MRS. HENRY WAS A STRANGE, DELIGHTFUL POSTER FIGURE, IN EFFECT.

NOTHING.

BY VICTORIA CLEMENT.

Broadlawns is much like its owner, Hilliard himself—a fit expression of his origin, his character, his culture. It is large, dignified, a little somber, but noble. Just as he is genial, though imposing, so the great house is a home, not a castle nor a hall—although it is immense in the size and number of its rooms, and in the length to which its low front and ells extend along the velvet lawn. This lawn, too, is a town site in itself and lies inclosed in a pretty landscape of wood, so artistically planned as to suggest that it must be miles away from the city which in fact surrounds it behind a mere screen of forest. At his wife's reception on the fine days of spring or autumn, the throng of callers easily disposes of itself in the spaciousness of the place, so as to give no more than a needed touch of variety and color to the majestic, park-like domain.

This lady, by the way, is also a fitting figure for the great establishment, ample in her fine blooming physique—rather too much so, indeed—hospitable and capable in administering its detail of management, an excellent mother of two budding daughters and three younger children, besides keeping up fairly well with her husband's interests in letters and the world of society in the nearby city—a healthy, happy, practical, busy woman.

Her radiation of cheer is a prime necessity for the guests, as the master of Broadlawns is habitually distrait and sad. Yes, this lordly patrimonial park has become to him as nothing—its superb low terrace, tesselated with old Spanish tiles and flesh with the matchless lawn, its bosky dells, its lakelet laden with lilies, its far-famed conservatory, the winding avenues with here and there old elms so placed as to form English etchings whatever way you look—all are nothing. Nothing—even the grand flamboyant hostess with all her avoirdupois is nothing. The deservedly idolized lord of all, with the wealth and health of fortunate generations summed up in his sturdy six feet of manhood, is the only one save a single neighbor, who knows how empty it all is to its possessor.

He listens absently, replies sententiously, though politely, and if let alone, relapses into abstraction. His bored look is, indeed, remarked by most people, and explained by men of the world to be the satiety of one who has been born to everything, has been everywhere, has seen everything and had everything. By men in his own line of literary and artistic pursuits, it is attributed to disappointed ambition; by women, to the figure and fashions of madam. To any intimate who has had the hardihood to probe too closely—even to his best friend, his family physician, Dr. Palfrey—Hilliard has always replied when asked if he had any ailment or anything on his mind, "Nothing, nothing, I tell you!"

Well, it is next to nothing—nothing at all, measured by any ordinary human means of estimating it.

Only this: Fifteen years ago, when his tall and solid daughters were tots in short clothes, the distinguished and willowy figure of the lady of yonder house that looks so like Mariana's moated grange, showing through a break in the woods in such a way as to compose admirably with the shaven knoll which rises from the lily pond, crossed the vision of Broadlawn's heir.

Mrs. Henry is an artist, and paints with the devotion of a professional, though she is an heiress of untold wealth. Everything about her is studied with an artist's keenness for effect, and she has at her command the resources of a brilliant mind and broad culture. Her house fronting Broadlawns was designed by herself, and with an eye to preserving, instead of intruding upon the effect of unity in the landscape of the great estate. The studio was made the dominant feature of her house, its broad windows taking up half the second story of its southern front. For the rest, it is as exquisite in its suggestions of its owner's aesthetic individuality as the solid grandeur of its neighborhood is of Hilliard's. Her husband has never been an important factor in Mrs. Henry's house or life. A prosperous wholesaler younger than herself, with a merchant's conventional respectability in ideas, manners and morals, there has been nothing ever to complain of in him, or to give him the least savor of any kind. So, Mr. S. P. Henry may be permitted to drop out of this drama.

At the time the drama opened, the strange, delightful colored-poster figures of Japan via Paris had not been invented; but Mrs. Henry was one, in effect. Her trained gowns, her head dress out of the Old Masters, her beautiful long wraps, were either meant to make of her a picture, or to form a part of the composition in which she was to figure. Was it a field of unbroken snow, with perhaps a purpling fringe of shrubs or saplings, that she was to cross to make her morning call at Broadlawns—for that environment black velvet would be her only wear. Was it a spring morning, gray with mist, with the leafage and turf of the tenderest green—to strike the right cord she donned her pink silk mantle, reaching to the ground and heavily trimmed with white fur. Her indoor costumes were framed to prolong the effect of her fine, long, regular, Italian-like features, and never bore the slightest relation to anything of Parisian modiste's make; save when Sarah Bernhardt was setting the fashions of the hour, for was not Sarah a painter and sculptor like herself?

