

## Diamond Cut Diamond

OR,  
THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.  
"What was he up to at Riverside?" he asked, in a milder tone of voice.

"Indeed, uncle, I am afraid he was up to very little good. I am afraid he had been down to see a very dangerous woman, who used to live, last winter, at the very house I was just telling Aunt Jane about, when you interrupted me, for I met her only the day before. So I suppose she is living there—"

"Ah—h!" Mr. Dane began to see daylight; he leant back in his chair with a smile. "Dangerous, is she? What makes her dangerous, pray?"

"Well, to begin with, she is a forger."

"How sad!"

"And a Roman Catholic."

"Shocking!"

"And a widow—or worse!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old man. "That's capital! Can anything be worse than a widow? My dear niece, you are really a very amusing young lady. I do verily believe you'll get a husband after all."

"I really don't see anything to laugh at," answered Miss Dane, deeply offended.

"Oh! but I do—that's where it is—that is what makes you so funny, my dear."

"I haven't the slightest intention of being funny!" she said stiffly.

"No, of course not, that's what is so delightful about it. It is just that makes you so clever. Upon my word, Florence, I begin to be quite fond of you! Now, pray go on about this dangerous woman you were telling me about. Let me see—"

"A forger, a Catholic, a widow, or worse! There's a category of crimes for you! Now, tell me, is there anything else against this person?"

"Well, uncle, I confess I don't myself see what amuses you so much—to my mind it is all rather dreadful, and if it was your own brother who had been entrapped—"

"But, you see it isn't my brother, but yours; if it were my brother, your excellent father, my dear Florence, that is—well, I should survive it, I should survive it," with an amiable wave of his hand—"but go on and tell me about poor Geoffrey. What did the woman do to him?"

Mr. Dane was, by this time, evidently in the best of tempers. His wife, who understood his moods pretty well, wondered what had happened, whether his foot hurt him less, or his lunch had done him good, or whether in truth he had suddenly taken a fancy to poor Florence, in spite of her dumpy figure and her ordinary-looking face. She could not quite make it out, nor why, from being in one of his most savage tempers, he had suddenly become playful and sarcastic. She could not tell that it had been anxiety on Geoffrey's account, terror lest he should take the bit in his mouth and break away from him altogether, apprehension for the downfall of his most cherished schemes which were somehow all bound up in his nephew, and all depended upon what steps he would take next—that it was this, aggravated by Geoffrey's unaccountable absence from the office, that had gnawed at a far more agonizing pain than those twinges in his great toe which had kept him chained to his chair now, at this most critical moment of his life. Now he seemed to see daylight again, and a warm satisfaction glowed in his inner man. I had well nigh written his heart—but that I recollected in time that Matthew Dane could not be strictly said to possess such an article.

Mdme. de Brefour had knocked under then! She had driven away her lover. She must want her felon husband back again very badly then to have played into his hands so well.

As to Geoffrey, he was recovering from the operation in solitude no doubt! Ah, well, he would soon come round again, these sort of wounds are very speedily healed up. All was going well, and Mr. Dane became filled to overflowing with a spirit of charity and loving kindness.

"Tell me, my dear niece, how this dreadful person entrapped your brother?" he asked once more, and his eyes gleamed upon her so kindly and sympathetically that Florence was encouraged to go on with her story.

"Her name was Mdme. de Brefour, she lived in a mysterious fashion, in a house a couple of miles from our village, called the Hidden House, and Geoffrey used to come down week after week to stay with her."

"What alone? How very improper!"

"Well, no—I ought not, perhaps, to say quite alone, because her father lived with her—but still, poor Geoffrey became completely subjugated—he never came to the Vicarage at all. At last it became the talk of the village, I believe she was trying to convert him."

"Oh, indeed!" The intense amusement in the exclamation was such that no pen can do justice to it. Mr. Dane turned himself right round in his chair and faced his niece—"that was very terrible."

"Indeed, you may well say so! I spoke to my father, but he is easy-going, as I daresay you know, uncle, and would do nothing. So then, what with the scandal, and the fear of Popery, and poor Geoffrey dragged into her meshes, all the way round, I thought I would take the law into my own hands—"

"Quite right—quite right!" murmured Mr. Dane, approvingly looking at her, curiously, between his half-closed eyes.

"So I went up to Hidden House, and gave her such a piece of my mind as

drove her clean out of the house, and out of the country, within a week!"

