

That Cameo Bracelet.

I.
66 IF you were not such a sentimental fool you would follow my advice," said Marion Demoine, looking with some scorn, mingled with a sort of indulgent admiration at her handsome brother, who had thrown himself, with every appearance of ennui, into a chair in her boudoir.

"And your advice is—" he said languidly, raising his eyes to her face.

"To marry that rich Jenny Valkenburgh. She's half in love with you now."

Demoine groaned aloud and answered cynically:

"And I'm wholly in love with her bank book. Oh, what bliss to have my debts paid and to be able to look everybody in the face."

"Do it to-night, then," said Marion, with animation.

"To-night?" he repeated. "You don't want me to propose to a girl at a masquerade, do you, and when I don't even know her disguise?"

Marion mused a moment, her fine eyes bent to the floor. It was no use evading the question—her brother must marry money, and here was the chance. If she could only get him to promise.

"If I give you a hint, will you give me your promise to do the right thing to-night?" she asked, with suppressed eagerness.

Jack Demoine hesitated. Into his heart there came a sudden, sweet thrill—the memory of a face and voice that he loved; but, as he told himself a hundred times, he could not "afford to marry" Margaret Sears, and it was his business to forget her. Still he found the forgetting very difficult work, though he had succeeded in making a "donkey of himself," as he phrased it, in attentions to the heiress, Miss Valkenburgh. There was a sting in the thought of Margaret also—a sting which his sister had taken care he should feel. It was the rumor that she favored some one else—that young Garrett, the millionaire, doubtless would take the girl, for of course he had but to reach out his hand. He could please himself, and marry a woman without a penny if he chose, and who would refuse him?

It was that thought that made Jack Demoine's face suddenly harden as he replied:

"Yes, I promise you I'll ask her to-night to be my wife. Now for the directions—be brief."

Marion knew her brother's temper too well to trifle with him now. He had passed his word, and she could trust him.

"You know the bracelet of cameo intaglios that Miss Valkenburgh showed us the other day? She will wear that on her left arm."

II.

When the time came Demoine threw a cloak over his dress, and with his mask in his hand he stepped into the carriage. He was late. As he entered the brilliant drawing-room his eyes began their search for the wearer of the cameo bracelet. He was going to have his task over directly. He had come to offer his hand to Jenny Valkenburgh, and the quicker it was done the better.

He did not look at ladies' dresses; he looked at their arms, and felt a sense of relief at each one he saw which did not bear what to him was the fatal bracelet. He felt very mean, and he despised himself. He was going to ask a woman whom he did not love to marry him—he wanted her money.

A waltz sounded from the band. Glittering couples glided off down the room. At that moment, as Demoine was leaning against the wall, moodily watching the forms that went past him, there came a graceful figure, clad in some diaphanous blue robe. He could only tell that it was surpassingly lovely, and he did not know what character was to be represented.

Simultaneously with the feeling of admiration that stirred in his heart, he saw on one fair, plump arm the coil of the cameo intaglios. There was no mistaking them. They were of too rare workmanship for one to forget them.

He did not pause. Softly he made his way after the blue mask, and the next moment he had whispered to her: "Make this music still sweeter by waltzing with me?"

The mask paused in seeming irresolution. Had she recognized him? He had not tried in the least to disguise his voice. He rather wished to be known by her, but her tones were evidently disguised as she replied and placed her hand on his proffered arm.

In spite of his preoccupation Demoine enjoyed that waltz, and, owing to the power that delicately appeals to the senses, the young man found himself thinking that so graceful a woman could not be wholly a bore as a wife.

"Now for it!" he said to himself, as he swung her out of the group, and bent down his tall head as he asked her to go out of the crowd—it was so warm.

He coughed and stammered something inaudible. She begged his pardon—what did he say?

He plunged in.

"I don't know how to do the thing gracefully, Miss Valkenburgh, but I'll make my words plain. Will you be my wife?"

There, it was done! And Jack Demoine breathed a long sigh and waited.

He fancied she was agitated. It was a moment before she spoke, and Jack hastened to say:

"It is not possible that you don't know me?"

"I know you," she answered, and the voice, no longer disguised, was like a knife through Jack Demoine's heart.

He tore off his mask and revealed a deathly white face. Now the woman was much more composed than he was. She removed the blue silk covering from her own face. Yes, it was Margaret Sears who looked at him. Her face also was colorless, but it showed no emotion otherwise.

"You should not ask such vital questions at a masquerade, Mr. Demoine, or you should first take the precaution to make sure of the identity of the lady."

How calm her voice was!