Well, one morning, as the towering, manly bulk of Hilliard and the stained glass figure of Mrs. Henry were leaning on the opposite sides of the turnstile between their places—while Mr. Henry, good business soul, was shaving himself at quarter past seven in order to take the quarter past eight train, and Mrs. Hilliard was in her nursery—it occurred to the two artists (who often found an early morning consultation necessary to settle some question of aesthetics) that if he were to plant a tall, straight Lombardy poplar on his side of the turnstile, and she a weeping birch with its fine feminine drapery on her side, the two would "compose" to absolute perfection. It also occurred to both as this memorial of their joint work grew, the virile poplar would be touched by the trembling birch, and then it occurred to them that, like their trees, they too were "counterparts," the one the perfect complement of the other, made for each other on high and only separated by a hedgerow, a stile and sundry conventions, perhaps necessary for the common run of humanity. But this was Nothing.

Still it sufficed ever afterward, year after year, to make everything Nothing for each, the other being absent. Only when they were bending their heads together in the solution of problems in art and letters, which they alone—and together—could comprehend, did they really live. Mrs. Hilliard might be in the dining room eating bread and honey with her children or receiving callers in her drawing room, and Mr. Henry might be in his counting room counting out his money—they did not consider all that any part of existence that made life worth living. The duties required of them in their households and in society they got through somehow, but the only relish in anything for either was when the other was sharing it.

And yet it is with the most discreet infrequency that they are to be seen together by themselves, although they are in truth walking hand in hand every step through every day of their lives. So long as they know the whereabouts of each other, when they can see one another across a room, or even across the fields from their windows, they are measurably content; when they cannot, they are restless, waiting, looking, wondering, paralyzed for either play or work; miserable—only the more miserable for their wealth, futile to free them. Yet there is nothing that the servants, most vigilant of detectives, have ever talked about. Absolutely Nothing!

Still, every morning a glass of fresh flowers on the window sill of Hilliard's studio is the greeting returned by the opening of a window in the studio over the stile. Every night the turning up of a light in Hilliard's studio sends a "good night" across his lawn to a curtain in the other, which has been raised to receive it, and then is lowered in answer.

It is Nothing, and yet neither can sleep if it be missing now.

I surprised Hilliard one day when he was distinctly not bored. It was at a 5 o'clock and private view at a studio in town. The little company had gathered half unconsciously about him, fascinated to silence in listening to his animated observations, so rare of late—the wise, broad, witty, penetrating yet generous way in which he disposed of pretenders to the art here truly exemplified. Mrs. Henry was his companion, dressed in a dark velvet gown, coming high about her slender throat. Her pale, long, distinguished face was glowing like a lily in bloom. Her eyes could not conceal her delight in the rapt deference paid to Hilliard. But it was the coming half hour together in the carriage on the homeward drive that was exalting both till they were already floating in the only heaven they dreamed of or cared for.

Nothing? Is it nothing that in these days two with every resource at their free command, two for whom all the rest of the world is nothing, hold themselves nobly in hand, unwilling that other hearts than their own shall be wrung, resolved that no mock shall be borne by others for their sake, convinced that no such shock as they might give it were they to fly from their orbits should be borne by a social order already staggering under accumulated scandals?

Nothing? Is there anything loftier, saintlier, more heroic than such sacrifice, such abnegation, such crucifixion of self for others? In saints and heroes of the storied past do we call such renunciation Nothing?

THEY DID NOT MELT AWAY.

The Unexpected Result of a Declaration of Unalterable Principle.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

"I you want to say anything before we jerk you up," announced the leader of the Arizona regulators, when all was in readiness, "we'll listen to you."

The stolid face of the condemned horse thief lit up with a sudden gleam of hope.

"Will you give me five minutes?" he asked.

"Yes. Go ahead."

"Men," he said, straightening himself up and looking with a piercing eye over the crowd of rough, desperate frontiersmen, "I know well enough my time's come. I'm not going to do any begging for mercy. It's too late for that now. I've been a tough lot in my time. I've been more kinds of a scoundrel than you know anything about. Maybe I'd do better if I could live my life over again, and maybe I wouldn't. There's no telling. But there's one thing I want to say. I'm not all bad. I've got some good streaks in me. I have some idea of what's right and what's wrong, and no man can say I haven't any principle. I want you to remember that. Whatever you may say about me after it's all over, there's one thing I don't want you to forget. I've lived up to my lights in one way. I never went back on my country. No matter how things were going with me, I've done all that one man could do to set a good example in one particular. I've lied and cheated, and stole, and, for all you know, I have counterfeited, and run off with other men's wives, and killed my man, dozens of times. I'm not saying whether I have or not. That's all past and gone. But all my life I have been true to one principle. Ever since I was old enough to know anything I have believed, as I do now, in the final and complete triumph of one great doctrine. I am now, as I have always been, in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver——"

The mob made a wild rush.

In stories of this kind this is the point at which the avengers usually make a frantic and desperate break to get away from the scene, leaving the orator to climb down from the barrel and go about his business; but the historian is compelled to record the fact that in this instance nothing of the kind took place.

The mob made a wild rush and strung that orator up.

