

# The Diamond Bracelet

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

## CHAPTER XVI.

In an obscure room of a low and dilapidated lodging house, in a low and dilapidated neighborhood, there sat a man one evening in the coming twilight; a towering, gaunt skeleton, whose remarkably long arms and legs looked little more than skin and bone. The arms were fully exposed to view, since their owner, though he possessed and wore a waistcoat, dispensed with the use of a shirt. An article, once a coat, lay on the floor, to be donned at will—if it could be got into for the holes. The man sat on the floor in a corner, his head finding a resting place against the wall, and he had dropped into a light sleep, but if ever famine was depicted in a face, it was in his. Unwashed, unshaven, with matted hair and feverish lips; the cheeks were hollow, the nostrils white and pinched, and the skin around the mouth had a blue tinge. Some one tried and shook the door; it aroused him, and he started up, but only to cover in a bending attitude and listen.

"I hear you," cried a voice. "How are you tonight, Joe? Open the door." The voice was not one he knew; not one that might be responded to. "Do you call this politeness, Joe Nicholls? If you don't open the door, I shall take the liberty of opening it for myself, which will put you to the trouble of mending the fastenings afterwards."

"Who are you?" cried Nicholls, reading determination in the voice. "I'm gone to bed, and can't admit folks tonight."

"Gone to bed at 8 o'clock?" "Yes; I'm ill."

"I will give you one minute, and then I come in. You will open it if you want to save trouble."

Nicholls yielded to his fate and opened the door.

The gentleman—he looked like one—cast his keen eyes around the room. There was not a vestige of furniture in it; nothing but the bare, dirty walls, from which the mortar crumbled, and the bare, dirty boards.

"What did you mean by saying you were gone to bed, eh?"

"So I was, I was asleep there," pointing to the corner, "and there's my bed. What do you want?" added Nicholls, peering at the stranger's face in the gloom of the evening, but seeing it imperfectly, for his hat was drawn low over it.

"A little talk with you, the last sweepstakes you got into—"

The man lifted his face and burst forth with such eagerness that the stranger could only arrest his own words and listen.

"It was a swindle from beginning to end. I had scraped together the ten shillings to put in it, and I drew the right horse and was shuffled out of the gains and I have never had my dues, not a farthing of 'em. Since then I have been ill, and I can't get about to better myself. Are you come, sir, to make it right?"

"Some—the stranger coughed—'friends of mine were in it, also,' said he; 'and they lost their money.'"

"Everybody lost it; the getters-up bolted with all they had drawn into their fingers. Have they been took, do you know?"

"All in good time; they have left their trail. So you have been ill, have you?"

"Ill! Just take a sight of me! There's an arm for a big man."

He stretched out his naked arm for inspection; it appeared as if a touch would snap it. The stranger laid his hand upon its fingers, and his other hand appeared to be stealing furtively toward his own pocket.

"I should say this looks like starvation, Joe."

"Some at night akin to it."

A pause of unsuspicion and the handcuffs were clapped on the astonished man. He started up with an oath.

"No need to make a noise, Nicholls," said the detective with a careless air. "I have got two men waiting outside."

"I swear I wasn't in the plate robbery," passionately uttered the man. "I knew it of it, but I didn't join 'em, and I never had the worth of a salt spoon after it was melted down. And they call me a coward, and they leave me here to starve and die! I swear I wasn't in it."

"Well, we'll talk about the plate robbery another time," said the officer, as he raised his hat; "you have got those bracelets on, my man, for another sort of bracelet. A diamond one. Do you remember me?"

The prisoner's mouth fell.

"I thought that was over and done with all this time—I don't know what you mean," he added, correcting himself.

"No," said the officer, "it's just beginning. The bracelet is found and has been traced to you. You were a clever fellow, and I had my doubts of you at the time; I thought you were too clever to go on long."

"I should be ashamed to play the sneak and catch a fellow in this way. Why couldn't you come openly in your proper clothes? Not come playing the spy in the garb of a friendly civilian."

