

MY GREAT GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S JEWELS.

BY ELLEN FRIZELL WYCKOFF.

In the legends and traditions that stand for history in the old Southern city, these jewels play an important part. The dainty little French woman had brought them with her from across the seas. There were rubies red as heart's blood and amethysts purple as the summer sky at midnight. There were moonstones and emeralds and diamonds from the heads of Indian idols, jewels from temples old as the earth, and gems from royal crowns and coronets.

Kings and warriors had laid them at the feet of the capricious beauty. Each gem had not only a long and ancient history of its own, but each represented a broken heart as well. For the beauty had at last given her hand and her heart to a comely English lover, and away they had sailed to America, to astonish the new world with the splendor of maiden's jewels.

But one day when she was old, when her beauty was gone and her friends were dead, and there was no sweetness in her withered heart, and no joy in living, Madam laid down and died.

She had grown sour and resentful because time, the great robber, had stolen away her marvelous beauty and power, and she had covered alone and ashamed and altogether unlovely, in her great curtained chamber that opened on a flowery terrace which she shut quite away from every ray of sunshine.

But she died, for if time is cruel death is merciful, and they hid her hideous old body away in the earth and talked of the time when she was young.

And when a little time had passed they began to search for the jewels. My great grandfather and his generation sought with diligence, but they found no shining treasure. At best there were but a few letters in quaint old French, and some in a queer foreign lingo that nobody could understand.

My grandfather and his generation sought with faint hearts, surreptitious. My father and his generation laughed at the old legends and traditions indulgently, regarding the kings and warriors as the merest myths, and the jewels as nothing more than a pretty ornament for a fine old story.

I and my generation listened in our turn to the stories, but each with his individual opinion, for we had come upon a time of independent thought.

We had drifted, too, far from the old Southern city, though the fine English name hung to us. With great and pardonable pride I claimed for my own the name of the Englishman who had brought the fair Marie away from all her lovers.

There were times when I fancied that I belonged farther back than the record. Times when I wearied of the modern clash and rush and longed for the slow quiet of the old days.

With one of these spells upon me I drifted down to the old Southern city. The place was a dream of beauty with its soft, sun-bathed, flower-scented air, its wonderful purple-blue sky and the glistening green waters of the ocean washing up in little white-capped waves on the narrow strip of beach that skirted the city toward the east.

I was enraptured. "The fair Marie's jewels," I said to myself. "The great quivering emerald here at my feet, the great yellow opal all about me, the shimmering amethyst above me!"

And one day, in a many terraced and flowery old garden, I met the fair Marie herself. And when I saw her I believed even the most romantic of the stories that had followed the first Marie over the seas. I watched the timid, shy-eyed maiden walking in the garden and I gave her my heart, for I had nothing more, not money, nor fame, nor jewel.

Her father had deigned to read my letters of introduction, and with a sudden change of manner had opened his arms and his doors and had claimed me as his kinsman, a being to be treated with consideration and respect.

Then I heard again the legends and traditions that belonged to the history of my great, great grandmother. I saw, too, a picture of her painted by one of the famous artists of her day. A slender maiden in a quaint old gown, and a face that was Marie's own, only more piquant and daring, and lacking the shy beauty of Marie's English blue orbs.

"And you are the brawny Englishman again, except for your sad, far-seeing eyes; I fancy that the first Marie's were like them when she was not quite happy," said one of the stately old dames who belonged to the household, smiling upon me.

Each day my faith in the jewels was strengthened. If only I could find them and give them to Marie! The desire consumed me. I gave no heed to any who came or went. I was living in the world of romance. I cared for nothing but the sight of the girl I loved. Her face, the dark, piquant face with its forget-me-not eyes filled my sky.

And then in a subtle and indescribable way I began to feel myself less welcome, for my heart had come to live in my eyes and even the courteous old Southerner could not fail to see that I loved his daughter. And somehow—even yet I cannot tell just how, so delicately tactful was my dismissal—I found myself staying with another kinsman, and I was not asked to attend Marie's coming out ball.

"It is a singular oversight," the old colonel said, holding my hand in a warm, lingering grasp.

These soft, beautifully mannered Southerners could not endure to wound me.