He had spoken less than two minutes.

An Unaffected Princess.

From Tid Bits.

Of all members of the royal family the Duchess of Fife is the one who dislikes publicity the most, and probably no other princess goes into public so often without being recognized. The duchess is extremely fond of walking, and does most of her shopping on foot, and as she generally wears a thick veil her identity is seldom revealed. Her royal highness does not care about great festivities, and particularly dislikes the official ceremonies of the court, such as drawing rooms and state concerts. The duchess is never so happy as when she is in the nursery with her two little girls, and, indeed, it may truly be said that she inherits all the home instincts of her mother, the Princess of Wales. The duchess, like her sisters, Princesses Victoria and Maud, is a good needlewoman, and has a knowledge of cooking such as would astonish a good many middle-class housekeepers.

WELCOME TO VISITORS

Plans of the Entertainment Committee for the C. E. Convention.

AN ADMIRABLE SYSTEM ADOPTED

How the Delegates Will Be Provided With Quarters.

A MASS OF DETAILS

Given to hospitality" and "be not forgetful to entertain strangers" are Scriptural injunctions which will be observed by the citizens of Washington at the time of the approaching Christian Endeavor convention, if the desires and plans of the entertainment committee are carried out—and there are no grounds for anticipating a failure. The city will be thronged by visiting thousands in July next, most of whom will remain one week at least, and to furnish suitable and sufficient accommodations for this great number, collectively, and to assign such quarters individually is the by no means easy task of the entertainment committee, one of the subdivisions of the committee of '96, the latter being in charge of the arrangements for the coming convention. The chairman of the entertainment committee is Miles M. Shand, who is a member of the Calvary Baptist Church, and well known to every local Endeavorer as the president of the District of Columbia Christian Endeavor Union.

He was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and is of Scotch parentage. His education was received in the schools of his native town and in 1882 he came to Washington to accept a position in the State Department, where he has been employed ever since.

His life while in this city, as well as before his coming here, has been characterized by a lively interest in religious work, and his ability and zeal have found expression in many directions. He was for five years superintendent of the Sunday school at Memorial Chapel, corner 5th and P streets, which was at that time one of the largest Sunday schools in the District. For several years past he has been secretary of the Sunday school of Calvary Baptist Church and has served the school with great efficiency.

Since the organization of the Christian Endeavor Society in Calvary Church six years ago, Mr. Shand has been much interested in the movement. He served one year as vice president of the District of Columbia Union, one year as chairman of its lookout committee and is now president of the union. Every duty to which he has been called has been performed in a quiet and modest, but thoroughly efficient and helpful manner, and he has the united and devoted support of the Christian Endeavor of the District.

The secretary of the committee is R. A. Pearson, and the members are: Norman T. Elliott, F. M. Bradley, W. I. Simpson, W. W. Warwick, Rev. Charles Alvin Smith, E. A. Clark, Charles E. Paul, Glen T. Jones, David P. Wolhaupter, jr., S. D. Luckett, Rev. J. H. Bradford, Rev. F. A. Stier, C. B. Jewell and J. L. H. Winfield.

Assisting this central committee is an auxiliary entertainment committee made up of several members from each society in the union, numbering more than 500 persons. Though pre-eminently a convention city, and well equipped in accommodations and by experience for taking care of large crowds, Washington has not sufficient hotel room for the seventy-five thousand or more expected sojourners, and it will be necessary to call into requisition the boarding houses and private homes to properly care for the visitors. It could hardly be expected that a city should have available hotel accommodations for a throng of transients equal to nearly one-fourth its population; such an unusual number of visitors must be cared for by the citizens themselves. And it is known also that a great majority of the delegates to the convention will prefer stopping in the homes of the residents. In this way Washington's citizens will come into direct contact with the great bulk of those who have been invited to enjoy the hospitality of the nation's capital, and will have an opportunity of sustaining the city's excellent reputation in this regard.

Information About Accommodations.

Upon its organization in November last the entertainment committee immediately began a canvass of the local hotels, learning how many delegates each would agree to accommodate and at what rate. This work has been completed, and from the information thus obtained Chairman Shand has been enabled to lend material aid to many of the excursion managers from the various delegations, who have desired hotel headquarters for the delegates from their unions. Practically all the hotels have responded to the committee's request for information, and reasonable rates have been granted. Up to the present time twenty state excursion managers have closed contracts with the hotels for accommodations for all or a part of the delegations which they expect to bring with them.

It is usual, in planning to attend a Christian Endeavor convention, for the several state unions to appoint a committee of one or more persons to have entire charge of arranging for the trip. Excursion managers, as they are called, are selected, who estimate as accurately as possible the size of their delegations, select the route and arrange the itinerary, and, if a hotel is wanted in the convention city, close the contract for such accommodations. As a general rule, the excursion managers make a trip to the city, and by personal observation are the better prepared to secure the accommodations which their delegations desire. Such a course is found to be much more satisfactory than making arrangements by correspondence.

