VARIOUS TYPES OF MEN.

Several Classes for Good Girls to Avoid.

Better to Be "Fresh" and Pure Than Versed in Wickedness—Hypocrites, Vulgar and Tyrannical Men Worse Than Serpents—The Domestic Despot.

I have heard my grandmother tell of a dear old Scotch dominie who ascended the parish pulpit once upon a time with the announced purpose of preaching a sermon to young men. In odd reversal of conformist creeds, he began his discourse by beseeching young men to be peaceable, gentle and tender-hearted. He said nothing about pluck, or grit, or bravery, but he emphasized the three headings of his discourse above named. Strange teaching that, and stranger still when, in the course of his sermon, he asked the maidens who accompanied the young men, to be brave, fearless and quickly roused to battle. There was, no doubt, a ripple of amused laughter on the lips of the old man's hearers, such as thrills across a ripe wheat field when light winds blow, but I think the preacher knew what he was talking about and meant just what he said.

The world is full of young men who seek to be manly at the expense of every softer virtue, and of maidens who mope like silly doves.

I will tell you right now that an out-and-out nice girl has no more use for an excessively knowing, hard-headed and elaborately conceited young man than a thoroughly nice young man has for a feather-headed girl. I think I shall try to put myself in a nice young girl's place to-day, and tell you, if I can, the sort of man she likes.

THE IDEAL YOUNG MAN.

Her ideal is strong without being brutal; good, without being goody; fun-loving, without being smutty; firm, without being mulish, and tender-hearted without being sappy. The excessively mannish young fellow we meet with now and then, who thinks that tears and sympathy for poor folks' woes, prayer to God and belief in a better life to come, are attributes that appertain to women alone, and of which men should be ashamed, is not the man to please the fancy of any womanly girl. She knows that life, however happy, is like a meadow-lot that grows thistles along with its blossoms, and wherein one must meet with many a thorn and many a sliding serpent in the grasses. Knowing all this, and looking for one to walk by her side, across lots to the grave, she will choose a companion who carries the precious ointment box of tenderness rather than the bludgeon of Hercules. Of what use is a club when one has a thorn-riven heart, or a trumpet when one has been bitten by sorrow? Life is not a stage so much as it is a hospital ward. There is not half the scope for a ranter and a strutter that there is for a healer and a binder-up of wounds. So, young man, whoever you may be, who reads this letter, forbear for a bit your mannishness and learn to be womanly, so far as ready sympathy and helpful tenderness go. Gentleness, united to strength, forms a combination something like a kind disposition in a blooded horse. Speed without kindness renders a horse a vain thing for safety, and merely a manly spirit without a good big strain of tenderness will make a brute rather than a man.

I have been struck in my dealings with young men to find how averse they are to being looked upon as "green" or "fresh" in the sense of innocence and ignorance of evil. Almost any young man, I know, would really prefer the reputation of wickedness to that of verdancy. From the time he is able to wear his first cape overcoat and long trousers, up to the day of his latest breath, the average masculine creature deems a blush incompatible with manliness. For my part, I adore a young man who has not lost the ability to blush, and so does the nice girl I seek to represent. We don't like bumpkins and fools, but we love those "mother" boys and "big sister" boys, who retain the influence of sweet feminine training as the peach retains the bloom after the blossom has fallen. We can soon tell the difference between the fool and the modest youth. It doesn't take any longer to discriminate between the two than it does to get at the flavor of an apple. No need to eat down to the core—the first tale tells. The young man who blushes when the clear and steadfast eyes of a pretty girl meet his own, who colors as he offers her his seat, or trembles a little at the touch of her hand, may be a bit susceptible and a trifle green, but he is infinitely preferable to the stoical young reprobate who has dallied in the flame of precocious experience until the verdure of his youth is shriveled into hay, like a June prairie overswept by fire. Green? So is summer. It's only winter, and desolation and death that take on another color. Be thankful to God, then, young man, if there is enough freshness left in your soul to raise a blush; it is a sign that the sap of life is not all dead, like the flow of a maple tree in frosty weather. When you are so withered and dried up and spent that you can't blush, pray to be canned and set away on a cellar shelf.

BE TRUE TO HOME INFLUENCES.

