

Diamond Cut Diamond

OR,
THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Is there not a dog in the room?" here asked Angel looking about. "Oh, yes, there he is, under the table. What is his name?" Is he timid, Mr. Faulkner? "I am afraid not, Miss Halliday," replied Miles with a grim smile. "I wish he was. His name is Trousers. Bags to his intimate friends. He is rather rum-tempered, I think you had better not notice him."

Here a distant growl was audible, and Mrs. Dane remarked apprehensively that she hoped he would not get hydrophobia, of which she was much afraid, and for her part, she always thought dogs were best kept in the stables.

These remarks were not at all well received by the individual for whom they were intended; he raised his upper lip and glared viciously at the speaker.

Angel held out a bit of sugar, and tried to decoy him out of his fastness.

"Poor Trousers, come here, good dog," with a sweet little kissing noise on her red lips, which should have filled the soul of any well-intentioned dog with rapture, but Trousers only snarled at her.

"I am afraid it's no good, Miss Halliday," laughed Miles. "Trousers is the most unapproachable animal, he is absolutely insensible to blandishment; when he is in one of his bad tempers, the only plan is to let him alone, and I am sorry to say he has some dreadfully failing—I am almost ashamed to mention it, but the fact is, he has the most unaccountable prejudice against the fair sex."

"Really?" cried Dulcinea, here joining in for the first time. "How exceedingly amusing! How much I respect an animal of so much character and eccentricity. But do all women alike come in for this sweeping condemnation? Are there no exceptions in his mind?"

"None, I regret to say. Young and old, fair and plain, all that wears a petticoat is equally detestable in his eyes."

"What a delightful animal!" laughed Dulcinea merrily. "But oh! how much I should love to conquer his canine heart. What a triumph it would be to be the one woman who had power to gain his unapproachable affections!" She bent down till her sweet face was almost on a level with the quivering, angry little form in its shadowy corner.

"Oh! Trousers, won't you come to me? I do so wish you would!"

And then a miracle took place, yes, a very miracle! Trousers, who had snarled at the proffered sugar, rejecting the advances of her fairer sister with scorn and contumely, now, attracted perhaps by some trick of voice, or possibly by a still greater refinement of instinct, towards the girl whom Miles loved, at the very first word that she spoke to him, came slinking, shamefacedly, out of his corner, wriggling his body and wagging his tail, till he deposited himself humbly and cringingly against her skirts. Dulcinea patted her knee invitingly, and straightway Trousers repented him of all the evil that he had laid to the charge of her much-maligned sex, and springing boldly up upon her lap, deposited the lick of amity upon her nose.

It is impossible to say which was the most delighted at this truly extraordinary turn of events, Miles, whose satisfaction was mingled with unbounded astonishment, or Dulcinea, who was as triumphant as she was pleased. As to the hero of the hour, he comforted himself with much dignified self-possession, coiled himself round the case, upon the lady's lap and nestled his nose confidently upon her arm.

But yet more distinction lay that day, in store for Trousers.

"Here comes Geoffrey, no doubt," exclaimed Miles at this juncture, as a knock was heard at the street door. But a few minutes later, just as Mrs. Dane was breathing sighs of relief over his rival and Angel—with a vague sense of consciousness, which, if it was not love, parted at least of the nature of those soothing and gratified sensations at the attentions of an agreeable man, and which women often mistake for love, was looking down intently at the bread and butter upon her plate, there entered, not Geoffrey Dane—but Albert Trichet.

"Hello, Trichet!" Even Miles' good-nature was scarcely equal to welcoming this self-invited guest with much cordiality. "This is, indeed, an honour!"

Mrs. Dane gave him the tips of her fingers, the young ladies bowed.

"Well, you see, Miles, Geoffrey is a surly sort of dog—nobody made the slightest response to this beginning—"

"And when I found he was too lazy to come out and have tea with you and your charming guests, I said to myself—By Jove, my boy, it's too bad to leave three lovely ladies with only one man between the lot of them!"

"We have been perfectly happy, Mr. Trichet," said Mrs. Dane, frigidly. "And as I am not a 'lovely lady,' I don't want to be called one. Besides, I assure you that Mr. Faulkner is so good a host, that we have not pinned for any other masculine company at all."

"Ah, well!" replied Albert airily, drawing a chair up to the table, close to Dulcinea's elbow—"I only know that an extra man never comes amiss to young ladies—does he, Miss Dulcinea?"

