

The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD.

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CHAPTER III.

Alice left her sister standing in the room and went upstairs. But she was more than one minute away; she was three or four, for she could not at first lay her hand upon the letter. When she returned her sister advanced to her from the back drawing room, the folding doors between the two rooms being as before, wide open.

"What a fine collection of bracelets, Alice!" she exclaimed, as she took the letter. "Are they spread out for show?"

"No," laughed Alice; "Lady Sarah is going to the opera, and will be in a hurry when she comes up from dinner. She asked me to bring them all down, as she had not decided which to wear."

"I like to dress before dinner on my opera nights."

"Oh, so of course does Lady Sarah," returned Alice, as her sister descended the stairs, "but she said it was too hot to dine in bracelets."

"It is fearfully hot. Good-by, Alice. Don't ring; I will let myself out."

Alice returned to the front room and looked from the window, wondering whether her sister had come in her carriage. No. A trifling evening breeze was arising and beginning to move the curtains about. Gentle as it was, it was grateful, and Alice sat down in it. In a very few minutes the ladies came up from dinner.

"Have you the bracelets, Alice? Oh, I see."

Lady Sarah went to the back room as she spoke, and stood before the table looking at the bracelets. Alice rose to follow her, when Lady Frances Chenevix caught her by the arm and began to speak in a covert whisper.

"Who was that at the door just now? It was a visitor's knock. Do you know, Alice, every hour since we came to town I have fancied Gerard might be calling. In the country he could not get to us, but here— Was it Gerard?"

"It—It was my sister," carelessly answered Alice. It was not a true answer, for her sister had not knocked, but it was the readiest that rose to her lips, and she wished to escape the questioning.

"Only your sister," sighed Frances, turning to the window with a gesture of disappointment.

"Which have you put on?" inquired Alice, going toward Lady Sarah.

"These loose fancy things; they are the coolest. I really am so hot; the soup was that favorite soup of the colonel's, all capsicums and cayenne, and the wine was hot; there had been some mistake about the ice. Hill trusted the new man, and he did not understand it; it was all hot together. What the house will be tonight I dread to think of."

Lady Sarah, whilst she spoke, had been putting the bracelets into the jewel box, with very little care.

"I had better put them straight," remarked Alice, when she reached the table.

"Do not trouble," returned Lady Sarah, shutting down the lid. "You are looking flushed and feverish, Alice; you were wrong to walk so far today; Hughes will set them to rights tomorrow morning; they will do till then. Lock them up and take possession of the key."

Alice did as she was bid. She locked the case and put the key into her pocket.

"Here is the carriage," exclaimed Lady Frances. "Are we to wait for coffee?"

"Coffee in this heat," retorted Lady Sarah, "it would be adding fuel to fire. We will have some tea when we return. Alice, you must make tea for the colonel; he will not come out without it. He thinks this weather fast what it ought to be; rather cold, if anything."

Alice had taken the bracelet box in her hands as Lady Sarah spoke, and when they departed carried it upstairs to its place in Lady Sarah's bedroom. The colonel speedily rose from the table, for his wife had laid her commands on him to join them early. Alice helped him to his tea, and as soon as he was gone, she went upstairs to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep. Tired as she was, and exhausted in frame, sleep would not come to her. She was living over again her interview with Gerard Hope. She could not in her conscious heart affect to misunderstand his implied meaning—that she had been the cause of his rejecting the union proposed to him. It diffused a strange rapture within her, and though she had not perhaps been wholly blind and unconscious during the period of Gerard's stay with them, she now kept repeating the words: "Can it be? can it be?"

It certainly was so. Love plays strange pranks. Thus was Gerard Hope, heir to fabulous wealth, consciously proud of his handsome person, his herculean strength, his towering form, called home and planted down by the side of a pretty and noble lady, on purpose that he might fall in love with her—Lady Frances Chenevix. And yet the well-laid project failed; failed because there happened to be another at that young lady's side, a sad, quiet, feeble-framed girl, whose very weakness may have seemed to place her beyond the pale of man's love. But love thrives by contrasts and it was the feeble girl who won the love of the strong man.

