

### A SUFFERING INFANT.

I'm indeed a suffering infant,  
Lord! how I detest these frills  
And these curls and pretty pauties  
Copied from the showman's bills.  
Don't I wish that I were bigger,  
Wouldn't I rise up and swear  
At that silly-looking make-up,  
With the long and duffy hair.  
My! I'd like to go in swimming,  
Play at leap-frog or base ball;  
But my clothes are far too pretty—  
No, it wouldn't do at all.  
Life grows dark and dull and dreary;  
Not an hour can I enjoy.  
How I'd like to kick the stuffing  
Out of little Fauntleroy!  
—Washington Capital.

## To Her Advantage.

BY SARAH PITT.

"If any relatives of the late James Handford, sometime curate of Widston, be still living, they may hear of something to their advantage by applying to Messrs. Dod & Son, solicitors, King street."

Barbara Reed set down the paper with a little jerk.

"I wonder if that means me," she said thoughtfully. "My grandfather's name was James Handford, certainly, and I know that he was a curate, but I did not know that there was ever any money in the family."

"If you think it worth while, go to Messrs. Dod & Son and find out," suggested a sharp-featured, elderly lady who sat stitching at the table between them.

"I shall. There may be five thousand pounds waiting for me."

"Or five pounds, more likely," suggested the stitchee.

Barbara laughed. "I'd rather think of the thousands, Mrs. Stewart; they would be more to my advantage."

"I know of something that would be more to your advantage than all the money you are likely to get from advertisements if you had the sense to see it," returned that lady, significantly.

Barbara flushed as she left the room to get her cloak and bonnet and set out for home. She was the music-mistress in Mrs. Stewart's school, and had been one of the most promising pupils in it before that; she was almost alone in the world, except for a distant aunt with whom she lived, and after school days ended, it being necessary that she should do something towards keeping up the little household, she had been very glad when Mrs. Stewart's proposal to retain her for the younger girls' music lessons saved her from applying to strangers. Still, notwithstanding her obligations, there were times when Barbara felt strongly disposed to protest against the lady's authority, for it was pretty much as it had been in the days when she was a child.

"She never seems to remember that I am grown up and fit to manage my own business. It does not follow that because I was her pupil once, she has a right to interfere with me now."

She was marching down the road, her head well up, while she argued the matter out, when some one quietly fell into step beside her. The shadow glistened from her brow like morning mist as she looked around.

"What are you in such a dreadful hurry for?" inquired the new-comer. "I could scarcely keep you in sight."

It was the subject of Mrs. Stewart's admonitions, her drawing-master-clever enough in his profession, but of his industry and general dependability she had not the highest opinion. Not so Miss Barbara, who was fast developing a very warm sentiment for the fine looking young artist.

"I am going home to deposit my music, and after that I think of making a journey into the city, to King street."

"That is an expedition!"

"Isn't it! But I have some expectation of coming into a fortune, and that is the place I am to apply to."

Mr. Lawrence's face showed such genuine interest in the news that the girl speedily told him all she knew, perhaps with a little unconscious exaggeration, by way of justifying her previous announcement.

"You will be sure and let me know the result of your expedition?"

"Oh, yes."

"I shall be most anxious to hear, and no one deserves such a fortune better than yourself," said he earnestly, as with a lingering clasp of the hand he left her.

The dingy, jolting omnibus that conveyed Barbara to the city that afternoon might have been a royal chariot for all she felt it. She was absorbed in bright visions of her coming greatness. No more long practising at Mrs. Stewart's for herself, no drawing lessons for someone else. Who could tell but next May there might be a new member in the academy, a new picture to attract all eyes? No man tied down to mere teaching could have a fair chance. The girl's face glowed with the fancy that it might be her hand that would set the fettered genius free.

The glow was still there when she turned into King street and ran against a plain, rather commonplace young man, coming out of one of the warehouses.

"Why, Barbara, it's not often you come to this quarter," he said, as he held out his hand.

It was a brown, unglowed hand, and bore evident traces of hard service. Barbara gave the tips of her fingers rather coolly, contrasting it with the well-shaped, yellow-gloved one that had pressed hers a little before.

"I came on some business, Mr. Grant," she said. "I believe there is a legacy waiting for me; it was adver-

tised in the papers, and I am going to see the solicitors about it now."

