

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

CHAPTER I.—Continued. She came towards him very slowly, so slowly indeed, that he had leisure to observe minutely every detail of her dress, and every outline of her form. Her head was bent that he could not catch a glimpse of her face under the shadow of a wide penthouse of black silk, of the kind to which our grandmothers were addicted, and to which their descendants have given the descriptive epithet of "Poke bonnets"; a long cloak, also of black silk, puckered round her neck into a frill, descended therefrom down to the very hem of her dress, but as her arms were raised the cloak fell back from her bosom and displayed to view a figure eased in russet brown, whose absolute perfection of outline a Juno might well have regarded with envy and despair; as to those aproned arms, from the elbows to the finger tips they were clad in rough tan leather, and between the hands was a book—not a novel from Messrs. Mudie, not a flouncing yellow-backed "cheap edition," not Zola's latest, nor even the last of the Laureate's lyrics—only a little shabby brown calf volume, not more than four inches long, dog-eared, thumb-stained—an old edition that had been out of print for years, and which, as the name indicated, exceeded in length any book ever seen so strange a vision in Coddisham lanes before! Geoffrey did not believe it possible, indeed, so singular and unprecedented was the appearance of this invader of his moon-only reverence, that he was almost inclined to believe that his senses were cheating him, and that some waking dream was exerting a curious influence upon his imagination.

The lady might have stepped straight out of her frame in some ancient family picture gallery, so unique and so unaccustomed was her aspect. Her garments were those of an old woman, save for that glimpse of the figure in russet brown which betrayed her to be a woman in the very prime of beauty. Only he could not see her face; he became possessed with a mad desire to look at it; but apparently there was no chance of his so absorbing in her looks that she was absolutely unconscious of his presence; no such electric current as had warned him of her advent, had awakened her to a sense of the proximity of a young man who stared at her with large brown eyes filled with amazement. Either the mystic was one-sided in its operation, or else the sacred fluid was totally annulled and counteracted by the engrossing nature of that odd little volume of Bacon which she was studying so deeply, and which had probably transported her mind and soul and spirit to some far-away region where Coddisham trout stream and all brown-eyed young men were not. Be that as it may, she had crossed the bridge, passed within a few paces of the occupant, and was beyond him already, and yet never a glimpse of that down-bent face had been vouchsafed to him! Two faces more of her slow-moving footsteps, and the mystery of that face would have remained for ever hidden from him—and this veracious history would have remained unwritten!

Then there occurred one of those tiny incidents, which are so minute as to be scarcely noted at the time, upon which often hang such momentous issues. The lady turned over a page of her book, nothing more than this; and yet, as she turned it, a page of Geoffrey Dane's fate turned with it, and his life, all unknown to him, assumed a new complexion. For, as the page of the tiny volume turned, there fluttered out from between its well-worn leaves a small coloured print, which, unseen by her, fell to the ground at her side; a little breeze and a few leaves and orange leaves carried the small white object yet further away behind her, depositing it, with something surely of malice prepense, at Geoffrey's very feet.

Now Geoffrey Dane, from his Eton days upwards, had never yet been known to miss an opportunity—a rare faculty, which perhaps his brilliant play, both in school and college eleven, had served to sharpen into the proportion of an art. He had already had a good steady more than one after instance of his London career. At this moment, then, he was true to himself and to his genius. He picked up the little picture which had fluttered to his feet at an opportune moment, and in three strides was side by side with the mysterious lady, handing it back to her, hat in hand.

