

# The Diamond Bracelet

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## CHAPTER XVII.

Once more Gerard Hope entered his uncle's house; not as an interloper stealing into it in secret, but as an honored guest to whom reparation was due, and must be made. Alice Seaton leaned back in her invalid chair, a joyous flush on her wasted cheek, and a joyous happiness in her eye. Still the shadow of coming death was there, and Mr. Hope was shocked to see her—more shocked and startled than he had expected, or chose to express.

"Oh, Alice! What has done this?" "That," she answered, pointing to the bracelet, which, returned to its true owner, lay on the table. "I should not have lived many years, of that I am convinced; but I might have lived a little longer than I now shall. It has been the cause of misery to many, and Lady Sarah says she shall never regard it but as an ill-starred trinket, or wear it with any pleasure."

"But, Alice, why should you have suffered it thus to affect you?" he remonstrated. "You knew your own innocence, and you say you believed and trusted in mine; what did you fear?" "I will tell you, Gerard," she resumed, a deeper hectic rising in her cheeks. "I could not have confessed my fear, even in dying; it was too distressing, too terrible; but now that it is all clear, I will tell it. I believed my sister had taken the bracelet."

He uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"I have believed it all along. She had called to see me that night, and was alone with the bracelets; I knew she, at that time, was short of money, and I feared she had been tempted to take it—just as this unfortunate servant man was tempted. Oh, Gerard, the dread of it has been upon me night and day, preying upon my fears, weighing down my spirits, wearing away my health and my life. And I had to bear it all in silence—that dreadful silence that has killed me."

"Alice, this must have been a morbid fear." "Not so—if you knew all. But now that I have told you let us not revert to it again; it is at an end, and I am very thankful. That it should so end has been my prayer and hope; not quite the only hope," she added, looking up at him with a sunny smile; "I have had another."

"What is it? You look as if it were connected with me." "So it is. Ah, Gerard! Can you not guess it?"

"No," he answered, in a stifled voice. "I can only guess that you are lost to me."

"Lost to all here. Have you forgotten our brief conversation the night you went into exile? I told you then there was one far more worthy of you than I could ever have been."

"None will ever be half so worthy; or—I will say it, Alice, in spite of your warning hand—half so loved."

"Gerard," she continued, sinking her voice, "she has waited for you."

"Nonsense," he rejoined. "She has. I have watched and seen, and I know it; and I tell it you under secrecy; when she is your wife, not before, you may tell her that I saw it

and said it. She is a lovable and attractive girl, and she does not and will not marry; you are the cause."

"My darling—"  
"Stay, Gerard," she gravely interrupted; "those words of endearment are not for me. Give them to her; can you deny that you love her?"

"Perhaps I do—in a degree. Next to yourself—"  
"Put me out of your thoughts while we speak. If I were—where I so soon shall be, would she not be dearer to you than any one on earth? Would you not be well pleased to make her your wife?"

"Yes, I might be."  
"That is enough, Gerard, Frances, come hither."

The conversation had been carried on in a whisper, and Lady Francis Chenevix came towards them from a distant window. Alice took her hand; she also held Gerard's.

"I thought you were talking secrets," said Lady Francis, "so I kept away."

"As we were," answered Alice. "Frances, what can we do to keep him among us? Do you know what Col. Hope has told him?"

"No. What?"

"That though he shall be reinstated in favor as to money matters, he shall not be in his affection, or in the house, unless he prove sorry for his rebellion by retracting it. The rebellion, you know, at the first outbreak, when Gerard was expelled from the house before that unlucky bracelet was ever bought; I think he is sorry for it; you must help him to be more so."

"Fanny," said Gerard, while her eyelids drooped, and the damask mantled in her cheek, deeper than Alice's hectic, "will you help me?"

"As if I could make head or tail out of what you two are discussing!" cried she by way of helping her out of her confusion, so she attempted to turn away; but Gerard caught her to his side and detained her."

"Fanny—will you drive me again from the house?"

She lifted her eyes twinkling with a little spice of mischief. "I did not drive you before."