And Florence looked triumphantly from her uncle to her aunt, as though to say, "What do you think of that?"

"Brave, noble-minded virtuous British maiden!" exclaimed her uncle with enthusiasm. But Mrs. Dane raised her handkerchief furtively to her eyes and sighed.

"Poor Rose de Brefour! She was so pretty! I wonder where she went to—turned out of her home like that!" she said, almost in a whisper.

"You know her then?" gasped Florence. And then Matthew Dane burst out laughing.

"Oh, yes, my dear, we know her very well indeed. You have one very characteristic of your sex, Florence—as our French neighbours would say—you have la langue bien pendue, chattering comes natural to you. A very useful accomplishment, my dear; not so much to yourself as to your friends. Ha, ha! What have we here? A letter from Geoffrey, I declare! Talk of the Devil—excuse my profane language, Florence—"

A footman had brought in a letter on a salver. He tore it open somewhat breathlessly, striving to conceal his agitation from the two women, who were watching him.

There were a few moments of absolute silence—broken only by the fluttering of the letter, which, notwithstanding his utmost efforts, trembled in the two hands that strove to keep it steady. Then, to the utter amazement of his wife, Mr. Dane rose from his chair, standing erect before the fire-gouty foot and all.

"My dear Florence," he said with an impressive solemnity—whilst his eyes absolutely danced with triumph and satisfaction—"let me have the great pleasure of being the first to give you a piece of good news. Geoffrey is engaged to be married to Miss Angel Halliday, with my entire approbation and sanction. From this hour he becomes a partner in the great house of Dane and Trichet, and the 'widow, or worse,' may go to the Devil!"

### CHAPTER XXVII.

In the cold grey dawn of a December morning, Dulcie Halliday crept softly, with little bare white feet, across the floor of her room, and opened her sister's door.

It was Angel's wedding-day! Half-past seven o'clock in the morning, yet so dark still, and so cold!

"Angel!" in a soft whisper, "are you awake, my darling?"

"Yes, I am awake," she answered, in an odd, quiet voice; and, in the dim light, Dulcie could see her wide-open dark eyes, that looked as if sleep had not been near them for many hours.

"Draw the curtains, Dulcie. What sort of a morning is it?"

"It is rather dreary-looking," said her sister, as she obeyed her, and peered down into the still winter garden; "a hard frost, I think, and the pond is covered with ice."

"There might be skating to-morrow, if it holds out," said Angel, in a dreamy voice. "Dulcie, do you remember last year when the meadows were flooded and frozen over in that long, hard frost one evening, when you and I were skating together till it grew quite dark; and then someone came walking across the ice to us—it was Captain Lessiter, you know, and he came back to the house and had tea with us. Do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember; but why think of this now, dear?"

"And then, whilst we were sitting round the fire," she went on, still in the same dull, even voice, "Papa came in, and Geoffrey was with him—it was the first time we had ever seen him—and Captain Lessiter was talking about that ice dance we had, you remember?"

"Why not forget all that now, Angel dear?" said Dulcie, soothingly.

"Oh! I!" said Angel, with a sudden change of manner and a short little grating laugh; "of course, I forget everything now. Is it not my wedding day? But you, Dulcie—you don't forget Horace Lessiter, do you?"

"I don't think I am a good hand at forgetting," she answered, evasively, whilst in her own mind she told herself that it was unlikely that Horace Lessiter had done his best to spoil her sister's happiness.

Then Angel caught hold of her hands with a sudden energy.

"Dulcie, I want you to do something for me," she said, with a sort of feverish eagerness. "Will you promise faithfully to do what I ask you?"

"Yes, dear, of course."

"Then, when it is all over—my wedding, I mean—when I am married and gone away, write to Horace Lessiter—you can get his address from Venetia—write to him and tell him all about it. You can describe the bride's dress, you know, and say whether I was pale or red, and the bridesmaids' lockets and hats or bonnets, and all about the people who came—only let him know that I am married, and ask him if he is never coming back to England again?"

Dulcie heard her with an aching heart. Was it all a mistake, she asked of herself, this marriage which she had desired so much? and would it, perhaps, have been better for Angel if Captain Lessiter had never gone away?

For a moment or two she could not speak, only she sat cuddled up on the bed by her sister's side, stroking her dark hair caressingly.

