

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## THE DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY MONTE A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Philip Anson is a boy of 15, of good breeding, but an orphan and miserably poor.

The story opens with the death of his mother. His relatives have deserted the family in their hour of need and when his mother's death comes Philip is in despair. He looks over his mother's letters and finds that he is related to Sir Philip Morland. A few days later a terrific thunderstorm brews over London. At the height of the storm a flash of lightning sears a team attached to a coach standing in front of a West End mansion. Philip, who has become a newboy, rescues a girl from the carriage just before it turns over. A man with the girl trips over Philip, in his excitement. He cuffs the boy and calls a policeman. The girl pleads for Philip and he is allowed to go after learning that the man was Lord Vanstone. Philip then determined to commit suicide. He borrows a piece of rope from O'Brien, a ship chandler, and goes to his miserable dwelling in Johnson's Mews.

Now Read On

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He stooped and kissed the pillow, nestling his face against it, as he was wont to fondle the dear face that rested there so many weary days. Then he resolutely turned away, descended four steps of the ladder-like stairs, and tied the clothesline to a hook which had been driven into the ceiling during the harness-room period of the room beneath. With equal deliberation he knotted the other end of the cord around his neck, and he calculated that by springing from the stairs he would receive sufficient shock to become insensible very quickly, while his feet would dangle several inches above the floor.

There was a terrible coolness, a settled fixity of purpose far beyond his years, in the manner of these final preparations. At last they were completed. He blew out the candle and stood erect.

At that instant the room became absolutely flooded with lightning, not in a single vivid flash, but in a tremulous, continuous glare, that suggested the effect of some luminous constellation, flares with electric energy.

Before his eyes was exhibited a startling panorama of the familiar objects of his lonely abode. The brightness, so sustained and tremulous, startled him back from the very brink of death.

"I will wait," he said. "When the thunder comes I will jump."

Even as the thought formed in his mind a ball of fire—so glowing, so brilliant in its flaming heat that it dominated the electric waves fluttering in the overburdened air—darted past the little window that looked out over the tiny yard in the rear of the house, and crashed through the flagstones with the din of a ten-inch shell.

Philip, elevated on the stairway, distinctly saw the molten splash which accompanied its impact. He saw the heavy stones river asunder as if they were tissue paper, and from the hole caused by the thunderbolt, or meteor, came a radiance that sent a spreading shaft of light upward like the beam of a searchlight. The warmth, too, of the object was almost overpowering. Had not the surrounding walls been constructed of stone and brick there must have been an immediate outbreak of fire. As it was, the glass in the windows cracked, and the woodwork began to scorch. "In the event of a dreadful roll of thunder sweep over the locality, and a deluge of rain, without any further warning, descend."

All this seemed to the wondering boy to be a very long time in passing. In reality it occupied but a very few seconds. People in the distant street could not distinguish the crash of the falling meteor from the accompanying thunder, and the downpour of rain came in the very nick of time to prevent the flood in the house and the neighboring fac-



He poked at the fiery mass with the stick.

tories from blazing forth into a disastrous fire.

The torrent of water caused a dense volume of steam to generate in the back yard, and this helped to minimize the strange light shooting up from the cavity. There was a mad hissing and crackling as the rain poured over the meteor and gradually dulled its brightness. Pandemonium raged in that curiously secluded nook.

Amazed and cowed—not by the natural phenomenon he had witnessed, but by the interpretation he placed on it—the boy unfastened the rope from his neck.

"Very well, mother," he whispered, aloud. "If it is your wish I will live. I suppose that God speaks in this way."

Philip descended the stairs. He was choking now from another cause than strangulation. The steam pouring in through the fractured window panes was stifling. He took off his coat, first removing from an inner pocket the bundle of letters found under Mrs. Anson's pillow, and carefully stuffed the worn garment into the largest cavity. By this means he succeeded somewhat in shutting out the vapor, as well as the lurid light that still flared red in the back yard.

