

# The Diamond Coterie

By LAWRENCE M. LYNCH  
(E. M. Van Deventer)

Author of "A Woman's Crime," "John Arthur's Ward," "The Lost Witness," "A Slender Clue," "Dangerous Ground," "Against Odds," Etc., Etc.

(Continued)

## CHAPTER XXVI.

The morning of the following day breaks gray and dismal. The wind has been blowing all the night through, and wherever a tree stands, there the fallen leaves lie thick and rain-soaked; for it is raining, drizzling weather, and above, below, and around, all is gray, and dull, and dreary.

Dr. Heath's cottage stands aloof from all other dwellings quite by itself, for the houses stand wide apart in this suburban portion of the town, and he has selected the pretty place because of its quiet beauty, and comparative isolation. He has neighbors within sight, within hearing, too, should he choose to be vociferous; but the houses about him all stand within their own pleasant grounds. His nearest neighbor, on the one hand, has placed a fine orchard between them, and on the other hand, he has no neighbor at all; there is a vacant lot, well planted and pleasantly ruinous to see. A fine dwelling had once occupied the site, but fire had destroyed it, and the gaping cellar, a pile of burnt bricks, and some charred debris, are all that remain. In summer the place is one tangled growth of roses and flowering shrubs, and Doctor Heath makes free with the flowers in their season, and even swings his hammock there among the old trees, that outnumber his own, and have outstripped them, too, in years and growth.

Opposite the doctor's cottage stands a handsome dwelling, far back among the trees. It is the home of Lawyer O'Meara and his wife; and the two are the doctor's firm friends.

Beyond the O'Meara dwelling and on the same side of the street, stretches a row of cottages, built and owned by Mr. O'Meara. These are occupied by some thrifty mechanics, and one or two of the best of the mill workers. They are neat, new, tasteful, and well cared for by their tenants.

Clifford Heath awakes a little later than usual, this dismal, gray morning; he had returned from his second visit to Sybil Burrill at a late hour; and after sitting beside his fire, pondering long over many things, had retired, to sleep soundly, and to wake late. What first rouses him is a knocking upon his door, a regular tattoo, beaten by his house-keeper, grown impatient over coffee too long brewed, and muffled too brown.

He makes his toilet after a leisurely fashion, smiling a little at the vociferous barking of his dog, Prince.

The dog is always confined in the stable at night, where he is a safe companion and sure protection to the doctor's fine horse; and now, it being past the time when he is usually liberated, he is making his wrongs heard, and there will be no more repose or quiet until Prince is set free.

"Poor fellow," calls his master, as he swings open the stable door. "Poor Prince! Good, old boy! Come now, and you shall have a splendid breakfast to compensate for my neglect."

The dog bounds out, a splendid bull dog, strong, fierce, and white as milk. He fawns upon his master, leaps about him, barks joyfully, and then follows obediently to the kitchen. The dog provided for, Doctor Heath goes in out of the rain, shaking the water from his coat, and tossing it aside in favor of a dry one; and then he applies himself to his own breakfast.

The warmth and comfort within are intensified by the dreariness without. Mrs. Gray has lighted a fire in the grate, and he turns toward it, slipping his coffee leisurely, enjoying the warmth all the more because of an occasional glance out of the window.

Two men pass—two of the cottagers—his neighbors, who, dismayed by the storm, have turned back toward their homes. "Poor devils!" mutters the doctor, sympathetically; "they don't fancy laying brick and mixing mortar in weather like this; and one of them has no overcoat; I must keep that in mind, and supply him, if he will accept one, from out my store."

He stirs the fire briskly, takes another sip from his half emptied cup, and goes off in a reverie. Presently there comes the sound of a dog's angry barking, and soon mingled with the canine cries, the voices of men calling to one another, crying for aid. But so pleasant is his meditation, and so deep, that their sounds do not rouse him; they reach his ears, 'tis true; he has a vague sense of disagreeable sounds, but they do not break his reverie.

