

The Diamond Bracelet

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

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"It looks exactly the same—gold links, interspersed with diamonds, and the clasp is the same—three stars. A tall, ugly woman has got it on, her black hair strained off her face."
"The hair strained off her face is enough to make any woman look ugly," remarked Lady Sarah. "Where is she?"
"There, she is standing up now; let us get close to her. Her dress is that beautiful maize color with blonde lace."

Lady Sarah Hope drew near and obtained a sight of the bracelet. The color flew into her face.

"It's mine, Fanny," she whispered. "But the lady at that moment, took a gentleman's arm and moved away. Lady Sarah followed her, with the view of obtaining another look. Frances Chenevix went to Mr. Netherleigh and told him. He was hard of belief. "You cannot be sure at this distance of time, Fanny. And besides more bracelets than one may have been made of that pattern."

"I am so certain that I feel as if I could swear to the bracelet," eagerly replied Lady Frances.
"Hush, hush, Fanny!"
"I recollect it perfectly; it struck me the moment I saw it. How singular that I should have been talking to Gerard Hope about it this night."

Mr. Netherleigh smiled.
"Imagination is very deceptive, Frances, and your having spoken to Mr. Hope of it brought it to your thoughts."

"But it could not have been brought to my eyes," returned Frances. "Stuff and nonsense about imagination, Mr. Netherleigh. I am positive it is the bracelet. Her comes Lady Sarah."
"I suppose Frances has been telling you," observed Lady Sarah Hope to her brother-in-law. "I feel convinced it is my own bracelet."

"But—as I have just remarked to Frances—other bracelets than yours may have been made precisely similar," he urged.
"If it is mine the letters 'S. H.' are scratched on the back of the middle star. I did it one day with a pen-knife."

"You never mentioned the fact before, Lady Sarah," hastily responded the merchant.
"No. I was determined to give no clue. I was always afraid of the affair being traced home to Gerard, and it would have been such a disgrace to my husband's name."

"Did you speak to her? Did you ask where she got the bracelet?" interrupted Frances.
"How could I?" retorted Lady Sarah. "I did not know her."
"I will," cried Frances in a resolute tone.

"My dear Frances," remonstrated Mr. Netherleigh.
"I vow I will," persisted Frances, as she moved away.

Lady Frances kept her word. She found the strange lady in the refreshments, and locating herself by her side, entered upon a few trifling remarks, which were civilly received. Suddenly she dashed at once to her subject.

"What a beautiful bracelet!"
"I think it is," was the stranger's reply, holding out her arm for its inspection, without any reservation.
"Where did you buy it?" pursued Frances.
"Garrards are my jewelers."

CHAPTER XIV.

This very nearly did for Frances; for it was at Garrards that the Colonel originally purchased it, and it seemed to give a coloring to Mr. Netherleigh's view of more bracelets having been made of the same pattern. But she was too anxious and determined to stand upon ceremony—for Gerard's sake; and he was dearer to her than the world suspected.
"We—one of my family—lost a bracelet exactly like this, some time back. When I saw it on your arm, I thought it was the same; I hoped it was."
The lady froze directly and laid down her arm.
"Are you—pardon me, there are painful interests involved—are you sure you purchased this at Garrards?"
"I have said that Messrs. Garrard are my jewelers," replied the stranger in a repelling voice; and the words sounded evasive to Frances. "More I cannot say; neither am I aware by what law of courtesy you thus question me, or who you may be."
The young lady drew herself up, proudly secure in her rank.
"I am Lady Frances Chenevix," and the other bowed and turned to the refreshment table.

Adog went Lady Frances to find the Cadogans, and inquire after the stranger.

It was a Lady Livingstone. The husband had made a mist of money at something, had been knighted, and now they were launching out into high society.

"Frances' nose went into the air. O law! a city knight and his wife! that was it, was it? How could Mrs. Cadogan have taken up with them?"
The Honorable Mrs. Cadogan did not choose to say beyond the assertion that they were extremely worthy, good, kind people. She could have said that her spendthrift of a husband had contrived to borrow money from Sir Jasper Livingstone, and to prevent being bothered for it, and keep them

in humor, they introduced the Livingstones where they could.

