

RANKEILOR'S DIAMOND.

BY CAROL KING.

I had abundance of time to pursue my reflections, for, with the solitary exception of the orderly who brought my luncheon, no one came near me for several hours. Over and over, round and round again, spun and whirled in my brain the events of the day and my strange discovery. The conclusion I came to was startling; and the instant I found myself being driven towards it, like a horse swerving from a desperate leap, I turned away and began my summary all over again. One or two things I was quite sure of: Rankeilor's diamond had sparkled and scintillated on his finger last evening at the late mess-dinner. Ashton and Fordyce had both declared that they had watched the tunnel since "yesterday afternoon"; Rankeilor must therefore have lost the jewel in the tunnel while it was being watched, and at night, or very early in the morning. What could that possibly mean except—

I always stopped there, and began all over again. I remember, with a strange feeling of disloyalty to one who had been the kindest of friends to me, how Rankeilor had two or three times told me that he would have "plenty of money" within a day or two at the furthest, and would even be able to help me out of my tight places. One thing I was clearly decided upon, in the slow crystallisation of repulsive ideas forming in my brain against my will—that was, that so far as I was concerned in the matter, I would shield my friend's name. I would preserve utter silence on the subject of his lost diamond, for the present at least, no matter what the penalty might be.

A quick footstep in the corridor caught my ear; my door was thrown open, and Rankeilor walked in, his face suffused with a fiery glow of indignation. "What a thundering shame, Campbell!" was his impulsive salutation, holding out both hands to me. "If Ashton and Fordyce knew you as I do, they would laugh at the thought of bringing such a charge against you!"

"As you do," I said forcing a smile. "I mean—as you laugh at it?"

He looked at me attentively as if something in my manner had struck him as unusual.

"Tell me all about it Campbell," he said, speaking with authority and kindness, both. "Let me hear your version of the affair."

"Mine is very simple. I was at my rope-drill, as the men can testify. I had dismissed the men, all but Petersen, whose duty it was to see to the ropes, when I saw him fling his cap at a rabbit just darting into its hole, as we thought. Cap and rabbit both disappeared, and Petersen crawled in after, and found—what made him forget the rabbit. We had just been exploring the tunnel; in fact, I have not yet had Petersen's report. Ashton and Fordyce, with one or two men, seized and arrested us, and scoffed at my explanations."

Rankeilor looked grave. "May I hear their account of it?" I asked after a pause.

"Yes. It seems that they discovered this tunnel yesterday, and without exploring it very thoroughly, suspected it might lead to the fort, and watched it, from that time and all night, by turns. No one approached it until the lunch-hour, to-day, when they both—Ashton and Fordyce—saw you and your man near the entrance. Then, as they suppose, with a view to discovering how far the tunnel had yet to penetrate before reaching the fort, the man crept inside, and you walked towards the fort until within a few yards. Then they called up their men and arrested you both on the spot.—Is that correct, Campbell?"

Before I could reply, a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of an orderly, who informed me that Colonel Pryor desired my presence in the anteroom. I went at once, followed by Rankeilor. There were only two men—my accusers—present in the anteroom with Colonel Pryor when I entered. It was quite an informal inquiry; but I saw that the old "chief" noted keenly my every word and look. I told the plain unvarnished tale, with simple directness, to Colonel Pryor, and he listened with courtesy. When I had ended, he looked towards Ashton and Fordyce.

"You found this tunnel yesterday afternoon, you say gentlemen?"

"We did, sir, and we watched all night and all day; to-day, one or the other of us kept near it."

The chief mused for a moment, his stern old face masked and inscrutable as that of the Sphinx. "Did you leave any one on guard at the tunnel when you came to me first, to report? Who is there now?"

The two officers looked a little foolish. "We did not post a sentry there after discovering the tunnelers," said Ashton, somewhat lamely. "It will be time enough in the evening."

"Well, gentlemen," said the colonel in his short decisive manner. "I do not see why Campbell should not have found out this tunnel as well as you, with intentions as innocent as your own."

