

THE DESERTER.

Blind and most frantic prayer,
Clutching at a senseless boon,
As that beggar, in mad despair,
Death to come—he comes too soon!

Like a reveler that strains
Lip and throat to drink it up—
The last red ruby that remains,
One red droplet in the cup.

Like a child that, sullen, mute,
Bulking spurs, with chin on breast,
Of the Tree of Life a fruit,
His gift of whom he is the guest.

Outcast on the thither shore,
Open scorn to him shall give
Souls that heavier burdens bore—
"See the wretch that dared not live."
—Edward Rowland Sill.

THE BLUEFIELD DIAMOND ROBBERY

Those who pay attention to the records of criminal cases, as reported by the newspapers, and who have a good memory for such matters, will recollect the interest aroused, now several years ago, by the trial of one Robert Morris for what was known as "The Blue-diamond Robbery." In the minds of some, perhaps, the details of this crime may be still fresh. But for the benefit of that infinitely greater number of persons whose memorial faculty is only a nine days' affair, it will be as well to recapitulate all the facts of the case before proceeding to the elucidation of one very mysterious point, which at the time of the robbery baffled the cleverest detectives in London.

First, then, for the recapitulation of the facts, as disclosed before the right honorable, the Lord Mayor at the Mansion house, and subsequently before the Recorder of London at the Old Bailey. The victim of the robbery was one Jacob Blumefeld, an Anglo-German Jew, and a well known diamond merchant in Hatton Garden. This gentleman, in the course of a visit to the Dutch East Indies, with a view to the purchase of pearls (in which he also dealt), had picked up from a native Sumatran, for a song, six stones, which the vender supposed to be small, pale, and therefore comparatively valueless, sapphires, but which Blumefelds eye told him at once were those rarest and costliest stones in the market—viz., blue diamonds. It was stated in court, I recollect, by expert witnesses, that there were not more than thirty blue diamonds known to exist, and that the ratio of their value to ordinary diamonds of the same size and water was at least 100 to 1. On this basis the six stones referred to, despite their insignificant size, were worth fully \$100,000; indeed, at the time when they were stolen Blumefeld was negotiating a sale of them to Messrs. Rostron, the Bond street jewelers, for a sum several thousand dollars in excess of that. It may be readily imagined, therefore, that the theft of such gems excited no small sensation.

The circumstances of the theft were, as appeared to be, sufficiently commonplace. On the day of the robbery Blumefeld had carefully locked the blue diamonds in his safe when he quitted his office at 5 o'clock. At about 8 or 9 the watchman who was on duty, and who had received particular instructions to keep an eye on Blumefeld's office, happened to catch the flash of a light through the key-hole, and pushing open the door, which he found unfastened, made his way inside and actually caught the thief red handed in Blumefeld's room. He at once collared the fellow—a small, weak man, who made little resistance to his stalwart captor—and raised the alarm. In a minute or two several constables were on the scene, and a little later an inspector arrived, who lost no time in dispatching a special messenger to Blumefeld's private residence in Pembroke square.

On the diamond merchant's arrival a thorough examination of the premises was made, disclosing the fact that his safe had been opened with a duplicate key, which, in fact, was still in the lock, and that, while everything else had been left untouched, the most valuable contents, namely, the blue diamonds, had been abstracted. The thief, of course, was then conveyed, without delay, to the nearest police station, and duly charged by Blumefeld, who now recognized him as a man who had called upon him at his office a few days previously in reference to a proposed purchase of gems, which had fallen through. He recollected, also, that he had had occasion to leave the stranger alone in his office for a minute or two; when, probably, the latter had managed to get an impression of the lock of his safe. The prisoner did not deny this. Nor, in spite of the usual caution, did he make any secret of the fact that he had broken into the office for the purpose of stealing the blue diamonds. But that he had stolen them he stubbornly denied.

"Some one else had forestalled me," he said, "I found the safe open and a key already in the lock. I'd got my own duplicate, but I didn't have to use it. If you search me you'll find it in my waistcoat pocket."

