

## Diamond Cut Diamond

OR,  
THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

### CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"She has always got some vagary or other," he said; and then he took up the "Circassian Slave" from Venetia's work-table, and began twisting her about into every sort of attitude. The Circassian damsel had the usual pink-and-white cheeks, round blue eyes, and long two-like hair; a pair of full striped silk trousers adorned her lower limbs, and there was the beautiful simplicity of unadorned nature about the remainder of her toilet.

"Pray don't," remonstrated Angel, smiling; "you will certainly pull her arms off! She is to have a gold tissue vest, and a scarlet yashmak. We copy all the dresses out of a book. They are quite correct, I assure you."

Somehow they had both drawn near the window again, and the scent of the mignonette in the balcony outside was wafted sweet and strong into the room. All her life long, Angel remembered that pink-checked doll, with its fixed glass eyes and its silly smile, and always the scent of mignonette brought back those moments with a horrible vividness to her memory.

"I am roglad to find you alone," he said to her suddenly in an oddly serious voice, and he did not look at her as he said it, only at the Circassian slave, whom he was endeavouring to balance upon the handle of Lady Lessiter's work-basket. "I wanted so much to speak to you alone."

"I think you must have seen how it is with me, have you not? I suppose, when one is in love, it is not hard for anyone to guess. And though I know I am such an ass that I cannot hide my own feelings, yet it seems strange to say that I haven't the faintest idea whether I am loved again or no; and I literally haven't the pluck to risk everything by speaking too soon. That is why I am so glad to see you alone for a minute. Angel, dear Angel, can you give me any hope?"

She raised her eyes, and met his. They were fixed upon her earnestly and pleadingly; there was even an eager longing in them, but there was no passion in their eagerness. Instinctively she knew that what she had expected to meet in them was wanting. Something, she scarcely understood what, struck her with that cold chill of vague mistrust which smites us when our life's hardest blows are about to be dealt to us. Her rosy colour, which his opening words had brought in a flame to her face, died away and left her pale and cold. "I do not understand you," she faltered; and the scent of the mignonette came in once more in a heavy whiff upon the fluttering breeze, and Lessiter twisted the fair-haired doll round and round by the arm just as a vent to his nervousness. The two things were somehow jumbled up together then and forever after in her mind.

"Oh, you must understand, Angel!" he said, with a short, uneasy laugh. "You and she are so much together, so devoted to each other; surely it cannot have been quite unnoticed by you, at all events, how deeply I am attached to her? I know she would be here today, and I thought, before I saw her, I would try and find you alone, and ask you to help me. Sometimes, indeed, I can't help fancying that Dulcie has guessed my love, and is not so angry with me; and then again, at other times, she repulses me at every word, so that I begin to wonder if she does not actually hate me."

"Dulcie! You love Dulcie, then?" The words came out somewhat slowly—they were a little bit harsh, too, because her throat was dry and parched; otherwise there was no sign of emotion in the quiet words. "Love her?—of course I love her!" he cried, with a sudden enthusiasm, which no doubt, at the time, he really and truly felt from his heart. "There is no one in the whole world like her! Tell me, Angel—do you think there is any hope for me?"

He flung away the doll, so that it fell on to the ground. The wooden head struck with a sharp rap against the parquet floor. Even at that moment it went through her mind, with that sort of comic realisation of little things that is always present with us even at the very crisis of our lives, that Lady Lessiter would be in despair if that doll was broken; and then she forgot it again, because in her earnestness he had caught hold of her hands, and was looking into her face with a curious mixture of love for the absent Dulcie and of admiration for herself.

"Give me a scrap of hope, Angel!" he cried. And then Angel, who, all unknown to herself, was of a fabric of which the heroines of this world are made, Angel smiled at him.

"I am sure you need not despair. Why should not Dulcie love you? There must be every hope for you. I will help you all I can."

"What a dear girl you are!" he cried, with a laugh; and then kissed her hand—and that was very hard to bear, harder, perhaps, than all the rest.

Then there came a cab laden with luggage, and both of them knew that it was Dulcie. And in a little confusion of her arrival, Angel once more regained her usual self-control, and Horace Lessiter settled his collar and pulled down his cuffs, and met her as composedly as if he had imparted no love-lorn confidences to her sister before her entrance.

But as to Dulcie, she was as a needle. She came flying in, full of life and excitement, to throw her arms about her sister's neck; but when she saw Horace there she stopped short, looking from one to the other with a certain suspi-

cious quickness. Then she greeted Angel quietly, and gave her hand very coldly to Lessiter, not looking at him in the least, and making it plain that she was surprised and not displeased, at his presence. So that, after a few common-places words respecting her journey and the weather, he found himself constrained to take up his hat and to go.

