The Morning Call.

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NOTHING WASTED.

Saving Has Become a Science.

SOME WONDERFUL ECONOMY.

Frank Carpenter Tells How the Chinese People Live at Home.

NANKING, China, May 13, 1894.—I understand that many Americans are patting themselves on the back at their success in economizing during the present hard times. They don't know what economy is. They should take a trip to China and learn something of the science of saving. The expense of living is here reduced to a minimum, and these Chinese millions would grow fat on what the thrifty French and Germans waste. The food for a poor man in Nanking costs him no more than 2 cents a day, and at $4 a month a man will support a family and lay up money. I met a fat, jolly looking Chinaman this morning, who told me he had a wife and

Shaving the Baby's Head.

five children, and his income was sufficient for all his wants. He earned about $2 in gold a month as a carpenter, and his wife makes $1 more by going out to work. It costs 5 cents a day to feed a patient in the Methodist Hospital here, and a farmer may be hired for from $10 to $12 a year, provided he has his rice, his head shaving and his tobacco. It costs about $5 a year to buy the wardrobe of a common laborer, and a Chinaman will put on flesh on a dollar a month. The majority of the people of this part of China are well fed and well dressed. They have good faces, and they are, I believe, far happier than the average American laborer. They seem to enjoy their lives and their families, and they are far above the average of the world in their manners and culture. I have mixed indiscriminately among them, and find them polite and kindly. They crowd about me wherever I go. They finger my clothes, and when I take a photograph or stop to write a note they almost block the street in their anxiety to see what the foreign barbarian is doing. Their curiosity, however, is free from malice, and they are not the fierce foreign-devil haters I met with farther up the river. I find much in them to admire, and I wonder every day at their wonderful economies.

Let me mention a few of them.

In the first place in the way of fuel. Nearly all of the fires in Nanking are made of straw and reeds. Every whisp of dry grass is cut and saved. There are thousands of people who do nothing else but reap the reeds which grow along the banks of the Yangtse Kiang and bring them into the cities to sell. These reeds are as thick as the base of a walking-stick and are often fifteen feet long. They are cut and stacked up along the banks and thence are carried up and down the river in flat-bottomed boats. Such wood as is used is tied up in little bunches and is sold by weight. Charcoal is sometimes found, and I see here and there little balls of coal dust of about the size of a baseball. The powdered coal is mixed with mud and dried in this shape. No one in China, however, either rich or poor, thinks of keeping warm by means of fuel. There are no furnaces nor base-burners, and wadded clothing among the poor and fur garments among the rich keep out the cold. A fire is never built by a poor man except when it is absolutely necessary, and the hot water used for the tea and rice in the early morning is sold by hot-water stores. You can get a bucket of boiling water for one-tenth of a cent, and there is one such store in Shanghai to every twenty families. A large amount of rice is cooked at one time, and the breakfast rice is warmed by the pouring of hot water or hot tea over it.

Speaking of tea, there are teashops or restaurants all over China, and you get very fair meals in these for small prices. The cooking ovens are at the entrance of the teahouse, and you have often to pass the cooks in going in to your meal. The tea is put into cups and hot water poured over it. After you have swallowed half of the contents the cup is filled with hot water, and one drawing of tea is supposed

Blind Singers.

to last one customer for a meal. After he leaves the tea grounds are gathered up and dried. They are sold latter on to poorer restaurants or to families, and nothing about the cookshop goes to waste. Even the water in which the potatoes are boiled and the other vegetables cooked is saved and sold for the feeding of hogs, and the bones of the meat are bought by the makers of chopsticks. Mr. Ferguson, the president of the Nanking University, told me that he had for a long time trouble in getting any meat brought to his house with the bones in it, and he found that butchers always cut out the bones and sold them separately from the meat itself. You see no empty cans or bottles lying about the houses of the foreigners in Nanking. The Chinese take them. They sell the bottles, and the tin of the cans is used by the tinners. A large part of the tin used in China comes from the petroleum cans of the Standard Oil Company, and every bit of iron is worked up by the blacksmiths into knives and farming implements. A large part of the razors of China are made of old horseshoes, and these are brought here by the ship load from Europe and are carried to all parts of the empire. After the Franco-Prussian war they were torn from the feet of the horses killed in battle and were brought here by the thousands of barrels.

