

# Diamond Cut Diamond

OR,  
THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Upstairs again, were the head and under-accounts' offices, Mr. Halliday's private room, which faced the courtyard, and was prepared with cheerful modern paper, and was altogether humanized and friendly-looking, inspiring no mysterious notions whatever in the minds of the clerks, and their sample rooms, and packing rooms, filled up the remainder of the house up to the furthest corner of its uppermost storey. It may be mentioned that to be sent for to Mr. Halliday's private room, was of no more moment to the young man who was summoned, than to go to Mr. Phillibut, the head accountant; he ran upstairs with an equally light heart to either, three steps at a time, hands in his pockets, and a subdued whistle upon his lips; it was a thing which was constant happening, and created no disturbance whatever in anybody's mind. But to be sent for to speak to Mr. Dane, was a very different matter; it very seldom happened, and when it did, was looked upon as an event of a portentous nature, all his companions looking on with beating hearts and awe-stricken countenances at the victim, who, with blanched cheeks, went forth to meet his doom.

Upon a certain grey and somewhat moist morning in the month of May, all the clerks at Dane and Trichet's were sitting together over their daily duties. In the outer rooms the pens scratched freely, wooden chairs scraped restlessly upon the wooden floor, and subdued whispers of conversation concerning contemplated "runs" for next Saturday to St. Albans or to Sevenoaks, were carried on surreptitiously, when ill-kempt heads bent mysteriously together, under cover of those customary sounds of daily toil. In the second room, behind carefully closed folding doors, life was taken in an altogether easier fashion. The carpeted floor gave forth no inharmonious scrapings, neither did the rapid scratchings of pen interfere to any serious degree with the conversation, whilst the presence of the morning papers upon a side table gave evidence that the three privileged young men who occupied this room were in no danger of overtaxing their strength by the assiduity of their labors. As a matter of fact, the House might easily, no doubt, have dispensed with their services altogether, but for the fact that the House was pre-eminently conservative in its customs. From time immemorial there had always been three upper clerks, who were sons of gentlemen, upon the regular staff, and so the habit was kept up, not so much from any inherent merit in the system, as from a due regard to the ancient usages of the firm.

In older days, no doubt, the chairs in the second room were reserved for younger brothers and cousins, and for the sons of widows whose husbands had in some fashion been connected with the partners. But for a long time there had been a paucity of sons to claim the doubtful privileges of the position, and it was only within the last year that a truly astonishing fact had come to pass. The old names of the firm were, by a curious coincidence, reproduced in the upper clerks' office.

Geoffrey Dane had been transplanted, at his father's request, from an idle life at home, to one vacant stool, whilst a young man of the name of Albert Trichet had been suddenly raised from the outer office to fill another. Trichet, or Tricky, as his fellow clerks called him, was in himself a mystery. Whether or no he had any right to the name he bore, was a matter which possibly Matthew Dane was alone aware of, and sometimes, when he was spoken of before his chief, the great man would smile in a curious manner, which led beholders to suppose that he knew more of the matter than he was willing to say—possibly, he had at any rate no legal right to it, or perhaps his connection with the extinct family of the Lyons partner was so remote as scarcely to warrant the claim at all.

Geoffrey and Miles Faulkner were of opinion that Albert was a Trichet only on his mother's side, and had adopted the name as a means of bringing himself into notice and favor. Albert himself, it may be said, believed religiously in his moral right to the name, and with it, in a Divine right of inheritance, which invested him, in his own eyes, with a certain amount of importance in the House. He came, he told his friends, of a side branch, but undoubtedly of a true branch, of the old family, of which he was the last survivor. When he waxed confidential, he would sometimes hint mysteriously that he had been able once to be of service to Mr. Dane, and that Mr. Dane was not likely ever to forget it. There is no doubt that he cherished hopes of being one day admitted into partnership, on the strength both of this unknown service and of his name.

It is hardly necessary to say that these hopes, which were as clear as daylight to Matthew Dane, had never been in the smallest degree encouraged by him. Never in his wildest imaginings, had he hitherto contemplated for a moment the very remotest possibility of such a contingency as turning Albert Trichet into a partner. If he allowed him to retain the fiction of his name, it was in order to award him without making invidious preferences, according to the exact measure of his merits, but no more. Phillibut, the head accountant, with his heritage of four sons, had passed through the great man's brain as a possible successor to the fortunes of the house, but never Albert Trichet. He was too good

a judge of human nature, and had too genuine a reverence for the greatness of the hands of the unworthy, or the advantage of the virtuous.

