

AN INCOMPLETE REVELATION.

Richard A. Jackson in October Century. White Quaker folks were Quakers still, some fifty years ago. When coats were drab and gowns were plain, and speech was staid and slow.

THE BREWSTER DIAMONDS.

"And you say the diamonds were very valuable?" "Worth twenty thousand dollars, Mr. — what may I call your name?" asked Harold Brewster of the plainly-dressed man seated upon the opposite side of the table.

his face, and he hugged the box more closely to his breast as he threaded the great Broadway throng. Fred Brewster was one of those gay, potted darlings of society, of which New York has a surfeit. He talked, he neither did he spin, yet no one of the fashionable set in which he moved had finer raiment nor spent money more lavishly.

"Be calm, Mr. Fred Brewster. I arrest you in the name of the law," said Jack Smith; for he it was in many of his disguises.

"My God! Arrest me? For what?" gasped the young man, starting back. "No matter; come with me," simply returned Smith.

"What—what do you—mean?" he ejaculated. "The pawn-ticket for the diamonds," whispered the detective.

"Now, friend Jacob, I'll take that lot of diamonds in the white box, please," said Smith, handing the ticket to the Jew behind the counter.

"You are; go and do the right thing hereafter. But recollect there's one man who knows of your crimes, and will not hesitate to use this incident against you if you ever give him occasion."

"Ah, Smith, I see by your face that you have succeeded." "I have; there are your diamonds," said the detective, laying the two boxes upon the table.

"I am so happy! Are they not beauties?" asked Mr. Brewster, lifting the jewels from the white box. "They are fair," responded Smith, smiling.

"Fair! What do you mean? They are worth twenty thousand dollars. Compare them with these," said Brewster, taking the jewels from the blue box.

"What do you mean?" "Simply this, Mr. Brewster—the real diamonds have not been stolen at all." "Eh?—not stolen! I—bless my soul! What—do you mean, man?"

"It is the truth, Mr. Brewster. The boxes must have got changed, or rather the contents. You gave me the real diamonds, and I have recovered the bogus ones."

"And did you not capture the thief?" asked Brewster. "Don't press that part of the case, Mr. Brewster, please. I guess he has had a lesson."

"Does your daughter know of the existence of these 'bogus' jewels?" "She does."

"Let me see—you have a son?" asked Mr. Smith. "Is he a member of the firm?" "No, sir."

imagination for it. She had not even the instinctive forecast of her fate that the dumb animal feels on the threshold of the slaughter-house. There was no 'good-bye' to make, for she had neither relative or friend in the world; the world she was to leave on Monday. On Sunday night she sent for me. It had been a pouring day, as most November days in Lancashire are, and I entered her cell the sound of rain on the roof heightened the melancholy effect of the scene to an extraordinary degree.

"The young man gambled; was a frequenter of sporting circles of every description, and did not disdain to bet hundreds of dollars on a brutal prize ring affair. Upon the evening following the interview between Harold Brewster and the detective, while Fred was in one of the noted gambling resorts on — street, he found that a plainly-dressed man of middle age was watching him closely."

"Look here, stranger," said Fred, turning to the other when the pair had reached the walk, "am I such an object of curiosity that you must needs keep your eyes upon me?"

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"Let me see—you have a son?" asked Mr. Smith. "Is he a member of the firm?" "No, sir."

"What does he do?" "Sir, my son is a gentleman of leisure."

The oldest of the brothers has a high reputation in Uniontown. Not only can he make the best broom in all that region, and make the violin sing, but he is endowed with a wonderfully acute sense of touch. It is said, for instance, that he can tell a five from a ten dollar bill by feeling the two notes.

One of the brothers is married and has a large family. The sister is the wife of an elderly carpenter. They all live together with their widowed mother and seem to be a happy and affectionate household.