The officers were silent. "It seems to me that you failed in your duty when you did not report such an important discovery to me last night. And it does not seem just to attach any stigma to Campbell's finding of it, unless you share it! If Campbell and his man had been the excavators, they would not have risked drawing attention to their work in broad daylight. I am greatly surprised at your finding no one there during the night, for certainly that tunnel was made in the hours of darkness! I shall post sentries there to-night. I think you had better confine yourselves to barracks till to-morrow—you three coverers, I mean—and let me deal alone with this henceforward."

He left the room; and I never saw darker, angrier faces than were those of Ashton and Fordyce on hearing the colonel's ultimatum.

Without speaking to any of them, I returned to my own room again followed by Rankeilor, who in his friendliest manner laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Campbell, old fellow, I don't mean to leave you alone till you make a clean breast of it! I see clearly that you suspect me of some complicity in this business, and I shall haunt you until you confess. Come, out with it!"

I gazed at him in bewildered fashion for an instant. Why should I be so anxious to shield this man's reputation, if he was himself so reckless of it? Or was this bold affectionate friendliness meant merely to

draw out all my information and let him know where he stood? Well he should have it!—I would be reckless too, although the strong fascination of his look and manner, of the man altogether, had never been so strongly present to my mind as now.

"I don't suspect—I know, Rankeilor!" I said looking earnestly at him. "I found your diamond—where you lost it, in the very mouth of that tunnel, among the freshly-turned earth on the trowel!"

A series of rapid, startling changes crossed his features, leaving him pale as death; but his eyes never flinched from their steady gaze into mine, only his hand dropped from my shoulder.

"You found my diamond there?—my mother's gift?" he said sternly.

"Yes; I found it there. I have it safely; and no eye has seen it but mine, nor shall any one hear of it from me, Rankeilor!"

His face softened again, and he replaced his hand on my shoulder with a smile. He had but opened his lips to speak, when a hideous sound, or rather a babel of sounds, arose from the opposite room in the same corridor; a rain of heavy blows, mingled with howls and loud protestations, and groans of—"Oh sahib! I not steal it! I not steal anything! Oh—oh, sahib!"

We both walked unceremoniously into Ashton's room, whence the sounds proceeded. It was not quite an unheard-of thing to find an officer beating his Hindu servant with his braces or anything that came handy; but Ashton was in a furious passion, and was kicking savagely as well. Without a moment's hesitation, Rankeilor sprang forward and wrenched the man's arm out of Ashton's angry grip.

"Go—run," he said, and the poor wretch needed no second bidding.

Ashton turned fiercely on Rankeilor. "How dare you interfere? The dog has been stealing; I have lost!" He stopped short, looking blacker than a thunder-cloud.

"I know," said Rankeilor quietly. "You have lost my rose diamond, which you took from me last night at baccarat, knowing well that it represented more than five times the value of the amount I owed you! Ashton, you shall send in your papers to-morrow! Fordyce too.—I have felt for some time that 'monkeys' and 'ponies' had gone quite far enough in your quarters; but when it comes to tunnelling through to the fort for money to supply your table, it must stop! I give you your choice: either send in your papers at once, or the whole story of where the diamond was found—among the fresh earth adhering to the trowel—shall be told openly and freely."

"Bah! Say no more!" said Ashton, with exceeding disgust. "I did not mean to stay long in any case in a corps of cadets and tradesmen! I shall exchange into a horse-regiment."

"You were glad enough to win the money of the cadets and tradesmen," said Rankeilor coldly. "However, so long as you and Fordyce retire at once, you can go where you please.—Come along, Campbell." He took me by the arm, and we crossed again into my room.

"Is it all square now, lad?" he asked, with his winning smile. "And will you restore me my mother's diamond? You say you found it."

"Rankeilor, I sincerely beg your pardon for having suspected you!" I held out my hand; and he grasped it warmly.

"It was natural," he said; "but I could not bear to tell you how I had lost my mother's beautiful gift; and until my next remittance from home, I knew I should not be able to redeem it. That was my reason for asking if you could lend me any money."

"And I could not," I said ruefully. "But, Rankeilor, how can you be sure that Ashton and Fordyce are the defaulters?"

