A Brief Description of a Very Interest

ing Process.

The first thing necessary in polish-

ing a prelous stone is to slit it; this

is done by means of a thin sheet-iron

disk, placed in a horizontal position

and made to revolve by very emple

machinery, says the Philadelphia

Times. Diamond dust is applied to the

edge of the disk, and sperm oil is

dropped upon it from a can. If prop-

ery managed a very small quantity of

diamond dust will last all day, and not

much of it will be lost. In order to

prevent appreciable loss, a table with

a raised edge all around it is provided.

stones is made from bort, or cheap,

coarse diamonds. After being slit, the

stone is ground on horizontal wheels

of lead, brass or iron, and sometimes

of wood. These wheels are called

"laps," and the workman who cuts and

polishes stones is a lapidary, from the

Latin work lapidarius. Lapidaries ac-

quire great facility in shaping and

polishing stones, and from a given pat-

tern are able to produce any object re-

quired with great dexterity. Diamond.

emery, agate or corundum powder is

spread on the laps; gradually the pow-

der becomes imbedded in the laps and

the stone yields to them. The stone is

held either with the fingers or by wax

in the hollow at the end of a stock, and

is pressed against the revolving laps.

For the last polish the laps are covered

with cloth, leather or hard brushes.

The facets, or flat surfaces which give

brilliancy to transparent stones, are

cut by means of a horizontal grinding

wheel by the side of which is placed an

upright, club-like piece of wood. Into

this heavy piece of wood, in different

places, a rod is stuck, at one end of

which the stone is fixed with cement.

As the wheel revolves the stone is

pressed against it and a facet is cut:

to make a new facet the rod holding

the stone is simply stuck in another

hole in the club-like piece of wood and

is thus given a new inclination or an-



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XX .- (Continued.) "Oh, weeding and toddling about him." picking up stones and-and doing odd jobs generally," answered David, who was beginning to get rather uncom- order to the coachman, fortable under the fire of her truthful eyes and the terrible directness of her

questions. "In fact, you have made Isaac underling, laborer, slavey to your grand

new gardener, is that it?" she cried. "Oh, come now," he began, but Dorothy stood still in the road and cou-

fronted him angrily. "Is it so or not?" she asked.

"Well, something like that," he admitted, unwillingly. "Is it absolutely so or not?" Dorothy

asked again. "Well, I'm afraid it is," said David, with a great air of making a clean breast of the whole matter. "You see,

Dorothy, the old fellow never was much of a hand at gardening-"He was good enough for us," sighed Dorothy, in heart broken voice.

Yes; but indeed he really was past his work, or I should never have thought of displacing him. And if it hadn't been for you-that he was a good many years your gardener-

"Nearly forty years," put in Dorothy. "Well, of course, if it hadn't been for that I should just have replaced him without troubling any further about him. As it was, I made a place for him, and I gave him ten shillings a week for what I could get better done by a boy for six."

"And the cottage?" asked she. "Oh, well, of course, the cottage goes with the situation," answered David,

who was getting rather sulky. There was a moment's silence; then Dorothy suddenly stopped and turned to face him. "David," she flashed out, "you may be a good farmer, but you are a hard man, a hard man. One of these days you'll come to be-but. there, what is the good of talking to If long and faithful service will not touch your heart, what else

"There is one thing which will always have power to touch my heart," he said, eagerly. "Shall I tell you

"No," said Dorothy, wearily, "I probably should not believe it. If forty years would not do it, nothing else could."

As she snoke she turned down the street which led to Palace Mansions, for she saw that it was hopeless now to try to prevent his finding out where she lived; and, indeed, now that Dick was safely out of the country, she did not think that it mattered much. David, for his part, took advantage of the quiet side street, and spoke out what

was in his mind. "Dorothy," he said, "come back to the Hall, and I will show you whether I am a hard man or not; only come back and let us forget the past, nobody need know anything. I will never remind you of it. Only come back, my dear, and everything shall be as you wish-as you direct. I'll send the new gardener to Holroyd, and Isaac shall be head gardener at the Hall, with a couple of men under him to do the work. Does that sound like being hard, Dorothy?"

"Yes," said Dorothy, coldly-"hardest of all, because you would not hesitate to buy me, body and soul, through my compassion and pity for those poor unfortunate ones, who can not help themselves, and can not fight against the hard power which your money and your strength give you."