Yes; the knowledge diffused a

strange rapture within her as she lay there at night, and she may be excused if, for a brief period, she gave range to the sweet fantasies it conjured up. For a brief period only; too soon the depressing consciousness returned to her that these thoughts of earthly happiness must be subdued, for she, with her confirmed ailments and conspicuous weakness, must never hope to marry as did other women. She had long known—her mother had prepared her for it—that one so afflicted and frail as she, whose tenure of existence was likely to be short, ought not to become a wife, and it had been her earnest hope to pass through life unloving and unloved. She had striven to arm herself against the danger, against being thrown into the perils of temptation. Alas! it had come insidiously upon her; all her care had been set at naught, and she knew that she loved Gerard Hope with a deep and fervent love. "It is but another cross," she sighed, "another burden to surmount and subdue, and I will set myself, from this night, to the task. I have been a coward, shrinking from self-examination; but now that Gerard has spoken out, I can deceive myself no longer. I wish he had spoken more freely that I might have told him it was useless."

CHAPTER IV.

It was only towards morning that Alice dropped asleep; the consequence was, that long after her usual hour for rising she was still sleeping. The opening of her door by some one awoke her; it was Lady Sarah's maid.

"Why, miss! are you not up? Well, I never! I wanted the key of the jewel box, but I'd have waited if I had known."

"What do you say you want?" returned Alice, whose ideas were confused, as is often the case on being suddenly awakened.

"The key of the bracelet box, if you please."

"The key?" repeated Alice. "Oh, I remember," she added, her recollection returning to her. "Be at the trouble, will you, Hughes, to take it out of my pocket; it is on that chair under my clothes."

The servant came to the pocket and speedily found the key. "Are you worse than usual, miss, this morning?" asked she, "or have you overslept yourself?"

"I have overslept myself. Is it late?"

"Between nine and ten. My lady is up, and at breakfast with master and Lady Frances."

Alice rose the instant the maid had left the room, and made haste to dress, vexed with herself for sleeping so long. She was nearly ready when Hughes came in again.

"If ever I saw such a confusion as that jewel box was in!" cried she, in as pert and grumbling a tone as she dared to use. "The bracelets were thrown together without law or order—just as if they had been so much glass and tinsel from the Lowther Arcade."

"It was Lady Sarah did it," replied Alice. "I would have put them straight, but she said leave it for you. I thought she might prefer that you should do it, so did not press it."

"Of course her ladyship is aware there's nobody but myself knows how they are placed in it," returned Hughes, consequently. "I could go to that or to the other jewel box, in the dark, and take out any one thing my lady wanted without disturbing the rest."

"I have observed that you have a gift of order," remarked Alice, with a smile. "It is very useful to those who possess it, and saves them from trouble and confusion."

"So it do, miss," said Hughes. "But I came to ask you for the diamond bracelet."

"The diamond bracelet!" echoed Alice. "What diamond bracelet? What do you mean?"

"It is not in the box, miss."

"The diamond bracelets are both in the box," rejoined Alice.

"The old one is there, not the new one. I thought you might have taken it out to show some one, or to look at yourself, miss, for I'm sure it's a sight for pleasant eyes."

"I can assure you it is in the case," said Alice. "All are there except what Lady Sarah had on. You must have overlooked it."

"I must be a great donkey if I have," grumbled the girl. "It must be at the very bottom, amongst the cotton," she soliloquized, as she returned to Lady Sarah's apartments, "and I have just got to take every individual article out to get at it. This comes of giving up one's keys to other folks."

Alive hasted down, bringing pardon for her late appearance. It was readily accorded. Alice's office in the house was nearly a sinecure; when she had first entered upon it Lady Sarah was ill, and required some one to sit with and read to her, but now that she was well again Alice had little to do.

Breakfast was scarcely over when Alice was called into the room. Hughes stood outside.

"Miss," said she, with a long face, "the diamond bracelets not in the box. I thought I could not be mistaken."

"But it must be in the box," said Alice.

"But it is NOT," persisted Hughes, emphasizing the negative; "can't you

believe me, miss? What's gone with it?"

