

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The cattle reported sick and dying in the vicinity of Dallas, Texas, have been thoroughly examined by the U. S. Veterinary Inspector. They were found to be simply suffering from tuberculosis, brought on by exposure to the severe "northerners" of a Texan winter.

Richard Shinnick, keeper of a low barroom in Richmond, Virginia, several months ago sold out his business and went West, leaving behind his wife, who was consumptive. On the 18th the woman, seeing the approach of death, confessed that one night about a year ago she saw her husband murder a man in his barroom, rob him of a roll of money, and throw the body through a trap door into an old well under the floor. Mr. Carroll, City Treasurer of Staunton, and W. H. Crawford, Clerk of Bland County, visited Richmond last year and have not been heard of since. It is believed they were murdered by Shinnick. George Kades, an old man, was sentenced at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 20th, to 13 years' imprisonment for killing his step-daughter. The girl was in bed and refused to arise when called. Kades entered her room and almost hacked her to pieces with a shoemaker's knife.

At Rochester on the 20th, Walter B. Duffy made a personal assignment for the benefit of his creditors. His liabilities, which are principally on endorsements, amount to about \$250,000. The assignment in no way affects the Rochester Distilling Company, of which Mr. Duffy is President. Monroe Brothers & Co., lumber dealers, of Cleveland, Ohio, with four branches at other points in that State, and one at Ann Arbor, Michigan. The liabilities are not stated; but the assets are estimated at \$274,000. Peacock Brothers, cattle dealers, of Colorado City, Texas, have made an assignment. Their liabilities are \$300,000. The banking house of D. M. Tomlin, at Arapahoe, Nebraska, failed on the 20th. Tomlin's assets are reported at \$70,000, just enough to cover the liabilities.

The dry goods store of Moses Jacobs & Sons, at Lewiston, Maine, was burned on the evening of the 19th. Loss, \$25,000; insurance, \$18,000. Alexander Jacobs, who slept in the store, was severely burned. The engine house adjoining the Catholic Rectory, at West Chester, New York, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 20th. Loss, \$50,000. The main building, which was heated by steam, was supplied from the burned building.

Elizabeth Grund, aged 16 years, daughter of Louis Grund, ex-Chief of the Republican City Central Committee of St. Louis, died on the 20th in that city of hydrophobia. Some time ago she was bitten by a two-months-old pup, with which she was playing, but nothing was thought of it until, about eight days ago, she was taken sick with the symptoms of the fearful disease of which she died.

Maurice Nugent was shot dead by Thomas Bailey in a saloon in San Francisco early on the morning of the 21st. This is the seventh murder within six weeks and the fourth within a week in that city. Frank Sanders, the murderer of the Swilling family, reported to have been burned to death, escaped that penalty, but was taken from the jail in Carverville, Alabama, on the morning of the 21st and lynched. William Mussel, charged with murder, was taken from the jail at Eaton, Ohio, on the night of the 21st and lynched by a mob. The lynchers, it is said, included "the heaviest taxpayers and best men of the place."

News has been received at Little Rock that at three o'clock on the 19th, in Vitonia, Arkansas, a "heavy" business house in the town was simultaneously set on fire and burned to the ground, including the barn, crib and outhouses of Messrs. George and Thomas Harris, residing about a mile from Vitonia. The Harris Brothers lost great quantities of corn, fodder, cottonseed, hay, etc., they being considered the wealthiest farmers in the county. Total loss about \$150,000. No one has yet been arrested. A fire at Galveston, early on the morning of the 21st, destroyed 28 dwellings and two grocery stores. Loss \$120,000; insurance, \$75,500.

Peter Conroy, a young married man, went home drunk in Weehawken, New Jersey, on the 21st. He quarrelled with his wife and the supper table, three naked men entered the house, and one of them struck Conroy on the head with a chair. The child's skull was fractured by the blow and one of her arms was broken by her falling to the floor. Her recovery is doubtful.

John E. McCormack, aged 15 years, and William Smith, aged 30, were killed by falling through an elevator opening in a factory in Brooklyn on the 22d.

On the evening of the 21st at the family of Casper Carl, of Clearfield township, near Edinburg, Penna., were rising from the supper table, three naked men entered the house, and one of them struck Carl on the head with a chair, "abusing him severely in their efforts to quiet him," and then demanded his money. He refused their demand, when they proceeded to ransack the house, securing about \$450 in gold.