"Oh, Dorothy, it is not so," he cried. "I only ask you to come back because I tove you and want you. Besides, I can not bear to see you as you look now-tired and worn, and ten years older than when you turned your back on all your old friends for the sake of a fellow who has brought you to

"To what?" Dorothy cried, her eyes such astonishment that David fairly quailed before her look.

"To a ghost of your old self," he answered curtly. But it was all of no use. Dorothy could be curt, too, on occasions, and she was so then.

"It seems to me that you are making mistakes all round, David," she said, coldly. "I am not very well, and the heat has tired me-but I am not what you take me for. I have been, thank God for it, a blessedly happy wife for many months. I will wish you good morning, David."

She turned away without giving him time to say a word, and went as quickly as was possible toward her home. and went in without turning her head to see what had become of him. As for David Stevenson, he simply stood rooted to the spot where she had left him, until she disappeared from his sight; then he took a step or two as if to follow her, but changed his mind, and retraced his steps, with a face like a thunder cloud.

He was so occupied with his own thoughts and his own disappointment that he never noticed a smart victoria and pair which was drawn up just within the corner of the quiet street, but its occupant, an old, white-haired gentleman, had noticed him, and took keen stock of him as he passed. David Stevenson would have been considerably surprised if he could have heard the order which the same old gentleman gave his coachman just after he had swung past. "Follow that gen-

tleman closely. Don't lose sight of

"Yes, m' lord," said the servant, and hopped up onto the box, giving the

"All right," murmured that dignitary in reply, then added in a lower voice still, "What's the old codger up to now, I wonder?"

"Uncommon pretty girl," answered Charles, in an equally low tone, We've been after her some time."

"Who is she?" "Mrs. 'Arris. Lives in Palace Mansions," with a wink.

"H'm! I wishes her joy of 'im," said the coachman, screwing his face up into a thousand expressive wrinkles.

"Me, too," said the footman, sniggering. "Hi, he's going into the Park," whereat the coachman turned his horses in at Prince's Gate, also, and they drove in abreast of David Stevenson, who was looking no more at peace with the world or with himself than he had been when he turned into the High street, out of the quiet road In which Palace Mansions may be found.

"Still faithful to Master Dick, or else the new-comer not attractive enough," thought Lord Aylmer, with a sneer, as he gave a sharp, keen look at the tall young man's lowering face.

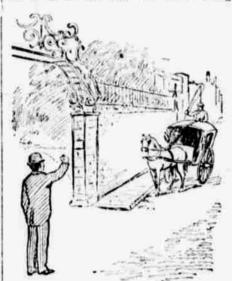
CHAPTER XXL



THINK that David Stevenson had never been in such a towering rage in his life as when he turned in at the gates and Park swinging went along in the direction of the Achil-For during

those few moments when he watched her after she left him and before she disappeared into Palace Mansions, he had realized that she had gone from him forever. He realized that whether she was actually married or not, she was not for him, and he had suddenly become aware, almost without knowing why, that there was a cause for her altered looks -a cause which would be forever a bar to the fond hopes which he had cherished during nearly all his life, certainly ever since Dorothy as a wee, toddling, soft-eyed child had come, fatherless and motherless, to be the light and life of the old Hall and the very joy of Miss Dimsdale's lonely hearth.

So that fellow had got round her, after all-his bitter thoughts ran, as he strode along-and all the worship and devotion of his life had been flung



HAILED A CAB.

aside as naught for the sake of a speclous tongue and a swaggering, army sort of manner.

As a matter of fact, Dick had not the very smallest shade of a swagger about him, but David Stevenson was the kind of man who invariably judges every man by a type, and to him an army man was a man who turned his toes out a good deal more than was necessary and said "Haw!" after every opening wide, and her tones expressing three words he spoke. That the man who had stolen Dorothy's love from him did neither of these things made no difference to David's conception of him. He had stolen Dorothy from him, and that was enough to make David endow him in his own mind with all the most hateful attributes of his detestable class.

Nor did he even stop to consider that he was distinctly unjust in crediting Harris with stealing Dorothy's love from him. For it is impossible to steal from any man what that man had never had to lose, and most emphatically he had never possessed one little tiny corner of Dorothy Strode's heart; to be plain, Dorothy had always de-

tested him. For an hour or more David strode about the Park till the storm of fury which possessed him had somewhat calmed down, and always the smart victoria, with its pair of high stepping, flery horses and its pair of woodenfaced, imperturbable servants in their white and crimson liveries, dogged his steps and kept him fairly in sight; and at last David noticed them.