Prof. H. N. Mosley in his "Challenger Notes," speaks of a visit he made to the domain of Sir William MacArthur, at Camden Park, forty miles from Sydney, New South Wales, and gives his experience in hunting the opossum. He says: The park is 10,000 acres in extent. Here I went out on several occasions to shoot opossums by moonlight.

The next time he finds himself protesting against some little plan for recreation which he once delighted in he thinks of himself in his character of "Old Wilson," laughs gravely and says, a little sadly, that he believes he is getting old. From that time he speaks of it often and without violence to his feelings. He drops into older ways quite submissively and loosens his grip a little upon the world.

"Villard's Deadheads." It is now said that \$250,000 was expended in feasting Villard's deadheads from many lands on the occasion of the formal opening of the Northern Pacific. This lavish expenditure was incurred in the hope that the guests would take up the road on their return, so that there would be a general rush for the bonds. But the reverse was exactly the case.

Edward Newman, the newly appointed tea inspector for the port of San Francisco, recently examined forty-four different brands of tea, each of the samples having been procured by government officials. The Examiner thus describes the process of testing and the adulterations: "Only two lots have been condemned. One lot was of fifteen and the other of one hundred chests. The condemned chests contained six pounds of sand to one hundred pounds of the mixture, in which an occasional tea leaf was discovered. The bulk of spurious tea is manufactured in England and shipped to New York. Old tea leaves which have been used are regularly packed and refabricated. The methods of testing are chemical and microscopical, and an expert cannot be deceived into certifying the spurious to be the genuine article. Tea can be adulterated in various ways. The most common practice is to paint the leaves of the bush, elm, willow, clove or hawthorn with some pigmentary substance, such as graphite, plumbago, chalk or China clay. "Lis tea" is not tea at all. It is made of tea dust, foreign leaves and sand, mixed up by means of starch into little masses, which are afterward painted so as to resemble either green or black gunpowder tea. Some of these mixtures might deceive the tea-tasters, but would be rejected on a chemical analysis. Volatile oil is sometimes mixed with the spurious article, and the stuff is doctored up so that it looks and tastes like A. N. 1 tea. An interesting but simple process of determining the genuineness of leaves is to incinerate them and then examine the ashes. If it contains eight or nine per cent. of silica the substance is spurious."

The Baltimore Sun in a late issue says: "The encyclopedias speak of the late Janus Brutus Booth as the oldest son of the great tragedian of the same name, without mentioning the fact that the elder Booth had been twice married, and had one son by his first wife. In the old Cathedral cemetery in Baltimore the elder Booth's first wife lies buried. Her tombstone may yet be seen there, with its inscription. It is 50 feet from the bed of Winchester street, and between Winchester and Calhoun streets. The inscription which it bears is as follows: 'Jeans, Mary, Joseph, pray for the soul of Mary Christine Adelaide Delaunoy, wife of J. B. Booth, tragedian. She died in Baltimore, March the 9th, 1858, aged 65 years. It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead. May she rest in peace.' This lady resided in Baltimore for a number of years before her death. She had one son, Richard Junius, who is understood to be yet living abroad. His mother was a French woman, married to Booth in Belgium, and divorced from him in Baltimore. Junius Brutus was the oldest son by the second wife, who was a Miss Holmes, of Reading, England, and who was the mother of Edwin, John Wilkes and several other children."

How unlike women do men meet the enemy, age? The first time a man notices that the years are mastering him, he is singularly surprised, but it never enters his mind to undertake to dodge old Father Time or to keep him at a respectful distance. One night he is at the theater, and before the curtain rises he is entertained in his indolence by the chatter of two youthful snips who just sit in front of him. Suddenly he hears his own name mentioned and is startled by the strangeness of it. It is the younger

the gabblers who refers to him, and the reference is surprising. The man of forty hears himself spoken of by the boy of seventeen as "Old Wilson," or whatever may be his surname.