The lightning had ceased totally, and the improvised blind plunged the room into impenetrable darkness. He felt his way to the stairs and found the candle, which he relighted. The rain beating on the roof and on the outer pavements combined with the wet sounds in the enclosed yard to make a terrifying racket. It was not likely that a youth who attributed his escape from a loathsome death, self-inflicted, to the direct interposition of Providence in his behalf would yield to any sentimental fears on that account. Indeed, although quite weak from hunger, he felt an unaccountable elation of spirits, a new-born desire to live and justify his mother's confidence in him, a sense of power to achieve that which hitherto seemed impossible.

He even broke into a desultory whistling as he bent over the hearth and resumed the laying of the fire abandoned five minutes earlier, with such sudden soul weariness. The candle, too, burned with cheery glimmer, as if pleased with the disappearance of its formidable competitor. Fortunately he had some coal in the house—his chief supply was stored in a small bin at the other side of the yard, beyond the burial place of the raging, steaming meteor, and consequently quite unapproachable.

Soon the fire burned merrily, and the coffee-stall keeper's recipe for using coffee grounds was put into practice. Philip had neither sugar nor milk, but the hot liquid smelled well, and he was now so cold and stiff, and he had such an empty sensation where he might have worn a belt, that some crusts of bread, softened by immersion in the dark compound, earned keener appreciation than was ever given in later days to the most costly dishes of famous restaurants yet un-built.

After he had eaten he dried his damp garments and changed his soaked boots for a pair so worn that they scarcely held together. But their dryness was comforting. An added feeling of contentment, largely induced by the heat of the grateful fire, rendered his actions leisurely. Quite half an hour elapsed before he thought of peeping through the back window to ascertain the progress of external events. The rain was not now pelted down with abnormal fury. It

was still falling, but with the quiet persistence that marks—in London parlance—"a genuine wet day." The steam had almost vanished. When he removed his coat from the broken panes he saw with surprise that the flagstones in the yard were dry within a circle of two feet around the hole made by the meteor. Such drops as fell within that area were instantly obliterated, and tiny jets of vapor from the hole itself betrayed the presence of the fiery object beneath. His boyish curiosity being thoroughly aroused, he drew an old sack over his head and shoulders, unlocked a door which led to the yard from a tiny outhouse, and cautiously approached the place where the meteor had plowed its way into the ground. The stones were littered with debris, but the velocity of the heavy mass had been so great that a comparatively clean cut was made through the pavement. The air was warm, with the hot breath of an oven, and it was as much as Philip could bear when he stood on the brink of the hole and peeped in.

At a good depth, nearly half his own height he estimated, he saw a round ball firmly imbedded in the earth. It was dull red, with its surface all cracks and fissures as the result of the water poured onto it. Much larger than a foot ball, it seemed to him, at first sight, to be the angry eye of some colossal demon glaring up at him from a dark socket. But the boy was absolutely a stranger to fear. He procured the handle of a mop and prodded the meteor with it. The surface felt hard and brittle. Large sections broke away, though they did not crumble, and he received a sharp reminder of the potency of the heat still stored below when the wood burst into sudden flame.

This ended his investigations for the night. He used the sackling to block up the window, replenished the fire, set his coat to dry, and dragged his mattress from the bedroom to the front of the fire. The warmth within and without the house had made him intolerably drowsy, and he fell asleep while murmuring his prayers, a practice abandoned since the hour of his mother's death.

In reality, Philip was undergoing a novel sort of Turkish bath, and the perspiration induced thereby probably saved him from a dangerous cold. He

slept long and soundly. There was no need to attend to the fire. Long ere the coal in the grate was exhausted the presence of the meteor had penetrated the surrounding earth, and the house was far above its normal temperature when he awoke.

The sun had risen in a cloudless sky. A lovely spring morning had succeeded a night of gloom and disaster, and the first sound that greeted his wondering ears was the twittering of the busy sparrows on the housetops. Of course, he owned neither clock nor watch. These articles, with many others, were represented by a bundle of pawn tickets stuffed into one of the envelopes of his mother's packet of letters. But the experience of even a few weeks had taught him roughly how to estimate time by the sun, and he guessed the hour to be 8 o'clock, or thereabouts.

