

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

### CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

He found ample time to regret his decision between the first of January and the thirteenth of February.

The hunting in Hillshire was of a kind which is dear only to the most thorough-going and persevering of sportsmen. The distances were great, the country difficult, in places even almost impracticable, and the fields were small. There was no coffee-housing, and nobody ever thought of bringing out a second horse.

As to society, in the neighbourhood of Lillminster there was, as Florence Dane had said, very little of it, and to Captain Lessiter that little was ungenial. Two or three country gentlemen made his acquaintance, and invited him to dinner parties, solemn and dreary functions whereat he stifled his yawns and spent the evening in furtively looking at his watch and counting the lagging footsteps of time. The gentlemen of Hillshire were mostly middle-aged and pompous, great at County Sessions and local politics, their spouses were fat and placid, their daughters plain and dowdy. Even the younger married women, for of course there were a few of them to be met with, were no better than their elders, being for the most part domesticated in dispositions, and very much the reverse of smart in appearance. Lessiter was forced into the unflattering conclusion that his advent amongst them had created no excitement whatever, and that not one of them ever made the faintest effort to attract his attention.

Often during these weeks he cursed the shilling that had sent him to Hillshire instead of to the shires, often he said to himself that if things went on much longer in this fashion, he would cut it and be off to Milton and lay aside for ever the momentary inclination which had induced him to come down to such an uncongenial corner of the world.

But on the thirteenth day of February, when, as he reached the corner of a stony little lane along which the hounds were trotting up, he no longer repented him of being in Hillshire, for there, not ten yards from him, by the wayside, under the shelter of the fence, stood a bay mare pawing impatiently at the ground, and upon her, a little flushed with the wind and the exercise, sat Mrs. Geoffrey Dane by the side of her husband.

At a glance he could see that from a pretty girl she had become a lovely woman, that subtle change had passed over her which perfects, one knows not how or why, the maiden into the matron, so that she becomes all at once a fulfilled and completed being.

The sight of her gave him a great and intense pleasure. He rode up to her quickly, lifting his hat as he came, and his pleasure was in no way diminished by the swift changes that flashed across her face at the unexpected sight of him. For first she turned deadly pale, and then she coloured up furiously, a flood of crimson sweeping suddenly and tumultuously from her brow to her chin.

He shook hands with them both, and by the time he had exchanged a few words with Geoffrey and given a brief explanation of his return to England and his position at Lillminster, Angel had recovered her composure, and was able to talk to him in her usual quiet and gentle manner.

Geoffrey having ridden away a few paces to exchange greetings with a neighbour, Lessiter drew his animal close to hers, and lowered his voice:

"You are surprised to see me here, Mrs. Dane?"

"You got Dulcie's letter about my marriage?" she queried back, speaking, too, in a lower tone.

He nodded assent, although he was quite in the dark as to the letter's meaning, and then he threw at her a look of concentrated misery and reproach which bewildered her.

"Have you seen Dulcie?" she asked rather confusedly.

"No, I have not seen your sister," and he looked down and sighed deeply, playing abstractedly with his horse's mane.

"You have not yet seen her? and yet you came back six weeks ago!" she exclaimed in surprise. "Why did you come back then?"

"I could not keep away longer!" he cried, with emotion. "Oh, Angel—Mrs. Dane—how can you ask why I am back again?"

There was something to her so utterly incomprehensible in this reply, and in the agitation of his manner and the ardour of the glances which he flung at her, that she could find no words in which to answer him. No suspicion of his meaning had as yet dawned upon her. Had he not told her eight months ago that he loved Dulcie? What else, then, save his love for Dulcie, could he be alluding to? And yet, surely his manner of speaking was strange in the extreme! He had even called her by her christen name—but that must have been a slip of the tongue. In the old days he had sometimes done so by accident. That could be no harm. But what was the meaning of those burning, melting looks he cast upon her?

And Angel, trembling, turning hot and cold with a vague disquietude.

Then came a sudden movement, and her husband hurried back again to her side. Some-how Angel had never felt so glad to see him before.

"We are off now. Keep close to me, and follow me as well as you can," said Geoffrey to her; and then the hole filed through an open gate into a ploughed field, in the direction of a small copse beyond it, which the bounds were about to draw.