The Pension Appropriation bill, reported on the 21st, provides for a total expenditure on account of pensions of \$75,254,500. The estimates were \$76,254,500, and the appropriation for last year \$75,075,200. Included in the bill are appropriations of \$72,000 for salaries of eighteen pension agents, and \$150,000 for rents and incidental expenses, and a requirement that the Secretary of the Treasury shall provide suitable rooms in public buildings for pension agents.

While the cashier of the First National Bank of Milwaukee was eating his dinner, on the 21st, an unknown thief stole about two thousand dollars in five-dollar notes, about half of which were unsigned.

A telegram from Eatontown, New Jersey, says that Austin Springstein, who a few weeks ago was whirled about 200 times around the main shaft at the hat factory in which he was employed, is recovering. "His vitality is a marvel to all the doctors in the neighborhood."

A freight train on the Reading Railroad ran into the rear end of a coal train near Bridgeport, Penna., on the morning of the 21st. One engine was wrecked and thirty-five coal cars and six freight cars were damaged.

A fire at Oskaloosa, Iowa, early on the morning of the 21d, destroyed the Post-office, Times Building, Opera House and several stores, causing a loss of \$30,000. The insurances amount to \$28,000. W. J. Flanigan's steam cotton gin and grist and saw mills, at Morton, Mississippi, were burned on the 22d. Loss, \$30,000; insurance, Agger & Sanning's furniture factory, in Cincinnati, was burned on the evening of the 21st. Loss, \$23,000.

Louis Pascal and A. Vincenzi were arrested in Mobile on the 21st on a charge of robbing a man in New Orleans of \$4000.

George F. Schmitt, a jeweller of Chicago, was robbed of nearly \$800 worth of diamond rings on the night of the 21st. Three men entered his store on pretence of purchasing, and one of them threw red pepper in his eyes while the others grabbed the rings.

The body of a woman was seen floating near the life-saving station at Bridgehamton, Long Island, on the 17th, which, it is thought, might be that of the missing Miss Harvey, of Newport.

There is an epizooty of "pink eye" among the horses in Buffalo. The street railway companies on the 22d reported eighty-seven animals on the sick list.

The farm house of Caleb Russell, near Saybrook, Ohio, was burned early on the morning of the 23d. When the neighbors arrived at the scene, Russell, who was eighty years old, and his wife, aged fifty, had escaped from the house, but they were so much over-come by the heat and smoke that they died shortly afterward. A demented son, who slept up stairs, was burned to death.

A passenger train on the Asheville and Spartanburg Railroad was thrown from the track near Fletchers, North Carolina, on the 23d, by the spreading of the rails. Ten or twelve passengers were severely injured; one of them, a woman, is not expected to recover.

In Medina, Ohio, about 1 o'clock on the morning of the 23d, five men seized, bound and gagged Town Marshal Frazier and took him with them to the court house. Here they broke a window in the office of the County Treasurer, and entering, placed the helpless Marshal in a corner and flung a heavy overcoat over him. They then attempted to blow open the safe, containing \$30,000. Three attempts were made in succession, and after three hours of fruitless work, they noticed lights beginning to appear in the windows of the houses near by. They hastily left the building, and seizing two horses and two wagons belonging to citizens, drove off. In Minneapolis, about 10 o'clock on the evening of the 22d, three men in a sleigh drove up to the jewelry store of J. R. Elliott. Two of them jumped from the sleigh while the third held the horses. "One of the men carried a heavy stick of wood with which he smashed the large glass show window, in which were trays of diamonds, watches and jewelry. He seized all at hand and threw them into the sleigh, while his accomplices kept the crowds of people that swarmed the streets at bay with cocked revolvers. Before anything could be done both men jumped into the sleigh and drove rapidly up the street, the driver wildly lashing the horses and the robbers standing with revolvers pointed at the crowd. They secured between \$6000 and \$7000 worth of diamonds and watches."

Indian Ridge Colliery, at Shenandoah, Penna., operated by the Reading Coal and Iron Company, was on the 23d compelled to suspend work for an indefinite time, owing to a "squeeze" on the mine openings caused by removing the pillars or supports of the roof. The crush began on the 22d, and continued on the 23d. "It is possible that it may be of such a nature and extent as to close the present opening of the mine, and almost entirely destroy it." About five hundred men and boys are thrown out of employment.

Alexander Higgins, of Germantown, a brakeman on the Chester Creek, Penna., Railroad, was killed on the 22d by falling under his train.

