

The KING of DIAMONDS.

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

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CHAPTER XIV—(Continued.)

"Take your hands off that lady or I will hurt you," said Philip. And there was that in his emphatic order, which brooked no delay.

The stranger dropped his restraining hand, but shouted furiously:

"By what right do you interfere? I am only offering the lady some assistance."

Philip ignored him.

"What do you say, madam?" he inquired, somewhat sternly, for she seemed loath to trust any of them.

"Will you occupy my cab? It is there. Be assured that neither of these men shall follow you."

She stood her ground, came nearer to him.

"I believe you," she murmured. "I thank you from my heart. It is inexplicable that such wretches can exist."



"By what right do you interfere?"

As these two seeming gentlemen, who stooped to such artifice against a helpless woman.

"Most fortunately I saw you leaving the Regent's hall," he replied. "This cab was waiting for you and you only. The man refused at least one fare in my presence. The others followed in a brougham. Do you know them?"

"No. I have never, to my knowledge, seen either of them before in my life. How came you?"

"I happened to hear your address. I will write to you and explain. Go now," he quickly interrupted, for Victor and his friend were approaching them after a hasty conference.

"Leave you to deal with these assassins alone! No! I can defend myself. I can help you. I will scream for assistance. There are many of them for you to resist these single-handed."

Philip vowed afterward that fire flashed in her eyes. There was a splendid passion in the gesture with which she pointed to the enraged hansom driver, who had climbed from his perch and was running to join his employers.

This was a new experience for Philip, and the blood leaped in his veins at the girl's courageous words, but he laughed in his pleasant, musical way.

"Men who would attack a defenseless woman," he said, "are poor creatures where a man's heart is needed. Now, just watch me and don't be alarmed."

He strode to meet the advancing trio. They halted.

"I give you a last warning," he cried. "Drive off in your carriage. And you"—to the cabman—"go back and help your horse. You must go now, this instant, or take the consequences."

There was the silence of indecision. This strong faced man with the figure of an athlete meant what he said.

Victor caught his friend's arm.

"Come away," he whispered. "She does not know you. You have failed this time."

Without another word the pair crossed the road to their waiting brougham. The cabman, who became remarkably sober, began to whine:

"It's only a lark, guv'nor. The lady would ha' took no 'arm. I didn't mean."

Philip was strongly tempted to kick him, but refrained. He grasped the man's shoulder and lifted his badge to the light.

"I will spare you for the lady's sake," he said grimly, "but I want your number, in case you try any more such tricks."

"My Gawd, it's Mr. Anson!"

For the first time the driver saw Philip's face clearly.

"Ah, you know me, then? Who were those blackguards who employed you?"

"Spare me, sir. I only know one of 'em. It's a Mr. Victor Grenier. I often pick 'em up at the Gardenia. He said 'is pal was sweet on the young lady and wanted a put up job for 'elp. That's all, guv'nor, on me life.' You ought to be ashamed of yourself," was Philip's only comment.

He rejoined the girl, who was watch-

ing the retreating brougham.

"Now," he cried pleasantly, "you can go home."

"Please drive me there. I will not deprive you of your cab."

So they drove away together, and the driver of the hansom, striving to free his vehicle from the broken tree-trunks, paused to scratch his head.

"I fairly bested the crowd," he growled, "an' got the girl as well. My eye, but she's a beauty!"

CHAPTER XV.

MAIDA CRESCENT was little more than half a mile beyond the park. Philip thought it due to the lady he had befriended that she should know exactly how he came to interfere in her behalf.

She listened in silence, and when she spoke there was a suggestion of shy nervousness oddly at variance with her spirited action of a few minutes earlier.

"I cannot understand it at all," she said. "I am seldom out so late. My professional engagements are few and far between. I am sorry to say."

"Were you attending a rehearsal at the Regent's hall?"

"Yes."

"A rehearsal for M. Jowkacy's concert?"

"Yes."

She volunteered no further information, but Philip was a persistent person.

"I do not remember another day in my life previously," he said, "when so many fortuitous events grouped themselves together in such a curious relationship. Even this adventure is a sequel to a prior incident. Just before I joined in the chase after you I had purchased some tickets for Jowkacy's musicale. The stranger item of all is that I was practically walking away from the direction in which I live when my attention was drawn to the cabman's behavior."