"I beg your pardon; I think this has dropped out of your book?" She started, stood still, and lifted her head; and he saw before him one of the most beautiful faces he had ever beheld. "Thank you," she said, simply, and took back the little picture from his hand. Even at that moment he had time to notice that it was a little common painting of the head of a saint, such a Roman Catholic keep in their books of prayer. Then there rushed upon him a bewildered realization of the loveliness which he looked upon—the pale oval face, the curved lips, and the eyes of divine and heavenly blue, all set in a framework of dark Auburn hair that fell some what loosely from beneath the stiff outlines of that disfiguring black bonnet. Something perhaps of his bewilderment and his admiration betrayed itself in the young man's earnest face; for suddenly, yet without a shade of embarrassment, the lady smiled and said anew, "Thank you; I am very much obliged to you."

gravelled approach or pleasant avenue—only rough and grassy road, that led to its grey stone gateway from a winding lane beneath it. It was, moreover, seven miles from a railway station and three from the post office and village of Coddisham. Within the house the furniture was meagre and dilapidated, the carpets threadbare, the curtains dropping into holes, the batterie de cuisine of a most elementary character, and a whole legion of rats were wont to wander at their own sweet wills unpressed and unchided upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber.

And yet, with all these practical disadvantages, there was a charm about the old house which well might counterbalance all else. It might be bereft of every modern comfort, and devoid of all that makes a house desirable to live in, but it was picturesque—exceedingly. The grey stone walls, discoloured by time and weather, and the growth of mossy-bued and twisted spiral chimneys; the heavily mullioned windows, all had a special and delightful beauty of their own. As you passed through the gateway at the top of the long-steep chalky road, you entered upon a small, sheltered garden, choked up with trees and undergrowth, in the very centre of which the old house was so completely hidden away that you saw nothing of it until you emerged at its very doors. A square patch of lawn, and to the right some old farm buildings had been converted into very passable stables and coach-house. There was, however, an aspect of warmth and comfort about the building, which belied the fact that it was so venerable, inspired one with a certain confidence in its capacity for resisting wind and weather, and the veil of crimson virginian creeper flung across the porch supplied, at this season of the year, just the dash of colour which was lacking to relieve the otherwise sombre solemnity of its uniform colouring.

Of view, there was none from any of the windows of the house, save the tangle of "hriar and brake," and the growth of chestnut trees with their undergrowth of wild juniper and holly bushes, and yet the house stood high above the plain, and a five minutes' walk behind it, up the green shoulder of the Down, commanded an extensive view of the country as any to be found in the whole county. There was only one sitting-room in the house that could boast of any pretensions to comfort, and that was a long, low room with three windows to the left of the front door. This, in other days, had been named the drawing-room, but now more aptly called the library. Across a tiny square hall a smaller room served as a dining-room, which was now, however, but seldom used; for Monsieur had his meals in an upper chamber, and the empty benches and the low table was immediately over the library, whilst as to Madame, well, that Madame ate, was scarcely worth mentioning, and was usually brought to her on a tray and eaten in a chair of state, which she need hardly "lose her book to partake of it."

It was after noon, and darkness was coming on. The three windows were still uncurtained, and the bright glow of a blazing wood fire in a grate in front of a warm stream upon the chimney, and four has rung for the lamp, and her book is open upon her lap, for it is too dark to see any longer. She lies back in a deep chaise longue, her dainty feet in buckled shoes are set upon the carpet, and she is reading a book of the empty benches, and her lovely eyes are fixed dreamily upon the flames. What is she thinking of? Not of the well-worn volume of Erasmus that lies upon her knees, for surely not all the wisdom of that wise old writer could give her such a tender smile as that which hovers about the corners of her red curved lips. Is it not rather some memory of a pair of brown eyes that met hers with so intense a look of wondering admiration that she cannot but smile so tenderly?—is that why Madame de Brefour smiles to herself, and why her book has for once failed to absorb her as usual?

"The maid, an ancient French woman in a stiff wide cap with wide strings tied under her chin, brings in the lamp and sets it down on a low table by her mistress's side. The soft glow lights up the long cosy room that is literally lined with books—of all kinds, and of all sizes, and Madame take Hidden House, so that she might bring down her great packages full of treasures, and set up her idols in due array. Madame stands with her arms akimbo, an attendant, who has called on them."

"My little Amy seems to have picked up a great deal of gossip from Joe's brother," said Mr. Dane, smiling at her story, and pinching her nose cheek. But Geoffrey was drinking in his young sister's words with avidity. "Madame de Brefour!" he repeated. "Ahi she is married then!" and there fell upon him unaccountably a dull sense of disappointment and regret.

