

The Diamond Bracelet

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

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"It cannot be lost," returned Lady Sarah. "You are sure you put it out, Alice?"

"I am quite sure of that. It was lying first in the case, and—"

"Yes, it was," interrupted Hughes. "That was its place."

"And consequently the first that I took out," continued Alice. "I put it on the table; and the others around it, near to me. Why, as a proof that it lay there—"

What was Alice going to add? Was she going to adduce as a proof that Gerard Hope had taken it up, and it had been a subject of conversation between them? If so, recollection came to her in time, and she faltered and abruptly broke off. But a faint, horrible dread, to which she would not give shape, came stealing over her, and her face turned white, and she sank on a chair trembling visibly.

"Now look at Alice!" uttered Frances Chenevix; "she is going into one of her agitation fits."

"Don't allow your self to be agitated, Alice," cried Lady Sarah; "that will do no good. Besides, I feel sure the bracelet is all safe in the case; where else can it be? Fetch the case, Hughes, and I will look for it myself."

Hughes whisked out of the room, inwardly resenting the doubt cast upon her eyesight.

"It is so strange," mused Alice, "that you did not see the bracelet when you came up."

"It was certainly not there," resumed Lady Sarah.

"Perhaps you will look for yourself now, my lady," cried Hughes, returning with the jewel box in her hands.

The box was well searched. The bracelet was not there.

"This is very strange, Hughes," uttered Lady Sarah.

"It's very ugly, as well, my lady," answered Hughes. In a lofty tone, "and I'm thankful to the presiding geniuses which rule such things that I was not in charge when it never would have taken place, for I can give a guess how it was."

"Then you had better," said her ladyship, curtly.

"If I do," returned Hughes, "I shall offend Miss Seaton."

"No you will not, Hughes," cried Alice. "Say what you please; I have need to wish this cleared up."

"Then, miss, if I may speak my thoughts, I think you must have left the key about. And there are strange servants in the house, you know, my lady; there's that kitchen's maid only came in it when we did, and there's the new under butler."

"Hughes, you are wrong," interrupted Alice. "The servants could not have touched the box, for the key never was out of my possession, and you know the lock is a Bramah. I locked the box last night in Lady Sarah's presence, and the key was not out of my pocket afterwards until you took it from thence this morning."

"The key seems to have had nothing to do with it," interposed Frances Chenevix. "Alice says she put the diamond bracelet on the table with the rest; Lady Sarah says when she went to the table after dinner it was not there; so it must have been in the intervening period that the—disappearance took place."

"And only a few minutes to do it in!" ejaculated Lady Sarah. "What a mystery!"

"It beats conjuring, my lady," said Hughes. "Could any visitor have come upstairs?"

"I did hear a visitor's knock while we were at dinner," said Lady Sarah. "Don't you remember, Fanny? You looked up as if you noticed it."

"Did I?" answered Lady Frances, in a careless tone.

And that moment Thomas happened to enter with a letter, and the question was put to him, "Who knocked?" His answer was ready.

"Sir George Danvers, my lady. When I said the Colonel was at dinner, Sir George began to apologize for calling, but I explained that you were dining earlier than usual because of the opera."

"Nobody else called?"

"Nobody knocked but Sir George, my lady."

"A covert answer," thought Alice; "but I am glad he is true to Gerard."

"What an untruth!" thought Lady Frances, as she remembered the visit of Alice's sister. Thomas' memory must be short."

All the talk—and it was much prolonged—did not tend to throw any light upon the matter, and Alice, unhappy and ill, retired to her own room. The agitation had brought on a nervous and violent headache, and she sat down in a low chair and bent her forehead on to her hands. One belief alone possessed her; that the unfortunate Gerard Hope had stolen the bracelet. Do as she would she could not put it from her; she kept repeating that he was a gentleman, that he was honorable, that he would never place her in so painful a position. Common sense replied that the temptation was laid before him, and he had confessed his pecuniary difficulties to be great; nay, had he not wished for this very bracelet—that he might make

intruder enter. It was Lady Frances Chenevix.