His first thought was of the meteor. His toilet was that of primitive man, being a mere matter of rinsing and stretching his stiff limbs. While lacing his boots he noticed that the floor was littered with tiny white specks, the largest of which was not bigger than a grain of bird seed. These were the particles which shot through the broken window during the previous night. He picked up a few and examined them. They were hard, angular, and of the color, touch, and a dull white in color.

On entering the yard he saw hundreds of these queer little rough pebbles, many of them as large as peas, some the size of marbles and a few bigger ones. They had evidently flown on all sides, but, encountering lofty walls, save where they forced a way through the thin glass of the window, had fallen back to the ground. Interspersed with them he found pieces of broken stone and jagged lumps of material that looked and felt like iron. By this time the meteor itself had cooled sufficiently to reveal the nature of its outer crust. It appeared to be an amalgam of the dark, iron-like mineral and the white pebbles. Through one deep fissure he could still see the fiery heart of the thing, and he imagined that when the internal heat had quite exhausted itself the great ball would easily break into pieces, for it was rent in all directions.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

### Gladness

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Gladness was made for children, not for men,  
Yet all men love to see a child at play,  
Knowing no past and reveling in today,  
With baby playthings scattered o'er the den;  
And all men pause a while and wonder when  
The gladness from the child will steal away,  
Leaving the world as desolate and gray  
As when the Truth came to their older ken.

Happy the child that hugs his tiny toys  
And rises not to hug his toys again—  
That bids this life farewell, and this life's joys,  
Without an inkling of its searing pain.  
Happy the child who takes his smiles and goes  
While Gladness is the only king he knows.

### Two Offerings from Gay Paris Fully Described by Olivette



Here is a charming afternoon gown on the left for the older sister. Emerald silk velvet is the model—but for the girl of more conservative taste we suggest hunter's green or reseau. The kimono bodice crosses at the front in a full blouse. Ruffles of the velvet finish the sleeves and a small shawl collar of white silk cachemire—known in the shops as "cachemire de soie"—trims the neck, forming revers in front.

The skirt shows a tunic hanging over a girdle of draped satin and finishing in two flounces of black tulle embroidered with jet and emeralds. The under part of the skirt is plain and round and slightly drawn up in the center.

A dinner dress of black velvet, with a bodice of straw-colored tulle, is shown on the right. This little blouse is a kimono with tiny sleeves edged in wide gold lace, which is again used to cross the lower part of the bodice. A rose of deep cerise crosses the draped girdle of black velvet, which catches up the skirt in a deep ripple to give the tunic effect. This tunic drapery is simply made by doubling back the material on itself. The drapery lengthens at the back, where there is a little butterfly bow of black tulle.

The headdress is a notable affair that well becomes an oriental face. Sortly curled numidie waves across the face form a little "coupling" of straw beads.

OLIVETTE.

### How Hungary Was Enslaved

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.



The treaty of Carlowitz, concluded 215 years ago January 25, 1699, between Turkey and the allied powers, forged the chain from which the land of Kosuth has never since been able to free itself.

Two years before, September, 1697, at Zenta, the great captain, Eugene of Savoy, had administered a crushing defeat to the Turks, and it was because of that defeat that the treaty of Carlowitz became possible. It was the first consultation of the powers over the "Sick Man," who is now just about breathing his last. The treaty finished up the good work that had been begun by Sobriaki at Vienna in 1683, and henceforth the Turks ceased to be a danger to Christian Europe.

But "Christian Europe," through its representatives at Carlowitz, having paid its respects to the Turks, went on to commit an unpardonable crime against a sister nation. They gave Austria the whole of Hungary with the exception of the Banat of Timisvar. In other words they deliberately, and in cold blood, robbed a people of their liberties and made them the political slaves of a nation that had no claim upon them except the one that is born of the lust of greed and dominion.

