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Diamond Cut Diamond OR, THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"You had heard news!" he asked her quickly, with a look of apprehension, half raising himself in his chair.

"No, no—nothing," she answered soothingly, passing her hand caressingly upon the sleeve of his coat; "it is only—nothing."

"Ah—des amants?" he said, with a smile. "My poor Rose! And it is thy misfortune, never thy fault, my daughter."

She was silent, looking away from him. This time she knew that it had been her fault.

"It is that young man—did you not say his name was Dane? A name of ill-omen, my child, that should have warned you from admitting him within your doors. Of course, he is no relation—I think you told me that."

She had never told him. He had taken it for granted, and she had not cared to undeceive him. It was only after they had settled themselves down at Hidden House that the name of the clergyman had startled her, and it was long before she discovered that he was in truth, a brother of Matthew Dane, the head of the great merchant house of Dane and Trible. Why disturb the old man's rest by revealing such an unwelcome and unexpected coincidence to him?

She knew that a Protestant clergyman was not likely to enter their house; as a friend, he would not be protected there from his possible visits. She had not meant to deceive him, only to shield him from annoying ideas.

When Geoffrey had been introduced to him, it had been merely as the Anglican clergyman's son, that he was the nephew of his uncle had never been revealed to him.

Yet there was a certain sense of treachery upon his soul, as though she had tampered with the natural enemies of her race. Was that why she was so bitterly punished? she asked of herself in her remorse.

To Monsieur de Brefour the notion that Rose had admirers, was an amusing one. He even chuckled over it a little to himself; it did not occur to him that to Rose herself there could possibly be any tragic complication in the situation.

Old Martine entering with the tray for his dinner—little delicacies which she had cooked herself of sweetbread and dainties of various kinds, greeted by an unwonted outburst of hilarity from her old master.

"See here, Martine," stretching out his long, lean finger playfully at his daughter-in-law, "Madame has lovers impertinent enough to donkeys who would pay court to her. We must leave, I am told, because of Madame's admirers! She breaks their hearts by the dozen, the heartless one, and much she cares! Ah! what it is to be young and beautiful!"

Martine threw a swift look of terror at Madame's flushing face. It might be a joke to the old man, but was it one to her? Martine knew better.

As for Rose, she bore it bravely, as she bore all things. Though the hot color, partly pain, and partly shame, had flooded her beautiful face, yet she joined faintly in the laughter, kissed the old man on the forehead, uncovered the dainty little silver dishes, and stayed to help him to them.

Only, without, in the narrow passage, her heart failed her, when Martine clutched her convulsively by both hands.

"Ah, my poor treasure," said the faithful creature brokenly, "is it never to end—never! And this one—such a beau jeune homme! Grande idee, but it is hard!"

"Hush, Martine, you must not talk like that; Monsieur is right to laugh, it is ridiculous, you know for me, quite ridiculous."

And then the tears burst forth, and Rose turned and fled into the sanctuary of her own bedchamber.

A week later—the east winds still blew cold and keen over the Downs; the daffodils and primroses still bloomed in a blaze of yellow in sheltered corners under the hedges and along the tangled border of the drive; there were a few more little bright green buds upon the sycamores and the lilac bushes than a week ago, a little further promise of summer that struggled into life in spite of adverse circumstances—no other change; when a young man came springing up the hill with that light, buoyant step which youth, and hope, and happy love alone can give. His face was bright with a glad expectancy, his brown eyes shone, his lips were curled into a smile as he came. She had not sent to meet him at the station, but that was nothing; he gave his bag to a porter and hurried on foot, eager to look once more into the face that was so dear to him. When he came in sight of the grey gateway, he wondered perhaps a little that the familiar graceful figure was not standing there to greet him; wondered a little too, that the sharp bark of her little dog did not ring as usual upon his ears.

It was only a small, mild woman, nothing more, no apprehension, no anxiety was in his mind; perhaps she was out driving, perhaps the old man was ailing, and she was in his room. What did it matter? In a few minutes, a few seconds indeed, he would be with her.

