

appearance. A pearl of the first water must have symmetrical form, a smooth surface, he free from all blemishes or fractures, betranslacent, and have a fine white polor and a perfect luster; and it so happens that it is rate to get this combination. The perfect shape in spherical, eng shaped or pear shaped. The perfect color is a silvery milk by his attendant to the bottom, seven or eight white but there are yellowish poerls much estoemed in India and China. It is not generally known, however, that there

garnet red, rese red, pale blue, greenish white, violet and purple. But most curious of all is the black pearl, which on account of its hardness is much sought after. When it is of a beautiful and uniform color and of a perfect form, it is worth almost as much as pearls of the purest white. The price of a string of perfectly matched

pearls is much more in proportion than that of a single pearl, for it may take years to get together a collection of pearls which are alike in sine, shape and quality. A string of yellowish In-Can pearls costs \$29,000, of white \$25,000, of black Pacific pearls \$39,000, and even then you could not think that your string was anyway surique.

To seek a unique pearl one must go to the Hope collection, where there is one almost as large as a Len's egg, almost but not quite faultless, which is valued at \$75,600-2 pearl of 454 carats. Again, there is a much smaller one of 27 5-16 carats among the French crown jewels which is valued

There are other pearls, however, of distorted shape, called haroque pearls, and of these the most famous is the great Southern Cross, which in formed of nine beautiful pure white lustrous pearls, naturally formed to the shape of a cross, one inch in length, for which your offer would start at \$50,000 if you wished to buy it.

To supply the world of women with pearls, the Cepion government assinistration yearly prochains a "fishery," determining whether or not it should be held by examination and a sample catch from the government banks. Then if the enerine hiplogist who is in charge declares that the number of oysters warrants a fishery, the news flies like lightning through the east and the army of pearl divers, coolies, merchants, pearl hopers and speculators have as fast as they can to the Gulf of Manar-the ornate and oriental Sea Abounding in Pearls." Almost as if by sangle a town of 48,000 inhabitants arises out of the sand. There is no magic about it, for the touses of the town are easily built. A rough framework of tree branches is formed and over it as roof and walls are put the mats known as cadina-formed of the woven leaves of the cocosand or date paim. But there are also more pretentious buildings erected for the use of the gorerament edicials, residency, postoffice, hospital court house, while there are streets, lanes, street tamps, all the conveniences of a proper town.

The aristocrats of the town, outside of the officials, are the divers, and they disdain to do anything but dive, having their own servants, who attend to the ropes and keep an eye on the

Each morning the fishing fleet sets out, some 200 odd vessels, some of them carrying as many as 20 divers, their servants, sailors and hangers-When the fishing ground is reached the diver takes his banket, draws a long breath, steps on to the heavy stone hung by a rope, and is plunged

fathoms below. Filling his basket rapidly he is drawn up and repeats the operation as often as he can. About two in the afternoon the government are pearls which in color are red-brown, bronze, gunboat fires a gun and the fleet sets sail back. As there are no wharves, the oysters are carried on shore and deposited in the "kottu" by the strong porters. As soon as the shells are deposited they are counted, two-thirds going to the government as their share, the other one-third going to the boat which brings them in. At sunset the shells are auctioned by the thousand, and there is fierce competition, for who knows what the lottery of chance may bring them in pearls. The oysters brought are then removed apart by each buyer and placed in his compound, where they are carefully guarded till the sun beats upon them, putrefaction sets in and the oyster begins to disgorge its treasure. Then the malodorous

WOE OF HINDOO WOMEN

contents of the shell are washed in vats and the

residue yields-my lady's pearls.

When a Buddhist prays he implores his god that when he dies he shall not be cursed by being born again as a woman or as vermin. That is the attitude of the native men of India toward women and against which the missionaries in the Orient are directing all their energy.