Visits from advance agents of state delegations are of frequent occurrence at the headquarters of the '96 committee. Such callers are referred to Chairman Shand, who questions them as to the expected size of their delegations, what character of quarters they prefer, and the rate they are willing to pay. Learning what they are after, he refers to his list of hotels, selects those which would answer the wants of the delegation, and gives his callers a card of introduction to the hotel proprietors. The managers then treat entirely with the hotels, and themselves enter into any contract which may be made, the entertainment committee assisting only in the selection of quarters and acting as a means of communication between the two parties in interest. The committee prefers that hotel arrangements be made after a personal visit by the state's representatives, and as evidence that this is much the more satisfactory course, it may be said that all the selections so far have been made in this manner. It is significant, too, that twenty delegations have already secured hotel quarters, while the convention is yet four months away, whereas at Boston last year not more than eighteen delegations were quartered in the hotels at the time when the convention was in session. This is an indication of increased attendance this year, rather than of a more widespread desire to stop at the hotels.

In the Homes.

But the assigning of states to hotels is only one phase of the work devolving upon the entertainment committee, and that is done entirely by the central committee. By far the most important and arduous task, and that which will call for the assistance of each member of the large auxiliary body, is the canvassing of the city to provide accommodations for the great majority who will not be cared for in hotels. Out of the seventy-five thousand delegates and visitors (more or less) for whose comfort the entertainment committee is working to provide, up to the present time about forty-five hundred have secured hotel quarters. In the homes the great bulk of the delegates will be provided for.

To secure a record of all boarding houses and private families, where one or several delegates may find accommodations during convention week, the entertainment committee proposes to make a canvass of the city, which has been divided into eleven districts or sections for this purpose. The work in each district will be in charge of one of the members of the central committee, who will be assisted by sections of the auxiliary body assigned for such duty.

Before making the canvass, however, notices will be given general publicity in the churches requesting all persons and families who have any rooms which can be placed at the disposal of the committee to make the fact known. Those who desire to accommodate delegates during the period of their stay in the city will be requested to state in their applications the number which can be provided for, what character of accommodations will be furnished—whether lodging only, or room and breakfast, or room and board both—and the rate to be charged. These applications will be carefully classified, and a record kept by means of the card index system. Members of the auxiliary committee will also visit the houses offered for the purpose of personal inspection of the accommodations offered, and to satisfy the committee that the provisions made are suitable and comfortable.

The Assignment of Delegates.

It is expected that April 1 will see this work well under way, and in May it may be thought advisable to begin a house-to-house canvass, if more accommodations are necessary. When the returns are all in and classified, lists will be sent to the various churches, which have been assigned for headquarters of delegations, from which assignments will be made to the delegates as they arrive and are registered. For example, Pennsylvania is assigned to the Calvary Baptist Church, and expects to send a delegation of 6,000. A list of accommodations for more than 6,000 persons will be sent to that church, the homes located as conveniently as possible to the church. As the delegates arrive in the city they will be met at the depot by members of the reception committee and escorted to their assigned church, where they will register and be given badges and programs by members of the registration committee. Then they will be taken in hand by representatives of the entertainment committee, who will select suitable quarters and direct them to their assigned homes, or have them escorted there by one of the ushers. As each assignment is made, the name and address of the delegate will be entered on a card and filed for reference.

There is a mass of detail about this work of the entertainment committee, which would be confusing were it not for the excellent system adopted. To plan out such an elaborate and complete scheme requires more than common executive ability; to classify and arrange the indexes and attend to the correspondence and the many other duties calls for laborious effort on the part of the secretary; to put the plans as adopted into practical operation needs the continued and diligent application of time and energy on the part of each committee member, whether of the central or auxiliary bodies. It is the opinion of those whose judgment is regarded with approval that these several requirements are all satisfactorily met in the present constitution of the entertainment committee.

HE ROLLED OUT OF JAIL.

Surprising Adventures of a Man Who Made a Break for Liberty.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Ted Dillon, the Ludlow section man who is charged with forgery, has escaped from jail a second time. Dillon was apprehended last Saturday, while making his way to this city from Ludlow, a station in the desert. He was charged with stealing a time check and forging the indorsement in order to cash it. He was taken back to Barstow for preliminary examination Monday, and the same evening, while the officers had him out for an airing, he gave them the slip. The next morning he was found fifty-five miles away, and he must have walked the whole distance that night. He was again taken back to Barstow, and the examination postponed until Friday morning. Dillon announced that he had sent to San Bernardino for an attorney.