When he got within sight of the house, something strange and unexpected in its appearance struck upon him with a cold chill. There was a stillness as of death itself upon Hidden House. There were no muslin flower-pot filled with daffodils upon the library window sill, and in one of the upper rooms the shutters were closed; no smoke came from the chimneys, and not a sign of life was to be seen or heard. Fairly alarmed at last, Geoffrey hastened forward and rang the door-bell; it clanged loudly at his touch, and the echoes went ringing up and on in a ghostly fashion within, dying away by degrees into the perfect silence from which they had been awakened.

He waited, perhaps three whole minutes, then, sick with a horrible dread

of he knew not what, he rang again. This time, distant sounds from the further side of the house responded to his call. Heavy steps came stamping along the passage, and were followed by a great unbarring and unchaining and unlocking within. Then the door opened wide, and a very dirty-faced, rough-haired woman, with her sleeves tucked up above her elbows, and her gown gathered up about her waist, confronted him, with a dustpan in her hand and a look of much astonishment in her grimy face.

"Law, Mr. Geoffrey, fancy it's being you! I couldn't think whoever it could be aring so."

It was a woman out of his father's parish who earned her living by her homely process known as "going out charring."

"Where is Madame de Brefour?" was all that Geoffrey could find voice to say, and he said it with a gasp, with a face as white as death.

"Them furriners people you mean, sir? Oh! they've left—turned out bag and baggage last Tuesday as ever was, and a good job, says I, to get rid of a lot of Papists and jabbering furrin servants as never do no good in a decent English parish. Yes, they was off quite sudden like, and Mr. Wright he telegraphs to me—quite give me a turn, that tellygram did, sir—but knowing as how I'd minded the place before, Mr. Wright he telegraphs, that I am to go and clean it down, and that I and my old man can stop in it if so be like till it's let again. But I says to my old man, says I—"

"Never mind," broke in Geoffrey impatiently, "tell me where they have gone."

"What, them furriners, sir? Lord knows, I don't."

"Have they left no address, no orders about forwarding letters—nothing?"

"Nothing as I knows on, sir."

He pushed past her into the house, and entered the library.

What a dreadful thing is a room where loved and been happy in, when shorn of the presence that has beautified it in our eyes. A woman's room most especially is utterly desolate, when she who had made it her own, and lived in it daily, has left it for ever. Geoffrey looked round the familiar place with a sort of despair. The books were all gone, the book-shelves standing bare, and empty, like yawning caverns out of which jewels have been taken; gone too, was the litter of magazines and papers upon the table. The vases that were wont to be always filled with fresh flowers, the cushions that used to pillow her lovely head, the footstool upon which her tiny slippers were wont to rest—gone all these, and the writing-table and the mantel-shelf, and all the small trifles with which a woman's daily life surrounds itself. The room was empty and void, silent and cold as the grave; it was like looking upon a dead face. A bitter misery flooded his soul as he looked at it. All at once he remembered, with a sudden rush of painful memory, how she had said to him, only a week ago, that she would go away and leave no trace behind her by which he could follow her. This, then, was what, she had done to him!

But why had she done it; had he not kept his bargain with her? Had he not been true to his promised word? He had done as she had asked him—and kept his love back out of her sight, so as to preserve her friendship—had crushed away his own feelings so as to respect and consider hers—and this was his reward! He had been faithful to his part of the covenant between them, but she, she had broken hers!

And he was very angry with her. Angry with that anger against those we love, that is so terrible in its cutting anguish.

Ah! better a thousand times is the coldness of indifference than that sharp pain of wrath that stabs with knifethrusts into our very hearts!

Hot tears, that almost burnt him as they welled up from within, blinded Geoffrey's eyes—he turned his back upon that sad empty room, strode past the still gaping charwoman into the open air, and away down the daffodil-bordered way.

Ah, cold blast of spring! Ah, cold winds, that out with chilling keenness through the bones. Cold as you may be, you are nothing to that bitterest sorrow of a man's young life, when his first love has betrayed his trust, and for all her sweet beauty, he can find no dearer nor fonder word than a curse.

CHAPTER XI.

