The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

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CHAPTER IX—(Continued.)

"The bracelet could not have gone without hands to take it, Gerard," replied Lady Sarah. "How else do you account for its disappearance?"

"I—I believe there must be some misapprehension, some great mistake in the affair altogether, Lady Sarah. It apears incomprehensible now, but it will be unraveled."

"Ay, and in double-quick time," wrathfully exclaimed the Colonel. "You must think you are talking to a pack of idiots, Master Garard. Here the bracelets was spread temptingly out on a table, you went into the room, being hard up for money, fingered it, wished for it, and both you and the bracelet disappeared. Sir"—turning sharply to the officer—"did a clearer case ever go before a jury?"

Gerard Hope bit his lip. "Be more just, Colonel," said he. "Your own brother's son steal a bracelet!"

"And I am happy my brother is not alive to know it," rejoined the Colonel in an obstinate tone. "Take him in hand, Mr. Officer; we'll go to Marlborough street. I'll just change my coat, and——"

"No, no, you will not!" cried Lady Sarah, laying hold of the dressing gown and the Colonel in it; "you shall not go nor Gerard either. Whether he is guilty or not, it must not be brought against him publicly. He bears your name, Colonel, and so do I, and it would reflect disgrace on us all."

"Perhaps you are made of money, my lady. If so, you may put up with the loss of a £250 bracelet. I don't choose to do so."

"Then, Colonel, you will, and you must. Sir," added Lady Sarah to the detective, "we are obliged to you for your attendance and advice, but it turns out to be a family affair as you perceive, and we must decline to prosecute. Besides, Mr. Hope may not be guilty."

Alice rose and stood before Colonel Hope. "Sir, if this charge were preferred against your nephew, if it came to trial, I think it would kill me. You know my unfortunate state of health; the agitation, the excitement of appearance to give evidence, would be—I—I cannot continue; I cannot speak of it without terror; I pray you, for my sake, do not prosecute Mr. Hope."

The Colonel was about to storm forth an answer, but her white face, her heaving throat, had some effect even on him.

"He is so doggedly obstinate, Miss Seaton. If he would but confess and tell where it is, perhaps I'd let him off."

Alice thought somebody else was obstinate.

"I do not believe he has anything to confess," she deliberately said; "I truly believe that he has not. He could not have taken it, unseen by me; and when we quitted the room, I feel sure the bracelet was left in it."

"It was left in it, so help me heaven!" uttered Gerard.

"And now I've got to speak," added Frances Chenevix. "Colonel, if you were to press the charge against Gerard, I would go before the magistrates and proclaim myself the thief. I vow and protest I would, just to save him, and you and Lady Sarah could not prosecute me, you know."

"You do well to stand up for him!" retorted the Colonel. "You would not be quite so ready to do it, though, my Lady Fanny, if you knew something I could tell you."

"Oh, yes, I should," returned the young lady with a vivid blush.

The Colonel, beset on all sides, had no choice but to submit; but he did so with an ill grace, and dashed out of the room with the officer, as fiercely as if he had been charging an enemy at full tilt.

"The sentimental apes these women make of themselves!" cried he in his polite way, when he had got him in private. "Is it not a clear case of guilt?"

"In my private opinion, it certainly is," was the reply; "though he carries it off with a high hand. I suppose, Colonel, you still wish the bracelet to be searched for?"

"Search in and out and high and low; search everywhere. The rascal! to dare even to enter my house in secret!"

"May I inquire if the previous breach with your nephew had to do with money affairs?"

"No," said the Colonel, turning more crusty at the thoughts called up. "I fixed up a wife for him and he wouldn't have her; so I turned him out of doors and stopped his allowance."

"Oh," was the only comment of the police officer.

CHAPTER X.

It was in the following week, and Saturday night. Thomas, without his hat, was standing at Colonel Hope's door, chatting to an acquaintance when he perceived Gerard come tearing up the street. Thomas' friend backed against the rails and the spikes, and Thomas himself stood with the door in his hand, ready to touch his hair to Mr. Gerard as he passed. Instead of passing, however, Gerard cleared the steps at a bound, pulled Thomas with himself inside, shut the door and double locked it.

Thomas was surprised in all ways. Not only at Mr. Hope's coming in at all, for the Colonel had again harshly forbidden the house to him, and the servants to admit him, but at the suddenness and strangeness of the action.

