

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"That was all I wanted, and I soon left the little draper. I went to call on Freeman. I found him sitting with his pretty, pleasant wife at an early dinner. They invited me to sit down and partake. I declined, on the ground of having just had breakfast.

"I," said he, "have managed with more economy. This is my breakfast and dinner combined."

"I wished," said I, "to have a little talk with you."

"It," said he, "is about that affair of the night, say on; I and my wife are one."

I then told of my gossip with the draper and its purpose.

"You need not have gone to him," said he; "I could have told you that there has been no death of that sort since we have been here, and that's nearly five years. Of course, it's absurd to suppose that the death of 15 years ago is the one poor Dick was thinking of. No; I've come to the conclusion that he had some hair breadth escape from death in his mind, and that the rest was delirium."

"But, dear," said Mrs. Freeman, "don't you forget, both of you, that Dick's confession, according to himself, was of a murder which has not been found out?"

"You are right, my dear," said he. "But, at the same time, there has not been a man who could have been disposed of in that way. Two men, I remember, have disappeared, but they had nothing to do with chemicals, and they were last seen near that deep pond in the clove; it would be detective speculation to throw a way to imagine how they could be done to death in a chemical way. Come," said he, seeing my serious, anxious look, "let the matter alone, we can do nothing with it. The chemical works are an abomination, but the only recent death I can suspect them of is that of an unfortunate dog; some one had dyed him a blaring scarlet; for a while he slunk about the streets, an object of loathing to himself, and of terror, curiosity and scorn to the whole dog world; then he disappeared—withdrawn, probably, in shame and despair to that pond in the clove and put an end to the glaring anomaly of his existence. But, after all, I think the chief harm they do is to every green thing and to Steinhardt's reputation for honesty. I see this morning," he continued, turning and picking up the newspaper, "that he is again in court for infringement of some patent."

Our talk then turned on the former case of the same kind, the heavy damages paid, and the strange disappearance of Mr. Lacroix. I asked him if he had ever heard the romantic history of the Lacroix family. He knew all about it; he had heard it from Birley.

I broached to him my hope of either finding the lost Mr. Lacroix, or at least of finding out what had become of him; and I told him I had written some weeks before to some friends who, I had thought, might make inquiries for me in London, but that I had heard nothing from them, and that therefore I thought of going to London myself on that errand as soon as my six months had expired. He shook his head.

"I fancy," said he, "all inquiries have been made. However, since it is desirable to find out if possible something for certain—he paused and looked at me—"I tell you what. We are going for our fortnight's holiday at the end of the month; I will gladly do what I can if you like."

I agreed with him that it might, or might not, result in something; a very safe concord—and so it was settled that it less than three weeks he would be in London doing his best to emulate Leocoy.

CHAPTER VI.

I had tacitly assented to Freeman's suggestion, that no more was to be thought of said of Dick's horrible pantomimic confession; but it impressed me as being too vivid to be lightly discarded as without any basis of fact. I continued to think of it very much; I thought of it more because, in spite of the unreasonableness of such a conjunction, and its manifest "waste of detective speculation" (as Freeman would have said), the vapors, so to say, of Louise's dream would persist in mingling in my imagination with the vapors of Dick's delirium. Could it really be that Mr. Lacroix had met his death in some such way? And if he had, how had he come by it?—and where? Was it even possible in the mystery of things that Lacroix had been smothered in one of his own vats?

But a discovery I made about this time—trivial, apparently, yet to me significant—fixed my ideas more firmly in my imagination. One night while I sat thinking of my return to London I took up my Bradshaw, and carelessly began noting the times of trains from the neighboring large town to the metropolis. The lines of three companies passed through it, and I became interested in noting how the rivals ran fast and still faster trains against each other. In this survey my attention was fixed by a very small fact: one company ran one of its two quickest trains so that it reached the neighboring town about midnight—the only very quick train within two or three hours of that time. I found easy opportunity to test in some degree what significance this fact might have.

Early in the week following Dick's confession, Mr. Steinhardt had gone to London to attend his trial, in the court of Queen's bench, I think it was. He would be absent for more than a fortnight, and I had therefore many welcome chances of being in Miss Lacroix's company. I was asked several times to dinner, and was encouraged to find other and sundry occasions for calling.

On one of these occasions I found Miss Lacroix alone. After some casual remarks I began to work toward my purpose by alluding to Steinhardt's business in London.

"It will be a serious thing for him," said I—"won't it?—if he should be so unsuccessful in his defence as your father was?"