The old-clothes man of China does a bigger business than his brothers of other parts of the world. There are streets of second-hand clothiers in every Chinese city, and clothes are sold over and over again, until they get down to the beggars. By this time they are shreds of rags, but their end is not yet. After the beggars find them too poor for even their use they are sold as old rags and are bought by the makers of shoes. The shoes of the men and boys of China have soles nearly an inch thick, and these soles are made of rags, which have been washed and dried and then pasted layer upon layer, until they reach the thickness required. They are cut then into shape and are so polished along the edges that you would think them made of leather or wood. The uppers are made of different qualities of silk or fine cloth, and the Chinaman's shoe if manufactured in America would cost more than the kind we use ourselves. In the making of the rain boots for muddy weather and hard traveling, soles of iron are often added, and the itinerant shoemaker who sits in nearly every block of a Chinese town has big-headed iron shoe tacks to drive into the soles to save wear and tear, and there are places where you can have your Chinese cap renovated and made equal to new. Even the rich, who have thousands of dollars invested in their fur garments, do not throw them away when they get dirty. They will wear a coat of silk lined with lamb's wool till the lining is as black as your hat. But some day the coat will disappear. It will be ripped apart and a preparation of lime and other material will be used which will make it as white and as pure as when it was first bought. The clothing of the poor is patched and repatched, and there are women by the score in every Chinese city who go about doing mending. I see them sitting in the narrow streets outside the houses working away under the hot sun, and they go from house to house and do the patching of the families for a few cash per patch. It is the same with the menders of crockery and broken china. These are so skilled that they will take a cup or teapot of the finest and thinnest of porcelain after it has been broken into pieces, and by means of wire rivets, which are fastened only to the outside of the cup or pot, put it together so that you could not tell if you saw only the inside that it had ever been broken. They will mend a half-dozen pieces in this way for from two to three cents. The work is marvelous. It could not be done by the watchmakers of America, but it is one of the specialties of the Chinese itinerant tinker.

I might go on for a column describing others of the wonderful economies I see all around me. I could tell you how these people will take a buffalo's horn of about the size of a cow's horn and by boiling it and pressing it out make it so thin that it becomes a lantern and forms a transparent globe as big as a two-gallon crock. I could show you them sitting in their shops handling old cotton wadding which has been worn by several different owners till it has almost dropped to pieces. They will pull it apart, take out the cotton, half clean it and mix it with fresh cotton for sale. Take a look at the barbers who stand on every street shaving the heads of all males from old men to babies. They receive from less than a cent to 5 cents a shave, according to the rank and wealth of their customer, but you note that they save the scrapings of the head, and these bits of hair are sold by them to furniture-dealers for the making of cushions. It is the same with eatables. All sorts of greens are eaten, cooked and raw, and a large number of the beggars are supported every winter by the government of the towns and villages, but as soon as spring comes this appropriation is dropped and they are literally turned out to grass.

As to beggars, there is no country in the world that has more impudent beggars than China, but I doubt whether in pro-

A Jolly Carpenter, Happy on $2 a Month.

portion to its population it has more than many parts of Europe. The Chinese beggars are, however, organized into bands. They have a trades union of their own and they go into the business as a profession. They have their kings, and the cities are divided up into beats, and woe to the man who attempts to jump his brother beggar's claim. There is sure to be a fight, and he will be run into prison or out of town. These beggars expect to get a certain amount—say one-tenth of a cent a day—from each storekeeper on their beat, and you can sometimes pay them to keep other beggars away.

At Wuhu a missionary owned a house facing on two street. He had beggars on both sides of him, but he finally arranged with the beggar in front to keep his rear cleared by the payment of a small sum per month. As soon as the bargain was made the beggars at the back of the house went away and he has had no trouble since then. Here in Nanking there is a royal guild of beggars, established, it is said, by the Emperor Hung Wo, who began life as a beggar, and became one of the greatest Emperors China has ever had. The head of this guild can prevent a shop or a family being annoyed by the beggars, and there is a system of buying off the assaults of beggars which prevails throughout China, and which exempts the man who pays from their visits. As it is, every one gives to the beggar. The sum is generally not more than one-tenth of a cent, and sometimes only half that. This is in silver, and it means only half the same amount on a gold basis. Think of giving a man the twentieth or fortieth of a cent to satisfy his hunger! That is what some of these beggars get. There is a kind of copper cash, about half the size of an ordinary cash, or as big as a nickel, which is worth about this, and this coin is called beggar cash. If a storekeeper refuses to give, the beggar will set up a howl, and he will continue his lamentations until the man is glad to pay him to move on. Sometimes the beggar threatens to kill himself in the store then and there if his demands are not satisfied, and, what is more, he sometimes does it. This is a terrible thing for the storekeeper. He has, by the laws of China, to pay the man's funeral expenses, and he may have to support his family for the rest of their lives.

