

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## MINI-DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

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Then he groped his doubtful path to the mantelpiece, where he had left a candle and a box of matches. His boots crunched, as he went, on what he knew to be mostly diamonds, and he stumbled over the mattress in front of the fireplace. Yes, the candle was there. Soon he had a light. The tiny gleam lifted the black curtain, and he surveyed his domain. A single glance showed that all things remained exactly as he left them on Saturday morning. The packet of letters rested on the broken chair, the old sack was stuffed into the window, and the rope—that never to be forgotten rope—dangled from the hook to which he had fastened it.

The sight brought a lump into his throat. He sank to his knees, pressed down, he felt, by some superior power.

"Mother," he said, humbly, "forgive me, and ask God to forgive me, for what I would have done were you not watching over me."

In the spiritual exaltation of the moment he almost expected to find that sweet face peering at him benignly from out of the dim background. But he could not see her, and he rose, revived by this spoken communion with her. He had no shadow of doubt as to her presence. God to him was the universe, and his mother the unquestionable means of communication with the Providence that governed his life. He would die rather than abandon that belief. Were it dispelled from his mind he was quite certain that his wealth would vanish with it. It was no haphazard accident which had sent the diamond laden meteor heading from the sky. He was despairing, dying; his mother appealed for him; and, behold! the very elements that control the world obeyed a mighty behest.

He began to work methodically. In the first place, he lit a fire, for the evening was chilly. Then he shook his mattress and swept the floor, gathering into a heap all the tiny particles with which it was littered. These he collected in a piece of newspaper and folded them into a parcel, which again he inclosed in a stouter sheet of brown paper, finally tying the whole with a yard of string he carried in his pocket.

There were hundreds of tiny diamonds in that insignificant package, and not a few the size of small peas. As a matter of fact, he discovered subsequently that the net result of his sweeping brought him in over £1,000.

Having examined every nook and crevice of the apartment by the aid of the candle, he satisfied himself that nothing remained, which would indicate to the most curious eye any event out of the common having occurred in that humble dwelling.

It was typical of Philip's implicit faith that he did not unlock the back door until his interior task was ended. He knew that his meteor was untouched.

There was no wind without. The candle, feeble as its rays were, illuminated of small yards sufficiently to reveal its debris of white stones and darker lumps of metal. Beginning at the doorway he swept vigorously, but with minutest care, until he had formed four good-sized piles on the flagstones.

He could not afford to differentiate between the debris of the damaged pavement and the fragments of the meteor. It was easy to distinguish the larger pieces of broken glass from the window inside the house—in the yard he had neither the time nor the light to select the bits of shattered stone. All must go together, to be sorted with leisureed care subsequently.

He scrutinized the external window sills, the door posts, the chinks of the small coalhouse door, the further end of the yard, even the rough surfaces of the walls, and removed every speck of loose material. More newspaper was requisitioned, but, after utilizing the twine on his parcel of clothing, he ran short of string.

He coolly went up the stairs, unfastened the rope with which he had intended to hang himself and loosened its stiff strands. Soon he had an abundance of strong cord, and four bulky packages were added to the first, small one.

They were heavy, too, weighing several pounds each. In placing them side by side close to the wall beneath the front window, he suddenly realized an unforeseen difficulty.

If these shreds of matter—the mere husk, as it were, of the meteor—were so ponderous, what would be the weight of the meteor itself? How could he hope to lift it from the hole in which it lay—how convey it from Johnson's Mews to a new and safer habitation? He might as well endeavor to move an unwilling elephant.

The thought chilled him. For the first time since his parting interview with Mr. Johnson, Philip experienced a dread of failure. With something of a panic in his blood, he snatched the candle and ran hastily into the yard. He knelt and held the light low in the excavation. Then he cried aloud:

"What! Am I so ready to lose faith in mother?"

For the huge metallic mass—so big that it would not enter the bore of the largest cannon known to modern gunnery—was split asunder in all directions. Its fissures gaped widely as if to mock at him. The rain and steam had done their work well. It was even possible that he would not need the spade, but would be able to pick out each separate chunk with his hand.

Instantly he put the thought into execution, and succeeded in lifting several pieces to the yard level. He noted that they were studded with the dull white pebbles, some being the size of pigeon's eggs. He could not help comparing them in his mind's eye with the collection now lodged in Isaacstein's safe. If these were worth fifty thousand pounds, these must be of fabulous value.

Any other person in the wide world might have been accused if he pinched himself, or winked furiously, or took out the gold-filled tobacco pouch for careful inspection, to assure himself that he was not dreaming. Not so Philip. The only dominant feeling in his brain was one of annoyance that he should have doubted, for one single instant that means would be given him to secure



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THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF TINY DIAMONDS IN THAT INSIGNIFICANT PACKAGE, AND NOT A FEW THE SIZE OF SMALL PEAS. AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE DISCOVERED SUBSEQUENTLY THAT THE NET RESULT OF HIS SWEEPING BROUGHT HIM IN OVER A THOUSAND POUNDS.

absolute and undisputed control of his treasure.

