

Diamond Cut Diamond

OR,
THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

For a moment he was silent, then he spoke again.

"And—other things—have failed you?" and as he asked it, his heart beat oddly and strangely.

"Yes, they have failed me," she replied, very slowly.

"You mean—you have loved—and you have been—?"

"I have been disillusioned," she broke in somewhat abruptly, and after a short moment of silence she added, with a certain harsh coldness, "I have done with love forever."

"But you have not done with friendship, at least?" he answered. "You still believe in that, do you not? You could still understand that a man might devote his entire life, his whole existence, to your service, his whole being to further your smallest whim, and yet ask for nothing in return from you—for nothing, before God, I say it! but for your friendship. Can you believe this?"

For a moment or two she was silent. Something indeed rose chokingly in her throat that stifled her utterance. Something that she was unwilling for him to know of. Mea had often offered her love before, but never such love as this was—to her very heart she felt it. And, yet, perhaps, because she felt it so much, her next words, when she could speak safely, sounded even in her own ears to be shallow and meaningless.

"My dear boy, the age of chivalry is pretty well over I imagine!"

"You laugh at me? You reject my friendship?"

"No. God knows I neither laugh at you," she replied, quickly, and with a deep earnestness, "nor do I refuse to accept what must be, in any case, of infinite value to me."

"I only ask to see you, to be near you, to speak to you now and then, not often, but now and then. Surely it is not much to ask?" he said very humbly, almost whispering the words as he bent towards her.

"Listen to me, Geoffrey," he pressed the hand that rested on his arm as she used his name; but she let that pass. "I have something that I must say to you. Do not interrupt me. God knows that, for my own sake, your friendship and your presence would be precious things to me, but there are other things. You are young, you have your way to make in the world. Your career is before you. It will not help you to be much with me—it will hinder you. Believe me, I know far better than you do. I have lived my life, a life of storms and troubles. It will not do for you to mix yourself up in my affairs. You have friends, relations, duties, a life that is opening before you, and with which I can never have anything to do. Believe me, it is wisest and best for us both that we should never willingly meet again."

"Why are you so cruel to me?" he broke in impetuously. "What has my life and my career to do with the friends I may make? Surely I have asked for little enough—for little enough—only to be called your friend! You cannot be so cruel as to deny me that small boon."

"Geoffrey," she said once more, "do not let us blind ourselves. What you say to me is very beautiful, and you mean every word of it; but—do not be angry—it is not true! Perhaps I am unwomanly to say it to you, but if I am unwomanly, I am at least, wise. What you believe to be friendship would end in—in love—and at the bottom of your heart you know it is so. Now it will not do for you to love me, it would bring you a great deal more sorrow than I should care to be the cause of. I am six years older than you are. I am a Catholic, and you are the son of a Protestant clergyman. I am tied hand and foot by claims which I am unable either to rid myself of, or even to explain to you. And in any case it is an utter impossibility that I could ever respond to your affection, or bring you anything but misery in return for your love. Now do you understand me? Have I spoken plainly enough?"

Her voice had been calm and quiet enough up to the very last. But now, just at that last question, it wavered a little and trembled. She had spoken very plainly—too plainly perhaps. Was ever woman so brave, and so fearless, or, as she had said, "so wise?"

But her words had not the effect which she intended them to have. If they had not been spoken he would perhaps have deluded himself a little more—have remained willfully blind a little longer. But now her honest words had brushed all the shams and the cobwebs away. She had told him that he loved her, and he knew that she had told him what was the truth. Her courage only intensified his delight in the love which could no longer remain hidden.

"Well, yes, then," he answered her after a pause, in a low voice of concentrated passion. "I suppose you are right. I should love you—I do love you. I see what it means now; a man does not feel friendship, but love, for such a woman as you are. Perhaps it is as well to know it and to own it, once for all; but after to-night, since you tell me my love is so utterly hopeless, I will never speak of it again to you, never trouble you with it. I shall serve you and devote myself to you just the same. You will know that it is love, but you shall never hear me speak of it again. I swear it to you! You cannot prevent my going on loving you."

"But this is sheer madness!" she cried. "Would you spoil your whole life for the sake of a woman who can never be anything to you?"