The tricks and schemes which these beggars get up to screw money out of the people are legion. They mutilate themselves in all sorts of ways to excite pity. I watched one getting ready for business yesterday. He had a festering sore on his right foot, which extended from the little toe to the ankle, and he was scraping at this with a piece of rusty hoopiron to make it bleed and to make the flesh raw and angry. He stopped as I approached him, pointed to his bleeding foot and whined out a request for alms. Another beggar I photographed in one of the main streets of Nanking two days ago. He was standing in the center of the road, with no clothing on above the waist and was apparently blind. He had what looked like a great brick in his two hands and he was throwing this over his shoulders and striking himself on the small of the back. He was howling for alms as he did so, and had a basket fastened to a string, which he passed around between the blows. After his posing I gave him about 50 cash. His face lighted up and his eyes opened, and he ran off on the trot, the happiest beggar in Nanking. Other beggars cut themselves with knives to excite pity, and I saw one yesterday on what may be called the Vanity Fair of this city who had cut off his toes, and was lying on the stones with the bare stumps sticking out. One of the feet was still bloody, and the sight almost made me sick. Many of these beggars go about in boats, and there is a creek near Shanghai which is filled with boats of beggars, who go out over the country to prey upon the people. There is a jolly beggar along the Yangtse who has but one leg, but who sculls himself about from place to place in a little canoe, and gathers up the cash from the thousands who come near him on the water. I saw here yesterday on the steps of the Temple of Confucius a boy, who was pounding his head up and down upon his knees to excite pity. He had no arms, and he looked at me in a dazed way when I pointed my camera at him. Many of these beggars go about in gangs of from three to a score, and this is especially the case with the blind beggars. They have their leader, who goes ahead with a stick, and the others, women and men, follow, holding on to each other by the shoulder, and carrying baskets for cash or rice.

The worst beggars of the world, however, are the diseased beggars of China. Men and women sometimes take babies with the smallpox about in their arms and enter the stores to beg. The shopkeepers are glad to throw them some coppers to get them to move on. The lepers are another set of bad citizens. They are found all over China, and they are desperate in their applications for help. They have their unions and they levy blackmail upon every funeral. If they do not receive it they sometimes make it lively for the mourners. At Canton they wait at the cemetery and approach the funeral processions as they come in. They will take promises in case the head of the occasion has no money at hand, but if no money is sent they will dig up the bodies and hold them until they are ransomed.

The Chinese are, however, far more charitable than is generally supposed. They take better care of their families than any other people of the world, and a man is supposed to aid his poorer relatives and help them on in the world. With all the beggars there are, I venture, there are fewer unemployed people here in China today in proportion to the population than there are in America. The Government has charitable institutions and its officials are always giving out of their own pockets. Some extracts from the great Government Journal of China lie before me. From them I see that $50,000 was lately sent to some of the inhabitants of Mongolia who had suffered through a late rebellion there, and that a lady in Peking had just sent $1000 to relieve some poor people in her native province of Anhui.

In most of the cities there are Government granaries where rice is stored up for the poor against famine, and there are blind asylums, leper asylums, and in some places, I am told, public hospitals. There are no lunatic asylums, and families have to take care of their own insane. There are no workhouses, but there are soup kitchens and clothing clubs, and rice and clothing tickets are often given to the needy in times of famine and in the winter. The huts in which the beggars live here are mere sheds of the thinnest bamboo matting plastered on the inside with mud. These usually line the walls outside of a Chinese city. They are so small that it is hardly possible to stand upright within them, and the average size is not larger than the area of a hall bedroom. The floor is the ground, and this often forms the bed of the family. There is usually a partition which divides the hut in half, and the cooking is done over a fire of straw which is built upon the ground or in one of the clay stoves which are used everywhere throughout this part of China. There is, it must be remembered, no law against begging in China, and the beggars here have as many rights as any other citizens.

Our ideas of the Chinese, however, are crude in the extreme. This is a country of the rich as well as of the poor, and I see every hour the evidences of a social, intellectual and industrial life, which are different from any descriptions of China I have ever read, and which are interesting in the extreme.

Frank G. Carpenter

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CARE OF A PIANO.

Prevailing Notion That It Should Be Kept Perfectly Dry Disputed.

