

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## THE DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY MONTE A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Philip Anson is a boy of 15, of fine education and good breeding, but an orphan and miserably poor. The story opens with the death of his mother. Rich relatives have deserted the family in their hour of need, and when his mother's death comes Philip is in despair. He looks over his mother's letters and finds that he is related to Sir Phillip Morland. A few days later a terrific thunderstorm brews over London. At the height of the storm a flash of lightning scares a team attached to a coach standing in front of a West End mansion. Philip, who has become a newsboy, rescues a girl from the carriage just before it turns over. A man with the girl trips over Philip in his excitement. He cuffs the boy and calls a policeman. The girl pleads for Philip and he is allowed to go after learning that the man was Lord Vanstone. Philip then determines to commit suicide. He borrows a piece of rope from O'Brien, a ship chandler, and goes to his miserable dwelling in Johnson's Alley.



Now Read On

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"I never thought of that, yet I ought to know, by this time. Thank you, I will go into the city." He took the pebble, which he placed in his waistcoat pocket. Walking briskly, he traversed some part of the sorrowful journey of barely twelve hours earlier. What had happened to change his mood he did not know, and scarcely troubled to inquire. Last night he hurried through these streets in a frenzied quest for death. Now he strode along full of hope, joyous in the confidence of life and youth. His dominant thought was that his mother had protected him, had snatched him from the dark gate of eternity. Oddly enough, he laid far more stress on his escape from the meteor than on the accident that prevented his contemplated suicide. This latter idea had vanished with the madness that induced it. Philip was sane again, morally and mentally. He was keenly anxious to justify his mother's trust in him. The blustering wind, annoying to wayfarers, only aroused in him a spirit of resistance, of fortitude. He breathed it so manfully that when at last he paused at the door of a great jewelry establishment in Ludgate Hill his face was flushed and his manner eager and animated. He opened the door, but was rudely brought back to a sense of his surroundings by the suspicious question of a shop-walker.

The man behind the counter stared at him for a moment, but he reached over for the stone. Without a word he placed it beneath the microscope and gave it a very brief examination. Then he pressed it against his cheek.

"Where did you get it?" he asked. "I found it where it had fallen on the pavement." "Are you sure?" "Quite sure." "Strange!" was the muttered comment, and Philip began to

understand that his meteor possessed attributes hitherto unsuspected. "But what is it?" he inquired, after a pause. "A meteoric diamond." "A meteoric diamond?" "Yes." "Is it worth much?" "A great deal. Probably some hundreds of pounds."

The directness of the query again took his heart aback. Without a word he bent and examined the stone. Professional instinct mastered all other considerations. "You must apply to that department," he majestically waved his hand toward a side counter. Philip obeyed silently, and approached a small, elderly personage, a man with clever, kindly eyes, who was submitting to microscopical examination a number of tiny stones spread out on a chamois leather folding case. He quickly removed the case when his glance rested on the boy. "Well!" he said, blankly, wondering why on earth the skilled shopwalker had sent such a disreputable urchin to him. Philip was not quite collected in his wits. He held out the pebble, with a more celestial statement. "I found this," he said. "I thought that it might be valuable, and a friend advised me to bring it here. Will you kindly tell me what it is?" The man behind the counter stared at him for a moment, but he reached over for the stone. Without a word he placed it beneath the microscope and gave it a very brief examination. Then he pressed it against his cheek. "Where did you get it?" he asked. "I found it where it had fallen on the pavement." "Are you sure?" "Quite sure." "Strange!" was the muttered comment, and Philip began to understand that his meteor possessed attributes hitherto unsuspected. "But what is it?" he inquired, after a pause. "A meteoric diamond." "A meteoric diamond?" "Yes." "Is it worth much?" "A great deal. Probably some hundreds of pounds."

know, before it becomes salable, and I must warn you that most rigid inquiry will be made as to how it came into your hands." "It fell from heaven," was the wholly unexpected answer, for Philip was shaken and hardly master of his faculties. "Yes, yes, I know. Personally, I believe you, or you would be in custody at this moment. Take it to Messrs. Isaacstein & Co., Hatton Garden. Say I sent you—Mr. Wilson is my name—and make your best terms with Mr. Isaacstein. He will treat you quite fairly. But, again, be sure and tell the truth. He will investigate your story fully before he is satisfied as to its accuracy." Philip, walking through dreamland, quitted the shop. He mingled with the jostling crowd and drifted into Farringdon road.