In confessing he had entered the office with felonious intent, he was, of course, only admitting as much as the circumstances of his capture rendered obvious and incontrovertible, and, so far as that went, was doing himself neither harm nor good. But his statement that he had been forestalled was so clearly of the cock and bull type that no credence whatever was naturally attached to it. He was subjected to the usual rigorous search. The duplicate key, as he said, was in his waistcoat pocket, and in his coat pockets there were one or two other

felonious instruments. Yet not a sign of a blue diamond, or any other jewel nor valuable, was found upon him. His clothes, his boots, his hat, his person, even to the inside of his mouth, were again and again examined. Not a trace of the missing stones! And this was the more remarkable because he had been collared red-handed, and from that moment no chance whatever was allowed him of throwing away or otherwise disposing of the stones.

"I tell you I haven't got them," he kept persisting. "I'd have prigg'd 'em if I'd the chance, I don't deny, and it would be no use if I did. But I was forestalled, I tell you. Some other chap must have got it just before me and lifted 'em. You're only wasting time and trouble in searching me. You are, indeed."

Of course, no attention was paid to this ridiculous assertion, and after the process of search had been repeated again and again, Blumefeld returned with two of the police to his office in Hatton Garden, where it was thought possible that the thief might have managed to drop the stones. But the most careful scrutiny of every nook, cranny and corner failed to discover them. Blumefeld very naturally fell into a fine state of mind.

"Never mind, sir," said the inspector. "We're bound to find them, you know."

"Do—do you think that there's any chance of that scoundrel's story being true?" exclaimed Blumefeld anxiously.

"Not much," laughed the inspector.

"I'll give a hundred to the first man that puts his hand on them," cried the diamond merchant.

Which offer, you may be sure, made the inspector try his very hardest in the matter, but did not, any the more, make the discovery of the missing jewels an accomplished fact.

Next morning Morris was charged at the Mansion House before the Lord Mayor. He admitted, as he had done overnight, his felonious intention in breaking into Blumefeld's office, but he still strenuously denied that he had stolen anything.

"I meant to steal the blue diamonds," he persisted. "But I've been forestalled by some other man. I've no more to say, and shouldn't have if you was to question me till the day of judgment."

He was remanded for a week to give the police an opportunity of finding the missing stones; and when brought up again at the end of that time, the diamonds still being undiscovered, and there being no immediate prospect of their discovery, Morris was duly committed to the Old Bailey.

In the interval between that event and his trial, Blumefeld obtained leave to see the prisoner in Newgate.

"Look here," he said to him (I am condensing the evidence subsequently given by a warder at the trial). "I'll make you an offer. If you'll tell me what you've done with those diamonds, and enable me to recover them, I'll pay £2,000 to any representative of yours you like to name. The money shall be paid to him in cash here, in your presence; and then you can have it when you come out. You're not making matters a bit better for yourself by sticking to that absurd story. If anything, rather worse, for you'll get dropped on more heavily by taking that line than if you do your best to restore me my stolen property. Now, then, you will be a fool if you refuse; you will, upon my word."

"If I had stolen the diamonds, or know where they were, I'd close with you like a shot, Mr. Blumefeld. For I know very well that I'm in for five years, anyhow. But I didn't steal them, and I don't know where they are any more than you do," answered Morris. "My story sounds unlikely enough, I am well aware. Maybe the judge and jury won't believe it, either; but it's true, and that's all about it."

From this position—true or false—nothing could induce him to budge.

The day of his trial arrived. The case excited very great interest and the recorder's court was packed. There were two counts in the indictment; the one (I'm not a lawyer, and only quote from memory, and therefore I will crave indulgence in case my legal phraseology be incorrect)—the one of "feloniously breaking into Blumefeld's premises in Hatton Garden; the other of "stealing therefrom diamonds to the value of £20,000." To the former the prisoner pleaded guilty, and to the latter not guilty, and the prosecution, in the hopes of procuring a more exemplary sentence proceeded with the charge of stealing the jewels. But this was a difficult matter to prove. Everybody, of course, was convinced that Morris had stolen the diamonds, but to establish it by the technical rules of evidence was quite another affair. Against the fact that he was caught on the premises, admittedly with the intention of stealing the diamonds, had to be set the fact that no sign of a diamond, or any other stolen article, was found upon him when caught. Furthermore, the circumstance of his having refused Blumefeld's offer of £2,000, which was elicited by his counsel in evidence went to some slight extent in his favor. But this the prosecution tried to discount by advancing the theory that he must have had an accomplice who had made off with the jewels and that the prisoner was hardly likely to give away £20,000 for £2,000. On the other hand the defense urged that there was absolutely no evidence of the existence of an accomplice; and, besides, after the manner in which the theft had been bruited abroad and advertised, it would be impossible for the thief or thieves to dispose of them for a quarter of their value, if, indeed, at all; in which contention, of course there was some truth.