We love young men who cannot be laughed out of a duty or ridiculed out of a good habit. Sometimes there chances to come to this big town a young man who has been brought up in a Christian home. The thunderbolt of sudden sorrow has fallen upon that home and rent its four walls asunder. He finds the city bristling with temptations, as an African jungle with tiger tails. Saloons out-number the reading-rooms, and dens of vice lie open-doored all about him. He is a strong-blooded, human fellow, and curiosity claps him on the shoulder and says: "Come along with me, my boy, and see life!"

The churches are dry, the boarding-house is unattractive, the girls he meets are shoppy and loud, he doesn't know what to do with his evenings, and he falls in with a lot of gay fellows who invite him to be one of them. Now comes the test of the Christian-reared boy. If he has the strength to hold on to his principles and live somewhere near his teachings, he is a hero greater than Napoleon was when he rode over the wintry Alps. There is no reason why a young man should shut himself up in a closet and put cotton in his ears to escape evil. Evil is in the world and must be met. The test is in the meeting. Which shall be master, evil or principle? We adore, my nice girl and I, the young man who can walk right up to a glass of whisky, stand alongside of it if need be and not be dominated by it. What glory is there in being a soldier and wearing brass buttons if every time the enemy shows a gun you hide behind a tree and say your prayers. The test of a soldier is his ability to stand fire. The test of the strength there is in a young fellow is his nerve under temptation. This city is full of dens, which make me think of spider webs, presided over by disgusting spiders, and full of the taint of corruption. The young man who can walk by these places with a whistle on his lips and the thought of his mother in his heart would win the Victoria cross in a twelve-month if the chances of life should carry him to war. He is a hero and I love him. It is not the keeping away from temptation, but the resistance of it that proves the fiber of your soul, whether it be shoddy or bears the trade-mark of the royal loom.

While we love good young men, my girl and I, we despise "goody" ones. I have heard the nice girl say time and time again that she would rather live all her days with a sick pussy cat than marry anyone of the Pecksniff breed. She is always a little cautious, she says, when a young man lays too much stress on church-going and carries a pocket Bible along with his toilet comb. She doesn't put much faith in his profession when she hears him call his sister names for forgetting a commission, or slap his little brother for eating up his cough drops. She says that she would rather hear a good, honest cowboy swear than hear a hypocrite pray, and I don't know but what the Lord and I are with her. Prayer without works is like potatoes without a fire to put under the pot—poor eating.

One of the things we shrink from most in a young man is the tendency to double-meanings and evil constructions. In fact, the nice girl tells me that she sympathizes thoroughly with the Boston woman who was reproving her little son for a certain action.

"Why, is it wicked, mamma?" asked the little fellow, really and truly wicked?"

"Far worse, my dear," replied the mother; "it is vulgar!"

There are crimes against the code that outweigh profanity. A thoroughly angry man may be forgiven, perhaps, if he flames out an oath now and then as the torn cloud of a tempest emits a lightning glare. But what excuse is there for a slimly, slow-moving, repulsive obscenity? Smutty stories, I am told, are almost inseparable from stag parties, or any convocation of men of the world. I don't believe it, but if it be true, then I am more deeply in love with certain young men I know than ever. The young man who shrinks from the smirch of an evil story as delicately as a girl might, lives in the world and I know him. God bless him, I say, and keep him pure in heart and clean-tongued. When he gets to be so much of a man about town as to forget the lesson of purity taught him by the mother who has left him and gone to renew her friendship with the angels, I want to see him dead and lying beside her handful of dust out in Rosehill. A man needn't be a prig to keep his purity any more than a pitcher must go empty because there is impure water in the world.

"Absolutely, perfectly, soundly pure must be the young man who comes a-courting me," says the nice girl, and she has it about right. A nature without purity is like an octave with a broken chord.

THE SOCIETY YOUNG MAN.

We also love a young man who finds something better to do in life than to don a dress suit and dance to the sound of stringed instruments. An occasional dancer is all right, says the nice girl, but an inveterate heel-and-toe tripper, a regular master of the terpsechorean art has no charm for me. I would much prefer to see a young man propelling a loaded wheelbarrow up a sandy hill, or sawing tough pine fagots for his mother's fire, or handling a grip car! Work, however menial, develops muscle and character alike, but dress coats and too much dancing develop dudes.