"I'll tell you how," he answered readily. "And if I am not mistaken, the chief guesses it as shrewdly as I do. When they reported the case, the colonel told them he would see to it, in a half-careless sort of fashion; but he asked them to wait there, in his house, until he performed an important duty. They did so with pleasure; and the old fellow, taking me along, went straight to the tunnel, and did exactly what you and your man Petersen, it seems, did. I crawled in; he walked above, and I guided him by shouting. He examined the pickaxe and trowel; the earth on them was fresh, quite different from that in the entrance. I am certain he believes, as I do, that that earth was turned over last night!—Campbell, my dear fellow, I forgive you with all my heart for suspecting me of—deuce knows what; but I refused utterly and indignantly to suspect you of the least approach to complicity in this—crime!" Give me the full credit I deserve." He laughed in his quiet cordial way; but I saw that he was a little hurt too. "And let's make a compact firm and sure" to help each other, and these young fledglings in our corps to escape from the snares of such fowlers as Ashton and Fordyce. Shall we?"

"I shall never play for money again while I live," I said firmly. "And I don't think I can ever distrust you again, Rankeilor."

It was impossible for any one to guess whether Colonel Pryor suspected anything unusual in receiving the resignation of two officers on the same day. He could keep his own counsel—none better! The tunnel was safely blocked up, and the fort closely blocked. It was in 1869 that the incident occurred, and Rankeilor and I are still fast friends after thirty years. The snows of winter are beginning to besprinkle our heads, and our faces are tanned and weather-beaten but our hearts are fresh and firmly knit as in early manhood. His mother's diamond still shines on his finger, though she has long ago fallen asleep.

[THE END.]

A new mode of furnishing power to motor engines by mixing steam with hot gases is creating a great deal of interest in English circles.

"Phosphorus is now being made by electricity. The principal manufactory is in England, where it is anticipated fully 1,000 tons will be made annually.

A patent has recently been taken out for the manufacture of a good substitute for ivory. The ingredients used are mostly those of which natural ivory is composed, and the addition of different coloring matters enables objects of any desirable shade to be produced.

A DARING SCHEME.

The Proposed Tubular Railway Under the Channel Between England and France.

Sir Edward J. Reed, at the late meeting of the British Association, Cardiff, read a paper on "The Channel Tubular Railway." Among the earlier railroad proposals were several, he said, for constructing metallic tubes upon the bed of the channel. The sea in the channel is everywhere of very moderate depth, and where the bottom is not practically level, its departures from the level are surprisingly small and gradual. The depth of the channel nowhere reaches 200 feet upon the selected line from England to France. For several miles out from the English coast it is not 100 feet deep; and the greatest depth is, roughly speaking, about two-thirds of the way across to France, and there its maximum is 186 feet. A railway across this piece of submarine ground is as good as any other railway. The fact that it is a railroad within a perfectly watertight and durable tube—or a pair of tubes, for there would be a tube for each line of railroad—completely renders the presence of the sea water outside of it of no consequence. The securing of these tubes in place, and the ventilation of them, led on to the details of the system. The necessity which enforces the use of water tight tubes for the purpose is attended incidentally by great advantages. The author stated that the tubes would be of iron or steel in so far as the primary and essential elements of their structure are concerned; and this at once, and obviously, relieves us almost entirely, if not altogether, of the cost, the difficulty, the delay, and the danger of doing our construction work at the

BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

These tubes can be perfectly well built by our shipbuilders and engineers, and partly by those of France, just as ships are built, but with much greater economy. The tubes thus made will be towed by steamers from the building ports to the channel as they are required for being laid in place, and the operation of laying them is one which has been very carefully studied and worked out in order to make it safe and certain. To this end had been devised the system of making the length of tube which has last been laid the means and the instrument of bringing the next length into its position with unerring accuracy. It is difficult to explain in words alone the operation of laying the tubes. But, obviously, if one end only of a buoyant tube is forcibly taken down from the surface of the water to the bottom, or nearly to the bottom, the other end will float and rise somewhat above the surface. This being so, a pier wholly afloat at the time is brought up to the emerged end of the tube, and coupled up to it by enormous hinge joints. The next length of floating tube is then brought up to the other side of the floating pier, and similarly jointed to it. The pier is now sunk by suitable means and under proper control, and as it goes down carries with it the second end—so to speak—of the first named tube, and the first end of the last named tube. The other end of this latter tube floats, of course, and the operation is repeated. In this manner tube after tube is laid, with piers between the successive lengths, until

THE WHOLE IS ACCOMPLISHED.