Angel Halliday stood leaning somewhat disconsolately against the lace window curtains of Lady Lessiter's smart house in Font Street. It was a new, red brick abode of the latest Queen Anne pattern; more Queen Anne, in fact, than any edifice ever erected within the reign of that Gracious Sovereign of happy memory. It was great in red gables and white woodwork, in small colored window panes, and in quaint projecting balconies. Inside it was a miracle of Wardour Street furniture and blue china—with Burne-Jonesian wall decorations that were draped with the latest novelty of textile fabrics from Maple's. Lady Lessiter had had once a mania for furnishing and decorating—for six months she had gone mad over it—she had tried fifty different experiments in every room in the house, had fitted up her drawing-room successively in the Moresque, the Earl English, and the Japanese styles, had flown about to every second-hand dealer in London, "picking-up" what she called bargains, but which were in truth but had bargains for poor Sir George, who was required in time to pay for them. She had held committees of art and taste in her house, wherein everybody had suggested something different, and at last, a standing monument of half-finished incongruity and inconsistency. Yet it cannot be denied that, although

strictly speaking, it was false in art and meretricious in decoration, it was, nevertheless, exceedingly effective on the whole. Lady Lessiter's friends always told her, either that her house was a paradise, or that it was a museum—the frivolities of the one being presumably tempered by the solidity of the other.

Whether Angel Halliday, in her week's sojourn with her friend, had enjoyed it as a museum is uncertain, but very decidedly she had not looked upon it as a paradise.

Lady Lessiter had, nevertheless, done her duty as a hostess to the pretty girl whom she had invited to stay with her. She had taken her about to concerts and exhibitions—she had taken her to dinner at Hurlingham, and to supper at the New Club. She had driven her down to Sandown Races, and had invited a great many smart young men, in immaculate collars and exotic button-hole bouquets, to dine and to lunch at the house in her honour. Yet all these delights had totally failed to satisfy her.

When young woman's soul is set upon one particular young man, then, not all the joys of the whole earth nor yet the entire male population of Christendom, can render her happy if that one particular young man be missing. And that an incontrovertible truth, quite as old as the hills and quite as unchangeable, and yet it is constantly being left out of our calculations in our dealings with young women.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asks a mother, who reasons it has been considered expedient to ignore—and so the girls pine after the "one man," until they are tired of pining, and by and by they get over that misery—for girls do not often die of broken hearts—and they marry somebody else because there is nothing else left for them to do, and they settle down contentedly into a quiet, common-place sort of happiness, which, perhaps, is the best thing in the long run for them, but with which the first fervor of love's young hopes has very little to do.

Thus it was that Angel Halliday pined for the unattainable, and that all the joys of the London season failed to satisfy her.

For Horace Lessiter had not been once to his sister-in-law's house, since she had been in town, and in London she knew, and yet he had never been to see her—surely he could not love her.

To-day, Dulcie was coming, up to join her, and to-morrow they were both to go on and stay with old Mr. Dane, in Cromwell Road. It was not likely that Captain Lessiter would find her out there. All hope, therefore, seemed to have come to an end to-day. No wonder that Angel had declined to go out driving with her hostess, and now stood at the bazaar—till at last, the first of the Diamond Cut Diamond there. All hope, therefore, seemed to have come to an end to-day. No wonder that Angel had declined to go out driving with her hostess, and now stood at the bazaar—till at last, the first of the Diamond Cut Diamond there. All hope, therefore, seemed to have come to an end to-day. No wonder that Angel had declined to go out driving with her hostess, and now stood at the bazaar—till at last, the first of the Diamond Cut Diamond there.

The room behind her was a litter of confusion and disorder. Her ladyship was going to hold a sale of her fancy dress dolls—all day long she was flying about buying expensive materials for the costumes of her dolls—it was her latest mania. Every doll on her stall was more or less finished. Much to her regret, she had assured her husband a few weeks ago it was her solemn mission from on High to do. To make more money at her stall for the Orphan Society," than that horrid Mrs. Jenkins, who painted her face and ogled the men, and who boasted to all her friends that she would take the lead at the bazaar—till at last, the first of the Diamond Cut Diamond there.

But Angel did not address herself to the garments of the Circassian slave when her hostess had left her. She only stood in a melancholy mood by the window, and looked listlessly into the street.

Everything looked gay and sunshiny—flower boxes of geraniums and white daisies bloomed at the open windows of the houses opposite; carriages flashed by filled with smartly-dressed women; children ran gaily along the pavements; and everybody looked happy and busy in the sweet summer afternoon, but Angel only felt miserable.