John Grant laughed. "Well, I hope you may get it, Miss Barbara; for myself, I never had much faith in legacies since I wasted twenty-five shillings in advertising about one."

"That may have been a very different matter from this. I had better not detain you any longer, Mr. Grant."

"Good afternoon, Miss Barbara."

The girl bowed stiffly. "And that is the man Mrs. Stewart thinks worth half a dozen of Alfred Lawrence," said she to herself as she walked into the solicitors' office. "It seems to be a decided virtue in some people's eyes to have coarse hands and a stabby general appearance."

Her face was several shades longer when she came out again. The lawyers had not received her with the respectful enthusiasm she expected. She was not prepared to answer questions about genealogies; indeed, she fancied they took her for an impostor, they had been so unwilling to give her any information. She should hear from them in a few days, and in the meantime she must kindly fill in the answers to certain questions on a paper they had given her.

"And I thought I should almost have had it in my pocket by this time," she said ruefully. "Ah, well, I must have patience for another week or so. It is sure to be settled then; only—I'd like to have something to tell Mr. Lawrence."

Mr. Lawrence sympathized with her almost as deeply as she did with herself over the delay when she told him the result of her visit next day. The girl was quite struck with the way he seemed to enter into all her feelings.

"And they did not even give you an idea how much it is?" he asked.

"No, but I could tell by their manner that it must be a good deal," said Barbara.

"I don't know if that is a criterion. These old lawyers are very deceptive sometimes," he rejoined. "However, you can get that paper filled up and sent in, and I would not lose any time about it."

John Grant was the next person to whom she had to explain herself.

"Just what I expected, Miss Barbara," he said, cheerfully. "One is never sure of a chance of that kind till one actually has it. I would not build on it if I were you."

"You don't seem to have had a fortunate experience in that way," retorted the young lady, ungratefully. "It is only deferred in this case, and I am in no hurry for a few days."

"Days!" echoed John. "There's a man in our office who has waited years, and is likely to wait, far as I can see."

Mrs. Stewart was another thorn in the path.

"Barbara, my dear," she remarked one day, after school was dismissed, "were you paying any attention whatever to the girls' practising this afternoon?"

Barbara flushed scarlet. "I was beside the piano the whole time," she declared.

"Your body may have been there, but your mind certainly was not. Now, my dear, you must really endeavor to put this unfortunate legacy out of your head for the present; you have been fit for very little since it was first mentioned. So far it has proved decidedly the reverse of any advantage to you."

Ten days later came the much-looked-for communication from Messrs. Dod and Son. "They were in receipt of Miss Reed's paper, and could assure her the matter should have their best attention, and were hers most obediently," etc.

Barbara flung it into her desk with a disappointed face. It was tedious to be obliged to wait in suspense like this. She would hardly know how to get through the time but for Mr. Lawrence's attention and warm interest in the upshot. John Grant's indifference, threw up his rival's superior qualities in full relief; and yet there were times when Barbara felt just a little puzzled that Mr. Lawrence went no farther.

With all his solicitude and looks that said more than words, he never absolutely committed himself to anything more binding than friendship.

"I can't ask him," she said one day under her breath as she walked slowly home after one of these "accidental" meetings. "But, oh, I do wish he would say straight out what he means, or else keep away altogether."

Poor Barbara was to feel more unsettled still before she reached home. It was a lovely summer evening, and fifty yards farther on she was joined by another cavalier—John Grant this time. She shrank back at first, half afraid of some jesting inquiry after Messrs. Dod & Son, but she speedily discovered that he seemed to have forgotten their very existence. There was something else in his mind, and he lost no time in saying very "straight out" indeed what it was.

"I may not be able to offer you a fine house and luxuries," he said, "but I have saved plenty to begin in comfort, and I think we might be very happy together if you would only try. I have thought about it for the last two years, and worked hard to be able to tell you so."

Barbara looked up at him with genuine tears in her eyes.

"I am so sorry!" she said. "I never thought of such a thing—at least, not in serious earnest," as she remembered sundry remarks of Mrs. Stewart's. "Beside, there's lots of other better girls you might find."

"That is not the point," he interrupted; "it's you, not the other girls, I want. Try and think of it, Barbara. I don't want to hurry you, but let me have a line as soon as you can; it means a good deal to me."