Having said so much about the young man we love, let us say a word about the particular type we especially despise. Not the tough, who makes life miserable for decent folks who ride in street cars with his constant expectoration of tobacco and his disregard of the pleasant amenities of life—we do not waste regard of either kind upon such as he. Why should we? He belongs to the four-footed species, and it was only an oversight that launched him on life as a biped.

Nor is it the man who, by virtue of a little authority, treats me as though I was rubbish and ought to be swept up on a bright little dustpan and cast to the four winds. I hold him in contempt as I would a Chinese god in time of trouble and the need of deliverance.

Not the sensual brute, who looks upon all womankind as prey, and whose soul is as badly decomposed as a last year's pumpkin—I simply abominate such as I do snakes.

Nor is it the hypocritical fellow who distributes tracts with one hand, while the fingers of the other tighten about some poor creditor's throat. I loathe him as I do cats.

No; the man whom I thoroughly and positively hate, and against whom as a type I would warn young women, as the board of health officers warn the public against infection with a scarlet fever card, is the domestic tyrant. The man who is a bully in his own family. The man who is a hero at home and a coward among bigger men than he. When he was a boy he loved to torture kittens, trap rabbits and tease birds by breaking up their nests and cracking their eggs. But a yearling calf or setting hen would always make him run. Now he is a man, he swears at his wife and nags her life away. He sends the cold chills down the children's spines whenever his steps draw nigh, and is as pompous and big feeling among the women folks and the helpless boys and girls as a fussy old turkey gobbler with his hens. Fun can no more thrive where he is than pansies can live in coal gas. He is civil to the black man who gives him his dinner, to the boy (provided he is full-sized) who blacks his boots, and to whoever is richer and stronger than he, but politeness for his wife was laid away with his wedding garments, and he curses his daughters and sons for every trifling misdemeanor in a way that would rouse a newsboy to thrash him if he spoke to the lad with equal insolence.

Yes, my dear, I thoroughly like men, and as a rule I find them large-minded and fair-dealing. With a good mother to start him man is a masterwork, but there is one mold of the sex that should be broken, and that is the type just presented. A mean woman is mean enough, but the domestic man-tyrant is worse than anything else of flesh, fish or fowl that Nature lets live.—Amber, in Chicago Herald.

A DAY IN BED.

Repose Essential to Health and Longevity.

A writer in the *Health Bulletin* makes the suggestions: We are naturally given to condemn and despise the idea of remaining in bed when our health is good and all our vital forces in fair working order. Apart from the matter of our nightly rest, we rarely think of "a day in bed" either as preservative of health or conducive to longevity. Yet I am convinced there is much to be said in favor of "a day in bed" now and then, as an aid to health in the middle-aged, and as a measure tending to prolong life in the old.

In bed the whole muscular system is at ease, and the wear and tear of the body is reduced to a minimum. The processes of getting rid of waste matters are in abeyance; there is less waste to get rid of, and lungs, skin and kidneys have a measure of comparative repose. The nervous system, above all, is soothed and comforted by the "day in bed.,' Anxieties and worries disappear after the rest, and the individual returns to the work-a-day world refreshed and renovated, physically and mentally, in a degree such as the action of no medicines could have accomplished. In a word, the person who enjoys "a day in bed" is in the position of an engine whose fires are banked down, and whose energies are recruiting for the renewal of the work of to-morrow.

There need be little hesitation, then, in saying that, for old persons, "a day in bed" is a healthful measure of vast importance. If the aged person is wise, he or she will make it a regular practice to spend a couple of days per week in the repose which a sojourn in bed alone can give. Rest in a chair or on a sofa will not suffice. These procedures are too nearly akin to the everyday practice to be of any service. Countless temptations to exertion await the person who is out of bed; while conversely, if he is in bed, the idea of work or of labor and movement is essentially abolished. Such repose is absolute; and if rest is a great medicine, as all know it is, for old folks, "a day in bed," as a regular and not occasional practice, may be regarded as invaluable beyond comprehension.