"A diamond—worth hundreds of pounds!" he repeated, mechanically. "Then what is the whole meteor worth, and what am I worth?" ISAACSTEIN. The keen, strong March wind soon blew the clouds from his brain. He did not hurry toward Hatton Garden. He assumed, rather, with his right hand clenched on the parcel in his pocket, the parcel which had suddenly been endowed with such magic potentialities. It was the instinct to guard a treasure of great value that led to this involuntary action. He was preoccupied, disturbed, vaguely striving to grasp a vision that seemed to elude his exact comprehension. "What did it mean? Was it really possible that he, Philip Anson, orphaned, beggared, practically a starving tramp, should have the riches of Golconda showered upon him in this mad fashion? If the small stone he had shown to the jeweler were worth hundreds, then some of those in the paper were worth thousands, while, as for the stone in the back yard of his house—well, imagination bogged at the effort to appraise it. The thought begot a sense of caution, of re-

serve, of well-reasoned determination not to reveal his secret to anybody. Perhaps it would be best not to take Messrs. Isaacstein & Co. wholly into his confidence. He would simply show them the stone he had exhibited to Mr. Wilson and take the best price they offered. Then, with the money in his possession, he could effect a much needed change in his appearance, visit them again and gradually increase his supply of diamonds until he had obtained more money than he could possibly spend during many years. Above all else was it necessary that his meteor should be removed to a safer place than Johnson's Alley. Philip had no scruples about appropriating it. Lords of the Manor and crown rights he had never heard of. His mother, watching his every action from some Elysian height, had sent the diamond-loaded messenger as a token of her love and care. It was his, and no man should rob him of it. It behooved him to be sparing of explanations and sturdy in defense of his property. A good deal depended on the forthcoming interview, and he wished he could convert a small fraction of the wealth in his pockets into a few honest pennies with their king's head on them. The excitement and exercise had made him hungry again. His breakfast was not of ample proportions, and his meals of yesterday had been of the scantiest. It would be well to face the diamond merchants with the easy confidence that springs from a satisfied appetite. Yet, how to manage it? He was sorry now he had not borrowed a six-pence from O'Brien. The old soldier would certainly have lent it to him. He even thought of returning to the Mile End road to secure the loan, but he happened to remember that the day was Saturday, and it was probable that the Hatton Garden offices would close early. It was then nearly 11 o'clock, and he could not risk the delay of the long, double journey.

If Hair Is Turning Gray, Use Sage Tea. Don't look old! Try Grandmother's recipe to darken and beautify faded, lifeless hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray, streaked and looks dry, wispy and scraggly, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold. Don't bother to prepare the tonic; you can get from any drug store a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," ready to use. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color, thickness and lustre of your hair and remove dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy, lustrous and abundant.—Advertisement.

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The Heavens in February. By WILLIAM F. RIGGE. Mars and Saturn still adorn our nightly skies and are in excellent positions for observation. Mars is in the constellation of the twins, not far from its brightest stars, Castor and Pollux, and may easily be identified by its red color and its change of position. Saturn is near Aldebaran, the most brilliant star in the bull. These two great planets are on opposite sides of the milky way. The day's increase in length, one hour and seven minutes during the month, being ten hours and no minutes long on the 1st, ten hours and thirty-three minutes on the fifteenth, and eleven hours and seven minutes on the 28th, the sun rising on these dates at 7:38, 7:22 and 7:03, and setting at 5:38, 5:55 and 6:10. The sun is slower this month than at any other time in the year. On the 11th and 12th it is fourteen and one-half minutes slow, as shown by a sun dial, and during the first three weeks of the month it is thirty-eight minutes slow of standard time. On the 19th it enters Pisces, the Fish, the last sign of the zodiac. The moon is in first quarter on the 15th, in last quarter on the 17th and new on the 24th. It is in conjunction with Saturn on the 6th, Mars on the 15th and Jupiter on the 22d. On the 10th at 11:38 p. m., it is at a distance of eight-tenths of its diameter from Regulus, the brightest star in the lion. Creighton University Observatory.

