

# The Diamond Bracelet

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

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Madam," said the officer "you must be aware that in an investigation of this nature, we are compelled to put questions which we do not expect to be answered in the affirmative. Colonel Hope will understand what I mean when I say that we call them 'feelers.' I did not expect to hear that Miss Seaton had been on familiar terms with your servants (though it might have been), but that question, being disposed of, will lead me to another. I suspect that some one did enter the room and make free with the bracelet, and that Miss Seaton must have been cognizant of it. If a common thief, or an absolute stranger, she would have been the first to give the alarm; if not on too familiar terms with the servants she would be as little likely to screen them. So we come to the question—who could it have been?"

"May I inquire why you suspect Miss Seaton?" coldly demanded Lady Sarah.

"Entirely from her manner; from the agitation she displays."

"Most young ladies, particularly in our class of life, would betray agitation at being brought face to face with a police officer," urged Lady Sarah.

"My lady," he returned, "we are keen, experienced men; and we should not be fit for the office we hold if we were not. We generally do find lady witnesses betray uneasiness, when first exposed to our questions, but in a very short time, often in a few moments, it wears off, and they grow gradually easy. It was not so with Miss Seaton. Her agitation excessive at first, increased visibly, and it ended as you saw. I did not think it agitation of guilt, but I did think it that of conscious fear. And look at the related facts; that she laid the bracelets there, never left them, no one came in, and yet the most valuable one vanished. We have many extraordinary tales brought before us, but not quite so extraordinary as that."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Colonel nodded approbation; Lady Sarah began to feel uncomfortable.

"I should like to know whether any one called whilst you were at dinner," mused the officer. "Can I see the man who attends to the hall door?"

"Thomas attends to that," said the Colonel, ringing the bell. "There is a side door, but that is only for the servants and tradespeople."

"I heard Thomas say that Sir George Danvers called while you were at dinner," observed Lady Sarah. "No one else. And Sir George did not go upstairs."

"The detective smiled.

"If he had, my lady, it would have made the case no clearer."

"No," laughed Lady Sarah, "poor old Sir George would be puzzled what to do with a diamond bracelet."

"Will you tell me," said the officer, wheeling sharply around upon Thomas when he entered, "who it was that called here yesterday evening while your master was at dinner? I do not mean Sir George Danvers; the other one."

Thomas visibly hesitated; and that was sufficient for the lynx-eyed officer. "Nobody called but Sir George, sir," he presently said.

The detective stood before the man staring him full in the face with a look of amusement.

"Think again, my man," quoth he. "Take your time. There was some one else."

The Colonel fell into an explosion; reproaching the unfortunate Thomas with having eaten his bread for five years, to turn around upon the house and its master at last, and act the part of a deceitful, conniving wretch, and let in that swindler—

"He's not a swindler, sir," interrupted Thomas.

"Oh, no, not a swindler," roared the Colonel. "He only steals diamond bracelets."

"No more than I steal 'em, sir," again spoke Thomas. "He's not capable, sir. It was Mr. Gerard."

The Colonel was struck speechless; his rage vanished and down he sat in a chair, staring at Thomas. Lady Sarah colored with surprise.

"Now, my man," cried the officer, why could you not have said it was Mr. Gerard?"

"Because Mr. Gerard asked me not to say he had been, sir; he is not friendly here just now, and I promised him I would not. And I'm sorry to have had to break my word."

"Who is Mr. Gerard, pray?"

"He is my nephew," interposed the checkmated Colonel. "Gerard Hope."

"But as Thomas says, he is no swindler," remarked Lady Sarah; "he is no thief. You may go, Thomas."

"No, sir," stormed the Colonel. "fetch Miss Seaton here first. I'll come to the bottom of this. If he has done it Lady Sarah, I will bring him to trial, though he is Gerard Hope."

Alice came back leaning on the arm of Lady Frances Chenevix; the latter having been sitting with curiosity to come in before.

"So the mystery is out," began the Colonel to Miss Seaton; "it appears this gentleman was right and that somebody did come in; and that somebody the rebellious Mr. Gerard Hope."

Alice was prepared for this, for Thomas had told her Mr. Gerard's visit was known; and she was not so agitated as before. It was the fear of its being found out, the having to conceal it, which had troubled her.