"Oh, Angel!" she said, falteringly, "are you quite sure that you are happy, dear?—that you care for Geoffrey well enough? If not, dearest, do not go on with it. Even now it is not too late!"

But Angel pushed her away, almost roughly.

"What are you talking about, Dulcie! Is not Geoffrey a model lover, and am I not the very luckiest girl in the world to be married to such a man? Why you have said so yourself dozens of times. He is so handsome and well-mannered and agreeable; and he will be rich, too, now that his uncle has taken him into partnership. Is not Papa delighted, and Mr. Dane in a seventh heaven of joy? Oh, Dulcie, how silly you are to talk to me of giving up such a match as this—and on my wedding-day, too!" and then she laughed, but to Dulcie her laughter sounded hollow and unreal; and in the next moment she checked herself, and caught hold of her sister's arm.

"You must promise to write that letter. Why, Dulcie, you could not refuse me anything on such a day as this, and our very last morning together!"

"No, darling, how could I?" said Dulcie, suddenly bursting into tears. "I will do what you ask."

"Don't cry, dear Dulcie, you will see it will be all right some day. Don't forget to say that about his coming home, will you?"

"I will do exactly as you ask, dear. But he is settled out there. I don't see why he never will," with a wise little nod of her head, "but I should like you to say it, all the same."

"Very well, then I will." And then Angel was satisfied.

"If she writes like that to him," she told herself, "he will think her heart is changed to him, and he will come back to her, and then, because I am married and happy, and she thinks I have forgotten him, then it will be well with them both."

It was very cold on Angel's wedding-day—a cold hard black frost, with a lowering grey sky, against which the bare trees stood out dark and dreary, whilst even the evergreens and the grass seemed to have lost their color and faded away into the general slate-like hue of a photograph.

The bride, in her white satin and lace, shivered as she came up the aisle; the bridesmaids—there were only two of them, Geoffrey's younger sisters, Grace and Amy—had red noses that almost matched the crimson feathers in their white velvet hats. Florence Dane, who had refused to figure in the procession behind her new sister, stood with chattering teeth by Dulcie's side in the front pew, and all the wedding guests stamped their toes about on the tessellated pavement, and drew about their shoulders such shawls and cloaks as they had been provident enough to bring with them. As to the bridegroom, he was always pale, so that no one—not even Miles Faulkner, who was his best man—noticed how deadly white was the face that greeted his advancing bride, nor how dark were the circles about his careworn eyes.

Only once, when the ring had been fitted on to Angel's trembling finger, and when the words that made them man and wife had been spoken, then Geoffrey held up his head, and, as the light from the painted altar window reflected itself in those earnest brown eyes, there came into them such a look as might well have been seen in the eyes of those martyr knights of old, who went forth to do and die for a noble cause. It was a gleam of pride and of courage that shone in them suddenly.

"For her sake—for the sake of my queen, who is so good and true," he said softly to himself, "I will be good to this other, who is trusting her life to me. She shall never know that I have not always loved her best. I will be to her for ever a true and faithful husband."

Afterwards came a crowd of well-dressed persons in the Grange drawing-room—a host of smiling congratulations—many hands held out in friendly greetings, and a general atmosphere of hilarity and satisfaction. Murmurs of admiration, too, came from all sides.

"Such a lovely bride—how well she looks!"

"And he—! he is not interesting-looking!"

"A thoroughly well-matched couple."

"As for me," declared Lady Lissiter loudly, "I invariably cry at weddings. It's a mistake, I know, especially on a cold day, because it makes one's nose red, but I can't help it."

"You are so tender-hearted, Lady Lissiter," said the ancient dandy to whom she was holding forth.

"I suppose it's that. All ceremonies affect me. Confirmations make me feel choky. At christenings I positively sob and I declare, just now in church, when that dear girl took off her glove—no, by the way, it was when she handed back her bouquet to the bridesmaids, or else when she put the ring on, I really forget the precise moment—but I was absolutely overcome. See, my handkerchief is wringing wet"—holding out a little lace rag for inspection. "It's horribly solemn, you know. I wish I could find a drawing-room comedy with a bride's part in it suited to private theatricals. I know the part would suit me so well—I must see if I can't find one," etc.

To make an accurate record of all this impulsive little woman's voluble sayings would be an absolute impossibility.