The recorder summed up at considerable length—a careful, equipped summing up, as I remember thinking at the time, balanced, like the sentences in a Greek dialogue, with perpetual "on the one hand" and "on the other hand." Impartial, no doubt, but colorless, and affording no assistance whatever to the jury. The latter, after considering their verdict for an hour or so, at length brought the prisoner in "not guilty" on this indictment. He was then sentenced to twenty months' hard labor, the recorder observing that if anything previous had been known against him, which apparently there was not, he should have sent him into penal servitude.

Such is a brief—very brief—recapitulation of Robert Morris's sentence in connection with the theft of the blue diamonds. Any one who is interested to go more fully into the details of the matter can turn up the case in the back volumes of the newspaper, which he can put his hands upon at any of the public libraries. If he does so, he will find, I believe, that much as I have pruned and condensed the reports, I have not omitted any material item. And, indeed, to say nothing of the requirements of space in these columns, it would be wearisome to retell the story at any length, since, for the one mystery in the matter—the disposition of the blue diamonds by Morris (assuming him to have been the thief, as everybody still did)—the rest of the features are commonplace enough.

I now come to the important point in my story; the only part of it which is not mere recapitulation, namely—the elucidation of the mystery as imparted to me only a few weeks ago by Morris himself. I may take this opportunity of saying that I am the doctor who attended the ex-convict in his last illness, of which the fatal termination came so recently as a fortnight since.

"Doctor," he said to me one day, about a week before he died, "I shan't leave any effects behind me to pay your bill. But I can leave you a little secret which you might turn into a nice sum of ready money, if you set about it right away. Ah! what a fool I was to go and make ducks and drakes of all that oaf. Do you know, doctor, after I came out of shop I was worth £8,000?"

"Eight thousand?" I exclaimed. "Then you did steal the blue diamonds? How the devil did you manage to hide them?"

"That's the secret I'm oing to tell you. Ah, doctor (he chuckled gleefully; I am not writing a moral tale; I will tell the truth; and the truth is that Robert Morris was not in the least penitent). I had the diamonds on me when I was caught; I had them on me when I was searched at the station, I had them on me when I went before the Lord Mayor; I had them on me when I was tried at the Old Bailey; had them on me all the twenty months when I was in the stone jug—aye, all the blessed time."

"Impossible!" I cried. "You could not have concealed them."

"Couldn't I, though? Ah, doctor, I'll show you. Bring me that cup off the washstand, now. Do you see what's in it?"

"Your grinders," I said, looking down at the double set of false teeth lying in the cup, "what about 'em?"

"Nice ones, eh?" he said with a leer and a wink.

"Very," I answered.

"Made 'em myself," he said, with another chuckle. "The piece knew I was a dentist's assistant, too. Wonder they never guessed."

"Guessed what?"

"Take 'em out of the cup," he said. I did so.

"There's a little mark at the side of the plate," he went on. "It's a spring. Press it with your thumb nail."

I obeyed his instructions. In an instant all the top grinders sprang open, revealing to me the fact that each of them was simply a small hollow receptacle, contrived, as I saw on closer examination, with the most artful skill and workmanship.

The sick man broke into a yet more gleeful chuckle, as he watched the amazed wonder with which I was gazing at this marvellously clever effort of skill and cunning.

"There," he said, chuckling until he coughed himself speechless. "Not so impossible after all—eh, doctor?"

Subsequent inquiries which I addressed to Morris himself elicited the following facts: That, recognizing the extreme risk he ran of being caught, he had had two duplicate keys of the safe made in order that by leaving one of them in the lock, some color might be lent to the assertion that he had been anticipated by another thief. The extremely clever contrivance of his false teeth, was, however, of course, his chef-d'oeuvre, and he had put the diamonds into these marvellously contrived receptacles the moment he took them. Hardly were the teeth safely back in his mouth before the risk he feared eventuated, and he was pounced on by the watchman.

"But it was worth it," this impudent sinner told me. "Aye, if I'd got five years, it would have been worth it. They had my teeth out, too, so as to examine my mouth more carefully. I felt nervous just then, I can tell you. But it was O. K. For, sharp as these fellows were, they never thought of looking inside the teeth."—Truth.