"My men are in their 'proper clothes,'" returned the equable officer, "and you will have the honor of their escort presently. I came because they did not know you, and I did."

"Three officers to a single man, and he a skeleton!" uttered Nicholls, with a vast show of indignation.

and somehow she wormed out of me that I had got it, and let her dispose of it for me, for she said she knew how to do it without danger."

"What did you get for it?"

The skeleton shook his head. Thirty-four pounds, and I had counted on a hundred and fifty. She took an oath she had not helped herself to a sixpence."

"Oaths are plentiful with the genus," remarked the detective.

"She stood to it she hadn't, and she stopped and helped me to spend it. After that was done, she went over to somebody else who was in luck; and I have tried to go on, and I can't; honestly or dishonestly; it seems all one; nothing prospers, and I'm naked and famishing—and I wish I was dying."

"Evil courses never do prosper, Nicholls," said the officer, as he called in the policemen, and consigned the prisoner to their care.

So Gerard was innocent!

"But how was it you skillful detectives could not be on this man's scent?" asked Colonel Hope of the officer, when he heard the tale.

"Colonel, I was thrown off. Your positive belief in your nephew's guilt infected me, and appearances were very strong against him. Miss Seaton also helped to throw me off; she said, if you remember, that she did not leave the room; but it now appears she did leave it when your nephew did, though only for a few moments. Those few moments sufficed to do the job."

"It's strange she could not tell the exact truth," growled the colonel.

"She probably thought she was exact enough since she only remained outside the door and could answer for it that no one had entered by it. She forgot the window. I thought of the window the instant the loss was mentioned to me, but Miss Seaton's assertion that she never had the window out of her view prevented my dwelling on it. I did go to the next door, and saw the very fellow who committed the robbery, but his manner was sufficiently satisfactory. He talked too freely; I did not like that; but I found he had been in the same service 15 months, and, as I must repeat, I laid the guilt to another."

"It is a confoundingly unpleasant affair for me," cried the colonel; "I have published my nephew's disgrace and guilt all over London."

"It is more unpleasant for him, colonel," was the rejoinder of the officer.

"And I have kept him short of money, and suffered him to be sued for debt, and I have let him go and live amongst the runaway scamps over the water, and not hindered his engaging himself as a merchant's clerk; and, in short, I have played the very deuce with him."

"But reparation is, doubtless, in your heart and hands, colonel."

"I don't know that, sir," testily concluded the colonel.

(To be continued.)

### Floating Button Factory.

Taking the factory to the raw material instead of bringing the material to the factory, is an innovation just put in operation on the Mississippi river by a button factory, and it is a plan that has many practical advantages.

This factory is about forty-two feet long and twelve feet wide, fitted with all the necessary machinery for the manufacture of buttons, and provided with a three-horse-power engine for its work.

The principal material used by this factory is mussel shells, which are found at nearly all points along the river, and one of the great expenses in conducting the business heretofore has been the cost of transporting the shells. Now the factory has reversed the operation and will go to the mussels.

When a bed of shells is found the boat will drop its anchor and go to work. When the bed is exhausted it will move on to a new location. In this fashion it will go from state to state, from Minnesota to Louisiana, passing along with the seasons, and always enjoying the most desirable weather of the Mississippi valley.

### Automobile Poachers.

A Paris correspondent tells of some wholesale poaching of automobilists, who used their "car" as a trap for the game and made off with enormous "bags" of plunder while the gamekeeper slept. The trick was so clever that, barring the feelings of the birds who failed of being "preserved" for the guns of sporting owners, the automobile poachers must be congratulated on accomplishing their purpose. They pretended to have broken down while driving along the high road, and told the peasants and the gamekeeper, with many lamentations, they would be forced to remain all night in the field adjacent. The gamekeeper, though he says it was against his will, aided the men in moving the car to a place of safety until certain repairs could be effected. These "repairs" were made in the dead of night by robbing the preserves of nearly every partridge and quail they contained and making off with the booty.

