

The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy,

Author of "Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY EDWARD J. CLODE.

CHAPTER II—(Continued).

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 impeding 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 the handle the carriage door 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 lunged away the bun.

A vivid flash of lightning made the horses rear and plunge. "Look sharp, Elfr!" 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 crossbars 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 rear hind wheel of the carriage jammed against the curb. A slight scream 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, quicker 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.

He wheeled the other door open and shouted:

"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 ermine 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 coerced 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 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 some what 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!"

Another vivid flash of lightning illumined the scene. It lit up the group with startling brilliancy. The boy, still somewhat shaken by the vicious blow, was nevertheless able to see clearly the pale, handsome, but dissipated features of his enraged assailant, whose evening dress and immaculate linen were soiled by the black mud of the pavement. The girl, dainty and fairy like, a little maid of aristocratic type, and of a beauty that promised much in later years, was distressed now and almost fearful.

Through the crowd of frightened servants, augmented by a few daring pedestrians, a burly policeman, gesticulating in waterproof overalls, was advancing with official bluster.

"What has happened?" he demanded. "Is anybody hurt?"

The man answered:

"My horses were startled by the storm. I jumped out and was endeavoring to extricate my niece when this wretched boy got in the way."

"Excuse," protested the girl, "you closed the door on me, and the boy—"

"Shut up!" he growled curtly. "Go inside the house!"

But his niece shared with him at least one characteristic. She possessed the family temper.

"I will not go away and let you say things which are not true. Listen to me, Mr. Policeman. Lord Vanstone did close the door because he thought the carriage would turn over on top of him."

For some reason the accident did not happen immediately, and the boy ran round to the other side and begged me out just in time."

"Confound the brute! I think he was the real cause of the whole affair. Why was he hiding in my doorway?"

the open hints of the undertaker's assistants, barely sufficed to keep him in food for a week. Then he sought employment, but with such stiff upper lip and haughty indifference to success that he unknowingly turned those against him who would have assisted him.

For two days he was chosen to act as van boy for a parcel delivery firm. He earned a few meals, but in a fit of aberration induced by the sight of a lady who was dressed in a costume similar to one he remembered his mother wearing at Dieppe, he allowed a lam to be stolen from the rear of the van. This procured his instant dismissal, with threats. Then he sold newspapers, only to find that every good site was jealously guarded by a gang of roughs who mercilessly bullied any newcomer. Personal strength and courage were unavailing against sheer numbers. His face was still swollen and his ribs sore as the result of being knocked down and kicked at Ludgate Circus. At Charing Cross next day he was hustled under the wheels of an omnibus and narrowly escaped death. So he was driven into the side streets and the quiet squares, in which, during three or four days, he managed to earn an average of eightpence daily, which he spent on food.

Each night he crept back to the poor tenement in Johnson's News, his bleak "home" amid the solitude of empty stables and warehouses. The keeper of a coffee stall, touched one night by his woebegone appearance, gave him some half dried coffee grounds in a paper, together with a handful of crusts.

"Put 'arf that in a pint of water," he said, looking critically at the sodden mass of coffee, "an' when it comes to a bile let it settle. It'll surprise you to find 'ow grateful an' comfortin' it tastes on a cold night. As for the crusts, if you bake 'em over the fire, they're just as good as the ruskus you buy in tins."

This good Samaritan had repeated his gift on two occasions, and Philip had a fairly large supply of small coal, sent to his mother by the colliery company, so his position, desperate enough, was yet bearable had he but sought to accustom himself to the new conditions of life. There was a chance that his wild broodings would have yielded to the necessity to earn a living, and that when next a situation was offered to him he would keep it, but the occurrences of this stormy night had utterly shaken him for the hour. He was on the verge of lunacy.

As he passed through the dark archway leading to his abode, the desolate stable yard was fitfully lit by lightning and in the distance he heard the faint rumble of thunder. The elemental strife was beginning again. This was the second and more disastrous outbreak of the evening of March 10.

Although wet to the skin, he was warm now on account of his long and rapid walk. When he unlocked the door another flash of lightning revealed the dismal interior. He closed and locked the door behind him. On the mantelpiece were a farthing candle and some matches. He groped for them and soon had a light. On other occasions his next task was to light a fire. By sheer force of habit he gathered together some sticks and bits of paper and arranged them in the grate. But the task was irksome to him. It was absurd to seek any degree of comfort for the few minutes he had to live. Better end it once. Moreover, the storm was sweeping up over the East End with such marvelous speed that the lightning now played through the tiny room with dazzling brilliancy, and the wretched candle burned with blue and ghostlike feebleness. The cold of the house, too, began to strike chillily. He was so exhausted from hunger that if he did not eat soon he would not have the strength left to carry out his dread purpose.

