

THE WELL.

Dark and cool the water lies
In the old time-honored well;
Down deep the bucket lies
And how often who can tell?

For the school-boy, hot with play,
For the laborer tired with toil,
For the traveler on his way,
Doth the tireless rope uncoil.

And how often, who can tell?
Or, who first the gracious draught
Drew up from the bounteous well?
Or, who sunk the ancient shaft?

They are dust, who slaked their thirst
At the little silver font
In the wild woods, where it first
Called the huntsman to dismount.

They are dust, the pioneers,
Who the storm-armed forest broke.
Where the old well now appears,
Where now curls the village smoke.

So shall we within the vale
With our children's children dwell,
But the waters ne'er shall fall
In the old time-honored well.

LOVE'S CONQUEST.

An idle boat, with idle oars, floating idly
down with the current of a calm, smooth lake,
on whose placid breast the moonbeams
played at will.

Such the picture, had one been mere
spectators to the mimic scene; but to the
two actors, surroundings were lost sight of—
they thought only of themselves.

Mocking the moon-rays, when they
glanced upward, they could see on the
bank above them the twinkling lights of
Riverdene, and hear the merry voices and
gay laughter of the group from which they
had escaped.

Arch smiles had passed between its mem-
bers as they had seen Gwendoline Cassilis
and Colonel Hillier stroll off, arm in arm,
to where the little boat was moored.
The women had almost ceased to be jealous
of Gwendoline, or to ask where lay
her charms. She exercised her fascination
even among them as among men, and they
bowed before her—first from necessity,
then from choice.

But though her victims were countless,
she was twenty-three, and Gwendoline
Cassilis still. However, this time she had
encountered—wrote at Lady
Southwell's country seat said—a foeman
worthy of her steel.

What she was among men, Claude Hillier
was among women. Therefore, seeing
those two brought beneath the same roof,
and thrown into daily intercourse, rumor
was rife, and speculation awaited rumors
with bated breath. Meantime the little
boat floated calmly on the quiet surface of
the lake.

"Miss Cassilis!"

It was the first word either had spoken in
full five minutes.

She glanced up at the speaker. The white
lace thrown carelessly upon her dark hair,
down from which peered the beautiful, pale
face, lent her some of the moon's mystic
charm; but meeting the magnetic gaze of
the dark, earnest eyes bent upon her, hers
fell for an instant; then, as though ashamed
of the momentary weakness, and again
shot a questioning look into the handsome
face of the beau sabreur who sat opposite
her.

"Miss Cassilis," he repeated, slowly, "did
you know that we were in danger?"

"In danger?"

Her cheek grew a shade paler. She
glanced up at the blue vault where sailed so
majestically the Goddess of Night—down
into the dark depths of the waters, only to
see Luna's brilliancy reflected there—
around, about her. Not a leaf stirred.

"No," he said, in answer to her look, "not
from any of these. The moon, the wind,
the water, all are our friends to-night. We
are in danger from each other."

Oh, how she prayed the moon might fall
to make apparent the instant flushing of hot
blood to her cheek! She felt it glow, like
a warm crimson rose, even while she raised
her little head almost defiantly, as though
to hurl a challenge at his audacity.

Men had made love to her in many forms,
but always as suppliants. This man dared
suppose her in equal danger with himself!

"You deal in enigmas, Colonel Hillier,"
she returned, haughtily. "I am accustomed
to plain speech."

"Rather say plain speech is to you an
unknown tongue, and that I am the first
man who has dared to speak frankly.
Would you have me more open still? You
shall have your wish. A week longer un-
der the same roof with you, a week more
of exposure to your maddening fascinations,
and my ship would go to wreck and ruin
on the bar; unless—"

His voice grew softer, more full of tender feel-
ing, and his hand fell on hers very lightly,
but with caressing grace—"unless, Gwendoline,
you would let it float your pennon
and guide it into the safe harbor of your
love."

