

The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of East Lynne, Etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Even than my love; Alice, you like me more than you admit. Unsay your words, my dearest, and give me hope." "Do not vex me," she resumed, in a pained tone; "do not seek to turn me from my duty. I—I, though I scarcely like to speak of these sacred things, Gerard, I have put my hand on the plough; even you cannot turn me back."

"Tell me one thing, Gerard; it will be safe. Was the dispute about Frances Chenevix?"

He contracted his brow, and nodded. "And you could refuse her! You must learn to love her, for she would make you a good wife."

"Much chance there is now of my making a wife of any one."

"Oh, this will blow over in time; I feel it will. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile you destroy every hopeful feeling I thought to take to cheer me in my exile!" was his impatient interruption. "I love you alone, Alice; I have loved you for months, truly, fervently, and I know you must have seen it."

"Love me still, Gerard," she softly answered, "but not with the love you should give to one of earth, the love you will give to Frances Chenevix. Think of me as one rapidly going; soon to be gone."

"Oh, not yet!" he cried in an imploring tone, as if it were as she willed.

"Not just yet; I hope to see you return from exile. Let us say farewell while we are alone."

She spoke the last words hurriedly, for footsteps were heard. Gerard snatched her to him, and laid his face upon hers.

"What cover did you say the book had?" demanded Frances Chenevix of Gerard, who was then leaning back on the sofa, apparently waiting for her. "A mottled? I cannot see anything like it."

"No? I am sorry to have given you the trouble, Fanny. It has gone, perhaps, amongst the 'has-beens.'" "Listen," said Alice, removing her hand from before her face, "that was a carriage stopped. Can they be come home?"

Frances and Gerard flew into the next room, whence the street could be seen. A carriage had stopped, but not at their house. "It is too early for them yet," said Gerard.

"I am sorry things go so cross just now, with you, Gerard," whispered Lady Frances. "You will be very dull over there."

"Ay; fit to hang myself, if you knew all. And the bracelet may turn up, and Lady Sarah be sporting it on her arm again and I never know that the cloud is off for me. No chance that any of you will be at the trouble of writing to a fellow."

"I will," said Lady Frances. "Whether the bracelet turns up or not, I will write you sometimes, if you like, Gerard, and give you all the news."

"You are a good girl, Fanny," returned he, in a brighter accent, "and I will send you my address as soon as I have got one. You are not to turn proud, mind, and be off the bargain, if you find it's offensive."

Frances laughed. "Take care of yourself, Gerard."

So Gerard Hope got clear off into exile. Did he pay his expenses with the proceeds of the diamond bracelet?

CHAPTER XII.

The stately rooms of one of the finest houses in London were open for the reception of evening guests. Wax lights, looking innumerable when reflected from the mirrors, shed their rays on the gilded decorations, on the fine paintings, and on the gorgeous dresses of the ladies; the enlivening strains of the band invited to the dance and the rare exotics emitted a sweet perfume. It was the West End residence of a famed and wealthy city merchant of lofty standing; his young wife was an earl's daughter and the admission to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Lady Adela Netherleigh was coveted by the gay world.

"There's a mishap!" almost screamed a pretty looking girl. She had dropped her handkerchief and stooped for it, and her partner stooped also; in his hurry he put his foot upon her thin, white dress, she rose at the same moment and the bottom of her skirt was torn half off.

"Quite impossible that I can finish the quadrille," quoth she to him, half in amusement, half provoked at the misfortune. "You must find another partner, and I will go and get this repaired."

She went upstairs; by some neglect, the lady's maid was not in attendance, and too impatient to ring and wait for her, down she flew to the house-keeper's parlor. She was quite at home in the house, for she was the sister of its mistress. She had gathered the damaged dress up in her arms, but her white petticoat fell in rich folds around her.

"Just look what an object that stupid—!" And there stopped the young lady; for instead of the house-keeper and lady's maid, whom she expected to meet, nobody was in the room but a gentleman—a tall handsome man. She looked thunderstruck; and then slowly advancing and staring at him as if not believing her own eyes.

"My goodness, Gerard! Well, I

should just as soon have expected to meet the dead here."

"How are you, Lady Frances?" he said, holding out his hand with hesitation.

"Lady Frances! I am much obliged to you for your formality. Lady Frances returns her thanks to Mr. Hope for his polite inquiries," continued she in a tone of pique, and honoring him with a swimming ceremony of courtesy.

He caught her hand. "Forgive me, Fanny, but our positions are altered—at least mine us; and how did I know that you were not?"