"Cleverly done," quoth Gerard, when he could get his breath. "I saw a shark after me, Thomas, and had to make a bolt for it. Your having been at the door saved me."

Thomas turned pale.

"Mr. Gerard, you have locked it, and I'll put up the chain, if you order me, but I'm afeared it's going agin the law to keep out them detectives by force of arms."

"What's the man's head running on now?" returned Gerard. "There are no detectives after me; it was only a seedy sheriff's officer. Pshaw, Thomas! there's no worse crime attached to me than a slight suspicion of debt."

"I'm sure I trust not, sir; only master will have his own way."

"Is he at home?"

"He's gone to the opera with my lady. The young ladies are upstairs alone. Miss Seaton has been ill, sir, ever since the bother, and Lady Frances is staying at home with her."

"I'll go up and see them. If they are at the opera, we shall be snug and safe."

"Oh, Mr. Gerard, had you better go up, do you think?" the man ventured to remark. "If the Colonel should come to hear of it——"

"How can he? You are not going to tell him, and I am sure they will not. Besides, there's no help for it; I can't go out again for hours. And, Thomas, if any demon should knock and ask for me, I am gone to—to an evening party up at Putney; went out you know by the side door."

Thomas watched him run up the stairs, and shook his head. "One can't help liking him, with it all; though where could the bracelet have gone to if he did not take it?"

The drawing rooms were empty, and Gerard made his way to a small room that Lady Sarah called her "boudoir." There they were—Alice buried in the pillows of an invalid's chair, and Lady Frances careening about the room, apparently practicing some new dancing step. She did not see him; Gerard danced up to her, and took her hand, and joined in it.

"When the cat's away the mice can play," cried Gerard, treating them to a step.

"Mr. Hope," remonstrated Alice, lifting her feeble voice, "how can you indulge these spirits while things are so miserable?"

"Sighing and groaning won't make them light," he answered, sitting down on a sofa near to Alice. "Here's a seat for you, Fanny, come along," he added, pulling Frances to his side. "First and foremost, has anything come to light about that mysterious bracelet?"

"Not yet," sighed Alice. "But I have no rest; I am in hourly fear of it."

"Fear!" uttered Gerard in astonishment. Alice winced and leaned her head upon her hand; she spoke in a low tone.

"You must understand what I mean, Mr. Hope. The affair has been productive of so much pain and annoyance to me, that I wish it could be ignored forever."

"Though it left me under a cloud," said Gerard. "You must pardon me if I cannot agree with you. My constant hope is that it may all come to daylight; I assure you I have specially mentioned it in my prayers."

"Pray don't, Mr. Hope," reproved Alice.

"I'm sure I have cause to mention it, for it is sending me into exile; that and other things."

"It is guilty only who flee, not the innocent," said Frances. "You don't mean what you say, Gerard."

"Don't I! There's a certain boat advertised to steam from London bridge wharf tomorrow, wind and weather permitting, and it steams me with it. I am compelled to fly my country."

"Be serious and say what you mean."

"Seriously, then, I am over head and ears in debt. You know my uncle stopped my allowance in the spring and sent me—metaphorically—to the dogs. I had a few liabilities, and they have all come down upon me. But for this confounded bracelet affair, there's no doubt the Colonel would have settled them; rather than let the name of Hope be dubiously bandied by the public; he would have expended his ire in growls and have gone and done it. But that is over now, and I go to take up my abode in some renowned colony for desolate English, beyond the pale of English lock-ups. Boulogne or Calais, or Dieppe or Brussels I may see; and there I may be kept for years."

Neither of the young ladies answered immediately; they saw the facts were serious, and that Gerard was only making light of it before them.

"How shall you live?" questioned Alice. "You must live there as well as here; you cannot starve."

"I shall just escape the starving. I have got a trifle, enough to swear by, and keep me on potatoes and salt. Don't you envy me my prospects?"

"When do you suppose you may return?" inquired Lady Frances; "I ask it seriously, Gerard."

"I know no more than you, Fanny. I have no expectations but from the Colonel. Should he never relent, I am caged there for good."

"And so you ventured here to tell us this, and bid us good-by?"

"No; I never thought of venturing here; how could I tell that the bashaw would be at the opera? A shark set on me in the street, and I had to run for my life. Thomas happened to be conveniently at the door, and I rushed in, and saved myself."

