

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 XXXIV.

Like a man in a dream, Frank Lamotte obeys his father's call, never once thinking that the summons is strangely worded. Over and over in his mind the question is repeating itself—What did she mean? Was he going mad? Was he dreaming? Had Constance Wardour really said a word that rendered himself and all that household unsafe? If she knew who should stand in Clifford Heath's stead, would she really spare the culprit? No; it was impossible. Was her talk bravado? was she seeking to deceive him?

"Impossible," he reasons. "If she knew who struck that blow, then I am utterly ruined. But she does not know—she can not."

Jasper Lamotte leads the way to the library. It seems natural that he should move softly, cautiously. A supernatural stillness pervades the lower floor. Frank Lamotte shudders and keeps his eyes turned away from the closed-up drawing room with its silent tenant.

When they are seated face to face, with locked door and closely drawn curtains, Frank looks across at his father, and notes for the first time that day the lines of care settling about the shallow mouth, and underneath the dark, brooding eyes. A moment of silence rests between them, while each reads the signs of disaster in the face of the other. Finally the elder says, with something very like a sneer in his voice—

"One would think you a model mourner, your visage is sufficiently woful." Then leaning across the table, and elevating one long forefinger; "Something more than the simple fact of Burrill's death has shaken you, Frank. What is it?"

Frank Lamotte utters a low mirthless laugh. "I might say the same of you, sir; your present pallor can scarcely be attributed to grief."

"True," a darker shadow falling across his countenance. "Nor is it grief. It is bitter disappointment. Have you seen Miss Wardour?"

"Yes," averting his head. "And your case in that quarter?"

"Hopeless," sharply. "Hopeless, I tell you, sir; do I look like a prosperous wooer? she will not look at me. She will not touch me at any price."

Jasper Lamotte mutters a curse. "Then you have been playing the poltroon," he says savagely. "The countenance of the younger man grows livid. He starts up from his chair, then sinks weakly back again."

"Drop the subject," he says hoarsely. "That card is played, and lost. Is this all you have to say?"

"All I wish it were. What took me to the city?"

"What took you, true enough. The need of a few thousands, ready cash."

"Yes. Well! I have not got the cash."

"But—good heavens! you had ample securities, yes," with a low grating laugh. "Look, I don't know who has interposed thus in our favor, but—if John Burrill were alive to-night you and I would be beggars."

"Impossible, while you hold the valuables."

because you have been discarded? Why should I not borrow from this tricky young lady? Curse her!"

"Well!" rising slowly, "she is under your roof at this moment. Strike while the iron is hot. Have you anything more to say to-night?"

"No. You are too idiotic. Get some of the cobwebs out of your brain, and that scared look out of your face. One would think that you, and not Heath, were the murderer of Burrill."

A strange look darts from the eyes of Frank Lamotte.

"It won't be so decided by a jury," he says, between his shut teeth. "Curse Heath, he is the man who, all along, has stood in my way."

"Well, there's a strong likelihood that he will be removed from your path. There, go, and don't look so abjectly helpless. We have nothing to do at present but to quiet Belknap. Good night."

With lagging steps, Frank Lamotte ascends the stairs and enters his own room. He looks the door with a nervous hand, and then hurriedly lowers the curtains. He goes to the mirror, and gazes at his reflected self—hollow, burning eyes, haggard cheeks, blanched lips, that twitch convulsively, a mingled expression of desperation, horror, and despair—that is what he sees, and the sight does not serve to steady his nerves. He turns away, with a curse upon the white lips.

He flings himself down in a huge easy chair, and dropping his chin upon his breast, tries to think; but thought only deepens the despairing horror and fear upon his countenance. Where his father sees one foe, Francis Lamotte sees ten.

He sees before him Jerry Belknap, private detective, angry, implacable, menacing, not to be quieted. He sees Clifford Heath, pale, stern, accusing. Constance Wardour, scornful, menacing, condemning and consigning him to dreadful punishment. The dead face of John Burrill rises before him, jeering, jibing, odious, seeming to share with him some ugly secret. He passes his hand across his brow, and starts up suddenly.

"Bah! he mutters, 'this is no time to dally; on every side I see a pitfall. Let every man look to himself. If I must play in my last trump, let me be prepared.'"

He takes from his pocket a bunch of keys, and, selecting one of the smallest, unlocks a drawer of his dressing case. He draws forth a pair of pistols and examines them carefully. Then he withdraws the charges from both weapons, and loads one anew. The latter he conceals about his person, and then takes up the other. He hesitates a moment, and then looks that also, replaces it in his hiding place, closes and locks the drawer. Then he breathes a long sigh of relief.