"You are an ungrateful—raven," cried she, "to croak like that. After getting me to write you no end of letters and all the news about everybody, beginning 'My dear Gerard,' and ending 'Your affectionate Fanny,' and being as good to you as a sister, you meet me with 'My Lady Frances!'"

"Now, don't squeeze my hand to atoms. What on earth have you come to England for?" "I could not stop there," he returned with emotion; "I was fretting away my heartstrings. So I took my resolution and came back; guess in what way, Frances, and what to do."

"How should I know? To call me 'Lady Frances,' perhaps."

"As a clerk; a clerk to earn my bread. That's what I am now. Very consistent, is it not, for one in my position to address familiarly Lady Frances Chenevix?"

"You never spoke a grain of sense in your life, Gerard," she exclaimed, peevishly. "What do you mean?"

"Mr. Netherleigh has taken me into his counting house."

"Mr. Netherleigh!" she echoed in surprise. "What, with that—that—"

"That crime hanging over me. Speak up, Frances."

"No; I was going to say that doubt. I don't believe you guilty; you know that, Gerard."

"I am in his house, Frances, and I came up here tonight from the city to bring a note from his partner. I declined any of the reception rooms, not caring to meet old acquaintances, and the servants put me into this."

"But you had a mountain of debts in England, Gerard, and were afraid of arrest."

"I have managed that; they are going to let me square up by installments. Has the bracelet never been heard of?"

"Oh, that's gone for good; melted down in a caldron, as the Colonel calls it, and the diamonds reset. It remains a mystery of the past, and is never expected to be solved."

"And they will suspect me! What is the matter with your dress?"

"Matter enough," answered she, letting it down, and turning round for his inspection. "I came here to get it repaired. My great booby of a partner did it for me."

"You have cause to ask for her. She is dying."

"Dying!" repeated Mr. Hope in a hushed, shocked tone.

"I do not mean actually dying this night, or going to die tomorrow; but she is dying by slow degrees, there is no doubt. It may be weeks off yet; I cannot tell."

"Where is she?"

"Curious to say, she is where you left her—at Lady Sarah Hope's. Alice could not bear the house after the loss of the bracelet, for she was so obstinate and foolish as to persist that the servants must suspect her even if Lady Sarah did not. She felt, and this spring Lady Sarah saw her, and was so shocked at the change in her, the extent to which she had wasted away, that she brought her to town by main force, and we and the doctors are trying to nurse her up. It seems of no use."

"Are you also staying at Colonel Hope's again?"

"I invited myself there a week or two ago to be with Alice. It is pleasant, too, than being at home."

"I suppose the Hopes are her tonight?"

"My sister is. I do not think your uncle has come yet."

"Does he ever speak of me less resentfully?"

"Not he; I think his storming over it has only made his suspicions stronger. Not a week passes but he begins again about that detestable bracelet. He is unalterably persuaded that you took it, and nobody must dare put in a word in your defense."

"And does your sister honor me with the same belief?" demanded Mr. Hope bitterly.

"Lady Sarah is silent on the point to me; I think she scarcely knows what to believe. You see I tell you all freely, Gerard."

CHAPTER XIII.

Before another word could be spoken Mr. Netherleigh entered. An aristocratic man, with a noble countenance. He bore a sealed note for Mr. Hope to deliver in the city.

"Why, Fanny!" he exclaimed to his sister-in-law, "you here?"

"Yes; look at the sight they have made me," replied she, shaking down her dress for his benefit, as she had previously done for Mr. Hope. "I am waiting for some one of the damsel's to mend it for me. I suppose Mr. Hope's presence has scared them away. Won't mamma be in a fit of

rage when she sees it, for it was new tonight."

Gerard Hope shook hands with Lady Frances, and Mr. Netherleigh, who had a word of direction to give him, walked with him into the hall. As they stood there, who should enter but Colonel Hope, Gerard's uncle. He started back when he saw Gerard.

"C—a—can I believe my senses?" stammered he. "Mr. Netherleigh, is he one of your guests?"

"He is here on business," was the merchant's reply. "Pass on, Colonel."

"No, sir, I will not pass on," cried the enraged Colonel, who had not rightly caught the word business. "Or if I do pass on, it will only be to warn your guests to take care of their jewelry. 'No, sir,' he added, turning to his nephew, 'you can come back, can you, when the proceeds of your theft is spent! You have been starring it in Calais, I hear; how long did the bracelet last you to live upon?'"

"Sir," answered Gerard, with a pale face, "it has been starving rather than starring. I asserted my innocence at the time, Colonel Hope, and I repeat it now."