"I would spoil a dozen lives, if I

had them to spoil or to spend, for your sake!" he answered passionately. "Listen now to me, Rose—my Rose!—who is never to be mine—I do not ask you why you have said so, I will never question you. What you say is law to me for ever—shall ever be so. I will be your slave, your servant, anything, so long as I may see you and speak to you. You cannot stop my loving you any more than you can prevent the sun from shining upon you, or the birds from singing and the flowers from blossoming about you. My love shall trouble you no more than they do, only you will know it is there—always there. You tell me I am young and my life only beginning—well, it has begun—begun and ended in my love for you as far as love is concerned; that is now a part of myself, I cannot alter or change myself; it will not hurt you. Have you got so much love in your life that you can afford to throw away mine as utterly valueless?"

"No; God knows that I have not," she answered, deeply moved. "God knows that I am lonely enough; but how can I suffer you to sacrifice yourself to me?"

"It will be no sacrifice. If you are lonely, as you say, then I shall be able to cheer your loneliness and to bring some human interest into your life; that will be enough happiness for me. I ask for nothing better. You will let me come down and see you, will you not?"

How was she to refuse him? She had fought so well, struggled so bravely, but now she could hold out no longer. A garrison that holds a traitor within its walls always gives in at the end, and in Rose's heart there was a secret traitor.

Right and wrong! Right and wrong! That was what kept on ringing in her heart remorselessly like the beat of a timepiece backwards and forwards. Right and wrong! Right and wrong!

Well, she had fought for the right, but the right seemed so hard, and the wrong was so cloaked and disguised that at last it hardly seemed to be wrong at all. Was it worth while to keep up the fight for what was but a shadow at the worst?"

She was so tired, so sad, so lonely, as she had told him; he asked for so little, and he asked it in such a fashion that she could not deny it to him, for he would not be denied. Geoffrey, facing this first great love of his life and grasping it boldly with both hands, was no longer an adoring boy, younger than herself, he was a man, with all man's purpose and decision. For when once love has been spoken of between a man and a woman, it is the man who becomes her master, and the woman whose glory it is to humble herself before him. Rose de Brefour, who knew life and its pitfalls better than he did—Rose knew this—she knew that a woman who allows and half consents to a man's love is no longer able to dictate terms to him, can no longer keep back the floodgates which she has half opened to him. She knew it, and yet she blinded herself to it—turning her eyes away, stifling down her conscience—beating back with specious arguments the throng of self-convictions which came in to condemn her. That was her sin. She was willfully weak, trying vague, hoping feebly that somehow in the end strength might return to her, yet knowing all the while that what she hoped for would be a miracle, and that miracles were not likely to be wrought in her favor, so that she might be enabled to regain the position which her own weakness was flinging to the winds.

So along the frozen ice these two, whose destinies were now irrevocably pledged to mingle and to influence each other, glided along in silence, whilst ever they drew nearer and nearer to the gay crowd of skaters with their laughter and their swinging lanterns.

Then Geoffrey pressed the hand upon his arm.

"Tell me Rose—I may come?"

"You may come, Geoffrey," she answered softly.

"Soon? Very soon? When?" he said eagerly.

"Fairly soon," she said, smiling.

"Next week?"

"Yes, next week, if you like."

She withdrew her hand, but he caught it once more and pressed it hard.

"God bless you, dear," he murmured.

Did God bless her? Alas, how often do such blessings invoked upon the head we love fall short and never reach their destination. God sent no blessing here. Rather, did angels weep and devils laugh at another self-deception of frail, erring humanity!

CHAPTER VIII.

Winter was over, and spring was nigh at hand. The sap was rising in the trees, little swollen buds upon the branches proclaimed the advent of a new life, green shoots of crocus and snowdrops shot up on all sides from the brown bosom of the earth, the days waxed longer and lighter, the sun stood up higher in the pale blue heavens, a fine white dust whirled about at will, and a keen old English east wind blew unceasingly and cuttingly through the very bones and marrow of the shivering inhabitants of the British Isles.