"He will not be unsuccessful as poor

father was," answered she, with a sad shake of her beautiful head; "Mr. Steinhardt is not scrupulous as father; he tells falsehoods with rule simplicity, like his great chancellor, and so people think him to be all honest truth. He will succeed in his case, I think—and he will come back more despondent than ever. Poor father!" She leaned back, and looked sadly over the valley, from which rose the smoke and sound of its daily toil, fatigued and forced, I thought, on that warm summer afternoon.

"I have thought a great deal," said I, "seizing the opportunity her exclamation afforded, 'of that strange dream you told me of.'"

"Yes," said she, turning with sudden interest. "Do you still dream it?" I asked. "Yes, I do; but not often now."

"It is a very strange thing. Does the dream come at any particular hour of the night?"

"It does," said she; "and that, I daresay, makes me think more of it. It always comes two or three hours after I have gone to bed. I dream it, and then become wide awake; and after I have lain awake a little I always hear the hall clock strike two—my room is over the hall."

"And the first night you had the dream—do you think it came then about the same hour?"

"Yes," said she, "I think so. But, and she leaned forward, eager and pale, "why do you ask me these questions? Have you found out something from your friends in London, perhaps? You had heard nothing when last I asked you, I know. Tell me—have you heard something now?"

"No, I am sorry to say, I have not. Still, I do not despair, I have a hope I may learn something soon."

"Oh, what?" she eagerly demanded. "I think," said I, "you had better not ask me; it may only end in disappointment, and this matter already preoccupies you too much."

"You are very kind to me," said she. My pulse beat tumultuously, and I was on the point of saying something rash concerning my devotion, when she asked, almost as if she knew what I was thinking of, "But I can think of nothing else much—I can be interested in nothing else. It is very foolish of me, but I cannot help it. Mr. Steinhardt sometimes is rather rude to me about it; he wants me to marry Frank," said she, simply; "but I do not wish to marry Frank, and Frank does not wish to marry me. I do not wish to think of marrying at all just yet."

"I suppose," said I, piqued, and jealous, too, I dare say, "Mr. Steinhardt wants you to marry his son that he may keep your father's money, which you will inherit, in his business."

"I do not think," said she with a smile, "that there is much now of poor father's money; Mr. Steinhardt reckons off it that 20,000 pounds which, he says, father lost without any cause."

"But does Mr. Birley, your other guardian, agree to that fraud?—for fraud it is."

"I do not know," said she listlessly. "But I think dear Mr. Birley is somehow in Mr. Steinhardt's power; I think he fears to say much."

Mr. Steinhardt returned from London resplendent with success and self-satisfaction. He had won his case. He had been able to lead the court to believe that he had found out for himself the chemical process for which the plaintiffs had taken out a patent, with this difference, that he had employed a wet method, whereas they used a dry— or vice versa; I do not remember which it was. The plaintiffs were going to carry their case to a higher court, but he did not care for that. He called together his friends and his neighbors to rejoice with him, of whom I was one; for since he got the better of me over the lecture affair he had been as amicably disposed as before. The dinner was a very sumptuous affair, and Mr. Steinhardt thought himself so much master of the situation that, I think, he indulged rather more freely in wine than was his habit. In the drawing room after dinner his eye was the brightest and his talk the loudest and most voluble. He watched his son paying gallant little attentions to a strange young lady, while Miss Lacroix was surrounded by the beaus of the neighborhood, and he called him, in audible sibilations, "Fool!"—"Idiot!"—"Blockhead!" At length he became so impatient that, shouting "Frank, I want you!" he strode out of the room. Frank at once arose and followed him in evident alarm.

After some time he returned, looking pale and agitated. He came up to me (I sat talking with Mr. Birley), and to my great surprise said:

"Mr. Unwin, the governor wants to speak to you in the dining room." I had a disagreeable recollection of a former interview there, but before I could say anything he continued—"I'm afraid I've got you into a row, without meaning to do so. The governor's always at me to—make love to Louise; he wants me to marry her." (Mr. Birley shifted uneasily in his seat.) "That was what he called me out about now; he jawed me, and I told him I didn't want to marry Louise; he got very angry, and then I said, what was the use of my making love to a girl that was in love with somebody else. I shouldn't have said that, I know, but I was very riled; I am very sorry."