This was only a play for time, and his opportunity came the same evening. The two officers who had him in charge left him in jail while they went to supper, but they took the precaution to lock a pair of handcuffs around Dillon's ankles. They were so tight that Dillon complained of the pain. The officers were gone but a few minutes, but when they returned they found the door open and footprints in the dust, indicating that Dillon was taking long jumps toward Doggett. The officers followed the trail a mile and a half, and then lost it. In the morning they discovered that Dillon had doubled back toward Barstow. He had found a hut frequented by tramps, and by means of a pair of fishplates had cut the links holding the handcuffs together. From the hut Dillon had gone directly to Barstow and from there the officers have no trace of him. Dillon's trip from the jail down the track and back to the hut must have been at no small personal discomfort. The trail showed that he had at times rolled for a distance of fifty yards, this probably when the irons became too painful to permit him to jump.

SAMBUR HUNTING IN CEYLON.

Giant Stags and Dwarf Deer Among the Land's Attractions for Sportsmen.

Some of the delights of Ceylon deer hunting are described in Outing. There are four varities of deer there, of which the sambur, erroneously called elk, is most sought, because it is the largest and fiercest of all. The stag sambur stands from twelve to fourteen hands high, and is hunted with a pair of fierce dogs in leash to do the throat grabbing and a pack of trailers to bring the beast to bay. The leash dogs are a cross between fox and wolf hounds, the others are fox hounds straight.

The rifle is very seldom used in sambur hunting, though once in a while one is killed on a runway like Adirondack deer. This rifle killing is necessary "because a number of young dogs are in the pack, who to be properly trained should suck a sambur's throat blood." This is like the necessary winter deer crusting with young dogs in the Adirondacks.

A part of the hunt will not be fully appreciated by sportsmen in the United States. "We soon found ourselves," says the writer, "in a perfect forest of nilbe, which for a moment threatened to bar our way. Drawing my knife I slashed viciously, chopping like a backwoodsman, crawling, jumping and advancing. I came to the stream, and in a moment I was in it, and, running along it, soon came in view of the game at bay. In a little recess, backed by smooth, perpendicular rocks, stood a magnificent stag, his mane bristling, his head down ready to beat back any attack. The trailing pack stood about him, raising a row that made the forest echo. I had at once loosed the seizers, and at sight of the bay and at the sound of my voice, 'Yolks, to him!' they made a frantic rush at the stag. In a moment there was a confused mass of dog and deer, * * * and the two seizers had him by the throat. We two men piled onto the heap. * * * With a mighty convulsive leap that threw all but the seizer dog Grouach off, the stag fell forward, dead, with both our knives in his heart."

They find a perfect deer in Ceylon that is about the size of or smaller than the jack rabbit of the plains. It is called the mouse or musk deer, and has sharp white tushes in its jaws to fight with instead of horns. Good sport may be had bowling these deer over with a shotgun, Nos. 6 or 4 shot.

Wild boar, white-whiskered monkeys, muntjack, or raddy, field deer, and spotted deer are some other attractions to sportsmen. Little of the meat can be saved, as little meat is required for men in that climate. The sambur is too coarse for most tastes, so the meat mostly goes to the dogs, the hunters being satisfied with the trophies. The horns are usually not well developed, as no limestone is found in that country.

A Bowery Waiter's Amendment.

From the New York Sun.

A slim young man with a high standing collar and straw-colored mackintosh hurried into a Bowery restaurant the other evening. As the waiter with furled shirt sleeves threw his towel down on the table and gave it a wipe the slim young man jumped.

"What'll yer have?" asked the waiter.

"A piece of apple pie and a cup of coffee, and hurry up," said the young man firmly.

"Say, look a-here, young feller," said the waiter, shaking his finger at the guest, "I'll git yer de pie and I'll git yer de coffee, but I'll be hanged if I'll hurry up," and the big fellow slouched off toward the kitchen, leaving the young man transfixed.

"One in de dark and Eve's gift to Adam on a limited freight fer a 'Cholley," was the order he yelled into the kitchen.

HANDSOME STONES

Interesting Chat by Expert George F. Kunz.

MANY GEMS FOUND IN THIS COUNTRY

Spinel the Most Valuable, With a Great Range of Color.

POPULAR INTEREST

Public interest in the fancy, or semi-precious stones, has increased greatly in America since the centennial exposition of 1876. Formerly jewelers sold only diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, opals, pearls, garnets and agates; but now it is not unusual for the mineralogical gems, such as zircon, star sapphire, star ruby, tourmaline, spinel or titanite to be called for, not only by collectors, but by the public, whose taste has advanced as much in the matter of precious stones as it has in art.

Spinel is the most valuable of the semi-precious stones, and is one of the few minerals that are ornamental and beautiful enough for gems in their natural state. No other stone has so wide a range of color, and each color in turn is represented by many distinct shades. The flame red and crimson stones have been mistaken and sold for rubies, but although the hue may be vivid, yet it lacks the richness of the ruby. The orange-red spinels are called rubicelle, the pink ones balas ruby, and a charming variety of blues, blue greens, inky blues, purples and violets, terminating in the black spinel, called pleonaste, give this stone a range of color almost unequaled.