"Damn that supercilious old brute," he mustered, as they passed him for the twentieth time; then he stood at the railings a minute or two and thought how slow it was-wondered how men and women could bear to crawl up and down in line, fretting their fine horses into a fever and never

getting beyond a foot's pace. He turned away from the row into

into that road also.

"Confound him, he must be watching CINTERING EQUINES MUST BE me," he thought, irritably, "and yet what should be want to watch me for? Oh, hang it, I'll go home!"

Without a moment's hesitation he turned his steps toward Apsley House and made his way out at the big gates, where he hailed a cab and gave the man the address of his hotel, and forgot about the white-haired old gentleman in the smart victoria.

But the victoria was there, nevertheless, following immediately behind the modest cab; and when David got out and went into the Grand Hotel, Lord Aylmer called to the footman: "Charles, I want you to take a mes-

sage. Barker, stop." Barker pulled up the horses beside the broad pavement and Charles got

down to hear his lord's orders. "Go into the Grand and find out that gentleman's name don't mention

"Yes, m' lord," said Charles. Now, Charles happened to be an ingenious youth who was not troubled with any nice scruples about his honor, and believed that the easiest way was invariably the best way. He therefore, secure in the halo which his smart white and crimson livery was enough to east around him, went into the hotel and addressed himself to the stately house porter of the establish-

"I say, porter," said he, "my master, the Dook of Middlesex, wants to know the name of a gentleman just come in came in a 'ansom-tall, fairish chap, looks like a country gentleman."

"D'year mean that one?" asked the house porter, taking Charles to a glass door leading to the reading room and pointing out David.

"Yes, that's the one," Charles answered.

"Oh, yes; that's Mr. David Stevenson, of Holroyd," said the house por-

"And where's Holroyd?" "A mile or two from Harwich," an-

swered the other. "At least, I heard him say so last night. His post-town is Harwich."

"Ah! yes-thanks. The Dook functed he knoo him, but I fancy he was mistook. Good day to you, porter."

"Good-day to you, my fine cockpheasant," returned the big house porter, contemptuously; but Charles had already reached the door and was going back, serene in the power of his own impudence, to impart the information which he had gathered to his mas-

"The gentleman's name is Stevenson, my lord," he said. "Mr. David Stevenson, of Holroyd, Harwich."

"Ah, yes," and then the old savage pulled out his notebook and jotted the name down without comment. "How did you find out?"

"I said my master, the Dook of Middiesex, wished to know, as he fancied he knoo the gentleman," Charles answered, promptly.

Lord Aylmer burst out laughing. "Ah! very clever-clever. Home."

"Yes, m' lord," said Charles, Lord Aylmer laughed more than once on the way home; he was so intensely amused at the inventive genius displayed by Charles, whom he had not before credited with much sharpness of that kind. He was a man who never took the trouble to make subterfuges to his servants; if he wanted a bit of information, he simply told one of them to get it, without caring what means were taken or giving any reason for wanting it. For instance, he would never say, "Go and find out who that gentleman is," and add, as ninety-nine people out of a hundred would do, "I think I know him"-no, he never troubled to do that; it was simply after the manner of the centurion, "Go and find out who that is?"

(To be continued.)

Human Mechanism Requires Lubricant. "Oil is always required for lubricating, and the human machine is not an exception," says Mrs. S. T. Rorer, telling how dyspepsia may be cured, in the Ladies Home Journal. "Fats, however, must in cases of intestinal indigestion be used sparingly and carefully. Ten drops of pure olive oil once a day may be taken either after the noon or night meal. It may be put on a piece of bread and thoroughly masticated. Wellmade butter is an exceedingly good form of fat, but should be used without salt. A teaspoonful of cream taken slowly, held in the mouth and then swallowed, will also answer the purpose. Bear in mind that a small quantity of any one of these frequently administered is much more easily borne than the whole quantity at a single a horse to ride, sometimes a horse dose."

The Sacred Fires of India.

The sacred fires of India have not all been extinguished. The most ancient which still exist was consecrated twelve centuries ago in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times every twenty-four hours with sandalwood and other fragrant materials. combined with very dry fuel. This fire, in the village of Oodwada, near Bulsar, is visited by Parsees in large numbers during the months allotted to the presiding genius of fire.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Or if He Wears a Collar When He Plows Sni. -It's not safe to always judge from appearances.