"Isn't it that I'm poor and they want a rich husband for Marie?" I blurted out, sharply.

"Well, my dear lad, since you have spoken I may not contradict you. You will not, however, fail to remember the stern necessity of the case. Your blood is of the best—as good as any that flows. Hamilton would greatly prefer it to any this side a crown, but there are debts and mortgages and there is a rich Yankee lover, and—the last hope is Marie."

Then with a graceful wave of his white hand he set the subject aside, and began to plan a little trip for himself and me that would include the night of Marie's ball.

Of course I could not allow him to sacrifice so much for my sake, and the outcome of it all was that I told him and his household good-bye by the day before the ball. But I lingered in the city. I could not go without a word with Marie. The ball promised me one opportunity.

I dressed myself in fanciful imitation of an English knight of 200 years ago, and walked up and down terrace outside. Madam Marie's chamber, trying to gather courage that would make me brave enough to enter the ballroom.

The place was a wonderland of beauty. Men and women in all manner of costumes walked among the flowers. In memory of the first Marie and in compliment to her pretty namesake there were kings and warriors, young and old. And at last I saw Marie herself. She was the little French maid stepped from the old picture! With her bare white hand she beckoned me to the window of the great jessamine under which she stood.

I hurried to her, wild with joy. She had shown me shy favor until now. I could not remember that I had come to say good-bye.

When I was nearer she drifted away with a slow, gliding motion, still beckoning me with her hand. Through a door into the old curtained chamber she led me, snuggling over her gleaming bare shoulder, and I hurrying on could never quite reach the lovely floating figure and arching smiling face.

It did not occur to me to wonder at the soft, luminous glow that surrounded her, enveloping her like a garment and leaving the space about her quite dark, for this part of the mansion had not been lighted for the ball.

We passed through the great chamber in which the first Marie had lived and died.

"This way," came softly back to me in pretty French. "Come this way." And I followed.

She led me through an odd little door that I had not seen before, and we entered a low, narrow passage. The place was close and I was obliged to stoop as I went; but with the luminous figure before me and the smiling face over the gleaming shoulder, little cared I for that. On and on she went, down and down, as it seemed to me, and farther and farther from the flowery terrace.

Once I called out begging her to wait for me, but only a sound of soft laughter came back as she floated on.

And then suddenly I was alone and all in the dark. Had she taken some sudden turn that I had not seen in the long narrow passage? I called aloud, beating my hands against the solid walls.

In doing so I found that I had reached the end of the passage. My hand came in contact with something like cold iron. The object was a box—an iron box set in the solid wall. Still calling loudly for Marie, I was answered by smothered echoes of my own voice.

Panting for air and numb with cold and fear, I tugged with all my strength at the box, some instinct giving to my fingers skill and desperation, making them strong. I thought only of the jewels now. Marie was hiding behind me to frighten me, and by accident I had come upon the box. I was sure that it contained the jewels. It was embedded in the wall, but I pulled and tugged, straining every muscle.

After a while it yielded. I was moving it—it was mine! As I drew it out a sickening thud as if falling earth made me shudder. A musty, stifling odor filled the place. My mouth and eyes were full of a fine nauseating dust. I fell back and felt, with a horror I cannot describe, the soft cold earth settling about me.

I don't know how long it was before I saw a thin gleam of light. Was it Marie waiting further on? I made a tremendous effort, still holding to the box, and raised myself from the earth under which I had been buried.

I felt grass beneath my feet—cool, sweet, untrampled grass. And trees bent above me—great, dark-limbed cedars, through which the moonlight sifted in needle-like rays.

Where was I? The soft breeze blew the horrible, clinging dust out of my face, the fragrance of jessamines and olive came to me. Here and there I saw spots of ghostly, shining white. And then I knew. I was standing in the old family graveyard back of the church and a quarter of a mile from the mansion. By what strange underground passage had we come? And where was Marie?

As the moon sank, its light came

aslant under the cedars, and I saw a terrible thing. A grave had fallen in; the opening yawned at my feet. I knew that I had come up through it. It was one of the old-time beehive tombs, strongly built of brick with a marble slab laid on top, horizontally. This slab had fallen in with one end still resting on the brick and the other upon something in the grave. On the blackened slab I could even now read the name of poor Madam Marie.

