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The Diamond Coterie

By LAWRENCE M. LYNCH

of "A Woman's Crime," "John Arthur's Ward," "The Lost Witness," "A Slender Clue," "Dangerous Ground," "Against Odds," Etc., Etc.

on her person that is not absolutely needed to screen from mortal gaze a bone. A woman with a long, sharp nose, two bright, ferret-like brown eyes, and rasping voice, that seems to have worn itself thin asking hard questions of Providence, from sunrise till dark.

The table has been sweet for two but

The table has been spread for two bu

could step into such a family as I belon to, Mrs. Bu rill? No one can say the John Eu-rill's a common fellow after

who has been listening quite content

a divorce; and Lord knows I had ca

The woman paused for a moment, and then resumed her tirade of mixed clo-quence and bad grammar.

"I didn't expect to be drove into the

divorce court at the point of a pistol, but that's how it ended, and you was free to torment Miss Lamotte, poor young thing 'lon't you let yourself think that I envied her! Lord knows I had had

but Jasper Lamotte was equal to the occasion; this not being his first morning interview with his son-in-law; and, after a little, John Burrill was sufficiently awake to scramble through with a hasty toilet, talking as he dressed. toilet, talking as he dressed.

"Business is getting urgent," he grumbled, thrusting a huge foot into a gorgeously decorated slipper. "I'd rather talk after breakfast."

The table has been spread for two\_but the second party at the besuduet, a gamin son aged seven, has swallowed his own and all he could get of his mother's share, and betaken himself to the streets,

talk after breakfast."

"Pshaw, you are always drunk enough to be unreasonable before noon. Turn cold water upon your head and be ready to attend to what I have to say."

What he had to say took a long time in the telling, for it was a long, long hour before the conference broke up, and the two men left the room together.

Then the doors of the wardrobe opened slowly, and a pale, pinched face looked forth; following the face came the body of Evan Lamotte, shaken as if with an ague. Mechanically he closed the wardrobe, and staggered rather than walked

forth; following the face came the body of Evan Lamotte, shaken as if with an ague. Mechanically he closed the wardgobe, and staggered rather than walked from the room. Once more within his own room he locked the door with an unsteady hand, and then threw himself headlong upon the bed, uttering groan after groan, as if in pain.

After a time he arose from the bed, and, going to a desk, opened it, and took therefrom a capacious drinking flask; raising it to his lips he drained half its contents, and the stimulant acting upon overstrained nerves, seemed to restore rather than to intoxicate.

"At last," he muttered to himself, "I am at the bottom of the mystery, and—I am powerless." Then, like his sister on the previous day, he muttered, "There is but one way—only one—and it must be done!" Then throwing himself ones more upon the bed, he moaned:—

"Oh that I stage uread the family." "Yes, it's me—all of me," the man replies, as if confirming a doubtful statement, "Why, now; you act as if you didn't expect ma."

t is for Sybil I care. But—for to-day let them all keep out of my sight—I could not see them and hold my peace."

He pocketed the half empty flask, and med bit war from the house to be seen that you can't stay away away from here, after all that's come and gone." by none at Mapleton for the next twenty- | subbing his hands together. "Anyhow,

made his way from the house to be seen by none at Mapleton for the next twenty-four hours.

After that morning interview with his father-in-law, John Burrill blusters less for a few days, and makes himself less disagreeable to the ladies. He accepts the situation, or seems to; he rides out on one or two sunny afternoons with Mrs. Lamotte and Sybil, and on one of these occasions they met Constance Wardour, driving with her aunt. The heiress of Wardour smiles gayly and kisses the tips of her fingers to the ladies, but there is no chance for him—he might be the footman for all Constance seems to see or know to the contrary. This happens in a thoroughfare where they are more than likely to have been observed, and John Burrill chafes inwardly, and begins to ponder how he can, in the face of all the Lamottes, gain a recognition from Constance Wardour. In his sober moments this becomes a haunting thought; in his tipsy oges it grows to be a mania.

One day during this lull in the family

stance Wardour. In his sober moments this becomes a haunting thought; in his tipsy ones it grows to be a mania.