"What has happened?" she asked Angel, quickly, as soon as he was out of hearing. "There is something wrong, Angel! What has he been saying to you to worry you?"

"Nothing," answered Angel, smiling.

But Dulcie knew instinctively that it was a Spartan smile. She stamped her foot in her usual impatient fashion.

"Men are all fools!" she cried irritably. "I have really no patience with Horace Lessiter!"

"Don't be angry with him, Dulcie." Her soft fingers were busy unfastening the buttons of her sister's jacket, her lovely face, with its inscrutable smile, close to hers; there was no sorrow in the dark eyes, no lines of pain about the reposed lips, for when we suffer for those we love very much it is an easier matter to school the face than the heart. "Horace Lessiter has only been talking to me about you. He told me how much he loves you, dear."

"He told you—he loved me!" repeated Dulcie slowly, with a pause between every word, and there was something akin to absolute horror in her eyes. Then, with a little cry, she flung her arms about Angel's neck, covering her face with kisses, and saying, "Oh, my Angel!" she cried; "how dare he say it—how dare he tell you this! It is false—he doesn't love me; it is only a foolish infatuation, nothing but a delusion, and a mistake, and you know that I don't care for him; I think, in fact, that I hate him—I do, indeed! Why did he say this thing to you? It was a joke, a blind, he doesn't love me."

Angel only shook her head softly; she had dreamt a foolish dream, but she was awake now, there could be no more deception for her.

"Hush, Dulcie," she said, pushing her a little away. "Why need you be so upset? I have told him how much I sympathise with him—how much I should like to see you his wife."

"And I will never, never be his wife!" cried Dulcie, passionately, "unless," she added half-laughing, "unless I see you happily married first yourself, then I shan't mind who I marry!"

Angel said nothing—only her pathetic eyes looked at her sadly, like the gaze of a dumb animal that cannot speak its pain.

"Come upstairs to your room," she said presently; "we will say no more; some day things will be all different with us both, no doubt."

But her sister's words, sank deeply down in her heart. "Dulcie has guessed my miserable secret," she said to herself, "though, thank God, he never found it out. They shall not suffer from my folly, either of them. When I am married then it will come right she said; that is what I have to do then. It will not hurt me much—it will not signify—nothing can matter much, and to them it will bring happiness."

That was how it came to pass that Joseph Halliday's task, the following morning, was made so much easier for him than he had anticipated.

He came to call upon his girls in Pont Street before they went on to stay at his senior partner's in Cromwell Road, and by Lady Lessiter's invitation he stayed to luncheon. Mr. Halliday was at the very bottom of his heart a little bit afraid of his daughters; since his wife's death they had lived a good deal away from him, and their mother's relations in Canada, he had been glad enough to be rid of them when they were children, but by and by, when they came home to live with him, he found himself out of sympathy with them. The hearts of children are easily caught and entwined to those with whom their daily lives are spent, but when all that early time is over, and grown-up sons and daughters, with fixed opinions and feelings of their own, come back like strangers to their father's house, then it is not easy to awaken that filial devotion that has been allowed to lapse and become as nothing in their lives.

Angel and Dulcie were devoted to each other, and they were very deferential to their father. They never rebelled against his authority, or questioned to each other more than they belonged to him. He felt it, and yet he could not complain of it, Angel was coldly submissive to him, Dulcie coldly contemptuous. They were quite properly and dutifully affectionate, but they lived lives that were apart from him. They were out of sympathy with him.

Thus, it was with no small amount of inward trepidation that, after lunch at Lady Lessiter's was over, Mr. Halliday gave him a few minutes' private conversation. Venetia and Dulcie went upstairs, and Angel and her father were left alone in the dining room amongst the remains of the feast.

Joseph Halliday, had, after due deliberation, fixed upon Angel as the subject of his discourse from several important reasons. Angel was the eldest. Angel was decidedly the handsomest. Angel had always been the most tractable and docile. Supposing all went wrong, Angel would be less alarming in direct

antagonism to his schemes, than would her more impetuous and versatile sister, and, moreover, Matthew Dane was certain to like her the best. Therefore it was to Angel that he addressed himself. The conversation that took place between them was as follows.

"My dear, I wish to say a few words to you alone."

"Yes, papa."

"I would rather you did not mention what I am about to say to you to your sister. Kindly promise me this, my dear."

"I will promise it to you, papa."

"You are going this afternoon to stay with my talented and esteemed senior partner, Mr. Matthew Dane."

"Yes, papa."