CHAPTER II. The Hidden House on Chalk Cliff was, as its name denoted, buried in a sheltered hollow amongst the low range of Downs which sheltered the village of Coddisham to the north-west. The house was small, inconvenient, and old-fashioned. It belonged to a bachelor of the name of Wright, who had inherited it as it stood—furniture, pictures, and all—from a widowed uncle, the last of a race of gentlemen farmers who had lived in it for many generations. Mr. Wright was a business man who lived in London; he had never visited his inheritance since the day he came down to his aunt's funeral, some six years ago. On that occasion he had given orders that an old couple should reside in the house and take care of it, and that a board should be placed outside it, stating that it was to be let, by the year or by the week, on lease short or long, furnished or unfurnished—after any fashion in short, which the fancy of the lessee might suggest. After which he troubled his head no further about it, and the Hidden House, with its rare and spasmodic exceptions of a few months on one or two occasions, had remained untenanted ever since.

Truth to say, there was but little to tempt anyone, however adventurous, to take it. It had never, indeed, even in its palmiest days, been more than a farm-house. There were no flowery gardens about it, no green lawns or glittering conservatories; no smooth

## HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

### FORETELLING FROSTS AND COLD WAVES.

At his reason it may be well to remind our readers of two or three facts in regard to frosts, with which they are no doubt more or less familiar, but are possibly have forgotten. There are two kinds of fall in temperature—one due to an advancing cold wave, which may cause the thermometer to read ten, fifteen or even twenty degrees lower one morning than the day before at the same hour. This can be foreseen by a man who has information about the condition of the weather 1,000 or 1,500 miles west of him, but otherwise can be expected only as the result of a shrewd guess. The other drop in temperature is one-half of the ordinary diurnal oscillation. The mercury in the thermometer goes upward during the hours from 3 or 4 a.m. to 3 or 4 p.m., and after the latter hour it falls again. This daily change varies in extent in the same place from time to time. On some days the range will be fifteen or twenty degrees and others only five or ten. Now, the same general condition of affairs that makes a wide range in the diurnal wave possible is likely to be the forerunner of a cold wave if the first-mentioned kind. If, for instance, a cold wave is coming and the situation in any locality is favorable to a deeper dip than the average in the ordinary daily oscillation, the two will combine and make a fall of from twenty or twenty-five, possibly even thirty, degrees from early in the afternoon one day to the hours just before dawn the next. Those are the nights to look out for. But if a cold wave from the west is coming and the situation in a certain region is not favorable to a good diurnal fall of temperature, the result will be different. When the cold wave arrives there will be cloudiness or rain, and a raw, chilly day, but no frost. That which makes this difference is the dampness of the air. Moisture in the atmosphere serves as a sort of blanket, even though it may be invisible. When the temperature falls to a given limit the moisture condenses in the form of clouds or rain, and this operation partially checks the drop. But if the air is very dry the temperature not only can, but probably will, make a much bolder tumble. Dryness of the air can be ascertained in two ways. Some hint of it is given when the clouds disappear and the wind swings to the northwest. A clearing sky, with the wind still in the south or no wind at all, is still attended with a dry air. But the best way to tell about the humidity of the air is by means of the wet-and-dry bulb thermometer. When the wet bulb reads within three or four degrees of the dry bulb the air is damp. But when the interval is as great as seven or eight degrees—that is, in cool autumn weather—the air is dry, and there is danger of a drop. The limit to which the temperature can fall before condensation begins is called the dew point, and it may be found in this way: Suppose the dry-bulb instrument reads fifty degrees and the wet bulb forty-seven; the difference is three degrees. Multiply this by two and one-half, and you get seven and one-half degrees. Call it eight for convenience. Subtract this from the dry-bulb reading fifty, and you get forty-two. That is the dew point. In such a case there is no danger from frost. But suppose that the dry bulb stands at fifty degrees and the wet bulb at forty-two, which is eight degrees difference. Multiply this by two and one-half and you have twenty, and subtract the twenty from the dry-bulb reading fifty and you get thirty. Thus, one discovers that the temperature may drop to thirty degrees without any interference from condensation. Such a difference does not insure a frost, but it shows that a certain protection that exists at other times has been withdrawn and that the situation is risky. Complete or comparative calm is also essential to a severe frost. If there is a high wind, with no indication of subsidence, the temperature will not fall, as it will in a calm. A plant radiates heat in a calm and often acquires a temperature twelve or fifteen degrees lower than that shown by a thermometer hung six or eight feet above the earth. But if the air is kept circulating freely no such difference will occur. In a calm, with a drop in the night to thirty-five or thirty-eight degrees indicated by instruments, the temperature in the plant may go down to twenty-five degrees, which means destruction to some kinds of vegetation. On a calm night the coldest air will at first be on the hills, but later the colder air will slide gently down the slopes and accumulate in the hollows. Hence a frost is most likely to occur in the latter localities. The temperature is sometimes five or ten degrees lower in a valley than on the adjacent hills, for a period of a few hours. Here, then, is the combination of circumstances most favorable to frost: A clear or clearing sky, a subsiding northwesterly wind that dies away almost to a calm, a temperature of fifty degrees or less at nightfall and a dry air, as shown by a wet-and-dry bulb hygrometer. With such a state of affairs, and a difference of from seven to nine degrees in the readings of the two thermometers at that instrument, the occurrence of a hard frost is highly probable. But if one consults only a dry-bulb thermometer and has no clew to the amount of moisture in the atmosphere

