## THE HORSHAW JEWELS.

MRS. Horshaw was unusually fond of her diamonds. Why not? She had not worn them long enough for usage to rob possession of its first sweet flavor. The power, pleasure, and insipidity of her new life were, so to speak, in the swaddling clothes of novelty as yet. In fact, about the only relic of old times left to Mrs. Horshaw was Mr. Horshaw, and he did not count for much in society's opinion, except as the husband of Mrs. Horshaw.

Scarcely a year since the new lead in the "Little Jule" silver mine had developed its Aladdin-like qualities. Scarcely a year since the modest cabin in Red Wood Gulch had been exchanged for the brownstone sarcophagus on Prairie Avenue, whence Mrs. Horshaw, after a few brief preliminary flutters, had burst upon society like a golden butterfly, a little crude and glaring perhaps, yet genuine, very genuine. "Little Jule" was disgorging a cool five thousand in silver bullion per week. The mine had been named after Mrs. Horshaw by her husband.

Late in the morning after the Prophet's ball, Mrs. Horshaw was surveying the contents of her jewel-case in the privacy of her boudoir. There was a ring at the front door, and a housemaid announced:

"A man from Jaccard's, mum."

"Jaccard's" was the well-known jewelry house. Mrs Horshaw was handling a diamond bracelet with tender solicitude. She glanced at her rose-colored morning gown, felt her lace cap, and was conscious of a state of chaste and discreet deshabille that might be exhibited with affect before a mere clerk or messenger.

"What can he want?" she said, wonderingly. "However, send him up."

Presently a gentlemanly young man entered, his hat in one hand and a small portmanteau in the other.

"Pardon," he said, "but Mr. Horshaw left word that you might want to make a selection, and as we had only a few of this style left, we—at his suggestion—concluded to submit them to you for inspection at once."

He had opened his satchel and taken out several sets of pearl jewelry of a rather unique design. Mrs. Horshaw seemed astonished.

"But I do not care for pearls," she said. "I cannot see why my husband should have left such directions. At Jaccard's they certainly know my preference for diamonds."

"Perhaps there is some mistake," said he, with a Chesterfieldian bow. "It is no matter. And yet—these pearls are really quite the—a—go, I assure you."

"Oh, they will do—for pearls, I suppose."

"Mrs. Horshaw fingered them carelessly, then looked fondly at her really fine diamonds. The man adjusted an eyeglass and examined them critically.

"I can easily see," he said gallantly, "why madam does not care for pearls. These are indeed perfection. But, if I mistake not, these bracelets now—to be sure! That reminds me. Your husband desired to match them with some earrings we have in stock."

"Yes, I do need another style of earring. But it was very good of Mr. Horshaw to think of that himself."

Mrs Horshaw looked at the man dubiously whereupon, with another bow he presented one of Messers. Jaccard's business cards.

"I—er—suppose you wish to take one of these bracelets back?"

With madam's permission yes. For comparison, you know. As it will take but a short while to match them, I will leave a set of pearls until my return. Not necessary, of course"—this with a fine renuncitory gesture—"yet there is no harm, and giving security is always more business-like."

Such grandiloquent demeanour was quite over-powering to Mrs. Horshaw's still virgin conceptions of eastern polite requirements. She declined to receive the pearls, but he having pocketed the bracelet, would not hear of it, and departed with a final bow and flourish, leaving her with a titillating sense of satisfaction, as of one before whom the great of the earth have unbent themselves.

Two hours later, Mr. Horshaw, coming home to lunch, was thanked by his wife for "being so unusually thoughtful."

"Why, I haven't been near Jaccard's!" said he, when he caught the drift of her remark.

Mrs. Horshaw felt a twinge of alarm; then she remembered the pearls.

"It is all right, I guess. The man is to be back directly; besides, he left a lovely set of pearls as security. Thought I'd be more apt to buy them I suppose."

"Left pearls—eh?"

Mr. Horshaw, though insignificant as an adjunct of fashion, had certain business instincts, and this procedure struck him as unusual, if not queer.

"Well, we'll see when he comes back."

But he did not come back. They waited until four o'clock, then Mr. Horshaw, taking the pearls with him, went to Jaccard's with many misgivings. One of the salesmen looked at the set and then shook his head.