"In a manner, yes," he laughed. "Do you know what did drive me?"

She had known it at the time, and Gerard read it in her conscious face.

"I see it all," he murmured, drawing her closer to him; "you have been far kinder to me than I deserved. Fanny, let me try and repay you for it."

Frances endeavored to look dignified, but it would not do, and she was obliged to brush away the tears of happiness that struggled to her eyes. Alice caught their hands together and held them between her own, with a mental aspiration for their life's future happiness. Some time back she could not have breathed it in so fervent a spirit; but—as she had said—the present world and its hopes had closed to her.

"But you know, Gerard," cried Lady Francis, in a saucy tone, "if you ever do help yourself to a bracelet in reality, you must not expect me to go to prison with you."

"Yes, I shall," answered he, far more saucily; "a wife must follow the fortunes of her husband."

THE END.

## The Promotion of the Admiral

Morley Roberts,

Mr. Smith, who ran a sailors' boarding-house in that part of San Francisco known as the Barbary Coast, was absolutely sui generis.

Every breeze that blew, trade-wind or monsoon, had heard of his inquiries. He got the best of everyone.

"All but one," said Smith, one night, in a moment of weakness, when a dozen men who owed so much money that they crawled to him as a Chinaman does to a joss were hanging on his lips; "all but one."

"Oh, we don't take that in," said one of the most indebted; "we can't hardly believe that, Mr. Smith."

"Yep, I was done brown and never got the best of one beast," said the boarding-house keeper. He looked them over malignantly.

"I kin lick any of you here with one hand," he went on, "but the man as belted me could have taken on three of you with both hands. I run against him on the pier at Sandridge when I was in Australia fifteen years ago. He was a naval officer, captain of the Warrior, and dressed up to kill, though he had a face like a figurehead cut of mahogany with a broad axe. And I was a feelin' good and in need of a scrap. So when he bumped ag'in me I shoved him over. Prompt I shoved him. Down he went, and the girls that knowed me laughed. And two policemen came along quick. I didn't care much, but this naval joss picks himself up and goes to 'em. Would you believe it, but when he'd spoke a bit I seed him donate 'em about a dollar each, and they walked off round a heap of dunnage on the wharf, and the captain buttoned up his coat and came for me."

"I never seed the likes of it. He comes up dancin' and smilin', and he kind of give me half a bow, polite as you like, and inside of ten seconds I knew I'd struck a cyclone, right in the spot where they breed. I fought good

(you know me) and I got in half a dozen on his face. But I never fazed him none, and he wouldn't bruise mor'n hittin' a boiler. And every time he got back on me I felt as if I'd been kicked.

"He scarred me something cruel, I could see it by the blood on his hands, 'Twarn't his by a long sight, for his fists were made of teak, I should say. And in the end, when I seemed to see a ship's company of naval officers around me, one of them hit me under the ear and lifted me up. And another hit me whilst I was in the air, and a third landed me as I fell. And that was the end of it so far's I remember. They told me afterward he was the topside fighter in the hull British Navy, and I'm here to say he was."

"And you never got even?" asked the bartender, seeing that no one took up the challenge.

"Never set eyes on him from that day to this," said his boss, regretfully. "And if you did?"

Smith paused—took a drink.

"So help me I'd Shanghai him if he was King of England!"

And one of the crowd who had put down the San Francisco Chronicle in order to hear this yarn picked it up again.

"Selp me," he said, in breathless excitement, "ere's a funny coincidence. 'Ere's a telegram from 'Squimault, sayin' as how the flagship Triumphant, Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, K. C. B., is comin' down to San Francisco!"

"By Jove, let's look," said Shanghai Smith. He read, and a heavenly smile overspread his hard countenance. He almost looked good, such joy was his.

"Tom," he said to the bartender, "set up drinks for the crowd. This is my man, for sure. And him an admiral, too! Holy sailor, ain't this luck?"

He went out into the street and walked and fro, rubbing his hands, while the men inside took their drink. "Was there ever such luck? Was there ever such luck?" murmured Mr. Shanghai Smith. "To think of him turnin' up all of his own accord on my partic'lar stampin' ground! Holy sailor! was there ever such luck?"