"I came to—Alice how wretched you look? You will torment yourself into a fever?"

"Can you wonder at my looking wretched?" returned Alice. "Place yourself in my position, Frances; it must appear to Lady Sarah as if I had made away with the bracelet. I am sure Hughes thinks so."

"Don't say unorthodox things, Alice. They would rather think that I had done it, of the two, for I have more use for diamond bracelets than you."

"It is kind of you to try and cheer me," sighed Alice.

"Just the thing I came to do. And to have a bit of a chat with you as well, if you will let me."

"Of course, I will let you."

"I wish to tell you I will not mention that your sister was here last evening. I promise you I will not."

Alice did not immediately reply. The words and their hushed tone caused a new trouble to arise within her—one which she had not glanced at. Was it possible that Lady Frances could imagine her sister to be the—

"Lady Frances Chenevix!" burst forth Alice, "you cannot think it! She! My sister—guilty of a despicable theft! Have you forgotten that she moves in your own position in the world? that our family is scarcely inferior to yours?"

"Alice, I forgive you so misjudging me, because you are not yourself just now. Of course, your sister cannot be suspected; I know that. But as you did not mention her when they were talking of who had been here, I supposed you did not wish her name dragged into so unpleasant an affair, and I hastened up to say there was no danger from me that it would be."

"Believe me, she is not the guilty party," returned Alice, "and I have more cause to say so than you think for."

"What do you mean by that?" briskly cried Lady Frances. "You surely have no clue?"

Alice shook her head, and her companion's eagerness was lulled again.

"It is well that Thomas was forgetful," remarked Lady Frances. "Was it really forgetfulness, Alice, or did you contrive to telegraph him to be silent?"

"Thomas only spoke the truth. At least, as regards my sister," she hastily added, "for he did not let her in."

"Then it is all quite easy, and you and I can keep our own counsel."

Quite easy, possibly, to the mind of Frances Chenevix, but anything but easy to Alice, for the words of Lady Frances had introduced an idea more repulsive and terrifying even than the one which cast the guilt to the door of Gerard Hope. Her sister acknowledged that she was in need of money, "a hundred pounds or so," and Alice had seen her coming from the back room where the jewels lay. Still—she take a bracelet! It was preposterous or not, Alice's torment was doubled. Which of the two had been the black sheep? One of them it must have been. Instinct, sisterly relationship, reason and common sense, all combined to turn the scale against Gerard. But that there should be a doubt at all was not pleasant, and Alice started up impulsively and put her bonnet on.

"Where now?" cried Lady Frances.

"I will go to my sister's and ask her—and ask her—if she saw any stranger here—any suspicious person in the hall, or on the stairs," stammered Alice, making the best excuse she could.

"But you know you were in the drawing rooms all the time, and no one came into them, suspicious or unsuspecting; so how will that aid you?"

"True," murmured Alice, "but it will be a relief to go somewhere or do something."

Alice found her sister at home. The latter instantly detected that something was wrong, for her suspense, illness and agitation had taken every vestige of color from her cheeks and lips.

"Whatever is the matter, Alice?" was her greeting, "you look just like a walking ghost."

"I felt that I did," breathed poor Alice, "and I kept my veil down in the street, lest I might be taken for one and scare the people. A great misfortune has befallen upon me. You saw those bracelets last night spread out on the table?"

"Yes."

"They were in my charge, and one of them has been abstracted. It was of great value; gold links holding diamonds."

"Abstracted!" uttered the eldest sister in both concern and surprise, but certainly without the smallest indications of a guilty knowledge.

"How?"

"It is a mystery. I only left the room when I met you on the staircase, and when I went upstairs to fetch the letter for you. Directly after you left Lady Sarah came up from dinner, and the bracelet was not there."

"It is incredible, Alice. And no one else entered the room at all, you say? No servants? no—"

"Not any one," interrupted Alice, determined not to speak of Gerard Hope.

