

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)

He telegraphed at once to his father, and then set out for Mapleton, looking like the ghost of himself, but carrying a mesh filled flask.

"Of course," mournfully.
"He would have started in pursuit, had they not convinced him of the folly of such an undertaking."

"Folly, indeed, for him."
"And now, Miss Wardour, we have arrived at the end of a certainty, and to enter the field of conjecture is useless. The time may come when some of us may be of actual service to this most unhappy friend of yours. I confess that I wait with some curiosity the movements of her parents in the matter."

"They will take her from him, at once. They will buy him off; compel him—anything to get her back."

"Perhaps; but—she may resist them. Think of that letter."

"True, Ah me! I can't think, Doctor Heath, I have kept you here starving. I had forgotten that dinner ever was, or could be. You shall dine with Aunt Honor and myself; and, for the present, we will not speak of poor Sybil's flight to her. She would run the entire gamut of speculation, for she is very much given to seeing through things, and I can't bear to talk too much on this subject. I should get angry, and nervous, and altogether unpleasant. I say, 'you will stay; will you stay?'"

He has never before been invited to dine at Wardour Place, except when the dinner has been a formal one, and the guests numerous; but he accepts this invitation to dine en famille, quite nonchalantly, and as a thing of course.

So he dines at Wardour Place, and talks with Aunt Honor about the robbery, and listens to her description of the splendid Wardour diamonds, and looks at Constance, and thinks his own thoughts.

After dinner Aunt Honor occupies herself with the evening paper; and, after awhile, Constance and Doctor Heath pass out through the low, broad French window, and stand on the balcony. The light from within falls upon them and that portion of the balcony where they stand. There is a young moon, too; and just beyond is a master oak, that spreads its great branches out, and out, until they rustle, and sway above the lower half of the long balcony, and rap and datter against the stone walls.

"Have you thought," asks Constance, as she leans lightly against the iron railing, "that to-morrow is Sunday, and that Mr. Lamotte, unless he has already returned, can not reach home until Monday?"

"It has occurred to me."
"And poor Sybil! Where will she be by then?"

"Miss Wardour! What disinterestedness! I thought you were thinking of your detective."

"My detective! Why, what a lot of stupid people! He might as well not come at all. Why didn't you tell me to telegraph at once?"

"Because Mr. Lamotte was coming. I depended upon him."
"And he has made a blunder."
"Not necessarily."
"Why?"

"He may have seen an officer immediately, and the man may be now on the

way, by the night train. He will be sure to be here before Monday, or he is no detective. They depend very little on the regular trains."

"Oh; I am enlightened! All the same, I shall never see my diamonds more."
"You don't seem much troubled."
"Pride, all pride! I'm heart broken."
"You are a most nonchalant young lady."

"Yes—it's contagious."
Then they both laugh, and relapse into silence. Presently she says:—
"We are sure to have the wrong man. Why did you not tell me the name of your great detective, so that I might have commissioned Mr. Lamotte to bring him? That man has been in my mind all day. You have made me enamored of him."

"Why?" laughing indulgently; "I barely mentioned him."
"No matter; you say he is a splendid officer?"
"There is no better. I know of none as good."

"And his name?"
"A very romantic one: Neil J. Bathurst."
"Why?" stepping suddenly to the window. "Aunt Honor!"

"Well," replies Mrs. Alston, from behind her newspaper.
"What is the name of your wonderful detective, who brought those two murderers from Europe, and had them properly hung?"

"Mr. Neil Bathurst. Why, my dear?"
"Oh, nothing special, auntie;" then returning to the window, "Auntie never loses trace of a crime or a trial in high life. I have heard her talk of this man's splendid exploits, by the hour. She is a walking catalogue in all aristocratic sensations. So this is your great man? Well, if he is in the city, we must have him. Mr. Lamotte shall bring his man, or send him; there should be work for two. As for me, I intend to secure the service of Mr. Neil J. Bathurst."

"He may not be within reach; he is constantly moving, and always busy."
"No matter. I tell you I want to see this man."

"That being the case, I may as well present myself."
They start at the rustling of leaves, and from one of the great oak's extended branches, a form swings downward, and drops lightly upon the grass, just before the place where they stand.

"Who are you?" demands Doctor Heath, sternly, as the eavesdropper approaches. "And what does this impertinence mean?"

Before they can think, the man approaches the balcony, puts his hands up on the railing, and springs lightly over; standing in the full light that falls from within, he doffs his hat like a courtier, and bending before Constance, says, in a voice that is, for a man, singularly rich and mellow:—
"Madame, I am here at your service. I am Neil J. Bathurst."

CHAPTER V.

Both Constance and Dr. Heath fancy that they comprehend the situation almost instantaneously. The stranger's movements have been so catlike, his voice so carefully modulated, that Aunt Honor reads on, never dreaming that an addition has been made to the party. Dr. Heath is the first to speak.

"Upon my word," he says, with a touch of coldness in his tone; "this is quite dramatic."
"It's a very good tableau," admits the new comer, "but dramatic as the present-day drama goes? No, it's too naturally brought about, as you will admit, when I explain my presence here. Your mention of my name, while I lay

apparently across the great branch, within hearing, was rather sensational, to be sure, of course you can explain that."