"A shark!" uttered Alice, in dismay, who in her inexperience had taken his words literally—"a shark in the street!"

Lady Frances Chenevix laughed.

"One with sharp eyes and a hooked nose, Alice, speeding after me on two legs, with a polite invitation from one of the law lords. He is watching on the opposite side now."

"How shall you get away?" exclaimed Frances.

"If the bashaw comes home before 12 Thomas must dispose of me somewhere in the lower regions; Sunday is free for us, thank goodness. So please make the most of me, both of you, for it is the last time you will have the privilege. By the way, Fanny, will you do me a favor? There used to be a little book of mine in the glass bookcase in the library; my name in it and a mottled cover; I wish you would go and find it for me."

CHAPTER XI.

Lady Frances left the room with alacrity. Gerard immediately bent over Alice, and his tone changed.

"I have sent her away on purpose. She'll be half an hour rummaging, for I have not seen the book there for ages. Alice, one word before we part. You must know that it was for your sake I refused the marriage proposed to me by my uncle; you will not let me go into banishment without a word of hope, a promise of your love to lighten it."

"Oh, Gerard," she eagerly said, "I am so glad you have spoken; I almost think I should have spoken myself, if you had not. Just look at me."

"I am looking at you," he fondly answered.

"Then look at my hectic face, my constantly tired limbs, my sickly hands; do they not plainly tell you that the topics you would speak of must be barred topics to me?"

"Why should they be? You will get stronger."

"Never. There is no hope of it. Many years ago, when the illness first came on me, the doctors said I might get better with time; but the time has come, and come, and come, and—gone, and only left me a more confirmed invalid. To an old age I cannot live; most probably but a few years; ask yourself, Gerard, if I am one who ought to marry and leave behind a husband to regret me; perhaps children. No, no."

"You are cruel, Alice."

"The cruelty would be, if I selfishly allowed you to talk of love to me; or, still more selfish to let you cherish hopes that I would marry. When you hinted at this the other evening when than wretched bracelet was lost, I reproached myself with cowardice in not answering more plainly than you had spoken. I should have told you, Gerard, as I tell you now, that nothing, no persuasion from the dearest person on earth shall ever induce me to marry."

"You dislike me, I see that."

"I did not say so," answered Alice, with a glowing cheek. "I think it very possible that—if I could ever allow myself to dwell on such things—I should like you very much, perhaps better than I could like any one."

"And why will you not?" her persuasively uttered.

"Gerard, I have told you. I am too weak and sickly to be other than I am. It would only be deceiving myself and you. No, Gerard, my love and hopes must lie elsewhere."

"Where?" he eagerly asked.

Alice pointed upwards.

"I am learning to look upon it as my home," she whispered, "and I must not suffer hindrances to obscure the way. It will be a better home than even your love, Gerard."

Gerard Hope smiled.

(To be continued.)

GIRL WHO GOT PRETTIER.

An Embarrassing Misunderstanding Caused by a Vocal Cockneyism.

Mr. Charles Whymper, the well-known engraver and animal painter, told the following anecdote a few years ago: "I dined at Mr. So-and-So's at Highgate last night, and as a mark of honor his eldest daughter was assigned to me to take down to dinner. She's a bright girl, and I got along very nicely with her and Lady Bletherington on the other side, until the ladies were on the eve of retiring to the drawing room. I was talking about the beautiful scenery near the house, the views from the windows, the fine air, when Miss ——— suddenly said: 'I think I get prettier every day—don't you?' What could she mean? I did not dare to answer her, so I said: 'I beg your pardon—what did you say?' 'I said I think I get prettier every day.' There was no mistaking her words, so I answered: 'Yes, indeed, you get prettier; and no wonder, in such fresh air, and—' Just then she caught her mother's eye, and with the other ladies she left the room. As she went out she looked over her shoulder with such a withering scorn in her eyes that I knew I had put my foot in it some how. Then it flashed upon me that I had misunderstood her; she had dropped an 'h.' What she had said was not a silly compliment to herself; the sentence really was: 'I think Highgate prettier every day.'" Mr. Whymper's hair is quite gray now. —Chambers'.

The friends of the Hon. Carter Harrison should take him into some quiet nook and inform him that "the man of destiny" business has been overworked.—Washington Post.