"Then, child, it is simply impossible," was the calm rejoinder. "It must have fallen on the ground or been mislaid in some way."

"It is hopelessly gone. Do you remember seeing it?"

"I do remember seeing amidst the rest a bracelet set with diamonds; but only on the clasp, I think. It—"

"That was another; that is all safe. This was of fine gold links, interspersed with brilliants. Did you see it?"

"Not that I remember. I was there scarcely a minute, for I had only strolled into the back room just before you came down. To tell you the truth, Alice, my mind was too fully occupied with other things to take much notice even of jewels. Do not look so perplexed; it will be all right. Only you and I were in the room, you say, and we could not take it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice, clasping her hands and lifting her white, beseeching face to her sister's, "did you take it? In—sport; or in—oh, surely you were not tempted to take it for anything else? You said you had need of money."

"Alice, are we going to have one of your old scenes of excitement? Strive for calmness. I am sure you do not know what you are implying. My poor child, I would rather help you to jewels than take them from you."

"But look at the mystery."

"It does appear to be a mystery, but it will no doubt be cleared up. Alice, what could you have been dreaming of to suspect me? Have we not grown up together in our honorable home? You ought to know me if any one does."

"And you really know nothing of it?" moaned Alice, with a sobbing catching of the breath.

"Indeed I do not. In truth I do not. If I could help you out of your perplexity I would thankfully do it. Shall I return with you and assist you to search for the bracelet?"

"No thank you. Every search has been made."

Not only was the denial of her sister fervent and calm but her manner and countenance conveyed the impression of truth. Alice left her inexpressibly relieved, but the conviction that it must have been Gerard returned to her in full force.

"I wish I could see him!" was her mental exclamation.

And for once fortune favored her wish. As she was dragging her weary limbs along he came right upon her at the corner of a street. In her eagerness she clasped his arms with both her hands.

"I am so thankful," she uttered. "I wanted to see you."

"I think you most wanted to see a doctor, Alice. How ill you look!"

"I have cause," she returned. "That bracelet, the diamond that you were admiring last evening—it has been stolen; it was taken from the room."

"Taken when?" echoed Mr. Hope, looking her full in the face—as a guilty man would scarcely dare to look.

"Then, or within a few minutes. When Lady Sarah came up from dinner it was not there."

"Who took it?" he repeated, not yet recovering his surprise.

"I don't know," she faintly said. "It was under my charge. No one else was there."

"You do not wish me to understand that you are suspected?" he burst forth with genuine feeling. "Their unjust meanness cannot have gone to that length!"

(To be continued.)

A STRONG PEOPLE.

Innits of Alaska Are Classed Among Very Rugged People.

It now seems probable that not all the Innits of Alaska are so small as has been supposed. Indeed, if one is to believe the tales of travelers who visited an island south of Bering Sea, these Innits must be classed among the tallest people in the world. The travelers' story is given in Popular Science News: On King's Island Innits were found who by their physical characteristics belong to the Innuit or Eskimo family, having small black eyes, high cheek-bones and full brown beards which conceal their lips. The majority of the men are over six feet high and the women are usually as tall as and often taller than the men. These women are also wonderfully strong. One of them carried off in her birch bark canoe an eight-hundred pound stone, for use as an anchor to a whale boat. When it reached the deck of the vessel it required two strong men to lift it, but the Innuit woman had managed it alone. Another woman carried on her head a box containing two hundred and eighty pounds of lead. Both men and women are also endowed with remarkable agility. They will outrun and outjump competitors of any other race who may be pitted against them. Their strength is gained from very poor food, and they frequently travel thirty or forty miles without eating anything. They live on carrion fish and sea oil. The fish, generally salmon, are buried when caught, to be kept through the winter and dug up as consumption requires. When brought to the air they have the appearance of sound fish, but the stench from them is unbearable. In the matter of dwellings these Eskimos are peculiar. Their houses are excavated in the sides of a hill, the chambers being pierced some feet into the rise, and walled up with stones on three sides. Across the top of the stone walls poles of driftwood are laid and covered with hides and grass and lastly with a layer of earth. These odd dwellings rise one above another, the highest overlooking perhaps forty lower ones. Two hundred people live in the village.