Barbara went home in a kind of haze. She had never thought so highly of John Grant and his straightforward dependableness as at that moment;

but, on the other hand, there was Mr. Lawrence with his handsome face and dashing manner, and there was a little undefined sense of resentment against Mrs. Stewart, who had always been a strong if not entirely judicious advocate for John Grant, and—then there was this probable fortune that might be coming to her. Barbara looked at the peaceful evening sky in sore perplexity as to what she ought to do, or what she wished.

"He said he didn't want to hurry me," she finally decided. "I'll just wait and see how things go."

For another week or two things continued to go in much the same fashion. Mrs. Stewart wore a chronic air of disapproval. John Grant was to the fore with his sympathetic inquiries, but in some mysterious way Barbara began to find them irritating rather than flattering. She got tired of giving the same response, "Nothing yet," and of hearing the same polite remarks about his concern and admiration of her. They did not go deep enough.

"If he has nothing more than that to say, he ought not to have said it at all," she reflected, contrasting it half unconsciously with John Grant's very opposite line of conduct.

At last, one Saturday morning, as she was setting out for Mrs. Stewart's, she met the postman, who gave her a blue official-looking envelope. Barbara stood still on the step, holding her breath as she opened it.

"Messrs. Dod and Son's compliments to Miss Reed, and begged to inform her that Mrs. Elizabeth Drake had been proved the nearest of kin, and consequently heir-at-law to the five hundred pounds left by the late James Handford."

Miss Reed folded up the letter and put it soberly into her jacket pocket. She had scarcely realized before how much she had been counting upon it. There was nothing left now but to put on a brave face and make the best of it.

"Mrs. Stewart," she said, knocking at the door of that lady's sitting-room, before she began her morning practice. "I wanted to tell you I have heard about the legacy at last."

"Well?" Mrs. Stewart looked up from her desk, pen in hand.

"It's not well," said Barbara, trying to smile. "There is some one nearer than I am—a Mrs. Elizabeth Drake. She gets it all—it was five hundred pounds."

Mrs. Stewart laid down her pen and patted the girl's shoulder kindly.

"Never mind, Barbara; you may be glad to have missed it some day, though it's not pleasant now. There are many other good things in the world beside money."

"It would have helped very nicely, though," sighed Barbara.

"No doubt; but it's not to be, so just try and forget it. You know you are not utterly dependent upon it."

As Barbara crossed the hall to the school-room that afternoon, she encountered Mr. Lawrence. He was standing at the table buttoning his light gloves. She saw at the first glance that Mrs. Stewart had told him of her disappointment. She hesitated one instant, then went straight up to him.

"You see, I am not to come into a fortune, after all," she said quietly.

"So it seems," he said coldly, not looking up from the refractory button.

"But it was not much of a fortune, after all. I thought it was to be five or six times that amount."

"I wish I had never heard of it," spoke Barbara, looking at him in scornful surprise. "It has been nothing but an upset and an annoyance."

"Yes, it is rather a pity—disappointing, and waste of time, too. Well, I am going into the country for a few weeks, Miss Reed, so good afternoon if I don't chance to see you again."

"Good afternoon," returned Barbara, with a frigid bow, as she opened the school-room door.

A tiny note was dropped into the pillar-post that same evening addressed to Mr. John Grant, and ran thus:

"DEAR JOHN:—I am not half good enough for you, but if you still wish it—I'll try."

It was not, perhaps, a great achievement in the way of composition for a young lady who had been under Mrs. Stewart's guidance so long, but it perfectly satisfied the person for whom it was intended, and much loftier epistles have often failed in that respect.

"Mrs. Stewart, that unfortunate legacy was something to my advantage after all," Mrs. John Grant said once, some months later. "I don't know what Mrs. Elizabeth Drake did with it, but I do know I would not change with her. The missing it has brought me far more happiness than the getting it ever could."

The Fiddlers of Cumberland Island. A Cumberland correspondent thus describes the fiddlers of that island: "After fishing my attention was attracted by an army of fiddlers in the sand. Oh, such funny little folks are the fiddlers! They are a peaceable set, too, and in all the droves and droves that I saw marching about on the sands by the inlet I saw only two who were disorderly. They fought a little, but not for long, and the defeated fellow crawled into his hole, and the army moved on. A fiddler looks like a very small crab. Some are blue, others red and brown, and there are black and gray. Some have no claws, others have a great white claw like a crab, which they seem to keep time with. They are the drum majors. A fiddler never turns to run. They run backward, to the front and sideways without moving their bodies. They have little holes all over the sand that reach to—well, I don't know, for I got a stick and dug and dug until I got tired, and I never did find the bottom. They have a curious little way of making a noise like smacking the lips, and it sounds sometimes as though a lot of folks were kissing."