"The poorest grade of imitation. Hope you did not think them genuine."

Mr. Horshaw gave his wife's version of the whole affair.

"Evidently a case of gross swindling," said the salesman. "We have no such man in our employ, and goods like these"—he eyed them contemptuously—"we never handle on any terms."

There seemed nothing for it but to inform the police, which Mr. Horshaw did forthwith. Then he went home and lectured his wife, who, besides grieving over her loss, felt quite humiliated at having given her husband such good grounds for asserting himself—a privilege he seldom acquired in his present position as an appendage of a woman of fashion.

"Women are too easily imposed upon," he said. "Now what man I'd like to know, would have entrusted such a bracelet to a rank stranger, unintroduced at that?"

Mrs. Horshaw faintly reminded him of the pearls.

"Paste, you mean." Mr. Horshaw puffed a cigar in his wife's boudoir, thing he never had the temerity to do before. "Very inferior imitations, too. What do you suppose would become of you without a husband to keep you straight?"

Is a man ever more odious, she thought to herself, than when so shabby a small triumph inflates him? She sought consolation by shrouding herself in a cloak of icy indifference. Yet the loss of the bracelet pricked her sorely.

On the following morning Mr. Horshaw was in the library writing letters, when a servant handed him this card:

J. GRUMLEY,
Detective.
POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

"The great Detective Grumley! Wants to see me, does he? Well, show him up. Ha, Mrs. Horshaw!" he soliloquized, "You've lost your bracelet. We'll see who gets it back."

Then a tall, grim-looking man, rather stylishly dressed in plain black, with an air something between a clergyman and a hotel clerk, entered the room. He looked at the wall, at the books, at the window, and finally at Mr. Horshaw.

"Mr. Horshaw," I believe," he said, briskly. "My card informs you who I am. Your wife has lost a diamond bracelet. "I am detailed to work up the case."

Mr. Horshaw offered him a chair. Mr. Grumley seated himself, casting a keen glance under the library table, as if, perchance, the thief might have got entangled between the legs somehow.

"I suppose I can see the lady," continued he.

"Must have full description of property and details of loss, you know."

"Mrs. Horshaw is out. She says the man has a slight cast in one of his eyes."

"Cast in one eye—good!" Mr. Grumley checked that point of on one finger.

"And—a—I think she said his moustache was waxed"——

"Moustache waxed—good!" Mr. Grumley checked off finger number two.

"Let me see. I think he drawled his words—had also a slight lisp, and then his nose—his nose, now"——

"Drawled — lisped — good!" Mr. Grumley exhausted his two remaining fingers with a check apiece, and then slapped his thigh. "I think I know the fellow, sir—well-known crook too. Now—for the property. Must know what the bracelet looked like, you see."

"Ah—yes—to be sure."

Mr. Horshaw cogitated, and Detective Grumley, producing a formidable note-book, jotted down a few points.

"Now—you'd hardly think it, yet—though I've seen those bracelets a hundred times—I can hardly describe them, except that they are all spangle and glitter. If my wife were only here now!"

"I have it, sir," said the detective; "there's a mate to that lost bracelet. If I could take a squint at it now"——

"Certainly." Mr. Horshaw rose with a smile. "It takes a detective to think of ways and means. By looking at one you can spot—that's the word, isn't it?—yes, you can spot the other."

Mr. Grumley leaned back with a Napoleon-like nod of approval, while Mr. Horshaw bustled up stairs, muttering to himself: "Sharp man that. Lucky I was at home to help him out." He rummaged about his wife's bureau and dressing-case until he found the object of his search. "Now, Julia," he thought, as he returned to the library, we'll see who recovers your bracelet."

"A very peculiar make," said the well-known detective, handling the article very much as if it were a handcuff. "Very fine, too. Gad, sir, I wonder the lady let the fellow walk off with it, but—ahem!—women are—rather"——

"Oh, yes, they're weak and easilly imposed upon. But we men can's help that. If we get them out of these scrapes, that's all we can do."

"Precisely. But this bracelet now—the pattern is quite complex. Difficult to remember all the points—unless"——

The detective, scrutinizing it closely, shook his head discouragingly.

"I see," said Mr. Horshaw, "the police will need this one to—as I might say—detect and verify the other."