The prevailing notion that pianos should be kept perfectly dry is disputed by a well-known manufacturer of the instruments. He claims that a piano is more susceptible to extreme dryness than to any other influence. It is not generally known, but the sounding board of a piano, which is its life, is forced so tightly into the instrument when it is made that it bulges up in the center, on the same principle as a violin. The wood is as dry as possible, but it contains some moisture and gathers more on damp days.

Put a piano in an overheated room, and all this moisture is dried out, much to the detriment of its tone. The board loses shape and frequently cracks, while the felt cloth and leather used in the action dry up. The tone of the instrument becomes thin and tinny in consequence.

The manufacturer further asserts that the simplest and best preventive is to keep a growing plant in the room, and as long as that thrives the piano will thrive. It will be noted that a plant kept in the room with a piano will require to be watered much more frequently than if the instrument were not there.—Home Notes.

Alf Hayman's Story.

Alf Hayman, who came here for Manager Charles Frohman in advance of "Sowing the Wind," used to manage the Columbia Theater and was an active member of the Forty Club. When he went to New York as Frohman's general manager his name was transferred to the list of non-resident members of the club, so, of course, he attended the farewell dinner of the season last Tuesday afternoon. When he was called upon to tell how sorry he was that he had ever left Chicago, he told a story of a New York merchant, who had met with a long series of business reverses, and who would fail every time he built up a fortune. These trials by fire had made him learn a thing or two, and he became very cautious and secretive. While on a business trip to Buffalo not long ago he was taken seriously ill in the hotel and a physician was summoned by the landlord. This physician was shown up to the man's room, and he saw at a glance that the patient was in a very critical condition. He feared that there was absolutely no hope for his recovery.

"My friend," he asked, in a low voice, "have you any religion?"

"If I have," answered the patient meekly, "it's in my wife's name."—Chicago Times.

"I Am a Democrat."

David B. Hill's famous phrase, "I am a Democrat," with which he began a famous campaign speech in Brooklyn some seven or eight years ago, was suggested to him by a tipsy acquaintance named Charlie Fulton. Hill was walking his floor at Albany, cudgeling his brain for an introduction to his coming speech. Betwen his hiccoughs Fulton exclaimed: "Dave, you go down to Brooklyn, raise your right arm and say, 'I am a Democrat.'" The suggestion was adopted, and proved to be a capital stroke. —Exchange.

HANDSOME HARRY.

Courtaine and His Career in San Francisco.

MORE DRAMS THAN DRAMA.

A Wife's Devotion Illustrated, as Well as the Wretchedness Caused by an Incurable Habit.

Harry Courtaine, the once handsome and debonair English-Irish actor, who almost grew up with San Francisco, has been a stranger, with the exception of a short visit made a couple of seasons ago with Frank Daniels, to the city for several years. It is understood he is still living somewhere in the East, playing "old men" on a chance occasion; but it is presumed San Francisco will know him no more forever. Yet for a period of nearly thirty years or over no individual was more talked about in this city than "Handsome Harry," as he was commonly called. He had several claims on public attention, some worthy and others the reverse. It was the eccentric mixture, perhaps, of good and bad that

Harry Courtaine in the Costume of the Period.

made Courtaine an object of such general attention and of women's gossip. In the first place he was blessed with a good figure, and, when at his best, had an aristocratic air and manner. It was a pleasure to see Courtaine walk on the stage and his bearing while there, even if he did not utter a line of text. He had a nice singing voice, and as an actor was equally at home in both genteel and eccentric comedy. He would occasionally take an operatic role, where he acquitted himself with more than average ability. He would support Mrs. John Wood on occasions as Dr. Botcherby in Tom Taylor's "The Unequal Match" in a way that made the actors talk, and again would sing the Count di Luna in "Il Trovatore" to Signor Bianchi's Manrico so artistically as to cause operatic artists to marvel at his fine, virile barytone voice and the almost perfect manner in which he managed it. As Figaro in "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" he was never excelled here.

On the other hand Courtaine was cursed with the liquor habit to such a degree that drunkenness might have been called his chronic condition, marked by sobriety at rare and brief intervals. In the first years of his career in this city the "sprees" used to be looked upon and tolerated as one of the eccentricities of a gay young spark; but gradually it was discovered that whisky was a concentric proposition with the poor fellow, and then he was arrested on sight and sent to the County Jail as a common drunk and a most intolerable nuisance. He had his own cell, or one that he used to call his own, in the Broadway strong house, and it is not too much to say that he spent ten years of his San Francisco life inside its walls as an incarcerate.