I go further in my advocacy of "a day in bed" as a health measure. I happen to know the case of a busy man whose life is one long period of physical and mental activity, and who has found, of late years, that no measure possesses anything like the recuperative effects which follow a day's rest in bed. Even in his holiday season this person is given to take an occasional *siesta* in his bedroom. Provided with light literature he enjoys his repose as another man delights in an outing, and his mental and physical energy is recruited in an easy and satisfactory manner by this practice. Hence, not for the old alone, but for those in middle life, "a day in bed" may be recommended as a measure worth trying in the light of physiological experience of its value.

COOKING EGGS.

Some Excellent Recipes for Palatable Dishes.

Various Ways in Which They are Prepared in France and Elsewhere.

Victor Hugo was accustomed to say that there were few things more inherently equivocal than an egg, and that he never broke the shell of one without a dim apprehension that the unexpected might suddenly make its appearance. It is certain that very strange things have from time to time come out of eggs, in addition to the chicken which they should normally produce.

When the luxury of the Second French Empire was at its hight and the practice of giving Easter eggs was carried to a hitherto unheard of degree of extravagance, it is said that Mlle Hortense Schneider, the once renowned heroine of opera-bouffe, received a Paschal present purporting to be an egg of such huge dimensions that it had to be carried upstairs by two stout porters. On being opened the egg was found to contain an elegant Victoria, drawn by two cream-colored ponies.

But it is only with eggs in connection with cookery that I am at present treating, and I am bound solemnly to admit that people rarely do sufficient culinary justice to the appetizing offerings of Dame Partlet, the Hen. Boiled eggs for breakfast, fried or poached with bacon or ham, hard-boiled eggs in salad, and in sauce for salt fish, scrambled or mixed with rice—when one has mentioned them the catalogue of egg preparations has been pretty well exhausted.

Eggs are, of course, used to a prodigious extent in the making of cakes and puddings, but the French probably use many more millions of eggs every year in the making of those omelettes in the confection of which very few of other cooks are even tolerably proficient. A simple omelette should be made solely and exclusively of eggs; but there exists a preposterous delusion that milk, and even flour, may be added to the mixture in the pan, the result being the production of a soggy, lumpy, indigestible mass, which is frequently fried a dingy brown instead of a pale golden hue.

You will find below a very few carefully thought out recipes for savory egg dishes. When I tell you that the chef of the Duke of Bedford once wrote a little book of his composition in which there were at least a hundred and fifty recipes for dressing eggs, you will be able to form an idea of the variety and skill which the French possess in dressing this eminently palatable and nourishing food. Here are some recipes:

Eggs in cases—Cut up a sheet of paper into pieces of three inches square, turn up half an inch all round so as to form a kind of square case; there will then remain but two inches square on the inside. Take a small piece of butter, a pinch of fine bread crumbs, a little fine-chopped parsley, spring onions, salt and pepper and mix them together: put a little into each case, then break one egg into each, put them on a gridiron, over a slow fire, and do them gently, or place them in a dish in an oven; when well set, serve. Small, round paper cases may be procured very cheap.

Eggs a la Tripe—Take some eggs that have been boiled for seven minutes and shell and slice them. Butter the dish in which they are to be served, place a thin layer of creamy sauce on the bottom, and on this place a layer of the sliced eggs, sprinkling lightly with a little finely-chopped eschalot and fresh parsley; add another layer of the sauce and then the eggs as before, and continue in like manner until the dish is nearly full. Let the sauce be on the top, and sprinkle over this a few browned bread crumbs and about half an ounce of butter broken in tiny pieces; set the dish in a pan containing boiling water, and stand in a hot oven for about fifteen or twenty minutes; then take up, remove the dish from the tin and sprinkle the top over with the hard-boiled yolk of egg (that has been passed through a fine sieve) and a little chopped parsley.

Curried Eggs—Peel three onions, cut them in very thin slices and put them into a stewpan with two ounces of fat or butter, and two ounces of chopped lean bacon; add two finely-chopped bay leaves and a sprig of chopped thyme; fry these all together for about fifteen minutes, till a nice golden brown; then lightly sprinkle in a tablespoonful of fine flour; add a teaspoonful of cardamons, one small scraped clove of garlic, a saltspoonful of ground allspice, curry powder, and salt, a pinch of ground ginger, three-quarters of a pint of any light stock or milk, and boil all together till the mixture is almost dry. Add to it twelve sliced hard-boiled eggs; then serve on a hot dish, in a border of plainly boiled rice, garnished with little bunches of hard-boiled yolk of egg that have been rubbed through a wire sieve, and shredded with green capsicums.