Forget the good thou hast done, and do better.

He who incurs no envy possesses no happiness.

A TRUST CONSPIRACY.

HAVEMEYER STRIKES A BLOW AT DOMESTIC SUGAR.

Frost Magnate's Recent Cut in Prices an Evidence of His Determination to Destroy, if Possible, an Agricultural Industry of Great Magnitude.

For the avowed purpose of injuring and if possible destroying the beet sugar industry in the United States Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, president of the Sugar Trust, has ordered a big reduction in the selling price of refined cane sugar. The reduction thus arbitrarily put in force for an avowed sinister object is from 5.03 cents to 3½ cents per pound for granulated sugar. As stated by the New York Journal of Commerce:

"The reduction is a blow aimed directly at the beet sugar interests of the country. It applies only to such sections of the country in which beet sugar competes and is so important that it means that most of the beet factories will be compelled to market their product at a loss if they live up to the contracts they have recently made."

The cut in price affects only such sugar as is shipped to Missouri river points, the eastern price remaining unchanged. The blow is aimed at the beet sugar refiners of Utah, Colorado, California and Nebraska, where nineteen-twentieths of the entire beet sugar product of the United States is manufactured. It is the practice of these producers to contract for the sale of their entire output at a discount of 10 points from the Sugar Trust's figures, and at this discount the beet sugar makers have been able to easily market all their sugar. If compelled to go 10 points below the trust's cut price of 3½ cents the beet sugar refiners would be subjected to a heavy loss and would probably be forced to close their refineries and cease production. Incidentally, of course, the market for sugar beets would be destroyed, involving tremendous losses to the farmers, who have undertaken beet culture on a large scale.

The complete destruction of an industry which with a fair chance is certain to supply the entire amount of sugar required for consumption in the United States, in value something over \$100,000,000 a year, is aimed at by Havemeyer. The Sugar King is alarmed at the prospective competition of millions of acres devoted to the growing of beets of high saccharine content and of hundreds of beet sugar refineries scattered all over the country. So he decrees a 30 per cent reduction in the price of cane sugar, hoping thereby to crush out this young industry before it has the chance to grow to formidable proportions. For the same purpose Havemeyer and his lobby are working tooth and nail to induce congress to place raw sugar on the free list. He will not succeed in either scheme. The American people will not permit the destruction of the beet sugar industry.

The case of domestic beet sugar is ably and convincingly presented in a recent issue of the Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter, in an interesting contribution from the pen of Prof. Ernest Mas, one of the foremost chemists and chemical engineers of the world, as follows:

"Real American sugar is not cane sugar, and a great deal less glucose, that clandestine concoction of sulphuric acid and starch which might possibly, and with academic assistance, be a sugar in theory—like, for instance, certain derivatives of toluene, a constituent of coal tar, but is not and never was sugar to the palate, in spite of its being called 'grape sugar.' Real American sugar is not potato sugar; not even the fine saccharine product found in sweet potatoes deserves that denomination. The real American sugar, the coming sugar, which is fast dethroning them all, is beet sugar. The manufacturing process is so simple, the sugar beet so rich in saccharine matter—nearly 15 per cent—and the finished product so free from the objectionable features of so-called 'grape sugar,' that it is only a question of a few years when nearly every western state from Michigan to California will have its quota of refineries."

The changed conditions due to our war with Spain will ultimately and most fortunately cause us to grow our own sugar, save us \$100,000,000 a year which we now spend abroad, give us wholesome syrups and develop a home industry equal to the requirements of home consumption. This, of course, providing that no congressional interference should prevent a development so desirable. Let the sugar tariff stand as it is for several years, and while this may not exactly meet the views of Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, it will surely have for rational sequence, permanent, cheap and wholesome sugar, home-grown and home-made sugar, beyond the control of dictation of the sugar trust or its affiliations.