Something else does, however, a brisk hammering on the street door, and a loud, high pitched voice, calling:—"Heath! Heath, I say!"

He starts up, shakes himself and his ideas, together, and goes to face the intruder upon his meditations. It is his neighbor across the way.

"Heath, have you lost your ears or your senses?" he cries, impatiently; "what the devil has your dog found, that has set these fellows in such a panic? Something's wrong; they want you to come and control the dog."

"Heath! Heath!" comes from the adjoining vacant lot; "come, for God's sake, quick!"

In another moment, Clifford Heath has seized his hat, and, followed by his neighbor, is out in the yard.

"Come this way, O'Meara," he says quickly; "that is if you can leap the fence it's not high," and he strides

through his own grounds, scans the intervening pallings, and in a few seconds is on the scene.

On the scene! At the edge of the old cellar, one of the men recently denominated, "poor devils," by the musing doctor, is gesticulating violently, and urging him forward with lips that are pale with terror.

Down in the old cellar, the second man, paler still than the first, is making futile efforts to draw the dog away from something, at which he is clawing and tearing, barking furiously all the time.

Something lies under a heaped up mass of leaves, grass, and freshly turned earth; something from which the fierce beast is tearing away the covering with rapid movements. As he leaps down into the cellar, Clifford Heath sees what it is that has so terrified the two men. From under the leaves and earth, Prince has brought to light a human foot and leg!

Instantly he springs forward, his hand upon the dog's collar, his face pale as ashes.

"Prince!" he cries; "Prince! come away, sir!"

The dog crouches, quails for a moment, then utters a low growl, and tries to shake himself free; for the first time, he refuses to obey his master.

But it is his master; there is a short, sharp struggle, and then the brute cowers, whimpering at his feet.

"Wait!" he says, imperiously to the men, and then, speaking a stern word of command, he strides away, followed by the conquered and trembling brute.

It is the work of a moment to chain him fast; and then Clifford Heath goes swiftly back to the men, who stand very much as he left them.

"Can this be some trick?" Mr. O'Meara is saying, peering down from the edge of the cellar wall at the mound of earth and the protruding leg.

"There is no trick here," replies Clifford Heath, once more springing down into the cellar. "My dog would not be deceived. Come down here, O'Meara; this thing must be unearthed."

Mr. O'Meara lowers himself carefully down, and the man who has thus far stood sentinel follows suit. Then the four approach the mound once more. For a moment they regard each other silently, then one of the masons says:—"If we had a spade."

"Not yet," breaks in Lawyer O'Meara. "Let's make sure that we have found something before we cause any alarm to be given. Get some boards; we do not want a spade."

The boards are found easily, and they look to O'Meara again, all but Clifford Heath, who stands near the mound gazing downward as if fascinated. While O'Meara speaks he stoops swiftly, and then carries his hand to his pocket.

"Let's remove the upper portion of whatever this is," says the lawyer nervously, "and work carefully. This looks like—"

"It looks like murder," says Clifford Heath, quietly. "Pull away the dirt carefully, men."

They are all strong-nerved, courageous men; yet they are all very pale, as they bend to their task.

A few moments, and Mr. O'Meara utters a sharp exclamation, drops his board, and draws back. They have unearthed a shoulder, an arm, a clenched hand.

A moment more, and Clifford Heath, too, withdraws from his task, the cold sweat standing thick upon his temples. They are uncovering a head, a head that is shrouded with something white.

To Mr. O'Meara, to Clifford Heath, the moment is one of intense unmixing horror. To the men who still bend to their work, the horror has its mixture of curiosity. Whose is the face they are about to look upon?

Instinctively the two more refined men draw farther back, instinctively the others bend closer.

Swiftly they work. The last bit of earth is removed from the face; carefully they draw away a large white handkerchief, then utter a cry of horror.

"My God!" cries one, "it is John Burrill."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

It is John Burrill! Lying there, half buried still, with clenched hands and features distorted. It is John Burrill, dead.