For the present, at least, Captain Lessiter faded out of Mrs. Geoffrey Dane's memory.

### CHAPTER XXX.

For the next few minutes there is an intense and breathless silence by the copse side.

It is a likely place to find in, but a nasty one to get away from, as is well known to the members of the Hillshire Hunt. The fences in Hillshire are undeniably trappy, and to-day are rendered still more so from the fact that the frost is hardly out of the ground yet, and lies like an enemy in ambush on the northern sides of the banks. Geoffrey whispers this to his wife, and Angel only nods. Her heart is beating almost audibly, but it has nothing to do with the love of her girlhood, who is in the crowd behind her. Angel has for the moment forgotten him, and is only filled with that intense excitement—that tension of every nerve—in the pause before action that thrills through all true lovers of the sport of kings as they stand thus immovable at the covert side which the hounds are drawing.

Compared to that passion of expectation all other pleasures fade into nothingness, and love itself becomes a thing of naught.

Hu! a faint, eager whimper is heard at last. Rapidly it deepens into a vague murmuring chorus, as the rest of the pack take up the signal which old "Forester" has given. The cry increases every second, for the hounds are driving through the covert close upon the fox, and there is a rare scent. Backwards and forwards, now near, now far, come those confused cries and sounds—ever louder and wilder as they press upon him closer. Then, all at once, silence.

Then a wild human shout rends the still air.

"Tally-ho! Ferrard, away, ay, ay!" as out flies a fine old fox, with a white tag to his brush. In a second he is well across the field to the far side, and the whole pack comes pouring out of the wood straight upon the line in hot pursuit. And now every man and horse is off too, with an eager rush to the first fence.

They are a rough lot in Hillshire, but they know what they come out for, and they do the work before them in a manner that many a smarter field might envy. They come out, not to ride jealously of each other, or to hustle one another at the gates, or to over-ride the hounds for the sake of getting a place; they come out to hunt and to live with the hounds through the run in the best way they can.

For the most part they are farmers, who are, after all, the very bone and sinew of an English hunting field, there are also half-a-dozen country squires, and a stray stranger or two, a country doctor, and last, but not least, a hunting parson, one of the last of that now-more the pity of it—fast dying-out race of men, who were not ashamed to prove, by the force of example, that it is possible to be a God-fearing Christian and yet to ride to hounds as straightly and as keenly as any one of his parishioners.

As to the horses, they are good stout beasts, not specially remarkable for breeding or beauty, but admirably well suited to their work. They understand how to creep up their banks and through their fences, and adapt themselves to the country they are required to go in, in a thoroughly business-like manner.

With the first rush Geoffrey's big chestnut flies to the foremost place, and Angel's mare sails easily after him.

"Come on!" he cries back to her. "Go for the timber in the corner, follow me and sit tight."

The next moment he is flying over some new rails that fill up the gap in a blackthorn hedge. They are stiff and forbidding, but the chestnut clears them easily, and proclaims at the outset how well deserved is the character he has earned. Angel follows him at perhaps a trifle too fast a pace, and the little mare breaks the top bar, and lands on her nose and knees in the field beyond.

Here her firm seat and ready hands stand her in good stead, and she picks her up quickly, without parting company, and is soon in the wake of her husband again.

"That was a nasty place," said a voice at her side, "hardly fit for a lady to take. You might have had a bad fall."

Horace Lessiter was at her side.

"Geoffrey told me to follow him," she answered somewhat breathlessly. "Ah, but Dane is such a bold rider. I don't suppose he has ever given a thought to the piloting of a lady before."

There was nothing to take offence at in the remark, and Angel only answered by a laugh. But when, as they neared the next fence, Geoffrey half turned back and made her a sign, beckoning her on to follow where he went, then Captain Lessiter said very seriously:

"Pray do not go for that place, Mrs. Dane, it is really not practicable. I know this country a little you know, and Dane has not hunted here before. There is a gap lower down. You had much better follow me."