Dulcinea lifted two cool, serious eyes upon him. She hated the man, and it angered her that he should call her "Miss Dulcinea." When Dulcinea chose, she could be very repelling. She moved her chair just an inch or so away, and enquired, with perfect gravity—

"What is an extra man, Mr. Trichet?" And her level gaze said, plainly as eyes can speak, "If you are one, I dislike the article."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the interloper—"very good—very good indeed! An extra man, of course, ought to be extra polite, extra agreeable, extra complimentary, and of course, he is always extra popular."

"Oh, indeed?"

"Now, as to our worthy host here—"

"—and here the unfortunate man, rushing unwittingly upon his own fate, lowered his voice, and bent down his face so that the others, who had dropped into conversation, were unable to hear him—"our worthy host is a dear fellow, as we all know—but he is rough; wants polish, don't you know—never seen any good society at all to speak of—that always tells, don't it?"

"That is, no doubt, why we get on with him," answered Dulcinea, with flame-angry cheeks. "You see, we have never seen any good society, either. Now, the society you have moved in (must impart quite a superior amount of varnish, I imagine—"

"Ah, pretty well for that, no doubt!" pulling up his collar with a mock-modest air. "I certainly know my London, as they say—and, no doubt, a familiarity with the London drawing-rooms does give to the manners a certain indescribable something, which is lacking in our good honest friend—eh? Ah! I see that dirty, ill-conditioned cur of his has got up on your lap. He is, really, hardly suited to such a favoured position—an ugly, long-legged mongrel like that! Now, if you are fond of dogs, I've got a little Yorkshire terrier, absolutely pure bred—weighs four pounds three ounces—that I shall be most happy to present to you if you will accept him. I'll send him round to Cromwell Road to-night. He's a regular little beauty, good enough for the Princess of Wales. Much more fit for your lap-dog than that brute of Faulkner's—"

During this speech, Trousers had been regarding him attentively, with fixed and glittering eyes that should have warned him. No doubt Trousers understood perfectly what was being talked about, for he had raised himself, slowly, into a sitting posture. When Trichet spoke in contemptuous terms of his master's lack of polish, Trousers growled softly somewhere down in his throat; when he mentioned his own mongrel extraction and called him a cur, he elevated his lip, and showed every tooth in his head.

But when he spoke of a rival, of that Yorkshire terrier of surpassing loveliness, who was to supplant him in Dulcinea's favour—to lie upon the lap that was so soft a couch for himself—to be caressed by her hand, and, in short, to oust him from his new-born honours—Trousers became suddenly lost to all sense of decorum; the anger in his canine soul blazed up in a rush of blood to his brain, and all the duties of hospitality to the stranger within his doors became as naught unto him.

With one shrill yell of rage, he dashed at the offender's face—so conveniently bent towards him—and pinioned his teeth firmly and fixedly into his somewhat lengthy nose.

And there he hung.

Screams of agony from his victim, cries of dismay from the ladies, blows from Miles' stick upon his back—all were, for some minutes, in vain.

In evident delight at his proud position, he clung on like grim Death, regardless alike of the howls of the wretched Trichet, and of the angry remonstrances of his master.

And only a grip of iron upon his tail induced him at last to forego the blood-thirsty jaws of the conqueror, and to relinquish his hold of his enemy's nose.

But what made the most awful feature of that fateful afternoon to the unfortunate Trichet, was that, when with pain and dishevelled, yelling aloud, he rushed into Faulkner's bedroom, slamming the door upon him—the last convulsions of laughter, peering in the infuriated dog's head, as he was held, struggling and breathless, and barking himself nearly into a fit, in his master's arms.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Albert Trichet did not appear in his place at the office for several days after Miles' Faulkner's tea-party. He pleaded severe indisposition, and remained away. When he did come back, his nose was oddly plastered up with strips of diachylon, which gave it a grotesque and ludicrous aspect. He scowled fiercely at his fellow-clerks, when he saw how they bent over their writing in his entrance.

Trichet laid his hands on the table, and bent across it in Miles' direction.

"I give you notice, Mr. Faulkner, that I intend to bring an action against you."

"Indeed, Trichet!" Miles slightly raised his eyebrows, but not his eyes. "And what for, might I enquire?"

"For keeping a ferocious dog in your rooms."