Mr. Havemeyer may embarrass the domestic beet sugar industry by his resort to arbitrary cuts in price and to other unscrupulous methods but he cannot destroy it. Home-made beet sugar is here to stay, and its triumph will involve the downfall of one of the most obnoxious of all trusts—a trust which, curiously in contradiction of Mr. Havemeyer himself, is in no sense the offspring of a protective tariff, but which, on the contrary, clamors for the removal of the tariff in order that it may the more effectively injure and destroy domestic competition. Its days are numbered.

A CRUSHING INDICTMENT.

The development of the beet sugar industry has been so rapid that we

are near to the time when the whole of the hundred million dollars we used to spend abroad for sugar will go into the pockets of our own people. This nation consumes at least one-fourth of the world's total product, and of the world's product two thirds are made from beets and only one-third from cane. If the counsel and the protests of American Free-Traders had been heeded we should now not grow a pound of sugar outside the cane fields of Louisiana. Because the Protectionist principle was received and approved by the people we are about to become independent of outside sources for a necessity of existence and to keep huge profits at home. We made the machinery for the sugar mills from iron from our own furnaces; we have diverted from excessive cereal production land and human being to a more profitable occupation, and we have moved this nation one huge step further toward industrial independence. It would be difficult to frame an indictment against the American Free-Trade propagandists more crushing than to quote their own declarations and arguments against the tin plate duties and the beet sugar bounties.—The Manufacturer.

AN "UNHOLY ALLIANCE"

In view of the intention of Congressman Babcock to force his Tariff repeal bill through the Committee on Ways and Means by the aid of the Democratic minority of that committee and to work for its passage the Kansas City Journal says:

"It may be that under existing arrangements this is possible, for there are ten Republicans and seven Democrats on the committee. A change of two votes, which is one in addition to his own, would enable the Democrats on the committee to report the bill. Speaker Henderson will be re-elected speaker, and there will be very few changes either in committee or employees, but the speaker should reduce the number of Democrats on the Committee on Ways and Means. The Democrats cannot object to this because they increased the Democratic membership of the committee the last time they had control of the House. If this committee had twelve Republicans and five Democrats it would be more difficult to form an unholy alliance."

There is a much simpler and more direct way to prevent an "unholy alliance" between the Democratic Free-Traders and wavering Republicans of the Ways and Means Committee. That is for the speaker of the Fifty-seventh house to reconstruct that committee on safe Republican lines by dropping off the waverers and filling their places with positive men. The majority side of the Ways and Means Committee is no place for waverers. Out with them!

THE BELT KEEPS THE MILL GOING.



JOLLYING THE FARMERS.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says that the Protective Tariff has been used to "jolly" the farmer. That is exactly where the Courier-Journal is right. If the farmers of this country have ever had occasion to feel jolly, it is now, when, under Dingley law Protection, money has come rolling in to pay off mortgages, to buy new equipment, including the latest and most improved brands of agricultural machinery, and to roll up the account at the savings bank. Yes the farmers of the country, as a general thing, feel pretty jolly just now, and it is the Protective Tariff which is responsible for it. There is no doubt about that. And the best of it is that the farmers are not the only people who are feeling jolly, but the jolly effects of Protection prosperity have been felt by people in all walks of life everywhere throughout the country. As a producer of jollity the Protective Tariff has few, if any, equals, and we are glad to see that the Louisville Courier-Journal is at last beginning to recognize the fact.

"Sound."

The Boston Herald speaks approvingly of the Portland Oregonian as "a Republican newspaper that has always had sound ideas upon the tariff," and then goes on to quote the Oregonian as saying that "enough has been done for the manufacturers and wholesome reform would consider the interests of the consumers, especially those of the farming class." It will now be in order for the Herald to refer to Tom Paine as "a distinguished exponent of orthodox Christianity!"

Helping the Masses.

