoulder against the high mantel-shelf.

No doubt that he debated with himself in those few brief moments of silence over the temptation offered to him; for when a man is at the outset of his career, and wants to get on in the world, and has a chance of success and profit beyond his fondest dreams held out to him, it is hard to resign it all for a sentiment—a mere idea. And, no doubt, he was very foolish and romantic, and deserves but little sympathy or compassion for his folly; but, anyhow, he did resign it. The struggle was very short, the temptation soon over.

"What shall I profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Perhaps the well-known words came flashing back into his mind, fitting themselves to his case with a curious exactness. Or, perhaps, it was only some vague sense of honour towards the two women whose fate had been so strangely thrown into his hands, or that strange modern code which stands, no doubt, in place of the chivalry of past generations; which makes the young man of the nineteenth century say to himself, "I could not be such a cad!"—words that have no doubt often saved a man from ruin. Something of each; perhaps a little of all. Anyway after a few minutes, Geoffrey Dane walked up to where his uncle stood, and laid his hand upon his arm; there was a flush upon his cheek, and a strange bright light in his eyes.

"My dear uncle," he said, quite simply. "I am very, very sorry to seem ungrateful and to vex you in any way, but I cannot marry Angel Halliday, for the very good reason that I love another woman; and I am sure you would not wish me to do such a backward thing, as to ask any woman to be my wife, if I did not love her best of all on earth. I can't do it, you know; no, not for all the wealth of the house of Dane and Tricket, or for what, believe me, I prize quite as much—your affection and goodwill."

"You love Madame de Brefour," thundered forth old Dane furiously. "That's what it is, deny it if you dare."

"Geoffrey fell back a step or two and turned white as a sheet."

"I do love her, I have no wish to

deny it," he replied at last in a low voice.

"You young scoundrel—and she is a married woman! How can you have the face to own your wickedness! She passes herself off as a widow, but you know that her husband is alive!"

"That is a lie," answered Geoffrey very quietly, but with quick, kindling eyes of concentrated rage.

"Aha! a lie, is it? Go and find out—go and find out! Ask her—ask her. A precious fool she has made of you—go and find her and ask her!"

The door slammed behind him and he was gone, and Geoffrey reeled back as though he had been given his death blow.

**CHAPTER XX.**

"It is not," said Dulcie Halliday, "exactly what may be called an original observation, but still I should like to make the remark that 'all is Vanity.'" Dulcie lay on her back upon the lawn at Harbord, her arms were flung up behind her head, her eyes were fixed upon the "blue Empyrean" overhead. The sunshine flickered through the fluttering leaves of the beech branches and shed itself in splashes of gold over her white cotton dress. Had by, on a bench. Angel sat dreaming over Browning's poems—her head down bent, her pure profile delicately traced against a background of greenery, her long lashes sweeping the perfect oval of her cheek.

It was a hot breezeless afternoon, the air was heavy with the scent of the mignonette and heliotrope, the sun poured down blindingly over the trim garden beds, over the white stone house with its striped sun-blinds, with its long line of scarlet geraniums framing it round with a flame-like girdle. A great stillness was in the air, only the little saffron-coloured butterflies fluttered above the flowers, and there was a lazy, humming sound as insects numbered.

The tennis-court was stretched and the girls had been playing a desultory game, but the heat had been too much for them, and they had flung their rackets aside and had retreated precipitately to the shelter of the shady corner of the lawn to rest from the rash exertion.

When Dulcie broke the somewhat lengthened silence by quoting King Solomon, Angel started so violently that Browning slipped off her lap upon the grass, thereby proving how slight had been the mental hold of the poet upon her, and how slight also had been her physical hold of the poet.

"I believe you were asleep, Angel!" cried Dulcie reproachfully.

"Very nearly, I fancy," she answered with a drowsy smile. "What makes you say that, Dulcie, about Vanity?"

"Well, it's a common sort of remark to make when one is bored. But as a matter of fact I was reviewing our last month in town. What has been your dissipation?"

"A collection of dirty ball dresses," "Sundry satin slippers worn into holes."

"A file of unpaid bills—"  
"A general sense of depression!"

Then they both laughed.

"People would say we were a couple of discontented, ungrateful girls if they could hear us," resumed Angel, "I think how kind everybody was, and how few country girls get the chance of a whole month's London season."

"Yes, that's all very fine, but then, as we are quite by ourselves, and there is nobody to hear us, we might as well, you know, speak the truth—and—with a deep-drawn sigh—"you are perfectly right, especially about the depression."

"What a moral lesson upon the futility of earthly pleasures!" said Angel, with a smile.

"That's exactly what I say," cried Dulcie. "That brings us back to left-hand side. Just what I remarked at first. All is Vanity. He knew it, you see, quite as well as we do."