"It's a deadly anchor to windward," he mutters, turning away. "It's a last resort. Now I have only to wait."

CHAPTER XXXV.

While Frank Lamotte, in his own chamber, is preparing himself for emergencies, Constance Wardour stands by the bedside of her unconscious friend, struggling for self control; shutting her lips firmly together, clenching her teeth; mastering her outward self, by the force of her strong will; and striving to bring the chaos of her mind into like subjection. Three facts stare her in the face; three ideas dance through her brain and mingle themselves in a confused mass. Clifford Heath is in peril. She can save him by betraying a friend and a trust. She loves him.

Yes, stronger than all, greater than all!

USE Baby's Own Soap

and you'll know why we recommend it

BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

and the truth will not be frowned down. She loves this man who stands accused of murder; she loves him, and great heavens! he is innocent, and yet, must suffer for the guilty.

What can she do? What must she do? She can not go to him; she, by her own act, has cut off all friendly intercourse between them. But, something must be done, shall be done.

Suddenly she bends down, and looks long and earnestly into the face of the sleeper. The dark lashes rest upon cheeks that are pale as ivory; the face looks torture-stricken; the beautiful lips quiver with the pain of some dismal dream.

Involuntarily, this cry escapes the lips of the watcher—

"My God! To think that two noble lives must be blasted, because of that pitiful worthless thing, that lies below."

The moments drag on heavily, her thoughts gradually shaping themselves into a resolve, while she watches by the bedside and waits the return of Mrs. Lamotte. At last, she comes, and with an added shade of sorrow in her dark eyes; Evan is very ill, she fears for his reason, too.

"What has come upon my children, Constance?" she asks, brokenly; "even Frank has changed for the worse."

"Poor Evan," sighs Constance, thinking of his loyal love for Sybil; and thus with her new resolve strong in her mind, she says, briefly—

"I must go to town at once, Mrs. Lamotte, and will return as soon as possible. Can you spare me without too much weight upon yourself?"

Without a question, Mrs. Lamotte bids her go; and very soon she is driving swiftly toward W—, behind the splendid Lamotte horses.

Straight to Lawyer O'Meara she is whirled, and by the time she reaches the gate, she is as calm as an iceberg.

Coming down the steps is a familiar form, that of her aunt, Mrs. Alliston. Each lady seems a trifle disconcerted by this unexpected meeting; neither is inclined to explain her presence there.

Mrs. Alliston appears the more disturbed and startled of the two; she starts and flushes, guiltily, at sight of her niece.

But, Constance is intent upon her errand; she pauses long enough to inquire after her aunt's health, to report that Sybil is much the same, and Evan ill, and then she says—

"Is Mr. O'Meara at home, Aunt Honor?"

"Yes, that is, I believe so," stammers Mrs. Alliston.

"Then I must not detain you, or delay myself; good morning, auntie;" and she enters the house, leaving Mrs. Alliston looking perplexed and troubled.

Ushered into the presence of Mr. O'Meara, Constance wastes no words.

"Mr. O'Meara," she begins in her most straightforward manner, "I have just come from Mapleton, where I have been with Sybil since last night. This morning Doctor Benoit horrified me by telling me that Doctor Heath has been arrested for the murder of John Burrill."

Just here the study door opens softly, and a portly, pleasant faced gentleman enters. He bows with easy self-possession, and turns expectantly toward O'Meara. That gentleman performed the ceremony of introduction.

A Story of the Petersburg Mine.

General Horace Porter tells the following anecdote of the explosion of the Petersburg mine in his "Campaigning With Grant," in "The Century." A surgeon told us a story, one of the many echoes of the mine affair, about a prisoner who had been dug out of the crater and carried to one of our field hospitals. Although his eyes were bunged and his face covered with bruises, he was in an astonishingly amiable frame of mind and looked like a pugilistic hero of the prize ring coming up smiling in the twenty-seventh round. He said: "I'll jest bet you that after this I'll be the most unpopular man in my regiment. You see, I appeared to get started a little earlier than the other boys that had taken passage with me aboard that volcano, and as I was coming down I met the rest of 'em a-goin up, and they looked as if they had kind o' soured on me and yelled after me, 'Stragglers!'"

Only the Young Dance.

The maidens who are elbowed out of all pleasure at dances by young matrons will approve of the custom which obtains at the court of Berlin, where the emperor and empress set the fashion of only looking on. Elderly ladies do not dance at all and young married ladies very rarely. The floor is only meant for young people of both sexes.

An expert tells of an instance where 4,000 pearl shells were taken which yielded less than \$50 worth of pearls, while in the same locality over 30 pearls were found in one day, one of which was sold for \$10,000. A Queensland company, on a small area, got \$6,000 worth of pearls from eight tons of shell.