The lines of railway, of course, pass continuously through the piers as well as the tubes. The whole operation is like the paying out of a huge cable, link by link; tubes and piers alike forming as it were, the links of the cable. The approximate cost will be between 12 and 15 millions sterling.

The author then dealt with the question of national security, which many suppose the channel tunnel, to infringe. In the case of the channel tunnel, were that carried out, it would undoubtedly afford a subterranean military road, which, were it once secured by an enemy, might, in the opinion of many, be held in spite of us, because this subterranean road being deeply situated below the channel bed, would be completely preserved from attack by the British navy; the channel tubular railway, on the contrary, is everywhere situated above the bed of the channel, and could therefore be

ATTACKED AT EVERY POINT

by dynamite. At the same time, it is so constructed and brought up along the shore—at a gradient of 1 in 80—as to be exposed for a length of no less than 3,100 feet to the direct fire of the guns of ships between the high water and low water limit. And breach of hole made in it below high water mark would, of course, admit the sea at the next tide to the whole interior of the tube. The trains in each tube will always pass through it in the same direction. The trains themselves will, consequently, act to some extent as ventilating pistons, forcing air out at one end of the tube and drawing it in at the other. By fitting wings to the engines or carriages, and throwing them out when necessary, the train may be made to fit the tube more nearly, so to speak, and thus to add to the efficiency of this source of ventilation. If other ventilation should be thought necessary—which was very doubtful if electric engines were employed—one or more of the piers could be fitted up as a ventilating station, with steam engines, air pumps, etc., the foul air of the tubes being forced into suitable chambers, and thence by non-return valves into the sea.

British Pride Touched.

When three regiments of the English army took possession of Castine, Me., in that last year of the war of 1812, a large detachment was sent up the river to seize the neighboring towns. As the red-coats were leisurely marching through the country, they saw an old, bent, white-haired man, sitting at the door of a small, plain house.

The young officer at the head of the troops deigned to lay aside military dignity for a moment, and condescendingly hailed him: "Old Daddy, did you ever see so many men before?"

"Yes," was the prompt answer. "And where, then?"

"With Wolfe, under the walls of Quebec."

The officer stopped. Good-natured condescension to the old Yankee countryman was changed to respect for the colonial soldier. One thousand seven hundred and seventy-six and 1812 were forgotten. He ordered the command to halt and with the other officers shook hands with the humble old man, proud to do honor to one who, under the British flag, had followed a young, brave general to his last victory.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

The Hunter Hunted.

In the pursuit of Rocky Mountain sheep, the hunter, to be successful, must have a fondness for the mountains, a sure foot, good wind, and a head which no height will turn. These requisites, with patience and perseverance, will, sooner or later, as the hunter gains experience, reward him with ample returns. Sometimes, however, the unexpected will happen, and the following tale will serve as an example. We were camping well up in the mountains, and almost any hour of the day sheep could be seen with glasses.

There were two fine rams in particular that we could see about a mile and a half from camp, occupying the slope of a rocky point or promontory that jutted out from a spur of the range.

With due care, and not making a sound, I made a most successful stalk. Peering over the ledge I just raised my head enough to be sure my game was still there. They were there, sure enough, within seventy-five yards of me, totally unconscious of danger, when all of a sudden they sprang to their feet and dashed away from below me as though possessed of a devil. I fired hastily, but of course missed, and turning, tried to run back to head them off, wondering what had startled them, as I knew I had made no noise. In a few seconds I had the mortification of seeing my would-be victims bounding across the narrow ledge that separated them from the mountain. However, I thought with satisfaction that at least one would meet its death from my companion in hiding, but, alas! although the rams almost knocked him down, his cartridge missed fire.

Regaining my shoes, I soon joined my companion and then discovered the curious adventure I had been made the subject of. It seems that when I had reached a point well down on the promontory, I must have disturbed a cougar which was evidently there for the same purpose I was, and which had stealthily followed me as I proceeded toward the sheep. Old Woody described it as highly amusing—sneaking down after the rams, and the panther sneaking down upon me.

ATTACKED BY A RAT.

A Baby Badly Mutilated in Its Crib by Its Mother's Side.