Then all at once her heart beat, and there was a sudden revision in her joy. For a hansom had dashed up to the door, and somebody sprang out of it and ran lightly up the steps below. He had come at last, then! Oh, why would her cheeks burn so hotly, and her heart flutter so wildly?

"All right, my dear," cried Horace Lessiter, in his cheery voice, as he entered; and then he cast a hurried glance round the room, as though he was looking for something. "My sister-in-law out! Good heavens! what is this about?"

He was confronted by a row of twenty dolls, all in different costumes, that were propped up in a line on the end of the grand piano, while at least as many dolls were scattered on the floor in a state of incompleteness of toilet, were scattered about the room, on the sofas and tables.

"Is Venetia starting a toystory?"

"Not exactly," answered Angel,

laughing and recovering her composure and her cool pink cheeks at the same time by a wonderful process of self-control; "but she is going to keep a stall, you know, at the bazaar; and she has settled upon dolls, in the dresses of every nation on the face of the earth. We are hard at work dressing them. It makes rather a mess in the room, I must confess."

To Be Continued.

MEET DEATH FEARLESSLY.

Entombed Miners Pass the Time in Playing Games.

A mining story would be considered incomplete without a harrowing description of the hero's sufferings during an underground catastrophe. People expect it, and never doubt that the sensations of the imprisoned miner are accurately pictured. But those who have had experience in rescuing colliers from living tombs know that the men do not always act in the sentimental manner attributed to them. On the contrary, not a few of them face their horrible death smilingly, refusing to give way to vain regrets and tears. When a great mass of coal fell in a northern English pit, completely blocking up the side passages, twenty men and boys were trapped in a remote part of the workings. To dig these unfortunate fellows out a relief party worked madly; but the coal was hard and at the close of the first day the tearful women at the pit brow were still waiting for news. Another day passed without good tidings, and it was not until the third morning that a faint humming sound filtered through the frowning blockade of coal. "They're alive!" shrieked one of the party, "and singing hymns to show their faith."

After that all worked with redoubled energy, straining their ears meanwhile to catch the chanting of the underground choir. It soon became evident, however, that the miners were not singing at all. They were laughing and shouting like children, and the familiar cry of "Duck's off!" was clearly heard by the anxious rescuers. Two more hours of superhuman effort followed, and then the black partition gave way, revealing the pale and emaciated men.

HAGGARD MINERS.

In the very act of playing a game dear to the collier's heart. "Hello, lads, we didn't expect to see ye," laughed one of them, stopping to replace the lump of coal which served as the "duck." "Ah, reckon ye'll stop an' hev a game wi' us afore we go back?" And the half-famished men and boys actually insisted on finishing the game before they would allow themselves to be taken to the shaft.

After a very similar accident in another colliery, the relief party did not get through the coal in time to be found, and five sturdy miners were found dead behind the rock barrier. That they had died coolly and fearlessly, though, was beyond question, for on the damp floor were scores of lying marbles made from compressed coal dust, and two of the men were lying at full length with their fists screwed up ready to fillip. Their faces smiled even in death, and this touching proof of their unflinching optimism brought tears to the eyes of every one who entered the pit.

Falls of coal and floods are terrible catastrophes, but the average collier fears an explosion of fire-damp most of all. One occurred not so very long ago in a little Midland pit, and fifteen colliers and true were shut off from the cage by tons upon tons of coal. The anxious crowd at the pit mouth waited until the foul gas had been cleared from the cutting, and then began their work of rescue, with little hope of saving their mates from the suffocating fumes of the fire-damp. Progress was rapid, however, and before long the relief party got into the narrow passage. Here they saw a sight which fairly made them gasp, for the fifteen colliers were on the floor, some of them dead and others sitting up and unconcernedly singing comic songs. A little further on was a football, improvised from the collier's shirts and caps, and bearing unmistakable signs of recent and rough usage. "We'd showt, as long as we'd got to see, 'we'd dee kickin'," explained one of the survivors, "so we rigged up a football an' punched it abart in t' dark. George there fell down dead as he wur scorm' a goal, but we went on playing to pass time on, and then t' gas cleared off a bit." Only four of that brave band of miners came out of the pit alive, but they assured their questioners that the others had laughed and sung in the very face of death.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

THE SOUND OF LITTLE FEET.