In person, Albert Trichet was small and thin, he had dark hair, and small, cunning-looking eyes, his skin was brown and wrinkled, and he cultivated a small black moustache, carefully waxed up at the ends, and still smaller black tuft upon his chin, which added to the foreign aspect he was desired of keeping up. Sometimes, indeed, Albert even affected a slight foreign accent, but this was only when he was particularly desirous of impressing his origin upon others—any affectation in speech is troublesome to remember, and "Tricky" only remembered it occasionally.

The third occupant of the room was, in appearance, exceedingly different to his companions. He was a large, fair man, of almost Herculean proportions; his broad shoulders and deeper chest were a source of envy and admiration to his friends, and the muscles of his huge arms were felt to be worthy of all respect by his foes. It is no doubt one of the meretricious primary instincts of man that physical strength always carries with it, per se, a large amount of veneration. Not all the refining influences of civilization, not all the elevating principles of education, and mental superiority can obliterate that blind and unreasoning homage which man accords to him whose bodily strength surpasses that of his fellows. There is a fascination about it; and to those lower attributes which man shares with animals and not with us unconsciously bow to it, we most of us unconsciously bow to it. Strength, like beauty, is felt to be a gift of the gods, and as such, an excellence in itself. To Miles Faulkner this great gift of physical power had been freely meted out. His frame was massive, he was as one of the giants of ancient lore. Had his soul only been as ferocious and warlike as his huge frame was massive and well-knit, then, indeed, he would have been a man to be feared as well as admired.

But Providence had equalized matters. In disposition, Miles Faulkner was as gentle and lamb-like as any timid maiden. His heart was soft and tender, his smile sweet and shy. This Simonson of modern life would have died rather than hurt a fly—and not the himself could have drawn from him more than a gentle expostulation or a pitiful smile. But if, in his presence, a woman were insulted or a child or an animal ill-treated, then wait and see what Miles would have to say to it! There were stories told as to his method of procedure under these circumstances. Once, it was said, he had come across a crowd of drunken men who were tormenting a poor old apple-woman. One had taken her still-ware in the muddy slum—others were holding her by the arms pinioned back against the wall of a house. Then came Faulkner like an avenging angel upon the scene. There was no foul course, a policeman was to be seen, of course, but Faulkner did not wait for the arm of the law, his own strong arm, was ready and prompt to act. He cracked to the right of him, a crack to the left, a few straight blows hit out well from the shoulder, and it was all over—the ruffian crew lay scattered, groaning, or fled cowering in all directions, whilst Miles was leading the poor trembling old woman away to her home, supporting her with his arm as tenderly as though she had been his own mother. Once again a tale was told of some youths who were torturing a poor half-starved cur by tying long down a stony road. There was a Miles Faulkner came along and met the inhuman masqueraders. One strong grip of his fist behind one of the offender's coat collar, another wrench at the arm of the other, and both were disposed of. One was lifted completely up over the wall into a timber yard beyond, and the other dropped quietly into the canal, while Miles untied the grinding ropes round the poor dog's legs, and carried him home to his own lodgings under his arm.

These things were matters of history and "Trousers"—so called from the galling rings upon his legs which those cruel ropes had made—lives and flourishes still to testify to the truth of it.

But to see Miles now, as he sits balancing a paper knife between his thumb of one hand and the forefinger of the other, with a bland smile upon his broad rugged face, and one kindly eye glittering behind his eyeglass sympathy to see him now, it would have been easy to credit him with these grim tales of bloodshed and revenge.

Albert Trichet is holding forth to his fellows, and they are both listening to him attentively—Miles with his earnest brown eyes fixed upon him, nibbling the end of his quill pen as he listens.

"It's the first time in the course of all my experience that I've ever heard of Mrs. Dane coming down to the firm," remarked Miles, when a pause put in a word.