"It is not possible that Gerard can have taken the bracelet," uttered Lady Sarah.

"No, it is not possible," replied Alice. "And that is why I was unwilling to mention his having come up."

"What did he come for?" thundered the Colonel.

"It was not an intentional visit. I believe he only followed the impulse of the moment. He saw me at the front window, and Thomas, it appears was at the door, and he ran up."

"I think you might have said so, Alice," observed Lady Sarah, in a stiff tone.

"Knowing he had been forbidden the house, I did not wish to bring him under the Colonel's displeasure," was all the excuse Alice could offer. "It was not my place to inform against him."

"I presume he approached sufficiently near the bracelets to touch them, had he wished?" observed the officer, who, of course, had now made up his mind upon the business—and upon the thief.

"Ye—s," returned Alice, wishing she could have said no.

"Did you notice the bracelet there after he was gone?"

"I cannot say I did. I followed him from the room when he left, and then I went into the front room, so that I had no opportunity of observing."

"The doubt is solved," was the mental comment of the detective officer.

The Colonel, hot and hasty, sent several servants various ways in search of Gerard Hope, and he was speedily found and brought. A tall and powerful young man, very good-looking.

"Take him into custody, officer!" was the Colonel's impetuous command.

"Hands off, Mr. Officer—if you are an officer!" cried Gerard, in the first shock of surprise, as he glanced at the gentlemanly appearance of the other, who wore plain clothes, "you shall not touch me unless you can show legal authority. This is a shameful trick. Colonel—excuse me—but as I owe nothing to you, I do not see that you have any such power over me."

The group would have made a fine study; especially Gerard; his head thrown back in defiance, and looking angrily at everybody.

"Did you hear me?" cried the Colonel.

"I must do my duty," said the police officer, approaching Gerard; "and for authority—you need not suppose I should act, if without it."

"Allow me to understand, first," remarked Gerard, haughtily, eluding the officer. "What is it for? What is the sum total?"

"Two hundred and fifty pounds!" growled the Colonel. "But if you are thinking to compromise it in that way, young sir, you will find yourself mistaken."

"Oh, no fear," retorted Gerard. "I have not two hundred and fifty pence. Let me see; it must be Dobbs. A hundred and sixty—how on earth do they slide the express up? I did it, sir, to oblige a friend."

"The duce you did!" excohed the Colonel, who but little understood the speech, except the last sentence. "If ever I saw such a cool villain in all my experience!"

"He was awful hard up," went on Gerard, "as bad as I am now, and I did it. I don't deny having done such things on my own account, but from this particular one I did not benefit a shilling."

CHAPTER IX.

His cool assurance and his words struck them with consternation.

"Dobbs said he'd take care I should be put to no inconvenience—and this comes of it! That's trusting your friend. He vowed to me, this very week, that he had provided for the bill."

"He thinks it only an affair of debt," screamed Lady Frances Chenevix. "Oh, Gerard! what a relief! We thought you were confessing."

"You are not arrested for debt, sir," cried the officer, "but for felony."

"For felony!" uttered Gerard Hope. "Oh, indeed. Could you not make it murder?" he added, sarcastically.

"Off with him to Marlborough street, officer!" cried the exasperated Colonel. "and I'll go with you and prefer the charge. He scoffs at it, does he?"

"Yes, that I do," answered Gerard. "for whatever pitfalls I may have got into in the way of debt and carelessness, I have not gone into crime."

"You are accused, sir," said the officer, "of stealing a diamond bracelet."

"Hey!" uttered Gerard, a flash of intelligence rising to his face as he glanced at Alice. "I might have guessed it was the bracelet affair, if I had had any recollection about me."

"Oh, oh," triumphed the Colonel in sneering jocularly, "so you expected it was the bracelet, did you? We shall have it all out presently."

"I heard of the bracelet's disappearance," said Mr. Hope. "I met Miss Seaton when she was out this morning and she told me it was gone."

"Better make no admissions," whispered the officer in his ear. "They may be used against you."

"Whatever admissions I may make, you are at liberty to use them, for they are truth," haughtily returned Gerard. "Is it possible that you do suspect me of taking the bracelet, or is this a joke?"

