The Chatham Record

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Our True Treasure.

Every coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished upon earth,
For our simple worldly pleasure,
May be reckoned something worth;
For the pleasure was not losing,
Though the purchase was not small;
It has perished with the using,
We have had it—that is all!

But each memorial oblation—
Seeds of pity wisely sown,
What we gave in self negation,
We may truly call our own.
For the treasure freely given
Is the treasure that we hoard,
Since the angels keep in heaven
What is lent unto the Lord!

—*J. G. Saxe.*

A MOTHER'S VISION.

"Oh, dear," said tidy Mrs. Jewett, "there's Willie in the parlor again with his muddy boots, and Jennie has fingered the woodwork of the piano all over, I see, that I polished so nicely only yesterday. I think the door of the spare room has been left open, too, for the muslin curtains are pulled all away, where prey must have frolicked in the foods, and, dear, dear, there's Jack this minute with his feet in that stuffed chair!"

"Why, come, mother, I wouldn't fret," said easy Mr. Jewett; "the children never put their feet somewhere, and I suppose it is well to let kittens and fly about where they can find the most fun."

"Oh, yes," adjoined Mrs. Jewett, "it's very easy for you, father, to think children and cats can go where they like and do what they please. I don't fretting, but it's hard work to scrape and polish, and do housekeeping, and men never did know and never will know anything about the work of a housekeeper and a mother."

So saying, Mrs. Jewett, with her fair, pretty face all in wrinkles, went out of the room with a worried

"Oh, dear!"

And her husband looked after her with a comical look and

"Poor mother!"

Naturally Mrs. Jewett was of a happy disposition, but like many another fond, faithful mother, she was unconsciously falling into the habit of worrying over the inevitable faults and thoughtlessness of her children.

She was a scrupulously neat housekeeper, and as her things had not come as easily as they do to many others, they acquired all the more value and importance in her eyes, since they came into her possession.

In the usual recklessness of boys and girls, and even poor, sparing kitty herself, was fast developing into Mrs. Jewett that irritating fretfulness and impatience which kills true happiness and comfort in many a home, and where the mother's real object is to make all as comfortable and happy as possible.

In vain Mr. Jewett hinted that things were always going wrong, somehow, and that there was no end of peevishness and hasty feeling taking root in his family.

At such times Mrs. Jewett would shed tears and declare no one could do more than spend all their time and energies for the welfare of their family, as she did.

One morning the curtains were discovered to have been rolled up all to one side, while the summer sunshine was dashing, with its wholesome light, the bright pattern of the new Brussels carpet. Jennie and Clara had left their school books carried around on the chairs, and Jack's muddy boots stood in the middle of the floor.

Mrs. Jewett had not a trace of this pleasure, but the children were out of hearing, so instead of judiciously and patiently calling them in and obliging them to put things in their places, she began putting things to rights herself, allowing Mr. Jewett, as frequently happened, to bear the brunt of her displeasure, and for once his good nature gave way, and he said, pettishly:

"I declare wife, it is a thousand pities there are any children here to bother you so."

Mrs. Jewett made no reply, but going to her room she sat down for a moment to consider whether or not her husband meant what he had just said.

But by degrees the room faded from her vision, the house became quiet—terribly quiet—the sunlight died out, and shade and stillness reigned supreme.

There were footsteps heard, but hushed, creeping, awed.

All of active life had ceased; even the kitty had taken herself off, and was no where to be seen.

Mrs. Jewett roused herself, and went from kitchen to dining-room, from dining-room to parlor. The invariable order was oppressive.

The curtains were rolled with exact evenness; not the finest line of sunlight could pierce through crack or crevice of the nicely adjusted shutters.

Every book was in its place; the chairs as guiltless of dust as if just cleaned, and the unblurred polish of the piano reflected each undisturbed ornament and object in its vicinity.

But the children! Oh, the children!

A great appalling throb of apprehension and withering pain shot murderously through the mother's heart at the mention of their name.