"Mrs. Dane! pooh—it was no more than it was you. I tell you this was a tall woman with a slight figure, and as I opened the door

I saw her plainly, she was sitting by the governor's table with her arms stretched out, and I'm pretty sure she was crying. I heard her voice plainly—her back was turned to me—and then someone shut the door on me and turned the key. Now would it have been your aunt Geoff, to be sitting in the office like a culprit praying and beseeching, and crying?"

"You were evidently not intended to see her, Tricky," here remarked Geoffrey. "Don't you think you may be a bit indiscreet in mentioning all this, even to us?"

"That's the very first time in my life I've ever been accused of indiscretion," cried Trichet, turning round somewhat sharply upon him, and there Albert Trichet hated Geoffrey in the secret depths of his heart, with a hatred born of envy and fed upon rivalry. "I don't see that there is any breach of confidence where one has not been pledged to secrecy—that was an offensive remark, Geoffrey, and I think you ought to apologise. Don't you think so, Miles?"

"I confess I don't see it. Geoffrey only spoke his opinion; we can say what we think in this room, Tricky, without giving offence, and I'm certain Geoffrey meant none."

Faulkner said this with his usual placid smile; he was always the arbitrator and the peace-maker in any dispute.

"I meant no offence, Tricky," said Geoff.

"In that case I withdraw my remark," replied the other; "but, Geoff, don't you think it could have been your aunt?"

Geoffrey laughed eagerly.

"I should say it was in the highest degree improbable," he replied, remembering that he had seen Mrs. Dane walk at three o'clock in the morning—she was fresh as daisies, and their unfortunate hap upon the last stages of fatigue and exhaustion.

Geoffrey felt absolutely certain that morning, it could not very decidedly have been his wife.

Then Geoffrey dipped his pen into the ink and bent his head over his writing again. He took very little interest in Albert's speculation, although something, he hardly knew what, had arrested his attention at the beginning of his story.

"What a fool I am," he said to himself. "Every time I hear a woman show what a contemptible condition of weakness I must still be in. She has left me, and betrayed my affection. Have I not determined to forget her, to tread out her image from my fancy? It's only a matter of time after all. How pretty Angel looked last night! How well that soft white dress suited her and the crimson roses in her bosom. No mysteries about that girl, I'll be bound! and then there flashed back suddenly into his memory something that Rose de Brefour had said to him once. 'You will marry Matthew Dane one day.' When thinking, it generally takes place," she said, and as he remembered them the words came back with a certain shock to him. What did she know of Matthew Dane and his character? At the time she had put him off with some vague answer, and he had been satisfied, but now they came back to him with a certain significance. Was it possible that she did know him, and that intimately, that that vague quickening at his heart at Trichet's description had been but a prescience of the truth, and that she had been in this very house this very day? So near, and yet he had not known it! Great Heavens! was this possible?

He felt a sudden sense of suffocation, the pen dropped from his fingers, and he passed his hand hurriedly across his face.

Then the door opened, and the messenger stood upon the threshold. Had Madame de Brefour herself entered the room, poor Geoffrey, who flattered himself that he had cast her forth from his heart, could hardly have started more.

Mr. Dane would be glad if Mr. Trichet would step into his room for a moment, was the message, and Albert rose quickly with a delightful sense of importance to obey the summons.

Mr. Dane's room consisted of one inner chamber, small and lit by a skylight, and an outer vestibule where messengers and errand boys had occasionally to wait for orders. Trichet was a boy waiting there now as Trichet passed through to the holy of holies within.

Mr. Dane laid down his pen as his clerk entered, and surveyed him for the space of some ten seconds in a critical silence which was rather trying to the object; it was as though he were weighing in his own mind whether or no the young man was worthy of his confidence. During the scrutiny Albert looked modestly down at his own varnished boots.

"I think it was you who opened the door this morning Trichet, was it not?" he said at length.

"Yes, sir."

"You came with those credit accounts of Bellamy's, didn't you?"

"Mr. Halliday had sent me, otherwise—"

"Just so, quite right."

"I trust I did not intrude, Mr. Dane?"

"Not at all. You saw, of course, that I was engaged with a lady, Trichet? Just for half a second Albert hesitated. Should he tell a lie, and say he had not seen? Fortunately for himself he thought better of this idea, and owned that he certainly had seen a lady in the room.