The morning of the following day Her Majesty's ship Triumphant lay at her anchors off Sausalito, in San Francisco Bay.

Though the admiral did not know it, one of the very first to greet him when he set his foot on dry land at the bottom of Market street was the man he had licked so thoroughly fifteen years before in Melbourne.

"Oh, it's the same," said Smith to his chief runner, who was about the "hardest case" in California. "He ain't changed none. Just so old he was when he set about me. I'm goin' to have thishyer admiral shipped before the stick on the toughest ship that's about ready to go to sea. Now what's in the harbor with officers that can lick me?"

"Well, I always allowed (as you know, sir) that Simpson of the California was your match. And the California will sail in three days."

"Righto," said Smith; "Simpson is a good, tough man. Bill, the California will do."

"But how'll you corral the admiral, sir?" asked Bill.

"You leave that to me," replied his boss. "I've got a very fruitful notion as will fetch him, if he's half the man he was."

Mr. "Say-it-and-mean-it" Smith laid for Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, K. C. B., etc., from ten o'clock till half-past eleven, and he was the only man in the crowd that did not hope the victim would come down with too many friends to be tackled.

The admiral came at last; it was about a quarter to twelve, and the whole water-front was remarkably quiet. And the admiral was only accompanied by his flag-lieutenant.

The two were promptly sandbagged, the lieutenant left on the street and the admiral carried to the house in the Barbary Coast. When he showed signs of coming to he was promptly dosed, and his clothes were taken off him. As he slept the sleep of the drugged they put on a complete suit of rough serge togery and he became Tom Deane, able-bodied seaman.

By four o'clock in the morning Tom Deane lay fast asleep in a forward bunk of the California's fo'c'sle as she was being towed through the Golden Gate. And his flag-lieutenant was inquiring in hospital what had become of the admiral. And nobody could tell him more than he himself knew. Flaring headlines announced the disappearance of a British admiral, and the wires and cables fairly hummed to England and the world generally.

(To be continued.)

## Game to Tempt the Sportsman.

Hunting big game has an irresistible attraction for all sportsmen, and the more rare the species being sought, the more keen is the hunter's delight. The big game of this country is comparatively well known, but Asia offers some rare species, they are sought every year by countless sportsmen of all nationalities, usually without success.

An ambition of big game hunters is to capture, or shoot, a snow leopard. This rare animal lives on the snow-covered Himalayas, and seldom is seen at an elevation of less than 11,000 feet. He is a beautiful creature, white as the snow he lives among, and as both wild and savage. Even in the great altitudes where he makes his home he is extremely rare, and not only have few persons shot him, but few even have seen him. Any one who wants to stand in the first rank of big game men should try for a snow leopard; if he gets one his reputation is made.

An animal known to exist, but of which no white man ever has seen the dead body, is the mountain ibex of Kamchatka. This great peninsular of Kamchatka, whose half a million square miles is inhabited by less than 7,000 people, is probably the least known of any land in the world not circumpolar. Down its center runs a chain of great mountains, many of them active volcanoes and others covered with thick forests up to a height of 4,000 or 5,000 feet. Above the timber line lives a species of ibex, or mountain sheep, larger and stronger than any that exist elsewhere. The natives show bits of the skins of these animals and some of their enormous horns, but no white man ever has seen a whole one alive or dead, much less killed one.

## Monumental Brasses.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century it occurred to some one to preserve the likeness of his departed friend, as well as the symbols of his rank and station, says the Gentleman's Magazine. So effigies were introduced upon the surface of the slabs, and were carved flat, but ere fifty years had passed away, the art of the sculptor produced magnificent monumental effigies. Knights and nobles lie clad in armor with their ladies by their sides; bishops and abbots bless the spectators with uplifted right hands; judges lie in their official garb; and merchants with the emblem of their trade. At their feet lie animals, usually having some heraldic connection with the deceased, or symbolical of his work; e. g., a dragon is trodden down beneath the feet of a bishop, signifying the defeat of sin as the result of his ministry. The heads of effigies usually rest on cushions which are sometimes supported by two angels.