Alice Seaton looked at Hughes with a puzzled look. She was thinking matters over. It soon cleared again. "Then Lady Sarah must have kept it out when she put in the rest. It was she who returned them to the case; I did not. Perhaps she wore it last night."

"No, miss, that she didn't. She wore only those two—"

"I saw what she had on," interrupted Alice. "But she might also have put on the other without my noticing. Then she must have kept it out for some purpose. I will ask her. Wait here an instant, Hughes, for, of course, you will like to be at a certainty."

"That's cool," thought Hughes, as Alice went into the breakfast room, and the colonel came out of it with the newspaper. "I should have said it was somebody else who would like to be at a certainty instead of me. Thank goodness it wasn't in my charge last night, if anything dreadful has come to pass. My lady don't keep out her bracelets for sport. Miss Seaton has left the key about, that's what she has done, and it's hard to say who hasn't been at it; I knew the box had been ransacked over."

"Lady Sarah," said Alice, "did you wear your new diamond bracelet last night?"

"No."

"Then did you put it into the box with the others?"

"No," languidly repeated Lady Sarah, attaching no importance to the question.

"After you had chosen the bracelets you wished to wear, you put the others into the box yourself," exclaimed Alice. "Did you put in the new one, the diamond, or keep it out?"

"The diamond was not there."

Alice stood confounded. "It was on the table at the back of all, Lady Sarah," she presently said; "next the window."

"I tell you, Alice, it was not there. I don't know that I should have worn it if it had been, but I certainly looked for it. Not seeing it, I supposed you had not put it out, and did not care sufficiently to ask for it."

Alice felt in a mesh of perplexity; curious thoughts, and very unpleasant ones, were beginning to come over her. "But, Lady Sarah, the bracelet was indeed there when you went to the table," she urged. "I put it there."

"I can assure you that you labor under a mistake as to its being there when I came up from dinner," answered Lady Sarah. "Why do you ask?"

"Hughes has come to say it is not in the case. She is outside, waiting."

"Outside now? Hughes," called out her ladyship; and Hughes came in.

"What's this about my bracelet?"

"I don't know, my lady. The bracelet is not in its place, so I asked Miss Seaton. She thought your ladyship might have kept it out yesterday evening."

"I have neither touched it nor seen it," said Lady Sarah.

"Then we have had thieves at work."

"It must be in the box, Hughes," spoke up Alice. "I laid it out on the table, and it is impossible that thieves—as you phrase it—could have come there."

"Oh, yes, it is in the box, no doubt," said her ladyship, somewhat crossly for she disliked to be troubled especially in hot weather. "You have not searched properly, Hughes."

"My lady," answered Hughes, "I can trust my hands, and I can trust my eyes, and they have all four been into every hole and crevice of the box."

Lady Frances Chenevix laid down the Morning Post and advanced. "Is the bracelet really lost?"

(To be continued.)

NAPLES BREAKFAST VENDORS.

They Make the Morning Air Vocal with Their Calls.

The air of Naples becomes vocal with the characteristic calls of the breakfast vendors. "Hot, hot, and big as apples!" shout the sellers of peeled chestnuts. These are boiled in huge caldrons in a reddish broth of their own making, which is further seasoned with laurel leaves and caraway seed. A cent's worth of the steaming kernels, each of which is as big as a large English walnut, is a nourishing diet that warms the fingers and comforts the stomach of troops of children on their way to school, or rather to the co-operative creches, or nurseries, where one poor woman, for a cent a day each, takes care of the babies of a score of others who must leave them behind to earn the day's living.

Meantime dignified cows pass by, "with measured tread and slow," shaking their heavy bells and followed by their beguiled offspring, whose business it is to make them "give down" their milk at the opportune moment, and to let the milkman take it. Nothing can be funnier than this struggle between the legitimate owner, the calf, and the wily subcontractor of the lacteal treasure. Although tied to his mother's horns with a rope long enough to reach, and even lick her bag, but not to get satisfaction out of it, his bovine wit is often sharp enough to give the slip to the noose and elude the vigilance of the keeper, occupied, perhaps, for the moment, in quarreling with some saucy maid servant over the quantity of milk to be paid for. The scene which ensues is worthy of the cinematograph. As a sequel calf's tail is nearly pulled off, but he has spalled the oppressor's game for one day, anyhow.—The Century.