Harry Courtaine arrived here about the year 1858. He was accompanied by his wife, Emma Grattan, a pretty, trim-looking, typical London actress, with the high bridged nose, transparent nostrils, short upper lip, and in figure, the sloping shoulders claimed to be an aristocratic mark. Courtaine and his wife were engaged in London by the first Mrs. "Tom" Maguire, and sent to San Francisco for an engagement at the Washington-street Opera-house together with a low comedian named Sims, and his wife who was quite a figure in spectacular pieces. Mrs. Maguire No. 1 was a woman of affairs, and when she died the ship that bore her husband and his fortunes lost its helm.

The name of the play in which Courtaine opened cannot be recalled just now. It was of a light, amusing character, and the house was crowded to see the new actors from "Lunnon." From the applause with which he was greeted, and the laughter excited, the newcomer thought he had made a hit that could not be challenged. He was mistaken. Among those in the crowded auditorium was the late Mr. James Nisbet, then dramatic critic of the Evening Bulletin, a hard-headed, observant old Scotchman, who looked closer into the business going on before the footlights than did the thoughtless crowd about him. In his criticism, which appeared the following afternoon, he pronounced the genteel light comedian—all the way from Bowbells—a "Jack-pudding," an old-fashioned phrase, which Webster defines as "A merry-Andrew, a buffoon, a zany." It was an unexpected and, to the young actor, a cruel blow. Perhaps he deserved it, in a degree, as he took unwarranted liberties with his part, presuming, no doubt, that San Francisco was what has been called of late years by disappointed actors, with not a tithe of Courtaine's ability, a "Jay town," and that everything would go from a London man. He felt Nisbet's comment keenly, and was more careful of his stage business thereafter. Some said the critic drove him to an acquaintance with John Barleycorn. Hardly. The "little brown jug" and Harry Courtaine must have been friends long before he saw San Francisco or read Nisbet.

Contradictory statements are made in regard to Courtaine's parentage and people. It was given out that he is a natural son of the eccentric Marquis of Waterford, who almost beggared himself in playing practical jokes both in the United States and England. Courtaine might have been one of these jokes. Further, that the Marquis had given him a thorough general and professional education and then launched him on the world to make or mar his fortune. Against this was set the statement of the late John Allen, musician and orchestra leader, father of the Allen sisters, now favorites on the American stage. Allen was a dark-skinned Englishman, with hair as black as a raven's wing, although he was quite an old man in the sixties. Some of his cronies called him "Black Jack" on account of the hue of his hair and skin. He had been a sort of roving manager in England during his early years, picking up amusement snaps in London and taking them into the provinces—something after the fashion that Dickens describes in his "Old Curiosity Shop." He had heard the story of Courtaine's aristocratic origin, and one day he burst out after a party had repeated it to him, speaking with a strong English accent:

"Markis o' Waterford be blowed. Who are you speakin' to? What are ye givin' me? I knew Courtaine when he was a kid. His name was Jimmy Curtin, the son of an Irish plasterer, that lived in the Tower Hamlets, London. I found him dancin' for coppers in the publics that are plenty enough in that quarter, I can tell you. As he was a bright little chap and could handle his feet well, besides doing a bit of a song on a pinch, I engaged him from his daddy to go down to the country. He took with the yokels, and I made a good bit of money out of him, I must say. He's turned out pretty well in the perfesh has Jimmy, and it's a pity he lushes so much. But that yarn about the Markis o' Waterford being his dad is all bosh."

One would be inclined to accept the Waterford origin, however, if he had met Courtaine in a lucid interval. He dressed with fine taste when he "put his good clothes on," he had an urbane, gentlemanly manner of address, he spoke pure English, free from slang and almost from colloquialisms. When his unfortunate liquor habit was alluded to, at such times, he expressed a feeling of abhorrence, and wished to God he could be cured of it. Had the Keeley cure been in vogue during Courtaine's time he might have rid himself of the demon; but it is a question if his constitution would not have sufficed in the struggle.

"Harry," a well-wisher said to him one day, "you are a man yet in the prime of life and with many years before you. Why don't you pull yourself together, exert your will-power and call a halt on this drink question?"

Courtaine looked at the speaker and his eyes assumed a melancholy expression. He was a consummate actor.