### Nearness of Relationship.

A little miss of five, living in Washington, conspired with her brother, age four, to save enough pennies to buy papa and mamma presents. A friend of the family noticed that mamma's present was much finer and more expensive than papa's and was impelled by curiosity to inquire why the bulk of the savings had been expended for the mother. The little miss replied: "Well, you see, papa is only related to our children by marriage, while mamma is our relative by birth."

## SOUND RECIPROCITY.

DEFINED BY THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF MANUFACTURERS.

Practical Business Men Favor Only Such Tariff Concessions as Will Not Injure Our Domestic Interests of Manufacturers, Commerce and Agriculture.

The National Reciprocity Convention has come and gone. Called under the auspices of the National Association of Manufacturers with the avowed object of promoting the scheme of trade agreements embodied in what are known as the Kasson treaties, and its management lodged in the hands of men thoroughly committed to what Charles Heber Clark so aptly characterized as "the policy of industrial assassination," the convention prior to assembling, and up to a certain point in its proceedings, seemed to stand aligned for wide open reciprocity. Its permanent chairman, Mr. Theodore C. Search, executed a neat straddle in his opening address. He pleaded for a broader commercial policy, and in support of that plea misquoted the Buffalo speech of President McKinley. He completely perverted the tone and meaning of that famous speech by carefully suppressing its qualifying phrases. Chairman Search did not feel called upon to quote these portions of the speech of President McKinley:

"By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production."

"We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor."

"We should sell whenever we can, buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and production, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor."

This was the McKinley idea of reciprocity as expressed in the Buffalo speech. Chairman Search cannot have overlooked or forgotten these vital portions of the speech. Hence the inference that he elected to suppress them and in so doing was guilty of misquotation and perversion. But the omissions were supplied later in the day in the very excellent address of Mr. Frank

### A MISCHIEVOUS MAGNET.



Leake, chairman of the delegation from the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, so that the convention was not left in the dark as to the McKinley idea of reciprocity after all. Mr. Search made a mild plea that consideration be shown to all industries, but that was all. He was on the top of the fence whichever way the cat jumped. To the Protectionist element in the convention there was an ominous significance in the sending to and the acceptance by the New England Free-Trade League of an invitation to send delegates; also in the fact that the delivery of the first address on the subject of reciprocity was assigned to an avowed Free-Trader, Mr. A. B. Farquhar of York, Pa., a manufacturer of agricultural implements so completely guarded by patents and royalties as to render foreign competition impossible. Being himself in no need of Protection—or, at any rate, holding that view, and apparently oblivious to the fact that upon the general prosperity produced by Protection he must depend for by far the larger portion of sales in the home market—Mr. Farquhar easily arrives at the conclusion that no other industry should have Protection. What he wants to do is to sell implements to foreigners, no matter what becomes of the general industries of his own country. He is, in short, a typical reciprocatist. Charles Heber Clark's definition of reciprocity fits Farquhar like a glove:

"But of late we have heard a demand for reciprocity of quite another kind, and this new variety of reciprocity, unsanctioned by any of the great champions of American industry in the past, has found advocates in this convention and has even been formulated in treaties by representatives of the Government of the United States. It is not easy to put into a single phrase the theory of this new kind of reciprocity; but the purpose of the authors may be expressed if we shall imagine them saying, for example, to France:

"If you will let us knife some of your industries we will let you stab some of ours." In short, we find certain American manufacturers who have grown to greatness under the Protective system, willing to sanction partial repudiation of that system so that they may make gains for themselves in foreign markets. Like the famous humorist who was willing to have all his wife's relatives go to the war, they will agree to the injury or the destruction of a few little American

industries if they can thus obtain a chance to sell more of their fabrics."

