The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"THE KING OF DIAMONDS"

A Thrilling Story of a Modern Monte Cristo

BY LOUIS TRACY.

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

Philip Anson, a boy of 15 when the story opens, is of good family and has been well reared. His widowed mother has been disowned by her wealthy relatives and dies in extreme poverty. Following her death the boy is desperate. On his return from the funeral, in a violent rain, he is able to save the life of a little girl, who was caught in a street accident. He goes back to the house where his mother had died, and is ready to hang himself, when a huge meteor falls in the courtyard. He takes this as a sign from heaven, and abandons suicide. Investigation proves the meteor to have been an immense diamond. Philip arranges with a broker named Isaacstein to handle his diamonds. In getting away from Johnson's Mews, where the diamond fell, he saves a policeman's life from attack by a criminal named Jockey Mason. He has made friends with Police Magistrate Abingdon, and engages him to look after his affairs as guardian. This ends the first part of the story.

The second part opens ten years later. Philip has taken a course at the university, and is now a wealthy and athletic young man, much given to roaming. He has learned his mother was sister of Sir Philip Morland, who is married and has a stepson. He is now looking for his nephew. Johnson's Mews has been turned into the Mary Anson Home for Indigent Boys, one of London's most notable private charities. Jockey Mason, out of prison on ticket-of-leave, seeks for vengeance, and falls in with Victor Grenier, a master crook, and James Langdon, stepson of Sir Philip Morland, a dissipated rounder. Philip saves a girl from insult from this gang, and learns later she is the same girl whose life he had saved on that rainy night. Grenier plots to get possession of Philip's wealth. His plan is to impersonate Philip after he has been kidnaped and turned over to Jockey Mason. Just as this pair has come to an understanding, Langdon returns from the girl's home, where he has attended a reception. The three crooks lay their plans, and in the meantime Philip arranges so Mrs. Atherly recovers some of her money from Lord Vanstone, her cousin, and secures a promise from the daughter to wed him.

Now Read On

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It was his mother's work. He was faithful to her memory—she to her trust. Never did his confidence waver. On the day that Evelyn consented to marry him he showed her his mother's photograph and told her his belief.

The girl's happy tears bedewed the picture.

"A good son makes a good husband," she murmured. "Mamma says I have been a good daughter, and I will try to be a good wife, Philip."

Apparently these young people had attained the very pinnacle of earthly happiness. There was no cloud, no obstacle. All that was best in the world was at their feet.

Some such thought flitted through Philip's active brain once when Evelyn and he were discussing the future.

"Of course we will be busy," he said, laughing. "You are such an industrious little woman—what? Well—such an industrious tall woman—that the days won't be long enough for all you will find to do. As for me, I suppose I must try and earn a peerage, just to give you your proper place in society, and then we will grow old gracefully."

"Oh, Philip," she cried, placing her hands on his shoulders. "We met once as children for a few minutes. Fate ordained that we should meet again under strange circumstances. We were separated for years. Can fate play us any uncanny trick that will separate us again?"

"Well, sweetheart, fate, in the shape of Wale, is coming for me at 6. Unless you wish me to send for my man and dress here"—

"Sometimes I cannot quite credit my good fortune," she said, softly. "Tell me, dearest, how did you manage to live until you were 25 without falling in love with some other girl?"

"That is ridiculously easy. Tell me how you managed to escape matrimony until you were 22 and you are answered."

"Philip, I—I liked you that night I saw you in the square. You were a woebegone little boy, but you were so brave and gave me your hand to help me from the carriage with the air of a young lord."

"And I have cherished your face in my waking dreams ever since. You looked like a fairy. And how you stuck up for me against your uncle!"

"Tell me, what did you think of me when you saw me standing disconsolate in the park?"

Tell, tell, tell—it was nothing but sweet questions and sweet assurances that this pair of turtle doves had been seeking each other through all eternity.

Their wedding was fixed for the middle of July. Sharp work, it may be said, but what need was there to wait? Mr. Abingdon was greatly pleased with Philip's choice, and urged him to settle down at the earliest possible date.

Mrs. Atherley, too, raised no protest. The sooner her beloved daughter was married, the more rapidly would life resume its normal aspect; they would not be long parted from each other.