"I am not aware, that if I chose to keep a hyena in my rooms, it could be considered an illegal proceeding."

"Do you mean to tell me that a man is to be allowed to invite innocent and unsuspecting persons into his house, and then set violent and dangerous brutes upon them?"

"Pardon me, Trichet," replied Miles, lifting his cool eyes, and regarding his adversary keenly. "There is a slight inaccuracy in your statements. To begin with, I did not invite you to my rooms, you invited yourself. And allow me to tell you that your company was not only unsolicited, but it was most unwelcome to some of my guests."

"I came out of kindness—out of pure good nature."

"To go on with," proceeded Miles, without heeding the interruption, "I did not set my dog at you, you irritated him by forcing yourself in where you were not wanted."

"Oh!" cried Trichet, with a sneering laugh. "If you mean that I was paying too much attention to that stuck-up little hussy, Dulcinea Halliday—"

"Stash that!" shouted Miles, springing to his feet, and dashing his hand down upon the table with a force that made that venerable piece of furniture jump—and then Geoffrey, too, with the keen fighting instinct of a man who scents a row, and doesn't mean to be left out of it, rose to his feet, and came round and stood at his friend's elbow.

"Oh, my dear fellow, you needn't be so violent. So Miss Dulcinea is sacred, is she? I really had no idea you were sweet upon her—of course, that alters the case, and I have no desire to make you jealous."

"Look here," said Miles, cutting him short in a voice of concentrated anger. "I have no lady's name brought in here. I forbid you to speak of a lady in this matter."

"You forbid me! Ha, ha!"

"Faulkner is quite right, Trichet," here said Geoffrey, "it is very bad form to mention a lady's name in a row between men; you must drop all that."

"Easier said than done, when the impudent little girl was at the bottom of the whole business. Of course, if Dulcinea Halliday is spoons on Faulkner—"

"If you don't stop, this very minute, I'll put you out of the window," said Miles. And anybody who had known him well, would have seen, by the glitter in the giant's eye, that he meant the threat in its literal sense.

"That is mere bluster, I've as much right to speak of the girl as you have. I suppose she doesn't belong to you, does she?"

"Put him out, Miles!" cried Geoffrey, flying to the casement which he flung widely open.

Now the window looked into a small, damp, stone-flagged court, containing nothing of more interest than a coal-cellar and an empty bottle-rack, into which there opened a door from the back portion of the kitchen premises. The window of the clerks' office was about eight feet off the ground.

In the twinkling of an eye, the whole business was done. Miles seized Trichet, lifted him like a sack of flour from the ground, showed him bodily through the open window, and dropped him, not particularly gently, with a little shake, just enough to warm him and not enough to injure him. Then he shut down the window.

"I don't think we'll hear any more of the action my friend talks of bringing against me!" remarked Miles, with a short laugh of satisfaction.

"Splendid, my dear boy!" cried Geoffrey, excitedly, slapping his friend approvingly on his broad back. "It was beautifully done, so neat and ready! Let me congratulate you heartily on your victory. Serves the cad jolly well right for daring to mention a lady's name. I wish Trichet never bitten his head off!"

And then the friends sat down in the best of spirits, chuckling and laughing together over the undignified rout of the enemy, with a great and unchristianlike glee. But there are some triumphs that are dearly, perhaps too dearly purchased. (Albert Trichet, who had been forced to hammer against the door in the courtyard, and who was admitted by the porter's niece, who was scrubbing the floor of the basement, and who looked perfectly abashed at finding the unfrequent yard—was at this very moment making his way thoughtfully and slowly up the stone steps that led from the kitchens to the ground floor.)

It is uncertain whether Albert Trichet would ever in any circumstance have made a "good friend" very bad enemy.

It was a dangerous thing to make an enemy of Albert Trichet, a thing so dangerous as to cause the objects of his enmity to regret their foolishness for the remainder of their lives. And that is what our two friends, chuckling together over his momentary discomfiture, had done. They had made a deadly enemy of him.

Trichet never forgot an enemy, never gave up a grudge, never relinquished a scheme of revenge. When he made up his mind to do a thing, he worked it out to the bitter end.

"I'll pay them both out for this insult," he was saying to himself as he came up the kitchen stairs—for Geoffrey was as much in it in his mind as Miles, and he was glad to be able to include his natural rival in his plans of revenge.