He does not hear the overture or see the curtain rise. He is away in the primrose spring, young again. He is retracing those forty years in memory. He is trying to think when he first noticed lines upon his face and silver in his hair. He is looking at himself mentally to see if he is really old. He thinks of it as he goes home, and that evening becomes to him forever afterwards the milestone which marks the boundary of his youth. He may have been old to others before, but never until then was he old to himself. He cannot think of it for a long time without a sudden sinking of the heart. Strangely enough he accepts the charge of being old without a disputations word or thought. Never once does he say: "Oh, infidel mistake! Oh, pagan no such thing!"

The next time he finds himself protesting against some little plan for recreation which he once delighted in he thinks of himself in his character of "Old Wilson," laughs gravely and says, a little sadly, that he believes he is getting old. From that time he speaks of it often and without violence to his feelings. He drops into older ways quite submissively and loosens his grip a little upon the world.

He does not resent the usurpations of age. He submits because it is his destiny and because his religion and his philosophy both teach him that it is folly to fight the inevitable. But he never sits in a theater again that he does not experience anew that sudden sinking of the heart at hearing himself called old.

Far from dilinking pet names in the nursery, or in the retirement of the family, they seem to us very fit and beautiful there, but there they should be kept. Outside acquaintances have no right to call a young girl Sis, or Puss, or Birdie, or Pearl, or any other pretty or affectionate name which may be given her by her father or mother, brothers and sisters.

Wives, too, seem lacking in the reverence which all true women and high-bred ladies show to their lords, when they speak of them in society as Ned, Tom or Dick. Nor does a husband pay his wife the honor which every gentleman should, when he alludes to her in a room full of strangers or acquaintances as Polly or Fan. It is very much better to be found too formal than too free and easy; and society is the gainer wherever people are on their guard about these seeming trifles.

It is in the power of a few women in any community, to elevate the tone of the place, and to make good manners fashionable, by simply setting an example of careful attention to them in their own practice, and exacting the same from their own families.

The suppleness of the Egyptians in general is prodigious. Most workmen use almost as often their feet as their hands. The turners, who make monebrabiehs, hold each bit of wood with the great toe, just as they could do it with any single finger. The women who collect in the streets rags and bits of paper take them up with their great toes just as dexterously as our rag gatherers do with their crook. Generally they seize an object with their great toe, then bear it to their hand, with which they throw it into the basket behind their shoulders. But I have seen one that simplified the movement by lifting the foot without the least difficulty, and with a rapid movement, as far as the basket. The Egyptians move their legs just as our arms; it seems that all their members are attached with the same suppleness and possess the same flexibility. It is an anthropological peculiarity that brings them near enough to apes to gladden the hearts of transmutationists.—Five Months at Cairo and in Lower Egypt.

The charming Madame V., at the coast, changes her dress three or four times a day. Walking one day along the beach, she meets a friend who does not bow to her. "Well, don't you recognize me?" she exclaimed; and the other answered: "Oh, I beg pardon; but as you had on the same dress two hours ago, I did not believe it could be you."

