

The Diamond Bracelet

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

CHAPTER I.

The afternoon of a hot June day was drawing towards evening, and the great world of London—for it was the height of the season—was beginning to think of dinner. In a well-furnished dressing room, the windows being open for air, the blinds drawn down to exclude the sun, stood a lady whose maid was giving the touch to her rich attire. It was Lady Sarah Hope.

"What bracelets, my lady?" asked the maid, taking a small bunch of keys from her pocket.

"None, now; it is so very hot, Alice," added Lady Sarah, turning to a young lady who was leaning back on the sofa, "have them ready displayed for me when I come up, and I will decide then."

"I have them ready, Lady Sarah?" returned Miss Seaton.

"If you will be so kind, Hughes, give the key to Miss Seaton." Lady Sarah left the room, and then the maid, Hughes, began taking one of the small keys off the ring. "I have got leave to go out, miss," she explained, "and am going directly. My mother is not well, and wants to see me. This is the key, miss."

As Miss Seaton took it, Lady Sarah reappeared at the door. "Alice, you may as well bring the jewel box down to the back drawing room. I shall not care to come up here after dinner; we shall be late as it is."

"What's that about a jewel box?" inquired a pretty looking girl, who had come from another apartment.

"Lady Sarah wishes me to bring her bracelets down to the drawing room, that she may choose which to put on. It was too hot to dine in them."

"Are you not coming in to dinner today, Alice?"

"No, I walked out, and it has tired me, as usual. I have had some tea instead."

"I would not be you for all the world, Alice! To possess so little capability for enjoying life. No, not even for you, Alice."

"Yet if you were as I am, weak in health and strength, your lot would have been so smoothed to you that you would not repine at or regret it."

"You mean I should be content," laughed the young lady. "Well, there is nothing like contentment, the sages tell us. One of my detestable school room copies used to be 'Contentment is happiness.'"

"I can hear the dinner being taken in," said Alice; "you will be late in the dining room."

As Lady Francis Chenevix turned away to fly down the stairs, her light, rounded form, her elastic step, all telling of health and enjoyment, presented a marked contrast to that of Alice Seaton. Alice's face was indeed strangely beautiful; almost too refined and delicate for the wear and tear of common life; but her figure was weak and stooping and her gait feeble. Of exceedingly good family, she had suddenly been thrown from her natural position of wealth and comfort to comparative poverty, and had found refuge as "companion" to Lady Sarah Hope.

Colonel Hope was a thin, spare man, with sharp brown eyes and sharp features, looking so shrunk and short, that he must have been smuggled into the army under weight, unless he had since been growing doerms. No stranger could have believed him a colonel who had seen hard service in India, for his clothes were frequently threadbare. A black ribbon supplied the place of gold chain, as guard to his watch, and a blue, tin-looking thing of a galvanized ring did duty for another ring on his finger. Yet he was rich; of fabulous riches, people said; but he was of a close disposition, especially as regarded his personal outlay. In his home and to his wife he was liberal. They had been married several years, but had no children, and his large property was not entailed; it was believed that his nephew, Gerard Hope, would inherit it, but some dispute had recently occurred, and Gerard had been turned from the house. Lady Francis Chenevix, the sister of Lady Sarah, but considerably younger, had been paying them an eight months' visit in the country, and had now come up to town with them.

Alice Seaton lay on the sofa for half an hour, and then, taking the bracelet-box in her hands, descended to the drawing rooms. It was intensely hot; a sultry, breathless heat, and Alice threw open the back windows, which, in truth made it hotter, for the sun gleamed right through the leads which stretched themselves beyond the window, over the out-buildings at the back of the row of houses.

She sat down near the back window and began to put out some of the bracelets on the table before it. They were rare and rich; of plain gold, of silver, of pearl, of precious stones. One of them was of gold links, studded with diamonds. It was very valuable, and had been the present of Colonel Hope to his wife on her recent birthday. Another diamond bracelet was there, but it was not so beautiful or so costly as this. When her task was done, Miss Seaton passed into the front drawing room, and threw up one of its large windows. Still there was no air in the room. As she stood at it a handsome young man, tall and powerful, who was walking on the opposite side of the street, caught her

eye. He nodded, hesitated, and then crossed the street as if to enter.