One day, during this lull in the family sleep, Sybil and her mother visit the city, doing a mountain of shopping, and returning the next day, Sybil keeps on as she began on the night when she listened to her father and husband while they held council in her mother's room. She is full of energy and nervous excitement always, and the old stupor of dullness, and apathetic killing of time, never once returns. But Mrs. Lamotte likes this last state not much better than the first; neither does Constance; but they say nothing, for the reason that it would be useless, as they know too well. Sybil goes out oftener, sits with the family more, and seems like one waiting anxiously for a long expected event.

John Burrill is a little disturbed at Sybil's visit to the city. He knows that she will go and come as she pleases there, unquestioned, and, if she choose, unattended by her mother. And, without knowing why, he feels inclined to rebelibut he is still under the spell of that morning interview, and so holds his peace.

Evan, too, under the same uncanny spell goes about more morpes than they will go and the mother is a mania.

"Look here, Mrs. Burrill number one, don't you take adavntage of your position, and ride the high horse too free. It's something to 'are leen Mrs. J. Burrill once, I'll admit; but don't guite so handsome as the present Mrs. Burrill, neither are you so young, consequently you don't show off so well in a tantrum. Now the present Mrs. Burrill.

"Oh, then she does have tantrums, the present Mrs. Burrill, severed the woman, fairly quivering with suppressed rage. "One would think she would be so proud of you that she could except the woman, fairly quivering with suppressed rage. "One would think she would be so proud of you that she could stop that they all talk French up there, so that you can't wring into their confabs, John."

"Does he" remarked Burrill, quietly, but with an oninous gleam in

spell, goes about more morose than usual, more silent than usual, more sar-John Euerill's a common fellow after that feat."

John Buerill's a common fellow after that feat."

No. lut a great many can say that feat."

No. lut a great many can say that John Buerill's a mean fellow, too mean to walk over. Do you think the men as they seek for pleasure in the haunts of the vilest, Evan continually playing upon the vanity and credulity in Burrill's nature, to push him forward as the leader in all their debauches, the master spirit, the bon vivant, par excellence.

And Burrill goes on and on, down and down. He begins to confide all his mandlin woes to Evan, and that young man is ever ready with sympathy and advice that is not calculated to make Jasper Lamotte's position, as bear trainer, a sinecure.

Details a common fellow after that feat. "No. lut a great many can say that John Buerill's a mean fellow, too mean to walk over. Do you think the men as our ped with, don't know what you are, John Lurrill! Do you think that they jou need not stare, we ain't fools down bere at the factories. Maybe I know what that socret is, and maybe I don't. It's no matter. I know more of your doings than you give me credit for, John Burrill. Now, what must you do? Blackmail would have satisfied a sensil le man; but straightway you are great many can say that fools that feat."

John Buerill's a common fellow after that feat."

No. lut a great many can say that John Buerill's a mean fellow, too mean to walk over. Do you think the men as our ped with, don't know what you are, John Lurrill! Do you think that they jou worked along side of, and drank and upped with, don't know what you are, John Lurrill! Do you think that they jou worked along side of, and drank and upped with, don't know what you are, John Lurrill! Do you think the men as our ped with, don't know what you are, John Lurrill! Do you think the men as our ped with, don't know what you are, John Lurrill! Do you think the men as our ped with, don't know what you are, John Lurrill! No walk over. Do you think the men as our ped with, don't know what you a

Burrill begins to throw himself in the with a growing vexation.

But Burrill persevers, and the more
nearly he approaches the fourth stage of
his intoxication, the more open becomes
his stare, the more patent his growing

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is night, late and lowering; especially gloomy in that quarter of W— where loom the great ugly rows of tenements that are inhabited by the factory toilers; loom the great ugly rows of tenements in that are inhabited by the factory toilers; for the gloom and smoke of the great engines brood over the roofs night and day, and the dust and cinders could only be made noticeable by their absence.