Swiggins-That's true. We must not imagine that every man has horse sense who is constantly giving a horse laugh.

As It Should Be.

Smith-"What's Blank doing now?" Jones-"You fall to put the question properly."

Smith-"Why, how's that?" Jones-"You should have asked who sition to face when winter comes, as of a side path, but the next moment he he is doing now."

saw that the smart victoria had turned HORSES FOR CIRCUS. find fifty or sixty horses in the ring POLISHING . ECIOUS LYPONES

CAREFULLY SELECTED.

Oblivious to All About Him The Old-Time Custom of Having Only One Steed in the Ring at a Time Is Almost Passed.

To the ordinary speciator the ring evolutions inside the ring. The ponies horse is a comparatively uninteresting animal; he goes around at a steady canter, while the rider goes through more or less difficult feats; but the circus proprietor would tell us that a really good ring horse is one of the most valuable properties, says the London Field. In order that the performer may execute his feats with accuracy the horse must travel at one even speed; for if he were to make a start or slacken his pace the rider would come to the ground. He must also be well accustomed to the business of the ring, for neither the music of the band, the action of the clown, nor, as in the case of the jockey act, the running up to him of the rider, must cause him to alter his speed; and it may surprise some people to learn that a horse is seldom perfect for the ring until he has had about three years' experience. The ring horse is, perhaps, entitled to our sympathy, for the continuous canter must become very monotonous, and not only have horses to appear once or twice in the day at public exhibitions, but they are also requisitioned for rehearsals, in order that new tricks may be practiced, and fresh hands taught their business, while in bareback acts their coats are freely rubbed with resin in order that the performer may have a good foothold. It is perhaps somewhat of a feather in the cap | perform, of military equitation that Philip Astley-who was probably one of the most successful of the early trainerslearned much of his business while a trooper in a cavalry regiment; so that even in those days (somewhere about the year 1770) the cavalry riding master would appear to have been more conversant than other people with the breaking and training of horses. During recent years the greatest advance has perhaps been in the training of what are called "liberty" horses; that is to say, horses which are "introduced" instead of being ridden. Within the memory of people who are scarcely more than middle-aged, more than one horse was seldom, if ever, seen in the ring at once. He was brought in and went through his performance to the great delight of the assembled spectators, whereas now we! How many times what makes seven?

The modern postman has been

mounted on a bicycle, has been given

draws him about, but the queerest of

all methods of locomotion of postmen

is that which is utilized in France,

where men of letters-and papers-

move about on stilts. It is not meant

that all the French postmen make

who serve the country and the post-

office officials through ...e great stretch

and Bayonne are so distinguished. All

this land is covered by a growth of

gorse and broom which makes walking

a very difficult matter. The postmen,

however, have found that there is a

way to render it much easier for them-

selves and that is by taking stilts. To

walk about in this fashion is not as

easy as walking on one's feet in the

ordinary way. The stilts are fastened

to the feet of the postmen, and are

not unlike those with which the small

boy makes annual detours. To stand

still any length of time on them is of

course impossible without support, and

way that the yeoman once lugged about

his quarterstaff. On this pole the post-

man leans when he wishes to rest, and

in this way manages to get along very

comfortably. There is another propo-

necessity the stilts sink deeply into the

their rounds in this fashion. Only those stilts tied to the knees. What then

of land that lies between Bordeaux able speed as he shuffles and glides

so a pole is carried in much the same calls him. Sometimes postmen of a

at one time, and their performance must be regarded as a triumph of the trainer's art. Herr Wolff, in his carlier visits to England, considerably astonished his visitors by the introduction of comething like fif y horses in the ring at one time, and he made no secret of the fact that one of the most difficult tasks was to make the ponics trot along the ring fence while the bigger horses were going through their used to tumble off, they became frightened and eventually had to be held up; but patience at last proved victorious and the whole effect was extremely good. It is universally admitted that The diamond dust used in polishing memory is a horse's strong point and it is on this that trainers work, remarkable example of a horse's memory occurred in the case of a pony once owned by an Englishman who for many years was at a famous circus. In the early days of his career he owned a small pony, which he sold when his establishment increased. Nearly a dozen years later he was tenting near Bristol, when a man came to him to ask whether he was open to buy a small pony. He said he was, and, on inquiring how old the pony might be, he was told 5 years. On the steed being brought to him he at once recognized it as the old pony and suggested to the man that it was a little more than 5 years old. The would-be vender was indignant at his words being doubted. "Well," said the prospective buyer. "I had this pony something like ten or twelve years ago, and I think I can prove it to you." then gave the pony his cues, and the little fellow went through the performances as though he had been doing them daily, though possibly in the interval he had never been asked to

Railroad Building in Corea.