Where was winsome no longer mischievous but winsome Willie?

Where pray, were sportive Carrie and lively Jennie? Where, too, bounding, bouncing little Jack? "Yes," she said, vaguely peering about in the sunless gloom, "where are my precious children?"

She left dining room and parlor and went from one child's chamber to another—everything in that same depressing order, even their little beds were unruffled, each smooth pillow looked as if unpressed by a sunny head for—oh, so long.

And, oh, misery! What was that in Willie's room in the porcelain vase?

Some white flowers tied with white satin ribbon; and this heart-breaking emblem in Jennie's room! Her picture, sweet child! with a crown of fading flowers encircling it—and here in Carrie's room her picture, the darling, also crowned with immortelles.

And Jack's room, forlorn in its tidiness, yes, yes, a funeral wreath in his room, dear, loving little Jack.

Mrs. Jewett's first impulse was to disarrange everything; the quiet and pallid neatness were goading her to madness. Even Kitty had deserted the useless, chilling house, but the children—oh, the children! The mother felt as if her brain were afire, and her heart was beating with its great grief; she could not endure it another moment—and she broke.

Thank God! she was sitting directly in the long, sweet sunlight which was made for—music, not to be shut out of its home. In the garden she heard the sweet, delightsome voices of her children—the blessed little children.

Kitty with dishevelled, little purr, was clinging with mock shriek and claw at the tassels of the window cornice, and she sobbed with a sigh of relief that the mahogany bureau, with its bare-faced surface, had been joined with fresh finger marks.

Mrs. Jewett arose slowly, locked the door, then knelt down; after awhile she went forth a new quiet in her heart, a new smile on her face.

In the dining room she raised the curtains, so that the sunlight danced only through the room.

Jennie came in with a torn apron, and was greeted with a smile of welcome rent and all.

Willie had been upon parts of the dining room, and had dabbled the cloth, door knob and bellows, but mamma patiently showed him how to clean the spots away, and Willie promised with great sincerity to be more careful another time.

The children had a gloriously happy day. At night, when they were all asleep, their mother went from room to room, gazing with pure thankfulness at each darling little sleeper, so dear—oh, so dear! She sighed, then smiled at the little paper box vase in Willie's room, filled with sweet, wild flowers of his own plucking.

Then she went to her own room, and tearfully told "father" her terrible dream.

He kissed his wife's tear faces fondly, and said, seriously:

"Never mind, dear, we're all right now."

And they were. The timely warning was not lost on the mother's heart, for she never forgot how terrible it was when in dreams she roamed from one empty, orderly room to another in quest of her children, and could not find them. And she resolved that she would not wait to place white flowers in their hand when the perfume could not reach the chilled sense and their fading beauty would only break her heart, the children should have the flowers now, while their dear eyes were open to behold them, and their hearts still alive to all of earth's comforts and delights.

And we would that many another wife and mother, who is drifting into habits of irritability and nervousness through undue care for the children's bodies rather than their souls, might dream this lady's dream.

A Vegetarian Restaurant.

For the first time in London, a licensed vegetarian restaurant has been established, says a correspondent of the Albany Journal, where, in addition to a vegetarian dinner, beverages of all kinds can be obtained. Never having previously subjected myself to a vegetarian diet, I tried the experiment, and am able to report favorably on the result. The dishes, which include soups, macaroni, numerous preparations of farinaceous food and a variety of confections, are all of a tempting description and supplied at exceedingly moderate prices; for instance, the soups are charged six cents, the different dishes eight cents, and sweets eight cents. A six-penny tea is served from four till six, including bread and butter or cake, stewed fruits or jam and a cup of tea, coffee or cocoa.

Wanted Him to Wait a Year.

"See here, Parker, you haven't congratulated me on my marriage. Six months have gone by."

"Are you in a hurry that I should?"

"Well, not particularly."

"Then wait a year. By that time you'll want me to condole with you."—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

To Produce Sleep.