In a small cottage, at the end of a row of larger houses, a woman is busy clearing away the fragments of a none too bountiful supper. A small woman, with a sour visage, and not one ounce of flesh

stand that there's a coarse breed of folks, same's there is of dogs, and that you are a mighty coarse breed. I've lived out John Burrill, the low women you are so fond of, and the girls at the factory, have called you good lookin', until your head is turned with vanity. You have got yourself in among the upper class, no matter how, and I suppose you expecy your good looks to do the rest for you. mind once when I was at service in mind once when I was at service in Herefordshire, the Squire had a fin young beast in his cattle yard, black an sleek, an' handsome to look at, and the young ladies came down from the big house and looked at it through the fence, and called it a 'beautiful creature,' but all the same they led it away to the slaughter house with a ring in its nose, and the young ladies dined off it with a

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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John Burrill stroked his nasal organ fondly, as if discerning some connection between that protuberance and the afore-

between that protuberance and the aforementioned ring; but he made no attempt to interrupt her.

"You was bad enough in England, John Burrill; what with your poaching and your other misdeeds, and sorry was the day when I left a good place to come away from the country with you, because it was gettin' too hot for you to stay there. You couldn't get along without me then; and you can't get along now it seems, for all your fine feathers, without you come here sometime to brag of your exploits, and pretend you are lookin'

exploits, and pretend you are lookin' after the boy."
"Nance," said Burrill, "you're a fine old bird! 'Ow I'd like to set you at my old father-in-law, blarst him, when he old father-in-law, blarst him, when he rides it too rough sometimes, and, what a sociable little discourse you could lay down for the ladies too, Nance; but, are you about done? You've been clean over the old ground, seems to me, tho' I may have dozed a little here and there. Have you been over the old business, and brought me over the water, by the nape of the neck; because, if you haven't—no, I see you have not, so here's to you, Nance, spin on;' and he took from his pocket a black bottle, and drank a mighty draught therefrom.

"No, I'm not done," screamed the woman. "You've come here to-night, as

woman. "You're come here to night, as you have before, for a purpose; one would think that such a fine gentleman could find better society, but it seems you can't You never come here for nothing;

can't You never come here for nothing; you never come for any good; you want something? What is it?"

He laughed a low, hard laugh.
"Yes," he said, taking another pull at the black bottle; "I want something."
"Umph! I thought so."
"I want to tell you," here he arose, and dropping his careless manner, laid a threatening hand upon her arm. "I want to tell you, Nance Burrill, that you have got to bridle that tongue of yours! d'younderstand?"
She shook fift his hand, and, retired a inderstand?" She shook off his hand, and retired

She shook off his hand, and retired a few paces eyeing him closely as she said:—
"Oh! I thought so. Something has scared ye already."
"No, I'm not scared; that thing can't be done by you, Nance; but you have been blowing too much among the factory people, and I won't have it."
"Won't have what?"
"Won't have any more of this talk about going to my wife with stories about me."
"Who said I threatened?"

about me,"
"Who said I threatened?"
"No matter, you den't do much that
I den't hear of, so mind your eye, Nance,
As for the women at the bend, you let
them alone, and keep your tongue be-"Oh! I will; one ean's blame you for seeking the society of your equals, after the snubbing you must get from your betters up, there. But that don't satisfy you; you must drag that poor fellow, Evan Lamotte, into their den; as if he were not wild enough, before you came where you could reach him."

John Burrill took another pull at the black bottle.

John Burrill took another pull at the black bottle,

"Fvan's a good fellow," he said somewhat thickly. "He knows enough to appreciate a man like me, and we both have larks, now let me tell you,"

"Well, have your larks; but don't sit and drink yourself blind before my very eyes. Why don't you go?"

"Cause I don't wan'er—," growing more and more mellow, as the liquor went fuming to his head, already pretty heavily loaded with brandy and wine.

"Where's the little rooster, I tell yer,"

"In the streets, and he's too much like his father to ever come home, 'till he's gone after, and dragged in "

"Well, go and drag him in then, I'm goin' ter see 'im."

(Continued on 4th page.)

General News and Notes Anybody can be a martyr if there are

ough people to look on. A Wonderful fesh Producer. This is the title given to Scotts Emu sion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousand who have takeit. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food Use it and try your weight. Scott's hmul, sion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00

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was too bad for her to get up and try on Pullman Sleeper runs through from Fredericton Juncton to

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