The Spring of the Poets. Where has it gone, did it ever exist, did they dream of it only? Or, like other and sadder things in our land, has it changed its very essence and being? Where are the "vernal showers," the "green fields that sleep in the sun," the southern breezes, the luxuriance of Spring's flowers, the voices of Spring in the air? Have all these things pass-

ed and gone from us for ever, or have they never had any existence save in the fantastical imaginations of those whose trade it was to sing about them? Far otherwise comes Spring in these latter days to us. Chills and shiverings, bronchitis and congestions, these are May's messengers now. Hurrying away of those who can fly to warmer climates, groanings and moanings unceasing from those whose business, or whose poverty forces them to remain; Oh, sham sweets of Spring! oh, false flowers of fancy, that blossom only to be blighted! Oh, all unreal rubbish written about green swards and reclining thereon! Who were those shepherds and shepherdesses of which our Poets have written so unceasingly—who tended their new-born lambs in the thinnest of cotton materials, decked with pink ribbons, and made love to each other upon primrose hedge banks, with a sublime disregard of rheumatism and lumbago. In the year of our Lord, 1886, no man not enveloped in a fur-lined Ulster, with a woollen comforter about his neck, no woman, not desperately in love, and therefore recklessly imprudent, would venture to sit down upon the grass in the early weeks of April or the latter days of March. Yet it is upon a woman in such a position that the curtain of the next scene in my little drama rises. A woman well wrapped up in furs it is true, but a woman who sits upon the grass, upon the sloping side of a green-shouldered hill, and looks out toward the far east with longing eyes. As I have said, this woman, who so recklessly braves the terrors of an English Spring day, must, without a doubt, be desperately and fearfully in love. The wind whistles merrily and icily about her, her little dog cuddles up closely against her skirts, striving to shelter himself in their folds; now and then she shudders and draws her fur cloak closer about her, but still she sits on motionless, and watches. Before her lies spread out a wide flat landscape, hazy with the faint sunshine, and fading away into the pale blue greyness of the sky. Immediately below, between herself and the plains beneath, is the wooded hollow where Hidden House lay buried.

What is it that Rose de Brefour sits so patiently on the grass, in the east wind, waiting to see?

Only a thin, white line of smoke, far, far away, that presently will come nearer and nearer, bringing to her the one thing that ever brings brightness into her lonely life. Far, far away, across the distance, she sees it at last—a thin white speck—a mere puff of swan's-down upon the dark, purple landscape. A sigh of relief escaped her.

"He is near me," she murmured below her breath, rising quickly to her feet, and then added, with a little impatience and anger, "Ah, what a fool I am to care so much!"

The dog uttered a bark of delight. A few little shivering lambs upon the hill-side capered away downwards in startled fear, and Rose bent her head before the cutting wind, and hurried away downwards too.

She cared too much—far too much—and she knew it. How much that caring amounted to, only those can divine who have lived and suffered much, to whom joy and brightness have become dead things, whose existence has been emerged into one dark, dreary level of endurance and monotony, and to whom suddenly, as by the touch of a magician's hand, life and love and hope have sprung up again upon the barren soil, and things deemed for ever to be dead have burst up once more into breathing vitality. That was what Geoffrey Dane's weekly visit to her had become—the main-spring of her whole existence; the very pivot upon which her life was centred.

Still, as she walked downwards, her eyes remained fixed as by a magnet upon that streak of white; winding, twisting, now to one side, now to the other, disappearing now and then behind a belt of trees, burying itself for a brief moment into a cutting, but ever growing nearer and nearer across the wide valley below.

Presently she reached the fence which encircled the plantations about her house. She did not enter the gate, but skirted the belt of trees until she came out on the rough, chalky road below the house. Here, beneath a great bare beech-tree, just bronzing over with tiny arrow-like shoots, she rested, leaning her back against the smooth, Diamond Cut Diamond.

whitened trunk, and wrapping her cloak closely about her. From here she could no longer see the advancing train, only the long chalk road that sloped steeply downwards, and up which the brougham which she had sent to meet him at the little wayside station, short of Coddisham, at which he always alighted, would presently return. There was the same look of glad expectancy in her eyes, and the little white terrier sat up against her dress, with pricked ears, and body quivering with sympathetic eagerness. It was characteristic of the change that had taken place in her that she carried no well-worn volume in her hands. She was, perhaps, unconscious of this wonderful fact herself, for half instinctively her hand felt in the large pocket of her cloak for some one of her dearly-loved companions of other days. And she smiled a little sadly when she found that the pocket was empty.