Mr. Grumley's brow cleared instantly.

"It will facilitate matters," he said. "Makes the recovery almost certain, in fact. Shall I give you a receipt—in behalf of the a—the a— force?"

"Not necessary. Detective Grumley's name is an ample guarantee."

Mr. Grumley bowed his thanks, deposited his bracelet in a capacious wallet, and rose to go.

"Come round to headquarters in the morning, sir," he said. "I have little doubt but you will then behold, not only the thief, but the plunder too. By the way"—he appeared to reflect severely—"these movements are sometimes necessarily costly. In short, we may have to use some money—not for ourselves, understand"—this with a grim, renunciatory air—"but to inveigle the rascals into a trap of our own setting—see?"

Mr. Horshaw saw, or thought he saw, which amounted to the same thing pecuniarily. The pleasure of triumphing over Mrs. Horshaw must not be delayed for a few paltry dollars.

"How much?"

"Two tens will do, I think."

Detective Grumley stowed away two of Mr. Horshaw's bank-notes, much as if they were waste paper, then took his leave with a mighty sham of official ceremony, after which Mr. Horshaw rubbed his hands and smiled shrewdly to himself.

* * * * *

When Mrs. Horshaw returned, her husband rose to the height of the occasion and his own dignity, thereby impressing her with such a sense of her own wifely weaknesses as she had not felt since the primitive days of Red Wood Gulch.

"You may regard yourself as a shining light, my dear," said he "yet how egregiously you were imposed upon. Grumley intimated that such verdancy was accountable only because you are a woman. He's the most noted detective we have. His name alone will lend a kind of eclat to your—a—silly lapse of discretion."

"And you let him have the other bracelet?"

"Of course. I likewise have his word that the stolen one is quite as good as recovered."

"I hope so," said the lady weakly, yet dubiously.

"Hope so!" Mr. Horshaw surveyed his wife with a Websterian air. The sensation of having her at his mercy was so new and pleasing—quite irresistible, in fact. "Well, I should smile. Wait till we go to headquarters in the morning. Keep up your hopes till then, my dear."

"Well—I—I'll try." This meekly and without the least enthusiasm.

* * * * *

Promptly at ten a. m. Mr. and Mrs. Horshaw presented themselves at the inspector's office and inquired for Detective Grumley.

"The diamond bracelet affair, you know," the gentleman said, explanatorily.

"I didn't know Mr. Grumley had charge of it; but he just happens to be about." And the blue-uniformed police clerk turned to a dry, quick-moving, wooden-faced man who had just come into the office. "Here you are, John. Some one to see you."

Mr. Horshaw felt something gripe his heart and impart a tingling sensation along his spine. There must be some mistake here.

"I mean Detective Grumley, of the secret"——

"Yes, yes," said the man, glancing sharply at the couple as he laid some papers on the desk. "I'm Detective Grumley. What can I do for you?"

"Why—you—he—is not this your card?"

"Don't use cards. What the deuce do I want with cards?"

He began to sharpen a pencil vigorously.

"And you—are Grumley?" Mr. Horshaw stared at him as if he might have been the sphinx, or a museum freak, or an ichthyosurus come back to life.

"I am Grumley, sir."

"Julia"—Mr. Horshaw turned to his wife, upon whose face an "I told-you-so," expression was mingled with one of renewed dismay—"this—this isn't my man at all. I—I fear we have been humbugged again."

"We! said his wife cuttingly, despite the conviction of a second swindle now forced upon her. "We! I don't know anything about Detective Grumley, but I do know that some men are very weak and credulous creatures—so easily imposed upon!"

Mr. Horshaw sank dejectedly into a chair, while Mrs. Horshaw proceeded to explain.

"I fear it is a gone case," said the real Grumley, when he had heard all. "Now they've got 'em both they'll melt the gold and spout the diamonds separately. But, good gracious, are you not aware, sir, that in large cities every stranger who makes up to you is presumably a rascal until he proves the contrary?"

* * * * * * *

"Julia," said Mr. Horshaw when they went back in their carriage, "as a woman of fashion you may be a success; as a man of business I am so so; but at present I feel as green in the ways of the world as a sucking babe. Let's pool our issues—compromise, and—snub each other no more."