She had been wooed many times, in many
climes, and by many men, but naught had
ever moved her as this wooing, on this
moonlight night in June. Yet this man
had dared to tell her that in another week
this might come to pass.

Others had sworn to go from her presence
to put an end to the existence she had
rendered miserable; and had vowed that
henceforth woman's smile would be gall
and wormwood; or pleaded that she had
shorn their manhood of its strength, and
rendered their life a burden.

This one said none of these things.
While his strength was yet his he saw
and met the danger.

"A week hence," she said to herself, bitterly,
"and the flame might singe him.
Now his wings are all unscorched. He
does not say, 'I love you.' He says, 'In
time I might love you.'"

Was he thus to win so easy a victory?
No.

"Let us go home," she interrupted, with
a little shiver. "It is growing chill."

"Gwendoline Cassilis, is this my answer?
Have you none other to give me?"

"Your answer?" with an assumption of
surprise. "I was not aware of any ques-
tion."

"You shall not even have this excuse.
Will you be my enemy?"

His voice was stern now—stern to harsh-
ness—and his grasp tightened on her hand.

"You hurt me, Colonel Hillier," she com-
plained petulantly, making an effort to with-
draw her fingers.

murmured, sadly. "And I shall remem-
ber him for ever!"

Then, as though a sudden truth had
burst upon her, she drew down the blind—
to throw herself, with quick, impetuous
motion, prone upon the couch, and weep
the first heart-tears she had ever shed.

"The drama is ended—Miss Cassilis has
refused him!" This was the general ver-
dict when, twenty-four hours later, Claude
Hillier bade his hostess adieu, and with-
drew to town on plea of sudden business.

Of course the news reached Gwendoline's
ears.

"I had not refused him," she said aloud.
"Not even that satisfaction is mine," she
added to herself—"nor ever will be! It
was only the might have been."

He was not the man, she knew full well,
to plunge desperately into flirtation, or as-
sociate his name at once with another
woman's or to retire later or rise earlier, or
in any way disturb the even tenor of his
way. The difference between them
was only this—his wound was healing, per-
haps already healed, but he would bear his
scar to the grave; hers was a festering sore
which hurt the more that she had let the
physicians who might work its cure pass
her by.

The summer waned to its close. Nature
had lent autumn its wondrous paint-box
and magic brush, and mountain and hill-
side were covered thereby into glorious
beauty. Then came King Frost, first to
heighten by his touch, then to kill, follow-
ed by winter's lagging footsteps, mercifully
bearing the exquisite white shroud of snow
to cover up all signs of devastation and de-
cay.

The season in the gay world was at its
height. Occasionally murmurs among the
debutants for its honors arose at the fact
that, though Gwendoline Cassilis' fourth
winter, her former successes paled in its
more magnificent light.

She and Colonel Hillier constantly met.
She almost wished he might avoid her; but
at their first chance-encounter he had ap-
proached with outstretched hand.

"How charming you are looking, Miss
Cassilis!" he had said.

And all in vain she had watched for a
tremor in his tone, or a shade of embar-
rassment in his manner.

"Only a week between him and ship-
wreck," she thought bitterly. "And he
has sailed so far from the fatal rock that
doubtless he would now laugh at his sup-
posed danger; and I—I was weak and vain
enough to think he stood upon the precipi-
cious brink."

The new year had come, and one even-
ing Gwendoline stood alone in her father's
dressing-room looking out at the gath-
ering darkness when through its sombre
shade she saw a figure pass and mount the
steps.

"A visitor!" she uttered, wearily; then
waited the inevitable announcement she
knew must follow.

But, spite of her every effort, she started
when the servant, throwing open the door,
uttered Colonel Hillier's name. Oh, how
glad she was that the room were not yet
lighted as she went forward to receive him.

"May I welcome you in darkness?" she
questioned.

"As you will," he said. "I have but a
few moments to stay. I am come to bid
you good-bye, and to ask you to wish me
bon voyage."

"Bon voyage! You are going abroad?"