When factories are prosperous, farmers are equally so. This is what is now so materially aiding the tillers of the soil in the west, and especially in Iowa, where a surplus is produced. The policies of the Republican party are helping the masses.—Davenport (Iowa) Republican

AT ST. LOUIS IN 1903

Likely that Nebraska Will Have Suitable Representation There.

WHAT GOVERNOR SAVAGE WILL DO

He Will Appeal to the Pride and Patriotism of the Citizens of the State for Necessary Funds to Make an Exhibit—Other Nebraska Matters.

LINCOLN, Nov. 6.—If the plans of Governor Savage do not miscarry Nebraska will take a prominent position in the field of exhibitors at the Louisiana Purchase exposition at St. Louis in 1903. The governor proposes to appoint an extraordinary commission of five persons, who shall serve without compensation and provide the necessary funds for making the exhibit. This plan contemplates the raising of funds by voluntary subscription, and the promise is made that in his biennial message Governor Savage will ask the legislature to reimburse those who may have advanced money to the commission.

"I cannot consent to Nebraska not being represented at the Louisiana Purchase exposition," said the governor. "The state is part of the territory purchased from France in 1803, and it would reflect on our pride, our enterprise and our patriotism should we fail to join with our sister states in promoting this great undertaking."

"The last legislature having failed to make an appropriation for an exhibit," continued the governor, "and it being impossible to secure an appropriation before most of the money required should be expended, I have decided to appeal to the pride and patriotism of the citizens of the state with a view to securing the necessary funds. My plan is to appoint a commission of five, to be composed of citizens whose patriotism and loyalty are unquestioned, who shall serve without compensation and who shall have charge of the exhibit and provide the funds required to complete and maintain it. In my biennial message to the legislature I shall ask that money be appropriated to reimburse those who have advanced funds for this purpose."

"It is estimated that \$12,000,000 will be invested in this enterprise, aside from the amount invested by individual exhibitors and by the different states, which insures an exposition of mammoth proportions and one likely to attract visitors on a broader and more modern plan than was the Columbian, and in a general sense, to Nebraska at least, it rises above that one in importance. Nebraska is the garden spot of the territory purchased at that time, and being yet a young state and rich in natural resources, affording opportunities for the profitable investment of capital to be found nowhere else on this continent, it can enter as an exhibitor with assurances of ample reward."

"We have thousands of acres of undeveloped land; we have opportunities for the investment of capital in commercial and manufacturing industries, and we have an abundance of opportunities for the investment of capital on large and small scales. Nowhere else in the world is capital or labor more certain of reward."

Graders Flow Up Skeletons.

COLUMBUS, Neb., Nov. 6.—Street graders at Lindsay plowed up four skeletons, said by Dr. D. G. Walker to be those of white males fully grown. Nothing in the known history of the place throws any light on the discovery, and it is thought the skeletons, still in a good state of preservation, must have lain there as long as sixty years. There is a mound at the side of the village and it was here the skeletons were found.

Gage County Mortgages.

BEATRICE, Neb., Nov. 6.—During October Gage county released \$10,738 more in mortgages than was filed. Twenty-four farm mortgages were filed, amounting to \$5,934; forty-three were released, amounting to \$49,287; thirty-one city mortgages, amounting to \$12,604, were filed, and twenty-four, amounting to \$9,989, were released.

Postage Stamps to Burn.

OMAHA, Nov. 6.—Postmaster Crow has made up a package of unused Pan-American exposition postage stamps, which he will forward to Washington, where it is understood they will be burned. The package contains 650,000 ones, 50,000 twos, 20,000 eights and 10,000 tens.

Attempt to Rob a Bank.

ADAMS, Neb., Nov. 6.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to rob the Adams State bank. The glass in the rear door was broken and entrance effected thereby. No further damage was done and no other evidence of the presence of thieves was found, save an iron bar left just inside the door. A railway velocipede was stolen from the handcar house, on which it is supposed the burglars took their departure.