"Innocence!" ironically repeated the Colonel, turning to all sides of the hall, as if he took delight in parading the details of the unfortunate past. "The trinkets were spread on a table in Lady Sarah's own house. You came stealthily into it—after being forbidden it for another fault—went stealthily into the room, and the next minute the diamond bracelet was missing. It was owing to my confounded folly in listening to a parcel of women that I did not bring you to trial at the time; I have only once regretted not doing it, and that has been ever since. A little wholesome correction at the penitentiary might have made an honest man of you. Good-night, Mr. Netherleigh! If you encourage him in your house, you don't have me."

Now another gentleman had entered and heard this; some servants also heard it. Colonel Hope, who firmly believed in his nephew's guilt, turned off peevishly and indignantly; and Gerard, giving vent to sundry unpeevish-like expletives, strode after him. The Colonel made a dash into a street cab and Gerard walked towards the city.

Lady Frances Chenevix, her dress right again, at least to appearance, was sitting to get her breath after a whirlwind. Next to her sat a lady who had also been whirling. Frances did not know her.

"You are quite exhausted; we kept it up too long," said the cavalier in attendance on the stranger. "What can I get for you?"

"My fan; there it is. Thank you. Nothing else."

"What an old creature to dance herself down!" thought Frances. "She's 40, if she's a day."

The lady opened her fan and proceeded to use it, the diamonds of her rich bracelet gleamed right in the eyes of Lady Frances Chenevix. Frances looked at it and started, she strained her eyes and looked again; she bent nearer to it and became agitated with her emotion. If her recollection did not play her false, that was the lost bracelet.

She discerned her sister, Lady Adela Netherleigh, and glided up to her. "Adela, who is that lady?" she asked pointing to the stranger.

"I don't know who she is," replied Lady Adela, carelessly. "I did not catch the name. They came with the Cadogans."

"The idea of your having people in your house that you don't know!" indignantly spoke Frances, who was working herself into a fever. "Where's Sarah, do you know that?"

"In the card room, glued to the whist table."

Lady Sarah, however, had unglued herself, for Frances only turned from Lady Adela to encourage her.

"I do believe your lost bracelet is in the room," she whispered in agitation. "I think I have seen it."

"Impossible!" responded Lady Sarah Hope.

(To be continued.)

KICKING A BILL OUT.

Document Actually Kicked Out of House of Commons.

Sir John Knight, a stout old Tory member for Bristol, who in the year 1693 proposed to kick a bill out of the house of commons, got into sad trouble. It was a measure for the naturalization of foreign Protestants, and Sir John, in the course of a violent invective, exclaimed: "Let us first kick the bill out of the house, and then let us kick the foreigners out of the kingdom." This observation being aimed at William's Dutchmen, if not at the king himself. But what Sir John only proposed to do with this bill the commons actually did with another obnoxious measure in 1770, says Good Words. The peers had presumed to alter a money bill by striking out a provision which offered a bounty upon the exportation of corn. The commons, indignant at the treatment of their deputations, who had been contumaciously ejected from the peers' chamber, and further incensed by the fact that on another occasion Burke had been kept waiting three hours at the door of the upper house with a bill sent up by the commons, took the present opportunity to show in emphatic manner that there was at least one privilege on which they would not allow the peers to encroach. The amendment was promptly rejected, and with it the bill. The speaker tossed the document over the table, and members of both parties, as they went out, kicked it toward the door.

A Machias, Me., house which was built in 1765 is receiving its third coat of shingles.

MISLEADING FIGURES

HAVEMEYER LITERARY BUREAU GETTING IN ITS WORK.

Crafty Attempt of the Trust Magnate to Prevent Facts Bearing Upon the Question of Protection for the Domestic Sugar Industry.

No. 91 Wall Street, New York, October 19, 1901.—Dear Sir: As a good deal has recently appeared in print regarding the consumption of sugar in this country, the various sources from which it is obtained, the amount of duty paid thereon, etc., the following facts and figures will, we believe, be of interest to your readers:

The total consumption of sugar in the United States last year was 2,219,847 tons, and based on the average increase of 6.34 per cent during the past 19 years, the consumption this year should be 2,369,585 tons. Of this quantity 1,000,000 tons in round figures will come from American sources, say Louisiana being able to produce 250,000 tons, United States beet factories 150,000, Hawaii 350,000 and Porto Rico 150,000, all being free of duty, leaving 1,269,585 tons to come from other sources and on which duty is paid. The average duty assessed is 25¢ per ton, or a total of \$48,881,000. The price of all the sugar consumed, however, being enhanced to the extent of the duty of 33¢ per ton, or a total of \$54,881,000, it is evident that \$36,000,000 additional is paid by the people in order to provide the government with 49 millions for revenue, of which the government is not now in need. If the duty is taken off Cuba sugar the benefit of 85 millions goes to the people.