## WOOL AND TARIFF.

### WHY CHANGES IN DUTY SCHEDULES ARE UNDESIRABLE.

Unstable Conditions Would Be Injurious Alike to Manufacturers and to American Farmers Engaged in Sheep and Wool Growing.

Most opportune is the publication of the year's domestic wool clip by Mr. S. N. D. North of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers. Reciprocity schemes and methods for the benefit of one industry at the expense of others have thrown upon Congress an avalanche of literature, and some of the recommendations indicate that selfish constituents are willing to sacrifice the sheep raisers if they can thereby secure personal profit. That no change is desirable in the tariff on wool will appear obvious after a little study of experiences in this industry under the last three revenue bills. During the wise operations of the McKinley law domestic ranches increased and the home production of wool rose to 348,538,138 pounds in 1893, while imports were but 55,152,585 pounds. Immediately after the enactment of the Wilson bill foreign wool was thrown upon this market in such abundance that imports rose to 350,852,026 pounds in one year, an increase of 536 per cent over the receipts from abroad under the protective tariff, and exceeding even the high record of domestic yield. Meanwhile the home grower found no profit in competing with Australian and other cheaply raised wool, so that sheep were sold for mutton and investors in the industry lost large sums of money. The annual yield in the United States steadily decreased until only 259,153,251 pounds were clipped in 1897. With the resumption of a reasonable barrier against outside producers there came a renewal of domestic interest in this crop, and each year brought a larger total, until the report just issued shows a clip of 302,502,328 pounds.

This question of prices has been the most remarkable feature of the situation, although less bewildering when studied in connection with the records of imports and general business conditions. According to the circular of Coates Bros., one hundred grades of domestic wool averaged 22.78 cents a pound on May 1, 1892, when the country was prosperous under a sound tariff law and woolen mills were actively engaged. By September 1, 1896, the full effect of free trade was being felt, and the same grades of wool averaged 12.22 cents a pound. This fall of 46 per cent in price was not only due to the competition of outside production, but also to the disastrous condition of all industries and business under low tariffs, which rendered the wage earners unable to purchase freely of warm clothing. With the reversal of tariff policy and restoration of a duty on wool there came prompt recovery in this business, together with such confidence that the speculative influence became prominent. Despite large stocks there was inflation of prices and in December, 1899, the average price was 24.70 cents, nearly two cents higher than in 1892. That the advance was obtained too rapidly has since appeared in the reaction to 17.06 cents, July 1, 1901. Numerous and heavy failures were precipitated by these erratic fluctuations, not only among growers, but dealers and manufacturers. Misfortunes must of necessity follow unstable conditions, and these irregularities are directly traceable to tinkering with the tariff.

It is not difficult to understand why the recovery in all departments of the industry has been slow, and only within the last few months have distinctly satisfactory conditions prevailed. In addition to the enormous quantity of woolen goods of all kinds that were accumulated by importers, the receipts of raw wool from abroad during the three years ending July 1, 1897, amounted to 787,797,405 pounds. No amount of prosperity could absorb this enormous stock in a short time, and it was a short-sighted policy that permitted the violent advance of prices, which was naturally followed by severe reaction. Even after the flood of cheap foreign wool had subsided, home producers and holders of domestic wool made the mistake of inflating quotations all out of proportion to the gains made in prices for the finished products. Consumptive demand, it is true, was greatly increased by the healthy tone of all business, but the rise in price of woolen goods was slow. Manufacturers were compelled to resort to the usual method under the circumstances, which was a reduction in quality. Shoddy and cheap substitutes were used, while adulteration with cotton was general. Ultimately the lack of orders produced a salutary effect on the wool market, and prices were brought down to a point where the mills could do business at a profit. Within a very short time the situation has developed signs of an encouraging nature, and a slight recovery in prices is recorded. Manufacturers have orders assuring full occupation of mills until well into next year, and within a few weeks their purchases of raw material in the Boston market established a new record for a single week's transactions, while the resulting movement also produced the largest week's shipments. At the same time there is every evidence that supplies will be ample for all needs until the next clip begins, for Mr. North's report places the stock at 650,054,842 pounds.