"Yes; I sail on Saturday for India. I
hesitated about calling, but my desire to
see you led me to believe you would for-
get my audacity in supposing my going a ques-
tion of enough moment to make it worth a spe-
cial call."

"My friends are always welcome, Colonel
Hillier," said Gwendoline, an icy feeling at
her heart; though she maintained an out-
ward composure "I did not suppose it
necessary you should hear that repeated
now."

"Nor is it. It was only morbid fancy on
my part which induced me to question it.
I shall come back, I trust, with my mind
clearer. At least I shall be some years older.
When I return I presume I shall look
for Miss Cassilis in vain, until I find her in
some matron, equally charming. I cannot
imagine her quite so old and poor."

He had spoken thus lightly of her be-
coming the wife of another man! And he
was going away; she might never again
hear his voice or see his face. "I was too
cruel!"

He and Fate were too strong for her.
The tears had gathered in the grey eyes, but
the darkness hid them.

He rattled on—she had no need to speak.
Then he rose to go.

"Good-bye, Miss Cassilis!" he took her
hand in both his—"good-bye! God bless
you!"

Was it her fancy that, just at the last,
his voice trembled?

He crossed the room; he had gained the
door. Another instant he would be gone—
another instant, it might be too late.

"Claude!" she said, softly.

Two strides, it seemed, brought him back
to her.

"You called me? For what? To make
my going bitter?"

"Oh, is it hard? In mercy, tell me, for
my heart is breaking!"

"Your heart-breaking! Gwendoline," and
the man's voice sounded strangely hoarse,
"what does this mean?"

But the sound of her sobs was the only
answer.

How Long Should We Sleep?

Felix L. Oswald in Popular Science Monthly
for July.

The vital processes of man, like those of
all his fellow creatures, are partly con-
trolled by automatic tendencies. Some func-
tions of our internal economy are too im-
portant to be trusted to the caprices of hu-
man volition; breathing, eating, drinking,
and even love, are only semi-voluntary ac-
tions; and during a period varying from
one-fourth to two-fifths of each solar day
the conscious activity of the senses per-
ceives a complete suspension. The cerebral
workshop is closed for repairs, and the
abused or exhausted body commits its or-
ganism into the healing hands of Nature.
Under favorable conditions eight hours of
undisturbed sleep would almost suffice to
counteract the physiological mischief of
sixteen working hours. During sleep the
organ of consciousness is at rest, and the
energies of the system seem to be concen-
trated on the function of nutrition and the
renewal of the vital energy in general; sleep
promotes digestion, repairs the waste of
the muscular tissue, favors the process of
cutaneous excretion, and renews the vigor
of the mental faculties.

The amount of sleep required by man is
generally proportional to the waste of vital
strength, whether by muscular exertion,
mental activity (or emotion), or by the pro-
cess of rapid assimilation, as during the

first years of growth and during the recovery
from an exhausting disease. The
weight of a new-born child increases more
rapidly than that of a eunepetic adult, an-
noying a third part after a period of starv-
ing motion, prone upon the couch, and weep
the first heart-tears she had ever shed.

THE WRONG VERDICT.

"Do I want any tapes and shoe-laces?"
said Mr. Penfield in his big comfortable
voice, that always seemed to have a suspi-
cion of a laugh about its sonority. "Do I
want tapes and shoe-laces? No, sissy,
I don't." And then, as Flora Rawson was
moving slowly away, with a mute, uncom-
plaining expression of despair in her face,
he added, kindly, "But, all the same, you
had better come in and warm yourself; you
look like frozen to death."

"Thank you," said Flora, and she
came gratefully to the fire, setting her
basket of cheap wares on the floor, and warmed
herself, shyly glancing around the while at
the cosy little private room with its cheer-
ful red carpet on the floor, the curtains at
the window and the leather-cushioned easy-
chairs. The fire blazed and crackled in
the grate—Flora, secretly wondering how
any one could have the heart to waste coal
so recklessly a block with a plate-glass
front ticked leisurely on the wall, and Mr.
Penfield, making entries in his big ledger,
and day-book, whistled softly under his
breath as he did so.