While dynamite cartridges were being warmed at a railroad cut near Elizabethtown, Penna., on the 22d, fifty of them were exploded by a spark, William Cahill was killed and three other men injured, one of them named John McManus, of Lancaster, perhaps fatally.

In Carnegie's Steel works, at Homestead, Penna., on the 23d, while a ladle containing six tons of molten steel was being swung from the smelting furnace to the ingot mould, the crane broke, and the metal was thrown into the pit below. An explosion followed, severely burning four men. All are expected to recover.

The Directors of the Canal National Bank of Portland, Maine, report that the loss to the bank by the stealings of Blackstone is \$56,500. Robert J. Callahan, 17 years of age, employed as a stamper in the city distribution department of the Chicago Post Office, was arrested on the night of the 22d, for robbing the mails. He was caught by a decoy letter.

When the ticket agent of Albaugh's Theatre in Washington opened his office on the 23d, he found that safe had been blown open and robbed of \$470 in money and \$500 worth of jewelry.

Froude says: "The Providence which watches over the affairs of men works out of their mistakes, at times, a healthier issue than could have been accomplished by their wisest forethought."

We can easily manage if we will only take, each day, the burden appointed for it. But the load will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.

49th CONGRESS--2d SESSION

SENATE.

Congress adjourned on the 22d until the 4th of January. In the Senate Mr. Edmunds, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a bill to provide for the execution of the treaty with China, of 1851, in regard to the opium traffic. He gave notice that he would ask its consideration as soon as possible after the holidays. Mr. Blair, from the Committee on Pensions, reported a bill to amend the pension laws, which was placed on the calendar. Mr. Hoar offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Committee on Commerce to report in the River and Harbor bill as to each public work for which an appropriation is made therein, the facts which render such an appropriation advisable and of national importance, and the condition of the work, if begun. Adjourned.

HOUSE. In the House, on the 23d, a conference committee was appointed on the bill to increase the annual appropriation for the militia. Mr. Warner, from the Committee on Post-offices, reported a bill requiring all land-grant railroad companies to construct, maintain and operate telegraph lines. The Senate bill making Lewes, Delaware, a port of delivery, was passed. The Oklahoma bill was considered, but without action the House adjourned.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Never trouble yourself to do for another what he can do just as well for himself.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Do not despise a twenty cent cigar or a two dollar dinner because another man pays for it.

Remember it costs more to go to a high priced theatre than it does to take a back pew in a free church.

Nothing is beneath you if it is in the direction of your life; nothing is great or desirable if it is off and away from that.

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one more important, which he gives himself.

Without a belief in personal immortality religion surely is like an arch resting on one pillar, like a bridge ending in an abyss.

In the sight of God no man is poor, but him who is wanting in goodness; and no man is rich, but him who abounds in virtue.

The sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God; it proves a tonic for the system, and is actually a blessing.

The mind is weak when it has once given way; it is long before a principle restored can become as firm as one that has never been moved.

Whatever you would not wish your neighbor to do to you do it not unto him. This is the whole law; the rest is a mere exposition of it.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will come forth a new crop of rank weeds.

Charity towards the weaknesses of human nature is a virtue which we demand in others, but which we find very hard to practice ourselves.

There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.

Great effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star.

Memory and hope are set like stars above the soul—the one shining dimly through the twilight of the past, the other lighting the archway of the future.

A zealous soul without meekness is like a ship in a storm, in danger of wrecks. A meek soul without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that moves not as fast as it ought.

It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be consecrated into ecstasies full of danger and followed by restrictions.

Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end when conjoined; separated, they lose the greater portion of their utility.

All the nice things of this world are of no further good to us than they are of us; and whatever we may heap up to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.

THE MARKET.

Table with columns for Philadelphia and New York, listing various commodities like Flour, Wheat, and Oil with their respective prices.

Equivocation.

We lingered, in the act to part, The last word still unspoken, By the quick beating of my heart The silence faintly broken.

So beautiful she seemed and pure— Ah me! how I should miss her, Unable longer to endure My wish, I asked to kiss her.

A blush of deepest rose o'erspread Her face, as if to mask it, As, with a woman's art, she said, "Why, Frank, you should not ask it!"

THE GIRLS WON THE RACE.