The hot suspicion now dawned on me that I was the fortunate "somebody" of his legend. I felt I grew burning red; I scarcely heard what he said afterward, but it was to the effect that this father angrily dismissed him with the order to send me to the dining room. Birley sat unusually silent and disturbed. I also was silent a moment. I turned to him.

"Do you think I ought to go?" I asked him.

"Yes, lad; go," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder, "and I'll go with you."

We entered the dining room together. Steinhardt stood on the hearth rug. He frowned and pulled his great monocle on seeing Birley with me.

"I wished to speak to Mr. Unwin

privately, Jim," said he. "Well," said Birley, "I've come to be a sort of interpreter, 'Mannel, least you, being a foreigner like, leastways not altogether English yet, mightn't understand some things an Englishman like my friend here would very likely say. You see, 'Mannel, for one thing you don't seem to understand that an English clergyman is not the flunkey you may get a pastor of the fatherland to be. You mustn't say 'Come here!' and 'Do this!' or 'Don't do that!' without any rhyme or reason, but your own high and mighty will. That may be Bismarckian, 'Mannel, but it's not English. An Englishman would say, 'You be d—d, sir! Who are you talking to? A dog at your heel'—as I daresay, my friend here would say if he didn't happen to be a parson."

"When you've quite done, Jim," said the brother-in-law.

"Eh?" said Birley, as if he caught faintly a distant interrupting sound. "Perhaps, Mr. Birley," said I, "I had better hear what Mr. Steinhardt wishes to say to me."

"Yes, of course," said he, and imposed an unwelcome silence upon himself.

"I only wish to tell you, Mr. Unwin," said Steinhardt, looking hard at me, "since you have seen a good deal of my ward, Miss Lacroix" (Birley evidently chafed at that), "especially lately, I understand, and since it may have entered your head that some time she might make you a beautiful wife, I wish to tell you that you must give up thinking anything of the sort, because she is going to marry my son Frank."

"Oh, that d—d for a tale, 'Mannel," exclaimed Birley, before I could say a word.

"Will you be quiet, Jim?" said Steinhardt, with restrained voice, but glaring eyes, and that apoplectic, purple flush suffusing his head and face. "Nay, lad," said Birley; "that's a point on which I must have my say. Before you tell anybody Louise is going to marry Frank, you must get the consent of at least three people—the girl herself, your son, and her other guardian, that's me." Steinhardt looked at him in unfeigned surprise, but he went on: "Your son, that's your affair, of course; but the girl, that's partly mine; and I shall not see Paul's Louise engaged to marry anybody against her own wish and liking."

"Liking!" scoffed Steinhardt. "What has liking to do with it? Liking should come after marriage with a proper, modest girl, not before."

"That may be your foreign way, 'Mannel, but it's not our English way, nor our Lancashire way, nowther."

"Confound your Lancashire!" cried Steinhardt. "If it had not been for Lancashire, my lad," said Birley, thoroughly roused, "you wouldn't be the big man you are!"

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Steinhardt, striding up and down the hearth rug, and glaring from Birley to me. "You shall repent this! Mr. Unwin, I had better have a talk with you another time."

(To be continued.)

Ruby With a History.

The king's coronation crown is to be adorned with what is termed "the Black Prince ruby." It is not generally known that this stone, which now forms the center of the Maltese cross on the late Queen Victoria's crown, is not a ruby at all, but simply a red spinel. It is of large size, and if it were a true ruby would for purposes in value the Koh-i-noor itself, for rubies never run to the same size as diamonds, and being also far rarer are considerably more valuable in price per carat. A four carat ruby, for instance, would be worth about \$10,000, probably even more if it were a flawless stone; a four carat diamond would not be worth the half of that sum.

The so-called "Black Prince ruby" derived its name from the fact that it was given to Edward, the Black Prince, by Don Pedro of Castile in gratitude for the victory of Langore in April, 1367, which restored the throne of Spain to Don Pedro. Henry V wore it in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt, and it has ever since formed part of the crown jewels of England. In spite of its having been proved to be nothing but a spinel it still figures in the description of the regalia as a "ruby," and as such was shown at the famous exhibition of 1862, when the royal jewels were one of the most interesting exhibits.

Harding Davis' Ideal Heroes.

When Richard Harding Davis was in Philadelphia the other day he was interviewed by the representative of a literary periodical, who proceeded to put to the young author some very literary questions. Mr. Davis declared that his favorite hero in fiction was Henry M. Stanley, and his favorite heroes in real life Mulvaney, Otharis and Leary—Philadelphia Press.

No Snow in Siam.