He sprang erect with a mocking little laugh, picked up the candle and the piece of rope and climbed the stairs. He paused irresolutely at the top, but, yielding to overwhelming desire, went on and stood at the side of the bed on which his mother had died. He fancied he could see her lying there still, with a smile on her woe-worn face and unspoken words of welcome on her lips.

A flood of tears came and he trembled violently.

"I am coming to you, mother," he murmured. "You told me to trust in God, but I think God has forgotten me. I don't want to live. I want to join you, and then perhaps God will remember me."

He stooped and kissed the pillow, nestling his face against it, as he was wont to fondle the dear face that rested there so many weary days. Then he resolutely turned away, descended four steps of the ladder-like stairs and tied the clothesline firmly to a hook which had been driven into the ceiling during the harness room period of the room beneath. With equal deliberation he knotted the other end of the cord round his neck, and he calculated that by springing from the stairs he would receive sufficient shock to become insensible very quickly, while his feet would dangle several inches above the floor.

There was a terrible coolness, a settled fixity of purpose far beyond his years, in the manner of these final preparations. At last they were completed. He blew out the candle and stood erect.

At that instant the room became absolutely flooded with lightning, not in a single vivid flash, but in a trembling, continuous glare that suggested the effect of some luminous constellation fierce with electric energy. Before his eyes was exhibited a startling panorama of the familiar objects of his lonely abode. The brightness, so sustained and tremulous, startled him back from the very brink of death.

"I will wait," he said. "When the thunder comes, then I will jump."

Even as the thought formed in his mind a ball of fire so glowing, so iridescent, in its flaming heat that it dominated the electric waves fluttering in the overburdened air darted past the little window that looked out over the tiny yard in the rear of the house and crashed through the flagstones with the din of a ten-inch shell.

Philip, elevated on the stairway, distinctly saw the molten splash which accompanied its impact. He saw the heavy stones riven asunder as if they were tissue paper, and from the hole caused by the thunderbolt or meteor came a radiance that sent a spreading shaft of light upward like the beam of a searchlight. The warmth, too, of the object was almost overpowering. Were not the surrounding walls constructed of stone and brick there must have been an immediate outbreak of fire. As it was, the glass in the windows cracked and the woodwork began to scorch. In the same instant a dreadful roll of thunder swept over the locality, and a deluge of rain, without any further warning, descended.

All this seemed to the wondering boy to be a very long time in passing. In reality it occupied but a very few seconds. People in the distant street could not distinguish the crash of the fallen meteor from the accompanying thunder, and the downpour of rain came in the very nick of time to prevent the wood in the house and the neighboring factories from blazing forth into a disastrous fire.

The torrent of water caused a dense volume of steam to generate in the back yard, and this helped to minimize the strange light shooting up from the cavity. There was a mad hissing and crackling as the rain poured over the meteor and gradually dulled its brightness. Pandemonium reigned in that curiously secluded nook.

Amazed and cowed, not by the natural phenomenon he had witnessed, but by the interpretation he placed on it, the boy unfastened the rope from his neck.

"Very well, mother," he whispered aloud. "If it is your wish, I will live. I suppose that God speaks in this way."

CHAPTER III.

PHILIP descended the stairs. He was almost choking now from another cause than strangulation. The steam pouring in through the fractured window pane was stifling. He took off his coat, first removing from an inner pocket the bundle of letters found under Mrs. Anson's pillow, and carefully stuffed the worn garment into the largest cavity. By this means he succeeded somewhat in shutting out the vapor as well as the lurid light that still flared red in the back yard.

The lightning had ceased totally, and the improvised blind plunged the room into impenetrable darkness. He felt his way to the stairs and found the candle, which he relighted. The rain beating on the roofs and on the outer pavements combined with the weird sounds in the inclosed yard to make a terrifying racket, but it was not likely that a youth who attributed his escape from a loathsome death, self-inflicted, to the direct interposition of Providence in his behalf would yield to any sentimental fears on that account. Indeed, although quite weak from hunger, he felt an unaccountable elation of spirits, a new born desire to live and justify his mother's confidence in him, a sense of power to achieve that which hitherto seemed impossible.

He even broke into a desultory whistling as he bent over the hearth and resumed the laying of the fire abandoned five minutes earlier with such sudden soul weariness. The candle, too, burned with cheery glimmer, as if pleased with the disappearance of its formidable competitor. Fortunately he had some coal in the house—his chief supply was stored in a small bin at the other side of the yard, beyond the burial place of the raging, steaming meteor and consequently quite unapproachable.

Soon the fire burned merrily, and the coffee still keeper's recipe for using coffee grounds was put into practice. Philip had neither sugar nor milk, but the hot liquid smelled well, and he was now so cold and stiff and he had such an empty sensation where he might have worn a belt that some crusts of bread, softened by immersion in the dark compound, earned keener appreciation than was ever given in later days to the most costly dishes of famous restaurants yet un-built.