For an answer Julia kissed her husband for the first time in six months. Then both were silent for a while.

"They were such lovely diamonds!" she could not help saying at last.

"You shall have a finer pair," he said. "Little Jule has touched 280. Thieves can't carry the mine off, my dear."

Mrs. Horshaw contemplated her unbraceleted wrists for a moment and then rewarded her husband with another kiss.

### As a Private Individual.

In the popular estimation of Russia Tolstoi is almost a mightier man than "our father, the Czar." An exceptional personage to every one, he is in his land a saint and deliverer. One of the authors of "The Czar and His People" gives the following instance of his independence of thought and action:

General Loris Melikoff had been given such unbounded power to act against the Nihilists that, as he said, he was virtually created vice-emperor. He discovered, in the course of his official investigations, that one of the leading Nihilist chiefs was in the habit of visiting Tolstoi, and one day Melikoff himself went out to the novelist's country-house. Before the visitor had announced himself, Tolstoi recognized him, and said:

"You are Loris Melikoff. Do you come to see me officially or as a private man? If you come officially, here are my keys. Search, open everything. You are free to do so."

"I do not come officially," replied Melikoff.

"Very good," answered Tolstoi, and calling two stalwart servants, he said to them. "Throw this man out of the house!"

The order was obeyed to the letter, and Melikoff dared not seek redress.

### Horse Radish for the Grip.

A week or two ago a lady of this city wrote a note to the Tribune, recommending the use of horse radish as a means of alleviating the grip, if not affecting a thorough cure. Several instances in which this suggestion was acted upon with strikingly favorable results have come to the knowledge of the Tribune. Ordinary grated horse radish, eaten at frequent intervals during the day and in connection with food at the table, if food is taken at all, has been found remarkably efficacious in banishing the distressing cough that frequently lingers after all the other symptoms of the grip have gone. It can do no harm to try it, at all events. The humble but pungent horse radish must have been made for some good use.—Chicago Tribune.

### Smoking a Juryman.

Mr. Jelf, Q. C., tells a good story of the jurymen of the day.

A friend of his was serving on a special jury whose deliberations threatened to be protracted till the Greek Kalends by the obstinacy of one of their number. Thinking to while away the time, the Q. C.'s friend ventured to light a cigarette, whereupon the obstinate juror made protest, saying he hated smoke.

"I am glad to hear it," the smoker calmly replied, as he handed his cigarette-case round.

Every one of the ten lighted up, and their combined whiffs speedily brought the sturdy dissentient to his senses.—Tit-Bits.

### Their Next Scheme.

Gazzam—Do you know what the silver barons propose to do after they have sold all the product of their mines to the Government?

Madden—No; what?

Gazzam—They will start a balloon line and extract the silver lining from the clouds.—Epoch.

### A CURIOUS PEOPLE.

#### Little in Attire to Distinguish Annam Men From Women.

At Annam, an empire occupying the eastern portion of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, with a population of 15,000,000 men and women wear their hair in the same way and dress almost alike. Like the man, the woman wears the turban, a long tunic, wide, loose trousers, and a bright sash, the ends falling below the knees. The physiognomy is almost the same, as the men are beardless, and have their hair done up like women.

The only clue to distinguish them is the earrings and finger-rings worn by women only. The earrings are like double shirt-studs, and among the lower order are of colored glass.

The wives and daughters of mandarins alone are allowed to wear gold jewelry. The rings are of spiral wire, fitting tight and standing out to some height. Some women of the upper class wear also necklaces of strings of gold or silver beads.

The hat of the woman is monumental. It is like a large barrel cover, Three-quarters of a yard in diameter. Six or seven silk cords as thick as a quill are fastened on each side, and when worn fall down below the waist.

When the ends are fastened to the hat on each side in a huge black or brown silk tassel. Some of these hats are artistically made of carefully selected palm leaves and lined with neatly-plaited flag leaves. These are expensive, especially when they have chiselled silver clasps at the tassels.

Many women fasten a little round mirror in the hat, before which they arrange their turban when they go to town. The hat is the article most prized by the stylish ladies, and often costs ten and fifteen dollars.