Dr. Eleanor Stephenson, a Brooklyn woman who has been practicing medicine in India for three years and who will return to her work there soon, makes an appeal to American women to go out there, the New York Evening Telegram

"I want the women here to realize what it means to be born in America," she said recently. "To be born where a woman is the backbone of the man, his strength and help in every way! Why, out in Ahmednagar, where my work is, a woman is no more than an animal. She is for the purpose of raising children and that is all. A man thinks more of his cow-if he is lucky

enough to have one—than he does of his wife. "A Hindoo husband will let his wife die before he will call in a man to give her medical or surgical treatment. That shows the need for women physicians in the Orient."

In Ahmednagar, which is an inland plateau about a hundred miles from Bombay, there are two physicians, Dr. Ruth Hume and Dr. Stephenson, and one American trained nurse, Miss Johnnon. Under Miss Johnson there are 14 native women who have had some slight training and these help with the nursing. In the mission hospital which this handful of women run 15,000 people were treated last year, an average of 41 a day. These folk have come from a radius of about 50 miles, though some special cases have come as far as 300 miles.

The Rev. Alden H. Clark, who is an educational missionary at the same place as Dr. Steis probably one American or European trained doctor to every million and a half of people. In the United States there are 160,000 physicians and 22,-000 nurses, an average of one physician to every 550 people."

OYSTERS

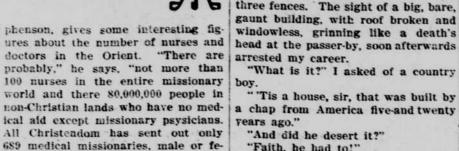
"Of course we do a great deal of actual nursing and that is most important," Dr. Stephenson says, "but another thing, which is even bigger, is this: We show women who have thought themselves wholly unloved that some one cares for them. They know that there is a very small money consideration given us and that what we

and died as a result.

"Another woman burned her knee and turned up at the hospital five months later with that part of her leg in terrible condition. The leg was cut off and the woman made a perfect recovery.

Dr. Stephenson finds that the natives invariably prefer using ointments to clean dressings. Women come in large numbers to get ointments for raw sores where their husbands have beaten and cut them and they are full of gratitude to the doctor. She finds that those of high class are just as brutally treated and just as grateful as the lowest.

"Transmigration is one of the strongest beliefs in India," she says, "and on that account the people will not kill any animal, not even a flea. As a result the poor homes are overrun with bedbugs and other vermin, which spread all sorts of fevers



"One physician who had no nurse to help him treated 18,000 cases in a full o' thim lads." He accompanied year. So you see that the supply of the reference to "thim lads" with a trained medical assistance is wofully jerk of his thumb over shoulder. "An' of Mullinahone—a Kilkenny woman— and love him well and fondly as do "In Calcutta, which has the best facilities in the Orient, three-fifths of the population die without any doctor again?" or other trained medical assistance in their final illness. In China there

CHANCE, ALCTONING THE

do is done for love. So they love us.

"When I see woman physicians struggling for a living here and know what a field there is in India, in various part of Ireland-nobly I feel as though they must be told.

"The kind of work I have been doing is a terrific appeal to the sympathies. We have to respect caste, which makes nearly all of our cases long standing. One woman whom I treated came to me with her entire arm in a gangrenous condition. She had pricked her finger seven months before, at the time of her husband's death. On account of her caste she could not so much as leave the house for the seven months, during which time septicemia set in and went up as far as her shoulder. I told her that her arm would have to be amputated. She refused absolutely to part with it,

"I went many miles into the interior to see an injured woman. She had fallen down a well and was fearfully bruised all over. I found her lying on the floor grinding corn, every turn of her arm causing the most intense agony. She couldn't bear to have me even touch her, she was suffering so. I told her husband she had to be taken to the hospital or she would die and he asked who would cook the bread if she were gone. He refused to allow her to go. All I could do was to leave a

"And another of their ideas is that we don't know anything about raising babies. Hindoo mothers, without exception, give opium to their babies to make them sleep while they work in the fields. As a result a large proportion of the little Hindoo babies die before they are a year old. Most of the work among the natives is surgical and the obstetric cases are the most interesting. This is cause the natives have medicines of their own, but know nothing of the use of the knife."



writers-the one that best knew our people, and felt for, and felt with, our people, and who accordingly found their hearts—was undoubtedly Charles their hero claimed, first by a British copy from it a faded portrait of the Kickham; and his beautiful novel of prison and then by death. homely Irish life, "Knocknagow, or the Homes of Tipperary," is the most dearly-prized story in Ireland.