The sensation of taste produced by an electric current passing through the tongue is found by Zeynek, a German electrician, to depend on voltage. Sudden changes of current and voltage produced changes of taste sensation, seeming to prove that the phenomenon of electric taste is an electrolytic one.

SPANISH JOKER THRASHED.

American Girl's Big Brother Arrived in Time to Punish Him.

It was the lady in the pink morning gown who told the story at the breakfast table in an uptown boarding house. Somebody at the other table had spoken of the Spaniards as a courteous people, at which an impulsive gentleman had exclaimed: "Damn the Spaniards!" Then he apologized to the boarders generally for his remark.

"Don't trouble yourself to apologize," said the one in pink. "You have expressed my sentiments precisely, in language that I may not venture to use. I really feel obliged to you. As a specimen of the courtesy of the Don's ladies let me tell you of an incident I saw at Montreal last summer. You know the Spanish minister went to Canada after he got his passports from Washington, and there was quite a crowd of Spaniards there. I was taking my breakfast at the hotel on the morning of my departure, and opposite me, at the same table, sat a very pretty American girl. Next her on the left were two Spaniards, both well dressed, and the appearance of gentlemen. The further one, who wore his whiskers cut like Weyler's, spoke English perfectly; the other was in the first stages of the struggle to acquire our language. In ignorance, probably, that I understood Spanish, the whiskered one made some comments on the American girl in his own tongue which were too free to suit my fancy, but as she did not understand what he was saying I said nothing. Presently the man nearest the girl turned to his friend and asked in Spanish:

"What is this which I shall say to the young lady when I wish her to pass the salt?"

"My charming miss, will you give me a kiss?" his friend answered in a low tone, and the trustful Don turned to the beside him.

"My charming meek," he said politely, with a bow, and showing his white teeth in a smile, "will you give me a kiss?"

"The girl looked at him in astonishment, hardly comprehending his words at first; then, her face reddened up to her hair and her blue eyes blazed with anger as she turned from him. Realizing that some mistake had been made, the Spaniard plainly wished to explain and apologize, but such English as he knew forsook him at the moment, and his companion was enjoying his joke too much to help him even if he would. I spoke to the girl.

"He thought he was asking you for the salt," I said. "It was his companion who told him to say the words that he did."

"I beg your pardon, meek. I was misinformed," the Spaniard said, taking his cue from my words. "It was for the salt—the salt—I wished to speak."

"The girl bowed stiffly in acknowledgment of his apology and resumed her breakfast, though she was almost crying and could make only a pretence eating. The situation was very uncomfortable all around except for the joker, who still seemed to think that the affair was funny. The Spaniards had left the table when a big, broad-shouldered young fellow, who looked like an undergraduate on vacation, came into the room. He was the girl's brother, just arrived. He saw his sister and came and kissed her; then, observing the traces of tears on her cheeks:

"What is the matter?" he asked. "You've been crying."

"Oh, it's nothing—it was the man's mistake in English. He asked me—and at this point she reddened again and began crying outright. The young man's mouth straightened, and the glint in his eyes meant trouble, as he lifted his head and looked round.

"What was it? Who was it?" he demanded, but his sister could not command her voice to speak. "Was it either of the men that left the table just as I came in? The two over by the cashier's desk?"

"Still the girl did not answer, shrinking perhaps from what she saw would follow if she told him what had occurred. I saw the whiskered Spaniard grinning as he glanced over toward the table and made up my mind what to do.

"It was the mistake of the younger man, who does not understand English," I said to the brother. "He wished to ask your sister to pass the salt, and the other man—the one with the whiskers—told him to say, 'Give me a kiss.' It is that which has disturbed your sister."

"Without a word the young man placed his sister gently down in the chair and started after the Spaniards, who were just leaving the room. He followed them into the office, and there was the noise of a scuffle there, with a running of the waiters and dining room guests nearest the door to see what was going on. Presently the young man came back, looking placid with his collar burst open as if he had been exercising, and sat down by his sister.

"There's nothing to tell," he laughed in answer to her anxious look. "I remonstrated mildly with your bewhiskered Spanish friend for his misuse of the English tongue. That's all."