Clifford Heath utters a sharp exclamation. He starts forward suddenly, and looks, not upon the dead face, but straight at the white thing that is still held in the hand of one of the masons. Then he snatches it from the man fiercely, looks at it again and more closely, and lets it fall from his grasp. For a moment all is black to his vision, and over his face a ghastly pallor creeps. Slowly, slowly, he lifts his hand to his forehead, rests it there for a moment, and seems making an effort to think. Then he drops his hand; he lifts his head; he draws himself erect.

"O'Meara," he says, in a voice strangely hollow and unfamiliar, and pointing to the fallen handkerchief.

"Look at that. I am going home, when you want me you will find me there. And without having so much as glanced at the dead face so near him, he goes slowly towards his cottage, holding his head proudly erect still.

Mr. O'Meara turns away from the corpse, and gazes for a moment after the departing form of his friend; then he

picks up the handkerchief; it is of sortest linen, and across one corner he reads the embroidered name of Clifford Heath. For a moment he stands with the tell-tale thing held loosely in his hand, and then he bends down, spreads it once more over the dead face, and turns to the men.

"This body must not be disturbed further," he says, authoritatively. "One of you go at once and notify Soames, and then Corliss. Fortunately, Soames lives quite near. Don't bring a gang here. Let's conduct this business decently and in order. Do you go, Bartlett," addressing the younger of the two men. "We will stay here until the mayor comes."

And Lawyer O'Meara buttons his coat tightly about him and draws closer to the cellar wall, the better to protect himself from the drip, drip, of the rain.

"It is a horrible thing, sir," ventured the mechanic, drawing further away from the ghastly thing outlined, and made more horrible, by the wet, white covering. "It's a fearful deed for somebody, and—it looks as if the right man wasn't far away; we all know how he and Burrill were—"

"Hold your tongue, man," snapped O'Meara, testily, "keep 'what we all know' until you are called on to testify. I have something to think about."

And he does think, long and earnestly, regardless of the rain; regardless alike of the restless living companion and of the silent dead.

By and by, they come, the mayor, the officers, the curious gazers; the rain is nothing to them in a case like this; there is much running to and fro; there are all the scenes and incident attendant upon a first-class horror. A messenger is dispatched, in haste, to Mapleton, and in the wind and rain, the drama moves on.

The messenger to Mapleton rides in hot haste; he finds none but the servants astrid in that stately house; to them he breaks the news, and then waits while they rouse Frank Lamotte; for Jasper Lamotte has not returned from the city.

After a time he comes down, pale and troubled of countenance; he can scarcely credit the news he hears; he is terribly shocked, speechless with the horror of the story told him.

By and by, he recovers his composure, in a measure; he goes to his mother's room, and tells her the horrible news; he orders the servants to be careful what they say in his sister's presence, and not to approach Evan's room; then he tells the coachman to meet Mr. Lamotte, who will come on the noon express, with the carriage. After which, he swallows a glass of brandy; and, without waiting for breakfast, mounts his horse and gallops madly toward town.

Meantime, the fast express is steaming toward W—, bearing among its human freight, Mr. Jasper Lamotte; and never has W— seen upon his usually serene face such a look as it now wears. It is harassed, baffled, disconcerted, surly. He knows no one among the passengers, and he sits aloof from his fellow travelers, making no effort to while away the time, as travelers do.

As they near W—, however, he shakes off his dullness, and lays aside his look of care; and when he steps upon the platform at W—, he is to all appearance, the same smiling suave man, who went away three days before.

There are several other passengers for W—, among whom we may see a portly, dignified gentleman who looks to be somewhere in the forties, and who evidently has a capital opinion of himself, and knows what he is about. He is fashionably dressed, and wears a splendid diamond in his shirt front. He carries in his hand a small valise, and asks for a carriage to the best hotel.

Close behind him is another man, of a different stripe. He is a rakish looking fellow, dressed in smart but cheap clothing. He carries in his hand a small, square package, neatly strapped, and this alone would betray his calling, were it not so obvious in his look and manner. The "book fiend" has descended upon W—. He looks about him carelessly, watches the portly gentleman as he is driven away in the carriage for the W— Hotel, sees Mr. Jasper Lamotte enter his landau, and drive swiftly away, and then he trudges cheerily toward, swinging his packet of books as he goes.