Every summer of my girlhood was spent on Grandpa Adams' farm. Perhaps heaven will be more beautiful, and perhaps the eternities will yield a fairer host of delights, but I doubt it. The old farm house was set behind a row of poplar trees, and even yet I can see when I close my eyes the sway of their stately tops, when the harper of the winds called time for sudden storms, or when on breezy summer afternoons the changeful silver of their reversed leaves gleamed like the crest of a breaking billow. Leading up to the house was a garden walk bordered with pinks, bachelor buttons and ribbon grasses. The lower windows were hidden behind syringa bushes and plummy lilacs, and the big time-worn flag-stone which formed the door-step was bordered with scraggy tufts of chickweed, broad-leaved plantain and the golden plume of that stealthy marauder, the mustard weed; an uncanny crew which grandpa's patient weeding could never quite eliminate.

Around at the side door was a low bench, where the milk pails were always sunning, and an old well-sweep balanced lightly among the apple trees. A few holly-hocks formed a pretty barrier to a spot which was set apart for bee hives, and a long line of currant bushes was the chosen ambush for troops of amazed hens, and an astonished rooster whose chuckle of dismay proclaimed the approach of every wandering footstep.

There were three girls of us who reigned supreme in this lovely spot. Consist all of us, and each sent down from Boston by our respective parents to be gotten out of the way, while the elder sisters took the triumphal round of summer watering places. Our turn came later, but nothing that it ever brought equalled the rapture of those perfect summers on the farm.

Our privileges were absolute, and only at the stable door did dear old grandpa draw the line.

"You may take the old mare girl, just when ever you like, harness her up and drive to Jericho if you want to, but I can't have you breaking your necks with the colts."

"But grandpa, she can't go fast, and she trots like a chicken on a stove lid," said Kitty.

"And she's homely as sin!" remonstrated Sue.

"And she breathes so hard, I'm always afraid she's going to lie down and die," murmured I.

But our remonstrances availed us nothing; it was the old mare or stay at home, so finally we grew reconciled to her, and her peculiarities gave us little concern.

One lovely August morning we harnessed her up for a drive over to the village to get the tri-weekly mail. The sun promised a sultry day, but the morning hours were fresh with undried dew, and a breeze of the night like a belated bird, was loitering and rustling in the tall poplar branches.

"Better drive her along middling smart," said grandpa, "the wind'll die down by ten o'clock, and I reckon it'll be a powerful hot day."

"Grandma," said Sue, "if you tied 'kangdom come' to her tail the old mare couldn't make over a mile in forty minutes."

"I don't know about that," said grandpa as he unfastened the gate for us to ride down the lane, "she used to be considerable of a traveler in her day, and once in awhile she lets out even now, and shows the old go ain't quite dead yet."

"Don't you think we had better take one of the colts, dear," said I sweetly, "perhaps she may 'let out' suddenly and run away with us."

"Go 'long with you, saucer box," said the inflexible old gentleman, "I wouldn't give five coppers for your necks if you were behind one of them frisky colts."

So away we drove out of the blooming lane, and onto the dusty, level high-way, which marked the good two mile distance to the village.

We sat crowded in one seat for there was always a drawn battle as to who should drive, the things were easier adjusted if we all sat together so that the reins could be easily shifted. Sue carried a big gingham umbrella, which flapped in the wind like a yellow sail; Kitty held valiantly on to a big earthen crock filled with butter, and both to the village storekeeper, and I temporarily handled the reins. We had no whip, we had long ago found it to be a matter of utter indifference to the mare whether we wished to go slow or fast, and the sight of the old girl playing tag on the village green or skipping rope in the stable yard, would have given us less surprise than to behold her break for her hippety lop gait.

We reached the village, deposited the butter, took in exchange a mighty jug of molasses, gathered in the mail, care-

fully counting it all over to be sure of no mistake. The Baptist Weekly, The Advocate and Guardian, The Western Beacon, The Southern Clarion, yes, all were there; and we laboriously turned the old mare and started her for home. The breeze had blown away, like a belated bird to join its flock, and the sun was as ardent as grandpa had prophesied.

"Oh, hurry her up," said I, finding the ecstasy of holding the molasses jug to my breast palling upon me; "Do for heaven's sake hit her with the umbrella, Kit, I'm scorching."

"I'm afraid she might kick!" "Don't you do it," said Sue, whose grasp on the lines was rather languid.

"Here, give it to me," said I, reaching over and snatching at the umbrella; "I wish to gracious she would run, it's the only thing to save us from sunstroke."

But my first whack with the umbrella was met with a gentle flourish of the old mare's tail, as though dreamily mindful of a settling fly, while at the same moment a strange voice said:

"Shall I get out and lead her for you, or would you wait long enough for me to get a charge of dynamite and tie it to the dashboard?"