Then came the great speech of the convention, the turning point of its deliberations, the event which more than any other one thing, and perhaps more than all other things combined, saved the day for Protection and fair play, for the kind of reciprocity that builds up and does not tear down; that cherishes and does not assassinate domestic industries; the reciprocity of Blaine, McKinley, Roosevelt and Dingley; the reciprocity of the Republican platform of 1900, which the American people have indorsed at the polls and which by that indorsement stands as the unwritten law of the land. By some fortunate chance—for it is hard to believe that the convention managers realized in advance what a mighty weapon was to be turned against them—the duty of delivering the second of the general papers devolved upon Mr. Charles Heber Clark, a delegate from the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia. Evidently the level-headed Quakers knew their man much better than the convention managers knew him. Their selection was a marvelously good one. Mr. Clark did more than answer Mr. Farquhar. He annihilated him. He made that marble-headed Cobenite look like very much less than "thirty cents." He carried the convention by storm with his massing of facts, statistics and logic, his gift of direct statement, his offhand, colloquial manner of oratory, his touches of humor and his keen shafts of sarcasm. Rehearsing the tremendous growth of our foreign trade under the Dingley law as contrasted with the Wilson Tariff, Mr. Clark would pause a moment and then ask: "Do you see anything in this to justify the hanging of a hole in the Dingley Tariff?" And the convention would burst into an uproar of applause and laughter. Straight to the mark like a rifle shot went this statement:

"If you care to engage in reciprocity experiments along the lines laid down in the Republican platform of 1900 and in harmony with the reservation so carefully insisted upon by President McKinley at Buffalo, we say go ahead and see what you can do. But if you depart from those wise, safe, sensible lines and undertake to put the knife into one or more industries for the

benefit of other industries seeking to extend their foreign trade, I say to you now we will fight you to the bitter end."

Other addresses there were of marked ability and strength, notably that of Mr. Leake, whose clear and calm exposition of the views of the important body for which he spoke gained close attention and respect; of Mr. George J. Seabury, who effectively urged that an American merchant marine, an Isthmian canal and the laying of Pacific cables to be owned and operated by Americans should precede any general scheme of reciprocity; of Mr. Henry Dailey of New York, who presented an earnest, scholarly plea for deliberation, care and wisdom before embarking upon the uncharted sea of wide open reciprocity; of Mr. Titus Sheard of Little Falls, N. Y., and Mr. Owen Osborne of Philadelphia, who contributed some valuable facts relative to wages and cost of production in the knit goods and hosiery industry; of Mr. S. O. Bigney of Attleboro, Mass., whose statement concerning the great jewelry industry of New England might well make Mr. Farquhar feel ashamed of his sneering allusions to "bogus jewelry."

In the formation of the committee on resolutions the outlook for protection was not at first glance encouraging, but the obvious temper of the convention as a whole had its effect upon the committee's deliberations, with the result of producing a report which stands for the maintenance of the principle of protection for the home market, and for only such modifications of the tariff as can be made "without injury to any of our home interests of manufacturing, commerce or farming." Sound republican and protection doctrine, tersely and plainly stated! The resolutions also recommend the creation by Congress of a reciprocity commission and for the establishment of a department of commerce. In a body of close upon 300 delegates these resolutions were adopted with only three dissenting votes. One of these was changed before the result was announced. Two remained obdurate. One of these was Henry W. Lamb, a delegate from the New England Free Trade League, and the other declined to disclose his identity.

So ended in all honor and justice and equity and wisdom and patriotism the assembly of notables to be hereafter known in history at the National Reciprocity Convention. In the language of the devout Mr. Seabury we say: Amen!

## SHOULDN'T COME IN.

FIGURES FROM BOARD OF IMMIGRATION COMMISSIONERS.

Classes of Immigrants Who Are Undesirable from American Standpoints of Citizenship—Pauper Element from Southern Italy Left in Seaboard Cities.