One would little expect to find the jewels of the Queen of the Ruby Mines any other than true rubies; but the English officer who, in 1886, took the hairpin from the private chamber of Soup-Y-La, the Queen of Burmah, in the palace at Mandalay, was surprised to find that the red jewel in it was not a true ruby, but a fine ruby spinel.

A Large Aquamarine.

Beryl is one of the most lustrous and brilliant of gems, and occurs in a variety of shades of yellow, golden yellow, yellow brown, brown, green, sage and grass green. Aquamarine, so called, comprises the white, light green, light blue and yellow green beryls, so called from their resemblance to the color of sea water. The yellow ones have been called golden beryls. All these varieties are often exceedingly beautiful and brilliant. The finest aquamarines are found in Russia, Brazil, Ceylon, Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Mount Antero, Colorado; at the latter locality, at an elevation of 14,000 feet, almost on the line of perpetual snow.

The large aquamarine now at the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago, the finest ever found in the United States, is from Stoneham, Maine. It is brilliant cut and weighs 133 3-4 carats. The color is light bluish green, and, with the exception of a few hair-like internal striations, it is perfectly clear. One of the finest known beryls is a superb blue green crystal, found in the Urals in 1826, weighing six pounds, and valued at $23,000. It is now at the School of Mines in St. Petersburg. Others worthy special attention are the one in the sword hilt of Prince Murat, sold in the Hope collection, and the frog of sea blue aquamarine on a jade leaf, shown at the Paris exposition of 1878, and now in the James Garland collection in New York city.

The name topaz generally suggests only a yellow stone, yet there are light blue and green varieties, which have frequently been sold as aquamarine, though the topazes are heavier than aquamarines, and I have frequently detected the difference without opening the paper containing them. Topaz admits of a very high polish and is very slippery to the touch. Strange to say, the yellow topaz, when slightly heated, becomes pink; heated further, the pink grows paler, and by long heating is entirely expelled, leaving the gem colorless. The sherry colored or brown topaz is bleached in a very short time by the rays of the sun or strong daylight, and all the white topazes found in nature have been decolorized in this way. The topaz is found in granite rocks in Siberia, Japan, Peru, Ceylon, Australia, Brazil and Maine, and in volcanic rocks in Colorada, Utah and New Mexico.

About Garnets.

One of the most beautiful of all gems, and one not known two decades ago, is the green garnet, called demantoid, or "Uralian emerald," or "Bobrowska garnet," found at Poldnewaja, near Sysserk, in the government of Orenberg, Russia. It varies from yellowish green to an intense emerald color, and has such a power of refracting light that it shows a distinct fire, like the diamond or zircon, and in the evening has almost the appearance of a green diamond.

Pyrope, or Bohemian garnet, has been long and extensively sought and worked in the region near Meronitz, Bohemia, where it is gathered from surface deposits and conglomerated rocks, coming from a decomposed peridotite. The gathering and cutting form a great industry in that country. Pyrope occurs under similar conditions in the diamond-bearing rocks of South Africa, and also in Arizona and New Mexico; and from both these regions gems of rich color are obtained, and sold under the name of Cape rubies and Arizona rubies. The African stones are larger than the American, and perhaps equal to them in color by daylight, but the latter are much richer by artificial light. Only the clear, blood-red color then remains visible, while the Cape rubies retain a dark tint, inclining to brown. About $5,000 worth of cut stones from Arizona are sold annually, and some peculiarly fine ones have brought from $50 to $100 each.

The turquoises of commerce are from these localities, Nishapur, Persia, the Desert of Sinai (Egyptian turquoise), and several localities in New Mexico. Those from Persia are of a softer blue and opaque: those from Egypt a darker blue and translucent, frequently changing to green; those from New Mexico are a fine blue, and fully half a million dollars' worth has been sold in the past five years. The best specimens come from Nishapur, where they occur in a clay slate. There is in the color of the best turquoises a peculiar quality, partly arising from the fact that the delicate blue tint is mingled with a slight infusion of green, and partly from a faint translucency of the stone. Turquoise is not opaque, thin splinters transmitting light easily, and cutting and scraping like ivory with a polished cut.

Turns Green With Age.

The true turquoise, which shows various hues and tones of blue, greenish blue, bluish green, is not to be confounded with the blue fossil turquoise or odontolite, which is a fossil ivory, or, rather, fossil bone, colored by phosphate or iron.

Turquoise often becomes green by age, as may be frequently seen in turquoise cameos of the Italian cinquecento. When green spots appear on turquoise, the color can often be restored by allowing them to remain in a solution of equal parts of alcohol and ammonia, or imbedding them for a time in fuller's earth wet with alcohol or water. These spots are often due to the absorption of grease or other fatty compounds, which separate from the soap when the hands are washed, or to the action of perfumes, which leave oily essences upon evaporation. Sometimes, however, they result from a natural change, and hence this beautiful gem cannot be guaranteed, although the owners of the American mines replace any stone that changes color within six months. In a coronation chair in the Kremlin are several old turquoises, some of which are beautifully blue, while others in the same chair have changed to green. Turquoise has been found all the way from Colorado to Peru.