"Allow me to explain," panted Alice, stepping forward. "I—I did not ac-

use you, Mr. Hope; I would not have mentioned your name in connection with it, because I am sure you are innocent; but when it was discovered that you had been here I could not deny it."

"The charging me with having taken it is absurdly preposterous!" exclaimed Gerard, looking first at his uncle and then at the officer. "Who accuses me?"

"I do," said the Colonel.

"Then I am very sorry it is not somebody else instead of you, sir."

"Explain. Why?"

"Because they would get a kindly horsewhipping."

"Gerard," interrupted Lady Sarah, "do not treat it in that light way. If you did take it say so and you shall be forgiven. I am sure you must have been put to it terribly hard; only confess it and the matter shall be hushed up."

"No, it shan't, my lady!" cried the Colonel. "I will not have him encouraged—I mean felony compounded."

"It shall," returned Lady Sarah. "It shall indeed. The bracelet was mine, and I have a right to do as I please. Believe me, Gerard, I will put up with the loss without a murmur, only confess, and let the worry be done with."

Gerard Hepe looked at her; little trace of shame was there in his countenance. "Lady Sarah," he asked, in a deep tone, "can you indeed deem me capable of taking your bracelet?"

"The bracelet was there, sir, and it went, and you can't deny it!" uttered the Colonel.

"It was there, fast enough," answered Gerard. "I held it in my hand for two or three minutes, and was talking to Miss Seaton about it. I was wishing it was mine, and saying what I should do with it."

"Oh, Mr. Hope, pray say no more," involuntarily interrupted Alice. "You will make appearances worse."

"What do you want to screen him for?" impetuously broke out the Colonel, turning upon Alice. "Let him say what he was going to say."

"I do not know why I should not say it," Gerard Hope answered, in it must be thought, a spirit of bravado or recklessness, which he disdained to check. "I said I should spout it."

"You'll send off to every pawnshop in the metropolis, before the night's over, Mr. Officer!" cried the choking Colonel, breathless with rage. "This beats brass."

"But I did not take it any more for having said that," put in Gerard, in a graver tone. "The remark might have been made by any one, from a duke downwards, if reduced to his last shifts, as I am. I said if it were mine; I did not say I would steal to do it. Nor did I."

"I saw him put it down again," said Alice Seaton, in a calm, steady voice.

"Allow me to speak a word, Colonel," resumed Lady Sarah, interrupting something her husband was about to say. "Gerard, I cannot believe you guilty; but consider the circumstances. The bracelet was there; you acknowledge it; Miss Seaton left the apartment when you did, and went into the front room; yet when I came up from dinner, it was there no longer."

The Colonel would speak. "So it lies between you and Miss Seaton," he put in. "Perhaps you would like to make believe she appropriated it."

"No," answered Gerard, with flashing eye. "She cannot be doubted. I would rather take the guilt upon myself than allow her to be suspected. Believe me, Lady Sarah, we are both innocent."

(To be continued.)

**POUND FOOLISHNESS.**

Not Always Economy to Buy in Large Quantities.

One of the commonest forms of pound foolishness is countenanced by many high authorities. This is the purchase of certain household provisions in large quantities. Few writers on domestic topics fail to lay stress upon the economy of buying groceries in bulk. That sugar and flour, potatoes and apples should be bought by the half or whole barrel, cereals by the case, butter by the tub, and other things in like proportion, is one of the early precepts in the "Young Housekeeper's Complete Guide to Domestic Economy." The ignorant young things buy the provisions first and the experience afterward. The flour grows musty, the cereals develop weevils, the potatoes and apples rot long before they can be eaten, and the cook exercises a lavishness in the use of butter and sugar she would never show were they bought in such limited amounts that the housekeeper could hold close watch over them. Even after these events the young mistress feels as if she were absolutely reckless and no manager at all when she so far departs from household law as to buy food in small quantities.—Independent.

**Evidence to the Contrary.**

"Do you think that a man is always better off for a college education?" "No," answered the housewife, rather sharply. "This morning I asked a man who came around with a wagon whether he had any nice fresh eggs. He merely looked at me reproachfully and said: 'Madam, might I be permitted to observe that fresh eggs are always nice eggs, and nice eggs are always fresh?'—Washington Star.