The report of the board of immigration commissioners at New York contains figures and statistics that furnish food for serious reflection on the much vexed problem of restricting the flow of certain classes of foreigners to this country. The total immigration for the fiscal year 1900-1901 was 383,931, as against 341,712 for the year previous, an increase of 47,219. The total number of immigrants from southern Italy for 1900-1901 was 111,298, as against 83,329 for the preceding fiscal year. From northern Italy there were 20,360 immigrants this year as against 16,690 last year, an increase of 3,670. The commissioners' report will show that the southern Italians brought with them this year \$964,979, a per capita rate of only \$8.67, while the northern Italians brought \$478,969, a per capita rate of \$23.62, standing well up among the highest class of immigrants. As to the influx from other countries the figures are also interesting. The second highest on the list to the Italians are the Hebrews, who numbered 43,237, a decrease of 1,283 from the preceding year. They were also short of funds, having brought \$360,940, a per capita rate of \$8.58, which is 9 cents less than that of the southern Italians and the lowest on the entire list. Polish immigrants numbered 37,636, an increase of 801. They brought \$373,559, or \$9.93 per capita. The Lithuanians were 8,192 in number and had a per capita rate of \$8.65, the Portuguese were 3,393 strong, with a \$9.61 rate, and the Rutenians 5,032, with a \$9.64 rate to their credit. The per capita rate of all others was above \$10. The German immigration amounted to 29,660, an increase of 6,298. Their per capita rate was \$31.14, the third highest on the list, the first being held by the French, at a \$39.57 rate, with a small immigration of 3,771, while the English, Scotch and Welsh at \$32.64 were third highest, with a total immigration of 6,433 persons. Ireland sent over this year 19,953 immigrants, which was 5,247 less than landed during 1899-1900. They brought \$340,822, or \$17.10 per capita rate. The Scandinavians increased 1,334 over last year, their total being 24,161, with a per capita rate of \$16.15. The Slovaks numbered 26,931, an increase of 1,539. They had a \$12.31 rate. The Magyars were 12,344, with 991 increase and a \$10.96 rate. The Croatian and Dalmatian races were represented by 12,348 immigrants, with \$15.54 as a per capita; the Dutch and Flemish had 3,965, with a high ratio of \$26.30, while the Spanish, with 513, an increase of 204, had a still higher per capita of \$30.23. The Armenians, Syrians and Bohemians furnished 11,721, the Finnish 8,359, the Greeks 5,651 and all other nationalities 1,627. Their per capita rates ranged from \$15 to \$22. As already stated, the increase in immigration for the fiscal year 1900-1901 was 47,219, and of this number 28,699, or 61 per cent, were natives of south Italy. One of the railroad officials of the immigration bureau, in New York, commenting on this feature, said: "The southern Italians, who so largely swelled the tide of immigration this year constitute an undesirable class for naturalization and citizenship. Past experience bears out this statement, and, as evidence of the fact that there is no racial prejudice in the assertion, it is only necessary to ask the opinion of a north Italian on the pauper element of southern Italy. Many of them have told me how utterly worthless these persons are at home, and statistics show how useless they are from a progressive standpoint in this country. They represent the lazy and indolent outcasts of southern Europe, are absolutely thiftless and will work only when dire necessity compels it. They bring just enough money with them to this country to comply with the immigration laws, and, as they cannot afford to buy railroad or steamboat tickets to sections of the country where there is a demand for their labor, they linger in the large cities of the East until their meager fund is exhausted, and then, for the most part, become burdens on the municipalities in which they are stranded. This, of course, will apply to some classes of other nationalities, and it seems that the time has arrived for more stringent immigration laws, restricting the wholesale influx of objectionable classes of foreigners to this country."—New York Sun.

Charity's Choice.

"Mummy," said a small girl—"mummy, dear, I do wish I might give some money for poor children's dinners." "So you may, darling." "But, mummy, I haven't any money." "Well, darling, if you like to go without sugar I will give you the money instead, and then you will have some." The small child considered solemnly for a moment and then said: "Must it be sugar, mummy?" "Why, no, darling, I don't much mind. What would you like to do without?" "How would soap do, mummy, then?" "exclaimed the small maiden in triumph.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cholly—"I think I may change my mind." Miss Marblehead (earnestly)—"I would if I were you."—Judge.

Bowing to circumstances is apt to be forced politeness.

Many a man's head is full of emptiness.