Perhaps Angel was still a little shaken by the narrow escape she had had over her last jump, or perhaps she acknowledged the truth of his argument—that he knew the fences better than her husband did. For Geoffrey, although it was his native country, had seldom had a mount given him in Hillshire, and had never had the means or the time to know it intimately from the sportsman's point of view before. Anyway, her companion's words had their effect. Captain Lessiter shot forward in front of her, and Angel followed him, and scrambling up a bank through a gap in the hedge, was forced to acknowledge that the place was a better selected one than the one which

her husband had pointed out for her.

And so it was that in their first run with the Hillshire hounds they were divided from each other, for a space as soon lost in the hunting field, and a position once abandoned, is rarely recovered during the remainder of the day. For a few fields Geoffrey looked back in vain for his wife—then a vague anxiety crept over him lest she might have come to grief, and then again he espied her far away to the right, behind him, going well, and with Lessiter or three or four lengths before her, at which he was no longer anxious concerning her safety, and told himself that it was all right. In spite of which he found himself presently exclaiming aloud:

"Confound the fellow! why couldn't he mind his own business!"

Which did not in the least mean that Geoffrey was jealous, or angry, or hurt in any way; but only that a vague annoyance, he could not tell exactly wherefore, crept into his mind. How can a man be jealous about a woman he does not love and yet he thought he would have liked her to follow him on this first day, in preference to a stranger, under whose guidance she had contrived to lose the excellent place she had been so lucky enough to be in at the beginning of the run.

All this flashed through his mind quicker than it has taken to write it, and in a vague and clouded manner, and then the passing thought was gone and forgotten, for there were other things to be attended to.

All at once, after they had been running well for nearly three-quarters of an hour, a slight check occurred. There is a slight confusion on the brow of a small green hill on ahead, a holla from the huntsman, who waves his cap frantically. The master, old Squire Buttefield, who has kept the hounds in Hillshire from youth to old age, and is hale and hearty and raucous now, at his sixty and odd years, hurries forward with a grave and anxious face. The hounds are seen no longer running straight and compact, but flying hither and thither, some one way, some another, with their noses to the ground, and their waving sterna slanting in every direction. They have lost scent. One by one the riders came galloping up, the effects of the pace beginning to tell upon most of their horses as they stand with heavy sides, not sorry for the brief respite. Geoffrey, too, comes with the rest; he takes off his hat, and has a pull at his flask, and then he looks about for his wife, but she is nowhere to be seen; neither is Lessiter.

Either they have been thrown out, or else she is tired and has gone home. A man cannot for ever be looking after a lady in the hunting-field. If she can she must follow; but if she be not able to follow, she must remain behind, and he had better leave off troubling himself about her.

"If she had come with me she would have been all right," thinks Geoffrey, and he is a little bit out of temper with her.

Meanwhile the secret of the check is divulged, the fox has gone to ground in a drain, and the hounds are blown off, whilst a terrier is sent for with all haste from a neighbouring farm.

In due time the little beast arrives yelping and struggling with excitement in the arms of the man who carries him. A varmint, we-ho-animal, who is as keen upon the business before him as though he were endowed with human, instead of canine intelligence. Arrived upon the scene of action, he gives one wild cry that is almost a scream, and dashes down into the drain. Soon a smothered rush is heard, and inarticulate yappings from the pursuer and the pursued, and out bolts the fox with the little terrier holding fast on to his brush.

In a moment, however, Reynard has shaken himself free from his tormentor's grip and flies on again across the meadows, and in a very few minutes the hounds are on the line again and the chase is once more fast and furious.

In all the annals of Hillshire there never had been such a day as that. It was the run of the season, and the men who followed up that grey old fox to his death were never tired of retelling their wondrous experiences and adventures ere the closing scene was reached.

But Geoffrey Dane was not one of those who were present at the finish. At the very first fence he took after the check, he became aware of the fact that the chestnut was pumped. He scarcely lifted, and only managed to scramble through the great straggling hedgerow with considerable difficulty. Cramming in his spurs, Geoffrey pulled him together determinedly, and set him at the further fence with desperation. It was a stiff, thicket thorn hedge, not very high but of an impenetrable solidity, and an ugly yawning ditch, wherein trickled a muddy streamlet, lay on the further side of it. The chestnut made a gallant effort, rose well, and would have cleared it; had it not been for the ditch; but the double wall was beyond his stride; his hind legs dropped into the stream, and in a moment both man and horse were rolling over and over in the soft clayey ooze.