But there remained the problem of weight. His original idea was to wrap the actual body of the meteor in the stout sack he obtained from O'Brien, and then enclose all his valuables in a tin trunk which he would purchase next morning. An ordinary trunk would certainly be spacious enough, but the phenomenal weight would unquestionably evoke more comment than he desired, and it would need two strong men to lift it.

This portion of his plan needed to be entirely remodeled, and he was now, more than ever, thankful that the £50, save it expended, reposed in his pocket. With money all things, or nearly all things, were possible.

Owing to the cramped space in which the meteor lay it was no small task to bring it to the surface in sections. But he persevered. By strenuous endeavor he accumulated an astounding pile of iron ore studded with diamonds in a brown cake, and the guttering candle held low down failed to reveal anything else in the hole. There was a good deal of debris at the bottom, and the depth was now over four feet. To reach to its full extent he was compelled to jam his head and shoulders into the excavation and feel blindly with one hand, so he rightly concluded that a final examination might be left until daylight.

By this time he was hot and covered with dirt. He stripped, washed himself in front of the fire, and changed into his new clothes.

He did not possess a looking glass, but he felt sure that he presented a remarkably different appearance when attired in a neat serge suit, a clean shirt and reputable boots. His first impulse was to thrust his discarded garments into the fire, but sentiment prevailed and he folded them into a parcel.

Then he extinguished his candle and went out. To his exceeding surprise he discovered that it was nearly 9 o'clock—time had indeed flown.

The shops in the Mile End road open early and close late. He entered a restaurant where he was unknown, passing, as a matter of policy, the coffee stall of his kindly helped of those former days, now so remote in his crowded memories. After eating a hearty meal, for which he was thoroughly prepared, he tendered a sovereign in payment.

The proprietor barely glanced at him. Philip was now well dressed, according to local ideas, and his strong, erect figure, his resolute face, added two or three years to his age when contrasted with the puny standard of 15 as set by the poverty-stricken East End.

He had forgotten to buy a necktie and a new pair of stockings. These omissions he now rectified, and he also purchased a worn, dark-gray traveling rug, several yards of druggist's ball of twine and a

pair of scissors. A couple of stout, but worn, leather portmanteaux caught his eye. "Those are cheap," said the salesman, quickly, "only 15 shillings each."

"I'm not sure I can afford so much," said Philip, hesitatingly, for the rug alone cost £1 6 shillings.

"They're a rare bargain—real leather—they were never made under £3 each."

"Oh, very well. I will take them."

He produced £3, got his change, and walked away, with his goods without causing any wonderment. The shopman was only too glad to have a customer at that late hour.

Philip now knew that he was fairly safe, but he decided that a derby hat gave him a more mature appearance than a cap. This alteration being effected, he hurried off to Johnson's Mews and reentered his domicile without incident worthy of note.

Very quickly, with the help of druggist, scissors and twine, the two small trunks were packed with pieces of the meteor and the paper covered parcels already prepared. When each bag weighed about forty pounds he packed the remaining space with rolled-up newspapers.

closed and locked them. He estimated that three larger leather bags—these being less noisy than tin—would hold the remainder of the meteor.

As the next morning would find him occupied enough, he decided to do as much as possible that night. Three times he sallied forth and returned with a good sized valise. He paid prices varying from £2 10 shillings to £3 15 shillings, and always bought second-hand goods.

He had locked and strapped the fourth of his goodly array of traveling bags when he fancied he heard a footstep in the news. Such an occurrence would not have troubled him not a jot a week ago. Tonight it was extremely disconcerting.

Notwithstanding the weight of the packed portmanteaux, especially the larger one, he lifted each boldly in his arms and ran with it into the tiny scullery.

On the front window there was no blind, only a small, much-worn curtain covering the lower panel, and he did not want any stray loofer to gaze in at him and discover a large quantity of luggage in such a disreputable hotel.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

## An Attractive Hat | FULLY DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE



More than "tip tilted, like the petal of a flower," is this small hat of English straw in the Isabelle tone that bids fair to carry the soft coloring of the dove to popularity this spring.

The firm, round line of the brim, well lifted from the face to reveal the coiffure, is broken in the middle of the left side to show a beaded ornament in the light colors—red and green.

This holds a double fan of plaited ribbon of Isabelle colored faille.

The home milliner will do well to copy the smart simplicity of this little French model. OLIVETTE.

## Learn to Master the "Tongue"

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Israel Zangwill once visited the city of Chicago. Among other places of interest he was taken to the stock yards, where luncheon was served for the party. During the meal a pert miss, seated next to the guest of honor, asked him this question: "Mr. Zangwill, how do you like Chicago?"

The dreamer of the Ghetto raised his sorrowful face and said quietly, "I like it, I like it—much better than Chicago tongue!"

Too much tongue is a bad thing.

