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The KING OF DIAMONDS

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of: "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," etc.
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(Continued.)

The women arrived, coarse but kindly-hearted creatures. One of them gave the boy a packet of letters.

"I found 'em under the dear lady's pillow," she said. Neither poverty nor death robbed Mrs. Anson of the respect paid to her by all who came in contact with her.

He sat down, untied a string which bound the letters together, and looked at the address on the first envelope. It bore his mother's name and a recent postmark.

Wondering dolefully what correspondence she could have had during these later months that demanded such careful preservation, he took out the letter. Suddenly he hesitated. Perhaps these documents alluded to something which his mother did not wish him to know. For an instant his impulse was to consign the packet to the fire. No; that might be wrong. He would glance at their general purport and then commit them to the flames if he thought fit.

The letter in his hand was headed: "The Hall, Beltham, Devon," and dated about a month earlier. It read:

"Dear Madam—I am requested by Sir Philip Morland to ask you not to trouble him with further correspondence. This is the fourth time I have been desired by him to write in these terms, so please note that your letters will in future remain unanswered."

"Yours truly," "LOUISA MORLAND."

The curt inanity of the note brought an angry flush to the boy's face. Who was Sir Philip Morland that he should dare to offer this insult to a lady? Evidently a relative, and a near one, for Morland was his mother's name, and his own Christian name suggested a family connection. Yet she had never spoken of any such person.

Three other letters, of preceding dates, showed that "Louisa Morland" kept accurate reckoning. There were half a dozen more, from a firm of solicitors. Some of these were merely formal acknowledgments of letters received and forwarded, but one stated that they "were instructed by Lady Morland to inform Mrs. Anson that Sir Philip Morland declined either to see or hear from her."

That was all. Philip sprang up with face aflame. He was alone in the house now, alone with his dead mother.

He went upstairs, with the letters crushed in his right hand as though he would choke a reptile which had stung the only being he loved. He bent over the shrunken form, so placid, so resigned, so angelic in the peace of death, and his hot tears fell unchecked.

"You poor darling," he murmured, "I believe you humbled yourself even to beg from these people for my sake. What can I do to show my love for you?"

CHAPTER II.

On the Edge of the Precipice.

On Friday evening, March 19th, a thunderstorm of unusual violence broke over London. It was notably peculiar in certain of its aspects. The weather was cold and showery, a typical day of the March equinox. Under such conditions barometric pressure remains fixed rather than variable yet many whose business or hobby it is to record such facts observed a rapid shrinkage of the mercury column between the hours of six and seven. A deluge of rain fell for many minutes, and was followed, about 7.30 P. M., by a mad turmoil of thunder and an astounding electrical display not often witnessed beyond the confines of the giant mountain ranges of the world.

So violent and unnerving was the outburst that the social life of London was paralyzed for the hour. Theatre parties, dinners in the fashionable restaurants, the greater millions anxious to get away from

offices and shops, those eager alike to enter and leave the charmed circle of the four-mile radius, were ruthlessly bidden to wait while the awesome forces of nature made mad racket in the streets. All horseflesh was afraid. The drivers of cabs and omnibuses were unable to make progress. They had sufficient ado to restrain their maddened animals from adding the havoc of blind charges through the streets to the general confusion caused by the warring elements. Telegraph and telephone wires became not only useless but dangerous, and the suburban train service was consequently plunged into a tangle from which it was not extricated until midnight.

So general was the confusion, so widespread the public alarm, that the sudden cessation of the uproar at eight o'clock caused more prayers of thankfulness to be uttered in the metropolis than had been heard for many a day. But worse remained. Thus far the lightning had been appalling, brilliantly lurid, but harmless. At ten o'clock the storm raged again, this time without the preliminary downfall of rain, and the lightning, though less sensational in appearance, was demonic in effect, levying a toll on human lives, causing fires and general damage to property, accounts of which filled many columns of the newspapers next morning.

This second outburst was succeeded by heavy continuous rain. At the hour when the theatres emptied their diminishing audiences into the streets, London wore its normal misadventure aspect. It was not until the following day that people fully understood the magnitude and terrifying results of the later display.

About a quarter to eight, while the first storm was at its height, a carriage and pair dashed into a fashionable West End square and pulled up outside a mansion east in the stereotyped mold of the early Victorian period. The horses, overfed and underworked, had been rendered frantic by the drive through the park from the further west. Fortunately, they knew this halting place, or the coachman would never have succeeded in stopping them. As it was, they sweated white with fear, and the footman, shouting to the occupants of the carriage that he could not attend to the door, ran to their heels after giving a vigorous tug at the house bell.