**Long Enough for Any One.**

Teacher—How many of my scholars can remember the longest sentence they ever read? Billy—Please, mum, I can. Teacher—What? Is there only one? Well, William, you may tell the rest of the scholars the longest sentence you ever read? Billy—Imprisonment for life.—Stiffy Stories.

Losers are always in the wrong.

**QUESTIONS OF DETAIL.**

**PRACTICAL ASPECTS OF THE RECIPROCAL PROPOSITION.**

Vital Considerations Which Should Engage the Careful Attention of the Forthcoming Convention of American Manufacturers.

From the American Economist: The advocates of tariff concessions as a means of enlarging our export trade do not condescend to tell us how their plan would work. They do not go into particulars. When asked to specify they invariably decline to take up details. These, they say, must be left for later consideration, the main thing being to agree upon the general principle that in order to sell more we must buy more, and in order to buy more we must lower our duties so as to admit an increased quantity of foreign-made commodities. If requested to name what branch or group of domestic industries shall diminish their production, or cease altogether to produce to the end that we may buy larger quantities of foreign goods of the same character, they evade the question. Evidently they have not gone into the matter deeply enough to give a specific answer.

Nevertheless, the extension of our export trade by means of tariff concessions, whether by special trade treaties, or by legislative lowering of the tariff schedules, is a practical question, a question of specific detail. Either it is that, in the deepest and broadest sense, or it is a reckless, ignorant tampering with existing conditions that is morally certain to lead to disaster. Somebody must answer the question, and answer it plainly: "What industries will you select for slaughter in order that we may offset our big export surplus by an increase in the volume of imports of competitive goods?" Perhaps it will be answered by the forthcoming convention to be held under the auspices of the National Manufacturers' Association. It certainly should be answered, for it is the main question, almost the only question to come before that assembly of notables. Bearing directly upon this question is a letter lately addressed to the Philadelphia Times by Mr. S. H. Weiheumayer, treasurer of the Blue Ridge Knitting Company of Hagerstown, Maryland. It is the outgiving of a practical man who knows whereof he speaks, and who is able to present his facts in plain, convincing language. Mr. Weiheumayer says:

"I have been greatly interested in articles on reciprocity in your paper of recent dates and feel sorry to see a man of Mr. Search's prominence take the stand that he does. The importation of foreign goods hurts labor more than the manufacturer, as mills will not be run at a loss. If his raw material cannot be purchased cheaper he is bound to reduce wages to meet the same.

"If the present tariff is too high and goods cannot be purchased at a profit, there is plenty of home competition to keep prices down to a reasonable figure. On the other hand, if Mr. Search would have the tariff reduced, and it would not hurt the manufacturers, it certainly would do the other country entering into the reciprocity agreement no good. I would like to have Mr. Search explain how it can be done otherwise. Or better yet, go into the hosiery manufacturing business, have a satisfactory reciprocity agreement reducing tariff on hosiery, and demonstrate to us how it could be done; and also explain how can a too high tariff prevent us from exporting. I can readily see how a low tariff can easily stop us from exporting as well as supply the home demand. We are always ready to learn and are looking for new ideas.

"The hosiery industry has more people with limited capital engaged in it than in any other line, and I venture to say we have more mills scattered over the country than any other one industry. As the manufacture of full fashioned hose is really in its infancy in this country, and considerable capital is now being invested in manufacturing these goods as well as machinery to produce the same, it undoubtedly would be a poor policy to add more disadvantages to their lot than they now have to contend with. As I understand it, reciprocity is to encourage the purchasing of goods that we do not produce in this country from the country that encourages their people to purchase from us such articles as they do not produce in sufficient quantities to meet the demand.

"To cripple the hosiery manufacturing industry to benefit other industries is undoubtedly wrong. Mr. Search should not forget that the motto, 'United we stand; divided we fall' can be applied to Protectionists; and unless he can explain his motives better, we must offer him our sympathy, as his future ability to do the country the good he has done in the past must be at an end."