Eggs With Burnt Butter.—Put into a frying pan two ounces of butter, which melt; as soon as it is on the point of browning, put in the eggs, which have been previously broken in a basin, and seasoned with pepper and salt; when well "set," serve, with a teaspoonful of vinegar over the eggs.

Randalled Eggs.—Twelve eggs boiled hard and halved; cut a piece from the ends of half of them to allow them to stand, take out the yolks, chop them, and mix chopped boiled ham or tongue, season with nutmeg and mace, moisten with butter, and put it in the space within the egg. Put the halves together, and stand the joined eggs on end in the dish.

Eggs Brouilles.—Break four or six eggs; beat them and put them into a saucepan with a piece of butter, a little salt, and a spoonful of gravy, which makes the eggs softer; stir them over the fire until sufficiently thick; serve on a plate garnished with toasted bread. To eggs dressed this way, truffles, ham, mushrooms, etc., minced, may be added. In Ireland where it is in general use, it is usually served upon hot buttered toast, and is there called "buttered eggs." It is also very common in France, where it is usually served for breakfast.

Frothed Eggs—Beat up the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of four (set aside the remaining whites) with a dessertspoonful of water, some salt, sugar and the juice of a lemon; fry this, and then put it on a dish; whip the four whites (which were set aside) to a froth with sugar, and place it over the fried eggs; bake it in a Dutch oven.

Eggs Hashed—Boil eggs hard, slice them; fry an onion sliced in butter; put in the eggs; a little good gravy, chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Serve them hot.

Eggs Fricasseed—Boil your eggs pretty hard, slice them, then take a little veal gravy, a little cream and flower, and a bit of butter, nutmeg, salt, pepper, chopped parsley and a few canned mushrooms. Boil this up and pour it over the eggs. Put a hard yolk in the middle of the dish, with toasted sippets.

Grating of Eggs, with Cheese—Take some grated eggs, Parmesan cheese, grated, a small piece of butter, the yolks of two eggs, nutmeg and pepper; mix these together, and spread them over the bottom of the dish; set it over a gentle fire to make a grating, on which to break ten eggs; sprinkle with Parmesan cheese over the surface, finish cooking it, and brown it with a salamander.

Eggs a la Piedmontaise—Put a couple of anchovies and a little gravy into a saucepan, and, when they are dissolved, add the yolks of eight and the whites of two eggs (well beaten), season them with salt, pepper and nutmeg; beat them well whilst they are doing. Serve them with fried bread, grate Parmesan cheese over, and brown it with a salamander.

FOREIGN CUSTOMERS.

Comparative Merits of the Various Markets for American Goods.

Albert D. Pentz, writing on "Our Outlook for Foreign Markets" in the current number of *The Engineering Magazine*, says:

The conditions to be met in exporting goods of American manufacture into the different markets of the world of course vary widely with the different countries to be reached. In England American novelties and machinery are very popular, but the market is flooded with "cheap and nasty" German imitations of American goods, which are sold by unscrupulous merchants as being of American make. This fact hinders the sale of genuine American goods by as many as are sold under false representations, and their reputation is hurt when buyers are made to believe that such trash is really of American production. Little progress can now be made in introducing the heavier articles of manufacture into Great Britain. English machinery of the heavier kinds is very good, and while the American styles are quicker, cheaper and handier, British workmen, unfamiliar with them, cannot operate them at once to get the results called for; hence they conservatively prefer the tools they are used to, and often reject a superior tool that is not undersood. They as frequently try to adapt a superior machine of great producing power to uses which do not call for the operation of its best features. Thus an American universal milling machine is seen doing a common operation such as key seating shafts, and all the "jim-cracks" are either carefully put away or promiscuously thrown into corners to rust away in idle existence. Of course when our special appliances are thoroughly understood and appreciated in any country, the demand will speedily come, but as yet this demand is but a small factor of what it should be in our trade with Britain.