Then Mr. Dane busied himself for a few minutes amongst the papers on his table. It was evident to Albert that what he was about to say was of some importance.

"You rendered me a great service once, Trichet."

"I was lucky indeed, Mr. Dane, to have been able to help you," replied

Albert modestly, wondering more and more what all this preamble was leading to.

"Do you remember all the circumstances of the case?"

"I think so, Mr. Dane."

"Let me refresh your memory. I had reason to suspect Leon de Brefour, some time head clerk in the Lyons branch of the house, of some irregularities in the conduct of the business. I entrusted you with a secret mission to discover whether or no my suspicions were correct. In a very humble position, you took your place in the Lyons office and watched matters for me for the space of three months—reporting progress to me by letter every day. Then, the transfer of a large sum of money having been confided to him, and have him arrested should you see that he was not taking the money to its proper destination: You did so follow him, with the result that you plainly proved that he was bound, not to Vienna, but to New York; and as clear a case of fraudulent embezzlement as has ever been made out against him, had not the engine of that train in which you and he were both in run off the line, and so precipitated that thief to a doom more awful than any that the law could have brought upon him. This is what happened is it not?" and as Matthew Dane ended his fixedly upon his clerk. "You were in time with Leon, Trichet?" the words this time were no longer an assertion of fact, they were an interrogation.

"Undoubtedly I was in it, sir," replied Trichet, with assurance. "I was in one of the three last carriages of the train, which escaped as by a miracle from the fate of the front portion—six carriages followed the engine off the lines, and were dashed into a thousand pieces at the bottom of the embankment. Leon de Brefour was in one of them—I had seen him get in at the station."

"Ah! Are you quite certain, Trichet, that de Brefour was killed?"

To Be Continued.

## GAY GORDONS HOME AGAIN.

### Triumphant Return of the Heroes of Dargai Heights.

British papers to hand give lengthy reports of the home-coming of the Gordon Highlanders, the heroes of Dargai—the most fiercely-contested battle of the recent campaign against the Afrikan and other tribes on the north-west Indian frontier. The Gordons were landed at Liverpool, where they immediately entrained for Edinburgh, their headquarters. They arrived at the Royal City on Friday, the 9th ult. Their reception is described by the local papers as having no parallel in the last fifty years of the city's history. They got off the train at the North British Waverley station, and, marching along Prince's street, were joined by the Gordon Highlanders ex-Members' Association, the pipers of Guthrie's Industrial school, and the bands of the Scots Greys and Queen's Volunteers. Up the street they marched, the bands all playing "Cock o' the North," and the wildly excited crowds cheering, yelling, and shooting with delight. The crowds made several attempts to rush the police lines and mingle with the Gordons, and were kept back only by the most strenuous efforts. When the procession had passed from the West end and into Castle terrace to the corner of Johnstone street—a narrow thoroughfare—the cheering and excitement reached a tremendous pitch. With a crash, strong wooden barriers erected along each side of the roadway to assist the police in holding back the crowds, were torn down and the people surged in upon the soldiers. In an instant the ranks were broken, and the troops, struggling in ones, twos, and threes through the street, with men shaking their hands or clapping them on the back, and women and children kissing them. When they reached the end of the street order was partially restored, but it was not until the regiment reached the Esplanade, whence the public were excluded, that they were re-formed and dismissed to barracks.

The next day they were entertained at dinner by the municipality. The dinner took place in the large hall of the Corn Exchange, Bailie Kinlock Anderson presiding. Lord Rosebery was among the distinguished guests present. On Sunday the regiment attended divine service at St. Giles' cathedral, and on each occasion their march through the streets was a journey of triumph. At last accounts all kinds of honours were still in store for them.

## ENGLAND'S SHIPBUILDING BOOM

### Allied Industries Stimulated by the Business of the Year.

After a long period of self-abasement and the bewailing of British commercial and industrial decadence, Englishmen have been cheering themselves during new Year's week with the statistics of the shipbuilding boom in 1898. British shipbuilders closed the year with about 2,000,000 tons of work on hand, which is nearly four times the total tonnage built in all foreign countries in 1897 and an increase of 500,000 tons on the shipping under construction at the outset of the year.