A boy, tall and thin, and scantily attired for such weather, who had taken shelter in the dark portico of the mansion, ran forward to offer his services at the carriage door. A bundle of evening papers, covered with a piece of sackcloth, somewhat impeded the use of his left hand, and, as it happened, in his right he held a large bun on which he had just commenced to dine.

Before he could turn to handle the carriage door he opened from the inside. A man sprang out.

"Get out of the way," he said, impatiently, and the newsboy obeyed, glad that he had not followed his first impulse and flung away his bun.

A vivid flash of lightning made the horses rear and plunge.

"Look sharp, Elf," cried the stranger, in no more cordial tone. "Gather your wraps and jump out. On a night like this these nervous brutes—"

A peal of thunder that rattled the windows interrupted him. The two animals reared and backed with one accord. The plucky footman, hanging on to the cross-bars of the bits, was lifted off his feet and banged violently against the pole. He was forced to let go, and fell, staggering backward some yards before he dropped. There was a smash of iron and wood, and the near hind wheel of the carriage jammed against the curb. A slight creak came from the interior. Certain that the vehicle would turn over instantly, the man who had alighted slammed the door and sprang clear. In doing so he tripped over the newsboy and fell heavily on the pavement. The boy, quick to note that the breaking of the pole had given a momentary respite, rushed into the roadway, throwing away both precious bun and still more precious stock of unsold papers.

"This way, madam Quick!" "Madam" was quick. She sprang right into his arms, and proved to be a girl of twelve or thereabouts, dressed all in white, and wrapped in an emine cloak. Over went the carriage with a fearful crash. The coachman managed to jump from the box into the roadway. He retained the reins and whip in his grasp, and now, losing his temper, lashed the struggling horses savagely. This cowed them, and they ceased their antics.

The boy and the girl found themselves standing on the sidewalk, close to the ruined vehicle.

"You have saved my life!" said the girl, sweetly, and without any trace of the

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



LINEN SUITS FOR ATHLETIC DIVERSIONS.

The girl who goes in strenuously for outdoor sports takes care to provide herself with comfortable and suitable garb. From the tips of her rosy tan leather or canvas shoes to the crown of her tailored straw outing hat she looks trim and neat, even after a day spent in a canoe or several in a real camp. The most serviceable outing frocks are of heavy, coarsely woven natural colored linen, which does not crush or soil readily. They are made with short walking skirts, gored or pleated, but rarely trimmed, and their bodies are of the blouse or shirtwaist order. The arms would best be protected with full-length sleeves set into a wide arm-size, and the neck finished with a low band or sailor collar.

nervousness which might naturally be expected after such a narrow escape from a serious accident.

The boy noted that her eyes were large and blue, that she wore a great shining ornament in her hair, and that she appeared to be dressed in somewhat fanciful manner, though the big cloak she wore concealed the details.

The door of the mansion opened, and servants came running out.

Suddenly the boy received a violent blow on the side of the head.

"Confound you!" shouted the man who had fallen on the pavement. "Why didn't you get out of the way when I told you?"

The boy, astounded by such recognition of his timely help, made no reply, but the girl protested vehemently.

"Oh, uncle," she cried, "why did you strike him? He got me out of the carriage just before it turned over. He did, indeed?"

WEDDINGS

Merritt-MacDonald

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. Julia MacDonald, MacDonald's Point on Wednesday, July 15, when her daughter, Margaret, became the bride of Myles E. Merritt, of Queenstown. The house was attractively decorated, the ceremony being performed under an arch of pine boughs.

The bride was charmingly attired in white silk, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Cora MacDonald. The groom was unattended.

A reception and collation followed the ceremony. The Rev. E. K. Ganong officiated.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt will reside at Queenstown.

Tweedie-Ritchie

Chatham, N. B., July 22 (Special).—Fred M. Tweedie, son of the lieutenant-governor, and Frances A. Ritchie, were married at 12.30 today by Rev. George Wood. The ceremony was performed in a beautiful sylvan bower, that had been erected for the purpose on the lawn at the residence of Samuel Habberly, grandfather of the bride, in the presence of immediate relatives only. The bride and groom were unattended. The bride was dressed in white veiling trimmed with Irish lace, with coat and hat to match, and looked very beautiful. Lunch was eaten at the residence of Collector Watt, father of the bride, and the happy party went to Newcastle in the bridegroom's steam yacht, Wenonah, and took the Ocean Limited for a short bridal tour of Quebec and Ontario.