"Listen, my friend," he said, after a while, "and I will try to make you understand my condition. Imagine a man starving and a table within reach abundantly supplied with food. What persuasion of friends, what exercise of will-power on his own part could prevent that starving wretch from snatching and devouring the food before him? I am that poor wretch, and am drawn toward liquor as the famishing man is toward food. Heavens! I cannot describe to you the torture I feel in the effort to refrain from drinking. My only safety is in being forcibly restrained. In fact, I am so much a victim of the habit and my whole system so sympathizes with it that when I see a party in the act of drinking any stimulant I feel the influence of it in my own sense of taste."

Others have confessed a similar state of mind and body to this. In their case it may have been disease, and they are to be pitied; but in the actor's case, those who knew him best considered he romanced, and acted the hypocrite, for it was well known that when he felt drawn to play the drunken role, he prepared for it. He laid away all his good clothes carefully, and selected a ragged suit, so ragged as to be beyond injury, and that might properly be worn by Jem Baggs, the wandering minstrel. Invested in this toggery, he walked arm in arm with Bacchus for many a night, and went down into depths from which he only emerged when nature was nearly exhausted; and then by a kindly policeman he was conveyed to the station, and subsequently to the County Jail.

Courtaine was a continual disappointment to his manager and the public. He was as unreliable as Sims Reeves—but not from the same cause—was said to have been in his London concert engagements. Yet so indulgent were the San Francisco public that whenever "Handsome Harry" reappeared after a long spree, looking so jaunty in the bravery of a well-fitting costume, the house rose to him in tumultuous welcome. Some were unkind enough to say that the actor had these "welcomes" in view when he was carousing, and was vain and weak enough to think they were worth the breaking down of his health by debauchery.

The time came when his wife, Emma Grattan, worn out by her husband's conduct, left him and returned to Europe to follow her profession. After her departure Courtaine went down in the professional gamut very rapidly, and rather affected the minstrel crescent at last with another noted professional called Miss Fanny Russum, whose father was Recorder of the city at one time. Miss Russum's friends were much opposed to her going

Harry Courtaine in Character.

on the variety stage, but she went there in spite of everything done to dissuade her. Her debut and subsequent eccentric career excited as much talk as did Courtaine's peculiar caprices. Between them both they managed to keep the tongues of all the gossips active. Miss Russum has passed out of ken for some years.

Sickness fell upon Courtaine at last and he was sent to the City and County Hospital, where he lay dying, as was thought. His wife had been parted from him for eighteen years. Captain Douglass of the police force, as is understood, discovered that she was playing an engagement in New York, and sent her word that Harry was passing away and longed to see her again. Forgetting all she had suffered, and remembering only that her husband was sick and had asked for her, the devoted woman threw up her engagement, hastened to San Francisco and to her husband's bedside, where her presence and nursing soon induced convalescence and ultimate recovery. "Truly," as George Eliot says, "a woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts." Miss Grattan took Courtaine to New York when he was fully recovered, and by the influence of Mart Hanley got him an eighteen months' engagement at $75 per week. This devoted woman passed to her accounts years ago.

Courtaine's later years have been shrouded in gloom by the loss of his son, a fine-looking, handsome young fellow, who was assassinated when he was about 21 years of age. The young man had been trained as a civil engineer in the East and was in receipt of a good salary. He was dispatched on one occasion to pay off a gang of railroad "navvies," and carried with him a large sum of money for the purpose. He was never permitted to discharge this duty. He was murdered en route by a party of ruffians who had by some means gained a knowledge of his errand. When his body was found it was lying half submerged in a running brook, with the skull fractured. It was on this promising young man "Handsome Harry" relied as the staff of his declining years, and his death completely unmanned him. He told the story of his loss on his last visit to this city in a broken voice and with tear-filled eyes.

As luck would have it he was fortunate enough to meet one of his old stage chums when here with Frank Daniels' company, Maggie Moore, who had come from Australia, on a periodical visit to her family. It was a very interesting visit for both these veterans of the old theatrical times in San Francisco, and they revived recollections of the early struggles and successes in the pleasantest way. Hearing them talk in the autumn of their lives of what had happened in the springtime reminded the younger members of the profession of Bulwer Lytton's verse:

When shall we come to that delightful day
When each may say to each, "Dost thou remember?"
Let us fill urns with roseleaves from our May,
And hive the thrifty sweetness for December.

It was remarkable how many people remembered "Handsome Harry"—although far gone in the "sere and yellow"—when he was here with Daniels, and how kind they were in their attentions and warm in their welcome. Daniels grew quite jealous. "Why," he said, "every third person he meets on the street stops to shake hands with Courtaine and I am unnoticed."