A spasm of horror and fear overcame me; I sank to the ground. When the east began to be streaked with light I crawled away to my room, where I stood and gazed at my bed-dug figure and ghastly face.

A note from one of the stately old dames awaited me. Deep trouble had fallen upon them; her brother desired that I come for Marie's sake.

Hastily dressing myself, I put the box still unopened, in a valise and hurried to the mansion. My courteous old kinsman met me. For the first time I observed a slight confusion in his perfect manner.

"It was Marie, my lad. Last night, when the clock struck 12, she sank into a death-like swoon. Nothing could be done. We gave her up for lost. I was crazed with grief. I knew that you loved her as your soul—even as I do, to whom she is all things. And you are my kinsman. So I sent for you. She is awake now, and—you are welcome. Why, lad?"

The room reeled like a ship in a gale. I heard a crash, I saw a stream of rubies red as heart's blood and amethysts and diamonds like the summer sky at midnight. Then I saw a fair white face and all was dark.

When I saw the face again it was bending above me in the ruddy glow of firelight. Very sweet and gentle looked the small French face with its tender English eyes. I smiled in happy content as a cool hand was laid on my forehead.

"Don't—drift—away—again, Marie," I said faintly.

"No, I'm very securely anchored here beside you," she answered in her low, sweet voice, only now it seemed strong and determined.

I glanced through the window. Many of the trees were bare. Had I been ill so long?

"Tell me about it," Marie demanded when I was better, and she sat perched like a saucy bird on the arm of her father's chair. "Tell us about the jewels. How did you find them?"

"Haven't you been told?" I asked, smiling at her puzzled face.

I was sorry when it whitened to the lips. "I," she said. "You forget—that was the night—the night of the ball. Such dreams—oh, don't let me think of it! We were going to you and I—going—father, I've forgotten!"

"Yes, dear. Dreams are easily forgotten." Tell us how you found the jewels."

It was true then. In some unexplained way I had found my great, great grandmothers' jewels. And very slowly, as it came dimly to me, I told the story of that horrible night. The fine old face of my kinsman whitened, Marie's eyes darkened.

"The gems are very valuable, very valuable, my lad, and on the box is engraved the message that they belong to any one of our name who finds them. They are all yours. I have them in safe keeping for you."

But I laughed. "They are Marie's, hers and hers only. If I had ten thousand more I would gladly pour them at her feet. Each of these was a heart story—a story of love and passion—and it would take them all tell her how much I love her."

Again and again we tried to find the odd low door in Madam Marie's chamber, only to fail. In the old graveyard no excavation ever revealed any underground passage. The grave had fallen in, just as I had seen it, but that was all.

But the jewels were real—real as my love for Marie. And there was enough to relieve us from embarrassment, to strengthen my business and to fill Marie's jewel case with rubies red as heart's blood and diamonds and amethysts like the summer sky at midnight.—Waverly Magazine.

A Paper City.

The return of so many wounded soldiers from South Africa to Great Britain has taxed the local hospitals to the utmost, so that all sorts of emergency homes must be provided for the sick. The oddest of all is "a paper hospital" in the suburbs. Not far from London, at Netley, is to be found a whole paper city with a population of 500 men—all in a paper wrapping. This paper city is the convalescent branch of Netley hospital, and the material of which it is built is paper mache. It is a new idea for a hospital hut. There are 45 of these huts behind the red brick hospital building, and in each of them are ten men, who as a rule, spend a fortnight in the paper city. The houses of this city are glistening, white, lean, long and business-like. At the end, and so that there may be a curtain at the doorway and no draught, is a bulging porch. Fluttering from each of the windows is a scarlet curtain to give a touch of color to the white landscape. Inside the papier mache building it is all quietude and comfort. Each building is 26 feet long. Ranging along the length are ten beds, with easy spring mattresses that can allow for the tossing of a man still in pain, even if he is convalescent. Beside each bed is room for the necessary kit and at one end of the hut is the wooden mess table.

Marvelous Endurance of the Chinese.