"This is the first snow storm I've seen in 26 years," said William Hessel, of Bankok, Siam, to a Philadelphia reporter the other day. "Snow is unknown to Siam. When we went to Bankok we had a picture representing a snow storm and Mrs. Hessel intrusted it to a Siamese artist to be cleaned. The latter took the snowflakes to be spots or daubs of paint and carefully covered them over."

Queen Alexandra's Violinist.

Queen Alexandra's appointment of Lady Halle as her majesty's violinist is taken as another instance of the warm favor with which the sovereign has always regarded her gifted compatriot. It is well known that the marriage of the great Danish violinist to the late Sir Charles Halle was brought about through the friendly intervention of Queen Alexandra.

Ingenuity of Two Cyclists.

Two ingenious cyclists have collaborated to turn the handle bar into a gas generator for an acetylene lamp. The handle bar is divided into a water chamber and a carbide chamber, the two being connected by a pipe, and the flow of water being controlled by a valve from the outside. In the center is a gas chamber having an outlet to feed the lamp.

True Enough.

The trouble with most of us is not so much that we have a hard row to hoe but that we dislike hoeing.—Puck

PANAMA ROUTE SAVES TIME.

One-Third as Long to Pass Through It as Through the Nicaragua.

The time required for passing through a transisthmian canal is an important feature of the problem; it is affected by the length, by the number of locks, by the number of curves and by the sharpness of the curvature. In general, it is not feasible to run a ship on a curve in a narrow channel with the same speed as on a straight course, unless, indeed, the curvature is very slight.

The speed is also affected by the depth of water under the keel of the ship. It is well known that the same power applied to a ship in deep water of unlimited width will produce a much higher rate of movement than the same power applied to the same ship in a restricted waterway, especially when the draught of the ship is but little less than the depth of the water.

These considerations all have their bearing upon the dimensions of a ship canal, and they have probably never before received such careful consideration in connection with the designing of a waterway as by the isthmian canal commission. The effect of the depth and width of the canal on the time of passage by either route was determined with as great a degree of accuracy as the data at the command of engineers at the present time will permit. Equally careful consideration was given to the effect of curvature and to the time of passing through the locks on each line, the latter including the delay of slowing on approaching the lock and of increasing the speed after passing it, the time of opening and closing the gates and the time of emptying or filling the locks.

The computations based upon all these elements of the question indicate that what may be called an average ship will require thirty-three hours for passing through the Nicaragua canal and twelve hours for the Panama canal. It is thus seen, says a writer in Scribner's, that the time of passage through the Panama canal will not much exceed one-third of the time required by the Nicaragua route.

BLIND SPOT IN THE EYE.

Phenomenon Not Discovered Till the Time of Charles II.

If I wrote an article about the eye and said nothing about the blind spot, which is where the optic nerve comes through into the retina, about one-tenth of an inch nearer the nose than the center, I suppose my readers would go to the box office and demand their money back.

Just to be different from other people, though, I will not print a cross mark here and dot over there and tell you how to look at it so that the dot will disappear. I could make a big round spot more than three-quarters of an inch in diameter realize that it was only Mortal Mind and had no real entity, but I won't. I know a better scheme. Close your fists with your thumbs outside and held against each other. Extend your arms. Shut your left eye and look steadily with your right eye at your left thumb. Separate your hands, and when they are about six inches apart the right thumb will go out of business temporarily, for its picture will fall on the blind spot.

Now, here's the curious part of it. Though men have tried all sorts of experiments on themselves for unknown thousands of years, this phenomenon was not discovered until the time of Charles II. of England. The blind spot leaves no hole in the picture of the outside world, but there being no stimulation on that spot, there is not consciousness of a lack, but lack of consciousness.—Ainslie's Magazine.

Sufferer Settles for Fire.

Fire Chief Dutton, of Washington, was seated in his office a few days ago when he received a report of a fire. The blaze had been a disastrous one and the chief was naturally interested in the matter of its origin.

"Does the report state that an overheated stove caused the fire?" he inquired.

"I think it does," he was informed. "It's a pretty good thing for the owner of the property that he lives in the United States," added the chief, "and not in one of the foreign countries. If he lived in Germany, for instance, the fire would prove rather expensive for him."

"Why so?" he was asked. "He would have to pay the expense of the run made by the fire department," the chief explained, says the Washington Star, "and unless he paid the money the amount would be charged as a lien against his property. Such is the law in several countries. The law holds to account in this way all persons whose carelessness or negligence causes work for the fire department."