Lowe-Whidden

St. Stephen, July 22.—The home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Ganong was the scene of a very pretty wedding this afternoon when their sister Miss Christine Manning Whidden was united in marriage to Robert A. Lowe, of Portland, Maine, by Rev. W. C. Goucher. The bride wore a very pretty gown of white chiffon cloth over white satin. She wore a veil of tulle and carried a bouquet of bride's roses. The bride was attended by Miss Betsy Todd, who wore a dress of pink crepe de chene and carried a bouquet of white carnations.

The groom was supported by Lewis Mills. The house was decorated with ferns and flowers, the ceremony taking place under a floral arch at 2 o'clock. A reception was held from 3 until 5 o'clock. The bride changed her robes for a handsome travelling costume of navy blue broadcloth with hat to match. The happy couple drove to the W. C. R. station, Calais, and left for Bangor and will visit several cities in Massachusetts before going to their new home which will be in Portland, Maine.

The wedding gifts were numerous and handsome. The groom's gift to his bride was a sunburst of pearls and to the bridesmaid a brooch set with amethysts and pearls.



For free sample write to J. S. CREED, Agent, Halifax.

QUEBEC'S GIFT TO THE PRINCE

A Handsome Casket of Gold Covered With Symbolical Decorations.

Quebec, July 22.—The citizens of Quebec have a present for the Prince. An air of prudence hung over his purchase, unlike the kind thoughtlessness of the girl who presents a Crown Derby dinner set to the bride who will fare forth to a new home where civilization's ways are young. The gift of Quebec is a useful gift. It is a casket the citizens have chosen, but it contains no fair portrait within, like the one Portia's suitors saw before them, but a cigar box!

The casket is in the main of gold, and a handsome and artistic piece of work. The height is 10-12 inches, with a length and width of 7-12 inches. In its decorations there is the symbol of unity that characterizes the distinctive features of the centenary—scenes of French Canadian life linked to the emblems of British fealty.

On the top of this casket is a medallion Portrait of Champlain, executed in enamel painting upon enamel over silver, surrounded by a plain frame of gold, and that in turn by gold laurel and maple leaves.

Upon the front are three enamel decorations. The centre one is a heraldic picture of Quebec, represented as a maiden clad in a toga, seated at the foot of her cliff, the horn of plenty in her right hand, and the left extended in welcome. At her feet reposes the Canadian beaver, and beside it a shield containing the coat-of-arms granted to the city by the Crown of France, viz., a lion holding a key—Quebec, the key to the West. A gold laurel wreath surrounds, and is surmounted by a crown. Beneath is a scroll inscribed: "III. Centenaire de Quebec, 1908." (Prince's coat-of-arms). To the left of this is the Ich Dien and plumes of the Prince in enamel, and to the right the Prince's coat-of-arms.

The right face of the casket contains a representation of Champlain's drawing of his "habitation," now reproduced in the market square here. The drawing is with gold laurel leaves and ribbons.

Another equally typical emblem of Champlain stands on the left face, his ship Don de Dieu, which has also been reproduced and will carry the Champlain of 1908 to the Quebec of 1908 to meet the English Prince of 1908.

Upon the back is the inscription in gold lettering upon blue enamel in an ornate frame of pierced old scroll work with maple leaves in each corner.

This inscription is in French, and reads:

"Adresse des Citoyens de Quebec a son altesse Royale le Prince de Galles, presentee le 23 Juillet, 1908, l'ouverture officielle des Fetes du IIIe Centenaire de la fondation de Quebec par Samuel de Champlain."

The casket rests on feet of eagle's claws, while the eagles of the casket are decorated from top to bottom with acanthus leaves.

The presentation will take place on "Champlain Day," Tuesday, July 22, the day after the arrival of his Royal Highness, and proclaimed the Civic Holiday of Quebec.