When we recall that some of the best and noblest who have ever lived have been reviled and traduced, indicted and executed, by so-called good men—certainly men who were sincere—how can we open our hearts to tales of discredit?

The entire Salem witchcraft insanity was nothing but a bad case of scandal. Much of the martyrdom and bloodshed of the past can be traced directly to the same cause. Nations have gone to war because some princeling has charged that a king stuck his tongue in his cheek and bit his thumb when another king was mentioned.

One peculiarity of scandal is that when it is passed along from one person to another it takes on pomatines. The original remark, uttered in a certain circle, may have been utterly devoid of poison; but when the reputation comes

in a different atmosphere, to different hearers, told by another man, the wit that once glistered the thing is gone and we have only dead, stale, tainted, unprofitable stuff.

And so you see how a person who repeats an unkind remark is probably doing a much greater mischief than the one who first uttered it. The man who repeats the story, and thus retails the poison, fails to supply the antidote. Let his name be anathema.

A ludicrous feature of "tongue" is that those who deal in it most always are full of grievances and wails, because, they allege, other folks are talking about them. Indeed, this is their excuse for the constant use of the hammer—that some one is "knocking on them." They mistake the sound of their own hammers for that of others. Any man who plots another's undoing is digging his own grave.

All those plotters of the French revolution who worked the guillotine in double shifts were at last dragged to the scaffold and pushed under the knife.

The haté we sow finds lodgment in our hearts, and the crop is nettles that fast unrelentingly demands we gather.

Those who live by the hammer shall perish by the hammer.

If you work in a department store, a bank, a railroad office, a factory, I beg of you, do not knock. Speak ill of no one and listen to no idle tales. Whether the bitter things told are true or not, has no bearing on the issue. To repeat an unkind truth is just as bad as to invent a lie. If some one has spoken ill of me, do not be so foolish as to hope to curry favor by telling me of it.

And of this never for a moment doubt that the man who successfully manages a great railroad, bank, factory or other enterprise, is one who neither listens to or bears tales to any person of what this

one says or does. He treats all with courtesy and fairness, and like the great and loving Lincoln, when his generals were accused, deducts 75 per cent from every accusation and throws the remainder in the waste basket. Actions alone count.

Where many men are employed there are always some who are full of plots and of schemes for more pay, shorter hours or favors generally. They scheme to have one forman "bounced" in order to have another man, who will help their cause, put in charge.

Should success follow their efforts, the old foreman be replaced, the first move of the new man will probably be to discharge the conspirators who helped him.

Men who conspire and plot, and who lend a ready ear to the idea of a strike, are marked on every time book for dismissal when the hour is ripe. And whenever you find a man who spends half of his time looking for a job you can rest assured that he is one who carries a large cargo of "tongue."

You can never stand ill with the boss by telling him of those who are jagged. The only way you can win his favor is by setting the loafers a pace. He knows all about the loafers. For if he did not he could never successfully manage an institution.

No man can ever succeed who hopes to get a better position by defaming or dragging down the reputation of another. There is but one way to win, and that is to do your work well and speak ill of no one, not even as a matter of truth. Any other course leads to tears, tears, woe, waste of life force and oblivion.

There is only one way to win the favor of good men, and there is only one way you can secure the smile of success, and that is to do your work as well as you can and speak ill of no one.

## A King and the Law

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

One of them happened to be a little nervous on the day of the examination and was unable to think of just the right word that he needed in making a Greek translation. Knowing that he would fail to pass unless he got the word, he appealed for assistance to his chum. The assistance was forthcoming, but was immediately discovered by the rector of the university.

The rules of the Department of Education are very strict in Sweden, and when a fraud of any kind is detected the guilty party is shown no mercy. The least he can do is to wait another year for re-examination.

It was a hard blow for the baron, whose son had made such rapid progress, and who was expected to pass the examination with flying colors. Having failed to persuade the authorities to give the young man another chance the baron went straight to the king and implored him with all the earnestness of which he was capable to use his high influence in behalf of the boy.

The king listened to him patiently and with a deep and genuine sympathy, and then replied: "My dear friend, this is indeed a serious case. You will understand that while you are in authority above your son, and I above both your son and yourself, high above us both stands the law, and that must not be tampered with. I am sorry, but I cannot help you."

The late King Oscar II of Sweden was in many ways a remarkable personage. Though a king, he was noted for his gentleness and humanity. He never permitted the monarch to spoil the man. Though a king he ever remembered that the kingliest thing about himself was his mind, and to the cultivation of his intellect he was ever most attentive. Though a king, he was ever keenly alive to the fact that overtopping him as a monarch was a monarch was the everlasting right, with which he could not afford to trifle.

The following story is illustrative of the kind of man that Oscar was.

Among the graduates from one of the academies were two young men who had become strongly attached to each other, one of them being the son of a nobleman who was prominent in politics and on the very best of terms with the king. The two aspirants for university honors were considered the best and brightest of their class, and none thought that they had anything to fear from the required examinations.