The French are quicker to see what a labor-saving tool can do, but they also sooner imitate and change it to their peculiar needs. On the whole it is questionable if France is as promising a field for many American-made mechanical goods as many other countries. This is true of Switzerland, in a less questionable sense. It is not presumable that the German nations, with their intense race prejudices and their imitative methods of manufacture, can be the markets for any American line of goods for a great length of time. Their tariff is high and their patent system requires that alien patentees shall construct within the territory covered by the grant. The Scandinavian people and the Russians are good customers for good qualities of well-designed mechanical novelties, and these people are friendly to this country, and are intelligent and without national prejudices or favoritisms.

The Latin races are poor *per capita*, and while they would be good buyers of novelties if they had the means, there are not enough prosperous people among them in proportion to the population to make these countries very profitable markets. Asiatic people are miserably poor, and American prices are not comparable with their standard of value in any sense. Hence, there is seldom a profit in selling them goods for cash, but sometimes, those who know how, can make enormous profits in buying from or trading with them.

The South American countries are probably the best general markets now open to our goods, because the people there do not manufacture engineering products themselves, but they produce immense quantities of raw materials of the most valuable character and qualities. These materials give them means to buy, and they buy freely and pay good prices for rather coarse goods. One fact in connection with South American trade is that in the general absence of railways and of good roads most goods must be packed to be carried on the backs of mules, and therefore each package for shipment to some places far inland must not weigh more than a certain amount, which varies with differing goods and kinds of packages.

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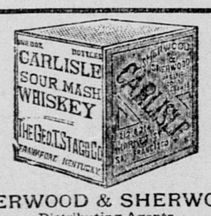

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NOTICE OF THE SALE OF BONDS

—OF—

Anaheim Irrigation District.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNtil the 27TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1893, at 2 o'clock P. M. of that day, sealed pyoposals will be received by the Board of Directors of the Anaheim Irrigation District, in the County of Orange, State of California, at their office, in the City of Anaheim, county and State aforesaid, for the purchase of $300,000 of the issue of the bonds of said district, which said bonds were issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of the Legislature, known as the "Wright Act," as amended by an Act approved March 29, 1891, the entire issue thereof consisting of eleven hundred bonds of the par value of $500 each, and five hundred bonds of the par value of $100 each, dated —— and payable in ten series, as provided in said Act, interest and principal payable at the office of the Mercantile Trust Company, New York. Said proposals should be addressed to said board and indorsed "Proposals for Purchase of Bonds," and will be opened by said board on the day and hour above mentioned, and the purchase awarded to the highest bidder; but the board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Said proposals to be accompanied by a certified check, payable to the order of said board, in the amount of 2 per cent. of each and all bids.

By order of said board.

B. V. GARWOOD, Secretary.

Dated January 3, 1893. ja6-20t

The time for receiving and opening bids is hereby extended to FEBRUARY 3, 1893.

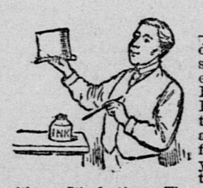
By order of the Board of Directors.

ja28-td B. V. GARWOOD, Secretary.

The time for receiving and opening bids is hereby extended to FEBRUARY 14, 1893.

By order of the Board of Directors.

fe4-td B. V. GARWOOD, Secretary.



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DIAMOND CUTTERS.

Women as Workers With the Dust—Selecting and Dividing.

Difficult and Delicate Task of Getting Jewels From Rough Stones—How It is Done.

Not all diamonds used are cut in Paris or in Amsterdam, but in Geneva, close by the Quai de la Poste, there is the "Taillere de Diamants of the Dupuis Brothers." Not only that, but most of the diamond cutters here are young women, "tres intelligente" and most attractive. They receive, too, for work of the same kind as that done by men the same rate of compensation, and many of them earn, though their hours are not long, from $10 to $15 a week. The establishment of Dupuis Freres is in a handsome granite building, just at the head of the Coulouvreniere, and occupies its second stage. The building is triangular in form, with its private offices near the apex. The first of these is a cozy room where the precious stones are kept after cutting in a huge iron safe, which will be brought at at your desire. Quarter, and half, and almost pound packets of beautiful gems, that are like showers of dew in brilliant sunshine, as you bury your hands among them. They are all sizes, from the tiniest rose diamond to others that are like second Koh-i-noors as they flash from the velvet beds, for these larger diamonds are kept carefully selected in cases instead of in the little tissue paper covered packets. The variety of tint is simply wonderful—brown diamonds, green diamonds, yellow diamonds, purest white diamonds, and, rarest of all, the Messieurs Dupuis told me, blue diamonds.