I listen in the morning
For the sound of little feet
That patter'd along in the sunshine,
Over the quiet street;
For the tones of the sweet voice singing
Some quaint lov'd strain of old,
As I saw the wee hands full of flowers,
And the sunny head crown'd with gold.

I watch'd when the noon was over,
And the clock in the tow'r struck four,
As the children came slowly homeward,
The hour of schooltime o'er;
And I heard 'mid the ripple of voices,
The one that my heart lov'd best,
And I saw a smile like a sunbeam
Stray'd out of the glowing west.

And now, in the hush of gloaming,
I write and I list again;
But the little feet come no longer,
No more do I hear that strain;
For the flow'r's and the tir'd little child-heart
Are hushed into slumber sweet,
They know that in Heaven the angels
Hear the sound of the little feet.

CARING FOR BABY.

Young mothers are usually anxious to get all the information possible on this subject, so I will tell you a few things that I have learned from experience and observation, writes Clara Hammond.

It is well to send the baby out for an airing every day if he is confined to competent hands. See that the little body is not harried and wearied by being rattled over a rough road, until he receives more harm than good from his outing. Almost every one knows what a difference there is in drivers, how one man will take you to your journey's end, feeling that you are bruised all over from jolting about, while another will avoid the rocks and moderate his speed over the rough places. Be sure that babies suffer quite as much as their elders from unskillful driving.

If a mother cannot nurse her baby, or if her milk is lacking in nutrition, which is often the case, she will find an excellent substitute in lactated food. Cow's milk is almost sure to disagree with a young baby, as cows eat all kinds of weeds, and drink water that is far from being pure, and when the baby's life is at stake, it is safer to provide other food for him.

Feed the child at regular intervals, and the same amount each time. Under two months, he should be fed every two or three hours during the day, not quite so often at night. At six months of age, five or six times during the twenty-four hours will be sufficient. Of course the bottles and rubber nipples should be kept sweet and clean. Give him a drink of fresh water several times during the day, especially in warm weather. If he is usually given no trouble, but if he has diarrhoea have a medicine prepared as follows: Aromatic powder of chalk and opium, 10 grains, oil of dill 5 drops, simple syrup 3 drams, water 9 drams, one-half teaspoonful to be given to an infant of six months or under, and a teaspoonful to a child above that age every four hours until the bowels are checked.

Teach the baby to take his sleep regularly, and remember that a great deal of sleep is necessary for children. Have all garments loose enough for comfort. Use no starch in his clothing, and keep his bibs dry, if you have to change them every hour. A bath in water that has been left in the sun since until one or two o'clock in the afternoon, will often prevent the cross spell so common to babies in the evening.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE SANDWICH.

Among the various branches of cooking which have been vastly improved the sandwich is prominent. The invalid, the traveller, the athlete and the fashionable caller all welcome it eagerly, and it is, too, an important feature of the home table, and often a bit of pleasant economy.

Sandwiches may be classed under five main divisions, meat, green, salad, cheese and the sweet varieties, with many delightful combinations.

Perfumed butter, after the French, is especially dainty to use in making them—orange blossoms, violets, Japanese honeysuckles, roses, rose geraniums, etc., only one kind at a time. The butter is wrapped in a bit of muslin or cheesecloth and placed in a small jar, the flowers lavishly scattered over the butter, closely covered. Graham, white and whole wheat breads are all desirable, and "should be twelve hours old." Two kinds of bread are often used together. They may be round, square, triangular, heart-shaped and oblong, the latter flat or rolled.

Cold chicken, finely chopped and moistened with a little mayonnaise, forms a popular filling. Slice the bread very thin, and always trim the edges neatly; butter lightly. Place the chicken on one piece of bread and press another one on it, and cut in to whatever form you wish.

Lamb sandwiches are new and delicious. The lamb is sliced thin, and has a seasoning of cinnamon and cloves.

Tongue—Butter lightly thin slices of graham bread, and spread generously with cold boiled tongue, chopped fine. Proceed in the same way in making ham and white bread preferably.

Game sandwiches are very appetizing, especially duck, made with graham bread. Sandwiches made of cold calves' liver, highly seasoned and