The *American Medical Journal* says that in the decline of life, when exhausted nature habitually repels the restorative influence of sleep, there is nothing so suitable to induce healthful repose as one half to one teaspoonful of bromidia at bedtime. It may be taken for years, in the same dose, with the same effect and without detriment, but never except under advice of the family physician.

Borax and Epilepsy.

Dr. C. T. Walker, Superintendent of Schools for Weak Minded Children at Kalamazoo, writes to a medical journal recommending borax for epilepsy.

Some time since a boy about 11 years old was brought to him for treatment. For two weeks after coming he had from one to six convulsions a day. He put him on fifteen grains of borax, three times a day. The Doctor kept this up constantly in the same dose after each meal, and up to the time of his writing a period of six months the patient had not a single convulsion. With a liberal diet the boy gained thirty pounds.

Another lad, at the same age, apparently from the use of the same remedy, had had but one attack of convulsions and that, the Doctor thinks, resulted from an attack of malarial fever, which soon yielded to quinine. Other cases of epilepsy under his care, however, did not yield to the use of borax. From these facts we can draw the conclusion, that it is only of value in some cases.

How to Remove Scars.

Scars are always unsightly and are often painful or inconvenient on account of their propensity to contract as they become older. Dr. Ward of New York asserts that they may be removed by manipulation, which he directs to be employed as follows: "Place the ends of two or three fingers on a scar if it be a small one, and on the margin if it be large, and vibrate the surface on the tissue beneath. The surface itself is not to be subject to any friction; all the motion must be between the integument and the deeper parts. The direction of the vibratile motion should be changed every ten or fifteen seconds until the whole scar has been treated, if it be of moderate size. If the scar be the result of a large wound or burn, the margin only should be treated at first, the adjacent tissue toward the centre should be deferred until the nutrition of the margins has been decidedly improved. Only a little treatment should be applied to any one spot at the same time, but the vibration should be repeated as many as twenty times a day, but never with sufficient frequency or severity to cause pain. If the scar becomes irritable, suspend treatment until it subsides. In the course of two or three weeks of faithful treatment the surface of the scars of moderate size become more movable and will begin to form wrinkles like true skin when pressed from side to side. All these changes are due to improved nutrition, consequent on better blood circulation, the development entirely new sets of blood vessels in the cicatrical tissue.

The Submarine Boat.

With reference to the submarine boat, which has attracted some attention in the daily papers, it may be well to point out that the idea is certainly more than 250 years old, for in the reign of James I, a Dutchman, named Drebbel, constructed a boat which travelled under the surface of the Thames. Since then many submarine vessels have been designed, but none of them as yet accomplished what has been done by Professor Turk's *Porpoise*, in the Hudson River, New York. That vessel apparently dives with ease and returns to the surface as desired. A very powerful submarine vessel is being built to the designs of Mr. Nordenfelt, with engines of 1,400 horse power, and it will probably be ready for trial in Southampton Water in the Spring.—*English Mechanic.*

How a Scotch Lassie Got Wed.

Willie A—— and Maggie B—— had been courting for over two years, meeting regularly every Wednesday night in Hope street, Glasgow. About a fort night ago Willie, in parting with his beloved, made the usual remark: "I'll meet ye in Hope street next Wednesday night. Mind and be punctual." "Deed ay, Willie, lad," replied Meg, wi' a merry twinkle in her e'e, "we hae met a lang time noo in Hope street, and I wis jist that it was nigh time we were shifting our trysting place a street farther awaw. What wad ye say to Union street?" Willie has taken the hint, and the invitations are out.—*Scottish American.*

Just Like Uncle Henry.

"Why!" exclaimed little Johnny, when he heard his father telling about somebody who was looking after the loaves and fishes, "that's just what mamma says about Uncle Henry."

"Says about Uncle Henry?" repeated his father in astonishment; "what do you mean?"