Meanwhile the Bride and Bridegroom were bearing themselves bravely, and acting their parts to perfection. Geoffrey even began to be happy himself, after a fashion, for it must be physically impossible for a young man to be absolutely wretched at the moment he has married a very lovely girl whom he sincerely likes and admires, and whom he believes to be thoroughly attached to him. Perhaps, too, it is easier for a man, than for a woman, to transfer himself from one pair of fond arms to another, man's nature being of coarser fibre and sterner mould. Having taken the plunge, Geoffrey had no intention of spending the remainder of his life in futile regrets over the past. He had always liked Angel. Now, as she stood beside him in the throng of friendly faces, timid and pale, but lovely withal in the whiteness of her bridal finery, he felt very tender and affectionate towards

her, and when their eyes met it was but to blend in a lover-like smile. And he could answer all the kind wishes and hopeful words about him with a frank and unclouded brow.

(To Be Continued.)

### RICH ON A SMALL INCOME.

Possible to be Wealthy on £40 a Year—Equally Possible to be Poor on the Income From Millions.

That proposition seems at first as absurd as if one were to speak of being rich, though poor. And yet it is not at all the same thing. We too often confuse thought by a misuse of words. A large income is not wealth, nor is a small one poverty. It is possible to be "passing rich on forty pounds a year," or its modern equivalent of about four times that sum. It is equally possible, and far more sadly common, to be poor on the income from millions.

No circumstances can be more narrow than those of the harassed dispenser of a huge income. The avenues of distribution are an unceasing care to keep in check and in proportion. If he is so fortunate or so wretched as to possess at once a conscience and sensitive nerves, he is bound to suffer acute discomfort however he spends. There is never enough to do what people think he might, could, or should have done, however colossal the annual sum may be. To be rich is simply to have more than you need, to have provision for is to have attained that nice balance in living where the income is not just absorbed each year by the expenses, and the nerves ever on the strain lest the ends may not meet. It is to keep the fixed charges of the family down rigidly to a point where a margin is left which is provision for illness or calamity during the year, without debt. If calamity and illness stay away, this sum becomes savings.

The snarls that lie in wait for economy are more frequent in large cities, and yet it is also in large cities that cheap buying is most possible. If as much of ingenuity and intelligence and perseverance is put into compressing the expenditure as is expended daily in stretching the income, the difficulty largely disappears. The trouble is by no means confined to great cities. The burden of debt from overstrained incomes sits as heavily year by year on thousands of fagged-out men and women whose tired eyes and haggard faces bear witness to the invisible load they bear along village streets and country roads, as upon frequenters of the thoroughfares of the metropolis.

The most useful of the arts is the art of doing without. Standards of expenses have made such amazing strides during the past few years that the luxuries of our grandparents have become our necessities while a host of conveniences surround our household work that were undreamed of then. Books and clothes and food—the things that apply our most vital needs—have become vastly cheaper, but to counteract the saving in the line of those necessities a thousand and one artificial wants have sprung up. The ornament and service of the table have become elaborate in the simplest households while a wave of bric-a-brac has swept over the country till the average home looks like a shop. But the most serious strain at the present time on small incomes is the growing distaste among women of the better class to manual labor. While they are better educated, better dressed, and more widely read than their foremothers, they are less industrious with their hands. They are not idle. They walk, they ride bicycles, they manage study clubs and charities and college settlements. There is almost no avenue of philanthropic or intellectual activity where they do not shine, but do they sweep and dust and mind the children as their grandmothers did? There are many who may be quite properly and wisely relieved of these duties, and their energies applied elsewhere to the greater good of society, but that is not true of the women in families of small income. They must be producers. They must give work or its equivalent in money earned if the family is to experience prosperity under those conditions.

Sewing, cooking, covering shabby furniture, making over old carpets or old clothes, are occupations that may call in play the greatest intellectual ingenuity while sweeping, window-washing, rug-shaking and even scrubbing are forms of exercise that may be made as beneficial as bicycling. These despised and too largely abandoned occupations may be profitably served by the most liberal culture and no means can be found more efficacious in piecing out an income. To the family belong the wife's as well as the husband's best energy and faithful industry. If he gives constant and unflinching effort to the income, and she the most intelligent study and honest effort to control the outgo, the problem of being rich on small means is not unsolvable.

Bella—So you're engaged to Mr. Grosboom. How on earth did he ever propose? Stella—Well, he took me for a walk in the cemetery, and when we came to their family lot he asked me how I'd like to be buried there some day with his name engraved on a stone above me.