OPPOSES REVISION.

SPEAKER HENDERSON'S POSITION CLEARLY DEFINED.

The Time Has Not Yet Come When We Should Abandon or Even Modify the Policy That Has Wrought Such Splendid Results in This Country.

The address by Speaker Henderson at the Republican rally at Manchester, Iowa, removes all doubt as to the position that gentleman will take on the proposition to revise the tariff at the coming session of Congress. Eastern papers have been counting on Mr. Henderson to take advanced grounds on this subject, even intimating that he would be found ready to make radical changes to the end that American exporters might have a more open field for the exploitation of their products. In short, Mr. Henderson was one of the men who were expected to advocate "free trade."

In terms that cannot be misunderstood the leader of the lower house announced that he did not interpret the Buffalo speech of President McKinley to mean that the policy of protection was to be abandoned or even modified. He does not believe that one industry, or one business enterprise, should be called upon to make sacrifices in order that another industry or enterprise may extend its trade abroad. He believes that no policy has done so much as protection "for the development of our country, for the elevation of labor on the farm and in the shop as this great policy." He cannot now see why, having called back from the brink of ruin the commercial and industrial interests of the nation, having established all on a firm footing, having won the favor of those who hope to develop a new South, having, in fact, worked a miracle during a brief term of five years, the people of the United States should now hesitate when the proposition is presented to them to change their policy for one that has never yet failed to bring ruin or threat of ruin in its wake.

It may appear strange that many who have read the address of the late President McKinley, together with President Roosevelt's speech at Minneapolis, should have put into the words of those two leaders a meaning that they did not contain. Both stated in distinct terms that, while using every effort to extend our trade abroad and dispose of our surplus product, no industry which required protection should be abandoned. This is the understanding Speaker Henderson has of these addresses. This is the line upon which he has pledged the Republican Congress to work so far as his influence can be made effective.

In discussing this matter Republicans should remember that in the past those who have asked for a reduction or a removal of the tariff have had something to gain where others would lose. The producer of one state is willing that commodities of another state in which he has no interest should be put on the free list; or the finished product of one industry which is his raw material he believes to be entitled to admission without the payment of customs duties. In this way, item by item and industry by industry, the whole list of dutiable goods, which now comprise but three-fifths of our importations, may become subject to attack, and in the confusion that would follow the weak would go to the wall.

No man can justly assert that a tariff schedule can be so perfectly drawn that it will not require revision from time to time. But the fact remains that, whenever it shall become necessary to revise the Dingley law, that revision should be made by protectionists and at no time should the principle of protection be lost sight of. In making up his committee on ways and means Speaker Henderson has it in his power to see that the Democratic minority on that committee cannot, by uniting with two or three Republicans, dictate the majority report, and, judging from his Manchester speech, he will take measures to that end.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

ALLISON'S VIEWS.

Advantages of Our Great Home Market Should Not Be Relinquished.

The attitude of Senator Allison on the subject of tariff revision and tariff reductions through trade treaties is clearly defined in a speech delivered by him last week at Tama, Iowa. Referring to the vast benefits of protection in giving to our producers the assurance of a great home market and in enabling them to also enter into successful competition for foreign markets, Mr. Allison said:

"So that it must be said that the policy of protection is firmly imbedded in our system, and is not likely to be changed. I do not mean to say that our duties and our rates of duty upon imported articles are not to be changed. I only mean to say that when they are changed they will be so changed that we will still have an advantage as respects our own markets over those in other countries who produce the same or like articles."

In his speech at Manchester, Senator Allison said:

"I do not wish to be understood as saying that the tariff duties on imported articles shall not be subject to change. But when they are changed it should be with reference to the advantage of our markets over those of other countries. These duties, indeed, ought to be changed as conditions change, so as to help our people to better markets abroad, and also for the benefit of consumers of these products in our country, whereby, if monopolies are created, they can be checked and reasonable prices only exacted.