"Good gracious!" she protested. "Am I taking you out of your way? I thought you merely happened to be driving after us through the park."

She invited no confidences. She adhered strictly to the affair of the moment, and he had no option but to follow her cue.

"I do not think I have ever been in Regent's park before."

"What an amazing circumstance—that you should gallop off in such fashion to the rescue of an unknown woman, I mean."

"That, again, is original or nearly so."

"Are you a Londoner?"

"To some extent; a little while each year. I live mostly on the sea."

"Oh, that accounts for your gallantry. You are a sailor."

"A yachtman," corrected Philip.

"How delightful! I have not even seen the sea for ages. One has to work so hard nowadays to obtain recreation. I do not object to the work, for I love music, but the bread and butter aspect is disagreeable, and—and you have learned tonight how even the small amount of publicity I have achieved brings with it the risk of insult."

"By the way," he said quietly, striving not to add to the excitement under which she was certainly laboring, "one of those men is named Victor Grenier. You ought to know."

"Thank you. How did you ascertain it?"

"The cabman told me. He knew me."

"The cabman knew you?"

"Yes; I fly about town in hansoms. I am too lazy to walk."

He regretted the slip. He was known to the tribe of Jehus on account of his generosity to their charities. Moreover, was not one of the order his horse-master?

The girl laughed, with a delightful merriment that relieved the tension.

"You acted like an indolent person," she cried. "Do you know, I felt that you would have banged the heads of those men together in another instant."

Their vehicle slackened pace and curved toward the pavement in a quiet street.

"Here I am at home," she said, and Philip assisted her to alight.

"Oh, my music!" she wailed suddenly. "I left it in that horrid cab."

Philip repressed a smile.

"Tell me your name," he said, "and I will recover it for you early in the morning."

"Are you sure? Oh, what a trouble I have been! How good you are!"

"It is not the least trouble. I took the cabman's number."

"Indeed, indeed, I am grateful to you. My name is Evelyn Atherley. I would ask you to call some day and see my mother, but—but—"

"You do not wish her to hear of your adventure tonight? It would frighten her."

"She would be terrified each time I went out alone. Believe me, I can ill afford a hansom, but I take one late at night to please her, as the walk from the nearest bus route is lonely."

"You are singing at the Regent's hall. I will be there. By the way, my name is Philip Anson."

The girl's big eyes—he fancied they were blue, but in the dim light he

could not be sure—looked into his. There was a sparkle of merriment in them, he thought—a quick perception of a hint delicately conveyed. But she said quite pleasantly:

"My last song is at 10:15. I will leave the hall at 10:30. I hope my mother will be with me. I will be most pleased to see you there and thank you more coherently than is possible now, especially if you recover my music."

The quick trot of a fast driven horse came round the corner.

Philip was assuring her that they would certainly meet next evening when a hansom pulled up behind the waiting vehicle, and the driver said:

"Beg pardon, miss, you left this. And he held forth the lost portfolio. The cabman was anxious to atone for his share in the night's proceedings."

Philip tipped him in a manner that caused the man to murmur his renewed regret, but he was sternly told to go. Philip's own reward from Miss Atherley was a warm handshake and a grateful smile.

He drove homeward, wondering how he could best help her in her career.

And she, after kissing her mother "good night," went to her room to wonder also, but her wonderment was mixed with regret. For such a nice young man as Philip Anson must have troops of friends. He must be rich. He must be far removed from the orbit of a girl who, whatever her birth and breeding, was driven in the flower of her youth to earn her living on the concert platform.

Jowkacy won his laurels with superb ease. Philip, listening to the Polish genius, found himself hoping that the fair English girl might achieve some measure of the rapturous applause bestowed on the long haired enthusiast. He murmured the thought in guarded commonplace to his musical friend.

"Impossible, my dear fellow," was the instant verdict. "She is mediocre; just an average singer and no more. Music is divine, but its exploiters suffer from the petty jealousies of housemaids. Jowkacy can have no rivals tonight. Eckstein is a master, of course, but a necessary evil as an accompanist. The other artists are mere fill ups—good or they would not be here, but not in the front rank. Listen. I am connected with a choral society in my country, and we once engaged a leading tenor and a second rate baritone. The tenor had a name with fourteen letters, and the baritone only owned four. The unfortunate local printer selected his type to fill the lines on the bills by size and not by merit. The moment the tenor saw the four letter name looming large across the poster he absolutely refused to sing a note unless fresh bills were printed with his fourteen letters in larger type. And we were compelled to humor him. That is music from the agent's point of view."