GEORGE F. KUNZ.

TOO TIRED TO SLEEP.

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

The weariness from brain work and nervous excitement is the most enervating fatigue there is. Horsford's Acid Phosphate quiets the nerves and induces sleep.

"Stands at the head of its class, without a peer."—Christian Work, New York.

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NOT SO BADLY WINDED.

An Ambitious Wheelman Becomes Aware of His Error.

From the Youth's Companion.

A kerosene bicycle certainly has its faults, and at present the price is unsatisfactory; but I had sport enough with mine the first afternoon I took the road to balance the account.

It was the first one seen in that part of the country, and as the young fellows call it "the lazy man's wheel," I told none of them about my purchase. Next day, in the afternoon, I filled the little tank with oil, lighted the "ignition lamp," and set off at about 4 o'clock for a trial trip.

On that hot summer evening there was a certain indolent pleasure and comfort in sitting back and allowing the little kerosene engine to furnish the motive power, while I steered. The contrivance worked fairly well. Of course, there was a little odor, but not more than comes from a kerosene lantern; and it did not puff loud enough to frighten horses.

After about ten miles, southbound, I made a call on an acquaintance, and then rode back. It had grown quite dark along the unlighted country highway when I drew near the village where I live, but as I was in no haste, I shut the oil off to about the least degree of speed possible, and was jogging slowly forward when toot, toot, toot went a mellow little bugle behind, and a fellow bicyclist trundled up abreast of me on the other side of the road.

It was too dark for me to recognize him, even if he had been an acquaintance and not an entire stranger. He said "Good evening" and passed me rapidly, for he was evidently a "scorcher," who liked to show speed.

"Good evening," I replied, and let on a little more oil; for no one enjoys being left behind in a summary manner. My new machine quickened, and I hung on his quarter.

Observing this, he also quickened, and I let on a little more oil, keeping close in his rear.

My machine now puffed audibly, and I was aware that my fellow traveler turned his head in an effort to scrutinize me more closely. It was quite dark, however, and apparently he concluded that I was doing the puffing and exerting myself injudiciously to race him.

"Your wind seems a little sprung, my friend," he remarked pleasantly.

"I do have the phthisic slightly, in hay-fever time," I replied, moving up abreast of him, and even passing him a little.

Thereupon he put up his racing hump! It was to be a race, I saw. So, not to be outdone in good form, I put up a hump, too, and also opened up the feed pipe of my kerosene works.

In consequence I appeared to puff terribly; but by this time the other fellow was doing a good deal of puffing himself, for we had come to a long stretch of ascending ground, where the road was decidedly heavy.

I maintained my hump and went up the hill in great shape, and I will do my rival the justice to say that he followed my lead in good style. His pride was evidently touched, and he was exerting himself to the utmost.

I led him by an easy twenty yards, however, and I knew that he must be suffering. Human muscle cannot compete properly, on a long, hard hill, with steam or kerosene. He stuck to the race pluckily, however, thinking that a wind-sprung man must needs collapse ere long, or else, perhaps, that he could yet come in on the down-hill stretch beyond.

The village lay on the other side of the hill, and, emerging from the shadows of a pine grove, we passed the cemetery and glided swiftly into the main street, under the bright glare of an arc light. I now slowed, suddenly, preparatory to turning into the cross-street, where I live, and my friend of the up-hill race glided alongside.

"For a hay fever man you are a good——" he began to say, but stopped short, for now for the first time he got a good view of my wheel, and saw that my feet were on the rests. Then many impetuous words, low, but emphatic, burst from his lips.

"Yes, hay fever is very disagreeable, but is not dangerous to life," I said. "Good night."

The muttered response of my new road acquaintance I will not repeat.

USING THE NEW LIGHT.

How It May Be Applied to the Detection of Criminals.

From the Paris Gaulois.

M. Bertillon has been heard recently to state that he no longer photographs only the exterior of prisoners, but their consciences as well. A reporter, who called on him in order to question him concerning this process, was present while the following conversation took place:

Prisoner—"I object to this proceeding. I am innocent. You might at least wait until judgment has been pronounced before you subject me to this odious process."

M. Bertillon—"It is curious. They all say the same; they are all innocent. What are you accused of."

Prisoner—"I don't quite know."

M. B. (to the police who have brought in the prisoner)—"Why has this man been arrested?"

Constable—"We are not quite sure, sir; we have only been ordered to arrest him."