### Rare Old Wines.

Two wine experts, discussing the Manhattan cellar recently and the private stock of Madeira used by Herman Olerichs in his famous terrapin, had this to say about the sherries and Madeiras of New York. The first said: "I have $30,000 worth of wines and liquors in my cellar, and while I am not boastful of it I believe it to be a fact that few, if any, other experts in this city have now a cellar that represents more solid wealth as well as solid worth. I have Madeiras that cost $200 a bottle and of which I know the history for 150 years. I have any number of dozen of sherries which cost me from $20 to $30 a quart, and while you and I can tell at a glance and by a sniff of their boquet the respective ages of the $200 and $20 wines, you would be surprised to know how many men of excellent taste and judgment in such things decidedly prefer the $20 to the $200 bottles. I do not know why it is, but the older a man gets, the drier he likes his wines and the less flavor there seems to be in his favorite brands, and as for this 'aniseseed' taste in Madeira, I don't believe there are two dozen men in New York who really like it or know why they like it."—New York World.

### Eugenie's Limited Education.

The Empress Eugenie, though naturally intelligent, was in some respects extremely ignorant. Educated as were the high-born young Spanish girls of her generation—that is to say, not educated at all—she was forced all through her palmy days to struggle against this great disadvantage. She never could learn the art of spelling, and all her private notes and letters are thickly peppered with faults of orthography. She ascended the throne at the age of twenty-six—a period in life rather late for the commencement of one's education. But to her credit be it said, she did her best, by incessant reading, to supplement the defects in her early mental training. She spoke English to perfection, and the Emperor and she were wont to converse in that language when they did not want their attendants to know what they were talking about. She was an elegant and fearless horsewoman, and her skill in equitation was among the first of her accomplishments that attracted the notice of Napoleon III., himself an accomplished rider. But her principal talent was for art, and she drew in crayon exceedingly well.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### A Married Woman's Will.

If a woman makes a will before marriage the fact of her marriage makes the will worthless. This is the common-law rule, and still prevails in the large majority of States. In Vermont and perhaps some others marriage does not necessarily invalidate a woman's will, but unless one is certain of the point in her own State she should attend to the matter by making a new will immediately after marriage, and, if possible, securing her husband's consent to it written and signed on the document itself. This consent is not everywhere necessary, but is always wise. In Massachusetts it is absolutely necessary if by its terms the will cuts off any claim which our law gives to a widower on the estate of his wife. A man's will, at common law and in the majority of States now, is not invalidated by his subsequent marriage alone, but if a child is born the concurrent of the two events makes his will also worthless, and he must write another.—Chautauquan.

### Ink Warranted to Fade.

One of the novelties in the stationery line is an ink that is guaranteed to fade within a week after it has been put upon paper. The inventor says he expects to make a great deal of money out of his invention in a short time.

"Just imagine, if you can," he said to me, "what a demand there will be for my ink among corresponding lovers. There you can write words that almost scorch holes in the paper and ignite the mails, but they will fade out of sight inside of a week leaving nothing but white paper behind it.

"By the use of my ink," he continued, "there will be no more compromising letters introduced as evidence in breach of promise cases, and longers will enjoy immunity from punishment. I think it will have a great sale, don't you? and he wrung his hands in joy as the visions of prospective wealth danced before his eyes.

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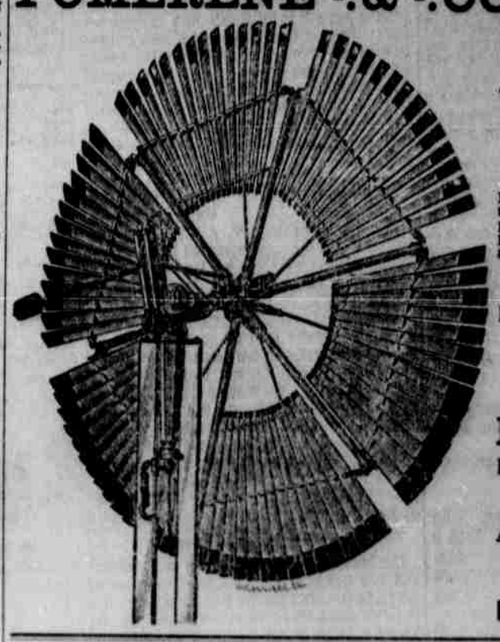

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