When they are out of sight of the gaping crowd about the depot, the coachman, acting under Frank's orders, brings his horse to a walk, and, turning upon his seat, addresses his master.

(To be Continued.)

## 4 FOUR GENERATIONS

HAVE USED "BABY'S OWN SOAP" AND ITS SALE IS STEADILY INCREASING.

Have you tried it?

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mrs. Montreal.

## FIGS AND THISTLES.

It is a blessing to have opinions; it is a curse to be opinionated.

There is always hope for the man who can be taught what a fool he has been by one mistake.

One finger lost in a buzzsaw will do for most men, but a fool will fool with it again and lose two.

Reason always walks, but love runs. If there is nothing in a man, his "opportunity" never comes.

The saddest ignorance in this world is not to know the pleasure that comes from self sacrifice.

One of the highest mountains upon which we may stand in this life is to be able to look back upon a long life well spent.—Ram's Horn.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are four millionaires in England to one in France.

In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.

A French doctor declares he has discovered a means of injecting courage into men by means of a syringe and a mixture of sea water and phenic acid.

## HEALTHY STOMACH.

Happy Man!—Nothing Experimental About Using the Great South American Nerve—What it has Done for Thousands it Can do For You.

Here are Strong Words From a Reliable Business Man—Read Them.

I have been a great sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia. I tried many remedies, but obtained very little relief. I saw South American Nerve advertised, and concluded to give it a trial, and I must say I consider it the very best medicine I have ever used. I obtained great relief from the first few doses. I have only used two bottles, and am happy to say it has made a new man of me. I strongly recommend it to fellow-sufferers." C. PEARCE, Dry Goods Merchant, Forrest, Ont. For sale at Dodd's Medical Hall and Geo. E. Hughes'.

No other oil and no other medicine has ever been discovered which can take the place of Cod-liver Oil in all conditions of wasting. New remedies come, live their little day and die, but Cod-liver Oil remains the rock on which all hope for recovery must rest. When it is scientifically prepared, as in Scott's Emulsion, it checks the progress of the disease, the congestion and inflammation subside and the process of healing begins. There is the whole truth. Book about it free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

## DR. CLIFT

treats Chronic Diseases by the Salisbury method of persistent self-help in overcoming past errors and Removing causes from the blood. Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Shortness of Breath, Pleurisy, Tuberculosis, Consumption of Lungs or Bowels, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis, Ulcer, Cancer, Dropsy, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Constipation, Piles, Fissures, Fistula. Diseases of Heart—Valvular, Fatty Enlargement, Palpitation. Of Liver—Jaundice, Diabetes, Cirrhosis, etc. Of Kidneys—Albuminuria, Bright's Disease, etc. Of Spleen and Bladder—Cystitis. Of the Blood—Anæmia, Chlorosis, Scrofula, Malaria, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Scurvy, Purpura. Of Female Organs—Inflammations and Displacements of Womb, Ovaries, Bladder or Bowels. Menstrual irregularities of Sexual Organs. Of Nerves and Spine.—Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Decline, Hysteria, Tremors, St. Vitus' Dance, Chorea, Epilepsy, Convulsions, Paralysis, Loco motor Ataxia, Paralysis, Agitans, Softening of Brain. Some forms of Insanity—Dementia, Mania, Hypochondria, Melancholia. Failure of Vision and Voice, Deafness. Of Skin—Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Syphilis. Tumors, Glandular, Fatty, Fibroid, Uterine, Ovarian and Cancer, Goitre, Cretinism, Obesity, Corpulency. Drug and Liquor Habits—Opium, Morphine, Chloral, Cocaine, Tobacco Stimulants. Of Bones and Joints—Deformities, Curvatures, and Pott's Disease of Spine, Paralysis, Hip Disease, Knock-knee, Bow Legs, Club and Flat Foot, Wry Neck, Rickets, Scrofula, Sore Legs, Varicose Ulcers, etc. Continuous intelligent treatment insures Minimum of suffering and Maximum of Cure, possible in each case. Avoid attempts unaided or under blind leaders.