The infamy of this transaction appears all the deeper and blacker when one stops to think of the services that Hungary had rendered in the cause of Europe against the Turk. Who that knows history can ever forget the name of the "Great John Hunyady," who, with his Hungarians and their allies, in 1456, dealt the Turks that terrible blow before Belgrade, defeating their army of 150,000 men, utterly routing it, inflicting upon it a loss of 40,000 killed and many thousands of prisoners. After beating Murad to a finish at Belgrade, Hunyady invaded Turkey, beat the Moslems in battle after battle, captured Sofia and forced the sultan to sign a treaty by which he gave over all claims to Serbia and gave over Wallachia to Hungary.

It was the very first experience in the way of defeat that the haughty invaders had ever met with, and they never forgot it. And it was administered by Hungary—the land that was robbed of its freedom by the consciousness scum who presided at the Carlowitz conference.

### The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I have saw a lot of things in the papers that I thought was kind of dippy," said the Manicure Lady, "but I think the foolishlest thing that I ever seen was a statement made by some lady in a paper the other day."

"I suppose it was about voting," said the Head Barber.

"No, George, it wasn't about voting. Honest to goodness, if you keep on talking about us women voting I will begin to think that you men is carefully planning to trim us in 1916. (No, this piece that I read was about beauty, the thing even dearer to a woman's heart than voting or her husband's salary. The woman that wrote the piece said that if a girl was to think beautiful thoughts all the time she would get to be beautiful herself. 'Can you beat that?'

"There may be a good deal of truth in it," said the Head Barber.

"There may be a good deal of truth in the story about the whale swallowing Joan of Arc," replied the Manicure Lady, "but you have got to show me, George. My sister Mayme has a old maid friend named Euphasia West-norther that hasn't did anything except to think beautiful thoughts since she was a little girl in short dresses, and she is about as handsome as Harry Lauder. She has two of the sweetest moles on her cheeks that you ever seen, George, and I would like to see the beautiful thoughts that could take them off. No, George, there is no use denying the fact that us girls has got to resort to a certain amount of nature's remedies, such as lip rouge and powder.

"Now Mayme is a girl that is all the time thinking beautiful thoughts. I suppose it is because she is like Wilfred. She likes poetry and can read a yard of it while I am reading a ad about Monday's bargains. Anyhow, most of her thoughts is beautiful, but nevertheless, she has one of the shiniest noses that you ever seen. It looks like high noon after she has been sitting in the theater ten minutes, and you have got to show me, George, if beautiful thoughts are half so defective in a case like that as a little powder puff."

"I guess most of the girls has to powder some," said the Head Barber, "but men has powder put on their faces after they get a shave, so I can't see a lot of difference. The only thing that I don't like to see the Missus do is to put red stuff on her lips. She had a lady friend once that was all the time touching up her mouth with carmine, or whatever she called it, and I told the wife

the first time I wanted her just as she was, not as one of them there artists might paint her."

"It's a good thing anyhow that women don't have to get beautiful or stay beautiful by thinking beautiful thoughts," said the Manicure Lady. "Goodness knows that there is a swell chance around this shop for a girl like me to think beautiful. We are lucky if we can keep on thinking at all. Imagine me thinking about something beautiful, and then have one of them level headed actors come in her to have his nails did. There ain't many beautiful thoughts in this game except the thought that it is nearly time to go home. What would you do, George, if you had to think beautiful thoughts all day long?"

"That would be easy for me," replied the Head Barber, "I would just keep thinking of you."

### How to Make the Best Cough Remedy at Home

A Family Supply at Small Cost, and Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing one pint of granulated sugar and 3/4 pint of warm water and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a family supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of \$2. It never spoils. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, bronchial asthma, whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold almost instantly, and will usually conquer an ordinary cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative enough to be helpful in cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, bronchial asthma, whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

This method of making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) is now used in more homes than any other cough syrup. This explains why it is often imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in gualic acid and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this combination. A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

### Sage Tea Darkens Hair to Any Shade

Don't stay gray! Here's a simple recipe that anybody can apply with a hair brush.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and abundant. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a 50 cents bottle of "Wyet's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get this famous old recipe which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, feverish, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application of two, it becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and abundant.—Advertisement.