As for Demoine, his blood was on fire. He uttered an inarticulate ejaculation. He caught the girl's hands in his own and held them to his heart; he poured forth a torrent of passionate words; he called himself a dolt, a jackass, to have so degraded himself as to offer his hand where he could not give his heart.

He could never remember how he explained matters, but it was certain that he made Margaret Sears understand that he was thankful for the mistake, and that he loved her and no other.

Fifteen minutes later, when the two, carefully masked again, re-entered the ballroom, a woman in gorgeous fifteenth century dress swept by them, on the arms of a Louis XIII. musketeer.

"That is my Cousin Jenny," whispered Margaret. "How curious that, at the last moment, she should have changed her mind, and fastened the cameos on my arm!"

III.

The next morning Marlon, who had gone home before supper, asked her brother:

"Did you propose to the girl with the cameos?"

"Yes."

"And she accepted you, of course?"

"Yes."

"I congratulate you," cried Marlon, with sparkling eyes.

Jack Demoine lit a cigar and walked out, wisely thinking he would leave explanations to the future.

Traveling in Colonial Days.

After the period of walking and canoeing had its day in colonial times, nearly all land travel, for a century, was on horseback, just as it was in England at that date. In 1672, there were only six stage coaches in the whole of Great Britain, and a man wrote a pamphlet protesting that they encouraged too much travel. Boston then had one private coach. Women and children usually rode seated on a pillion behind a man. One way of progress which would help four persons ride part of their journey was what was called the "ride-and-tie" system. Two of the four persons who were traveling started on their route on foot; two, mounted on the saddle and pillion, rode about a mile, dismounted, tied the horse, and walked on. When the two who had started on foot reached the waiting horse they mounted, rode on past the other couple for a mile, dismounted, tied and walked on; and so on.

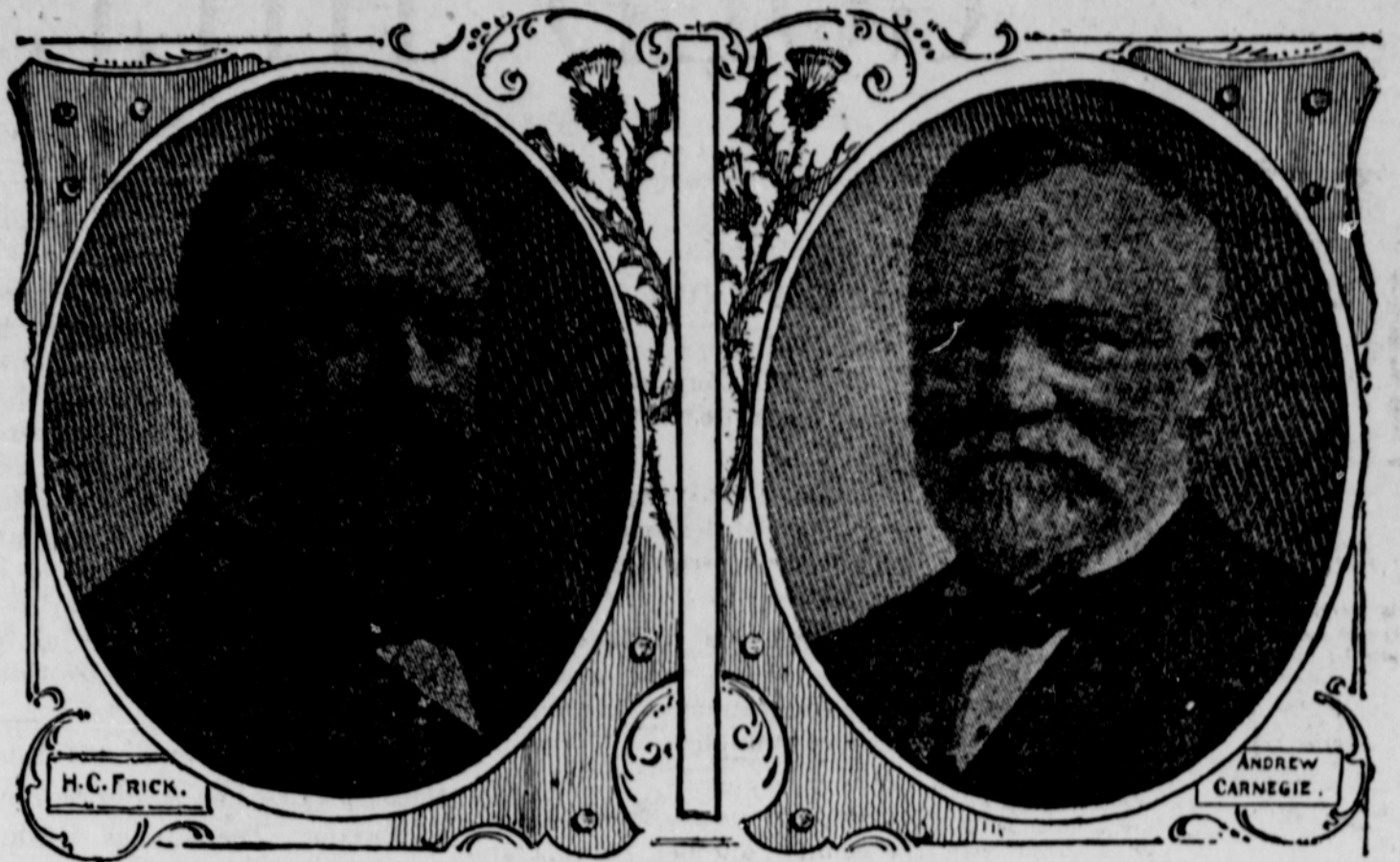
Howitzers.