"I don't suppose he said it till all the fun was over," remarked Angel, sententiously. "One can't eat one's cake and have it, and we have eaten ours down to the last crumb, and now we begin to cry out about vanity."

"Well, we have got one crumb left still in prospect—Venetia Lessiter's bazaar next week—that will mean a night in town for us."

"And a theatre—there is balm in Gilead!"

"Unless," remarked Dulcie, doubtfully, "she has got tired of it—"

The words were no sooner out of her mouth than the parlourmaid, in a neat cap, was seen approaching them from the house, bearing the second post letters upon a tray.

"Why, here is a letter from her ladyship," cried Angel.

"Talk of the—What is it about?" Angel scanned the letter with rapid eyes.

"Private theatricals at the Audacity Theatre—learning the part of Roxalana—a Turkish costume—Can she borrow my Indian gold tissue scarf for a turban? Full gause unmentionables, gathered in at the ankles, strings of unpolished turquoise, an embroidered velvet jacket. Here's a whole page of it! Venetia has gone mad upon exhibiting herself upon the stage! It's all for Charity, she says—for the benefit of the Costermongers' widows and orphans fund—tickets half-a-guinea each, or twenty-five shillings, family ticket for three."

"But what about the Bazaar?"

"Not a word! Oh yes, here it is in a postscript at the end. 'Of course it

must throw over my stall at the Bazaar next week, as I couldn't possibly have time for both. Mary Hayes has promised to hold it for me, and I have sent her all the dolls, dresses, and undresses, and all the scraps, so she takes the whole thing off my hands bodily. Very sorry, darlings, but you must come and see me at Roxalana instead, next month. Such a duck of a part!"

"There goes the last crumb of our cake! Next month, might as well be never," says Dulcie, tragically. "Twas ever thus from childhood's hour."

Angel is silent. Perhaps, on the whole, she is not altogether sorry to be spared another sight of those fixed-eyed, pink-cheeked dolls, with their aggressive arms and legs, that are connected forever in her mind with a certain afternoon in Mont street, when the hopes and illusions of so many months were shattered at one blow into dust.

A silence too, falls upon Dulcie. She is pondering about many things, wondering if she did right, or if she had made an irreparable mistake, in sending Horace Lessiter to the other side of the world. She steals a furtive glance at her sister. Has Angel forgotten him? she wonders. Never has his name been mentioned between them. Does she know he has gone? She must know it. And if she does, is she grieving for him in hopeless despair? Or has Geoffrey Dane caught her heart at a rebound? And as she thinks of Geoffrey, she grinds her teeth in rage and anger. What does he mean, or does he mean anything or nothing? Why did he hang upon Angel for days, choosing always the placid near her—glancing at her softly, whispering sweet things into her ears, and then suddenly, and come near her no more? Why, having gone so far, did he go no further?

"If I were her mother I might ask him his attentions in the approved old-fashioned style," she says to herself grimly; "being what I am I can only look on, and grin and bear it! Why did he treat Angel in such a fashion? Was he never in love with her at all? or did he like her at the first and then grow tired of her after a bit?"

And then, as her fond eyes rested upon the stately features and the gentle smile, so full of goodness and sweetness, a new wonder crept into Dulcie's mind. What was there about her beautiful sister that, whilst claiming the admiration of men, failed in some fashion to gain their love?

"They fall in love with me fast enough," said Dulcie ruefully to herself. "I who don't want them! Even that great donkey, Mr. Faulkner, pursues me with the eyes of a dying duck in a thunderstorm. Why don't they love Angel, too? Surely she is beautiful enough and good enough." Or were all her virtues of person and character as naught in their eyes, by reason of that one unamendable sin in man's eyes—the sin of coldness. For, somewhere or somehow, Dulcie had heard that word in connection with Angel. She was cold, someone had said. Was that why they failed to love her?

"Ah! they did not know her, did not understand her, if they thought so!" cried the girl in her loyal heart. She knew that Angel was tender enough to make a devoted wife and mother. But she was miles too good for any of them; why could they not see with her eyes? As to Geoffrey Dane, he was behaving so shamefully, abominably! Dulcie was dreadfully angry with him; judging him, as so many of us judge our neighbors, entirely from her own side of the question, and without the faintest knowledge or intuition that there might very possibly be another side to it.

And then suddenly Angel spoke: "Horace Lessiter has gone to Australia, Dulcie." She said it more as a statement than a question.

"Yes, dear," answered Dulcie, very gently, and she kept her eyes averted lest she should catch a look of pain upon that dearly loved face.

"I was your who sent him?"

"I—I suppose so."

Angel sighed wearily, Dulcie reached out her hand, and laid it on her knee.

"I wouldn't think of him any more, dear, if I were you; try to forget him."