Finding myself in the south of Ireland I must needs make pilgrimage to the Kickham country: And that was of May, I bowled along a road, passing a half-acre field which is popugaunt building, with roof broken and windowless, grinning like a death's head at the passer-by, soon afterwards

"'Tis a house, sir, that was built by

"Faith, he had to!" "Why?"

"Well, he built the house upon gentle (fairy) ground, and from the day the roof went on it, it was crammed

"No, then-he went to the divil." village where Charles Kickham spent when tested on his religious knowl- torious Judge Kehoe had just ordered almost all his life, was entered by a edge that Father Mat, impatiently him 14 years' penal servitude for the street that presented the appearance jumping from his seat cried out: "Is crime of loyalty to his country and of having had all haunted houses, for there a God at all in Mullinahone?" disloyalty to his country's enemies. of them windowless, presenting a as accommodating as possible, meek- tence with a smile. On being aftermost melancholy appearance.

I found, later, had been evicted almost a quarter of a century ago, be- "Wattletoes." Apropos of the same | Father Mat Russell tells hav very cause, in the Land league days, mak-subject-if I may still wander-I can | fond he was of little children and adopting the plan of campaign, they Wattletoes like: were summarily bundled out by the and to prosper again. He told me that ing in the morning?" almost all of the evicted tenants were still living, or trying to live, in or Billy, "an' drive to the craimery." around Mullinahone, and were expectto do-brought landlords to their the gentle poet and hot revolutionist of God! aye, hundreds of thousands of their rack-rented fellows throughout the land. It was their action, too, that forced from the British government fresh land acts and left their happier fellows in easier and cheaper possession of the land. These evicted tenants-bands of whom are to be found staked their all in defense of the cause -and lost. Yet they suffered, and suffered in silence like the brave men they were, and it was their triumph to see that though they lost, all Ire-

land won. "Is it do I know Charlie Kick?" said a young man upon the street to whom I put a question. "Well," reflectively, with a loving shake of his head. "I think I did. 'Tis many's the time when I was a little bare-footed gorsoon, meself an' the other little lads, when we were playing hide-and-seek. would go in and out under the table he was writin' on in the garden." His eye kindled when he heard from my lips the name beloved. And I observed the same when I mentioned Kickham's name to any other of the villagers. Howsoever indifferent they might be in answering questions on other subjects, I had but to mention Kickham and they opened their hearts

When I went to the chapel-yard to whose head was frosted by 70 winters and more, but who was still of Children should alerect carriage and bright eye, showed when they see a La-dy.

bones to moulder under this green wont to sit in meditation.

out from the circle which bound the of sorrow shone in his eye. Kearney by dangling before him the will need you soon!" cross.

her youth. A simple herd boy of her | Mullinabone. "And he went back to America father's, who hailed from Mullinahone. When his lawyer announced to the Mullinahone, a quiet, out-of-the-world made such a hopelessly bad showing dark January day of '66, that the nomost of them were roofless, and all To which the poor boy, anxious to be it is recorded that he heard the sen-All the house owners on this street reverence, there isn't any."