"Why, pa, don't you know," said Johnny, "mamma says Uncle Henry only looks and fishes."—*Boston Transcript.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Dreamland.

Child! Your Blue, with your eyes so keen,
Have you ever that wonderful country seen,
Which travellers visit again and again,
In the centre of Emp'ror Sleep's domain?

Its a land of marvellous sounds and sights,
Of joy unknown and pain delights,
All manner of scares and terrible frights!
It takes but a second to reach it—true,
But how would you get there, little Boy
Blue?

You must charter a vessel in Bedford Bay,
And sail over the Slumber Sea away.
Then, little Boy Blue, when the air is clear,
Thought, fancy, will show you, dear,
That land of Sad which is yet so near.

—*Little Folks.*

A Fox at Sea.

Last summer, while a yacht was lying at anchor off the English south coast, the attention of the sailors was drawn to a curious-looking coal animal, which they took at first sight to be a queer kind of fish. A boat was quickly lowered, and chase was given to the strange object. It made for the shore, and as soon as it reached the beach it was seen to be a fox. Poor Reynard was speedily hunted on land, and once it went into the sea quite gamely. Then it again went towards the beach, but its pursuers again overtaking it, it entered the water the third and, as it proved, the last time. For the wind and waves, coupled with its pursuers exertions, proved too much for the brave fellow, and it sank in the channel. It was supposed that it had strayed from its proper quarters, and, being chased, took to the sea as the only means of escape.

The Fox, the Bird and the Giant.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy who spent all his time either in bird's nesting or in setting traps to catch the old birds.

The other children used to tell him that it was very wrong thus to kill the poor bird, who did harm to no one. But he would answer, "I don't care, it's good fun."

One day he caught a pretty bird, with green, yellow and red feathers. You may fancy how pleased he was.

"Alas!" said the bird, "are you going to kill me, too?"

"Hollow!" cried the little boy, "my bird can speak."

"Wont you let me go?" continued the bird.

"No, no," he answered, "you speak too well and your feathers are too pretty for that. Besides, I've got you, so you belong to me."

The bird said no more, feeling sure it was no use reasoning with such a naughty boy.

That very same day, in the evening, as the child was playing in the neighboring wood, a great giant suddenly appeared among the trees. The little boy, with a scream of terror, tried to run away. The giant, however, put his foot before him and stopped him, for the little fellow was no higher than the giant's instep. He stooped down, and taking the child between his finger and thumb, lifted him up to his eyes. The poor fellow screamed as loudly as he could, but the giant only exclaimed, "Why, this little animal can cream!"

"Alas, Mr. Giant," said the child, "I'm not a little animal, but an unfortunate little boy, who begs you not to kill him."

The giant then began to skip over the tops of the trees for joy, exclaiming, "this little thing can speak!"

The poor child, with joined hands, began to entreat:

"Oh, please, do let me go!"

"No, no," replied he, "you speak so nicely, and you are such a nice little fellow, I should like to keep you. Do you remember," he continued, "that you said the same thing to your pretty bird? Besides, I've got you, so you belong to me."

"I was very naughty then and made bad use of my strength."

"I know that very well," replied the giant, "and I might do the same; if I liked I could even kill you, but I will be more just. I only want to teach you that it is very wrong to do harm only because you have the power to do it. Go and let your bird loose, and in future don't destroy birds as you have done."

You may be sure he agreed to this. He at once let fly his many-colored bird and during the remainder of his life never forgot the lesson he had been thus taught.—*From "French Fables."*

Spontaneous Combustion of Wood.

Mr. Braidwood, superintendent of the London fire engine establishment, stated before a committee of the House of Lords that by long exposure to heat not much exceeding that of boiling water, timber is brought into such a condition that something like spontaneous combustion takes place, and that it may take eight years for the heat from pipes charged with or used to convey steam, hot water, or heated air, laid among the joists of a floor, or in the heart of a partition, or elsewhere in a building, incased in timber, to induce the condition necessary to the actual ignition of timber.