The young people had no housekeeping cares. Philip's mansions were replete with all that could be desired by the most fastidious taste. His yacht was brought to the solent, so that they could run over to Portsmouth on a motor car to inspect it, and Evelyn instantly determined that their honeymoon in Etretat should be curtailed to permit them to go for a three weeks' cruise around the British coast.

This suggestion, of course, appealed to Philip. Nothing could be more delightful. He whispered in Evelyn's ear that he would hug her for the idea at the very first opportunity.

One morning, a day of June rain, a letter reached Philip. It bore the printed superscription, "The Hall, Betham, Devon," but this was struck out and another address substituted. It was written in a scrawling, wavering hand, the caligraphy of a man old and very ill. It read:

"My Dear Philip—I am lying at the point of death, so I use no labored words to explain why I address you in such manner. I want to tell you how bitterly dear mother and sister. If, of your dear mother and my sister. If, of your charity, you will come to my bedside, and assure a feeble old man of your forgiveness, I can meet the coming ordeal strong in the certainty that Mary Anson will not refuse what you have given in her behalf.

"Your sorrowing uncle,
"PHILIP MORLAND."

With this piteous epistle was inclosed another.

"Dear Mr. Anson—I join my earnest supplication to my husband's that you will console his last hours with a visit. He blames himself for what has happened in the past. Yet the fault was more mine than his—far more. For his sake I willingly admit it. And I have been punished for my sin. Ruined in fortune, with my husband at death's door, I am indeed a sorrowing woman.

"Yours faithfully,
"LOUISA MORLAND."

The angular Italian handwriting of the second letter recalled a faded script in his safe at that moment. The address in each case was a village on the Yorkshire coast, a remote and inaccessible place according to Philip's unaided recollection of the map. "Grange house" might be a farm or a broken-down manor, and Lady Morland's admission of reduced circumstances indicated that they had chosen the locality for economy's sake.

These appeals brought a frown of indecision to Anson's brow. His uncle and his uncle's wife, had unquestionably been the means of shortening and embittering his mother's life. The man might have acted in ignorance; the woman did not.

Yet what could he do? Refuse a dying relative's last request! They, or one of them, refused his mother's pitiful demand for a little pecuniary help at a time when they were rich.

And what dire mischance could have sunk them into poverty? Little more than two months had passed since Sir Philip Morland was inquiring for his (Philip's) whereabouts through Messrs. Sharpe & Smith with a view toward making him his heir.

Was the inquiry Lady Morland's last ruse to save an encumbered estate? Why was all pretense of doubt as to his relationship swept aside so completely?

He glanced again at the address on the letter, and asked a servant to bring him a railway guide. Then he ascertained that if he would reach Scarsdale that day he must leave London not later than noon. There was a journey of nearly seven hours by rail; no chance of returning the same night.

He went to the library and rang up Sharpe & Smith on the telephone.

A clerk assured him that Mr. Sharpe, who attended to Sir Philip Morland's affairs, had been summoned to Devonshire the previous day.

"To Devonshire!" cried Philip. "I have just received letters from Sir Philip and Lady Morland from Yorkshire."

"Mr. Sharpe himself is puzzled about the matter, sir. Lady Morland wrote from Yorkshire, but told him to proceed to Devonshire without delay."

"Has there been some unexpected development affecting the estate?"

"I am sorry, sir, but you will see I can hardly answer any further questions."

Of course, the clerk was right. Philip had hardly quitted the telephone when a note reached him by hand from Evelyn: "Please come at once. Must see you."

He was at Mount street in three minutes.

Evelyn looked serious and began by holding out a letter to him. He recognized Lady Morland's writing.

"Philip—those people—who behaved so badly to your mother"—

They are wretchedly poor; an unforeseen

"Oh, it is so sad. Your uncle is dying. They are wretchedly poor; an unforseen collapse. See." And she read:

"Of your pity, Miss Atherley, ask your affianced husband to come to us, and to help us. I want nothing for myself, but the mere sight of a few checks to pay tradespeople, doctor and the rest will soothe Sir Philip's last hours. He is a proud man, and I know he is heartbroken to think he is dying a pauper among strangers."

So it ended as might be expected. Philip wired to Grange House, Scarsdale, to announce his coming. Accompanied by his valet, he left King's Cross at 12 o'clock, but his parting words to Evelyn were:

"See Mr. Abingdon after luncheon, dear, and tell him what I am doing. I will return tomorrow; meanwhile, I will keep you informed by telegraph of my movements."