"It is Gerard!" uttered Alice, under her breath. "Can he be coming here?" She walked away from the window hastily, and sat down by the bedecked table in the other room.

"Just as I supposed!" exclaimed Gerard Hope, entering, and advancing to Alice with stealthy steps. "When I saw you at the window, the thought struck me that you were alone here, and they at dinner. Thomas happened to be airing himself at the door, so I crossed and asked him, and came up. How are you, Alice?"

"Have you come to dinner?" inquired Alice, speaking at random, and angry at her own agitation.

"I come to dinner!" repeated Mr. Hope. "Why, you know they'd as soon sit down with the hangman."

"Indeed, I know nothing about it. I was in hopes you and the Colonel might be reconciled. Why did you come in? Thomas will tell."

"No, he won't. I told him not. Alice, the idea of your never coming up till June! Some whim of Lady Sarah's I suppose. Two or three times a week for the last month have I been marching past this house, wondering when it was going to show signs of life. Is Francis here still?"

"Oh, yes; she is going to remain here some time."

"To make up for—Alice, was it not a shame to turn me out?"

"I was extremely sorry for what happened, Mr. Hope, but I knew nothing of the details. Lady Sarah said you had displeased the Colonel, and after that she never mentioned your name."

"What a show of smart things you have got here, Alice! Are you going to set up a bazaar?"

"They are Lady Sarah's bracelets." "So they are, I see! This is a gem," added Mr. Hope, taking up the fine diamond bracelet already mentioned. "I don't remember this one."

"It is new. The Colonel has just given it to her."

"What did it cost?"

"Do you think I am likely to know? I question if Lady Sarah heard it herself."

"It never cost a farthing less than 200 guineas," mused Mr. Hope, turning the bracelet in various directions, that its rich diamonds might give out their gleaming light. "I wish it was mine."

"What should you do with it?" laughed Alice.

"Spout it."

"I do not understand," returned Alice. She really did not.

"I beg your pardon, Alice. I was thinking of the colloquial lingo familiarly applied to such transactions, instead of to whom I was talking. I meant to raise money upon it."

"Oh, Mr. Hope!"

"Alice, that's twice you have called me 'Mr. Hope.' I thought I was Gerard' to you before I went away."

"Time has elapsed since, and you seem like a stranger again," returned Alice, a flush rising to her sensitive face. "But you spoke of raising money. I hope you are not in temporary embarrassment."

"A jolly good thing for me if it turns out only temporary," he rejoined. "Look at my position! Debts hanging over my head—for you may be sure, Alice, all young men, with a limited allowance and large expectations, contract them—and thrust out of my uncle's home with the loose cash I had in my pockets, and my clothes sent after me!"

"Has the Colonel stopped your allowance?"

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Hope laid down the bracelet from whence he had taken it, before he replied.

"He stopped it then, and I have not had a shilling since, except from my own resources. I first went upon tick; then I disposed of my watch and chain, and all my other little matters of value; and now I am upon tick again."

"Upon what?" uttered Alice.

"You don't understand these free terms, Alice," he said, looking fondly at her, "and I hope you may never have occasion. Frances would, she has lived in their atmosphere."

"Yes, I know what an embarrassed man the Earl is, if you allude to that. But I am grieved to hear about yourself. Is the Colonel implacable? What was the cause of the quarrel?"

"You know I was to be his heir. Even if children had come to him, he had undertaken amply to provide for me. Last Christmas he suddenly sent for me, and told me it was his pleasure and Lady Sarah's that I should take up my abode with them. So I did, glad to get into such good quarters, and stopped there, like an innocent, unsuspecting lamb, till—when was it, Alice?—April. Then the plot came out. They had fixed upon a wife for me, and I was to hold myself in readiness to marry her at any given moment."

"Who was it?" inquired Alice, in a low tone, as she bent her head over the bracelets.