"Temperate now, Harry?" said one to him.

"Quite. I could not so far forget myself as to be otherwise with so many kind friends greeting me."

GEORGE E. BARNES.

PRECIOUS STONES.

Diamonds, Rubies and Emeralds Which Are Not Genuine.

The practice of falsifying precious stones, especially diamonds, in order to make them appear to the inexpert more valuable, is not by any means modern. It can be traced back to the fifteenth century, and to Holland, where diamond cutting and setting had its rise as an art. The business is still a staple one in Amsterdam; but of late years many of the best workmen have settled in London, and the diamond-cutting industry in Holland has sensibly declined. With the growth of the trade in diamonds and other precious stones various illegitimate means were devised of imposing upon the purchasing public and enhancing the apparent value of gems offered for sale. Some of these practices date back hundreds of years, others belong to a modern period and are almost coincident with comparatively recent discoveries in chemical science.

By dealers and the trade generally diamonds are separated into various classes and known by special names. These terms relate mainly to the method in which a gem is cut. Diamonds cut to a point, with more or less facets, are called brilliants; those presenting a flat surface are known as table stones. The term brilliant is properly applied only to a stone cut in a certain form, but in the practice of the trade it is given also to colorless sapphires, rubies, emeralds, oriental topazes and a few other gems. All such stones, whether quite colorless or with a greenish, yellowish or bluish tint, are of equal value, provided they reach a given standard of hardness.

Formerly spurious diamonds were mostly formed from rock crystals. Many of the so-called diamonds found in antique snuff-boxes, watches and miniature frames are in reality rock-crystal imitations of real gems.

The value of diamonds and other gems depending mainly upon their bulk, the efforts of falsifiers have been chiefly directed to increasing the proportions. The principal mode of so doing is known as "doubling." It was in use in the seventeenth century, and a case lately before the law courts in reference to a so-called ruby shows that it is flourishing. It consists in joining together with cement a portion of a real stone and an imitation, so as to make the combination appear one and indivisible. This is the most common form of deceit in the jewel trade. If some of the jewels prized by noble and princely houses were taken to pieces and carefully examined by an expert the result might astonish the owners. Some suprising discoveries of this kind have been made when family jewels were remounted.

It is to guard against deceptions of this kind that jewelers and dealers in precious stones decline to buy gems in their settings. When the gem is unset it can easily be subjected to a ready and infallible test. A stone about which there may be suspicion is dropped into a dish of very hot water. If it is a "doublet" the cement quickly dissolves and the component parts fall asunder. But "doublets" are also made in which the real diamond finds no place.

It has been stated that diamonds are seldom bought by the trade after they are mounted. They are generally taken out of the setting for inspection. This is more especially the case if the stones are so mounted that the under portion is hidden. One of the oldest tricks of the trade is to so color the bed in which the stone rests as to change the hue of the gem. For instance, a ruby will glow with a deeper and more intense fire if the bottom and sides of the setting wherein it is fixed be colored red.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Permitted Clay to Smoke.

John B. Adams, who died in Springfield, Mass., the other day, was conductor of the first train from Springfield to Albany, in 1841, and had many interesting experiences during his long service. He escorted Kossuth in 1851, and in 1860 had charge of the special train with the Prince of Wales aboard. When Henry Clay was one of his passengers in 1849 there were no smoking-cars, but Mr. Adams allowed the Kentucky statesman to smoke, a favor which was remembered; and a cordial letter from Clay was treasured by Mr. Adams till his death. He retired in 1873.—New York Tribune.

Bessemer, the inventor of the steel process which bears his name, has made $10,000,000 out of the invention.

IS NOW A HOUSE.

What Was Once the Bark Tropic Bird.

ON THE BEACH AT TIBURON.

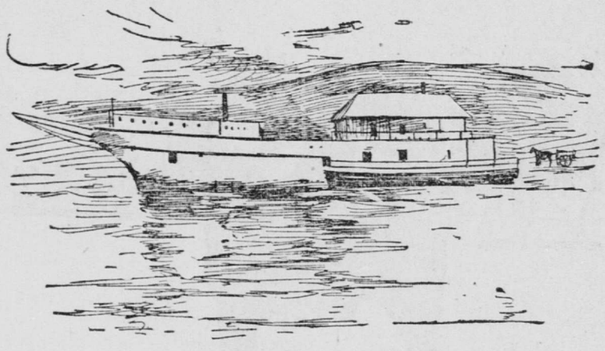
The Old Craft Makes a Comfortable Home, but Looks Out of Place.