United States capital is invested in the railroad now building between Seoul and Chemulpo, in Corea. The Coreans were supposed to furnish timber for ties, but, having proven their inability to do so, Japan has been called upon for such as are needed immediately. A million and a quarter feet, the first ever used there from this country, has been sent from Puget Sound, and further orders have been placed.

A Poser.

Johnny-Pop, may I ask you a question in arithmetic? Happy Father (proud of his son's love for study)-Certainly, my boy; certainly, Johnny-

snow and this makes walking a very

difficult matter. This the genius of the

postman has proved sufficient to over-

come. He accomplishes his undertak-

ing with the aid of a thin wooden

skate, with which he skims along the

surface of the snow and ice without

sinking at all. It is by no means an

easy matter to balance one's self on

must be the effort of skating on stilts?

This French postman makes remark-

about from one place to another. Often-

times the route which one man has to

travel on foot in this fashion includes

more territory than Greater New York

possesses. The skates, therefore, in-

stead of being a hindrance and a dan-

ger, really make this work easier, and

the postman in the Landes, as this

queer tract of country is called, re-

joices at the coming of winter, for he

realizes that his task will become a

considerable percentage lighter. Clad

in his capote, or sheepskin cloak, he

scurries about over the country until

he has been everywhere that his duty

neighboring territory meet him and

challenge his fleetness, the result be-

ing a tourney. Many of the postmen

who follow this method of transports-

tion are said 'o make as good time as

DELIVERING LETTERS ON STILTS.

PARTITION MUST COME.

Why the Celestial Empire Bids Fair to Go to Pieces.

February Review of Reviews: The situation on the Chinese coast that has followed Germany's seizure of Klau-Chou has continued to hold the foremost place in the attention of the world. Nobody knows what will happen eventually, but it is not likely that the great game of Chinese partition is to begin at once. In due time, however, the Chinese empire bids fair to go to pieces. We have been accustomd in times past to think of the Chinese as several hundred millions of perfectly homogenous people. As a matter of fact, although they belong to the great yellow division of the human race, the diversities of type in the different parts of China are greater than the diversities among white men of Europe, and there is less connection and by far less sympathy among them than among the discordant population elements make up th erate that we know as the Austro-Hungarian empire. There is an immense range of dialects in China, and it often happens that the people of one neighborhood cannot talk with those who live in another four or five miles away. There is no such thing in China as a pervasive national feeling or an imperial patriotism. The various provincial governments are not under firm control by the central government, and such military and naval forces as exist are provincial rather than imperial. The Chinese of different provinces and sections hate each other worse than they hate the foreigners of other races. When the moment arrives for a partition of China upon a plan that would not injure European peace, the thing can be carried out as easily as was the

Hairy Races of Mankind.

Chou.

German landing and conquest at Kiao-

The Ainos, who inhabit the northernmost islands of the Japan archipelago, are the hairlest people in the world. Amongst them, the hair over the shoulders and on the back and limbs is sometimes so thick and long as to deserve the name of fur. The Australians and the Todas of the Nilguerries are distinguished for their hairyness. In Brazil there is a tribe called the Cafusos, who possess hair of a very extraordinary kind. It rises perpendicular from the head in close, curly masses, and forms'a wig of such enormous dimensions that the possessors must stoop low when entering their huts.

ABOUT HUMAN LIFE.

There are 3,064 languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions.

There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. O' these 33,033,033 die every year, 91,87 every day, 3,730 every hour, 60 every minute, or one every second.

The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about thirty-three years. Of 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life; of every 100 six reach the age of 65, and not more than one

in 600 lives to 80 years. The married are longer-lived than the single, and above all those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor, previous to 50 years of age, than men have, but fewer after-

The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to 1,... individuals. People born in the spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men most people would with a horse and capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.