(To be Continued.)

### WHALES' TEETH AS COINAGE.

Whales' teeth form the coinage of the Fiji Islands. They are painted white and red, the red teeth being worth about 25 times as much as the white. The native carries his wealth round his neck, the red and white of his coinage forming a brilliant contrast to his black skin. A common and curious sight in the Fiji Islands is a newly married wife presenting her husband with a dowry of whales' teeth.

### SACRIFICE OF HORSES.

The average number of horses killed in Spanish bull fights every year exceeds 5,000, while from 1,000 to 1,200 bulls are sacrificed.

## WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborhood Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Worth Gathered from His Daily Record.

Five hundred persons are buried every year in Boston's potter's field. The health department in Minneapolis periodically fumigates the Public schools buildings.

Mrs. W. H. Woerman, daughter of ex-Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, is touring India on a wheel.

A coat of arms adopted for Deer Island, the site of Boston's reformatory has a deer's head above the motto, "Strong Yet Mild."

Claus Spreckles, the San Francisco millionaire, has given \$80,000 to the commissioners of Golden Gate Park for a new band stand and music course.

The Chicago banks have recently adopted the policy of charging \$1 a month to customers who keep a running deposit account of not more than \$300.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison will accompany her husband when the ex-President goes abroad this spring in the interest of the Venezuelan commission.

Bishop Potter, asked what he considered a woman's highest sphere, replied, "Wifehood, motherhood, sisterhood, the ministry of sympathy and love."

Gen. Marsh, of Illinois, has a knowledge of military laws and tactics among the best in Congress for he has made a careful study of these matters for years.

Vice-President Hobart had the resolution of thanks for the portrait of Pocahontas handsomely engraved on parchment and forwarded to Henry S. Wellcome, of London.

Caroline Duran, the portrait painter, who is to make a second long visit to America, is said to have earned during his last stay in this country a sum considerably exceeding \$60,000.

In one small township in North Carolina, Southern Pines, 4,000,000 lbs. of fruit were shipped to northern markets in 1898. It was all raised by northern invalids living there for their health.

Bullock County, Ala., may be said to be strongly Democratic. At the last State election in Alabama there were 1,123 Democratic, 5 Populist and no Republican votes cast in Bullock county.

The late Joseph Medill, of the Chicago Tribune, was one of the wealthiest editors this country has ever known. Ten years ago the annual net earnings of the paper were \$275,000 a year; now they are \$400,000.

The rheumatism from which Cornelius Vanderbilt has been suffering is not, as is popularly supposed, a new experience for the millionaire, for he has been a victim to the disease ever since early manhood.

Bishop Rowe, head of the Episcopal diocese of Alaska, who is at present in Chicago, says there is no lack of food in the Klondike, but he does not think the country as rich as it is generally supposed to be.

When Dr. Eliot became president of Harvard, he at once donned, for the first time in his life, a high silk hat, in all the years since that time he has never been seen out of doors in any other style of headgear.

The American Bible Society circulates the Scriptures in 96 tongues besides their own speech; 28 European, 39 Asiatic, 88 Oceanic, 9 African, 9 American Indian, and 3 South American languages and dialects.

Leo Mielzner, of Boston, has made a small bronze bust of Israel Zangwill, the author. It is no more than nine inches high, including its pedestal of Sienna marble, the glowing gold of which, with the rich green of the bronze patina, is in the perfection of taste.

Senator Depew says that President Garfield once advised him "to stop telling jokes from that day, for I have studied the American people carefully, and it will not place confidence in the man who says humorous things."

The youngest member of the next Congress will be Martin H. Glynn, editor of the Albany Times-Union, who and it will not place confidence in the town of Kinderhook, N.Y., which produced Martin Van Buren and Samuel J. Tilden.

Miss Rebecca Wiswell, the oldest living army nurse of the civil war, has just celebrated her 91st birthday at her home in Plymouth, Mass. She was born in Provincetown, and is the last living member of a family of ten children.

Dr. Merrill E. Gates, late president of the Amherst College is to succeed Gen. Eliphalet Whittlesey as secretary of the Board of Indian commissioners. He has been a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners for a number of years.