It has just become publicly known that the twin babies of Mrs. Joseph Lane of Worcester, Mass., were attacked by rats early on Sunday morning and the left cheek of one of them was nearly chewed off.

The twins were born about five weeks ago and both are fat, chubby and healthy girls. On Saturday night they were carefully tucked away in their cradle near the mother's bed. At about 4 o'clock Sunday morning Mrs. Lane was awakened by the stifled cries of one of them. The crying continued and finally the mother took the babe in her arms, and pressing its little cheek against her own. It was warm and wet.

The child continued to moan and cry so that the mother lighted a lamp and was horrified to find blood running down its cheek. The face was mangled and torn in a frightful manner. Pieces of cheek were found on the pillow in the cradle and blood stains were in the crib.

On the little one's cheek and neck were the bloody mutilations where the rats have gnawed the flesh, tearing it from the cheek and leaving large imprints of teeth in the flesh. The baby will live, but the teeth marks are sufficiently deep to disfigure the face for life.

A WOMAN'S STRANGE SUICIDÉ.

She Burned Herself to Death because Somebody Killed Her Pug Dog.

SALEM, Mass., Oct.—Mrs. Catherine F. Felt, aged 28, poured two quarts of kerosene oil over her clothing Saturday night and lighted it. In a moment she was wrapped in flames. She ran out of the house, followed by members of the household, and proceeded some distance in the street, the air fanning the flames until her clothing was burned to a cinder. The passers-by smothered the flames with quilts and door mats, and the woman was taken to the hospital where she soon died.

The neighbors say Mrs. Felt had quarreled with her husband, Warren Felt, and had gone to live with James Gough, her father. It is believed that her suicide was caused by the fact that her pug dog had been killed and its collar sent to her, as she believed by her husband.

Founded on Fact.

The old belief that rats will leave a doomed ship seems to be founded on fact. It is well known that when, a few years ago, a Canadian steamer was about leaving her wharf, the rats on board were seen leaving her by the cables and ropes, and every possible means of escape. Some persons on board saw and accepted the omen. Having full faith in the wonderful instinct of the departing rodents, they caused their luggage, stowed on board, to be sent ashore, let the steamer sail without them, and saved their lives, for the ship went down with almost every soul on board. It is well authenticated, that rats will leave a doomed house. The wayfarer on a dark night is sometimes startled at meeting a troop of these animals marching in regular order from some dwelling, their former home, and he will be much more startled in a short time to hear of the destruction of the habitation by some elemental war, or of some frightful crime committed there, or the arrest of the family head for the perpetration of some dark deed, perhaps long concealed. Some have also saved themselves from a terrible fate by taking warning betimes from the omen of the departing rat. Thus was it, as is well known, with the rats in the house of Eugene Aram, that left in a body but the night before the officers of the law had seized him, to expiate on the gallows a long hidden murder. Thus it was with one of the Cæsars before his assassination by his false friends. It was thus, too, with Charles I. of England, and with others.

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The Wonderful Powers Credited to a French-Canadian Child.

Rose de Lima Belleville, a young French-Canadian girl eight years old, residing with her parents at No. 85 Versailles street, Montreal, is said to be gifted with a supernatural power of healing, with which she is enabled to perform miracles. Hundreds of persons who are lame, blind, halt, or otherwise diseased through after her daily in the belief that she is possessed of curative powers.

Her first cure was operated on a friend of the family suffering from panaris, which in English means whitlow. It is said to have been successful. The operation consisted of Rose passing a goose's feather over the affected part, and the patient it is alleged, was immediately cured. Since then she has continually employed her faculty and has visited many people, who declare that she cured them of their various ailments.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschec's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief." @

Not Long for This World.

Mose Shaumburg—Mine friend, dose pants will last you so long as you live. Customer (examining the material)—If I will only live as long as those pants last I must have galloping consumption.

On Second Thought.

Father—Young man, you may have my daughter.

Young man (joyously)—I assure you, Mr. Dad, that I will do my best to support your daughter in the style she has been accustomed to.

Father (interrupting)—I can't support her any longer. She has beggared me and—

Young man (his ardor dampened)—But I am not prepared to do so yet. Good-by, sir.

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