(Continued Next Saturday.)

Remarkable Rescue.

That truth is stranger than fiction has once more been demonstrated in the little town of Fedora, Tenn., the residence of C. V. Pepper. He writes: "I was in bed, entirely disabled with hemorrhages of the lungs and throat. Doctors failed to help me and all hope had fled when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. Then instant relief came. The coughing soon stopped, the bleeding rapidly diminished, and in three weeks I was able to go to work." Guaranteed cure for coughs and colds. 50c and \$1 at W. L. DeLano's drug store. Trial bottle free.

PLANS COMPLETE.

Plans have been completed for the founding of the Eugene Commercial College. Full announcements in a few days. Watch for it. A strong faculty has been secured. EUGENE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Hall Bldg. Geo. T. Hall, Sr.

FIRE.

Cook with gas and get an electric iron for your laundry and pressing. Then you will have no roof or chimney fires, so common during the dry season.

No better in Eugene than those 20 cent dinners at the Theatre Cafe.

The General Condemnation of So-Called Patent or Secret Medicines

of an injurious character, which indulge in extravagant and unfounded pretensions to cure all manner of ills, and the

National Legislation Enacted to Restrict Their Sale

have established more clearly than could have been accomplished in any other way

The Value and Importance of Ethical Remedies.

Remedies which physicians sanction for family use, as they act most beneficially and are gentle yet prompt in effect, and called ethical, because they are of

Known Excellence and Quality and of Known Component Parts.

To gain the full confidence of the Well-Informed of the world and the approval of the most eminent physicians, it is essential that the component parts be known to and approved by them, and, therefore, the California Fig Syrup Company has published for many years past in its advertisements and upon every package a full statement thereof. The perfect purity and uniformity of product which they demand in a laxative remedy of an ethical character are assured by the California Fig Syrup Company's original method of manufacture, known to the Company only.

There are other ethical remedies approved by physicians, but the product of the California Fig Syrup Company possesses the advantage over all other family laxatives that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts, without disturbing the natural functions or any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of Syrup of Figs, and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent of family laxatives, and as its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well-Informed of the world to be the best of natural laxatives, we have adopted the more elaborate name of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of Syrup of Figs; and to get its beneficial effects, always note, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package, whether you simply call for Syrup of Figs, or by the full name, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, as Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the one laxative remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company, and the same heretofore known by the name, Syrup of Figs, which has given satisfaction to millions. The genuine is for sale by all leading druggists throughout the United States in original packages of one size only, the regular price of which is fifty cents per bottle.

Every bottle is sold under the general guarantee of the Company, filed with the Secretary of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., the remedy is not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky.

San Francisco, Cal.
U. S. A.
London, England.

New York, N. Y.



In the natural food of our domestic animals nature provides certain peculiar medicinal herbs, leaves, barks and roots which seem necessary for their health.

Pacific Stock Food

contains in condensed form the essential virtues of those health giving herbs and is prepared expressly for those animals deprived by man of their natural food. It stimulates the appetite, improves the digestion and assimilation of food, purifies the blood and insures a good, healthy condition.

Pacific Stock Remedies

ARE SAFEST AND BEST

The Hoyt Chemical Co.,
PORTLAND, OREGON

FOR SALE BY
ALL DRUGGISTS



WRITE FOR OUR BOOKLET ON BANKING BY MAIL

4%

INTEREST ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

SAVINGS BANK

OF THE

Title Guarantee & Trust Company

Pays 4 per cent. on Savings Accounts
" 4 " " Certificates of Deposit
" 3 " " Accounts Subject to Check

J. THORBURN ROSS, President
GEORGE H. HILL, Vice President
T. T. BURKHART, Treasurer
JOHN E. ATCHISON, Secretary
CHAS. H. KOPP, Asst. Treasurer

240-244 Washington St., Cor. Second
PORTLAND, OREGON

MAN'S NEGLIGENCE

Causes severe losses. A very common one is the loss of his teeth. Nature doesn't supply the second set—I DO.

One reason it's easy to become accustomed to teeth—I FIT—most people don't return after a day or two with popular complaints.

"I'd 'a know it could be done so easy", is what they say

Any one who wouldn't make a similar remark if I fit your second set of teeth?

DR. ATWOOD

514
Willamette St.

IS IT GOOD? THAT'S THE QUESTION

Rather than take chances in getting Good Fresh Meat call up

Palace Meat Market

BRODERS BROS. Props.

PHONE MAIN 40.

45 WEST EIGHTH ST. EUGENE

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE EUGENE DAILY GUARD