## PORTUGUESE BULL FIGHT

### MORE EXCITING AND LESS CRUEL THAN IN SPAIN.

How the Bulls Endeavor to Get at Their Foe.

The bull fight of Spain and that of Portugal, are of equal antiquity, but they are radically different, and the Portuguese fight is not only the better sport and the more humane of the two, but also that it has kept far more truly to the traditions of the ancient pastime, which seems to have been a modified survival of the gladiatorial fights—a lineal descendant of the wild beast shows of ancient Rome. Tradition tells us that the Cid, the great Christian hero of the middle ages, was renowned as a bull fighter, killing bulls from his horse with his own valiant hand. Emperor Charles V. was also devoted to this noble sport, and Goya, the Spanish painter, made a memorable picture of him in the very act of attacking with his spear a savage bull.

Now, the Spanish bull fight preserves these glorious old traditions in a very degraded form. Their mounted picadors are recruited from the slums of Seville or Madrid, and they are so swathed in leather and in mail that they are practically safe from danger, and the horses they ride are broken-down cab and cart horses, whose work is done, and being fit only to be put to death, are simply made an end of by the bulls instead of by the "knacker."

In point of fact, the picador does not fight at all. He simply gets into the bull's way when the creature rushes into the arena, receives his charge, and, after a little feint of combat, yields up his poor horse to the bull's horns.

Portuguese bull fighting is a manlier sport. No knacker's yard horses are brought into the ring to be butchered there unresistingly. The Portuguese picadors are not recruited from the slums, but are usually gentlemen of birth—of a class, that is to say, with whom the management of the horse is a traditional accomplishment. Instead of being protected by armor, they wear a rich, gold-laced costume of the 16th century, and the horses are carefully trained, and caparisoned magnificently in silk and gold.

The only assault made upon the bull is by the bandedeiros, who carry tiny darts called bandedeiras—sticks about a foot in length, adorned with silken ribbons and streamers, with a projecting steel point, barbed, and as fine as a trout fly hook straightened out. It is not long enough to pass through the creature's skin, which is almost two inches thick at the neck, where the darts are inserted, and he seems to feel the prick rather less than we should feel that of a pin.

The great art of the Portuguese bull fight is to provoke him to wild wrath and then evade him.

It is a splendid sight to see a black bull from the plains of Alentejo in the rage of his first rush into the ring. He charges at the first living creature in his path; and the blinder and madder his rush, the safer the bull fighter. The man holds his scarlet silken cloak in front of him, and behind it shelter darts to one side as the bull is on him, and the horns of the enraged animal meet only the empty air. Naturally he is very much astonished, and when he has charged thus vainly on three or four of the men he stands in the centre of the ring and considers what to do.

He paws the ground, he roars he stamps; and then, sometimes he turns cunning and comes to one of the men very slowly, with intent to press him against the wooden barrier of the ring till he has crushed the life out of him. An attack of this kind is, of course, much more dangerous than are his blind charges, and would lead to far more deaths in the ring than really occur were it not that the wooden barrier, which is from five to six feet high, is provided with a little ledge about half-way from the ground. The bull fighter plants his foot on this ledge, his hand on the top of the barrier, and is over and away before his baffled adversary knows it. Mr. Crawford says that sometimes the bull has so much "go" in him that he himself leaps the barrier in pursuit of his flying foe. In fact, at the last bull fight our author witnessed in Oporto no less than four out of ten bulls did thus leap the barrier. I don't think this could have been pleasant for the spectators, and I confess that such a possibility tempts the impatience of my desire to behold a Portuguese bull fight.