Call a man a donkey and he is apt to kick.

DELIBERATE ACTION.

PRESIDENT NOT DISPOSED TO RUSH RECIPROCIITY.

Practical Details and Results to Be Carefully Considered Before Any of the Kassar Treaties Are Submitted to the Senate for Ratification.

Free Trade and other newspapers which so glibly misinterpret the late president's attitude with regard to foreign trade extension, and who so confidently count upon President Roosevelt to make good their misinterpretation, would do well to pattern after the intelligent reasonableness of the following statement by the Washington correspondent of the New York Times:

"There will be no precipitate action by the president on the subject of reciprocity. The agitation on this subject in some of the newspapers, with assertions bolstered up by quotations from Mr. Roosevelt's public assurances, whether intended to help the cause of reciprocity or to prejudice it, has no warrant further than that intended in the promise of the president to adhere to the policies of McKinley. The subject is a large and complicated one, and not even Mr. McKinley, after years of experience, was prepared to say just what the details of a reciprocity treaty with a foreign country should be. A reciprocity policy cannot be defined in any but the most general terms by the executive, and with the legislative branch must rest the task of providing the details."

It is well and truly said that the subject of reciprocity is "a large and complicated one"—so large and so complicated that not even President McKinley, with his wealth of practical knowledge in tariff matters, could or did claim to have mastered it. Unlike that rather numerous brood of quick thinkers who imagine they have solved the intricate problem after having given it a cursory glance, and who don't trouble themselves about the working details, Mr. McKinley considered it to be his duty to go into the reciprocity question deeply and thoroughly. He had previously turned the matter over to hands and heads which he supposed were competent, only to find out that they were bunglers and botchers. So, in the last few months of his life he had devoted himself studiously to the examination of reciprocity, alike on general principles and in detailed workings. The result of his painstaking investigation was the Buffalo speech, in which he declared for the enlargement of our foreign trade through a scheme of reciprocal concessions such as should not curtail domestic production. In his judgment, reciprocity that should increase the imports of articles "which we ourselves produce" was not reciprocity at all; it was free trade in disguise.

It was this deep seated conviction which animated the statement by President McKinley to a close and confidential friend, in Washington, on the afternoon of June 6, 1901, to the effect that he (the president) favored only that plan of reciprocity sanctioned by the Republican national platform of 1900—namely, reciprocity "in articles which we do not ourselves produce," and that he was opposed to any scheme of trade extension that would take from a single American workman his job. There is precisely where William McKinley stood at the end of the first week in June, at a time when the quick thinkers had him all thought out as ready to abandon protection, and that is where he stood when at Buffalo in the first week of September he made his last great speech.

Hence, we say, the over-night theorists would do well to think again once or twice before they attribute to the dead president and to his successor in office views and purposes regarding reciprocity not entertained by either Mr. McKinley or Mr. Roosevelt. The policy of McKinley is to be continued absolutely unbroken by Roosevelt. The country has this pledge recorded, as it were, over McKinley's coffin. Of its conscientious fulfillment by President Roosevelt there is no possible doubt. There will be, as the Times' Washington correspondent states, "no precipitate action by the president on the subject of reciprocity." That is, the foolish treaties negotiated by Commissioner Kassar will not again be laid before the senate for ratification. Other treaties there may be, but, if so, they will be treaties framed in accord with the spirit of American prosperity and progress, and not free trade folly under the mask of so-called reciprocity.

WAGES AND LIVING.

Foreign Work People Cannot Live More Cheaply Than Americans.