"I trust you will do all you can to make yourself thoroughly pleasant to him and to his invalid wife."

"You may be sure of that, papa."

"Your future life very much depends upon yourself!"

"Indeed, papa?"

"Yes, Mr. Matthew Dane has a nephew, Geoffrey Dane. If you remember he came down to us for a Sunday once in the winter."

"I remember." Hitherto Angel's eyes had wandered away over the flower boxes into the street. Now, with a sudden flash, they fixed themselves upon her father's face. They looked wide awake and full of attention.

"I dare say you will meet him very often at his uncle's."

"Shall we, papa?"

"Very often. Did you like what you saw of him, my love?"

"This time Angel paused just long enough to count ten."

Then she answered somewhat slowly.

"I think I liked him, decidedly."

"I am glad of that, my child, because that makes everything easy and pleasant. Well, my dear, you must understand that it is very possible that Geoffrey Dane may be a very rich man some day."

"How interesting," murmured Angel, with a faint sarcasm, which her father was far from perceiving.

"Very rich, indeed," he repeated impressively. "It is his uncle's purpose to take him into the business as partner—as junior partner—in which case, at his uncle's death and my own, he will inherit the whole of the magnificent business of Dane and Trichet."

As Mr. Halliday spoke these last words, he swept out his arms with a wide embracing gesture, as though to express the vast magnitude of the idea he was embodying.

"Lucky Mr. Geoffrey Dane," said Angel, coolly fixing her quiet eyes solemnly upon her father's face.

Perhaps she was impressed, perhaps she was only secretly laughing at him. Joseph Halliday did not exactly know. He only felt rather uncomfortable.

"Ahem—yes—lucky—as you say, my love. But all this is upon one condition, mind," pointing his fat forefinger at his daughter's face, "and that one condition, my love, is that Geoffrey Dane marries one of my daughters."

It was his coup d'état! He expected that it would have a great effect upon her, that she would start sensationally, exclaim dramatically, or, at the very least, blush vividly with maidenly surprise. Angel did neither the one nor the other—she smiled.

"Is this an offer of marriage, papa?" she enquired tranquilly.

"Tut, tut—my dear. How you do run away with things, you girls. Nothing of the sort—nothing of the sort. Only you will understand it is a scheme between Matthew Dane and myself. Why, Geoffrey himself, lucky dog, knows nothing of it, yet."

"Perhaps his uncle is braking it to him at this very moment," suggested Angel, coolly. "It's always nice to think that people are expected to perform."

Again Mr. Halliday experienced that vague sensation of discomfort and bewilderment.

"Yes, quite so, love. Ahem, well, all I want you to understand is that I have promised Mr. Dane that no silly sentimental objections to so admirable a plan for the future of two young persons, who in station and age are admirably suited to one another, shall arise from you. Do you follow me, Angel?"

"Yes, I think I do, papa," she said slowly. "You mean that when Mr. Geoffrey Dane shall vouchsafe to ask me to marry him, I am to accept him?"

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dutifully and gratefully. Is that it?"

"Well, you needn't have put it quite so plainly, perhaps, but still—well, yes—that's about the upshot of it, I suppose. Will you promise me this, Angel?"

"Yes, papa. I will promise," she answered quietly.

It was the quietness of utter despair.

Mr. Halliday gave secret thanks to the Almighty, in that he had been so singularly blessed in the possession of a daughter so dutiful and so fully alive to the responsibilities of her position.

### CHAPTER XII.

The City offices of the great house of Dane and Trichet were by no means of an imposing nature. They were situated at the end of a narrow cul de sac, leading out of Cheapside, which terminated in a small, square, stone-paved court, round which dingy four-storyed houses of smut-begrimed brick had frowned dismally at one another for upwards of a century. The square consisted of about a dozen houses, in the centre of one of which, facing the street that led to it, the great mercantile house carried on its existence. It could not be distinguished by any outward evidences of wealth and prosperity from its poorer neighbours, nor were its windows one whit brighter, or its stone window mouldings one atom less broken down and dilapidated than those of its fellows on either side of it, that were in an altogether lower sphere of existence, so to speak, to itself. If you went in through the doorway over the well-worn stone threshold—worn by the footsteps of many merchant princes, who had come and gone backwards and forwards across it—you came into a small outer vestibule, where sat a respectable elderly man in a livery coat and brass buttons, who acted as porter, and who had sat there for the last fifty years. Passing this individual, you came at once into the clerks' offices, two lofty rooms, opening one out of the other, with handsome stuccoed ceilings and heavy oaken panelings; the outer room was occupied by six young men, of the usual type of City clerks, unremarkable in face or feature, shabby-genteel as to clothing, and for the most part mediocre in ability. They worked, however, like machines, coming early and staying late, eating their luncheons out of paper parcels, furtively pulled out of their pockets, and living from Monday to Saturday mornings solely upon the prospect and the retrospect of the blissful Saturday afternoons and Sundays, when most of them "cycled" themselves away over the green-bordered high roads of Hertfordshire and Kent, in search of a stock of health and fresh air, upon which to renew the monotonous labours of the ensuing week. No doubt they were exceedingly useful, to their employers, and filled, each in his humble sphere, a nook in the construction of the Great House, from which the Great House could not easily have spared one of them.