Printers' type and engravers' blocks are now made from celluloid. The domestication of buffalo calves is being attempted in Arkansas. The whole country, with the exception of Wall street, is prosperous. Florida has 630 factories, working 2749 hands, with a capital invested of \$1,637,030. The largest orchery in the world is at West Andover, Ohio. It works up milk of 1500 cows. The United States treasury now holds more money in its vaults than ever before since it was established. A new substance as brilliant and hard, and withal fireproof, has been invented to supersede celluloid. A South Carolina inventor, named McClain, proposes making wash tubs, buckets, etc., of annealed glass. A St. Helena, M. T., paper estimates that that place has lost \$100,000 by holding over last year's hop crop. Distilleries with a capacity of more than 1000 bushels per day, will not be taken into the Western whisky pool. This year Colorado raises more wheat than it will use. Pretty well for that section of "the great American desert." There are about thirteen hundred thousand acres of Government land in Missouri, subject to sale and homestead entry. The public credit is higher than that of England, and the Secretary of the Treasury is about to recommend a two per cent. bond. Kansas has raised a fine sorghum crop this season, to supply the demand of the recently established sugar factories in that state. A man who had started a steam laundry at Corpus Christi, Texas, found the competition of the Mexican women too much for him. In England the tendency is to a decreased acreage devoted to wheat culture. In nine years this decrease has reached 28 per cent. A Grange co-operative store at Mari-dian, Miss., which started business in 1873 with a capital of \$50, sold last month \$5800 worth of goods. The distrust of "business paper" has had the effect to increase the supply of money loanable on collateral, and Wall street is deluged with money. The James River Iron Works at Lynchburg, Va., which originally cost \$296,000 have just been sold for \$75,000 and are to be turned into a nail factory. The semi-annual dividends payable in Boston in October, aggregate \$7,480,601. Last April they amounted to \$8,144,776 and in October of last year to \$7,000,000. It is found that tea and cocoa are Ceylon's most paying crops. Cinchona, too, is rapidly increasing in production. Crop prospects there are decidedly better than last year. The chronic borrower thinks it strange that with money down to 2 per cent. per annum in New York, and dull at that, he is finding it so difficult to obtain little accommodations on long time. This is indeed a prosperous country. Once was the time when our wealthiest merchants were not ashamed to carry home their marketing. Nowadays the poorest paid clerk would scorn to do it. A machine has been invented and set in operation down in North Carolina which rolls out several thousand cigarettes per minute. This will tend to cheapen cigarettes and intensify the nuisance of cigarette smoke. York farm, on Chester river, Kent county, Md., owned by S. Merritt Wilkins and containing 400 acres, has a peach orchard of 18,000 trees, which from 1875 have produced 311,500 baskets of fruit, bringing in \$103,000. In 1878 the sales netted \$60,000. Picking up the bones of dead buffaloes is one of the industries of Texas. The bone mills of St. Louis pay \$14 a ton for the best grades of this harvest gleaned by the squaws, who wander about the plains in search of the bleached skeletons. The St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald at last speaks a good word for ex-Senator Tabor. It complains of the way in which he has suffered from the wild vagaries of the humorists, and expresses the hope that the republicans of Colorado will elect him governor of the state. A party of Philadelphia capitalists have 1000 acres in sorghum at Rio Grande, N. J., and expect to turn out 1,000,000 pounds of good sugar this season. The sorghum seed is fed to pork, and in addition to the sugar the farm is expected to yield \$30,000 worth of pork. Two-thirds of the cattle raising in Wyoming and Montana is in English hands. It costs \$3 to raise a three-year-old, and the animal is then worth \$40. The more cattle a man owns, the smaller the cost of raising and caring for each animal. Most of the grazing is done on public lands. There is great activity in western Pennsylvania in all the territory from which a flow of natural gas can be obtained, and the Pittsburgh Post reports several large enterprises of capitalists based upon the use of this fuel. Trenton, on the West Pennsylvania railroad, is to be the site of several large glass manufactories, employing millions of dollars in capital. A PARTY POWERFUL PRAYER.—The first stationed Methodist minister in Troy, Ala., was the Rev. Mr. Kelley, who had charge of the church there in 1857. There was in the town a ten-pin alley, which was a great nuisance to the religious and moral portion of the community, and the Rev. Mr. Kelley desired very much to have it abated. He was a very gifted and earnest man in prayer; so, one Sabbath morning, he prayed most fervently and devoutly that the Lord would send a wind to blow the ten-pin alley down. Wednesday afternoon following a wind came and did blow down the house which contained the alley and immediately ceased, doing no other damage. There has not been a ten-pin alley in the place since then. This is an actual fact, which came under the observation of the writer, and which will be verified by any of the citizens of the place who resided there then and still survive.—Montgomery (Ala.) National Union.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

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