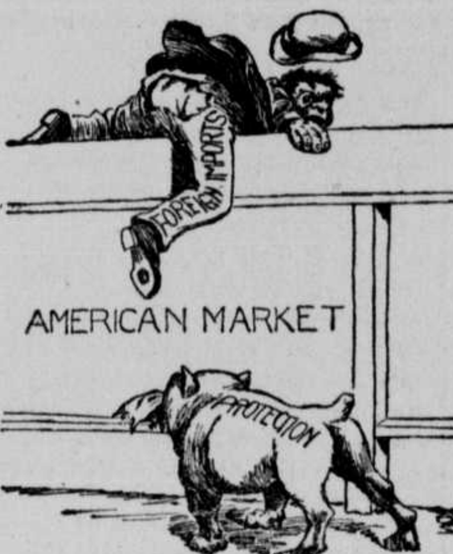
Modifications of the tariff laws must be expected, but such modifications must not be accomplished at the cost of domestic markets to the good of foreign markets. We must not lose the substance in seeking the shadow. The most fertile field is in the south and west. We can hardly expect to increase our markets in Europe."

Speaker Henderson's remarks on the same platform at Mancheseer showed him to be equally uncompromising in his opposition to tariff changes in the interest of the foreign producer. The two foremost Republicans of Iowa—two men of potent influence in national legislation—are a unit on the question of strict adherence to the policy of protection. Revisionaries and reciprocators will look in vain to Iowa for aid and comfort.

WHY BABCOCK SHOULD GO SLOW.

Trusts are the outgrowth of capital controlling the cheapest sources of methods of production. They are international and cosmopolitan. Many of them would favor free trade in their particular commodity as an effectual means of eliminating local competition. The sugar trust, for example, openly favors that policy. But the time is certainly not opportune for tinkering with the tariff. When a country is as prosperous as we are it is an admirable thing to let well enough alone. The introduction of a new tariff act with any substantial support would open up the whole tariff question. If the house, by the application of its stringent rules, could confine discussion to the items named in the bill nothing could prevent the senate from so amending the bill that the original author would not recognize that he had ever seen it, and then it would come back to the house. Meanwhile for months the business of the country would be unsettled. Production would fall off in the commodities threatened, and importations and revenue would fall off with them. And we cannot spare revenue. Democratic tariffs, such as Congressman Babcock proposes will not support the government. They never did. For the six years preceding the enactment of the Wilson tariff our average receipts from customs were $212,153,780. For the four succeeding years the average was $155,138,256, a falling off of $57,015,524 per annum. It was that falling off which almost wrecked the finances of the country, and it was the accompanying destruction of domestic industries which brought ruin to private homes. The country wants no repetition of this or any threat of it. A burnt country should dread the fire. It is a time to let tariff tinkering alone.—San Francisco Chronicle.

AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.



HAVE ALREADY RETALIATED.

The suggestion so often made by those who oppose the American tariff system that unless it is modified the other nations will retaliate by imposing higher duties on our products, is not based on a knowledge of the facts. The nations most referred to as being likely to take this course are Russia, Germany and Austria. The truth is that their tariffs are already higher than ours and on many articles are almost prohibitive. The question is not one of retaliation, but of discrimination. Under these circumstances we alone are in a position to retaliate if it be done by anybody. It is like the story of the meeting of the animals when the question came up how they should manifest their votes. The suggestion of the fox that they should shake their tails was about to meet with favor when the coon remaked, "Mr. President, the billy goat has already voted." The nations referred to have already retaliated.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Expansion of the Beet Sugar Industry.

It appears, therefore, that the beet sugar industry is growing at an increasing rate. The number of new projects increase from year to year, and almost from month to month. Even though some projects may not be realized, they show that the popular mind is at work upon this question and sooner or later something tangible will come out of the agitation. It is observed with gratification that projectors of beet sugar factories are beginning to go about their work with more deliberation. This appears from the fact that contracts are let at this early date for plants to be completed for the campaign of 1902.—The Beet Sugar Gazette.

Sugar Trust's Cinch.

Nothing could better illustrate the prosperous condition of the country than the action of the Sugar Trust in lowering prices to show that its profits are of much less importance than the perpetuation of its cinch.—Detroit Tribune.

FISHING FOR CEDAR LOGS.

Sunken New Jersey Swamps That Furnish Priceless Shingles.