When Miss Evelyn Atherley advanced to the front of the platform Philip thought he had never seen a woman so beautiful. She had the grace of a perfect figure and the style of an aristocrat. She was dressed in light blue chiffon, with a spray of forget-me-nots the color of her eyes arranged across the front of her bodice. Anson experienced a thrill of pleasure when he saw that the bouquet he caused to be forwarded to her contained flowers of a kindred hue. The skill of the florist had correctly interpreted his description, which, indeed, was largely guesswork on his part.

A high forehead and a mouth and chin of patrician mold gave an air of caste to an otherwise sweetly pretty face.

"By Jove," whispered the critic, "if she sings as well as she looks, I may be mistaken."

Her first song was Goring Thomas' "A Summer Night." Instantly it was perceptible that her voice was true, the outpouring of a soul. In volume it was in no way remarkable, but its melodious cadence was fresh, innocent, virginal. The notes were those of a joyous bird.

Anson, biased by other sentiments, thought he had never heard her equal, but his friend, after joining in his vigorous applause, gave him a douche of accurate judgment.

"The old story," he growled—"a fine artist retarded, perhaps spoiled, by the need to make too early an appearance. She wants a year in Milan, another year with Randegger or Leon, and she might, if all went well, be a star."

His friend closed inwardly, but only hazarded the opinion that she was already a singer of rare intensity, while as for appearance—

"Ah, there you are right," was the ready rejoinder. "The Gaiety is her right place. She would be admirable in light opera."

The conversation languished. The suggestion that Miss Atherley was best fitted for the stage was displeasing to Philip. He sensed knew why.

The girl was given a hearty encore, and her next song was a simple humorous little ballad about a miller and a maid. It was charmingly sung and acted. The critic leaned back in his chair and smiled at Philip with the indulgent air of the man who says:

"I told you so."

Soon Philip rose to go.

"Good heavens, man, you do not intend to leave before Jowkacy plays the suite in F minor?" queried his amazed acquaintance.

"Sorry. I have an engagement."

He quitted the hall, his tall figure riveting a good many eyes as he made his way toward an exit. One man, watching from the gallery, smiled cynically and rose at the same time.

Philip found the foyer to be practically deserted. He asked a policeman on duty to call Mr. Anson's carriage to the ranks, and a footman came, quick-riveting lest he had incurred a reprimand for not being on the lookout for his master at the entrance.

In a very little time Miss Atherley

appeared, and with her a handsome elderly lady, who was quite obviously her mother. The girl was radiant. She never expected a cordial reception from a high class audience, such as gathered to worship the violinist.

"Mother dear," she cried, "this is Mr. Anson, who very kindly came to my assistance when a cabman gave me some trouble last night."

Mrs. Atherley gave him a pleasant greeting, but turned to her daughter.

"Why didn't you tell me of any dispute when you returned home? You know how nervous I am when you are out at night."

The girl laughed merrily.

"You have answered your own question, carissima. That is precisely why I did not tell you."

"Miss Atherley was good enough to permit me to meet you here after the concert," put in Philip, "so that I might add my assurances to her own that the affair was of no consequence. It is early yet. Will you come with me for some supper, and thus give us a chance of telling you how much I enjoyed your daughter's singing?"

Wise Philip, to pay court to the mother.

Mrs. Atherley, in no way deceived, yet gratified by the deference shown to her, gave the girl a questioning glance.

"Oh, do let us go, mamma! I am famished, I candidly admit it. Mr. Anson, I have subsisted since luncheon without a morsel."

"We will be delighted," began the older lady, but her attention was attracted by the footman holding open the door of the carriage.

"Is that carriage yours?" she said to Philip.

"Yes."

"Where do we sup?"

"At the Savoy."

"She flushed slightly."

"Not the Savoy," she faltered.

"Why not, mother?" cried the girl spiritedly.