A look of reproach filled Angel's eyes.

"I do not think of him—not as you mean—can you not be sure of that? But, oh, Dulcie! will he not come back some day, and will it not all come right?" She bent forward, speaking earnestly; for to Angel it seemed that only time was wanting to complete the happiness of these two, who were dearest to her on earth—only time, and a sacrifice of herself upon the altar of her sisterly love.

But Dulcie did not understand her, she looked at her with a faint surprise. It did not occur to her that Angel's one dream was to see an impossibility realized; it only seemed to her that her sister was still hankering after the man who had gone away, and who had made a game of her love.

A little indignation, in spite of all her love, crept into her heart. "I should be too proud in her place to let myself be played fast and loose with—first with one man, then with another," she told herself. That was the worst of those perfect Christian characters! They are so meek, they never can stand up for themselves. "She is not fit to fight the world's battle," she thought; "she is too good, too utterly candid and suspicious; lucky for her that I am made of coarser grain, and can stand up for her, and not allow her to be trampled upon."

And so upon this one small misunderstanding the wheel of fortune went round and the threads of destiny were spun, and Angel Halliday's destiny was caught in the great mesh of fate, caught and gathered in and made fast forever.

Even then, so small a thing does it

take to alter our whole existence, Dulcie might have said a word or two aloud of her heart's unspoken thoughts, or Angel might have raised for one instant a corner of that thick impenetrable veil in which she had wrapped herself round from the loving eyes that were unable to pierce it, and all might have been different; and each waited, and neither spoke for some two or three seconds of silence, the opportunity was already past, and Time, the great auctioneer, brought down his hammer with an irrevocable thump, just at the same moment as a small foreign substance entered the arena in the shape of a mongrel little dog, who came suddenly trotting round the corner of the house, and, making straight for Dulcie, precipitated himself with effusive gestures of delight upon her recumbent form.

"Great Heavens, it's Trousers!" exclaimed Dulcie, turning as red as a peony and springing to her feet. "Why that great idiot must have come down by the three o'clock train!" And sure enough, making great strides towards them, across the sun-flooded garden, with a smile of most sheepish self-consciousness upon his plain, honest face.

"Good gracious! What on earth brings you, Mr. Faulkner?"

(To Be Continued.)

**THE TRANSVAAL GOLD MINES.**

Their Remarkable Progress—The Diamond Yield is Also Large.

The report on the mining industry of the South African republic for 1897 presented to the Volksraad gives remarkable details of the progress made in the gold mining in the Transvaal and the striking regularity in the yield of gold, hardly equalled by any known gold fields. The capital of the 198 gold mines working at the end of 1897 was \$363,863,750. Of these, twenty-eight mines with a capital of about \$50,000,000 paid \$14,750,000 in dividends, or nearly thirty per cent. Sixty-four other mines were producing gold, but paying no dividends, and some could not pay any without a considerable reduction in working expenses. The other 106 mines were in course of being opened up.

The total value of the gold yield in 1897 was \$58,255,000, being \$15,000,000 more than in 1896. Of this 66 per cent, was from crushing mills and 34 per cent, by chemical extraction. The quantity of ore worked was 5,741,311 tons which gives a yield of a little over \$10 to the ton, which, as the working expenses were about \$6.63 per ton, left a net profit of \$3.38 per ton. The working expenses in 1896 had been \$6.53, and in 1895, \$7.54 per ton. The total expenditure of the gold mining industry had been \$45,250,000. As during the past year, so in 1897, the Transvaal Government refrained from levying the tax of 2-1/2 per cent, on the yield, and as there is no income tax and no exchange or stamp duty is paid on newly issued shares, the gold mining industry does not appear to have much to complain of in that respect. The reduction of the price of dynamite by \$2 and the lowering of railway rates contributed in increasing the profits.

There were, however, great losses made in Transvaal mining securities during 1897. These are attributed to the unscrupulous proceedings of promoters, who formed nearly 400 companies with a total capital of \$300,000,000 in localities where no gold existed, and over-capitalized other companies to such an extent that dividend paying was entirely out of the question even if dynamite had been imported free of duty and coal carried to the mines free of charge. The profit-paying capacity of the mines in general might be increased, but for three causes; namely, the theft of gold from the works, the illicit sale of alcohol to the native laborers, and the labor question generally, about 25 per cent. of the Kaffir laborers being constantly incapacitated for work.

**A FEAT IN GLASS BLOWING.**

Russian Peasant Shows Experts Trick in Their Own Trade.

Emperor Nicholas wished to illuminate the Alexander column in a grand style. The size of the round lamps to be used for the purpose were indicated, and the glasses ordered at the manufactory where the workmen exerted themselves in vain, and almost blew the breath out of their bodies in the endeavor to obtain the desired size.