"They've picked the dago up and got him into the lift. He'll need towels and water when he gets to his room. Hooray for America!" said one waiter to another as he passed our table with a broad grin. He was an Irish lad from New York, and I am sure he meant for us to hear.

"The young man was ordering his breakfast when a porter came to tell me that my trunks had gone to the station, and the hack was waiting, and I went away, leaving the proudest girl in America sitting with her brother at the table."

FIVE CARDS TOLD THE STORY

Tale of the Young Man who Opened the Jack Pot.

"I was dealing a game out of the box in Kansas City back in '84 when a man killed himself in the upstairs part of the establishment," said a man with short gray hair and piercing eyes. "I was the first man upstairs after the shot was fired, and when I looked the man over I remembered him as a young chap of rather dissolute habits who had struck Kansas City with apparently plenty of money only a few weeks before. There were five or six four-handed poker games running in the room. I asked the three men—cattle-men from Kansas they were—what had ailed their table mate. They passed it up.

"He just hauls out his gun sudden and does the Dutch act," said one of them. "Maybe he was a hard loser. I believe we're into him for a few hundreds."

"Didn't he say anything at all before plugging himself?" I asked.

"Nary a say," was the reply. "Just scanned his hand—pretty fairish-sized jackpot, which he had opened himself—and then he reaches behind and brings up that silver-mounted popgun, which don't look like it's built to kill a full-grown man at that. Then he puts it behind his right ear—we just looking at him, thinking he's fooling—and off it goes, and there he is, too dead to skin. It's a queer enough game to get me going."

"A jack pot, you say?" I inquired. "Who won?"

"The men looked at one another. They didn't know. The young fellow had put the ball in his head before the pot was decided. They looked at their hands that they had thrown face down when the young man had shot himself. One of them had tens up on nines, that he had had on the go-in, and the other had a pair of queens, also on the go-in, while the last of the three had drawn to an ace and failed to connect. Then I turned over the suicide's cards, that he had laid down neatly before reaching for his gun. There were a pair of sixes, an eight, a tray and a king. I showed the cards to the three men. They understood.

"The ombre needn't have killed himself over it," said one of them. "He might have got thrown out of the window and his pile confiscated, but he wouldn't ha' got killed."

"The young fellow had taken a big win-out chance in a moment of desperation by opening a jack pot without holding the openers, and when it failed to go through he was afraid of the consequences or crazy or something, and so he just let gall into his head, which, for all the men who had been playing with him said, would unquestionably have happened to him when they discovered that he had opened the jack without openers."

Even at Last.

A man who lives above 100th street, New York, thought he had the grip and hastened to the nearest apothecary shop. It was late, and the druggist was routed from bed by the night bell, which went off like an alarm clock. When he admitted the customer the druggist said:

"I suppose you want some stamps?"

The customer denied this and said, with some vehemence, that he was in no condition to appreciate a joke. He was ill and wanted a remedy.

"There's the city directory," said the druggist, pointing out a demoralized book.

"Thank you," replied the customer. "I thought it was a canal boat. Now will you be good enough to wait on me?"

"That's the telephone in the corner," and the druggist pointed out the lung tester and annihilator.

"And this is my prescription," said the customer, producing a bit of paper.

"Did the butcher send you?" asked the druggist, and before the customer could interfere he added, "cause he sends women over here for change, and for everything he doesn't keep and that I never have. And that undertaker in this block—maybe he sent you? He went downtown the other day, and as he had no one to stay in his place he stuck up a sign in his window: 'Call at the Drug Store.' Got a great laugh on me. People came in here all day and asked me when I went into partnership with the undertaker. I know the sign out there indicates that this is a drug store. I pay an apothecary's license. But tomorrow I will have that sign painted over, and the words 'Intelligence shop' painted on. Here's your prescription. Drug store two blocks above."

Bang went the door. One apothecary was even.

Duck Hunting in the Northwest.

From the Portland Oregonian: Two jovial skippers of German ships now in port were anxious to enjoy the sport of wild duck shooting. So a German doctor and a man who doctors ships made up a party and took the skippers out to a place on Columbia slough, where they were promised a good time. The party left here in the afternoon, and spent the night with a hospitable farmer. Besides the solid ammunition they took along plenty of liquid ammunition and they passed a very jolly evening playing cards and telling tales of adventures at sea. Before going to bed a lot of wheat was thrown out to attract the ducks for shooting in the morning, but they slept so soundly that they did not wake up till the ducks had eaten all the wheat and were hammering on the door with their bills for more. The whole party rushed out and banged away at the ducks, and succeeded in bringing down one.