The old stock argument of the free traders used to be when, in spite of their squirming, they were brought face to face with the fact that wages were higher in this country than abroad, that, although wages were higher, the cost of living was higher, too, and that, therefore, workmen in this country were at no advantage, and that free trade, while it would lower wages, would at the same time lower the cost of living. This argument has fallen somewhat into "innocuous desuetude" of late, yet occasionally it stalks abroad, like Banquo's ghost. It is interesting, therefore, to note that Mr. Jacob Weidmann, a prominent silk dyer of Paterson, N. J., states that while the wages of the workmen employed in his mill at Paterson are from two to four times as large as the wages paid to similar labor in Switzerland, which is Mr. Weidmann's native country, the cost of living is less. In Swit-

zerland a good silk dyer is paid \$4 a week; in this country the poorest dyers get \$9 per week. The best dyers in Switzerland are paid from \$5 to \$8 per week, while in this country the best dyers earn from \$15 to \$30 per week. These are actual figures, given by a man who knows. There is no guesswork about them, neither is there any guesswork about Mr. Weidmann's statement concerning the comparative cost of living, for, as he states, some of the men employed in his mills who have come to this country from abroad have kept records, and have found that they can live more cheaply in this country. When free trade is forced to meet facts it always gets the worst of things.

GERMANY'S TARIFF EXPERIMENT.

A high German official said to the correspondent of the Associated Press in Berlin that "foreign newspapers need not get excited over the new tariff," the text of which has just been published, "since nothing has been decided; the bill is only a basis for discussion." It has been eminently successful in provoking discussion at any rate. In this country the press comment has been temperate enough—the verdict being that the tariff seems disadvantageous to the interests of industrial Germany. But in Russia and Austria, against which the new tariff operates more severely than against the United States, strong resentment is shown by all newspapers. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago there was talk of a great European combination against the United States. The first aggressive movement made by Germany hits her neighbors harder than it does America and furnishes an instructive commentary on the futility of the suggestion of a European anti-American Zollverein.—Buffalo Commercial.

A VERY BAD CHILD.



A QUESTION OF "SUGAR."

The consumption of sugar last year in the United States averaged about 57 pounds for each inhabitant, which at 5 1/2 cents a pound would cost \$3.42 apiece, or \$16.10 for a family of five persons. If the duty were removed and the Sugar Trust allowed the people to get the benefit thereof the saving would be \$1.14 for each person, or \$5.70 for a family of five, for a whole year. There is neither certainty nor probability that the saving would be as great as that, but there is almost a certainty that whatever reduction should be allowed would be made for the purpose of breaking down the domestic beet sugar industry, which is now the source of wages and income to 1,600,000 persons.

Would the saving secured by removing the duty on raw sugar pay for endangering the life of so important an American industry and one which in a few years promises to supply all the sugar needed and at lower prices than ever before known? What intelligent man would consent to be bribed with \$5.70 to bring about a possible disaster to so useful and beneficial a business?

Mischief for Idle Hands.

When men or women have plenty of serious work to do they don't potter with trifles. It is the idle who make mountains of molehills. If the Democratic party had any great or true aim for the real good of the country it would not bother itself and harass the voters over such a petty and utterly useless issue as the repeal of duties which, it claims, are outgrown and therefore inoperative. Its patron saint for such enterprises is Don Quixote. The party can only make itself respectable by tackling the main question and fighting protection squarely on its merits. In doing so it may expose its blindness to a thousand obvious facts and its obtuseness to sound reason, but it does thereby escape contempt.

The German Tariff.

All the commercial barriers that could be raised against other lands would not enable Germany to raise all her breadstuffs. During the year ending June 30, 1899, Germany imported from the United States 290,710,156 pounds of hog products alone, much greater than we sold to any other nation except the United Kingdom. It is a safe assumption, therefore, that the tariff law that is now before the federal council and which will be passed for the agrarians is not the same schedule of impost duties that will go into effect on January 1, 1904.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Producers and Consumers.

Like other theorists free traders have ever tried to separate producers and consumers into distinct classes with contrary interests. How futile! In our day and country the producers are the consumers and the more they produce the more they consume.

WOMEN MAKING PROGRESS.

Julia Ward Howe Believes the Future Is Full of Hope.