After leaving the main line at York there was a tiresome crawl to the coast, broken by changes at junctions—wearying intervals spent in pacing monotonous platforms.

At last the train reached Scarsdale at twenty minutes to 7. A few passengers alighted. The place was evidently a small village not given over to the incursions of summer visitors.

A tall man, with "doctor" written large on his silk hat and frock coat, approached Philip.

"Mr. Anson?"

"Yes."

"I am Dr. Williams. I have brought you a letter from Lady Morland. Perhaps you will read it now. I expect it explains my errand."

"Sir Philip is still living?"

"Yes, but sinking fast."

Anson tore open the note. It was brief.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Into a Mirror---Into To-morrow | Laughing Wrinkes Don't Count | By Nell Brinkley

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Haven't you, litle girl who looks into your own smooth face so many times a day, heard folks toss out a phrase like this, "Isn't she the dearest little old lady—she's so jolly!" and this, "She's such a group of jolly laughter wrinkles round her eyes!"

Haven't you? And hearing it, did you ever wonder what kind of a little old lady you would be? I have. Sometimes I've worried, in the fashion femininity has, when I caught myself laughing and saw the little crinkles around my eyes and wondered just how long it would be before the laugh-lines like this, (), you know, came 'round my mouth. But that is very foolish. I don't any more, and you must not, either. Laughing wrinkles never count! They're the only kind to have. Smile often and long. I've smiled right square in the middle of the sorrows, and my sky's cleared up and the black sorrows have slid right off me like dewdrops from a little yellow duck's back. It works—it truly does. And if you put your face up to a crystal mirror and see your smile, you're happy right away.

Into a mirror is—into tomorrow. Every time you look within its silver depths, young Bettina, the ghost of the Lady-Heavy-with-Years that you will be peers back at you. It's a way woman has—finding that ghost there in her mirror. So be a smiling girl. Oh be a very smiling girl—so folks will say when you are going through the autumn woods of your life, "She's the dearest little old lady—pretty and jolly."

Laughing wrinkles don't count—they make for pretty Old Ladies—so be a smiling girl.

NELL BRINKLEY.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

The teecher gaiv me a new piece to lern for next week's speaking day. We had sum company at the house & wenever Pa sees quite a few peepul in the house he likes to teese me & git me mad. One of the peepul of the house was a butiful lady wich maiks a living riteing potrey for the magazeens. I was showing th peece to her that I have to speek. & she sed Bobbie, that is a butiful poem & I know you will recsite it fine.

Let us hear how it starts, Bobbie, sed Pa, & I will tell you rite away wether it is a butiful peece or not. What is the naim of it & how does it start.

The name of it is Antony & Cleepatry, I toald Pa, & it beegins like this:

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.

That is enuff of it to read, sed Pa. I reemember speeking that piece wen I was a boy at skool, & I dident think much of it then & I doant think much of it now.

I think Bobbie's teecher prubly knows what she wants him to speek, sed Ma, & beesides, I always liked that peece myself.

But what is the sense of it? sed Pa. Why did Antony say

I am dying, Egypt, dying.

Why did he have to let all of Egypt know about it? sed Pa.

Why, sed Ma, that was a pet naim that he had for the queen of Egypt, that is why he sed I am dying, Egypt, dying.

I doant like the sound of the line at all, sed Pa. He ought to have called the lady by her right naim wen he had so littel a time in wich to speek. I mite as well say, if I was saying my last words to you "I am croakng, Wisconsin, croaking."

Jest beekaus yure hoam is Wisconsin is no sine I shud call you that, sed Pa.

I am afrade you do not grasp the poetick buty of the peece, sed the lady that rites poetry. I recall one verse that I always thought was butiful:

Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own which struck the blow;
His, who pillowed on thy tresses,
Shrunk aside from glory's ray,
His, who drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Oh, I think that is butiful, sed Ma, I must go next week & heer littel Bobbie speek it.

I doant think he ought to speek a peece about a man that wud throw away a world for any queen, sed Pa. If he gets to maiking a hero out of a boob like that, he mite do the saim thing hisself wen he grows up.