Bananas by the Million.

How largely the toothsome banana and the festive coconaut enter into the diet of the American people may be judged by the fact that the United Fruit Company alone, during the past year, distributed in the United States and Canada, approximately, no less than seventeen million and a half bunches of bananas and thirteen million and a half coconauts, in addition to other tropical fruits, says Leslie's Weekly. Sixty ocean going steamers were engaged exclusively in the banana trade. Estimating not over one hundred good bananas to a bunch, these figures show an average consumption of more than twenty bananas each for every man, woman and child in the United States, and a few million extra for good boys and girls. But an attempt to divide up the coconauts per capita will probably get us into trouble, for, while the bulk is enormous, it means only one coconaut to every half dozen persons, enough for all, perhaps, if the division were made on strictly equitable principles.

Had Her Revenge.

"He told his wife she ought to take cooking lessons."

"Did she?"

"Well, yes. She sent for her mother to come and give a three-months' course."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When you reach the day when the finest apple bought at a fruit stand doesn't taste as good as the green one you stole years ago, that is another sign of age.

IN THE OIL COUNTRY.

"BRINGING IN" A GUSHER NEAR BEAUMONT, TEXAS.

Tales of the Great Boom When Fortunes Were Made in a Day—The Initial Discovery of Oil and the Development of the Oil Industry.

The chase of oil is almost as fascinating as the chase of gold. And, in the main it is nearly, if not quite, as profitable. The greatest oil field in the country to-day is in Texas, with the town of Beaumont as its center. Other fields—notably those of Pennsylvania and Ohio, are probably more remunerative at the present, but the Texas, in looking into the future, sees his own State far overshadowing all others in the oil industry. The future of oil in Texas is, beyond cavil, bound to be sensational. For that matter, it is sensational already. Nowhere else on earth has so much ever been accomplished in so short a time; nowhere else have lands worth barely a few cents an acre advanced in value far up into the thousands as they have in the Beaumont district. Nowhere else, in fact, has development been as rapid and remunerative. And as yet, the Texas oil industry is in its infancy, though millions of dollars have changed hands since its start.

The advance of any wonderful boom, whether in gold, oil or anything else, is always attended with marvelous stories of individual strikes and consequent enormous profits. Beaumont is no exception to this rule. It is but little more than a year since Beaumont's first car of oil was sent into the outside world. That time more than 2,000,000 of barrels have been exported, there are now nearly 3,000,000 of barrels in storage and probably 1,500,000 of barrels have been wasted before the gushers could be capped or controlled.

The Beaumont Fields.

When the oil excitement was at its height in Beaumont, the influx of people was so great that trains were daily run between that city and Houston, a distance of a hundred miles, so that people could obtain hotel accommodations. Some men with little more than the clothes they wore organized companies with capital of millions—on paper. Anything in the shape of a lease or land title was foundation enough for an airy structure to attract the attention of the "gullible. The lust for money was rampant. It was all a gamble. If fortune smiled, you made a million; if not, you lost what you had. But everybody seemed willing to take the chance, to the full extent of his pile.

Prices paid for land in the oil district were fabulous. Two negroes, living in tumble-down shacks, received for them \$10,000 each. Men who wanted to start a bank paid \$10,000 for the privilege of using a little barber shop, and the same amount was paid to a small dry goods dealer whose lease was wanted by speculators. A firm paid \$150 a month for the use of a platform \$10, on which to conduct their operations. Land went from \$1 to \$100,000 an acre in a few days.

"Old Man" Higgins, who had been looked upon for some time as a crank, is the man who is responsible for Beaumont's boom. For five or six years he had been talking about the possibilities of striking oil at Spindle Top, his talk at last becoming so incessant and wearisome that the people refused longer to listen to him. That there was oil in southwest Texas was conceded, but that Spindle Top had great possibilities in that direction was looked upon as absurd.

At last, however, "Old Man" Higgins succeeded in interesting George W. Carroll, president of a lumber company and a wealthy resident. Carroll put up the cash and Higgins began the search. The first well struck oil at about 500 feet, but quicksand stopped operations. This was repeated in a second well. Then Carroll drew out and the "folly" of Higgins and Carroll was the joke of the town. An observant man named Lucas did not believe the venture was an entire failure, however. He leased a small patch near by and sunk a shaft 600 feet, finding oil and being stopped, as were the others, by quicksand. Believing that if this vein of quicksand could be pierced oil would be struck below it, Lucas went to Pittsburg, and after much hard work obtained enough capital to bore a well deep enough so that his theory could be thoroughly tested. When the drill had passed through the quicksand, what is claimed as the greatest reservoir in the world was struck, and in a night Beaumont went crazy.