In the light of these facts it must be seen that this industry is in no condition for a revival of revenue changes, even if special advantages might accrue to some other industry by recipro-

cal arrangements. Every state and territory in the Union has a share in the raising of sheep. Even little Rhode Island is officially credited with over 10,000 head, while half a dozen states average about three million each. Struggling against greater disadvantages than any other industry, at last wool and woollens appear to have attained a sound position, and capital no longer hesitates to lend its aid to further expansion. At such times it is impossible to overestimate the harm that might be done by disturbing the situation in regard to customs duties.

### WHAT THEY DECIDED.

In the language of one of its delegates, the National Reciprocity Convention has proclaimed to the world that the manufacturers of America want no reciprocity that is not spelled PROTECTION.—New York Times.

An eminently correct conclusion. That is precisely what the convention decided after a consideration of the subject in all its bearings far more exhaustive than any heretofore given to it by the manufacturers of this country. Prior to assembling in Washington they had thought about reciprocity only on the basis of its possible or probable improvement of the export trade in a few special lines. They had not thought about it in relation to the general industries of the country as a whole nor as to its bearing upon the country's prosperity as a whole. Once they had gone deeply and thoroughly into this question they discovered that as an economic and a business proposition it would be the extreme of folly to sacrifice the entire home market for the benefit of a few specialists whose industries are not directly dependent upon a protective tariff. The manufacturers of this country know a great deal more about the true inwardness of reciprocity than they did previous to the Washington convention.

### AN INDIGNANT PROTEST.



American Wage Earner—"We don't want any of this infernal nonsense. Tariff tinkering has always worked to our injury. Let the tariff alone!"

### CARRYING KINDNESS TOO FAR.

The annexation of Cuba would amount to exactly the same thing economically as freeing Cuban sugar from duty. Possibly annexation may be "manifest destiny," but we are not destined to have it if we don't want it. Expanding the country is a good enough thing, but we are not called on to sacrifice the interests of this country to those of any other country, not even Cuba. The thought is bubbling up in the minds of a good many people that perhaps we have done enough for Cuba, at least for a while. The wealth producing possibilities of the island are quite sufficient without the strangling of our fast growing and wholesome beet sugar manufacture in order to favor Cuban sugar. The Cubans should be satisfied with what they have and not seek to ruin our industries in a reckless effort to build up their own on the jump. Their country is fertile in the highest degree, and they have only to develop it to become a very rich people. We have no call to impair our own welfare to still further enhance the prosperity of Cuba.

### ARE THE TREATIES YET ALIVE?

Senator Warren of Wyoming raises a question which might form an interesting subject of inquiry and debate at the Reciprocity Convention in Washington this week. He says: "In my mind there is no actual danger to the wool industry from the Argentine or any other reciprocity treaty. These treaties expired by limitation and cannot be revived. It is questionable, even, whether new treaties can be negotiated and submitted under the two-year restriction of the Dingley act provision. If they can they will never get past the watchful friends of protection in the United States senate if they contain aught of danger to any American industry. I hope, however, to see all one-sided reciprocity treaties effectively killed off, so that they may no longer serve as a bogey man to the timid wool buyer or afford a pretext by which the bears of the wool market may depress prices at the expense and loss of the wool grower."

This view is shared by many eminent lawyers in and out of congress.

### TRUSTS AND PATRIOTS.

With the American sugar trust adding its facile ingenuity to the abilities of Cuban statesmen it will be strange if the insular patriots do not almost persuade us to give them anything in want—reciprocity, free sugar, free tobacco, free anything—even if we have to destroy an industry or two of our own to do it.

## EARLY INDIAN BATTLE

### RELICS RECENTLY FOUND TELL OF SANGUINARY FIGHT.

Spot Where the Army of the Sac and Fox Indians Was Exterminated Proved to Have Been Near Chicago—Importance of the Event.