Nearly opposite the private office is the bookkeeping and recording room, and the counter at which the elder M. Dupuis sits assorting the gems as they come from the cutting, and if a diamond in the rough is of such shape that his skilled eye tells him it could not be cut to advantage as found, he divides it into two or three parts before it is carried to the work-room. Both the assorting and the dividing require the greatest skill and most perfect knowledge—both intuitive and practice-gained—of the stones, which in their crude condition resemble, it seems to me, bits and pieces of different tinted gum arabic more than anything else. As I have told you, the senior member of the firm assorts and divides the diamonds, while the junior partner himself keeps all the books and records and apportions the stones to their cutters, five at a time to each, marking the weight, date and all opposite the cutter's name, until they are returned completed. In this room, too, diamonds are received for repair and recutting. That reminds me that in cutting almost one-half the original weight of the stone is lost, or, more properly, cut away, for not a grain of the dust is really lost, as you will see:

The chief workroom or atelier is a large, bright, airy room, splendidly ventilated and exquisitely neat. In it, about the walls that form two sides of the triangle, there are a sufficient number of cutting machines for about seventy-five employes, and back of these, close by the windows, are seats and benches for the girls who place the diamonds in the solder: beds for the machine cutting, an operation that must be performed very deftly, for, first, there is the placing of one solder oval in the cup of the instrument that receives the diamond, and that much resembles the cup of a "cup and ball," handle and all; then the other half must receive just the right degree of fusion at the gas and be applied so as to finish the oval; it is in the top of this upper part that the stone is placed while the solder is warm enough to be molded back sufficiently to leave one little face of the gem visible; when ready for the machine, the entire oval is a little larger than a robin's egg; dipping quickly in a dish of water hardens the solder, and then the cup and ball, with the stick end up, is applied to the machine, which does the cutting by revolving 2,400 times a minute, so as to hold the diamond face closely to a steel disc, perhaps a foot in diameter and covered with microscopic lines, in which diamond dust has been scattered and is held in place by minute particles of oil dropping from a quill above; the dust from one diamond, being caught, on this disc, serves to polish the next diamond, so, as you see, nothing is lost. The girls to whom this work is intrusted must necessarily give it their undivided attention.

In the lower center of this room the walls are so constructed that a second triangle is formed, also with a pleasant outlook. At the counters facing these windows the actual "diamoud cut diamond" process, one of the first to which the stones are subjected, is seen; they are imbedded in wax, and then one is used to cut another by the most skillful workmen; it is this process that produces the chips so much used in small jewelry. At the other side of this inner triangle men are always busy repairing and inspecting the machinery, especially the discs, whose condition must be absolutely perfect. There is one female operative in the atelier of great natural ability and many years' experience, whose aid is very valuable, because she can instantly judge the weight of even the most minute stone handed her for inspection. The recompense for cutting stones up to those of more than medium weight is, I believe, the same, because the amount of care and labor required is the same. With the exception of the light whirr of the machinery, this large atelier is absolutely quiet, for there must not be even singing here, less it distract, though unconsciously, from the attention required by the work.

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A trembling hand, an uncertain step, fidgetiness, indicated by restless shifting from one place or posture to another, usually mental annoyance at unexpected noises, are among the indications of extreme nervousness. These seem trifling, but the health of men and women in this condition is "decidedly shaky," liable to be overthrown disastrously by causes which the vigorous might defy. To fortify the nervous system, general vigor must, through the medium of reinforced digestion and a renewal of an impaired power of sleeping at night, be raised to a healthful standard. A guarantee of this is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which re-establishes digestion, bile secretion and the habit of body on a permanently regular basis, thus renewing that bodily equilibrium, which is followed by a gain of strength and nerve tranquillity. For kidney complaint, rheumatism, neuralgia, and as a preventive of the first attack or subsequent return of malarial disorders this medicine is without a peer. Thrice daily take a wineglassful.

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