Mr. Weiheumayer should be invited to read a paper before the reciprocity convention of the National Manufacturers' Association. He would be the right man in the right place, for he could tell the convention some things which it ought to know. Among other things, he can make clear the proposition that the only tariff changes of any value whatsoever to the foreign producer are changes that will enable him to sell in the American market goods which are now made in America and by so much displace domestic production and decrease the employment of domestic labor; in short, Free Trade. Anything less than that would be a worthless concession. The same facts obtain in many other lines of in-

dustry whose existence was threatened by the Kansas treaties. Once in possession of these facts the reciprocity convention would have an easy task—simply to reaffirm the national Republican platform for 1900, sanctioning reciprocity "in articles which we do not ourselves produce," and then adjourn and go home.

**PACIFIC COAST SENTIMENT.**

A California Congressman's Reasons for Opposing All Forms of Tariff Tinkering.

Congressman Kahn of California, who has just returned from an extended tour to the Philippines, writes the American Economist as follows:

"I am satisfied that there is no pressing demand on the part of the people of this section of the Union for a revision of the tariff. On the contrary, the protective system has enabled California to make magnificent strides in the development of her orchards and farms. The fear of the people of California at the present time is that the reciprocity treaties which are pending in the senate will so materially reduce the tariff on California products that her interests will be vitally affected. Having personally had an opportunity of witnessing the effects of the cheap pauper labor of the Orient I desire to put myself on record as being opposed to any tinkering with the tariff."

Senator Mitchell of Oregon, when in Washington a few days ago, said: "I am opposed, and so are my constituents, to any tinkering with the tariff at the coming session of congress. The country is prosperous with the tariff as it now exists, and business is adjusted to it, and we do not want any change."

Senator Elkins of West Virginia, also expressed himself as decidedly opposed to any tariff changes. He is not even convinced that it would be a good thing to ratify any of the Kansas reciprocity treaties. Senator Burrows of Michigan is another senator who expressed himself as decidedly opposed to tinkering in any way with the tariff.

From expressions thus far received it is evident that a poll of the Republican membership in the senate and house would show an overwhelming majority against any tariff legislation at the coming session of the fifty-seventh congress, and also against the negotiations of special trade treaties providing for a reduction of existing rates of duty on "articles we ourselves produce."—American Economist.

**SUGAR TRUST TACTICS.**

It must not be forgotten that it is the same trust which is attacking our beet sugar factories with the object of compelling them to stop refining their own sugar which is clamoring for a "reciprocity" treaty with Cuba for the purpose of importing raw sugar at rates that will put beet sugar factories absolutely at their mercy. It is expending money in all sorts of ways in an endeavor to so twist a false sentiment of uncalculated generosity which may exist in some quarters as to put money into its own coffers. The sole offense of the beet sugar men is that they refine the sugar which they produce. To forbid a beet sugar manufacturer from refining his own product is as bad as to forbid a father from teaching his son his own trade. What will be done with the sugar trust we do not know, but we are sure that the people will never arm it with a reciprocity club to beat the life out of "seab" sugar makers.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**VALUE OF OUR AGRICULTURE.**

The farm value of this year's crop of wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, flaxseed, potatoes, hay, apples and cotton is \$2,532,000,000. This is more than the census of 1890 gives for the value of all agricultural products. And yet in the above estimate there is no calculation of vegetables other than potatoes, of fruits and berries and nuts, of garden truck, of forest products, of flowers and plants, of live stock slaughtered, of milk and butter and cheese and eggs and a thousand and one other products that help to swell the grand total. The statistician that estimates the value of our farm products at \$8,000,000,000 or \$9,000,000,000 would seem more conservative than liberal. Is it not time that we give agriculture the value it deserves?

**Would Swamp the Trust.**

There being a greater supply the world over than is required for consumption, any effort of the trust to crush the beet sugar industry of this country by removing the tariff would be to bring in enormous quantities of beet sugar and cane, too. This would swamp the trust and kill the beet industry at the same time.—San Francisco Examiner.

**Providence and Protection.**

The agricultural crops of 1901 as a whole are the smallest for years. That's Providence. The values of agricultural crops for 1901 are the largest for years. That's protection.

**Cranberry Growers Making Money.**

Cape Cod folks are happy because the cranberry crop has been very heavy this fall. Cranberry growers always look on the apple yield as a kind of barometer of the prices that can be obtained for their berries. As a rule, when apples are plentiful and cheap, cranberries also bring a low price; but when apples are scarce and high, there is a better market for the Cape Cod berry. Housekeepers evidently use cranberry sauce when apple sauce becomes too expensive a luxury.