The Chinese are inferior to Europeans in physical strength, but show a marvelous amount of endurance. They will work 19 hours a day with out complaining.

ADOPTING GOLD BASIS.

GENERAL MOVEMENT OF NATIONS FOR THE SINGLE STANDARD.

Russia, Japan and India. With Their Population of 465,000,000 People, Have Fallen Into Line Since the Campaign of 1896—The Production of Gold.

The currency question was so thoroughly discussed in 1896, and the assertions of the adherents of silver as a standard money metal have been so thoroughly disproven by the events since that date, that a detailed discussion of the question seems now unnecessary. It is not improper, however, to call attention to some great facts which account in some degree, at least, for the course of the great nations in one by one abandoning the double, fluctuating standard and adopting the single and now almost universal standard—gold. The general movement among nations for the adoption of the single gold standard began about 1870 (except in the case of England, which took this action in 1816), and since that time all the nations of the world, excepting Mexico, China, Korea, Siam, Persia, and some of the smaller republics of Central and South America, have adopted the single gold standard. Recent statements indicate that China is pushing for the introduction of the gold standard in her customs service. This, if accomplished, will doubtless be the initial step toward similar action with reference to the currency of that country. Consular statements recently published indicate that Siam is preparing to adopt the single gold standard. Even in the short four years since the campaign of 1896 the gold standard has been adopted in Japan, with a population of 40,000,000; Russia, with a population of 125,000,000; India, with a population of 300,000,000, and several of the Central and South American republics.

In the three hundred and fifty-seven years prior to 1850 the gold production of the world averaged less than \$10,000,000 per annum; in the fifty years since 1850 the gold production of the world has averaged \$135,000,000 per annum, and in the year 1899 was \$315,000,000. In the four closing years of the nineteenth century the gold production will be greater than that of the entire first half of the century. In the single year 1899 the gold production was as great as that of the first thirty-three years of the century.

This enormous increase in the production of gold as compared with that of previous centuries began with the discovery of gold in California in 1847, followed by similar discoveries in Australia in 1853, then by later discoveries in Colorado a few years later, then by the enormous discoveries in the South Africa, which have proved the greatest gold-producing mines ever known, and within the past three years the great discoveries in Alaska. All these have been supplemented, and their results multiplied meanwhile, by the development of new means of extraction, through which mines formerly abandoned as worthless again became valuable. These discoveries and developments account for the fact that the gold production of the world in the last fifty years has been more than twice as great as that of the preceding three hundred and fifty years.

As a consequence, the gold in existence to-day, accepting the statistics of such eminent statisticians as Tooke, Newmarch and Mulhall, and adding to these the later statements of the Director of the Mint, is more than three times as great as in 1850. During that time the population has increased fifty per cent., being, according to equally eminent statisticians, 1,075,000,000 in 1850 and 1,500,000,000 at the present time. This would give twice as much gold for each person to-day as in 1850. In addition to this, however, Mulhall states that two-thirds of the gold of the world to-day is coined and used as money, while in 1850 only one-third of the gold was coined. This again doubles the amount of gold money, making, therefore, more than four times as much gold currency for each individual in the world to-day as in 1850.

Of the world's silver, according to the same authority (Mulhall), forty per cent. was coined in 1850 and fifty-three per cent. in 1890.

Gold, unlike most commodities produced, is for the most part retained permanently—not eaten, or worn out, or destroyed—and each year's addition from the mines thus increases the world's permanent stock of the money metal, excepting the small proportion which is used in the arts, which averages, perhaps, fifteen to twenty per cent. of the world's product. Keeping this in mind, it will be seen that the result of the last half century of gold production in the total amount mined is more than twice as great as that in three hundred and fifty years preceding, has enormously increased the world's permanent stock of this accepted money metal, and seems of itself to offer an important, if not a complete, explanation of the fact that during that half century in which the product has so greatly increased, practically all the nations of the world have abandoned the double standard and adopted this rapidly increasing and generally accepted measure of value.

There has been also an enormous increase in the production of silver during the same period, the total of the last fifty years being, in round numbers, \$5,000,000,000, against \$6,000,000,000 in the three hundred and fifty years preceding. This silver has also gone largely into use as a money metal, and the amount of silver money in circulation as a full circulating medium has greatly increased.