"Never mind," said Mr. Hope. "It wasn't you. I said I would not have her, and they both, he and Lady Sarah, pulled me and my taste to pieces, and assured me I was a monster of ingratitude. It provoked me into confessing that I liked somebody else better, and the Colonel turned me out."

Alice looked her sorrow, but she did not express it.

"And since then I have been having a fight with my creditors, putting them off with fair words and promises. But they have grown incredulous, and it has come to dodging. In favor with my uncle and his acknowledged heir, they would have given me unlimited time and credit, but the breach is known, and it makes all the difference. With the value of that at my disposal"—nodding at the bracelet—"I should stop some pressing trifles and go on again for a while. So you see, Alice, a diamond bracelet may be of use even to a gentleman, should some genial fortune drop such into his hands."

"I sympathize with you very much," said Alice, "and I wish I had it in my power to aid you."

"Thank you for your kind wishes; I know they are genuine. When my uncle sees the name of Gerard Hope figuring in the insolvent list, or among the outlays, he—Hark! can they be coming up from dinner?"

"Scarcely yet," said Alice, starting up simultaneously with himself, and listening. "But they will not sit long today because they are going to the opera. Gerard, they must not find you here."

"And get you turned out as well as myself! No! not if I can help it. Alice"—suddenly laying his hands upon her shoulders, and gazing down into her eyes—"do you know who it was I had learned to love, instead of—of the other?"

She gasped for breath, and her color went and came.

"No—no; do not tell me, Gerard."

"Why, no, I had better not under present circumstances, but when the good time comes—for all their high-roared indignation must and will blow over—then I will! and here's the pledge of it." He bent his head, took one long, earnest kiss from her lips, and was gone.

Agitated almost to sickness, trembling and confused, Alice stole to look after him, terrified lest he might not escape unseen. She crept partly down stairs, so as to obtain sight of the hall door and make sure that he got out in safety. As he drew it open, there stood a lady just about to knock. She said something to him and he waved his hand toward the staircase. Alice saw that the visitor was her sister, a lady well married and moving in the fashionable world. She met her and took her into the front drawing room.

"I cannot stay to sit down, Alice; I must make haste back to dress, for I am engaged to three or four places to-night. Neither do I wish to horrify Lady Sarah with a visit at this untoward hour. I had a request to make to you and thought to catch you before you went in to dinner."

"They are alone and are dining earlier than usual. I was too tired to appear. What can I do for you?"

"In one word—I am in pressing need for a little money. Can you lend it me?"

"I wish I could," returned Alice; "I am so very sorry. I sent all I had to poor mamma the day before we came to town. It was only £25."

"That would have been of no use to me; I want more. I thought if you had been misering up your salary you might have had a hundred pounds or so by you."

Alice shook her head.

"I should be a long while saving up a hundred pounds, even if dear mamma had no wants. But I send to her what I can spare. Do not be in such a hurry," continued Alice, as her sister was moving to the door. "At least wait one minute till I fetch you a letter I received from mamma this morning in answer to mine. You will like to read it, for it is full of news about the old place. You can take it home with you."

(To be continued.)

TRIMMED HAT FOR "MERIKY."

America Too Big for an English Woman and She Returned.

One day a stout person penetrated from the laundry to the drawing-room door, hastily pulling down the sleeves over her scarlet muscular arms. "If you please, Missus," she said, "doost I think th' young lady as is so clever at trimmin' th'ats a'd be so kind as to trim me oop one? A' ardly like to ask, but hoo's that kind a' thowt a'd try?" The young lady, a visitor in the house, was greatly taken with the idea, and the dolly tub was left to itself for a time while Eliza expounded her views, which were definite, as to choice among the prevailing fashions. When the work of art was completed she expressed high satisfaction. "A' wanted to lulk well wen a' goes over there to my son and 'is family, d'yo' see?" "Over where, Eliza?" "Why, over at Meriky, Missus; a'm going to see un just now. A' meant to las' year, but a' couldna save quite enough for th' passage money; now w' yo' washin' all winter that's a' right, so a'm goin' over in th' Teutonic week after next to 'ave a look round at them aw'. There's my sister's 'usband out too since last Barnaby, and my neebour as well. While work's been slack in town, folks thowt they'd try th' other side." So Eliza tried the other side, too, but not finding it to her liking, returned to Milltown and reappeared at the washtub with as little in the way of travelers' tales as any one who ever left her native land.—Nineteenth Century.