I guess you needent worry, sed Ma. If he grows up like his father he won't have any worlds to throw away for queens. It will keep him busy bringing hoam enuff bacon for his own fambly.

When the Planets Go Astray

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Question—The planets are supposed to travel along the line of the ecliptic, but some years ago the planet Mars, in opposition, was seen far down to the south, the sun at the same time being in midsummer at its extremest northerly position. How do you account for the planet being so far out of its scheduled course?

Answer—Mars was not out of its scheduled course; the position for noon each day had been published four years before by the leading governments of the world, and these predicted positions were actually assumed by Mars with the most astonishing accuracy, a precision so nearly perfect that the admiration of all scientific men was elicited for the great mathematicians who performed this wondrous work.

When the sun is at its farthest north it is 23½ degrees north of the equator. Then the opposite of the orbit of the earth, i. e., the apparent path of the sun among the stars, is 23½ degrees south of the equator. The orbit of Mars is inclined to the orbit of the earth by 1 degree 51 minutes, which, added to 23½, makes 25 degrees 21 minutes that Mars can be south of the equator. This seems to be far south, especially when rising at sunset.

Question—I understand that a crawling insect knows only two dimensions—length and breadth; all lines being horizontal to it and that it cannot conceive of a perpendicular. Do I understand correctly that the fourth dimension is to us as to the third is to the insect?

Answer—We do not know the mind of the insect and cannot decide whether the third dimension is known to it. And the fourth dimension is not surely known to man.

To be known geometrically a straight line must be drawn perpendicularly to three others mutually perpendicular. That is, a perpendicular must be constructed to all three sides of a cube. But this is impossible to the geometer.

Mind as now phasing in man does not know what anything is. Then it does not know what space is, although space is supposed not to be a thing. Yet we say space includes all things. If we know nothing about space, we do not know, therefore, whether it is curved or not. But the fourth dimension is a transcendental concept based on the curious theory that space has curvature; all of which is unknown and not proved

"Madame Isebell's" Beauty Lesson

LESSON III.

A former pupil sent her 15-year-old daughter to me with the request that I examine her, pronounce on the cause of her poor appearance and advise as to how to remedy it. As a child, the girl had been very attractive—dainty, fair of skin, with golden hair, but at 15 the skin was muddy and, examined under the microscope, was found to be full of incipient blackheads; her hair had lost its gloss and was stringy and poor in color.

That was a year ago. The girl's skin is now normal and glowing with color, her hair soft and glossy; but it took a year of constant attention to remedy a condition that simply came from neglect. There is no time in the woman's life when beauty culture is so important as between 14 and 18, the period of adolescence. Mothers are not always aware of this fact, and girls too busy or too ignorant to care for themselves.

At 14 years there are glandular changes in the body and in the construction of the skin that render it peculiarly liable to skin diseases. If the outer skin becomes torpid so that waste matter is not properly eliminated, pores become clogged and what we term blackheads is the result.

Obstructions in the sebaceous glands or in the sweat ducts result in occasional pimples, or, if not arrested, in a state of chronic acne. This condition is sometimes accepted as inevitable at a certain period of a girl's life, which is a wrong assumption, for, while the skin is susceptible to trouble at this time, much can be done to prevent and remedy it.

The skin must be kept in good working condition, nourished by healthy blood and stimulated by proper care, so that the pores are kept active. The bodily health should first be looked after. If the skin is thick and muddy, it is a sign that something is wrong in the diet and, probably, that not enough exercise is taken.

A girl who desires a clear, healthy skin should drink not less than three pints of water daily and between meals. She should eat plenty of fruit and fresh, green vegetables. Sugar and starch in excess are bad for the skin, and, when there is a sign of skin trouble, cut candy out absolutely and reduce the amount of potatoes, rice and bread, replacing these with green vegetables and salads. Onions, spinach and dandelion greens are all good for the complexion, and the juice of half a lemon, taken before breakfast in a glass of hot water, two or three times a week, is a stomach tonic that reflects very quickly on the skin.

The growing girl should never take stimulants. Very weak tea may occasionally be indulged in, but I do not approve of the growing habit of tea drinking among school girls and young women. Coffee will make any skin muddy in time, and even its occasional use is dangerous. Hot milk and hot chocolate agree with most girls and they have a decidedly beautifying effect on the complexion.

Mme. Isebell's

(Lesson III to be continued.)