The cedar shingle industry which flourished at Dennisville, Cape May county, N. J., a few years ago is now almost extinct, and the export of the once-prized wood, some of which is said to be nearly 3,000 years old, has been reduced to a minimum. The sunken cedar swamp reaches from the mouth of Dennis creek to what is known as Cedar Swamp creek, and runs along Cedar Swamp creek to the village of Petersburg. The age of this swamp is not accurately known. Twenty years ago Prof. Cook, then state geologist, visited Dennisville and examined a tree dug up by Charles Robart of Cape May, which he then said was 3,000 years of age. The valuable cedar, which consists of fallen trees, lies buried underneath the swamps, creeks, meadows and ponds at a depth of four feet. Thousands of acres have been worked, as this wood is very valuable for shingles. A roof of dug up cedar shingles will last for fifty years. The wood is not so plentiful now, as the log men have worked the swamps for years, and the present growth of cedar does not fall and bury itself. The process by which the wood is obtained is very interesting. An iron probe about five feet long is thrust into the mud until it strikes a buried log, when the logmen keep on sounding until they discover the length of the log. They then thrust in a saw and cut all the way round the log to free it from obstructions. If the log happens to be in the swamp or meadow it is dug out, but if in a pond or creek, as soon as it is freed from the saw it immediately springs from the mud and floats on the surface of the water. No signs of these buried logs can be seen and they are found only by probing. In many swamps there are three growths under the mud, with the present growth standing above them. An immense log has been dug from under a large aged stump that was also under ground. Some logs gnawed down by beavers have been worked in what is known as Robins' swamp. From 1860 to 1870 Elmer Edwards is said to have secured 100,800,000 dug-up cedar shingles. From one log $75 worth of shingles were obtained. A large amount was sent to Winchester, Mass., to be used in the manufacture of violins.—Chicago Record-Herald.

TRACING SLANG PHRASES.

Some of Them Go Back to Classical Greece and Rome.

A learned German philologist recently has been tracing so-called slang phrases through the labyrinth of various languages, and has found that many of them are of ancient and some of classical origin, like the famous phrase, "He's a brick." As most every one knows, this originated from the reply of the King of Sparta, who, when asked where were the walls of his city, replied that Sparta had 50,000 soldiers, "and every man is a brick." It was once the custom in France to serve to a guest who had outstayed his welcome a cold shoulder of mutton instead of a hot roast, as a gentle hint to terminate his visit. Hence the expression, "To give the cold shoulder." Back in the days of 'Good Queen Bess" a shoemaker named Hawkins committed suicide by standing on a bucket to bring him nearer to the convenient rafter which he had selected for his hanging place. Having made fast the rope he kicked the bucket away and so accomplished his purpose. Hence to "kick the bucket." In Puritan times a certain Hezekiah Morton was in the habit of baking two or three dozen apple pies every Saturday, and arranging them in the pantry with labels, appropriating one or more pies for certain days. The pantry thus arranged was said to be "in apple-pie order." It was a custom of the Hungarians in their wars with the Turks to wear a feather in their cap for each Turk they killed. Hence "a feather in his cap." "Deadhead" is of extremely ancient origin. In Pompeii people who gained admission to the theater or the amphitheater without paying their way were "deadheads," because the check used for their admission consisted of a small ivory death's head. Perhaps the expression was older than Pompeii, and the ivory checks were the outcome of the word and not the word of the checks. But it is certain the word was used then as it is now.—New York Press.

How Br'er Williams Settled It.

"Dey tells me dat Br'er Williams done come ter grief ergin?" "Yes, he in mo' trouble." "How come?" 'Well, you hearn dat tale 'bout Br'er Washin'ton eatin' wid de big white folks?" "Yes, dey tole it ter me." 'Well, Br'er Williams 'low dat his time done come ter settle what dey calls de race problem down disaway, en de sooner it wuz settle de better. So he give a great feas', en pick out two er de bigges' white mens in de settlement, en sen' 'um a invite ter come eat dinner wid 'im." "De goodness gracious!" "Dat what he done. En one er de white mens cut 'im down a pine saplin', en t'er one onhitch two plow lines f'um off his mule, en meetin' o' Br'er Williams in de big road, dey took 'im ter de fur woods ter ax 'im a few leadin' questions 'bout dis same race problem; en w'en dey got th'oo' wid 'im Br'er Williams say dat settin' down wuzn't good fer de hel't', en dat runnin' a mile a minute wuz de fines' exercise in de worl'! En de las' word dey heah 'im say conscious wuz, 'Dam de race problem!'—Atlanta Constitution.