Then when he got to the door of the office—on the other side of which he could hear the two friends laughing together, at his expense of course, he told himself with an angry scowl—he did not go in, but stood meditating deeply for a few moments; then with a sudden briskness, as though his mind were made up, he walked straight off to the door of Mr. Dane's room, and finding that he was disengaged, sent in a message requesting to speak to him.

Mr. Dane laid down his pen at his entrance—but his reception of his clerk was not altogether encouraging, for at the very first sight of his wounded countenance, Mr. Dane burst out laughing.

"Hello, Trichet! what's the matter with you now?"

Albert had for the moment forgotten his nose, and, cringing with anger, he clapped his hand over the injured feature.

"I hope you haven't been getting into a street row, young man," continued his chief, more seriously.

"No, sir, certainly not. I am very sorry to say that it is in your service

that I have met with this—this rough treatment."

"Indeed? I am sorry to hear it—sit down, Trichet, and tell me about it."

Mr. Dane was all politeness and affability. Trichet took the chair he indicated to him with a wave of the hand.

"Now tell me all about it," said the great man, encouragingly. When Matthew Dane had an object in view he could always afford to be amiable.

"All in good time, sir. I wish first to tell you what I have done in your service."

Mr. Dane bent his head approvingly.

(To be Continued.)

EARTHQUAKE WAVES.

Instances on Three Coasts of Vessels Carried Inland on Their Crests.

In the great hurricane that swept the southern islands of the Lesser Antilles in September last many ships were torn from their anchorages in the roadsteads and dashed by the wind and waves against the shore, where they were completely wrecked. The waves resulting from great hurricanes are sometimes very high, but are hardly comparable with the tremendous waves that occasionally result from submarine earthquakes.

The people of Kingston, Jamaica, never grow weary of telling tourists of the terrible disaster that overwhelmed the settlement near there three centuries ago. The place was called Port Royal, and stood on a sandy spit south of where Kingston now stands. An earthquake shock raised waves mountain high, and every house in the settlement was buried to its roof. All the shipping in the roadstead was carried on the top of the waves and hurled against the town, helping to make the destruction more terrible. Nearly all the persons who escaped were saved by clinging to the wreckage, and as the water subsided they were taken on board a frigate that had been carried ashore and deposited on the ruins of a lot of houses that had stood close together.

Only sixteen years ago a side-wheel steambot was borne three miles inland on the coast of Sumatra by a wave over 100 feet in height that resulted from the terrible eruption which destroyed most of the island and mountain of Krakatau, in Sunda Strait. The vessel had on board about twenty excursionists from Batavia who were bound for the neighborhood of the Krakatau Volcano, which had been in mild eruption for a number of weeks. They landed on the little island, little dreaming that two hours later two-thirds of it would be blown into the air as though shot from a gun.

After spending a couple of hours around the island the party steamed up the deep and narrow bay of Lampong, and it is supposed that they anchored for the night in front of the big town of Telok-Betong, which is one of the largest settlements on the south coast of Sumatra.

The ill-fated party was never heard of again, nor were any of their bodies recovered. It is supposed that when came the crash and the resulting wave over like an egg shell as it was swept inland through forests and jungle and deposited upright on its keel three miles from the coast. It had every appearance of such rough usage when it was found some months later. The machinery and furniture were badly broken and were strewn about in the mained of the villages that lined the water edge. A while ago the hulk of the little steamer was still standing, battered and broken, though as erect as when she ploughed the channel. She was still one of the most curious and interesting relics of the greatest volcanic eruption of modern times.

A considerable number of vessels have been borne inland along the coasts of Ecuador and Peru by earthquake waves, some of which have undoubtedly travelled thousands of miles before reaching the coast. In the deep, open ocean these earthquake waves are so long and low and so imperceptible; but when they reach shoal water as land is approached the waves become shorter and higher, and their arrival at the shore is indicated by an abnormal rise of the water above the usual level, which has occasionally reached a height of 200 feet and more.

FIRST, SECOND, THIRD.

Little Girl—I don't like this board-house. There is never anything to eat. They always say it's all gone—the nice desserts I mean.

Nurse—That's because you eat at the second table. I always get plenty.

Do you eat at the first table? Oh, no. I eat with the cook and other servants at the third table.

HIS REASON.

Mr. Newlywed—Here's your wheel, my dear. It cost \$3 to have her fixed.

Mrs. Newlywed—Why do you speak of bicycles as feminine?