By Canoe From Coast to Coast.

Mr. F. C. Nicholas recently described the goldfields of western Colombia for the geological section of the New York Academy of Sciences, and incidentally pointed out a route by which, in the wet season, a man might go in a canoe from the Atlantic to the Pacific across the northwestern corner of South America. The proposed route follows the river Atrato to the divide, which lies in a series of swamps, and then, by way of one or two smaller streams, reaches the river San Juan, which empties into the Pacific.

Inoculation of land with microbes instead of expending money on fertilizers is the latest idea which science has placed at the service of the British farmer.

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, Locomotor 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, 23 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. 84—d&w 1yr.



P. E. Island Railway.

Saturday Excursions.

During the months of June, July August and September, 1897, return tickets will be issued at one first class fare from all Booking Stations to all stations on this Railway every Saturday good for return on following Monday. These tickets will not be good for return on date of issue.

A. McDONALD, Supt. D. POTTINGER, General Manager Govt. Railways New Brunswick, N. B. Railway Office, Ch'town, May 29—1897 d&w 1

These Competitions will be conducted monthly during 1897.

FIRST PRIZES—10 Stearns' Bicycles EACH MONTH.

SECOND PRIZES—25 Gold Watches EACH MONTH.

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM. Competitors to enter at 10c per month. Wrappers as they can collect. Out of the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "Comps") 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:

- 1 Western Ontario, consisting of Western York, Simcoe and all Counties E. and N. of these.
- 2 Eastern Ontario, consisting of 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, manufactured by E. C. Stearns & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., and Toronto, Ont. Each wheel is guaranteed by the makers, and has complete attachments.

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

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

SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.

RULES. 1. Every month during 1897, in each of the five districts, prizes will be awarded as follows:

- 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 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.

The Use of a Little Paint . . .

of the right kind will make a big difference around the home. The old Shabby Rocker can be made positively handsome—The dull Iron Bedstead can be made to shine, and the bath made to look like porcelain if painted with

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS ENAMEL PAINTS

all ready to use. Any one can apply them.

For floors we make floor paints—for buildings, house paint; for barns, barn paint, etc., etc. Each paint is the best there is for its purpose. Just tell your dealer what you want to paint, and that you want THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS and you'll be right.

Get our Sample Cards—from your dealer or ourselves. Our booklet, "Paint Points," is free for the asking. Address 19 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
CLEVELAND
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
MONTREAL

BOTTLED WIND

Gulline Metal Stitched Air Collars

MADE BY THE COLLIER PNEUMATIC COLLAR CO., CHICAGO, P. O.

No sweat pads. The strongest, most durable, lightest, coolest, easiest and best fitting Horse Collars on earth. Heavier loads drawn with less exertion than with any other collars. Sure cure for sore necks and shoulders. The stitching is rust-proof metal, is not affected by moisture, and will not rip. All collars, from the lightest buggy to the heaviest dray, are made of the very best leather, and tested by a pressure equal to fifteen tons pull, and are so guaranteed.

THE GULLINE STRAW COLLARS

are also metal stitched and challenge all others for durability and beauty of finish (the Gulline Pneumatic Collars excepted.)

THE AMES HOLDEN COMPANY, OF MONTREAL, LTD.
Sole Selling Agents for Canada, with full stocks at Montreal, Toronto, St. John, N. B., Winnipeg, Victoria & Vancouver, B. C.

Are You Going To Build a House ?

Or put up a structure of any kind. If you are considering such a thing, you had better see the undersigned before completing all your arrangements.

Would Like to Quote you Prices, and, if you Wish, Furnish you With Plans and Specifications.

Have the latest and best facilities for turning out first-class work. Factory is equipped with steam power, and all jobbing work is done promptly.

GRAVEL ROOFING A SPECIALTY. Careful attention; given to all work at reasonable prices charged.

WM. W. HARPER, Contractor and Builder
Factory 11 Fitzroy St. east, between Weymouth and Cumberland Sts. P. O. Box 218

Marine Insurance.

The British and Foreign Marine Ins. Co., of Liverpool England.
The Empress Marine, Ins., Co. of London England.
The General Marine Insurance Co., of Dresden.

The undersigned represents the above first-class Companies. Hulls, Cargos, Freights, carried at lowest rates. Sterling Certificates issued.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN

Queen Street AGENT

Marine Insurance.

Hulls, cargoes and freights insured at lowest rates. Sterling certificates issued at office here when required.

HORACE HASZARD.

Ch'town, 17th May, 1 mo. 1897.