## DR. CLIFT

Graduate of N. Y. University and the N. Y. Hospital. 21 years' practice in N. Y. City. Diploma registered in U. S. and Canada. Address—Charlottetown, P. E. I. Office—Victoria Row. Telephone Call. Accommodations Reserved for patients. References on application. 94—d&w 1yr.

These Competitions will be conducted monthly during 1897.

**FIRST PRIZES—10 Stearns' Bicycles EACH MONTH.**

**SECOND PRIZES—25 Gold Watches EACH MONTH.**

**\$1,625 Given Away EACH MONTH IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES.**

**SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.**

**LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SCOTT STREET, TORONTO.**

**SEND THE TOP PORTION OF YOUR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS TO SAVE AS MANY "SUNLIGHT SOAP" COUPONS AS YOU CAN COLLECT.**

**HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.** Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "Coupons") are to be sent enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, marked on the postal wrapper (top left hand corner) with the number of the district competitor lives in. The districts are as follows:

**NAME OF DISTRICT.**

1. Western Ontario, consisting of Counties York, Simcoe and all Counties W. and S. of them.
2. Eastern Ontario, consisting of Counties Ontario, Hastings and all Counties E. and N. of these.
3. Province of Quebec.
4. Province of New Brunswick.
5. Province of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

The bicycles are the celebrated ones Stearns, manufactured by E. C. Stearns & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., and Toronto, Ont. Each wheel is guaranteed by the makers, and has complete attachments.

The two competitors who send in the largest number of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Stearns' Bicycle with complete attachments.

The five competitors who send in the next largest number of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Gold Watch, value \$25.

The competition will close the last day of each month during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., and their families are debarred from competing.

A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors 21 days after each competition closes.

Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., as final.

**HIGH GRADE English Manures**

Landing to-day ex Steamer "Irene Morris," direct from Liverpool, Eng

**SUPERPHOSPHATES, NITRATE OF SODA, MURATE OF POTASH, BONE MEAL, ETC.**

All genuine, and of guaranteed analysis. The only reliable, best, and at least 20 per cent the cheapest fertilizer on the market.

**AULD BROS.**

**CHARLOTTETOWN SOAP WORKS**

**WHITE ROSE**—Absolutely pure snow white soap. Nothing finer made.

**ROYAL OAK**—Best Soap made for all laundry and family purposes. There is comfort in its use.

**SILVER BAR**—A Soap of wonderful cleansing and lasting properties in pound bars.

**DAINTY**—A bar of good scouring soap.

**PRIZE BAR**—Adapted for general household purposes.

A large quantity of pure Diamond Potash and Laphorne's Royal Potash on hand and in course of manufacture. They are indispensable to every household, and are superior to imported lyes.

For sale everywhere. Ch'town Soap Works.

**JAMES D. LAPHORNE & CO., PROPRIETORS.**

**Price Cutting Means Quick Selling**

**IF YOU CAN'T CURE Write**

for an appointment, and have your work done by us; guaranteed

**Painless Dentistry**

and modern methods and appliances.

**Berlin Dental Parlors.**

Over store of Frowse Bros. Office Hours—8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

**J. B. Macdonald's Old Stand.**

Opposite west end Market.

**KOKANIE CREEK SHARES**

**NO FAKE**

But legitimate mining. FOUR CLAIMS. One being on the famous Molly Gibson vein. Two above Enterprise, which sold \$300,000 cash, and another one half mile from Slocan River. High grade ore out cropping on three. Well defined ledges on all. Capital only \$250,000 in 25 cent shares. First issue for development 3 cents, non assessable. Next issue not less than 10 cents. Reliable management. Nothing less than 500 shares sold. Order through bank.

**GEO. D. SCOTT Agent**

42 Fort St., Victoria, B. C.