One deceptive plank in a political platform readily contaminates the entire structure.

OUR ISLAND MARKETS.

French Journal Shows Their Value to the United States.

The prospective value of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Hawaiian, Philippine and Samoan Islands as markets for the products of the farm and factory in the United States, is illustrated by a recent publication in the *Moniteur Officiel du Commerce*, an official publication of the French Government, which discusses at considerable length the consuming powers of those islands and their consequent economic value to the United States, and the prospective increase in their consuming powers through enlarged production under American capital. The statement is as follows:

"The consumption of foreign products by these islands is made up almost equally of articles of manufacture and of agriculture of the temperate zone. Out of \$20,125,321 worth of products exported from the United States to Cuba in 1894, the value of \$9,440,953 was in products of agriculture. Out of \$18,616,377 worth of exports for the year 1899, \$9,799,513 worth belonged to the same category. The exports from the United States to the 'Pearl of Antilles' are made up principally of cereals, live animals, salt meat, cotton goods, machinery, footwear, instruments, etc.

"Spain, under normal conditions, sold annually to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, about \$40,000,000 worth of goods, principally manufactured articles, besides wines, oils, flour meats and vegetables. Out of 135,000,000 pesetas' worth of merchandise shipped from Spain to Cuba in 1896, about 50,000,000 represented the value of products of agriculture. The proportion was nearly the same in the case of Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands.

Speaking generally, we may assume that under normal conditions the surplus production of Cuba and the Philippines before the war amounted to about \$125,000,000 annually, and their consumption to \$100,000,000, but that their productive power is capable of great increase, which in turn will cause a similar increase in consumption. About one-half of the imports into these islands was of Spanish origin and the other half came from other countries proportionate to their proximity or distance. Thus the United States furnished the greater part of the imports into Cuba and Porto Rico, while the Philippine Islands received whatever Spain was unable to furnish them with from Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Calcutta and Australian ports."

German-American Vote.

The German-Americans of St. Louis will support McKinley this fall, just as they did in 1896. If there is any of the dissatisfaction among the voters of Teutonic birth, upon which the Democratic press of the country has apparently built such ardent hopes, it is completely overshadowed by the German distrust of Bryan. German-Americans of St. Louis say that the citizens of that nationality are still true to the flag and the party, and can be safely counted upon to vote for McKinley and Roosevelt in the approaching election. The *Westliche Post* of St. Louis, the most influential German newspaper in the West, will support the Republican platform and nominees. The same is true of every journal of influence printed in the German language in this country.

Exports of Cotton.

Our exports of cotton compare as follows:

Fiscal year.	Value.
1890	\$250,068,792
1891	290,712,898
1892	258,461,241
1893	188,771,445
1894	210,869,289
1895	204,900,990
1896	190,056,469
1897	230,442,215
1898	209,564,774

During the Democratic administration of 1893-96, which closed our mills, cotton became so cheap that its value fell below the cost of production, and we supplied low-priced cotton to the foreign manufacturers who were shipping their goods into our market. Now our mills are using the cotton and its value has advanced. Cotton growers know that "the open mills" policy is the best.

A Factor in Paper.

One of the valuable and growing exports of the United States is paper, and the growth of our paper manufacturing justifies our pride. Nevertheless, at the present rate of exportation of American paper stock, it would require the earnings of forty years to make good the amount paid by the American people in one year to foreigners for carrying American imports and exports. It is such facts as these that assure a large majority vote in favor of the passage of the shipping bill at the next session of Congress, in order that the thousand million of dollars sent out of the United States every five years to pay for the carriage of our imports and exports in foreign bottoms may be retained at home for the employment of American labor in the construction and operation of the ships employed in carrying our shipments to and purchases from foreign nations.

German For Expansion.

Hon. Oswald Ottendorfer announces that the sixteen-to-one plank of the Kansas City convention will prevent the German-American voters from supporting Mr. Bryan, no matter how they may feel upon the question of expansion. If Mr. Ottendorfer will take the pains to investigate a little further he will ascertain that the class of voters he mentions is not feeling so very badly over the question of expansion.

OUR BEET SUGAR SAFE.