Mr. Newlywed—Because, my dear, they're like women, inasmuch as you never realize how expensive they are until you've got them.

G. Clunies Ross, an American who owns and practically rules the Keeling-Cocos Islands, near Java, is in San Francisco. He says his possessions, though thickly populated, have no prisons nor police, and crime is almost unknown.

A FISHERMAN'S TRIALS.

Exposure While at Sea Brought on an Attack of Sciatica Which Caused the Most Excruciating Agony.

Mr. Geo. W. Shaw, of Sandford, N.S., follows the occupation of a fisherman, and like all who pursue this arduous calling is exposed frequently to inclement weather. Some years ago, as a result of exposure, Mr. Shaw was attacked by sciatica, and for months he could not do any work.

He says the pain he endured was something agonizing, and he was not able to do any work for some months. His hip was drawn out of shape by the trouble, and the doctor who attended him said that it had also affected the spine. After being under the care of a doctor for several months without getting relief, Mr. Shaw discontinued medical treatment, and resorted to the use of plasters and liniments, but with no better results. He was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and finally decided to do so. After using them for a couple of weeks, he found a decided relief, and in about two months' time every trace of the trouble had disappeared, and he has not since been troubled with any illness. Mr. Shaw says he occasionally takes a box of pills to ward off any possible recurrence of the trouble.

Those attacked with sciatica, rheumatism, and kindred troubles, will avoid much suffering and save money by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset of the trouble. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SILENCING HUBBY.

Young Father, in the future—Great Snakes! Can't you do something to quiet that baby? Its eternal squalling just drives me wild.

Young Mother, calmly to servant—Marie, bring in my husband's mother's phonograph, and put in the cylinder At Ten Months. I want him to hear how his voice sounded when he was young.

THIS IS A CINCH.

Jones—What do you think of a man who has to use a safety pin to connect his trousers with his suspenders? Brown—He should either get married or get a divorce.

BAD ENOUGH ALREADY.

She, bitterly—When you married me, you didn't marry a cook!
He—Well, you needn't rub it in!

British American Assurance Co.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The sixty-fifth annual meeting of the shareholders of this company was held at its offices in this city at noon yesterday.

The President, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, occupied the chair, and Mr. P. H. Sims, who was appointed to act as Secretary read the following.

ANNUAL REPORT.

The directors beg to submit the sixty-fifth annual report of the company, embracing the transactions for the year ending 31st December last, and a statement of the assets and liabilities at the close of the year.

In the fire branch, while there has been a slight reduction in the premium income, the results as a whole have been fairly satisfactory, showing a moderate margin of profit, notwithstanding the fact that there were some serious conflagrations during the year in which the company was involved for considerable amounts—notably, the almost total destruction of the City of New Westminster in September last.

The closing months of the year were marked by a succession of exceptionally disastrous storms, both on the ocean and on the great lakes, which resulted in an unprecedented loss of life and property. As a consequence all companies engaged in the business of marine insurance show a heavy loss on the transactions of the year, and in its comparatively limited operations in this branch this company has shared in the general unfavorable experience. It is encouraging, however, in considering the future prospects of this business, to observe that the heavy losses incurred during the past year, coupled with the unprofitable results of some preceding years, have led to a general movement among marine underwriters for materially advancing rates and bringing about other reforms which the directors feel assured will place the business on a much more satisfactory footing than for several years past.

The directors feel that there is cause for congratulation in the fact that the company has passed through a year which, in many respects, has been a trying one to those engaged in fire and marine insurance business, and paid its usual dividend to shareholders without making any material reduction in its reserve fund.

Summary of financial statements—
Total cash income . . . \$ 1,472,307.36
Total expenditure, including appropriation for losses under adjustment . . . 1,442,412.84

Balance . . . \$ 29,894.53
Dividends declared . . . 52,500.00

Total assets . . . \$1,519,164.18
Total liabilities . . . 198,152.30

Surplus to policyholders . \$1,321,011.88
The following gentlemen were elected to serve as directors for the ensuing year—Hon. Geo. A. Cox, J. J. Kenny, Hon. S. C. Wood, S. F. McKinnon, Thos. Long, John Hoskin, G. C. L. D., H. M. Pellatt, R. Jaffray, F. A. Myers.

At a meeting of the board, held subsequently, Hon. Geo. A. Cox was elected President and Mr. J. J. Kenny Vice-President.