HOOSIER LADIES IN TOWN.

Experience That Came Very Near Being Embarrassing.

Two Indianapolis ladies had an exciting experience last fall, and one which has taught them to look before they leap. They were in New York on a shopping expedition, having several hours to wait between trains, and they had gone about until they each had a large stock of bundles. Both were hungry, and decided it was time to find a good cafe and eat. Now, neither of these women was at all brilliant. They were simply good, honest little women who read the woman's department and the recipes in the paper, and who skip all the editorials and other exciting things.

"I have heard my husband speak of a place here called Delmonico's," said one. "I believe that must be a good restaurant, for I frequently read about soups and other things prepared by Delmonico's cooks."

Her friend had heard of it, too, and so they hunted up that famous cafe. They entered unsuspectingly, and the head waiter showed them to a table, while another waiter took their bundles. They were so hungry that they smiled with delight over the good things on the bill of fare and never thought of looking at the prices. They ordered a good dinner lavishly. It included soup, fish, a roast, a salad and several entrees, to say nothing of dessert. The waiter bowed to the ground and disappeared. Then one of them took the card in her hand once more.

"What's this?" she said. "Here are the prices."

They began to add up what they had ordered. It was \$27 worth. They gasped and took out their purses. They had hardly 27 cents between them.

"What are you going to do?" asked one.

The other looked at her bundles. "I am going to cut and run, as the boys say," she said. "We can never pay for it and they may arrest us."

With that she got up, sneaked her bundles out of the rack and went very swiftly and silently past the head waiter, who fortunately did not notice her. The other woman turned all colors. What should she do? No one was looking. The awful head waiter had his back turned. She reached for her bundles and sneaked out also. Outside she was so afraid they would come after her and call her back that she actually ran as fast as she dared up Fifth avenue. Ahead of her she saw a second woman also on a run. It was her friend and they never stopped until they were safe from that awful place.

Women of the Philippines.

A correspondent of Collier's Weekly says of the Philippine women: "For all their dark faces, they have figures the grace of which is accentuated by the very garments they wear. They have lustrous dark eyes and luxuriant black hair, in which they take great pride; it is long, thick and glossy, anointed with coconuto oil, cleaned and washed with lime juice and usually worn in a coil or knot held by a golden comb or ornamented pins. Hats and bonnets are unknown among the Filipinos, so no doubt many an American husband wishes he lived here. The native women have fine shaped feet that never knew a stocking; they wear low slippers of an oriental pattern, sometimes wooden shoes. The dress of a Filipino woman usually consists of a single garment with wide sleeves; a Pina cloth handkerchief is generally worn around the neck, and every one wears a rosary or a crucifix. Housekeeping in the native section is quite primitive in its details. Love making, courtship and marriage are here conducted in the manner common in oriental lands, the lover serving the father of his future wife. Fifteen years is the customary age for marriage here in the Philippines."

Friday Events.

Washington was married on Friday. Queen Victoria was married on Friday.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born on Friday. Battle of Bunker Hill was fought on Friday.

America was discovered on Friday. Mayflower landed on Friday. Joan of Arc was burned at the stake on Friday.

Battle of Waterloo was fought on Friday. Bastille destroyed on Friday. Declaration of Independence signed on Friday.

Julius Caesar assassinated on Friday. Moscow burned on Friday. Shakespeare born on Friday. King Charles beheaded on Friday. Battle of New Orleans fought on Friday.

Lincoln assassinated on Friday.

Iron Collar Buttons.

"Ever hear of iron collar buttons?" said a man who was opening his laundry bundle. "In the last two or three years I've had lots of wooden ones. I don't know how they are made, but they are all lacquered black for a finish. They must be amazingly cheap, because they are used to fasten the laundered shirts together at the neck when they are sent home; given away. I've had scores, and I guess hundreds of them. Now I get sometimes iron collar buttons. These are apparently cast, for all have a burr on them. It seems like a pretty small thing to cast a collar button, but I suppose they must make moulds in which they can cast hundreds, maybe thousands, at a time, and so make 'em tremendously cheap."

The dowager empress of China is still engaged in giving her representation of "How One Woman Has Her Own Way."