he is a good deal in the dark. And yet, if a man will watch an ordinary thermometer closely, and note how fast it falls from 3 to 6 p.m., and from 6 to 9 p.m., he can tell from the rate of the drop what the temperature will be between midnight and 8 a.m.

## POULTRY RAISING FOR FARMERS.

A fair sized flock of good fowls, well attended to, will be found to be the best paying stock a farmer can keep, especially if the farmer is limited in his means says a writer. They will furnish him an income that is constant and are not like much of his produce that bring returns but once a year, thus leaving him pinched for ready money most of the time. If suitable yards and buildings are provided for the flock, only a few moments' time each day will be required for their care, while the actual value of food consumed will be smaller in proportion to returns than with any other line of live stock. By all means keep thoroughbred fowls even though you do not wish bred for fancy points. Do not keep but one breed unless you keep a few of some setting variety to keep a non-setting breed and have to raise your young chickens. As to the breed you keep, the demands of your market and your own likes and dislikes will have to settle that. If eggs and not meat are in demand, I would advise that member of the Leghorn family that you most admire. If both eggs and meat are wanted, then one of the Plymouth Rock or Wyandotte families that have been bred long enough to breed reasonably true, will be a good choice. If eggs are not in demand and roasters are, large fowls are then needed and the Brahma or Cochon will supply that trade. The advantages of keeping thoroughbreds and but one kind are, your birds will be of nearly the same size and temperature, hence, will all require the same care and feed. If large and small varieties are kept together, either the large ones will become too large to be profitable, or the smaller ones be skimmed and starved until they are unprofitable. If of the same size all can be kept in about the same condition and each individual hen will do her share toward building up your flock. If you will live far enough north so that the winters are cold, your house should be warm. It need not be made of expensive material but should be so arranged that it can be easily kept clean. It should be well lighted and large enough to let your stormy days all pass away within it and get receive exercise enough to keep them healthy. Grain scattered in litter either of straw, hay or leaves is a nice way to get fowls to work on stormy days when they can not get outside. In the summer time if you flock can run at large they will find most of their own living, but in winter and summer too, if shut in yards you will have to provide most or all of the food consumed. Do not forget that a hen likes a variety in her diet fully as much as you do, and if she is to do her best must be provided with a variety. If you are feeding for eggs try giving her some of the waste or sour milk as well as the scraps from the table, and you will be surprised at the way she will shell out the eggs.