It seems very strange that after so many years women should still be obliged to beg for equal suffrage, when it has long since been shown that our claim is well founded, not only in ideal justice, but in practical wisdom, and that it is in the direction of the tendencies of civilization. Our appeal to the legislatures has been refused so many times that to continue it seems like leading a forlorn hope. Yet a forlorn hope is glorious. To lead it is glorious and to die in it is glorious, and it often conquers, and I am full of hope, for what is right in itself must triumph in the end. I feel assured that in the near future the cooperation of women in municipal and state affairs will not only be desired, but demanded, by men of pure and worthy citizenship. Mothers, wives, sisters, will no longer stand as suppliants before state legislatures, asking that they may become politically the equals of men who profess to treat them as superiors, but who really combine to keep them in a state of perpetual minority. We women have hitherto been a sort of reserve force. During the rough, early ages of warfare man did the fighting, but we cherished and nourished him. His blood was in our veins and his courage was our courage. Thank God, that period of war has almost taken itself off; we are at the beginning of a more peaceful period and now something more is needed than muscle and the power to do physical battle. There is need of moral and spiritual force and we have this stored reserve force within us. We have learned much from the men as to how the world should be governed and also some things as to how it should not. It seems strange that in Puritan Boston we should still be asking for municipal suffrage, while in England and Australia and in our own Western states women have exercised it for years. Are we, then, so inferior to those women? Or are our men so inferior to those men that they cannot see the justness and sacredness of our claims? But this reform is to come. If the men of this generation have not wisdom or courage enough to grant it (I do not say that this is so) the men of a future generation will. If no one of us ever votes we have gained this: We have stood for what was right in principle and for what will be proved to be right in practice.—Julia Ward Howe, in Chicago Chronicle.

WHEN THIRST INSPIRES.

Odd Means Resorted to to Get the Necessary "Eye-Opener."

"What won't some people do to obtain a drink of liquor?" was a question propounded the other day by Lieut. Charles Cole of the Central district. The official answered the query himself by relating two or three stories of odd means resorted to to get the necessary "eye-opener," says the Baltimore American. "One of the funniest I ever heard of," said the lieutenant, "was a trick played by a Marsh market space hobo on three of his companions. The four men had engaged a room on a small street near the 'space.' It was in the dead of winter and they borrowed a small stove of the egg-shaped variety from a neighbor. They built a fire in it, got thoroughly warmed and then stretched out upon the floor to sleep. At an early hour the next morning one of them awoke in a cold sweat, shivering like a leaf. The fire had gone out, and the room was like an icehouse. The first thing that crossed his mind was how to get a drink. He had no money and the next thought was how to get some. An idea struck him. Without disturbing his companions he seized the stove in his arms and proceeded to the nearest junk shop, where he sold it for a small amount and got his drink. It is not necessary to add that he and his friends parted company. There was another fellow who daily patrolled the 'space.' He had a cork leg. He wanted a drink badly one day and pawned his artificial limb. Now he walks with a crutch. In one of the pawnshops on the 'space' you will see a set of false teeth. If I am not mistaken, they are exhibited in the window. Until a year ago they were in the mouth of a once pretty damsel. She fell from grace, however, by taking to drink and pawned her teeth because she wanted whisky."

New Mrs. Malapropisms.

A new crop of Mrs. Malapropisms was gathered by the passengers who returned to this country not long ago on the same boat with a certain Chicago woman. She lamented leaving London so soon "because there was an elegant sculptor there who wanted to make a bust of my arms." In referring to the delights of her visit she spoke enthusiastically about a fancy dress ball which she attended, and to which "one of my acquaintances went in the garb of a monk." One of the passengers congratulated her on her daughter's better health. "She is not nearly as delicate as she was the last time I saw her," he said. "No," was the reply. "My daughter is in much better health. You know that naturally she is a very indelicate girl."—New York Sun.

French Motor Carriages and Cycles.

Last year there were registered in Paris somewhat over 5,000 motor carriages and about 11,000 motor cycles, the latter comprising motor bicycles, motor tricycles and the like. Practically all of the French automobiles have been of the internal-combustion type.

Black and white, it seems, will continue its popularity.