"Mr. Anson, my mother does not care to meet associates of—of other days. I tell her she thinks far too much of these considerations. Why should she fear to face them simply because we are poor?"

"I think, Mrs. Atherley," he said quietly, "that you are very rich, far richer than many a more de famille we shall meet at the restaurant."

This neat compliment turned the scale of the mother's hesitation. Indeed, she might well be proud of her beautiful daughter.

The two ladies seated themselves in the luxurious landau with an ease that

"I think, Mrs. Atherley," he said quietly, "that you are very rich."

showed familiarity, but Mrs. Atherley, being a woman, could not help being roused in the matter of dress.

"The Savoy?" she murmured as the rubber tired vehicle glided away noiselessly. "I have not been there for years. And people at supper are always attired so fashionably. Could we not?"

The girl put her arm around her waist.

"Just for once, mamma, you shall not care a little bit, and none may be the wiser. Here is Mr. Anson—quite an elegant himself—he would never guess that our gowns were home-made."

"The women, dear one—they will know."

"Oh, you deceiver! You said my toilet was perfect, and I am quite sure yours is."

This logic was incontrovertible. Mrs. Atherley sighed and asked what took place the previous night.

Philip imagined that the girl hung back, so he boldly undertook an explanation. By describing the cabman as apparently intoxicated and certainly impudently he covered a good deal of ground, and the rest was easy.

When they reached the Savoy, the anxious mother had relegated the incident to the limbo of unimportant things. Only one other matter troubled her—the somewhat unconventional origin of her daughter's acquaintance with this pleasant mannered young gentleman.

She was far too tactful to hint at such a point just then. It should be reserved for home discussion.

Meanwhile they were early arrivals. The head waiter marshaled them to a window table. Mrs. Atherley smiled. She knew her London.

"You were sure we would accompany you?" she cried.

"Not at all sure; only hopeful," said Philip.

"Ah, well. It is good occasionally to revisit the old scenes. No, Elfr, I will sit here. I will not be in face to that row of tables. Half a dozen people would certainly recognize me, and I do not wish it."

Elfr! The name drove Philip's thoughts backward with a bound—back to a torrential night in a London square and the tearing open of a carriage door in time to save a sweet little girl all robed in white who but for him would have fallen with an overturned vehicle.

Elfr! It was an unusual pet name. The child of ten years ago would be about the age of the lively and spirituelle girl by his side. The child had faced her enraged uncle on that memorable night. The woman had refused to leave him when she thought danger threatened in the park.

Could it be possible? He was startled, bewildered, utterly dumfounded by even the remote possibility that another figure from the past should come before him in such wise.

"Mr. Anson! What have you found in the menu to perplex you so terribly? Does danger lurk in the agneau du printemps? Is there a secret horror in the saumon?"

Evelyn's ratiocination restored his scattered wits.

(Continued Next Saturday.)

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SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF LAKE.

Stella I. Rutledge, plaintiff, vs. Thomas L. Rutledge, defendant.

To Thomas L. Rutledge, the above named defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required and notified to be and appear in the above entitled court and answer the complaint of the plaintiff now on file with the clerk of said court, on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons to-wit: On or before October 12th, 1907, and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as hereby required, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint, to-wit:

A decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant and that the plaintiff be given the care, custody and control of the minor child, Doris C. Rutledge, of plaintiff and defendant, and for full relief.

This summons is published by order of Hon. L. T. Harris, Judge of the above entitled court, made at chambers, in Eugene, Oregon, on the 22nd day of August, 1907, and bearing said date; and directing summons to be published once each week for six (6) consecutive weeks in the Eugene Daily Guard, the date of the first publication of this summons by said order is fixed on August 22nd, 1907, and the last publication on the 12th day of October, 1907.

L. BILLY.

Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern that the undersigned, executor of the estate of John Logan, deceased, has filed his final account in the county court of the state of Oregon, for Lane county, in said estate, and the court has appointed Monday, the 9th day of September, 1907, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, as the time for the hearing of objections to such final account, and the settlement thereof. All persons interested in the said estate are hereby notified to file any objections to the said final account with the clerk of said court on or before the said day and date.

Dated August 10, 1907.

E. A. CHILD.

Executor of the last will and testament of John Logan, deceased.

C. A. WINTERMEIER,

Attorney.

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