"How right he was," she murmured, with a smile, "when he said that books cannot fill one's life!" But she sighed a little, too, for those old friends of hers had, at least, been safe; but, as for this new thing that had come into her life, it was fraught with terrible danger, in which there was, nevertheless, an element of almost irresistible fascination.

It was now two months ago since, upon the frozen water meadows below Harlford Hall, Rose, had given to her young lover the reluctant permission that he had craved from her to come down and visit her in her home. Ever since that day he had come weekly to see her. He arrived at the evening train, got out at a wayside station short of Coddisham, was met by Ma-

dame de Brefour's brougham, and was driven up to Hidden House.

Here he dined with Madame, and slept in a little chamber over the stables, which Martine and Madame had converted into a very comfortable bedroom for his reception. Generally he went upstairs to Monsieur's room, and a few minutes' conversation took place between them, in broken English on the one side and bad French upon the other, chiefly concerning the weather. Monsieur, who seemed scarcely to understand who he was, then dismissed him unceremoniously, for he was not fond of strangers, and he only tolerated "Monsieur Geoffrey," as he called him, because he was not required to do anything towards entertaining him. This small concession to les convenances over, Geoffrey gladly made his way down again to Rose's library, where the long cosy evenings over the fire-light flew all too swiftly for them both. As a rule, he remained till an afternoon train the next day, and then went back to town with a tacit understanding that he would come back again the following week. Dangerous as these frequent interviews were of necessity between an enthusiastic young man, very much in love, and a beautiful woman who knew that he was so, there was nevertheless between the two not a sign or a shadow of love-making. Geoffrey kept bravely to his promise, and Rose was too well aware that the continuance of their intercourse depended upon his self-control, to allow him the smallest opening for breaking it. Their conversation was sometimes of books and of art, and sometimes of all of the hundred and one little things that go to make up the daily lives of most of us. Rose talked about her surroundings, her difficulties in housekeeping, the devotion of her French servants, with a quaint yet affectionate familiarity; a little about her duty and devotion to the old man upstairs—but never about her past; that was a sealed book to him. On the other hand, Geoffrey was easily beguiled into laying bare the whole history of his existence to her. Rose heard all about the autocratic uncle whom he served, and the aunt whose fate he sincerely pitied, and who was always affectionate to him; also about his own hitherto unspoken hopes of being eventually taken into partnership, and becoming a rich man in consequence. Rose heard, too, all about the Miss Hallidays—how pretty and pleasant they were, how well they skated, what a beautiful voice Angel had, and how her sympathetic nature had somehow reminded him of herself. She was never tired of hearing about them.

"You will marry one of them some day," she said to him once, with a confident little nod.

To be Continued.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

What Would Happen if the Old Rule of Law were Revived.

There is a strong movement in England to bring back the cat as a punishment for peculiarly mean and brutal crimes. Dagonet says: "We shall never deal effectually with London's ruffianism while we fill our popular cheap journals with plans for feather-bed accommodations and happy evenings in our jails. The old Mosaic idea of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is the best for dealing with these scoundrels." And he sketches "Tit for Tat, a Judicial Drama of To-morrow."

The Judge—"James Jones, you have been found guilty of jumping on an old man's chest and destroying the sight of his left eye. The sentence of the court is that you be imprisoned for six months, and at the end of that period you have your chest jumped on and the sight of your left eye destroyed."

The Prisoner, shrieking—Mercy! mercy!

The Judge—"You shall have just as much mercy as you showed that old man, and no more. Next!"

The Evidence—"This case, my lord, is that of a man who flung his wife out of a window. She fell on a spiked railing, and he left her there all night."

The Jury—"Guilty."

The Judge—"Ah! The sentence on this man is that he be taken to the same house, flung out of the same window on the same spiked railing and that he be left there all night."

The Prisoner, who is deaf and thinks it is the ordinary sentence—"I can do that little lot on my head."