We looked behind us, and there, in a gossamer little sulky, drawn by a satin skinned bay, sat a stranger young man. Nothing like him had ever met our eyes out of Boston. He was immaculate as to linen and beaver, and upon his shapely hand glistened, like a chip of the radiant sun, an unmounted diamond.

The girls nudged me, as the ever ready, but for once surprised had sealed my tongue.

"I should hardly have thought," said the mocking voice again, "that such a lovely cargo would have been entrusted to such a reckless steed."

"We're holding her in," said Sue. "She wants to go but it's too hot to give her her head."

"Ah," says the unknown, "brella then was used only as a mere frantic ambition."

I shaded my face behind the jug, the umbrella descended above our young heads, and the tormentor's flying wheels bleared face, as his light wheels flashed went at a rattling pace up stretch of road, then turned, he proached us, tipping his hat ja he again fell to the rear.

As the sound of his horse's pace came flying up the road to overtake us, a strange traction began in the old mare.

pricked up like a squirrel's tail the wind. Her tail fluttered the spume of an angry sea. E went up and a snort like the trumpet rent the air.

"Good gracious!" said Kitty mad. "I can't hold her."

With the first shock I had dropped the molasses jug, and tents were strung the road with sunburned gore. The umbrella sailed out of Sue's hands, and went to join the heavenly constellations.

"She's got the bit between her teeth," sang Kit; "she's running away."

"Give her her head! Let her go! Go 'lang my beauty!" shouted I.

"I can't hold on! I'm falling out!" shrieked Sue.

"Hold on to the seat," cried I. "We'll get in ahead of that man or die."

Faster and faster flew the mare. The road behind her unrolled like an old gold ribbon fringed with fame. The sound of her breathing was like the advance of a brass band. Omgiance over my shoulder showed me the stranger two lengths behind, and breathing heavily.

"Get up! Fly! Scatter! Go long forever! That's my life girl! On, my beauty," shouted I to the mare.

She made a white streak of herself. She leaped through the dust like a rubber ball. I looked over her shoulder again—three lengths behind and losing.

In the road before us appeared a band of familiar forms, waving milk pans and shouting "Whoa!"

But the mare, regardless of the voice to which she had listened so many years, darted by the restraining group that sought to stay her and bravely passed the second quarter.

A last glimpse over my shoulder discovered the total base; down of the stranger horse, which had turned tail and was disappearing down the road.

The old mare died that night, but she died in a blaze of glory as a victorious warrior dies on the battle field, his prowess has won. She lived long enough to accept sugar from our hands to a cloying extent, and I think her brave equine spirit appreciated our change and our tender ministrations to the last.

"After all," said Kitty, "she brought her fate upon herself; she should not hold her in."

"And I would not have done so if I could, said I. 'I'd rather die as she did than live to have her beaten."

"Yes," interposed Sue at this late day, "and don't you think the only reason I turned back to save you the race, was because you were so scared each time you glanced at your shoulder at me. I didn't see you die."

Do not put a politician of the boil on another.

Nothing is trod on by other people do to you that you handle a liar.

When angry, skipper your man before sauer.

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DIAMONDS.

An Advance in Their European Value That Will Soon Be Felt Here.

A recent telegram from Europe announced "a great revival in the diamond trade of Brussels" and great sales of diamonds to America. So far as concerned a revival of the diamond trade generally in Europe that is all right, but Mr. Dreyfuss, who is credited with knowing all that is to be known of the diamond business, says that "Brussels is no more a market than it is New York. There are only two great markets, Amsterdam and Antwerp, and next to them stand Paris and London. But it is quite true that not only is there a gratifying activity in the diamond trade, but a noteworthy increase in values. The most precious stones are worth now, in the European markets, 15 to 20 per cent. more than they were a month ago. They had been appreciating gradually for a year past, but have made their principal jump within a few weeks. As yet this advance is hardly felt on this side of the water, but it will be just as soon as importers will have to replace their present stock by new purchases in Europe. There are still here dealers who have cheap lots on hand that they can sell low at profit, and others who are compelled to sell irrespective of rising values, but the popular demand will soon exhaust those sources of supply and remove their influence in keeping the market down, and then if the present European tendency continues diamonds may come to be regarded as an expensive luxury.

A letter received here the other day from one of the principal Parisian dealers says that he has sold off his entire stock of diamonds on hand at much lower prices than he ever expected to

sell. He says that the market is so tight that he is unable to get any more diamonds at a price that will enable him to make a profit.

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