## The Latest from Paris FULLY DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE

Many of the new French evening gowns are cut on empire style, and though the draped girdles are wide, they are placed so high up that they do not destroy the empire line. Frequently, also, the top of the skirt peeps out above the girdle, as illustrated by the model of gold-spangled tulle we show you today. The bodice, which is cut very low, is made of a swathing of the spangled tulle, which passes under the arms like a corset. This is held over the shoulder by soft straps of chiffon edged in tulle. A long scarf of black tulle bordered with strass fastens at the back, while a huge black velvet poppy trims the front of the waist. The skirt of gold-spangled tulle is plain in front and gallops down over either hip to show a pannier effect formed by full tulle. The spangled tulle is lifted at the back to make a long square panel that forms a train.



This charming French evening gown combines beauty of line, richness of material and those distinctive touches that delight the Parisienne. It is fashioned of white tulle spangled in gold. Below the first tunic of spangled tulle is a second one of chiffon in similar shape, curved in front and lengthened in back in a point. The main part of the skirt is finished by a found train and is all in front to show the foot.—OLIVETTE.

## Men! Women! Bury the Past When You Wed!

If It Is Full of Mistakes That Can Be Lived Down, It Does No Good to Reveal It. Present and Future Alone Count

By DOROTHY DIX.

The story that Hardy told in his great novel, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," repeated itself in real life in this city the other day. A young couple got married and agreed to tell each other everything that had ever happened to them. The man told his story, and the woman forgave him his sins. The girl told of a single step that she had taken straight from the aisle and narrow road, and the man upbraided her with every revilement he could think of, and ordered her out of the little home they had furnished with such hope and happiness. And the young wife—who was only a child of 18—went. But she did not go through the door. She threw herself out of the window and was dashed to death on the stones of the street below.



confessions on this score will be necessary. If a man or woman has been guilty in the past of some act that leaves a menacing shadow always pursuing him or her, he or she should certainly be honest and propose to marry it before he or she proposes to marry it. No man or woman has a right to bring unmerited disgrace upon another. But where the sins of either a man or woman have been merely the follies of youth, faults committed in hot blood and repented of as soon as done, and that have mercifully left no sinister avenging ghost behind, then they are best buried deep in perpetual silence. It serves no good purpose to drag the skeleton of these misdeeds out into the light and rattle their dry bones. What is past is past and cannot be changed, and the telling of it does not undo the wrong. No wife is the happier for knowing of just when, and how, and where, and the extent of the wild oats crop her husband sowed. It does not make her trust him more to know from his own lips that he has been one of those who loved and rode away or kissed and told. Instead, there is always a rankling jealousy in her heart of these other women and a fear that if she doesn't watch him well he will slip back to them. So, unless there is something in his past life that menaces his wife's future, a man is wise to draw a discreet veil of reticence over his bachelor days. And there is not a whit more reason why a woman should tell a man she is going to marry every detail of her past life than there is why he should tell her. She has a right to appeal from the man-made double standard and subscribe to a single standard of morals for both sexes with perfect assurance that whatever hers are they are as good as those of her husband-elect. She hasn't a right to bring disease or disgrace into her new home, but if she is one of those unfortunate ones, a girl who, through being ignorant and untaught, or too loving and trusting, has been betrayed into doing a wrong that the litany of his sins in his prospective bride, or deem himself dishonorable in not doing so. And in this, I think, he is exactly right. The past of a man or woman concerning what the woman is damned for doing, the man excuses in himself the weaknesses that he never forgives in her, and he expects her to lightly condone in him the offenses for which he puts her out of doors. The most absurd and arrogant provision of this double standard of conduct is the theory that obtains that a woman who has had a past should reveal it all to him before marriage, and that if she doesn't do so she has been guilty of a most treatable act. But no woman expects the man she marries to make a clean breast of his past life to her before they are married, nor does any man feel called upon to recite the litany of his sins in his prospective bride, or deem himself dishonorable in not doing so.

would overlook the sin of her youth, but he wouldn't. He would hold it over her head like the sword of Damocles, and there would never come an hour of disagreement and anger in which he would not taunt and reproach her with it, for no man is really big enough to forgive in a woman the things he doesn't even reproach himself for having done, and that he expects her to forgive. After all, marriage is the beginning of a new life and it is of much more importance to both husbands and wives how they are to live than the kind of life they have lived before. Wise are those who put the past behind them, asking no questions of the dead past, but turning their faces toward a worthy future. Some of the noblest men and women in the world are those who have "risen to higher things on stepping stones of their dead selves."

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