"What is your name, child?" he asked at
last, without turning his head.

"Flora Rawson, sir," was the meek
reply.

"How old are you?"

"Going on fourteen, sir, I believe."

"And how does it happen that you are
selling gimcracks like these around the
country, instead of being put at some honest
trade?" said Mr. Penfield, with his pen
in his mouth, while he got up to search for
some blotting paper.

Flora hung down her head. "There's
only one way," said she. "Father and mother
are dead, and my step-mother says I've got
to earn my own living!"

"Where do you live?" said Mr. Penfield,
brusquely.

"In Holmes' lane—the little cottage just
this side of the china factory."

"Humph!" said Mr. Penfield. "That
locality has a bad name!"

"Yes, sir," Flora made haste to explain,
"but my step-mother, she tries to be
decent and honest—and she goes out wash-
ing and cleaning, by the day, to support my
little half-brothers and sisters, and—"

But here she became conscious that Mr.
Penfield was intently surveying her and
colored scarlet, all of a sudden.

"Would you like to learn the gold-leaf
business?" said he, and he worked her in
the factory, with the girls who are coming
up now for their wages."

Flora glanced timidly at the line of bright
faced, neatly dressed young women who
were collecting outside Mr. Penfield's slid-
ing window, which afforded easy com-
munication with the ware room without.

"Could I, sir?" she said, blushing her
face red with a sort of awe.

"I don't know why not," said Mr. Pen-
field. "It's a pity that a smart likely girl
like you should be tramping around the
country, selling buttons and pins, when
there are respectable trades to be learned.
I'm busy to-night. Come here at nine
o'clock to-morrow morning, and I'll see if
we can make room for you. No—you
needn't go until you are thoroughly warm;
but with a sudden sentiment of com-
passion, as he noted her blue fingers and
slight shivering frame! And then he ap-
plied himself with energy to the task of
paying off the hands—a ceremony which
took place every Monday afternoon at five
precisely."

Flora Rawson stood by the fire, a little
longer, but she felt the eyes of the smartly
dressed operatives upon her, and became
pale with the deficiencies of her
faded dress, shabby worsted shawl and
frayed straw bonnet with many mangy vel-
vet bows—so presently she crept away
without disturbing King Mr. Penfield.

He finished his task presently—all except
paying old Mrs. Reilly, who scrubbed the
floors, polished the windows and carried
out the ashes.

"This is very strange," he said, as he
glanced uneasily around. "I'm sure
I laid out a five-dollar bill here for
you, Mrs. Reilly—just here by the
glass paper-weight, but I don't see it now!"

He lifted up papers, pen-rack, ink-stand
—even shook the daily paper that lay there
—to see if, perchance, the missing bill had
hid itself away in its folds—but all to no
avail. He searched through his pockets,
and all the time old Mrs. Reilly, who was
very deaf, stood smiling and courtiering in
front of the sliding window.

A sudden light flashed across his mind
—he turned quickly and cast a searching
glance around the office.

"I thought so," said he. The girl is gone.
And so is the money. What a fool I was to
listen for a moment to her plausible story.
Well, it's rather an expensive lesson, but
it serves me right."

He said Mrs. Reilly out of his own mon-
ey-drawer, shut up the office and went
home, rather disenchanted with his ideal
view of respectable poverty.

"There's no use in going to Holmes'
lane," thought he. "The girl don't live
there—and never did."

But the next morning as he sat over his
books, just as the clock was striking nine,
in its slow, deliberate fashion, there came
knock at the panels of the door, and Flora
Rawson presented herself, with her raven
curls brushed tidily back under a net, her
face shining with recent soap and water, and
some slippers made at mending up the
gaps of the rents in her dress.

"Well, Bob," said she, "I've mended
that coat you left here this morning. I
sewed on new buttons, bound the sleeves
with fresh binding, and—"

"That's right, Kitty; that's right," said
Mr. Penfield, drawing off his gloves.