AT THE NICKEL

The usual crowds at the Nickel last evening seemed spellbound as the trolley car whirled them through the crowded thoroughfares of the Swedish capital, Stockholm. It was a trip possibly no more novel than the one taken by the little group of Swedish sailors—the innovation was enjoyed to the extent of generous applause. The winter sports at St. Moritz were watched with equal interest and the ice masquerade finale was indeed a pretty scene. Comedy of the extremely ludicrous type was furnished by the picture An Unyielding Parent and a charming drama with an occasional vein of fun was the film entitled A Jealous Fiance. Today Miss Foley will give a new ballet, "Everybody Loves Me But The One I Love," and Jack Gurney, who made such a hit in "Tipperary" is down for a tuncful number, "The Hymns Of The Old Church Choir."

The picnic of St. Columba Presbyterian church, Fairville, held yesterday at Westfield Beach proved very successful despite the inclement weather of the afternoon. About 350 people went up in the morning, and enjoyed the trip. Supper was served in the pavilion to a large number and everyone was satisfied. Owing to the rain the children's races had to be postponed, and will take place this evening on the church grounds, when the prizes will be competed for.

MADE DEFICIT ON THREE-CENT FARES

But Cleveland Will Continue Experiment to Try and Make it Pay.

Cleveland, O., July 22.—Cleveland has had nearly three months of three-cent street car fare and two of the monthly reports have shown a deficit. A similar report predicted for July. Operating expenses and fixed charges have been from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a month in excess of the earnings. The Municipal Traction Company, which is operating the local lines under a lease, also is under a promise to give free transfers July 23. The revenue from transfers has been about \$30,000 a month, a cent each having been charged.

Several weeks ago President A. B. Dupont, of the operating company, stated that he expected the company to lose money during the first year. One drawback the company sustained was the strike in May, when very few patronized the cars. This was followed, not only by heavy strike expenses, but inexperienced conductors, who did not collect all the fares. The officials of the company still express the belief that the 3-cent-fare will pay in time.

An important meeting of the directors will be held next Tuesday to consider the inauguration of free transfers and other vital points. Transfers may be made free for a time as an experiment, to see if it will increase the patronage.

"The property will not be turned back to the old company, if we have to charge the highest rate of fare allowed by our franchise," President Dupont has said.

BALLOONS FOR NAVY.

Experiments at Fort Myer Will be Watched by Naval Men.

Washington, July 22.—"In the next war that is fought the advance column will be made up of balloons and airships." This is the belief freely expressed by army and navy officers here. For this particular reason the army balloon tests which are to begin at Fort Myer next week will receive much attention in military circles. It is understood that several of the military attaches of the diplomatic corps will be at Fort Myer to take notes and report to their respective governments.

One of the most important results of the Fort Myer tests probably will be the establishment of an aerostat corps in the navy. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Newberry would be one of the interested spectators. He has been following closely the progress made in ballooning and has requested General Allen, of the signal corps, to notify him when the trials will take place at Fort Myer. It is understood that the American Airship & Balloon Corporation is building a dirigible balloon to be tried out before a naval board when complete.

Another enthusiast in the navy is Rear Admiral C. M. Chester, of the Bureau of Equipment. Admiral Chester claims that aeronautics should be an adjunct of the navy because the mariner is specially fitted to deal with the conditions that are met with in the air. Lieutenant Robert P. Henderson, chief engineer of the battleship Missouri, has made extensive experiments, having for their object the application of the gyroscope to flying machines.

He has the support of Admiral Chester and other naval officers in recommending the establishment of a corps in the navy to be devoted to the application of aeronautics to naval warfare.

OBITUARY

William H. Knowles

The death occurred at Avondale, N. S., on Sunday last of William H. Knowles, a prominent resident of Hants county, who made frequent visits to St. John, and was well known here.

The deceased, who had reached his 80th birthday, was the son of the late Samuel Knowles, and was born at Avondale. His wife, who survives him, was a daughter (Mary) of the late Capt. Amos Rathbun, of Lower Horton. He leaves two sons—Fred R., at home, William A., who resides in or near Calgary.

Mr. Knowles was one of the original members of the West Hants Municipal Council formed in 1889, and remained in office until 1899. In 1895 he was appointed Warden following the resignation of W. A. Porter. E. L. Lockhart represented Avondale from 1899 to 1902, when Mr. Knowles was elected a councillor for Avondale, remaining a member until 1905. The deceased served two terms as warden.

The four-year-old daughter of John Naves, of Brooks street, who was badly bitten by a dog on Tuesday was progressing favorably last evening under the care of Dr. J. A. McIntyre. It is hoped that the wound will heal without leaving a disfiguring mark on the child's cheek.

GREAT

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The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



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