## WHAT TO CALL THEM.

### How to Pronounce Certain British Names—Curiosities of Orthography.

Among the names whose spelling gives no clue to their pronunciation, some are familiar enough owing to their use as hack illustrations. Such are Cholmondeley, pronounced Chumley; Marjoribank, pronounced Marchbanks; Cockburn, pronounced Colburn; and Cuper pronounced Cooper. Again Mainwaring is Manering; McLeod is McCleod; in Elgin and Giot the "g" is hard. In Gifford and Nigel it is soft. In Johnstone the "t" should not be sounded; in Moynoux the "x" is sounded, and the name is pronounced Moynox, with a very slight accent on the last syllable; in Vaux the "x" is also sounded, but it is mute in Des Vaux, and likewise in Devereux. In Ker, Berkeley and Derby, the "e" has a sound of "a" in far. In Waldegrave the second syllable, "de" should be dropped, and so should the "th" in Blyth. Dillwyn is pronounced Dillun, and Lynden, Livden. In Conyngham, Monson, Monkton and Ponsonby, the "c" takes the sound of "u"; and Blount should be pronounced as Blunt, the "o" being mute. Buchanan should be pronounced Bucklan, and Beauclerk or Beauclaire, is Beauclere, the accent being on the first syllable. Wemyss should be pronounced Weems, and D'Eresby, D'Ersby. In Montgomerie the "i" is elided, and the two "o"s have the sound of "u," the accent being on the second syllable. In Hertford the "t" is elided and the "e" has the sound of "a" in far. Strachan should be pronounced Strahan; Colquhoun, Kooloon, the accent being on the last syllable; Beauchamp is Beacham and Coutts is Kouts. Another formidable name to the uninitiated is Duchesne, which should be pronounced Dushen; Belhune should be Beeton, and in Abergevenny the "av" is not sounded. Menzies is pronounced Mynges; Knowles as Knowis; Sandys as Sands; Gower as Gorr; and Milnes as Mills. Finally Dalziel should be pronounced "Deall," with the accent on the first syllable; Charteris is Charter; Glamis is Glarms; Gogeban should be pronounced Gaygan; and Ruthven is Riven. The accent is frequently misplaced in pronouncing British proper names. In Tadema and Millais the accent is on the first syllable; in Clarivade and Burnett, Burdet, Kennaird, Farnell, and Tremayne, the last syllable is accented. As a rule, in a name of two syllables, the accent should be placed upon the first and the second should be slightly slurred.

## PACKING OFF OF WIDOWS.

A pastime which obtains among the farm classes of Corea, known as the "packing off of widows," consists of a raid by some disconsolate widower and his friends on some village known to contain a young widow, the reduction of the lady in question, and her marriage to the widower. An instance of this kind has recently come to our notice. A widower living in one of the villages of Kangway with eleven friends went to a hamlet close to the walls of Kangway City, where a widow lived, and seized and carried off, after somewhat of a battle, a young lady. It so happened, however, that they had mistaken the house, and unfortunately got hold of the wrong lady. The next morning an indignant posse came in pursuit, but the men who had committed the dastardly deed succeeded in eluding them. The young lady, however, was rescued, and after the house of the widower had been demolished she was escorted home in triumph by her husband and his friends.

## AT THE TICKET WINDOW.

When does the next train that stops at McAllistersville leave here? "I don't know," said a stout fellow of a portly figure. "Well, maybe you know better than I do, ma'am." "Yes, sir, and maybe you know better than I do whether I'm expecting to travel on that train myself or whether I am inquiring for a relative that's visiting at my house and wanted me to call here and ask about it and save her the trouble because she's packing up her things and expects to take that train herself, and not me, and she will have to do the waiting and not me, and maybe you think it's your business to stand behind there and try to instruct people about things they know as well as you do, if not better, but my idea is that you're put there because they couldn't use you in the switching department, and perhaps you'll learn some day to give people civil answers when they ask you civil questions; young man, my opinion is you won't."

With a gasp, "Yes, ma'am." A sudden and serious illness attacked a lady in Cleveland, Ohio, immediately after drinking a cup of coffee. It was discovered that in the coffee was a fly which had eaten some of the poison on fly-paper. The verdict in a recent criminal case in North Carolina was nullified by the discovery that one of the jurors was 56 years of age. In that case the juror must be under 55.