The reply would have done credit to women, and fires."

spoke to one of them who, fortune fa- ciples of Christian Doctrine," on which who loved him were playing about his voring, had managed to acquire a he was examining the class, "what is feet in the sunshine when the stroke shop in another part of the village the first thing you should do upon ris- of paralysis fell on him. This testi-

ing soon to be reinstated in their of Mullinahone, a quiet, lovely, home him as a covering in the game of hideproperty, and to resume the happy life they had known ere, for principle's live all the fun and all the company the content of the same of hide and seek. Father Russell tells us how sake, they were cast upon the world. and all the warm-heartedness of Kick- Kickham lingered long before a paint These brave fellows, and many an- ham's "Knocknagow" still flourishing ing-"The Head of a Cow," by one of other band like them in other parts of Ireland, are crippled heroes of the I went through Kickham's old house, any subtle genius he discovered in it. land war. It was their readiness to now inhabited by a Mr. Norton, one of but "because it was so like an old cow sacrifice themselves, and their actual the evicted tenants referred to, and in Mullinahone." Self-revealed in that sacrifice, which, an object lesson to one who very kindly showed me about one little sentence stands the lover, the landlords of Ireland, showed there and told me of Kickham's haunts and poet, and patriot, Charles Kickham what the Irish tenants were prepared habits. I sat by the freside where -may whose soul rest in the garden

plainty that his heart glowed, since a had had his eyesight impaired, and fa stranger had journeyed from afar to pay more seriously, his hearing, by a powhomage to the memory of his hero der explosion; and I walked in the and leader. These men took off their garden where the novelist had walked hats and knelt by the graveside with as he thought out his plots; and I me and prayed still another prayer sat in the shady bower where he had for him whom they had honored and sat while he penned them; and I loved-him who, his hopes for Ireland journeyed to the three ash trees beunfulfilled, his yearnings unsatisfied, youd the town to which Kickham his long and trying struggle uncrown- journeyed every evening: and I sat ed with success, at length laid his in the fork of the trees where he was

sod. These men, who now put up to The white-haired tailor, who lived God a prayer above his grave, had opposite to Charles Kickham's house, taken from Charles Kickham the oath hearing that an admirer of Charlie's to answer their country's call, and had come to town, sent me pressing were to have stood side by side with messages to come and see him, all The loveliest, most beloved of Irish him in the gap of danger when free impatient to talk of his old friend. dom's toesin sounded the call to arms. whom he loved and admired. When I But ere their fond dream could be ac- visited him he particularly pressed complished they were fated to see upon me in order that I might take a patriot which had been presented to As I looked up to the Celtic cross him by the patriot's brother. On his that was reared above the patriot's hero's shining qualities the old tailor grave I noticed some straws sticking lovingly dwelt, while the moist gleam

arms, and, climbing aloft to satisfy To the poor of Mullinahone Charles myself, discovered that there a black- Kickham and ail the Kickham family why, on a beautiful Sunday afternoon bird had built a nest in which two were charitable in remarkable delovely black-spotted, green eggs lay gree, giving them food, clothing, innocently. It touched me to find that money-their own clothes, while still larly supposed to be in no county, it touched me to find that they were unworn. Charles Kickthough three counties run up to its had reposed her fondest trust thus in ham's father was an anti-emigrationthree fences. The sight of a big, bare, the arm of the dead patriot's cross. ist. "Stay at home," he would say to And I instantly recalled, too, that the Mullinahone boy who came to bid charming incident in his most charm- him good-bye. "Stay at home and I'll ing novel, where "Wattletoes" wheed- find something for you to do. Maybe," les the slice of plumcake from Willie he would add significantly, "Ireland

prospect of being shown "a thrishe's All the Kickhams bravely strove to nest with five young wans-feathered bring nigh the hour when Ireland an' all," when Christmas snows were should call to them and all her sons on the ground. The blackbird that to give for her their lives. All of "the built her nest and laid her eggs above | Licks" were equally patriotic, but Charles Kickham's grave did him a Charles, the idol, was able to give his greater honor even than the loved patriotism undying expression. He ones who lifted over him the beautiful was, and is, a prophet in his own country, and in remote corners of Ire-I was curiously reminded of our old land; and, indeed, in far corners of friend "Wattletoes," when a lady, who the world wherever exiled Irishmen spoke with affection of Kickham and have strayed, hearts beat that know they neither give him paice, night nor told me an incident that happened in those dear ones in his own beloved

presented himself for confirmation at Felon Kickham in the dock of Green their parish chapel, but the poor boy street courthouse, on the evening of a ly and sincerely replied: "No, your wards asked what he missed most in jail, Kickham replied: "Children, and