Reforms in Old Mexico.

President Diaz is said to be considering plans to check the trusts in Mexico. One of the greatest of these is the great Mexican lottery, with drawings once a month in the City of Mexico. Does Diaz contemplate any interference with that?—St. Louis Star.

FREE TRADE SPIRIT.

DESPICABLE FALSEHOODS RESORTED TO BY COBDENITES.

Their Industrious Efforts to Make It Appear That President McKinley Had Decided to Abandon the Policy of Protection.

On the day that President McKinley was shot the Toledo, O., Bee published the following in reference to the President's speech at Buffalo. The downright falsehoods of it are well matched by the detestably mean spirit of it:

"To advocates reciprocity is to admit everything that was ever claimed for free trade. It simply means an application of the principle on the installment plan. And we are glad to see this deathbed repentance of the man who played his way to the Presidency on one string, and that sting Protection. He can no longer make intelligent people believe that he can build a stone wall around this country and live isolated from the remainder of the world. Besides that, his patrons, the trusts, need the foreign as well as the domestic market now, and McKinley must hedge."

Reciprocity is not free trade by installments, unless reciprocity is to depart from what the Republican party has officially described it to be and what has been wrought into treaties during the last dozen years. The Blaine, McKinley and Dingley reciprocity, as expressed in the acts of 1890 and 1897, indorsed by Republican national conventions and confirmed by Republican senates, does not remove duties from articles on which Protection is needed. The duties given up are those previously levied on non-competitive products and not required for revenue.

The term "free trade" as generally used does not mean the absence of all duties on imports, but the absence of protection. Reciprocity is not hostile to Protection, but is, as the Iowa Republicans recently put it, "the complement to Protection." In advocating reciprocity, therefore, the President was not punishing a "deathbed repentance," as the Bee so delicately puts it, but was enforcing a method which was incorporated in the law of 1890 which bears his name.

The effort of the Bee was to degrade and besmirch the President by making it appear that he had changed his politics, and that he had done so because he could no longer deceive the people with protection ideas. Some-what similar is the strain piped forth in many other Democratic or anti-protection papers in respect to the speech, though none other, so far noted, is so vulgar in its misrepresentation. It is such lying and coarse vituperation of men bearing the great burdens of the state that nerve the arm of ignorance to the point of assassination.

PROTECTION AND PRICES.

Fifty years ago 90 per cent of all the carpets consumed in this country were imported from abroad. Today, according to Mr. George McNeir, secretary for W. & J. Sloane, 90 per cent of the carpets consumed in this country are made in the United States. The amount of capital invested in the carpet industry has increased from \$4,000,000 in 1850 to \$50,000,000 in 1901, and the yearly output of carpets has increased from \$5,000,000 to \$75,000,000. Some 45,000 persons are now employed in the carpet mills. According to Mr. McNeir, too, "the wonderful growth in this industry is due more largely to the protection afforded by tariff legislation than to all other causes combined." The growth of the industry, furthermore, has been accompanied by a material reduction in prices. Twenty-five years ago Wilton carpets sold for \$3.25 per yard; now they sell for less than two-thirds of that amount. Twenty-five years ago Moquette carpets sold for \$2 per yard; now they sell for less than half of that amount. The history of the carpet industry affords a very good illustration of what the protective tariff policy has done for this country. Through it both producer and consumer have been benefited. Capital has found opportunity for investment with good returns, labor has found employment at good wages, and, at the same time, the consumer has had the advantage of decreased cost of production and a consequent lowering of prices.

UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA.

There is every indication, officially and unofficially, that Russia is not seeking a commercial war with the United States, and that so far from combining with Germany or other European governments in a tariff war against us, she wishes to be on terms of the best commercial amity with us. We know this has been her policy for three-quarters of a century, and there is no reason that a trifling sugar tariff question should disturb it. There is no hostility either on the part of the Russian government or the Russian people against the American government or people.