Howitzers are steel breech-loading weapons, weighing twenty-five hundredweight and having a length of six feet ten inches. In loading a howitzer the gun is swung horizontally on the carriage, but for the firing position the muzzle is pointed high in the air, thus giving to the shell a long, curved course. Four kinds of projectiles can be used in a howitzer. The lyddite shell measures 27.225 inches and weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds nine ounces. The shrapnel, which contains over five hundred mixed metal balls, weighs slightly above one hundred pounds, and measures in length a little more than nineteen inches. For the firing cartridge two pounds one ounce of cordite are used.—Household Words.

Men Who Pay Their Bills.

The credit man of one of the large department stores in New York was asked what class of customers was most trustworthy. "Army and navy people can have all the credit they wish and no questions asked," was his reply. "The standard of business morality in the army and navy is positive assurance that we will get our money."

TITANS OF THE IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRIES AT WAR.



GREAT HOMESTEAD STEEL MILLS.

ANDREW CARNEGIE and Henry Clay Frick have stunned the commercial and manufacturing world with the recent revelations made as to the annual profits of the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, of which Mr. Carnegie is the financial head and Mr. Frick (until recently) the active manager. That wealth untold has poured in upon these two fortunate men has never been questioned, but that it had reached the volume which Mr. Frick asserts it has, no one—not even intimate friends—dreamed. Men gape at each other when they read the figures. An annual profit of from 5 to 12 per cent anyone was willing to concede the magnates, but not profits of 40, 50, 75 and 100 per cent. Yet these latter figures are the ones with which Mr. Frick deals.

Briefly told, Mr. Frick's suit is a prayer filed in the common pleas court to restrain Mr. Carnegie from forcing him to sell out his interest in the steel company except at his own terms. In support of his prayer he states: The profits of the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, for 1899 were \$21,000,000 above all expenses. The net profits for 1900 have been estimated by Mr. Carnegie at \$40,000,000 and by Mr. Frick at \$42,500,000. Mr. Frick's interest in the company, according to his own calculations, is \$16,238,000; according to Mr. Carnegie but \$6,000,000. The number of partners in the company is forty. The total value of the property under ordinary conditions is \$250,000,000; in prosperous times at home and abroad, \$500,000,000. The capital stock of the steel company is but \$25,000,000, of which Mr. Carnegie owns 58½ per cent and Frick 6 per cent. In May, 1899, Mr. Carnegie received in cash \$1,170,000 given him as a bonus for his ninety days' option to sell his 58½ per cent in the steel company for \$157,950,000. Mr. Frick's 6 per cent of stock on that basis would be worth \$16,238,000. Mr. Frick in his prayer avers fraud on the part of Mr. Carnegie. He declares the latter drove him out of the chairmanship of the steel company last December through malice, that he intends to run the business himself, and that he will thereby cause great loss.

Andrew Carnegie is the epitome of Scotch thrift, Irish volubility and American perseverance. Henry C. Frick is the embodiment of Dutch acquisitiveness and tacturnity and English tenacity. Chance worked more for the winning of Mr. Carnegie's fortune than in the case of any other living American multimillionaire. Necessity brought Mr. Frick into Mr. Carnegie's service. Opportunity gave Mr. Frick his wealth. Favorable legislation and judicious nursing increased Mr. Carnegie's wealth. Mr. Carnegie professes to believe in the human race and in the success of human endeavor. Mr. Frick is little concerned in the human race, save as it is a buyer in his market. Mr. Carnegie is not bold or daring. Mr. Frick is both. Mr. Carnegie thinks wealth should add to wealth, but that it should be disposed of before death. Mr. Frick doesn't care—get all, hold all, is his creed. Mr. Carnegie says he owes a debt to humanity. Mr. Frick says it is not due to humanity, but to himself. Mr. Carnegie gives away a library every time he feels democratic. Mr. Frick relinquishes nothing. Both men have gained millions by methods open to intelligent discussion. Neither man can avoid death.