On October 8 the quotation for Cuba centrifugal sugar, 96 degrees test, free on board Cuba, was 1.95 cents per pound; duty on same amounts to 1.685 cents—equivalent to 86 per cent ad valorem.

Yours truly,
WILLETT & GRAY,
Sugar Statisticians,
Publishers of the "Weekly Statistical Sugar Trade Journal."

Judging by the liberal space given by numerous newspapers to the misleading circular issued by the statisticians of the Sugar Trust, it seems possible to deceive all the people all the time, although Mr. Lincoln thought otherwise. Not many years ago Willett & Gray in their sugar trade paper were earnest advocates of the tariff on sugar and the development of the beet sugar industry in the United States. Now they appear before the public as sponsors of a most

Wilson bill will convince thinking men that the addition of \$262,000,000 to the nation's bonded debt at that time would have been avoided if sugar had continued paying its share of the running expenses.

"Remove duty and the whole \$84,981,060 accrue to the public," says this defender of the people. If any one is tempted by this sophistry he is referred to the records of sugar quotations recently ruling and those prevailing during the unfortunate years of free sugar. Muscovado fair refining averaged a quarter of a cent lower in those gloomy days than at present, and the difference on refined was a shade more. This is not the "1.685 cents" quoted in the circular. Moreover, it must not be overlooked that the whole range of prices was much lower in the dark days of free trade, owing to idle mills and unemployed workmen who could ill afford to have sugar in their tea or coffee. There was no such demand as at present and consequently prices would have been lower, irrespective of the tariff.

When such a mendacious collection of misinformation is widely distributed it is natural that the reader should seek the reason for its existence. The quest is not difficult. Within a short time the beet sugar producers have begun to seek markets beyond the immediate vicinity of the refineries. This has brought them into competition with the large eastern refineries of imported raw sugar, and the result has been lower prices to consumers and less profit for the American Sugar Refining Company and the large independent plants. Since beet growing is still in its infancy and would compete with the bounty supported product of the old world, removal of the tariff would retard its development and perhaps completely annihilate an industry in which millions are invested and thousands find employment. Has not the history of steel making, tin plate manufacture, textile spinning, etc., been such as to emphasize the wisdom of helping the growth of another national industry?

That low prices will follow has been proved in all the other industries, and recent price cutting at Missouri River points show that beet sugar growers are already cheapening the cost to

UNCLE SAM'S THANKSGIVING BILL OF FARE.



remarkable collection of figures, evidently designed to impress the people of the nation that they are being robbed by the duty on raw sugar, and it is obviously hoped that constituents will instruct their representatives in congress to remove the objectionable duty.

Starting with the proposition that the people pay the full duty, not only on imported sugar, but all produced in this country, it is shown that in order to secure less than \$49,000,000 of revenue the consumers are mulcted to the extent of about \$85,000,000. In other words, domestic beet and cane growers receive \$36 a ton as a bonus, and the home crop for the current year is placed at a million tons. To any one familiar with the facts this gross exaggeration as to the domestic crop would stamp the circular as unworthy of attention. Of Louisiana came the yield is placed at a new high record of 350,000 tons, and the Hawaiian output as much more, which is even more of a stretch, while both Porto Rico cane and the United States beet crops are suddenly enlarged by nearly 100 per cent.

The total consumption of the country is placed at 140,000 tons more than the high record last year, an estimate that is not indorsed by the recognized shortage of fruit, which must seriously curtail the amount used in preserving. But the allowance of only \$48,881,060 revenue to the government is perhaps the most absurd feature of this collection of absurdities. For the last three years the tariff on sugar has yielded an annual return of over \$60,000,000, and even if there was no other consideration, this enormous source of income could not be surrendered by the nation without some equivalent increase. A glance at the deficit during the operation of the

consumers, though the domestic yield is but a fraction of the total consumption. If in the course of time it can become possible to keep at home the \$100,000,000 annually sent abroad to pay for sugar, no one questions the desirability of attaining that end.

Perhaps the most unreasonable suggestion of the lot is that the people would secure the benefit of the revenue lost to the government. If the large refiners could secure all the raw material from abroad and had no competition from home producers there would be no limit to the prices they might charge, unless the duty was also removed from refined sugar, but for most obvious reasons this idea is not advocated. If the domestic growers are to be driven out of business why not to be step further and abolish the refineries, so that all foreign refiners might compete in this market? Cheapness might then be attained, but the keen business man knows that cheapness is not the first desideratum.

Should Not Be Forgotten.