Frances Chenevix went home—that is, to Colonel Hope's—and told her strange tale to Alice Seaton; not only about Gerard being in England, but about the bracelet.

"Alice, it is the bracelet. I am more certain than ever. Garrard's people say they have sold articles of jewelry to Lady Livingstone, but not a diamond bracelet, and moreover, that they never had one of that precise pattern, but the bracelet Colonel Hope bought."

"What is to be done?" exclaimed Alice.

"I know. I shall go to those Livingstones. Gerard shall not stay under this cloud if I can help him out of it. Mr. Netherleigh won't act, and we dare not tell the Colonel; he is so obstinate and wrong-headed, he would be for arresting Gerard, pending the investigation."

"Frances—"
"Now don't you preach, Alice. When I will a thing, I will. I am like my lady mother for that. Lady Sarah says she scratched her initials inside the bracelet, and I shall demand to see it; if these Livingstones refuse, I'll put detectives on the scent. I will, as sure as my name is Frances Chenevix."

"And if the investigation should bring the guilt home to—Gerard?" whispered Alice, in a hollow tone.
"And if it should bring it home to me!" spoke the exasperated Frances. "For shame, Alice; it cannot bring it home to Gerard, for he was never guilty."

Alice Seaton sighed; she saw there was no help for it, for Lady Frances was resolute.

"I have a deeper stake in this than you," she said, after a pause of consideration; "let me go to the Livingstones. You must not refuse me; I have an urgent motive for wishing it."

"You, you weak mite of a thing! you would faint before you got half through the interview," uttered Lady Frances, in a tone between jest and vexation.

Alice persisted. She had, indeed, a powerful reason for urging it, and Lady Frances allowed the point, though with much grumbling. The carriage was still at the door, for Lady Frances had desired that it should wait, and Alice hastily dressed herself and went down to it, without speaking to Lady Sarah. The footman was closing the door upon her, when out flew Frances.

"Alice, I have made up my mind to go with you, for I cannot guard my patience until you are back again. I can sit in the carriage while you go in. Lady Livingstone will be two feet higher from today—that the world should have been amazed with the spectacle of Lady Frances Chenevix waiting humbly at her door."

Frances talked incessantly on the road, but Alice was silent; she was deliberating what she should say, and was nerving herself to the task. Lady Livingstone was at home, and Alice remaining in her card, was conducted to her presence, leaving Lady Frances in her carriage.

Lady Frances had thus described her; a woman as thin as a whipping post, with a red nose; and Alice found Lady Livingstone answer to it very well. Sir Jasper, who was also present, was much older than his wife, and short and thick; a good-natured looking man with a bald head.

Alice, refined and sensitive, scarcely knew how she opened her subject, but she was met in a different manner from what she had expected. The knight and his wife were really worthy people, as Mrs. Cadogan had said, only she had a mania for getting into "high life and high-lived company," a thing she would never accomplish. She listened to Alice's tale with courtesy, and at length with interest.

"You will readily conceive the nightmare this has been to me," panted Alice, for her emotion was great. "The bracelet was under my charge and it disappeared in this extraordinary way. All the trouble it has been productive of to me, I am not at liberty to tell you, but it has certainly shortened my life."

"You look ill," observed Lady Livingstone, with sympathy.
"I am worse than I look. I am going into the grave rapidly. Others less sensitive, or with stronger bodily health, might have battled successfully with the distress and annoyance; I could not. I shall die in greater peace if this unhappy affair can be cleared. Should it prove to be the same bracelet, we might be able to trace out how it was lost."

CHAPTER XV.

Lady Livingstone left the room and returned with a diamond bracelet. She held it out to Miss Seaton, and the color rushed into Alice's poor, wan face at the gleam of the diamonds. She believed she recognized them.

"But, stay," she said, drawing back her hand, as she was about to touch it, "do not give it me just yet. If it be the one we lost, the letters 'S. H.' are scratched irregularly on the back of the middle clasp. Perhaps you will first look if they are there, Lady Livingstone."

Lady Livingstone turned the bracelet, glanced at the spot indicated, and then silently handed it to Sir Jasper. The latter smiled.