For Delinquent Subscribers.

"Count that day lost, whose low descending sun,
Sees from thy hand no noble action done."
And this, the noblest action one can do,
Is paying your subscription when 'tis due.

Goodall's Sun.

CHINESE FARMING.

Agricultural Doings Among the Pig-Tailed Celestials.

Neat and Productive Farms, Good Gardening and Myriads of Trees.

In passing through the sick growing District which begins very near to Shanghai and extends all around to the City of Hangchow, writes a correspondent of the London *Post*, I could but be struck indeed with the comfort which prevailed everywhere. The farm houses of Chang, or at any rate in that part of China, were models of what farm houses should be. I had expected to see squalor and wretchedness, and was ill prepared for what I really beheld. Exceedingly good land it is, I was of course prepared for, for Chinese gardening is synonymous with everything that is neat and productive. But the orchards and mulberry trees all beautifully trimmed, with the huge built and excellent houses hard by, hidden away in them, certainly astonished me. I chanced to time it on my horse-back frequently in order to avoid woodcock, for it was winter time when I passed through the district. To get there birds it was necessary to scramble over the fields and through the mulberry orchards of the district, and I was simply amazed to see how beautifully the groves of trees were kept. Underneath great quantities of vegetables were growing, not a foot of such appeared to be wasted, and every inch was in the most superb order. Had the whole country been a vast garden, it could not have been better tended and cared for. There were not hereabouts any hedges or walls, the fields were divided from each other by dry dykes, which served the double purpose of marking out the land and irrigating or draining, as the case might be, the adjacent soil. The trees, at which there were myriads, were all planted with mathematical exactness and in the greatest order, unlike the trees in many English orchards, which seem to have been stuck into the ground with a view of wasting as much space as possible. And as for the tops of the trees, they had all been carefully trimmed to the same pattern, every little branch having been inspected and cut as circumstances dictated to require. I never saw anything half so orderly in any country in the world, for those were no ornamental gardens which I was going through, but mulberry orchards, extending over hundreds of square miles of country and owned by thousands of different husbandmen. Beside the water, again, I was surprised at the comfort which prevailed. In each one here were at least two rooms set apart specially for the silk-worms, and these were kept scrupulously clean. The other rooms of the house were well furnished, comfortable, and warm in every one very clean also; and I did not see in any country house any of the squalor or misery one sees in many English, Scotch, and especially Irish houses.

At the time when I was in the country too, there was a very general feeling of increased contentment, springing up owing to the opening of some large silk winding factories at Shanghai by American and English firms. Hitherto the winding of the silk from the cocoons had been done in most cases by the silk growers themselves, and the demand for the silk thus indifferently wound and the prices paid for it were alike small. But with the establishment of silk-winding factories filled with steam machinery at Shanghai it was hoped and expected by the silk-growers that the price of cocoons would go up, and that consequently silk growing would improve as an industry. In any case the entire population seemed to be prosperous and well contented. It does not always do to take the dress of any Chinaman as an index to the wealth he may possess. He may have many reasons among them being a dread of attracting the attention of some rapacious mandarin—for not showing more richness of attire than is absolutely necessary, and he may prefer to go about in warm rags than run the risk of being "squeezed" by the local officials, so that many a traveller may mistake their intentional poverty of attire for want of money. I had pointed out to me in Canton one day, for example, a particularly woe begone looking Chinaman going up the street. The gentleman who was with me, and who was a resident on the adjacent island of Shamien, said, "Poor! I wish I was as rich as that Chinaman. Why, half the European houses here are in his debt, but if he showed this by his dress the mandarin here would soon borrow a trifle of him."

Too Far Ahead.

"What do you want?" she snapped, as she held the front door open about three inches.

"Want to clean the snow off yer side walk," he replied.

"But it is clean."

"Then I want to engage to saw some wood for you next summer. The exigencies of the case demand that I get hold of some breakfast somehow or other right off."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Pet Coon.