Our foreign trade both in imports and exports is quite satisfactory, and while we are congratulating the country on its great trade expansion, it must not be forgotten that all this is being accomplished under the operations of the protective tariff laws so much denounced and abused by the free traders.—Allentown (Pa.) Register.

Veritable Babel of Races.

The Russian empire contains more than sixty-five independent racial groups. It is a veritable Tower of Babel. Even with the omission Siberia and Central Asia there remain in Russia, in Europe and the Caucasus, alone 46 different peoples.

CHARCOAL BURNERS

SUBSTITUTES RENDERING THE BUSINESS A LOST ART.

Gas and Gasoline Have Almost Displaced Charcoal as a Heat-Producing Substance—The Man Who Burns Charcoal Leads a Gypsy Life.

Charcoal burning in the United States, so far as the product concerns the cities, gives promise of becoming a lost art. Gas and gasoline have almost displaced it as a heat-producing substance. With the thinning of the forests, too, the source of supply is cut. Yet in the woods of Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio and Pennsylvania, a comparatively few follow the lonely life of Charcoal in its perfect state is baked, not a burnt wood. Here is the distinction that keeps the charcoal burner awake sometimes from 48 to 60 hours at a stretch, especially if he be alone. For the baking of charcoal the wood is piled in a circle about a central pit, leaving interstices through which the heat from the fire burning in the center may circulate to the outer edge of the pile. Turf is piled over all until the pile resembles a volcano. It is the object to keep the wood covered until it cannot break into a blaze. High winds are troublesome. The sign of trouble in a kiln is a thin blue smoke that points to fire in the wood. This fire is put out by smothering from the outside. Only experience teaches when the charcoal is sufficiently baked. An old observation is to the effect that "ten horses will draw the wood and three horses will draw the charcoal away." The slower the wood has baked the more substance and weight will be in the coals. When the pyre has burned sufficiently the fire is put out by drenching the heap with water. Even after hundreds of gallons have been poured through the heap, it may take three days for it to cool sufficiently for the charcoal to be removed. A kiln will produce 200 to 250 bushels of the coals. The charcoal burner leads a gypsy life. His cabin is near by the kilns and in it is the picturesque disorder that is natural to man in the woods. His kitchen utensils are most in evidence. His bed is wholly secondary. He eats to live and lives to work with only an occasional "spree" in some nearby town. In the woods sobriety is everything to his craft. He is a wonder to the visitors, as he plunges into thick smoke and heat, and works in the choking fumes with the fortitude of a salamander. When the kiln is working best the smoke and fumes are worst, and to keep the kilns so necessitates the constant attention of the burner. These fumes are considered detrimental to health under ordinary circumstances, but the compensating life in the woods seems to make the charcoal burner a hardy specimen of his race.—Utica Globe.

The Care of Children.

When it is a possible thing, have a separate bed for every child, even though there are two beds in a room. This is by no means an expensive matter. Good legs can be turned or made at home and supplied with casters. Fasten these onto woven-wire springs, and over them fasten a good mattress of curled hair or moss. Make a cover of heavy unbleached muslin to protect the mattress, and then make it up as you would any bed. A pretty outer cover or spread made of art denim, linen or other suitable material, made with a founce reaching to the floor, will convert this bed into an attractive divan if the room is needed during the day. A nice bath is very refreshing just before bedtime, and is usually productive of quiet sleep. It means considerable work for the busy mother of several children, but it generally pays in the end.

Two Sufficient Reasons.

The senior partner did not make his appearance at the office until about 2 o'clock, and then the junior partner was not there. "Where is Mr. Tenterhook?" he asked of the bookkeeper. "He left the office a while ago, sir," replied the man of daybook and ledger, "and he said he wouldn't be back today." "I hope nothing is the matter with him," the senior partner added. "I'm afraid he isn't very well, for he complained of a pain in his stomach yesterday." "Well," the bookkeeper explained, "he said something about having eaten some fish at lunch that didn't agree with him, and he added that there was a football game this afternoon that he wanted to see, anyhow."—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

True to Her Colors.

Now, the Eminent Reformer and the Emancipated Woman were about to be wedded. In fact, the ceremony was being performed. "With this ring," said the Eminent Reformer, "I thee wed." Here there was a breathless hush over the audience as the Emancipated Woman made a gesture of dissent, and exclaimed: "And this, after your campaign against ring rule? Never!" Saying which she swept out of the church. The audience was divided in its surprise over the injection of politics into matrimony and the sight of an Emancipated Woman sweeping—Baltimore American.

Infantile Pride.

"Pooh! My papa wears evenin' clothes every time he goes to parties." "That ain't nothin'." Our minister wears his night clothes every time he preaches.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The church is not a clearing 2599 for credulity.