THE PRODUCTION OF CANE SUGAR DECREASING EVERYWHERE.

Two-thirds of the World's Sugar Supply Now Comes From Beet Sugar Growing Countries—The Porto Rican Tariff—Our Island Markets—The Outlook.

Simultaneously with the development of the withdrawal of slave labor from the production of cane-sugar, beets increased their percentage of the world's supply from 4.35 in 1840 to 14 per cent. in 1850; 20 per cent. in 1860; 34 per cent. in 1870, and they now produce 66 per cent., or two-thirds of the world's sugar. This fact shows that the farmers of the temperate zone need no longer fear the competition of the tropics in the production of sugar, and especially if a reasonable protection is granted them, as is the case in the United States. The farmers of this country have been encouraged by the Republican party in their ambition to produce the sugar of the country. The experience of other nations and of other parts of the temperate zone has shown that sugar can be produced from beets in great quantities, and at a very small cost, and can successfully compete with cane sugar under the most favorable circumstances. Under the stimulus given to the beet sugar production by Republican legislation, beet-sugar factories sprang up all over the United States, and the production of beet sugar has already reached large proportions and is increasing with wonderful rapidity.

The first thought that came to the minds of the farmers when the events following the war for the liberation of Cuba brought under our control certain tropical areas was whether or not the possession or control of tropical territory by the United States would injure, or perhaps destroy, the opportunities which they believed were almost within their grasp for supplying the \$100,000,000 worth of sugar which the people of the United States annually consumed. This fear—if it ever reached the stage in which it could be called by that name—was answered in the negative by the Republican party when it passed the Porto Rican bill. The Democratic party fought with all its power to prevent the enactment of that measure which placed a duty upon articles coming into the United States from Porto Rico. That duty was small, but it was an explicit declaration by the Republican party that it would not yield the power to fix such tariff, as it might deem judicious, against the products of cheap tropical labor wherever located and under whatever conditions. In other words, it was a distinct promise to the American farmer that he need not fear that the Republican party would permit the cheap labor and cheap sugar of any tropical territory to be brought here in a manner which would destroy the American industry of beet sugar production which the farmers of the United States have, under protection given by the Republican party, been building up during the last few years.

The farmers of the temperate zone can produce beet sugar successfully in competition with the sugar cane of the tropics when both are handled by free labor, and this advantage which the American farmer has will be strengthened in the United States so long as the Republican party retains its control and is able to apply the protective principle to the interests of its farmers as it did in the case of the Porto Rican bill, against which the Democrats turned their every energy. With a few years of moderate protection against the cheap labor of the tropics, the beet sugar industry in the United States will be placed fairly and squarely upon its feet. Meantime the improved condition of labor in the tropics, and the opportunities for higher wages which the guidance of the United States will give them, will more nearly equalize the cost of the two systems of production.

One further fact in regard to the world's production and producing capacity is worthy of consideration in this connection, and that is that nearly two-thirds of the sugar now imported into the United States comes from the islands of the Pacific. The total importation of sugar into the United States in the ten months ending with April, 1899, amounted to 3,363,626,763 pounds, and of this amount 1,180,442,362 pounds were from the East Indies, the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippine Islands, thus indicating the possibilities of our Pacific territory to supply that portion of our consumption which it will be necessary to import until the farmers of this country are able to supply the home demand. Instead of sending to other countries and other peoples the \$100,000,000 per year which we have been annually expending for foreign-grown sugar, it may be expended under the American flag and in a manner which will benefit the people of our own people who may enter upon business enterprises in them.

It is not the fault of the Pettigrows and the Atkinsons that Aguinaldo didn't make Manila a forerunner of Peking. It is a noticeable fact that all of the desirable migration from the Democratic party is toward the Republican party. The North Carolina Democrats will now remove their red shirts and resume their talk of "government without the consent of the governed."

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Political Pointers. It is not the fault of the Pettigrows and the Atkinsons that Aguinaldo didn't make Manila a forerunner of Peking. It is a noticeable fact that all of the desirable migration from the Democratic party is toward the Republican party. The North Carolina Democrats will now remove their red shirts and resume their talk of "government without the consent of the governed."

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