The Famous Homestead Outbreak and Cause from Which It Originated.

Henry C. Frick owned a name of national prominence at the end of the year 1892. For years prior to the events of that time labor-saving machinery had been introduced at the mills in Homestead, which greatly increased the output, lessened the labor and increased the wages of a small number of employes known as the "tonnage men." These men were paid at certain fixed rates per ton of product, and with the improved machinery used they were enabled in many cases to double their earnings beyond the figures contemplated by the union scale, and also beyond that paid by competing mills. Mr. Frick insisted when it came to arranging a new scale that allowance be made for the improved machinery used. The "tonnage men" refused to listen to him, and many useless conferences were held. The men were stubborn and Mr. Frick cold. There does not appear to have been much tact used on either side. Mr. Frick finally prepared a new scale and submitted it to the workmen direct without consulting the officers of their unions. A strike was ordered by the union officers and followed. Mr. Frick imported Pinkerton men to protect his property, and they were entrapped on river barges and shot down by the strikers. The presence of the Pinkerton men really appears to have precipitated rioting which otherwise might not have taken place. The National Guard of Pennsylvania was called out and Homestead put under martial law. While the excitement was at its height Alexander Bergmann, an anarchist from New York, called at Mr. Frick's private office in Pittsburg, shot him four times and stabbed him seven. Nevertheless Mr. Frick recovered and Bergmann was sent to the penitentiary for a long term of years. Congress appointed a committee to investigate the cause of the Homestead riots and it did so, but no practical good came from the investigation. The rioting ended as quickly as it began, and since that time the Carnegie works have had no serious trouble with their labor. A kind of a civil service is maintained in the works by which men of steady service may be promoted.

COLLEGE GOOD-FELLOWSHIP.

Alma Mater Attachments that Last a Whole Life Long.

A prime advantage of a university education, says the Kansas City Star, is the assimilation of what is called the college spirit. This is worth quite as much to the student as the technical knowledge which he masters in his academic course.

At any first-class institution of learning the students meet young men of good breeding and antecedents from every part of the country. They form acquaintances and associations which yield enjoyment to them for the remainder of their lives. They are given the opportunity of measuring themselves as to intellectual power, and, what is as fully important, in point of manner and development, with the best American types. The assemblage of thousands of youths from the most cultivated families in the land opens the way for the assimilation and imitation by each of all that is most admirable in the others.

College friendships, in many instances, lead the students into wholly new fields of social observation and thus greatly broaden the education of the student. The Western boy at Yale

or Harvard goes home to visit with his Eastern chum, and sees life which is essentially different from that to which he has been accustomed. The Eastern chap comes to the West, and fairly revels in the cordiality and freedom which are notable in Eastern society for their absence. The advantage is great and as valuable on one side as on the other. This feeling of good fellowship has built up what may be called a vast college order all over the country.

Virginia's Natural Bridge.

The famous natural bridge of Virginia is situated in Rockbridge County and spans the mountain chasm in which flows the little stream called Cedar creek, the bed of which is more than two hundred feet below the surface of the plain. The middle of the arch is forty-five feet in perpendicular thickness, which increases to sixty feet at its juncture with the vast abutments. It is sixty feet wide, and its span is almost ninety feet. Across the top is a public road. For many years the name of Washington, cut in the rock forming one of the abutments when the Father of his Country was a lad, stood high above all others; but in 1818 a student of Washington College, Vir-

ginia, Piper by name, climbed from the foot to the top of the rock, and placed his name above that of Washington.

In Indiana.

Despite the following bit of dialogue, found in the Indianapolis Journal, there is nothing topographically wrong about the town in question.

"Do you mean to tell me," said an inquiring visitor in a Hoosier village, "that those two Hill brothers are deaf and dumb?"

"Yes," replied the native, "we allus calls 'em the two Hills without a holler."

Swords May Be Abolished.

The suggestion of substituting a Martini-Metford carbine for the sword an officer usually carries is being largely discussed in military circles. The objection against the sword is that, when marching through hilly country, it hampers an officer's movements in getting over rough ground, while a carbine could be used as a walking stick, thus being a great help and support.

We believe that any one can pick out a married woman or a school teacher, as far off as they can be seen in the road.