"Sure enough, here; something—I can't see it distinctly without my glasses. What is it, Lady Livingstone?"
"The letters 'S. H.' as Miss Seaton describes; I cannot deny it."
"Deny it! No, my lady, what for should we deny it? If we are in the possession of another's bracelet lost by fraud, and if the discovery will set this young lady's mind at ease, I don't think either you or I will be the one to deny it. Examine it for yourself, ma'am," added he, giving it to Alice.

She turned it about, she put it on her arm, her eyes lighted with the eagerness of conviction. "It is certainly the same bracelet," she affirmed.
"It is not beyond the range of possibility that initials may have been scratched on this bracelet without its being the same," observed Lady Livingstone.

"I think it must be the same," mused Sir Jasper. "It looks suspicious."
"Lady Frances Chenevix understood you to say you bought this of Messrs. Garrard," resumed Miss Seaton.

Lady Livingstone felt rather foolish. "What I said was that Messrs. Garrard were my jewelers. The fact is I do not know exactly where this was bought; but I did not consider myself called upon to proclaim that fact to a young lady who was a stranger to me, and in answer to questions I thought verging on impertinence."

"Her anxiety, scarcely less than my own, may have rendered her abrupt," replied Alice, by way of apology for Lady Frances. "Our hope is not so much to regain the bracelet as to penetrate the mystery of its disappearance. Can you not let me know where you did buy it?"

"I can," interposed Sir Jasper; "there's no disgrace in having bought it where I did. I got it at a pawnbroker's."

Alice's heart beat violently. A pawnbroker's! what dreaded discovery was at hand?

"I was one day at the east end of London walking past, when I saw a topaz and amethyst cross in a pawnbroker's window. I thought it would be a pretty ornament for my wife, and I went in and asked to look at it. In talking about jewelry with the master, he reached out this diamond bracelet, and told me that would be a present worth making. Now, I know my lady's head had been running on a diamond bracelet, and I was tempted to ask what was the lowest figure he would put it at. He said it was the most valuable article of the sort he had had for a long while, the diamonds of the first water, worth £400 of anybody's money, but that being second-hand he could part with it for £250. And I bought it. That's where I got the bracelet, ma'am."

"That was just the money Colonel Hope gave for it new at Garrard's," said Alice. "Two hundred and fifty guineas."

Sir Jasper stared at her; and then broke forth with a comical attempt at rage, for he was one of the best tempered men in the world.
"The old wretch of a Jew! Sold it to me at a second-hand price, as he called it, for the identical sum it cost new! Why, he ought to be prosecuted for usury."

"It was just what I told you, Sir Jasper," groaned the lady; "you will go to these low, second-hand dealers, who always cheat where they can, instead of a regular jeweler; and nine times out of ten you are taken in."

"But your having bought it of this pawnbroker does not bring me any nearer the knowing how he procured it," observed Miss Seaton.

"I shall go to him this very day and ascertain," returned Sir Jasper. "Tradepeople may not sell stolen bracelets with impunity."

Easier said than done. The dealer protested his ignorance and innocence, and declared he had bought it in the regular course of business, at one of the pawnbroker's periodical sales. And the man spoke the truth, and the detectives were again applied to.
(To be continued.)

A FIRE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Trumpeting Ringing and Clatter Unlike Anything in America.

An hour ago the steamship Una had landed me on the quay, and now, having handed in my passport, duly vised and countersigned, to the czar's vicar in the hotel bureau, I stood upon the Newski Prospect trying to identify the peculiar odor of St. Petersburg, for every city has its peculiar and distinctive smells, says a writer in the Academy. At the end of the Prospect was the tower whence the watchman watches the day and night for fire. As I edged through the afternoon crowd and dodged the heading drivers of droschkihs I noticed certain black balls run up on the signal tower. In a moment there came the tootle of a trumpet, and the blower, mounted, came galloping around a corner. Then the jangle of a bell, the clatter of hoofs, and a fire engine—or at least part of a fire engine. For the man who sat by the driver and waved the bell over his head heralded other vehicles. One carried a hose pipe, another a barrel which might have contained heating water or refreshing vodka. There were six in all, and upon each were big men with bright brass helmets. They galloped up the Newski Prospect toward a huge column of smoke. Suddenly, amid the trumpeting and the ringing and the clatter, every helmet was lowered, and as the horses dashed along, every man reverently crossed himself. Even the bell-ringer, with bell still aloft in his left hand, did homage with his right hand to the ikon on the street corner.