Gen. F. D. Grant, just home from a trip through Russia, provides some facts that will probably astonish many whose opinions have been carelessly formed, and will serve to confirm the more conscientious judgment of others. So far from finding in the czar's domain any sentiment favorable to European commercial combination against the United States, General Grant found a distinctly friendly feeling among the upper and middle classes, and a sense of genuine regret that any tariff dispute, with its possibility of damaging consequences, should have arisen between the two countries. He reports also the visible evidences of remark-

able material and social progress there since his last visit to Russia in 1872.—Chicago (Ill.) Journal.

BARLEY AS AN ILLUSTRATION.

A free trade organ says: "General Grosvenor is still talking about barley; if there were no tariff to exclude this grain our barley growers, he says, would starve to death." That is a fair specimen of free trade argument. General Grosvenor never said a word about our barley growers starving to death under any circumstances.

But he did say that before the passage of the McKinley bill in 1890 over 11,000,000 bushels of barley, worth nearly \$7,000,000, were imported from Canada in one year, while in recent years the imports have not exceeded 200,000 bushels. As the price of barley has been lower since the exclusion of the Canadian product no one was harmed by the tariff on barley. If the tariff were removed the imports from Canada would be much larger now than before, owing to greater area available for cultivation. General Grosvenor says that it would be supreme folly to remove the tariff and put millions of dollars in the pockets of Canadian farmers at the expense of our farmers, and any sensible man who understands the question will agree with him.

Gen. Grosvenor merely used the barley question to illustrate the beneficent effects of the protective tariff. As we exported in the fiscal year 1900 barley to the extent of 23,661,662 bushels, and Representative Babcock advocates the removal of the tariff on all articles exported, under his proposition barley would go on the free list, solely to the benefit of the Canadians. Gen. Grosvenor pointed out the extreme folly of such a course, and his argument to that effect is sound and unimpeachable.—Philadelphia Press.

SOMETHING DOING.

"Something doing" becomes more than a mere slang phrase under Dingley law conditions. There is "something doing" for the hundreds of thousands of workmen who have continuous employment in place of idleness; "something doing" for the manufacturers, who see a balance on the right side of the ledger; "something doing" for the railroads and the employees of the railroads in the handling of many more tons of freight daily than ever before in their history; "something doing" for the farmers in performing the task of feeding the millions of prosperous, happy, clamorous industrial workers. In short, there is not only "something doing," in contrast to the "nothing doing" in Wilson law days, but there is more than something; there is a very great deal doing all along the industrial line.

FEELING QUITE COMFORTABLE.



WHY HE WORRIES NOW.

The position of secretary of the treasury is no sinecure. Under Democratic free trade the secretary isn't able to sleep nights for thinking about the deficit which in those circumstances is sure to grow bigger and bigger as the months go by. Under Republican protection the secretary has his worries, too, for he has to worry about the increasing surplus which the protection policy always piles up in the national treasury. That is what is said to be troubling Secretary Gage now. There is a choice between the two situations, though, and whenever Secretary Gage feels more than ordinarily troubled about the surplus which is accumulating he has only to think of the days of Cleveland free trade and the condition of the treasury under the Wilson law, and it will make him thankful for his mercies.

Do You Want It?

In the campaign of 1892 one of the Democratic walls was that some American manufacturers sold goods cheaper in Europe than at home. Then the Democrats got in. How did they cure the discrimination referred to? By reducing the tariff so that foreign manufacturers could undersell our own in this market. Then American factories closed and hundreds of thousands of men went without work. The Democrats make the same wall now and want to repeat the remedy. What do the workers say to it?

Why Not?

If the country were suffering today for lack of work and money the anti-tariff men would hold the Dingley act responsible for it, wouldn't they? As the opposite is the case why not give the Dingley act some of the credit for it? Be fair about it.

Conundrum.

How much better off would a workman be if he could save \$5.70 a year by the removal of the duty on raw sugar and, by similar changes in his own business, find himself obliged to work for \$1.75 a day instead of \$2.50?

TARANTULA'S BIG JUMP.