"But that isn't all," persisted Pen-
field. "I found a rip in the bottom of the
upper left-hand pocket, and when I was
sponging off the skirts I came across some-
thing hard, so I tripped it open and found—
what do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Penfield.
Well, a pocket-knife, business-card,
three cough lozengers, and a five dollar
bill," said Mr. Penfield laughing.

"A—what!" almost sobbed Penfield.
"A five-dollar bill," triumphantly re-
peated his wife holding it up. And he in-
stantly recognized it for the same bill,
slightly discolored with some sort of acid,
which he had laid aside yesterday for the
payment of Mrs. Reilly!

"I must have put it in my pocket in a fit
of abstraction," said he to himself, and it
slipped down through that unlovely hole of
which I never dreamed! And that poor girl
with the big eyes and the loose mane of
black hair—I've condemned her without
judge or jury."

Robert Penfield, however, though an
impulsive man, was not unjust. He put on
his hat and went straight to the cottage in
Holmes' lane, where Flora Rawson lived.

It was a dreary place, unenclosed, with-
out much fire, and the broken window
panes stuffed with rags, where Flora was
tending a flock of untidy children, while
the shrill tones of her step-mother's voice
sounded from the back yard, where she
was hanging up clothes to dry. She started
and looked frightened when she saw him
standing in the doorway.

"I'm glad to see you," said he, misjudging
you. I am sorry I sent you away so harsh-
ly this morning. We'll try to make a place
for you if you'll come again to-morrow."

And then he explained to Flora and her
step-mother, who had by this time hurried
in with a pocket-handkerchief tied round
her head, and steaming, soapy arms, the
peculiar combination of circumstances by
which Flora had been adjudged to be
guilty of the theft!

Mrs. Rawson tossed her head and bridled
as she listened.

"Our Flora has her faults," said she,
"and plenty of 'em—but, thank the Lord,
she ain't a thief; nor never was!"

And Flora herself burst into tears.

"I am so thankful that you found the
money," said she. "Because—because you
had spoken kindly to me, and I couldn't
bear that you should think me such a one
as that!"

So Flora Rawson got an excellent place
in the gold-beating establishment and Mr.
Penfield was always a little kinder to her
than he would have been if it had not been
for that one act of injustice toward her in
the very beginning.

"It's only a job," said he "how easy it
is to be mistaken."

FLAVORS.

Fusel Oil as the Essence of Pineapple Straw-
berry-Cider From No Orchard.

There is mighty little genuine fruit ex-
tract in the sirup and extracts of commerce,
the chemist of a manufacturing house said,
pushing aside glass jars, strainers, and re-
ports, so as to make a clear place for some
of his books of formulas. "Natural flavors,
are both weak and costly. For instance, if
you sugar down pineapples or strawberries,
you get a delightful natural sirup, but your
white sugar alone will cost you 88
cents a pound, and the heat of the process,
as you know, the flavor is just as it is
proper strength and will not go a great way
in flavoring additions to the sirup; and so
only a small portion of the fruit syrups and
essence of commerce have any fruit about
them. Smell this!"

He unstopped a bottle of this, transparent
liquid. It diffused a strong pineapple odor
of iritating pungency.

"That," he said, "is butyric ether. Mixed
with alcohol, it is the pineapple oil of com-
merce, and it enters into nearly every flavor
manufactured and into most perfumes. It
is extracted from rancid fat. The tallow
oil which is the basis of artificial butter will
furnish it. Another prominent ingredient
of artificial flavors is amylic, which you will
know better by the name of amyl. Some
one of its compounds go into the manufac-
ture of the flavors of pineapple, strawberry,
raspberry, apricot, pear, orange and apple.
Compounds of methyl, an extract of coal
tar, are also much used. Succinic acid, ob-
tained from amber; sebacic acid, extracted
from fat; and benzoic acid, originally ex-
tracted from a vegetable resin, but now
made from naphthalene, are also used in
various shapes. Formic acid, another ingredient, was origi-
nally obtained from ants, and hence its name
is derived from the Latin word for ant,
formica. But it is now manufactured arti-
ficially. Chloroform goes into some flavors,
notably grape essence, and oxalic acid goes
into the bloom of gooseberry, apricot, lem-
on, and apple. The esters of acid in the
natural catches in these substances are used
in the form of ethers, and their strength
of odor is due to their exceeding volatility."