The inner, or second room, with which this tale is more intimately concerned—was smaller and more select; it contained three men only, all of them gentlemen by birth, and each of them possessing in dignity his own leather chair and his own writing table. Of these three, more anon.

A short passage led through a glass door to another room beyond. This was smaller and dingier than either of the others, but was of infinitely greater importance, being, in fact, the private room of Mr. Dane himself, and being in consequence invested with a certain mysterious solemnity, not unmixed with awe in the minds of all the young men, both common and select, who sat without.

At the end of the passage, where sat a respectable elderly man in a livery coat and brass buttons, who acted as porter, and who had sat there for the last fifty years. Passing this individual, you came at once into the clerks' offices, two lofty rooms, opening one out of the other, with handsome stuccoed ceilings and heavy oaken panelings; the outer room was occupied by six young men, of the usual type of City clerks, unremarkable in face or feature, shabby-genteel as to clothing, and for the most part mediocre in ability. They worked, however, like machines, coming early and staying late, eating their luncheons out of paper parcels, furtively pulled out of their pockets, and living from Monday to Saturday mornings solely upon the prospect and the retrospect of the blissful Saturday afternoons and Sundays, when most of them "cycled" themselves away over the green-bordered high roads of Hertfordshire and Kent, in search of a stock of health and fresh air, upon which to renew the monotonous labours of the ensuing week. No doubt they were exceedingly useful, to their employers, and filled, each in his humble sphere, a nook in the construction of the Great House, from which the Great House could not easily have spared one of them.

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### CHILBLAINS ARE FROST BOILS.

Remedies for Them Not Numerous—Treatment That May Prevent Them.

When winter brings a crop of chilblains on the feet, and perhaps on the hands also, it cannot be called an enjoyable season. The susceptibility to these pests varies in individuals. After they have once made their appearance they are likely to come again in the same place where they have been before.

With many people the beginning of cold weather is accompanied by the first throbs of pain in the spot where there has been a chilblain in preceding winters. Then the afflicted places swell and become inflamed until a shoe is hardly to be endured. If nothing is done to check their progress, chilblains sometimes come to head and break open like a boil. In fact, the German name, "frost boil," accurately describes the nature of the disease. In Germany, owing in part probably to the nature of the climate, which makes the cold peculiarly penetrating and stinging, and in part to houses being so poorly warmed that the inmates constantly have cold hands and feet, this affliction seems much more common and more severe than here. Music students sometimes have their hands so covered with chilblains that it is difficult for them to practice.

Chilblains are a blood disease. The cold acts on some people as a blood poison, and these troublesome boils result. The remedy is not to be found in outward applications only, although those may give relief; but something must be taken to restore the blood to a healthy condition. Tablets composed of one-fourth of a grain of calcium sulphide is recommended by a physician as a blood purifier. One of these is to be taken three times a day for three or four days, when the chilblains first start. No medicine can work a permanent cure, because whenever the hands and feet become thoroughly cold the diseased condition of the blood will return. The remedy should be kept at hand and repeated as many times during the winter as any signs of the chilblains appear. Sulphur is also sometimes given where the chilblains are of long standing. The same remedy is also used where there is a constitutional tendency to corns.

As an outward application for chilblains various plasters and washes are recommended. A cloth smeared with vaseline bound on the foot at night will take out the inflammation and soreness. Both arnica lotion and alum water rubbed in several times a day are good remedies. These are especially useful when chilblains are on the hands, where plasters would be inconvenient.

There is little hope of getting rid of chilblains after their coming is once established as a habit, unless great care is taken to avoid their cause. That lies in violent changes of temperature as much as in exposure to cold. The feet and hands should be carefully protected from cold, and if chilled they should not be held near a hot fire. The hands should not be put in very hot or cold water, and after washing it is well to rub both hands and feet with a little camphorated oil. A dry condition of the skin is usually found with chilblains, which if counteracted by the oil and camphor will often drive away chilblains when just starting.