The total value of mercantile shipbuilding in 1898 is £20,000,000, and the allied industries have naturally been stimulated.

## Out of Death's Shadow

### THE EXPERIENCE OF A LADY WHO HAD GIVEN UP HOPE.

Tortured With Pains in the Stomach for Four Years—Doctors and Hospital Treatment Failed to Help Her—In Her Extremity Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Her to Health.

From the Pembroke Observer.

Wherever man is to be found there also, side by side with him, is disease and suffering. Those who have devoted their lives to the alleviation of the suffering and bodily weakness of human organization are surely benefactors of their kind, and deserve the honors of all mankind. For special the discoverer of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Recently the case of Mrs. Maggie Brunette, of Chichester, Que., came prominently under the notice of the Observer reporter. He felt it to be his duty, on hearing of Mrs. Brunette's restoration from prostrate illness to health, to interview the lady and record her experience for the benefit of others who may need the healing influences of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Brunette's farm home was found to be very comfortable and even elegant, located near the base of the Laurentian Mountains. The reporter was warmly welcomed and Mrs. Brunette said she was very glad to have an opportunity to testify to the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had conferred upon her. She is 42 years of age now. Her husband, the late Chas. Brunette, died 4 years ago, and after his death she worked very hard for some years, with the result that she became completely run down, so much so that, although quite tall, she weighed only about 90 pounds. She was taking the slightest food she felt such distress that she was compelled to lie down for hours, being so weak that she was unable to sit up. At last she thought she must have been attacked by cancer of the stomach, so violent were the pains that constantly harassed her. She consulted the best physicians and spent more than a hundred dollars in treatment and medicine, in addition to which she spent nine weeks in the hospital at Pembroke. But without she was ill four years and departed of ever being well. Finally she decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and accordingly she procured six boxes. Although they benefited her almost from the time she began taking them, she kept on taking the pills until she had taken sixteen boxes, and then felt that she was completely cured, the pill accomplishing in three months what four years of medical treatment had failed to do. From that time, nearly three years ago, Mrs. Brunette has been in good health, needing no medicine. "You can see," said Mrs. Brunette, as the reporter was departing, "that I am in perfect health, I attend to all my household work, and the dairy and cows to milk, and have a large number of cows to milk. I never fail to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when I have an opportunity, for they did wonderful things for me." Mrs. Brunette is a well educated lady, speaking French and English fluently.

## BEAUTIFUL EYES.

### Those With Large Pupils Are Apt to Be Defective.

A large pupil is one of the chief beauties of the eye, and so well is this recognized, that the atropia, which dilates the pupil, has been named belladonna. Yet a dilated pupil is a very common symptom of defective vision. The iris is a shutter to regulate the amount of light falling on the retina, and if the latter be defective it requires a larger supply. Hence a dilated pupil is often associated with a feeble retina, which, of course, means feeble vision. Short-sighted people have often a greater convexity of the front of the cornea, and this lends a certain brightness to the eye. Apart from these mechanical causes, there is a very common, but unexplained, association of defective sight, and an irritable and easily inflamed eye, with some of the rarer and more beautiful colored irises. The much-admired violet eye, and certain shades of gray and blue, often suffer from such associated defects: Those with long eye-lashes are said to be more subject to "stye" and other inflammations.

## CULTIVATE KINDNESS.

Kindness is more than amiability, it implies thoughtfulness and heart culture. Many Christian people are brusque and severe without thought that they commit wrong, but they have failed to cultivate the most beautiful grace of kindness. It is not enough to try not to be unkind, for unless one seeks to be kind he has fallen short of duty. No one can be as good as he should be without striving to cultivate kindness of spirit. "Charity suffereth long and is kind." Kindness dispels prejudice and hate and awakens confidence, overcomes evil with good. Kindness makes the gloomy smile, sweetens bitter thoughts, strengthens the faint and leads the sinful from paths of sin. Of all things in life which causes no regret, kindness is one that causes no repentance, but in retrospect there is no more bitter pang than remembrance of kind things we might or should have said, but left unsaid, with deeds undone. Wordsworth says: "That best portion of a good man's life, His little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." In all departments of life, church and home, kindness is a lubricant which makes the hardest task easy and the heaviest burden light.