"At this time Constance has recovered herself, and rises to the occasion; in fact, she rather enjoys the situation; this is one of the emergencies wherein she is quite at home. Without stepping for a moment to make remarks, or expressions of surprise, she goes straight to the point.

"How we came to be discussing you, you must understand, if you are really Mr. Bathurst, and—have been very long in that tree."

"I have been 'very long' in that tree, I feel it," ruefully. "And I am Neil Bathurst, detective; never was anybody else, and by the by, here is this doctor; I heard him giving me a capital 'recommend'; now bid him step up and identify me," and he laughs as if he had uttered a capital joke.

Doctor Heath laughs now, as he comes closer and scrutinizes him by the light from the drawing room.

"Oh, I recognize you by your voice, which you have not attempted to disguise, and by your—assurance."
"I thought so!" rubbing his hands with a satisfied air.

"But that physiognomy, I never saw before."
The detective laughs.

"No, this is one of my business faces, and you, sir, are one of the few who have known me simply as a man, without reference to my occupation; a man like me may be expected to turn up anywhere, but you, sir, are the last man I expected to see in this place."

"Nevertheless, I have been an inhabitant of W—for a year; but enough of me for the present—Mr. Bathurst, this lady

Aspinal's Enamel, all colors at Watson's Drug Store.

Miss Wardour, in whose service you have been retained.

Miss Wardour extends a gracious, welcoming hand.

"Mr. Bathurst has heard me express my desire to know him," she says, with a little ripple of laughter, "so no more need be said on the subject. Mr. Bathurst you came as opportunely as a fairy godmother; and now let us go in and take my aunt into our counsels."

She lifts the lace curtains and passes in; as she goes, Dr. Heath lays a detaining hand on the detective's arm.

"Mr. Bathurst," he whispers; "in W—I am Dr. Heath, from nowhere."
"I comprehend," significantly.
"Thank you;" then they too pass through the window, and the detective goes through the ordeal of presentation to Aunt Honor.

Mrs. Alston, being a thorough woman, who knows her perquisites, gets through with the necessary amount of astonishment, ejaculations, questionings, and expressions of delight; all things are overcome by time, even a woman's volubility. And during the flow of her discourse the detective is communing thus with his "inner consciousness":—

"So we have been retained by this handsome young lady? Well, that's intelligence! and what does the old lady mean by supposing that Mr. Lamotte has told me this and that? Who the deuce is Lamotte? Why the deuce don't somebody ask me how I came to be perched in that tree? Do they think it's the proper thing for detectives to tumble in among them out of the trees and the skies? After all, it is like a drama, for I'll be blessed if I see any sense in it at all."

"I see you are all more or less attracted by my personal appearance," he says, after Aunt Honor has given up the floor. "Now that I think of it, it's not just the thing for a drawing-room."

Mr. Neil Bathurst, or his present presentation, is a medium sized man, attired in garments that have once been elegant, but are now frayed, threadbare, travel worn; his feet are encased in boots that have once been jaunty; his hat is as rakish as it is battered; his face wears that dull reddish hue, common to fair complexions that have been long exposed to sun and wind; his hair and beard, somewhat matted, somewhat disordered, may have borne some tinge of auburn or yellow once, but they too, have, unmistakably, battled with the sun, and have come out a light hay color. As Constance looks at him, she, mentally, confesses that he is certainly the oddest figure she has ever entertained in her drawing-room.

"I have been wondering just what grade of humanity you are supposing yourself to represent just now," says Doctor Heath, eyeing him quizzically.

"What?" with mock humility, "am I thus a failure? Miss Wardour, look at me well; do you not recognize my social rank?"

Constance surveys him a fresh, with critical eye.

"I think," she says, "I recognize the gentleman tramp; one of the sort who asks to wash his face before eating, and to chop your wood after."

"Right!" says the detective. "My self-respect returns; I am not a bungler. In the morning I shall be on the ground, to wash my face, and chop your wood; which reminds me, your servants, they must not see me here. I must depart as I came, and soon."

"And your search," asks Constance, "when will that begin?"

"My search?" hesitating oddly. "Oh, that has already commenced."
"What a curious thing it is that Mr. Lamotte should have secured you of all men," breaks in Aunt Honor. "I did not think it possible Mr. Lamotte—"

"Pardon me, all of you," breaks in the gentleman tramp. "Something must be set right; I will come to the point at once. Who is Mr. Lamotte? What is Mr. Lamotte? I have never seen him; never heard of him."
"What!" from Constance.
"Oh!" from Mrs. Alston.
"But—" from Doctor Heath.

(To be Continued.)

HAND-IN-HAND.

Health and Happiness go Hand-in-Hand—With Stomach and Nerves all out of Sorts, Health and Happiness are Unknown.