By taking the proper precautions against incurring chilblains and using remedies promptly when they appear they may be so subdued as to give little trouble. But their victim need have no hope of securing immunity from them in cold weather except at the price of eternal vigilance.

## A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

A STORY TOLD BY A WELL-KNOWN SALVATION ARMY CAPTAIN.

His Body Racked From Head to Foot With Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains—Would Prefer Death to Undergoing Such Suffering Again.

From the Post, Lindsay, Ont.

It is the lot of but a limited number of people to enjoy the confidence of such an exceedingly large circle of friends and comrades as does Capt. John A. Brokenshire, who was recently interviewed by a Post reporter at the home of his parents at Rosedale a pretty hamlet situated at the head of Balsam river in Victoria county, where the elder Mr. Brokenshire, who has reached the three-score years and ten, has held the position of lockmaster for the past twenty-two years. Capt. Brokenshire, the subject of this article, is 34 years of age, is well-known and highly respected throughout many of the leading cities and towns of Ontario, where, during his seven years service in the Salvation Army work he has come in contact with a large number of people. He has been stationed at Toronto, Montreal, Peterboro, Ottawa, Morrisburg and minor places, and at one time was a member of a travelling S. A. string band. The following is Capt. Brokenshire's own statement:—"I had been slightly troubled with rheumatic pains for several years, and had to give up the Army work on different occasions on account of my trouble. When stationed in Morrisburg four years ago, I became completely unfitted for work, as I suffered terribly with pains in the back of my neck, down my shoulders and arms and through my body. In fact I had pains of a stinging muscular nature from the back of my head to my toes. I could not bend my head forward if I got the whole of Canada to do so, and when in bed the only slight rest I got was with a large pillow under my shoulders, thus letting my head hang backward. I could not get up, but had to roll or twist myself out of bed, as my spine seemed to be affected. My medical adviser pronounced my trouble neuralgia and rheumatism combined, which he said had gone through my whole system. He prescribed for me, but the medicine gave me no relief. I tried various other remedies but they were of no avail. Believing my case to be hopeless I determined to start for my home in Rosedale, but the jarring of the train caused such terrible agony I was compelled to abandon the trip at Peterboro, where I was laid up for three weeks, when I finally made a herculean effort and reached home. As my mother says, 'I looked like an old man of 90 years of age when she saw me struggling with the aid of two heavy canes to walk from the carriage to the house.' At home I received every possible attention and all the treatments that kind friends suggested, but I was constantly going from bad to worse. In January, 1896, after many months of untold agony, I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, having read so much in the newspapers of the great benefits received by others from their use. To make sure of getting the genuine article I sent direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. at Brockville, for the Pills. After taking two boxes I noticed a slight improvement in my condition which gave me some encouragement and I kept on until I had taken twelve boxes, although before I got through with the sixth I could go to bed and enjoy a good night's rest, such as I had not done for years. I never at any time enjoyed better health than I am doing at present. Since my recovery I have induced several friends to take Pink Pills for various troubles, and in each case they have effected cures."

The above is a voluntary and correct statement of the facts of my case and I trust that many others may by reading this, receive the blessing that I have. If necessary I would make an affidavit to the above facts at any time.

### CAUGHT IN A BEAR TRAP.

Canadian Half-Breed Was Three Nights and Four Days Without Food.

Last spring there occurred at Green Lake, a hundred and thirty miles north-west of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, an accident which illustrates the stoical character of the Indian or half-breed. A French half-breed named Merasty was setting a bear trap near Green Lake. He accidentally sprung the trap and was pinned fast by the logs intended to catch bears. He was knocked prostrate, and his right arm and right leg were held so fast by the heavy logs that to move was impossible. He was sustaining the weight of twenty-five logs. That is a very rarely settled part of the country and the probability of being rescued from his agonizing position was small indeed. The bones in his arm and leg had been crushed. But he did not despair. With his free hand he managed to secure the butcher knife he always carried, and at once began cutting the log, but as he was so much exhausted and being able to use only his left hand and that only with extreme difficulty, he made slow progress. With fortitude equalled by few he succeeded in cutting the six-inch pine log half in two. But he could do no more, and lost consciousness. He remained in the bear trap three nights and four days with nothing to eat or drink, and nothing but death staring him in the face. In the meantime, Merasty's wife wondered what detained her husband so long, and, at last, thinking some accident must have happened, she started out to the bear trap. Of course she believed Merasty dead, but she speedily lifted one by one, the logs from the trap and happy to relate she arrived in time to save the life of her husband. Merasty is still alive and lives at Green Lake, but he will always carry the marks of his adventure which would undoubtedly have proved fatal but for the fortunate assistance from his wife.