"Are not such compounds injurious?"

"Not when used simply for flavoring
purposes," was the answer. "The reason
why they must be used to imitate natural
flavors with such success is doubtless due
to the fact that the flavors of the natural
catches are due to the presence of butyric
acid is naturally present in the pineapple,
tartaric acid in wine, citric acid in lemons
and oxalic acid in gooseberries. While ar-
tificial flavors or essences would be poison-
ous, taken in large quantities, it does not
follow that their use as flavors is injurious
any more than that almonds should not be
eaten because their concentrated extract is
poisonous."

"As a matter of fact, soda water flavors
and candy flavors are almost invariably ar-
tificial; and the bouquet and flavor of many
a bottle of wine is due to the various amylic
or fusel oil ethers."

"I remember," he continued, "seeing
some time ago an anecdote about a French
wine seller, who said to his son: 'Always
remember, my son, that wine may be made
from anything, even grape juice.' I have
thought the same thing often when I have
drunk the sweet cider of commerce."

Of course there is sweet cider that is made
from apple juice, and it may be kept from
getting hard by the addition of bisulphite of
lime. But there are immense quantities of
soda water flavors and candy flavors, and
there are plenty of receipts for making it. People that know
what good orchard cider is, are not likely
to drink much of the manufactured cider,
and if they did it would not hurt them,
although I would not like to drink cider
made from this recipe."

The chemist showed the reporter a trade
recipe for the cider called for honey,
bitter almonds, cloves, burnt sugar, and
alcohol. The recipe adds: "If too sweet,
add sulphuric acid to suit the taste."

"Sulphuric acid," he said, "is not a health-
ful article of diet; but, as I said before, a
thing may be perfectly innocuous in a di-
luted shape and a very small quantity that
would be harmful in a concentrated form.
Oh, isn't it, that delicate flavors and per-
fumes should come from the refuse of the
abattoir and coal-oil distillery? But a
great many pleasant things have humble
origins."

DETECTIVES AND DIAMONDS.

A great forgery having been committed,
whereby a bank was robbed of £30,000, the
culprit succeeded in getting safely out of
England, and escaped to the Argentine Rep-
ublic, where there was no extradition
treaty. He was believed to have taken the
whole of the plunder with him, as his wife
—who was narrowly watched—certainly had
no portion of it, and no letter addressed to
him had passed through the postoffice; so a
private detective of great reputation was
employed by the bank authorities to go out
to the River Plate, and endeavor either to
recover the money, or to lure the forger in-
to a position where he might be captured.

This detective was an educated man, and
well fitted to carry out the role he assumed
—that of Major R., traveling for his
health, and intending to pay a short visit to
Buenos Ayres before proceeding to Val-
paraiso and Peru. Unlimited powers, of-
ficial and unofficial, were conferred on him;
he was supplied with letters of introduc-
tion to the leading people in the Republic;
and, of course, there was to be no question
of expense. Thus furnished, he sat out.

On arrival in Buenos Ayres he discov-
ered that his man had gone some leagues
up country. Following up the track, he
found him living in apparent great poverty,
employed as a shepherd by an English es-
tanciero, to whom the would-be Major
R.—happened to have a letter of introduc-
tion. In this way he had no difficulty in
making acquaintance with his intended
prey—gradually and casually, to avert sus-
picion. One day he asked him openly
whether his position in life had not been
very different from that in which he found
him, as his speech and manners were those
of a gentleman; and after a little hesitation
the shepherd confessed that such was the
case—presently telling a plausible tale of
misfortune in business, etc. Professing
pity for him the kind-hearted major lent
him money and took him back into the
city, where he entertained him at one of
the best hotels as his guest, having men-
tioned to him confidentially that he wished
to invest a considerable sum in land out
there, and promising to install him as man-
ager of the estate. All this time the thief
was supposed to be carrying the money hid
about his person, and it was to devise some
strategy for obtaining it with certainty
and safety that the detective postponed the
denouement of the plot so long.