An old hunter tells the following story in the Atlanta Constitution: Speaking of coons, did you ever have a pet coon? I had a pet coon, and he could get into more trouble than all the pets that ever lived on father's farm put together. He would steal chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese and ducks. Anything that was lost would be found in the coon's nest. He had a bell upon the plate of the house—an old fashioned story and a half log house. In anything he got a hold of he could ring, and in every trouble he got into he made for that place. Once I carried this coon with me to a quilting at old man Bagley's. Old man Bagley had a heap of boys, and you know a coon loves honey better than anything. The quilting was proceeding nicely, all the women folks sitting around piecing their quilts, when it dawned that the coon had broken open and with bees. He crawled under the quilt, stealing the sand honey. I felt you the quilters move, and the chairs flew and the dogs slipped, and a new dancing was in evidence too. Pretty soon were not worth much in that quilting toward.

The same coon and me often visited Bagley's. He was a regular at all around the place. One Sunday I took old man well out down into the pasture, put him behind the horse, and the coon came along too. In the pasture we held it to take a ride upon a gentle horse that was grazing there. We got the horse by the mane and led him up to a stump, and I got upon his back and I took out a spelling book. Then the coon came up on the stump and wanted to get up too. I helped down and took him up on my lap. No sooner had the horse started off than the coon, fearful of falling, stuck all his claws into the horse's sides, and the fun began. The horse went running and kicking. Frank soon hit the ground and left me and the coon holding on for dear life. I tried to get out and the horse stopped long enough for the coon to get off, and I got the coon made of the situation. Father heard the racket and soon the whole plantation was upon to catch the horse for removal of its rider. That was the last of that coon. He got killed and I got whipped, and I never wanted a pet coon since.

Hanged for Poisoning Race horses.

About half a million men in New Market, England, assembled here to see two jockeys, who had been convicted at different times, suddenly swinged off a platform before the two for which they were convicted; some third, they received, and were disabled for life time from, and favorites that a few hours previously had slipped every trick, were found dead in stables behind the field. Every one knew they had been "nobbled," but for a long time their preparation remained undiscovered, at last, however, a notorious scoundrel, one Dan Dawson, was caught red-handed poisoning the favorite. During the trial it came out that he had made a regular trade of this villainous practice, and it was no than suspected that not a few of the best men in the turf were his employers. But, although he was condemned to death, whether from the hope that some among his influential patrons would succeed for a reprieve, or from the hatred which certain men had for the determined "peach," he never confessed Chinese, and remained silent to the end. The most minute precautions are taken against the race horse from being tampered with, the cunning of villains of the sporting fraternity proves more than a match for the vigilance of the stewards.—*Chicago Journal.*

To Sail Under the Waves.

A new idea in submarine boats is reported. An English inventor has constructed a boat which is sometimes on foot long, and sometimes considerably less. In other words, it shuts up and opens out like a telescope, and slides in the former case and floats in the latter.

A boat of this kind, which could dive down and hang a corpse here an anniversary's keel would be an awkward customer to deal with in a naval battle. Perhaps the sea fights of the future are going to be decided in far water, as the land wars may be decided by balloons in mid-air.

The new idea, however, is only in its infancy yet, and may not be practically developed for a long while. The telescoping boat to which we referred is said to work satisfactorily, but it has only been tried, so far, in the shallow and placid waters of the London docks.—*London Argonaut.*

A New Life Buoy.

A young Irish sailor named Welch, in the United States Navy is credited with having invented a remarkable and complete life buoy. It is a circular belt in which are mounted six vertical hollow tubes. These are filled with fast, black fire in sufficient quantity to burn 30 seconds by second. Roman candles that explode every ten seconds, and third, with a sort of rocket to which are attached life lines. These, as the rocket explodes, are projected in different directions, giving the drowning man as many chances for his life.

The Village Church.

Of all the country's sacred landmark for—
The village church up on the village green;
It, the heaven pointing finger, far is seen,
Among the hear away from worldly
care.