The book of Maybes is very broad.

NOTES ON SCIENCE.

DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS OF RECENT DATE.

Immense Size and Peculiarities of Tropical Plants—Suez Canal to Be Deepened—Spectrum of Lightning—Carbonless Arc Light.

DEEPENING SUEZ CANAL.

The administrators of the Suez canal have begun the work of deepening the channel to thirty-one feet with a view to make it available to larger shipping.

Vessels of great tonnage were unknown at the time the canal was opened in 1859, and the thoroughfare cannot be used by the enormous ships of today.

Vessel owners find that they cannot carry freight long distances on comparatively small ships, even at high freight rates, so profitably as on larger vessels, says the New York Sun. Commerce has for years needed a deeper channel, and the fact that there has been very little gain in annual tonnage for the past two years is attributed to lack of accommodations for larger shipping.

The craft of vessels now passing through the canal is limited to twenty-five feet seven inches. The improvements under way will permit vessels drawing twenty-nine feet to pass safely from sea to sea. At present both the Kaiser Wilhelm and the Amsterdam canals admit larger vessels than the Suez canal. The improvement will place the Suez canal a little ahead of the others mentioned in the size of vessels it will carry, the increased depth probably sufficing for ships in the oriental trade for years to come.

It is also contemplated to light the 101 miles of canal with electricity, so that all shipping may pass through at the night time.

THE SPECTRUM OF LIGHTNING.

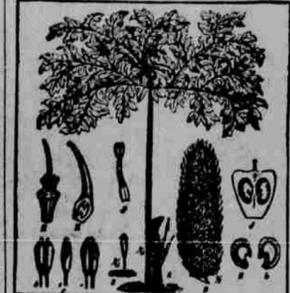
The first successful experiments in photographing the spectrum of lightning were, according to an announcement by Professor E. C. Pickering, obtained last summer at Harvard observatory. They were taken with the same apparatus that is used in photographing the spectra of the stars. This consists of an eight-inch or eleven-inch telescope, with a camera at one end and a prism at the other, the latter being placed in front of the objective lens so as to break up the light from the object photographed into parallel bands of color, which are seen in the accompanying reproduction of the photograph, by differences in degree of black and white. Photographic spectra, however, range only from yellow to blue, the extreme colors, violet at one end and red at the other, as seen in the rainbow, which is the spectrum of the sun, are impossible to record by the camera.

A CARBONLESS ARC LIGHT.

La Gazette Industrielle of Riga announces the invention of a new arc light, which dispenses entirely with the use of carbons and necessarily with the disadvantages, such as the frequent renewals that are connected with them. The new lamp consists of an exhausted glass globe, in which the two carbons kept at a certain distance from each other by a complicated regulator, are replaced by two L-shaped aluminum arms with platinum points. These are kept at a proper interval by a simple clockwork. The inventor claims for it that it casts no shadow, and as the aluminum arms are used up very slowly, that they will not require renewing more than once a year. He also intends to give his lamp a horizontal position, as it is not necessary to keep it upright, as it is with the arc light. It can consequently be provided with reflectors and other devices for facilitating illumination.

PLANT GIANTS.

M. R. Montclair, in La Science Pour Tous, advances some reasons to account for the immense size and curious peculiarities of many tropical plants.



THE NICARAGUA GIANT ARUM.

A, the trunk, which the Indian is leaning against, is really a single leaf. B is the spathe of the flower drawn to the same scale. D is the spadix. E, the flower. F, the stamen. G, the anther. H, a section of the fruit. I, the seed. L, a section of the seed.

which, though they go far toward explaining the phenomenon as related to the regions in question, leave out of consideration the giant redwoods of California and other similar instances of enormous growths in districts where the conditions are quite different from those prevailing in the torrid zone. He says in substance:

Tropical forests differ from those of Europe in the fact that they are not composed of a single or of a limited number of species. In them the most diverse species are mingled together in a most capricious way. In Java, for example, specimens of trees have been brought to the Botanical Garden of which no second representative has ever been found. One thousand five

hundred species of trees are known to exist there, while in Europe there are hardly forty.