ing a bold stand for the sake of other not forbear setting down here a more how well he knew to win their hearts. than themselves, they gave their ad- recent confirmation story which I He quotes one of Kickham's intimate herence to the "No Rent" manifesto, then heard, and which was also truly friends as saying: "It delighted him when the little ones tried to talk to "Billy Kirwan," said Father Tom, him on their fingers, and he was most landlerd and their houses wrecked. I quoting a question from "The Print patient in teaching them." Children mony agrees well with that of Martin "Tackle the donkey, father," replied Bolger, who had told me how the table in the garden on which the nov I strolled through the few streets elist was writing had often served

A PRIMER LESSON



Mud Pud-dle. See the Man. See the La-dy. And oh, see the Mud Pud-dle. Why visit the grave of the poet and novel- does not the Zob lay his Coat down so the la-dy can step on it? Beist I was followed by a few of his old cause his Name is Jinks and not Sir Walter Raleigh. And then too Fenian comrades and disciples who had got wind that a stranger, much interested in "Charlie Kick," had arrived in the village. They shook me warmly by the hand, and one of them to buy an-oth-er Coat with the Plugged Beer Check. So he lets the La-dy Swim.

Mr. Jinks is a Mean Man. Children should al-ways throw their Coats in-to a Mud Pud-dle

EAT GINGER IN THE MORNING now unbearable until they have worked the bile out of their systems

Man.

Bad Tempered People in an Amiable Mood.

Always eat ginger in the morning. feeling that afflicts so many men in tremely good for the liver. the morning.

"For many years," a correspondent writes, "I have been the victim of my ing. Until it has been well stirred the Hollenden and the Lake Shore own ungovernable temper and have up by the day's work it is in a offices. own ungovernable temper and amiable lethargic condition, and frequently "The next night I dreamed that I hever been able to get myself under the brain is in the same state, for had been hurt and that I before funchtime. Recently a friend the brain is in the same state, for had been hurt and that an accident presented me with a jar of preserved its blood supply is not right. ginger and my good fairy suggested those symptoms would only take office I found on my desk notice from at breakfast in place of marmalade. plenty of ginger at breakfast their this company that my annual \$25 asframe of mind in the morning has digestion would improve to an extent "A night or two later I dreamed rapidly improved and now I am able they cannot realize until they try the that a man who had borrowed \$10 to start the day as cheerily as a cure. They would go to business in a from me a year ago was paying me typical countr, farmer. Is it the normal state of temper.

Said to Be Pleasant Means of Putting many respects and they would start the day much readier for work than they do now.

"Ginger," he said, "contains an es-That is the newly discovered cure for tonic. It promotes digestion, is an dreams go by contraries," says Ralph the got-out-of-bed-on-the-wrong-side excellent stomach tonic and is ex- Martin, the railroad man.

"Since I have been taking it my livers would act properly and their sessment was due and unpaid.

people would only eat ginger at break- a very much better place to live in. for nine-tenths of the people who are rest. Therefore the street next day and make another touch."—Cleveland the people who are rest.

would then be as folly and bright in the morning as they are at an evening party now.

Such Stuff as Dreams.

"I'm beginning to believe that there sential oil which acts as a fine nerve is something in the claim that

"The other night I dreamed that i "The liver is the organ which found a five-dollar bill and the next males people so morose in the morn- day I lost a 'V' somewhere between

insurance company's agent was hand-

ginger that has worked this cure?"

A well-known doctor said that if ginger were eaten the world would be meet me on the street next day and back, and may I never eat again if

Able to Foresee Events

That "coming events cast their

believer in it. I have just reasons for the Wayne atreet bridge that crosses the Wayne atreet bridge th chadows before" or that there is such | believer in it. I have just reasons for then as intuitive knowledge that believing that there are those who

entrol. It was ready in a few min- that people get an idea of what's comtes and was only in waiting about ing is this; Everytihng was quiet in seconds when there was a rumble the district for weeks during one