

**CORNISH DIAMONDS.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOLUME II**

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Cornish diamonds. In two volumes. Volume II by Elizabeth Godfrey

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**ELIZABETH GODFREY**

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# CORNISH DIAMONDS.

BY

*Elizabeth Godfrey,*

*Author of*

*"Twixt Wood and Sea."*



In Two Volumes.

Vol. II.

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BOOK II.

*(Continued.)*



## CORNISH DIAMONDS.

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### CHAPTER V.

**T**HE summer weeks went by, hastened in their passage by an amount of amusement rare at Kerranstow. The weather was unusually settled and steady for the west coast, and most of the inhabitants had friends staying with them. After his old college friend, Mr. Jaques had the Wynnstays for a few weeks, and one of Mrs. Dendron's pretty sisters alighted for a flying visit at Pencoet; so of course all these people must be amused and have all the beauties of the neighbourhood displayed to them. A golf-ground was started on the stretch of moorland beyond Hennacombe, and hardly a week passed that the whole of the little society did not unite in a day's excursion to some distant spot, supposed to possess greater attractions of some kind than their own splendid



bit of coast. Even busy Rachel laid aside a few of her tasks, at the risk of letting her parochial machinery get out of gear, and gave herself up to the idle enjoyment that was the order of the day.

Alick Studland was recovering, and no longer looked the gaunt scarecrow that he had been on his first arrival, but he was by no means yet in condition for service, and was enjoying to the full the *dolce far niente* of convalescence. His intimacy at Pencoet had gone on growing without let or hindrance, and it was a long time before it excited any remark. It seemed natural enough that he, having such abundant leisure, should visit constantly at the pleasantest house in the neighbourhood, and that he should pay to its mistress all those little attentions that seemed her due—that he should sit at her feet at the *al fresco* lunches, should stroll about with her, fetch and carry for her, and be ready to attend on all her caprices. Her supremacy in whatever company she happened to be was always so incontestable that for a long time no one thought of making any comment. Kerranstow was slow to think evil; but there arrived a time, when August was ripening into September, when people began to watch them, to look at each other and exchange remarks, when, in short, it began to be remembered that there was such a person as Oliver Dendron in existence, and this was beginning to look like a matter of which he might be expected to take cognizance.

It was difficult to say how the idea first took shape; probably in the brain of Mrs. Twisselton; but once started, it could not be ignored. Possibly her senses were sharpened by finding herself always at some disadvantage in the little society of Kerranstow. In spite of the desire of everybody to be as civil as possible to her, she was conscious that, in some way she could not define, she was not one of them. She was a woman who liked to be first, and here she found herself always a bad third, and it annoyed her. It also left her more at leisure for making her own observations.

It was at a picnic to Gooseburn Mills that she first set the ball rolling. It was the scene of the shipwreck of two winters ago, and here there was a beach and a little sandy cove that made boating possible, and it was always a delight to the upland folk to be able to enjoy the sea at close quarters. Letty was alone now, her sister having started for Homburg the week before, and, not caring to have the carriage out for her sole use, she had declared her intention of riding. Naturally enough, Alick proposed himself as her escort, and, as they would be part of quite a cavalcade of dogcarts, etc., no objection could be made by Mrs. Grundy. They thought good, however, to take a short cut over the turf, which, like most short cuts, resulted in their not arriving till every one was seated round the tablecloth, discussing cold pie and mayonnaise.

Nothing was said at the time, beyond a little

good-humoured chaffing of Alick for not knowing the way better, and it was not till after lunch, when the party had broken up into twos and threes, that Mrs. Twisselton had an opportunity of relieving her conscience. She did not choose her confidante very judiciously. She and Rachel had strolled down to the edge of the receding tide, and, poking the fringe of wet brown seaweed with the point of her parasol, she remarked—

“Well, I must say I do wonder at Mr. Dendron, don't you?”

“Why?” said Rachel, absently, wondering whether those two figures at the other horn of the bay, pushing down a boat, were Alick and Letty, and whether Jenifer or the Wynnstays were going too.

“Why!” repeated Mrs. Twisselton, with a laugh. “The idea of his letting his wife go flacketing about by herself in this fashion. Well, if anything happens, he has only himself to thank.”

Rachel was furious, and none the less because in her secret soul it had occurred to her to wonder whether her brother might not be going a little too far—presuming too much on the immunities and unconventionalities of country life—and whether she could venture to warn him. Besides her natural indignation at having the idea thus coarsely presented, she was wroth at Mrs. Twisselton having the effrontery to speak to her on a matter