It is now getting on toward half a century since the whaling bark Tropic Bird was launched from a shipyard on the coast of Massachusetts. At the time she was considered one of the finest vessels of her class afloat. Now she is lying in the lagoon at Tiburon partly converted into a dwelling-house and carpenter-shop. The old hulk is undoubtedly of some service where she is, but one feels that she ought to be laid up somewhere and allowed to go to pieces under the action of the elements she has resisted so many years.

The history of the Tropic Bird is much the same as many other whalers. When she was first launched she went on a voyage to Greenland, and after that spent the time in different parts of the world, eventually coming to San Francisco.

Her last voyage was made from this port to the Arctic, and when she returned she was laid up in the lagoon at Tiburon and condemned. After several years she was put to her present use.

There is no doubt about her making a



THE OLD TROPIC BIRD.

comfortable home where she is. In one sense of the word there is nothing to be desired. The man who conceived the idea of turning her into a house was certainly a genius. The old hulk was pushed ashore, stern first, leaving the bow in deep water and a row of piles driven on either side of the bow. Sand settled around, and the old craft was soon as firmly fixed as a rock.

The whole after portion of the vessel was then knocked off, a few of the timbers changed so as to make the sides square, floors, walls and windows put in, and a roof placed on top. A porch was built around the sides and a large awning put up in about the same spot the rudder used to be. What was the stern of the boat is now a two-story house which a person could enter and never for a moment suspect its real nature.

There is nothing out of the way about the house, but the back yard is the deck of the old Tropic Bird. The cook's galley stands where it always did and still does duty as a kitchen. It is only a few steps from the dining-room of the house and is most convenient. The stumps of the masts still remain and clotheslines are stretched between them, on which the family washing is hung to dry.

The space between decks is used as a sort of storeroom and poultry-house. The old hatches and ladders are just the same as they used to be when the hold was filled with oilcasks and whalebone.

In fact there is very little changed about the old vessel except that she is converted into a dwelling-house. The boards of the deck are the same that have felt the burning suns of the south seas and been covered with snow and ice in the Arctic. Every portion of the old vessel seems to tell some story. But little imagination is required to fill the decks with men, captains, mates and sailors, most of them gone to Davy Jones' locker long ago.

The figurehead is gone, but the prow is turned to the sea. It is battered and broken by contact with icefields in years gone by, but the waves wash up and caress it, as if longing to have the old craft in their embrace again.

IN GOLD AND SILVER.

Fancies of the Jeweler's Art That Are Fashionable.

Brownies sitting astride a crescent is a fanciful creation in tie pins of oxidized silver.

A cigar wrapper in silver foil, labeled "Escepcional de la Espanola," furnishes a late design in matchboxes.

A small squirrel sitting upon a bough of twisted oak and eating acorns makes one of those pretty brooches which are always in good taste.

A cluster of pinks in tinted enamel and mounted as a lace pin may be classed as a society fad. It is usually given to guests as favors at a pink tea, which is thus symbolized.

A fac-simile of a human eye in enamel has been brought forth as a setting for a new brooch. The combination is abominable. It will undoubtedly be relegated to obscurity.

Glove-buttoners are now made to serve a double purpose. Attached to the hook is a gold charm or bangle, in the interior of which a menthol headache pencil is concealed.

Unique in conception is a tie pin fashioned of a Chinaman in oriental costume accurately depicted in colored gold. It is mounted with a small pearl. The braided queue forms the pin.

Silver girdle buckles of the filigree variety are threatened with a formidable rival by the introduction of a like line inlaid with Russian enamel and burnished with gold.

Chrysoprase agate, finely polished and adorned with a silver deposit, is a conspicuous decoration in desk ornaments and requisites, including blotting-pads, paper-weights, etc.

Floral designs in lacepins and brooches are perennially popular. Among the present favorites are the pansy, tulip, morning glory, sweet pea, violet and chrysanthemum.

A fresh idea in the decoration of vases in Rookwoodware is oxidized fretwork neatly interwoven about the bowl. It is an improvement on silver deposit and is more artistic.

Since feminine fashion modes demand large reviers on this summer's costumes, oval silver or gold stickpins heightened by a touch of enamel are decreed to be worn on the lapel of the bodice.—The Jewelers' Review.

Buffalo can claim the distinction of being the only city in the United States that has furnished two Presidents.