Frank A. Gadois, Cornwall, Ont.: "I was for several years a great sufferer from indigestion. I took many remedies without any relief. I saw South American Nervine advertised. I procured a bottle and I can truthfully say it is the best medicine I ever used, and I strongly recommend it to anyone suffering as I did. A few doses wonderfully helped me, and two bottles have made a new man of me." It cures by direct action on the nerve centres. Sold by Dr. S. W. Dodd and Geo. E. Hughes.

Quackery is always discovering remedies which will act upon the germs of disease directly and kill them. But no discovery has ever yet been approved by doctors which will cure consumption that way. Germs can only be killed by making the body strong enough to overcome them, and the early use of such a remedy as Scott's Emulsion is one of the helps. In the daily warfare man keeps up, he wins best, who is provided with the needed strength, such as Scott's Emulsion supplies.

A WONDERFUL WATERFALL.

A Cataract With a Thousand Foot Plunge In The Olympics.

The Olympic mountains have produced another attraction, the beauty of which is not surpassed on the western slope. What is said to be a grand waterfall coming from the snow capped peaks above the clouds over a bluff, falling a perpendicular distance of over 1,000 feet and disappearing in the bosom of a beautiful plain, has been discovered near Lake Crescent by two ranchmen. Their description of the scene would exceed anything of similar character in the Yellowstone park.

From the snow on the crest of the Olympics, where white men have never visited, comes a little stream, which rapidly grows in volume until it reaches the edge of a perpendicular cliff overlooking a beautiful plateau of 300 acres 1,000 feet below. For centuries the water has poured over the precipice until it has cut a smooth passage, something like a large pipe split in half, in the side of the mountain. Here and there it strikes an obstruction and out of the mountain's side spurts other falls. Standing alongside of the cliff a short distance away the scene is beautiful and looks as though there were half a dozen rivers bursting out of the mountain.

The huge volume of water disappears in a wild looking cavern, and becomes an underground river. It flows beneath the plateau for a distance of two miles, and then again bursts out of its imprisonment in the shape of an oval bridal veil and dashes over the rocks and cataracts down to Lake Sutherland and out to sea.

The country is very rough, wild and hard to penetrate. There is an abundance of wild game isolated around the falls. The discoverers of the falls killed nine elk in half an hour, and said there were a hundred more in sight.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Happy, Careless Days of Age.

Youth takes itself with the same seriousness which belonged to age in a time of less knowledge, and one of the greatest proofs of a more complete mastery by the world of the art of living is the wish and ability to be careless. The one who is learning to dance counts the step, and that is what age has ceased to do, while youth is still whispering "one, two, three" most sedulously to itself. It is not that things do not seem so important, nor is it, as it is sometimes claimed, that age or the age is more skeptical. But generally age nowadays has mastered its elementary knowledge earlier until it has it as an actor has an often played role and need not be conning the part all the time. It does not lose its dignity because sometimes, like royalty, it travels incognito, and if it chooses under other titles to seek a freer life it knows how to do it, and dares to do it, and is welcome to, though it creates a very different state of things from any that ever existed before. Seeing the bent brows of sophomores and the solemn eyes of "buds," no one dares to talk longer of the happy, careless days of youth. There is a change. Age "s'amuse," and really, in view of present conditions, there is nothing to be done except to advise youth to hurry up as fast as it can and grow old.—"The Point of View" in Scribner's.

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Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also burses better, salt rheum, eczema, barber's itch and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35 cents. Sold by Dr. S. W. Dodd and Geo. E. Hughes.



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A SPECIFIC FOR Rheumatism, Gout and Chronic Complaints.

They Cleanse and Purify the Blood.

All Druggists and General Dealers.

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I have decided to sell my stock of Clock Watches, Jewelry, Spectacles, &c., &c. a big discount for cash for thirty days. A persons buying ten dollars' worth of goods at that time will receive a present worth one dollar or have it deducted off the article they purchase. Any person having watches or clocks out of order will do well to have them repaired and put in good running order by me, and regulated by Town Time. The articles entrusted to me will receive my personal attention. Store open from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

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Mr. Rose's experience with suffering was a long one. From his youth indigestion and stomach troubles subjected him to daily tortures, and continued up to his sixty-fourth year, always increasing in intensity and danger.

After a lifetime of failures with medicines and doctors, a friend who had used Paine's Celery Compound with great success induced Mr. Rose to give it a trial. The medicine was used, and now Mr. Rose joyfully boasts of health and a new lease of life.

Mr. Rose, with a view of benefiting all dyspeptic sufferers, writes as follows:

"For a long time I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, and was often compelled to stop on the street until I could recover from cramps, pains and attacks of giddiness that were brought on by the terrible disease. I had little strength, could not sleep much and was so run down that I thought I would never get better."

"I used many kinds of medicine, but they did me very little good. At last I was recommended to use Paine's Celery Compound. I tried a bottle, and it did me more good than anything I had taken before. I have used four bottles and have completely banished the distressing pains in my stomach, and I feel well."

"After having had dyspepsia for almost a lifetime, I think the cure is a wonderful one."



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"Nearly four years ago I became afflicted with scrofula and rheumatism.

Made Well

Running sores broke out on my thighs. Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wreck. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." URBAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

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Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.