Fierce Battle Waged by Huge Spider Against a Dog.

"There are strange sights to be seen in Porto Rico," said a young civil engineer whose swarthy skin was speaking evidence of the year he had spent in Uncle Sam's newest possession. "Tarantulas are one of them," he continued, "and you should see a tarantula jump! One of them went through a marvelous performance, with myself and a dog for spectators. The dog's barking awoke me early one morning, and I slipped into my shoes and ran out. Spot—that's the dog's name—was making frantic plunges at an enormous tarantula, as big as my palm, and its legs covering as much ground as a soup plate. Its wicked black eyes made me creep. All of a sudden the thing shrank up like a sponge, and jumped for the dog; I gave you my word it jumped fifteen feet if it was an inch. Twice the dog ran under the spider's jump—fact. Others were watching by this time, and they all saw it. Usually, though, he just side-stepped a bit. I broke up little pieces of a branch of a tree and hurled them at the tarantula. My aim was just good enough to stir him up; at first he kept jumping away from us, but Spot always herded him back again; then he jumped straight for us. At last a lucky shot keeled him over, and a few strokes with a convenient club finished him. Drinking water would have been a puzzle to us had it not been for the coconuts. When near the coast we gathered these ourselves or sent 'peons' after them, but inland we bought them of carriers, who would sell you cocoanut for one cent, would chop off the ends with their machete, and bore a hole like a ten-cent piece for you. Then you drink the 'cocoa' water, as they call it, and throw the nut away.

"The natives are, many of them, a queer lot. The Spanish census made the population 85 per cent white and 15 per cent negro. I rather think the American figures will just transpose those figures."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Location of the Mint Can Be Determined by Certain Marks. Coins and "coons" look alike to most men, but it is easy to tell where any coin of twenty-five cents or over was made. There are four places of coinage in the country—Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans and Carson City. The first mint was established at Philadelphia, and as the founding of other places of coinage was then unforeseen there was no necessity of putting a mark on coins which came from that city. But as the country grew in territory, population and wealth, and as the mines in the west were developed more and more each year, it became necessary to establish other mints whereby the government could keep track of the output from each place, and, if an error should occur in the coinage, could at once locate the mint from which the defective coin had come. All coins are supposed to weigh exactly the same as others of the same denomination. Silver coinage may be pretty well worn before it is liable to rejection, but that is not the case with gold pieces, and a slight decrease in weight necessitates recoinage. It was for these reasons that marks are put on coins made elsewhere than in the Quaker City. These marks are placed below the eagle or the bunch of arrows. If there be a letter in the place designated it will be either a small s, o, or the two double letters cc. Those bearing the letter s are from the mint at San Francisco. Others having the letter o are from New Orleans, while those bearing the letters cc are from Carson City. If you do not find any letter on the coin at all, it is an indication that the coin came from Philadelphia.—Chicago Chronicle.

WHERE THE COIN WAS MADE.

Location of the Mint Can Be Determined by Certain Marks.

English Farmers' Maxim. There has been much written about the indifference of the harvest through England this year. It is true enough that in many parts the crops are thin and the straw extraordinarily short, but there are exceptions. Anyone who has visited the fen country must be astonished at the luxuriance of the crops. There has not been such a harvest of wheat and barley for many years, and the crops of roots are enormous. Whether or no this is altogether to the financial good of the farmer is another question, for in respect to any rate of potatoes in Ireland, America and the continent the crops are equally plentiful, and prices will be low. There is a proverb among fen farmers that "a bad year is better than a good, and a good worse than a bad."—London Globe.

Making Water Build Dams.

Many readers who do not follow the literature of engineering will be interested in the statement that one of the methods employed by American engineers in forming reservoir dams is to call in the services of a powerful jet of water, as in hydraulic mining. By directing such a jet against the upper slopes of a valley, the sand, soil and gravel scoured from the hillsides can be carried by the force of the stream to the site of the dam in the lower part of the valley. By suitable management, the water not only conveys the materials, but consolidates them in position, dropping the larger stones at the sides and carrying the finer material to the center of the dam.

Brown eyes and a brown dress go well together.