The Judge—"Oh, certainly, if you prefer it." To the jailer—"See that he is flung out on the spikes so that he comes down on his head. Good morning. Next!"

HEAVY HORSES.

One in New York Weighing Over a Ton and a Half.

A Clydesdale exhibition recently in New York is without a doubt the heaviest horse in the world. He weighs 3,000 pounds. This monster is 20-1/2 hands high, and although only 5 years old, measures 32 inches round the arm, 45 inches round the stifle or knee joint, 95 inches girth, 34-1/2 inches round the hip and 11 feet 4 inches in length. It was of perfect proportions, with a head 36 inches in length. A British dray horse has been known to stand 18 hands high and weigh nearly 18 cwt.; while one of Wombwell's menagerie horses was once shown at Oxford, measuring 17 hands 3 inches in height. The Thames Bank Distillery at the Cart Horse Parade of 1895 exhibited a handsome pair of bays, each of which stood 18 hands high and weighed nearly a ton. The weight of the average horse, according to an authority, is from 660 pounds to 1,540 pounds.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

A TROUBLE THAT CAUSES TWENTY-TIMES MUCH INCONVENIENCE.

Winfred Schofield, of Gasperau, N.S., Tells How He Obtained a Speedy and Permanent Cure.

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N.S.

The many cases brought to his notice of residence in this vicinity being cured from physical disorders through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, have created in the mind of the Acadien representative a sincere belief in the healing powers of this remedy. Yet withal he was a little incredulous the other day when told of a young man who had been cured of a very serious and deplorable disease by the use of only some two boxes of these little miracle workers. It seemed impossible that such a remarkable healing could be wrought even by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such short order. Accordingly he was possessed of a strong desire to investigate. Mr. Winfred Schofield, of Gasperau, was the address given us by our informant, and were not long in hunting him up. We found Mr. Schofield to be a bright young man of about twenty years of age and of more than ordinary intelligence. His air of candor and straightforwardness dispelled any doubts we may have had. In a very few words he stated to us his case. "Two years ago," he said, "I was taken with an attack of St. Vitus Dance. Sometimes when at work I found that my fingers would all at once straighten out and I would be compelled to drop anything I was holding. One day I was using an axe when seized with one of these attacks. The axe slipped from my hands and in falling struck my foot and gave it a nasty cut. After that you can depend upon it I left axes alone, and it was not long before I had to give up using any kind of tool. My complaint rapidly grew worse and I was soon unfitted for any sort of work. Everything possible was tried by me in order to get relief, but I got no better. At last one day a neighbor of mine, Mr. Fred Fielding, who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, advised me to give them a trial, offering to pay for them myself if they did not help me. As it turned out he was safe enough in making the offer. I followed his advice, but had scarcely begun to use them when I began to feel very much better. After using two boxes I was perfectly cured and have never been troubled with the complaint since. I am confident that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone I owe my cure.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box. If in doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed to you post paid at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

1st Edition

Novelty is the great parent of pleasure.—South.

It is the motive alone that gives character to the actions of men.—Bruyere.

Obstinacy and vehemency in opinion are the surest proofs of stupidity.—Barton.

No man doth safely rule but he that hath learned gladly to obey.—Thomas a Kempis.

Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit makes it a pleasure.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought it is a mother's love.—Marchioness de Spadara.

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man.—C. Sumner.

There is a vast difference in one's respect for the man who has made himself and the man who has only made his money.—Muloek.

To know how to grow old is the masterpiece of wisdom and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living.—Aimel.

Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.—Disraeli.

No heritage can a father bequeath to his children than a good name; nor is there in a family any richer heirloom than the memory of a noble ancestor.—J. Hamilton.

OYSTERS KNOW THE TIDE.

Oysters, after they have been brought away from the sea, know by instinct the exact hour when the tide is rising and approaching their beds, and so, of their own accord, open their shells to receive their food from the sea, as if they were still at home.

THE CAT'S TONGUE.

The tongues of the cat family are covered with recurving spines. In the common domestic cat these are small, but sufficiently well developed to give the tongue a feeling of roughness. But in the lion and tiger the spines are strong enough to enable the animal to tear away the skin of a man's hand merely by licking it.