At length, when he had excluded every
other possible place of conceal-
ment, and seemed to have won
the man's entire confidence, he
went to the captain of the British man-
of-war lying there, and revealed himself in
his own character—for nobility, till then,
he had least talking of the truth, and to-
gether they arranged a very nice little trap.
The officers of the gun-boat were to give a
good picnic, followed by a dance on board;
and all the best people in Buenos Ayres
were invited—Major R. and his friend
among the rest. The "friend" was delig-
ated on the prospect, and drew largely on
the major for the wherewithal to present a
brilliant splendor of appearance on the eve
of his departure. As they strolled down to the wharf
together, arm-in-arm, you may be sure that
Major R.—a heart beat high with the tri-
umph already in his grasp—one of the clev-
erest captives ever planned by an emissary
of Scotland Yard. Hiring a boat, they soon
arrived alongside of the man-of-war, where
the poop was already crowded with ladies.

"Jump up," said the major, as the gang-
way ladder was lowered; "we're just in
time."

"Well, no, Mr. G.," returned the
forger, calling the detective by his real
name. "I don't think I'll go on board; but
I'll stay here in the boat and listen to the
music, while you go up and dance."

If the officer did not feel sold at that
moment no man ever did. The heat of it
was a most audacious robber had not one
penny of his booty with him, and was much
too wary to trust the post. Both he and
his wife—who joined him soon afterward—
were obliged to work for their board until
the arrival of their governess—who had
never been suspected of complicity—with
the whole sum. But how he discovered
his adversary was never known.

The way this same detective is said to
have had another "sell" a few days later.
He went on board the mail-steamers just
come in from Brazil, as he thought he
might obtain an English newspaper. If he
got one, he certainly had plenty of time to
read it for the steamer happened to be in
quarantine, and he had to undergo the hor-
rors of seclusion at Ensenada for three
weeks!

A well known London diamond merchant
went out to Brazil to buy precious stones,
seeking them, naturally, not in the big
cities, but at the smaller places along the
coast. The local steamer to which he had
trans-shipped was one day about to leave
some out-of-the-way port—Macao, I think
—when an Indian came on board selling
stones; he also displayed some little shining
pebbles, which he did not seem to set much
store by. The merchant—reputed to be
one of the best judges of a stone in an
English sea at a glance that they were small
diamonds, and carelessly offered a few reis
apiece for them, which the Indian gladly
took; then, appearing to have thus discov-
ered a new branch of commerce, he pro-
duced an immense one attached to a string
around his neck—one so large and valuable
that the dealer, in his eagerness to obtain
it, was thrown off his guard, and offered so
much for it that the dusky possessor's sus-
picious were excited. When I say "so
much" I do not suppose the sum was in-
trinsically great, perhaps not more than a
shilling or two; but it was out of all pro-
portion to what he had paid for the others.

The Indian refused. More and more
money was promised, and displayed, be-
fore his eyes in glittering piles. Knives,
shawls and all sorts of commodities
were thrown in; but without avail. If the
pale-face wants this bit of stone so much,
he might be supposed to argue, it must
be of some great power or value—perhaps
an amulet or charm of supernatural virtue.
Superstitious and obstinate, like all his
race, he would not part with it on any
terms; but he asked to conceal it about
him again, and hurried on shore. The
merchant was frantic; such an opportu-
nity was not to be allowed to slip, with-
out making some effort. He paid the fine
—no inconsiderable sum—for detaining the
steamer in port another