M. B.—"Very well. Prisoner, let me see what your crime is. Just sit down on that chair. I shall find out at once."

(Takes a photographic apparatus, a Crookes tube and a Ruhmdorft battery from their hiding place, photographs the prisoner by means of Roentgen rays, and then goes into the next room to develop the photograph.)

M. B. (returning with the plate)—"Eh, my good fellow, you are a thief. You have been stealing some plate. Now, don't deny it; you will only aggravate your case. I know for certain. I have just been photographing your conscience."

Prisoner—"Well, yes—may be—but——"

M. B.—"Where are the silver spoons? Out with them, quickly."

Prisoner—"I have not got them here."

M. B.—Don't tell lies. I have seen them. (To the reporter.) You see, you would not believe just now that I can photograph a conscience. Now, look at this plate. I have discovered the stolen spoons in the prisoner's stomach. He has swallowed them in order to escape. (The prisoner is led way, and M. Bertillon shouts triumphantly.) There, now, we shall not require any more lawyers. What with the Roentgen rays, and what with my discovery, all crimes will be laid bare. What progress this is!

The Greatest Good.

From the Chicago Record.

In the car—"Do you believe in the greatest good to the greatest number?"

"Well, yes."

"Then don't try to sit down on this side; eleven of us in this row have comfortable room now, but if you sit down twelve of us will be crowded."

AFRICA FROM AN OX WAGON.

A Woman Traveler's Remarkable Journey of 1,200 Miles.

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

Less than a year ago Miss Alice Blanche Balfour, an English lady, with a taste for art and adventure, sailed from Southampton, one of a party of four bound for Cape Town, and from there wherever fancy or fate might point the way. The plan in general was laid out before leaving England, which was to travel by ox wagon during the wanderings of the party, the final objective point, however, being Pretoria. After three pleasant weeks at sea the members of the party found themselves in Cape Town, where they were met by an invitation from Mr. Cecil Rhodes to occupy his residence, a few miles away, during his absence on a business journey.

Before their wagon train was ready the party had opportunity to visit the Orange Free State, Basutoland, Johannesburg and Kimberley by rail, beginning their real journey by wagon at Mafeking, in British Bechuanaland. The wagon was constructed especially for the journey, but it proved on trial to be a ramshackle affair. The springs soon broke, and every jolt threw the inmates and baggage from side to side and rendered sleep or even rest impossible when the vehicle was in motion.

The bullocks had never been taught to pull together, and one would lie down and chew the cud, while the others hauled. The day's program rarely varied. Says Miss Balfour: "We trek at about 3 in the morning till about 7. As the road is usually pretty jolty, and, therefore, not conducive to slumber, Mrs. Grey and I sleep on for another hour after we stop; that is, from 7 to 8. During this time the tent is put up, and some water got, if possible, for our baths. Meanwhile the men have gone out shooting. We have breakfast together on the veldt about 9:30 or 10. After that till about 1:30 is free. At 1 we have a cup of cocoa and a biscuit, and then pack up for another two hours' trek, from 2 to 4. One has to pack everything in most carefully, as otherwise it would be either jolted to pieces or tossed out. Washstand, campstools, ladder, books, etc., are all located in our wagon, and have to be taken out and in at each trek."

After five weeks of this sort of life the party reached Buluwayo, the former capital of Matabeleland, and residence of King Lobengula. Dr. Jameson, who has lately played so important a part in South African affairs, lived here, and gave hearty and hospitable welcome to the travelers. Miss Balfour thus describes his house: "It has mud walls, mud floor, thatched roof with no ceiling, doors made of two packingcase lids, and an unglazed window with shutters of rough boards. Furniture: A bedstead, one box upside down, some wooden shelves, a small strip of matting, an empty whisky bottle doing duty as a candlestick, and (oh, luxury) a table. Dr. Jameson's room, occupied by Mrs. Grey, is much the same, only it has a six-inch square looking glass as well; and for the first time for five weeks she has been able to look at her back hair."

In September the travelers reached Zanzibar and made a few days' stop at the German headquarters, Dar-es-Salaam. The town was founded only three years ago, but has had a phenomenal growth. Two things which impressed her were the inordinate and universal habit of liquor drinking and the number of convicts and criminals. "It was a shock to our English ideas," she says, "to see numbers of native women working on the roads and being driven to their work by a white man carrying a large rawhide whip. I became daily more astonished at the number of convicts or prisoners. Everywhere you came upon gangs of four to eight—often women—chained together by the necks and hounded along by a black policeman or soldier. I should think there were fewer prisoners in all the Chartered Company's territories than in this one little town." Miss Balfour closes the story of her journey with this half humorous wail: "Five months in the country without seeing either lion, crocodile, or hippopotamus. What has been the use of our coming to Africa?"

About Relatives.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Heat and cold," began the philosophical boarder, "are only relative."

"Yes," Asbury Peppers assented; "and the richer they are the colder."

"The richer what are?"

"Relatives."

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.