I have just learned, she said, with a perceptible tinge of asperity, that I am the ninth girl to whom you have been engaged. Well, he suavely replied, that ought to make you glad. Glad she exclaimed; I'd like to know why I don't. You know, he answered, that there's luck in odd numbers.

## A SECTION FOREMAN

HIS LIFE ONE OF EXPOSURE AND MUCH HARDSHIP.

Rheumatism and Kindred Troubles the Frequent Result—One Who Has Been a Great Sufferer Speaks for the Benefit of Others.

From the Watchman, Lindsay, Ont.

Wm. McKendry, a gentleman of 52 years of age, has for 28 years been a respected citizen of Fenelon Falls, Ont. For twenty-two years he has held the position of section foreman for the G.T.R., which position he fills to-day, and judging from his present robust appearance will be capable of doing so for many years to come. During his residence at Fenelon Falls Mr. McKendry has taken an active part in educational matters, being an efficient member of the school board on different occasions. Many times he has been nominated as councillor, but owing to the position he held with an outside corporation felt it his duty to withdraw, although much against the wishes of the representative rate-payers. As the public well know the duties devolving on a railway section foreman expose him to all kinds of inclement weather, and it takes a man with a strong constitution to successfully fill the position. Mr. McKendry had no illness until about 3 years ago, when, to use his own words, he says:—"I was taken down with severe rheumatic pains in the right knee and the muscles of the leg. I could not sleep or rest night or day. I could not begin to tell you what I suffered. I took many remedies, both internal and external prescribed by doctors and friends, but instead of improving I was steadily going from bad to worse. One day while reading the Presbyterian Review I read of a cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of a man who had not been expected to recover and this prompted me to give this medicine a trial. The action in my case did not seem to be speedy and I was using my fifth box before any decided improvement was noted, but by the time I had used eight boxes I was a thoroughly well man. Since that time my general health has been the very best and I have no signs of the old trouble. I make this statement voluntarily, because I think it the duty of those cured to put others in the possession of the means of obtaining renewed health and I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do all that is claimed for them if given a trial.

"These pills cure not by purging the system as do ordinary medicines, but by enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves. They cure rheumatism, sciatic, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, heart troubles, erysipelas and all forms of weakness. Ladies will find them an unrivalled medicine for all ailments peculiar to the sex, restoring health and vigor, and bringing a rosy glow to pale and sallow cheeks. There is no other medicine 'just as good.' See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on every package you buy. If your dealer does not have them, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. or Schenectady, New York.

DON'T KNOW WHAT SUITS THEM.

There are, strange as it may seem, some women who do not seem to know what suits them, and cannot even tell after they have put it on whether a gown or bonnet is becoming or not. These hapless persons, often rich, amiable and well-intentioned seem to have no idea how to dress. They lack the sixth sense that enables the gifted of their sex to tell in an instant the shape, color and design they must choose from a heterogeneous mass of materials and millinery.

"Do you think this suits me, Maria?" a woman will say in pathetic appeal to friend or relative. "Maria," as often as not, has no opinion worth hearing, but she answers "Yes" or "No," as the case may be, influenced by prejudice, by old-fashioned ideas, or personal dislike for a certain color, ignoring the essence of the matter, namely, the question as to whether or not the article suits her friend, and indeed incapable of deciding. "I shouldn't have that," she says. "I do not like red." Or, "Oh, take that. My sister-in-law had a bonnet just like it, and everyone admired it." But what is sauce for one goose is not necessarily sauce for another. "Maria's" victim is the sort of well-meaning woman who is persuaded to buy things, however hideous, because they are the fashion. Her kind sometimes wrestle feebly with the temper, but it is easy, by the aid of a little decision of manner, to talk them into anything. They accept the dictum of every shopman, without bringing intelligence to bear on it, forgetting that their advisers are there for the sole purpose of making them buy. Such women are led to wear purple veils, green veils, cornflower-blue veils, red veils, and similar monstrosities that manufacturers create and place upon the market, apparently out of malice. Fashionable or not, an intelligent person will not risk making herself look a guy to oblige a salesman.

A LITTLE TOO PREVIOUS.

Chairman, at concert—Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Discordant will now sing Only Once More.

Sarcastic critic—Thank Heaven for that!

Chairman, coming forward again—Ladies and gentlemen, instead of singing Only Once More, Miss Discordant will sing Forever and Ever.

Collapse of S. C.