Among the tropical trees the first thing to be noted is their great height; then the oddness of their forms. Some resemble an umbrella. This shape enables their branches to receive a large proportion of light; others are shaped like branched candlesticks, which affords the same advantage to their leaves. This shows that in the struggle for existence the strife has been for air and light, and that the advantage has been with those trees that branch out highest or with whose branches extend upward.

But it is not only trees that attain these colossal proportions. There are also herbs, which, if it were not for their lack of branches, would be called trees with us. For instance, Gleichenia dichotoma, of Java, an herbaceous plant, often reaches a height of forty feet, and Dracomium gigas, the giant arum, of Nicaragua, has a trunk, a single petiole, a foot or so in diameter, which is bare for several yards above the flowers this same exuberance of vegetation is shown. In Java there is an orchid, the Grammatophyllum, which, besides its height, possesses the peculiar feature that all its flowers open at once, as if by the touch of a



GIANT ORCHID OF JAVA.

magic wand. They also all wither at the same time.

M. Montclair offers no explanation for these last phenomena.

HEREDITY.

To account for the transmissibility of ancestral types Darwin in his work on "Pangeneses" promulgated a theory that each cell threw off what he designated "gemmules," which formed the nuclei of another series of cells, whose sole destiny in the economy of nature was the propagation of its species. These "gemmules" formed the blastema, in which was contained an exceedingly microscopical impression of the animal which might ultimately be called into being. If this were the case, we should be able to submit the miniature image to our investigation by means of the microscope. But strong microscopes are wanted. The red corpuscles of human blood have to be about one four-thousandth part of an inch. The number of these red corpuscles which would adhere to the point of a needle would not be less than 1,000,000. Theory teaches that the final division of matter is the storm, and the atom has been measured. It is calculated that in a cube of water one thirty-thousandth part of an inch wide there are 30,000,000,000 atoms.—London Science Gossip.

NEW USE FOR X-RAYS.

The postoffice officials at Buenos Ayres, it appears, recently became suspicious that jewelers were smuggling goods in registered letters, but having no legal right to open the letters they were unable to do anything in the matter until the happy thought occurred to them that they might examine the packages with the X-rays without violating the law. Upon applying this test they found their suspicions abundantly confirmed, and upon the evidence so procured they secured an order from court to open the packages, and, it is stated that as a result they confiscated more than \$30,000 worth of jewelry in one week.

A GIANT TREE.

Near Dakar, in Lower Senegal, is an enormous baobab tree, whose trunk measures fully 75 feet in circumference at the base. The fruit of the baobab, which grows abundantly in Senegal, is called "monkey bread." It is used by the natives for curdling milk, and as a specific for certain diseases. Decoctions of the dried leaves are also used as medicine. From the bark strong cords are made, and the gum that exudes from it is employed as a salve. The root of the young baobab is sometimes eaten by the natives.

TO ABOLISH SMOKE NUISANCE.

The Prussian Government, in order to abate the smoke nuisance, appointed recently a committee to test all smoke consuming apparatus. The committee has completed its work, and, as a result, common measures are about to be introduced to remedy the evil. Schools for the instruction of stokers were suggested, but in lieu thereof it is proposed to send properly qualified men to instruct the stokers in all the steam plants.

AMERICAN SCIENCE AND ART.

It is reported from London that the Crystal Palace authorities have decided to hold an American exhibition next year. It is to be confined strictly to a display of the science, art and industries of the United States. American entertainments will be given and American sports will be conducted by representative teams.

ABRUZZI TO TRY ONCE MORE.

The Duke of the Abruzzi, it is stated, will visit the United States in February to make arrangements for another Arctic expedition.

UNABLE TO STAND FOR MONTHS BECAUSE OF SPRAINED ANKLES.

Cured by St. Jacobs Oil. (From the Cardiff Times.)