The commission must be executed—that was self evident—but how?

A great premium was offered to the one who could solve the problem. Again the human bellows toiled and puffed. Their object seemed unattainable; when at last a long-bearded Russian stepped forward and declared that he could do it—he had strong lungs, he would only raise his mouth first with a little water to refresh them.

He applied his mouth to the pipe, and puffed to such purpose that the vitreous ball swelled and puffed nearly to the required dimensions, up to them, beyond them.

"Hold! Hold!" cried the lookers on. "You are doing too much; and how did you do it at all?"

"The matter is simple enough," answered the long beard, "but first, where is my premium?"

And when he clutched the promised bounty he explained.

He had retained some of the water in his mouth, which had passed thence into the glowing ball, and then becoming steam had rendered him this good service.

**PAUPER PRINCES.**

Curious Turas For the Worse of the Wheel of Fortune.

It was a curious freak of fortune which recently made a pauper inmate of Ely workhouse of a man who had once ruled over it as its master, or which brought a marchioness, destitute and ailing, to seek an asylum in the St. Mary's union workhouse, Highgate, England.

A few weeks ago an abject creature in rags fell dead in the streets of Paris from the rupture of a blood vessel. On his body were found papers which proved that the pitiful wreck of humanity was Count Auguste G. de la Tour, member of a distinguished family, who had fallen on evil days, and who had tried in vain to keep body and soul together by selling pamphlets in the streets.

Scarcely less pitiful is the fate, a month or two ago of Ladislaus Mierzynski, who in the eighties was one of the most idolized singers in Europe, earning fabulous sums and living in almost regal style.

After a few years his voice failed, and he had to abandon the stage, and rapidly sank into the most abject poverty. In this condition, ragged and destitute, the former idol of Europe, was found by a friend and installed as hall porter at a hotel at Cannes, where in the days of his fortune he had lived as a prince.

In August last a woman was buried in a pauper's grave in Bulgaria, who had been within a measurable distance of wearing a crown. At Belgrade Ferdinand Kinsky, the confidential friend and adviser of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, fell under the spell of her charms, and she induced him to foment a rebellion against his prince, in the hope that as his wife she might succeed to the throne.

The conspiracy was almost ripe, when Kinsky died suddenly, and the fair conspirator was expelled from Bulgaria. She quickly fell into absolute want, and after some years of terrible privations, died penniless and heartbroken at Passofort.

Many a career which opened full of brilliant promise has come to a sad end in Australia, but none more pathetic than that of Prince Czetwertinski, a nobleman of Poland.

It was Monte Carlo which robbed the prince of fortune and position and sent him an exile to New South Wales. He died in the most abject poverty, and the prince now rests in a pauper's grave.

Prince Chilkow, Russian minister for railways, began life as a mechanic in Liverpool, and in turn became a railroad guard and station master.

By a serious invasion of fortune, one of the most distinguished officials in Russia, who was in the zenith of his power when Chilkow was a railway guard in England, disgraced himself and fell into such depths of destitution that he was glad to earn his bread as a porter in a business house in Germany.

COMpletely PROSTRATED.

A Quebec Farmer Tells How He Was Restored From Almost Hopeless Suffering to Complete Health.

Mr. Wm. Goodard, a well known farmer living near Knowlton, Que., says:—"A few years ago my health gave way and I was completely prostrated. The least exertion would make me up and make it difficult for me to breathe. I suffered from headaches, had no appetite, and fell off in weight until I was reduced to 130 pounds. Finally I grew so bad that I was forced to keep my bed, and remained there for several months. I was under the care of a good doctor, but he did not seem to help me. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I procured two boxes. When I had finished them I could not see much improvement and would have stopped taking them but for the urging of my friend, who said that in my condition I could not expect to see immediate results. I continued taking the pills, and by the time I had taken a couple more boxes there was no doubt that they were helping me, and it needed no further persuasion to induce me to continue them. In the course of a few months I not only regained my health, but increased in weight fifty pounds. These results certainly justify the faith I have in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I strongly urge those who are weak and broken down to give them a fair trial."

More weak and ailing people have been made strong, active and energetic by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than by any other means. They fill the veins with new, vigorous blood, and strengthen every nerve in the body. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, or sent by mail by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

An English paper tells how the Archbishop of Canterbury, some time ago entered an East End London church during a week-night service, and, taking a back seat, joined in singing one of Moody and Sankey's hymns.

Next to him was a workman who was singing lustily in tune. The Primate was wretchedly out of tune, and his singing evidently upset the workman, who patiently endured the discord as long as he could, and then nudging the Archbishop, whispered in his ear: "Ere, dry up, mister; you're spilling the show!"

Beauty is but skin deep, but homeliness measures twelve inches to the foot.