Indian relics that have been dug up at the Glenview Golf grounds, six miles west of Evanston, Chicago's aristocratic suburb, furnish evidence that here was once fought one of the bloodiest and most eventful battles of Indian days. This battle is supposed to have been fought more than 170 years ago, and resulted in the complete extermination of the army of the Sac and Fox Indians that swept down from Wisconsin and invaded the Illinois river country. Opposing the Sac and Fox Indians were the united armies of the French and Indians, consisting of the Chippewas, the Mascoutens, Menominees, and Kickapoos.

At that time the French had established a trading post here, which was known as Fort Miami. This and not Fort Dearborn, as many contend, was the beginning of Chicago as a trading center. Had the invading Indians been victorious, the trading post would have been abandoned and the central point of commerce established somewhere else on the lakes.

Hundreds of arrow-heads were found, and there were spears (the favored weapon of the Kickapoo), axes, war clubs, tomahawks, and, in fact, almost every instrument of war known to the aboriginal tribes. Adjoining the fence of the golf grounds and directly south was found an Indian mound, from which were dug out partially cremated skeletons, a French breastplate made of German silver, numerous other metallic devices, and flintlocks and old medals. From the nature of the relics there is no doubt that many of them belonged to the Sac and Fox Indians. Others were those used only by the Kickapoos and Mascoutens of the Illinois confederation. And then there is also the style of battle ax or war club employed in battle exclusively by the Chippewas and Menominees.

The discovery makes clear the disappearance of the detachment of the Sac and Fox Indians that were not killed at the battle of Plano. This latter was the engagement that many erroneously believe to have taken place at Starved Rock. The great army of Sac and Fox came down from Wisconsin over the Green Bay trail. They attacked the French fort at Detroit and were repulsed by Du Poisson, who called to his aid the Pottawatomies and Miamis and other friendly tribes. Proceeding on southwestward the Sac and Fox encountered the Ottawa Indians, and by them were driven to the Mississippi river. Here they opposed the fierce Sioux, and by them were driven eastward again. The tribe settled in the Fox river valley, about fifty miles west of Chicago. In time they recuperated from their repeated defeats and started out once more to get vengeance on the French and Indians who were in peaceful possession of the fertile valley of the Illinois. They advanced in two divisions, intending to surprise the enemy. They came upon the French and Indians unexpectedly, however, and were separated. One detachment was driven from the Illinois river up the Fox river to where Plano now is. There all of this division were killed. The other detachment was the main part of the army. Desperate over their recent adversities, they rallied every young Indian that could bend a bow and made an advance on the combined forces of the French and the four tribes of Indians. They were under the leadership of Pemoussa, chief of the Fox. Shortly before starting out they were joined by another band of Sac and Fox, fresh from Wisconsin, and Pemoussa was made the leader of the entire army.

At the advance of the great army of the Sac and Fox the French and Indian forces retreated from Fort Miami and made a stand on the site where the Glenview golf grounds are now located. They had little time to fortify themselves when the entire army, united, bore down upon them. They fought until every man was dead. Pemoussa himself was killed.

Every indication seems to point to this battle as one of the most important of Indian days. The Kickapoo and Mascouten Indians are known to have been in this vicinity in those days. These two tribes were always allied. They belonged to what is known as our Illinois confederation. It is probable that the present golf grounds were the site of an Indian village, and that the battle took place at the village. There is but slight mention of the early French Fort Miami, and its origin is unknown. It was probably one of the La Salle forts.

### School Law Not Enforced.

Kansas has a compulsory school law, but the state superintendent of public instruction asserts that of the 400,000 children of school age in the state 120,000 do not attend school.

### Perfume Factories at Grasse.

Grasse, in France, contains over 100 factories which distill perfumes from the flowers of the orange, jasmine, rose, violet, cassia, tuberose and other plants.

Of late there has developed among the native Hawaiians, especially among the younger men, a desire to engage in a sea-faring life.

Only one-tenth of the dwellings in New York city are occupied by a single family each.