Nebraska's Populist Senator, William V. Allen, who now retires from Congress, will be chiefly remembered for his famous 15-hour continuous speech in the Senate, and for the innovation of making a valedictory address to his colleagues.

Representative Johnson, of Indiana, is the most disputative man in Congress. He is always on the other side and agrees with no one. He has a violent temper, and has been told by his physician that his passionate outbreaks are shortening his life.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., started his business life recently, being elected a director of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad. He is the only son and heir of the possessor of one of the greatest fortunes in the world—a fortune that probably exceeds \$800,000,000.

It is said that Senator Mills, of Texas, who has retired from the Senate, is rapidly getting rich, and will probably soon be a millionaire. During his whole career in Congress Mr. Mills has been poor, but a short time ago oil was discovered on his property, and the wells are now producing great quantities of this wealth-producing fluid.

## THE PANGS OF SCIATICA.

### MRS. PALMER, OF FENELON FALLS, TELLS HOW SHE SUFFERED.

Confined to Her Bed for Weeks—Her Limbs Became so Numb That a Red Hot Iron could be Placed Upon it Without Her Knowledge.

Only those who have felt the agonizing pangs of sciatica, can form any conception of the torture which the victim undergoes. The case of Mrs. Joh Palmer, of Fenelon Falls, was one of unusual obstinacy and severity, and she makes the following affidavit in reference to her cure, for the good of humanity. "I am 29 years of age and have lived in this vicinity all my life. I had always enjoyed the best of health until November, 1897, when I took a stinging pain in my right hip which seemed to be in my very marrow as it effected every muscle and joint, and I kept up for several weeks although suffering the most intense pain, freely using liniments and many other internal and external preparations that sympathizing friends would suggest, I was then compelled to stay in bed as I got so weak and run down that I could sit up no longer. I received several courses of medical treatment such as electric batteries, poulticing, etc., but got no ease from the excruciating pains which would shoot through my leg into my very heel where it caused a bursting feeling. Often I prayed that my heel would burst thinking this might give relief. The limb at last became so numb that a hot iron could be placed upon it without my having any knowledge of it. The closing or opening of a door or anyone entering or moving about in my room, seemed to increase the pain. For weeks I could not move any part of my body and had to lie in one position all the time. My brother was cured of rheumatism after every other remedy had failed, by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so I thought as a last resort I would try them. As the directions said that in severe cases three pills could be easily taken at a dose, I took this number three times a day for about a week although I got little relief. I so longed and prayed for in three days after taking the first dose. Then I kept on taking the pills two at a dose. In a week after commencing the pills I was able to get out of bed and dress myself and a few weeks later when I had gained strength enough, I was able to attend to all my household duties and I have ever since enjoyed the best of health. Friends and neighbors who were conversant with my case can also tell you of my terrible suffering and the remarkable cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

MRS. SUSIE PALMER.

Taken and declared before me at Fenelon Falls, in the County of Victoria, this 11th day of May, A. D. 1898.

JAMES DICKSON, J. P.

### MUSCULAR POWERS OF A BEETLE.

An Insect That Was Able to Move 112 Times Its Own Weight About a Table.

The following anecdote of a three-horned beetle will give some idea of its vast strength of body. A beetle was brought in, and there being no box at hand, in which to put it, it was clapped under a quart bottle of milk, which happened to be upon the table, the hollow at the bottom of the bottle allowing the insect to stand upright.

Presently the bottle began to move slowly, and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned beetle, and continued its travels for some time to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of one bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce; so that it readily moved a weight 112 times greater than its own.

A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this feat by supposing a lad of 15 to be imprisoned under a great bell weighing 12,000 pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing it from within.

### A GOOD PLAN.

The landlady looked solemnly in the direction of the delinquent one. It's a rule in this house to pay as you go, said she.

The delinquent one smiled. It's a good plan, said he; you get it all in a bunch then—or nothing!

### ONE UMBRELLA LESS.

Mr. Spinks—Why did you give Billington that cotton umbrella? He'll never bring it back.

Mrs. Spinks—The only other one in the rack was silk.

You should have given him that. Humph! If he wouldn't return the cotton one, why should he return the silk one? Tell me that, Mr. Spinks.

Mr. Spinks—The cotton one was his