**WHERE COLOR LINE FAILED.**

An Incident in the Life of Professor Booker T. Washington.

On one occasion when I was making a trip from Augusta, Ga., to Atlanta, being rather tired from much travel, I rode in a Pullman sleeper. When I went into the car I found there two ladies from Boston whom I knew well. These good ladies were perfectly ignorant, it seems, of the customs of the South, and in the goodness of their hearts insisted that I take a seat with them in their section. After some hesitation I consented. I had been there but a few minutes when one of them, without my knowledge, ordered supper to be served to the three of us. This embarrassed me still further. The car was full of southern white men, most of whom had their eyes on our party. When I found that supper had been ordered, I tried to contrive some excuse that would permit me to leave the section, but the ladies insisted that I must eat with them. I finally settled back in my seat with a sigh, and said to myself, "I am in for it now, sure." To add further to the embarrassment of the situation, soon after the supper was placed on the table one of the ladies remembered that she had in her satchel a special kind of tea which she wished served, and as she said she felt quite sure the porter did not know how to brew it properly, she insisted upon getting up and preparing and serving it herself. At last the meal was over—and it seemed the longest one that I had ever eaten. When we were through I got myself out of the embarrassing situation and went into the smoking room, where most of the men were by that time. In the meantime, however, it had become known throughout the car who I was, and I was never more surprised in my life than when each man—nearly every one of them a citizen of Georgia—came up and introduced himself to me, and thanked me earnestly for the work that I was trying to do for the whole South. This was not flattery, because each one of these individuals knew that he had nothing to gain by trying to flatter me.—From Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery."

**ROOSEVELT'S DINNER GUEST.**

Something About the Work Booker T. Washington Has Done.

Booker T. Washington is carrying out a work at Tuskegee of more practical benefit to the white men of the South than any other work which has yet been undertaken upon the same line. He is solving the race problem by a practical plan. The southern people admit that they need the negro. He is there among them because he serves a purpose, and if he is to be there he must be made industrious and self-reliant, and all educational experts agree that it is precisely these qualities which are being instilled into young negro men and women at the Tuskegee institute. Its value is uncontested, and under Mr. Washington's direction it has become the foremost influence in the South for improving the negro character by practical education. The head of the school has built up by the force of his own personality, having secured general recognition for his work in philanthropic and educational circles in this country and Europe. President McKinley once visited his school, clasped his hand, and stood at his elbow. He was for days the guest of the Atlanta fair in the capital of Georgia, where he delivered an address which made him famous the world over. He has received a degree from Harvard university, which is not lavish of such honors. He is an earnest, honorable, upright man of rare attainments and exceptional ability, in every manly attribute the superior of hundreds of men in public life. Mr. Roosevelt is President not of a party, or a section, or of any race or sect, but of all the people of the nation, of every color and condition. We assume that the President did not entertain Booker Washington to recognize him as his social equal, but merely as the chief executive to pay tribute to genius, which so glows in this man of lowly origin that its rays have penetrated to all civilized peoples of the world.—Philadelphia Times (Ind. Dem.).

**Gladstone on John Bright.**

After dinner, says the Hon. Mrs. Goodheart in the Nineteenth Century, Mr. Gladstone talked of John Bright. "John Bright never was a political economist. He took free trade on its humanitarian side, but never had a very thorough grasp of its arguments. Cobden was the man of a luminous mind who supplied the argumentative support. He set free trade upon its legs. It was a strange combination. Cobden inspired Bright with a mixture of reverence and affection. I never saw such a pathetic sight as Bright at Cobden's grave, never. His whole frame seemed loosened; it was almost as if he would fall into the grave. It was a friendship which did Bright the greatest possible honor. He was a very true man. And he made an excellent cabinet minister" (this was repeated more than once). "He had the power, which half the men who became cabinet ministers do not possess, of throwing his mind into the common stock. He never made trivial objections of detail, but reserved his criticism for points where a principle was involved." In answer to a question whether he had difficulty in making him join the cabinet, Mr. Gladstone said: "It took me from 11 o'clock to 1 one night to persuade him; but once in, he was excellent, as loyal as possible—No thought of self-seeking."

Every dog wags his own tail; don't kill him because you hate his master.