Scores of Spouters.

There are now in the district between 150 and 300 spouters. As one consequence, coal, the lowest price for which had hitherto been \$0 a ton, is now very rarely used in southeast Texas, oil having taken its place as fuel.

Within four months, \$2,000,000 was spent in advertising Beaumont oil com-

panies, some of the concerns having least merit advertising the most. A good share of these companies were swindlers, pure and simple. Opportunities for bunko games were many and were all improved.

Most of the manufacturing plants in southern Texas have given up coal and are using oil as fuel. This at first costs considerable, but the saving is great, after the first start is made. One firm which paid \$1,200 for the necessary alterations in their furnaces, says that amount was saved in the first six months. Several of the divisions of the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railroads have also given up coal for oil. Arrangements are being made for piping the fluid even as far away as New Orleans, where, it is asserted, it will be distributed to houses in the same way as gas.

"Bringing in" a Well.

The two engravings accompanying this article were made from snapshots



THE FIRST SPOUT.

photographs taken at the "bringing in" of a gusher at Beaumont. After the drill had been sent through the quicksand and the cap rock, the flinty substance which is the roof of the cavern in which the oil has long been stored, it was known that success had crowned the efforts of the drillers after just a year of labor. The drill was immediately hoisted out of the 1,100-foot pipe which incased it, and the bailer was brought into use. This is a bucket fastened to a contrivance which forces it down into the tube and then pulls it back out full of the mud, water and grease which weighs down the oil at the bottom. With each dip of the bailer, gas rises higher in the pipe, and when the pressure has been reduced to a point where it is less than that of the

oil, the gas escapes and the oil flows out. The tests of kerosene, the common burning fluid which is the most important product of petroleum, are made for the purpose of ascertaining at what temperature it will take fire and also to find what proportion of naphtha, if any, is held in the oil. At ordinary temperatures, kerosene should extinguish a match as readily as water; it should not produce an inflammable vapor under 110 degrees F., and should not take fire below 125 degrees F. In making tests, it is always remembered that even a very small proportion of naphtha is exceedingly dangerous. The first, or flashing test, is made for the purpose of determining the lowest temperature at which an inflammable gas is given off; the second, or burning test, shows the lowest point at which the oil itself is inflammable.

How to Judge a Diamond.

Common Sense and Good Eyesight the Only Requisites.

"No," said the dealer, "you need not be an expert in order to tell a good diamond from a poor one. You need only have common sense and good eyes and a magnifying glass. First you examine the diamond's table. The table is the surface, and it should be perfectly flat and perfectly octagonal. Then examine the circumference, and if that is round the gem is at least, you may be sure, well cut. Now, for flaws you look into the diamond, using the glass here, for the reason that a flaw imperceptible to the naked eye will often lower a gem's value 50 or 60 per cent.

"Flaws in diamonds resemble those little feathery marks in ice that we so often see, though scratches on the surface are also flaws. If none are to be found you study next the color; remembering that the steel blue, because it is the most brilliant, is the most desirable and costly hue and that the white comes next. Yellowish or off-color stones are practically worthless, but a perfect violet or amber or rose diamond brings a fancy price.

"Study finally the depth and weight and if the depth is good you won't be cheated if you pay \$150 or \$100 a carat for your stone. Before the South African war," concluded the dealer, "you'd only have paid \$100, but \$150, thanks to this war and the diamond trust and to the beaver customs duties, is now the market price."

What Makes Great Successes.

It took me some time to learn, but I did learn, that the supremely great managers, such as you have these days, never do any work themselves worth speaking about; their point is to make others work while they think. I applied this lesson in after life, so that business with me has never been a care. My young partners did the work and I did the laughing, and I commend to you the thought that there is very little success where there is little laughter. The workman who rejoices in his work and laughs away his discomforts is the man sure to rise, for it is what we do easily, and what we like to do, that we do well.—Andrew Carnegie.

Work of Watch Wheels.

The main wheel of a watch makes 1,400 revolutions a year, the central wheel 8,700, the third wheel 70,080, the fourth 526,800, and the scape-wheel 4,781,800.

Trees for Westminster Abbey.

Officials of Westminster Abbey charge fees aggregating over \$2,000 when a memorial is placed in the abbey.