Among the thousands of voluntary endorsements of the great value of St. Jacobs Oil for sprains, stiffness and soreness, is that of Mrs. G. Thomas, 4 Alexandra Road, Gelli, Ysbrod, near Pontypridd, South Wales, who says:

"It is with great pleasure that I add my willing testimony to the invaluable excellence of your celebrated St. Jacobs Oil, as experienced in my own case. I sprained both my ankles in walking down some steps so severely that I was unable to stand for several months. The pain I suffered was most severe and nothing that I used helped me until I applied St. Jacobs Oil, when they immediately became better daily, and in a short time I was able to go about, and soon after I was quite cured. I am now determined to advise all persons suffering from pains to use this wonderful remedy, which did so much for me."

Mrs. Thomas does not enlighten us as to what treatment she pursued during the months she was unable to stand, and during which time she was suffering so much, but we venture to suggest that had she called in any well-known medical man he would have at once prescribed St. Jacobs Oil, for it has conquered pain upwards of fifty years, and doctors know there is nothing so good. The proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil have been awarded twelve gold medals by different international exhibitions as the premier pain-killing remedy of the world. The committees who made the awards were in each instance composed largely of the most eminent medical men obtainable. Mrs. Thomas evidently did not know the high opinion in which St. Jacobs Oil is held by almost every progressive medical man.

Only Companions Are Cats.

Mrs. Sarah E. Phipps, an authoress of Buffalo, N. Y., lives in a tiny cottage of three rooms, her only companions being two cats. She works during the day and writes at night. Chas. Frohman has secured the rights of dramatization of her latest novel, "An Old House by the Sea."

In Winter Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder. Your feet feel uncomfortable, nervous, and often cold and damp. If you have Chills, blisters, sweating, sore feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

You only have to tell one person that a thing is free.

The Lincoln, Nebraska, Importing Horse Co.'s advertisement appears in this paper. Their stallions are selected with the greatest of care by a member of their company who spends much of his time traveling over England and France. They now have a grand lot of Percheron and Shire stallions. The best that Europe can afford. No concern in the United States can sell for less money than they can. In making sales they prefer cash, but will sell at the same rate on ample time to enable the purchaser to pay for the stallion from his earnings if judiciously handled. They wish to employ good salesmen.

Kipling Heads a Rifle Club.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been re-elected president of the Rottingdean Rifle club. The club owes its inception to Mr. Kipling and has not yet been defeated. It has beaten some powerful opponents, both volunteers and civilians, notably the First London Fusiliers and the Lewes Rifle club.

PURNAM FADELESS DYES are the brightest, fastest and easiest to use.

Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

Shark and Soldier—Latter Inside.

A somewhat remarkable addition has apparently been made to the casualty lists from South Africa. The other day a man who is engaged on the English steamer, Canada, writing home to his relatives, referred to the capture of a big shark at East London. When ripped open, the monster, which measured eighteen feet long, was found to have quite recently swallowed a soldier bodily. The man's body and uniform were intact save for a small portion one shoulder, which had been cut off.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING.

The best way to advertise is just to advertise. Get at it with a view to having the people know what you most desire to sell, and incidentally letting them know that the specified items do not represent your full stock. Say interesting things about interesting goods and have the goods to talk.

Men talk of the secret of successful advertising, but it is all very plain. The essentials are to offer what people want, at fair prices, and to offer it in a way that will make readers know they want it. The art in writing an advertisement is to speak as the interested and well-informed merchant would speak to a prospective customer.

The mere appearance of a business man's name and address in every issue of a leading newspaper will do work to increase his trade. Every business man, however, is able to give facts about his establishment which will encourage people to deal with him. To state such facts clearly in a newspaper is the principal secret of successful advertising.

The idea that it takes a number of impressions to make the average advertisement effective is not new. Forty years ago an English advertiser said to the publisher of the Cornhill Magazine: "We don't consider that an advertisement seen for the first time by a reader is worth much. The second time it counts for something. The third time the reader's attention is arrested; the fourth time he reads it through and thinks about it; the fifth makes a purchaser of him. It takes time to seek for him."