And looking it for better world prepare.
A country was outdoor the golden portal
seen,
Crowded in indeed and age with hope
serene.
What teacher as mortal hains, the house of
prayer,
Are our souls not our good,
Are the hearts crowded where attract us
most?
Is many a superstition the heart cajole
Is hospital severe to make its boast;
Is not God's kingdom within the soul;
Is not the temple (the Holy Ghost)
Worcester Herald Con.

HUMOROUS.

Thomson who paints the town red generally gets some of the paint on his face.

Twenty wives can be very affecting when they come in a body.—*Chicago.* What a city that must be for widows!

Women are not expected to be among those sitting at dinner at personal people. They are easily change hands.

The young man who proposes for home that "two people can live as cheaply as one" is always disappointed to find his sweetheart willing to help him in the experiment.

When a man's wife is dearly confined with twin babies, it is then that the poor unlucky fellow is forced on the bottom of his misery and loss.

An artist is now going the round with a card "What to Wear." Bless you! We all know what to wear, but we want to know "how to get it."

"Ma, Emma, how can you go for that man shabbily dressed dolman to my elegant, handsome brother?" "That is why I employ your brother to be in love with Emma and dance with me."

"Yes, I know, my dear, I have often wished, like the rest of the human kind, I had only a great, weak sinner," said Mr. Jones as he was trying to excuse himself to his wife. "Yes," replied she, "you have so. And I never saw anybody in my life so anxious to prove the truth of his statement as you seem to be."

South African Diamond Thieves.

Although there is a considerable and increasing staff on the diamond fields, there are those at Kimberley who outwit the police, at any rate for a time, and so it happens that such a number of diamonds are constantly stolen as to produce a marked influence on the market prices. The chances of detection are not great, but the hope of securing a few hundred pounds by a little peculation is so tempting that there are always hundreds of men at "the game." Some of the thieves, that is, the men who steal the stones they are paid for cutting, display great ingenuity in carrying away the gems. The business of diamond cleaning is naturally a rough and ready sort, and presents opportunities for fraud which are not available in other industries. When diamond stealing first became a business, those interested, suspecting no evil, were easily cheated. Scores were then carried away concealed about the person of the laborers. But, as the thefts increased, greater precautions were taken to insure the detection of the thieves. Some of the dodges which have been resorted to to elude the vigilance of the diggers have been not a little remarkable. We have only room, however, for a couple of them. In one instance it is related that an enterprising laborer wrapped the stones in a small piece of soft bread, the morsel being carefully swallowed by a dog. The dog was carefully looked after till the stone was recovered, when it was ruthlessly killed to obtain the hidden diamonds, which were contained in its stomach. Domestic fowls have been trained to swallow the smaller stones, which have afterward been cut out of the scraps. A parcel of stolen gems has been known to have been got out of a well watched digging by having been surreptitiously fastened to the hair of a native lad.

The Latest Thing in Swells.

The dude is dead, and with him has departed from the manners of the town the era of vacuous and foolish gravity. He was a snarly, sullen, and inert protest against loudness and display; but he's dead and out of fashion, and men are hurrying to exploit the very thing he most abhorred. Now the howling swell, with a dash of old time fop, is in vogue. He may be seen slowly embroidered silk and satin waist coats, white overgaiters, brilliant hued scarf, gaudy gloves, bersey shirts, flowing trousers, and clothes of many shades. At night his shirt front is figured and frilled; he wears gold buttons on his waistcoat, satin stripes on his trousers, and adds a flash of color to it all by thrusting a bright crimson, yellow, or blue handkerchief into his breast. Nor has he the manners of the solemn ape of a year or more ago. He lobs along at a lively gait, and gives hilarious greetings to his friends. He's cheap and encrous at times, and hence men feel for him momentary spasms of dislike; but he's better than the dude, for after looking at the dude a man was apt to hate himself.—*Washington Star.*