The bandedeiros who fasten the little darts in the bull's neck are mounted, and their task is far more dangerous than that of the men on foot, who mock him with their cloaks and escape. The men on horseback cannot spring over the barrier, and a stumble of the horse, or a mistake in his pace may easily be fatal. In fact, I think the bull has a good deal the best of it in Portugal; and he enjoys the contest so keenly that, though his stable door is held wide open to him, and he knows by experience that water is there to quench his thirst, and fresh-cut grass for him to eat, he can only be induced to leave the ring by the device of bringing in a troop of oxen, his companions. They wear bells around their necks, and the bull hears the familiar jangle. A sense of comradeship and domesticity re-enforces his hunger, and he trots away, at last, with his friends, amid the cheers and hurrahs of the crowd.

Mr. Mooney's Hair. William Mooney, of West Pike, Potter County, Pa., has a peculiar head of hair. When a storm approaches every hair in his head stands out straight, and as he wears his hair very long he is quite a ridiculous sight. On that account he never leaves the house when it is cloudy.

### Train Robber Smith.

How stringently the good and bad intermingle in the breast of man is strikingly shown by the train of circumstances attending the recapture of Smith the train robber, who is now awaiting trial in the county jail.

In March last he, in company with three others, robbed the eastern bound Atlantic and Pacific express at Canon Diablo, and a month afterwards, after one of the longest chases on record, the party were captured by Sheriff O'Neil and posse in Utah. While on the return trip to Arizona, Smith effected his escape by jumping from a car window on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe while the train was rapidly descending the Raton Mountains in New Mexico.

He at once struck out for Texas, taking horses wherever the opportunity presented, and riding them as long as they were able to carry him. On the afternoon of the ninth day, while in the Pan Handle, near Vernon, Smith discovered a woman aimlessly wandering over the prairie, and recognizing the fact that she must be lost or in trouble, he rode up and accosted her. She informed him that she had been lost two days, during which time she had gone without food. Knowing that in her emaciated condition she could not possibly survive much longer without assistance, Smith, the escaped train robber, feeling though he was to escape trial for a crime the penalty of which was death, and still carrying on each leg his broken shackles, be thought him of a windmill he had passed some eight miles back, and putting the woman on his horse, conducted her to it.

He left her, and riding along the wire fence that enclosed the windmill for five or six miles, until he discovered the camp of the men employed to keep it in repair, he informed them of the woman's condition. They at once saddled, and although the night was nearly gone, started at once for the windmill, and found the young woman—a young school teacher—weak, but still alive, and at once brought her to a place where she was cared for. At daylight the Sheriff and posse in pursuit of Smith met the same men, and finding from their account and description in which direction the fugitive had gone, pursued him.

Before high noon they had overtaken him, and Smith, the train robber, who, less than twenty-four hours before, had turned from his way to succor an unfortunate woman, was shot from his saddle while resisting an arrest, which he might have prevented by avoiding the delay and observation so entailed. The story is good enough to have a moral; but doubtless Smith, who is in the county jail awaiting trial for his life on account of it, fails to discover it.

A Woman Mail-Carrier. Oregon has a woman mail-carrier. Her name is Miss Minnie Westman, and she carries Uncle Sam's mail from the head of navigation on Sinslaw River over the Coast Range mountains, following up the river to Hale's post-office station, within fifteen miles of Eugene City.

Her route is twenty miles long, and is situated right in the heart of the mountains, where all the dangers and adventures incident to such an occupation abound. She carries the mail right and left and fears nothing. She rides horseback, and carries a trusty revolver.

Miss Westman is a plump little brunette, and is just 20 years old. Her father and uncle operate a stage line, and have a contract for carrying the mail. At Hale's station Minnie meets her father, and gets the mail from Eugene City and starts on her round.

Miss Westman has never met with a serious mishap in the performance of her duty. On one of her trips last year she found three good sized bears in the road right in front of her. The horse, on spying them, became frightened, threw his rider to the ground and turning round, ran back the road he came. Miss Westman, with great presence of mind started after the runaway, and overtaking him, remounted and rode right through the savage cordon, and, strange to say, she was not attacked. Meeting some friends she told them of what she had seen, and they went to the place and killed the bears. So far this year Miss Westman has met two bears, which did not molest her.—Portland Oregonian.

A Sandstorm in the Red Sea. The steamer Glenisiel, which reached New York recently from Yokohama and other eastern ports with a cargo of tea, reports a curious experience which she encountered in the Red Sea, but which is by no means unknown to voyagers in those waters. Her log says that on leaving the Perin Islands, July 10th, the atmosphere was so crowded with sand-dust that it was necessary to run at a low rate of speed.

When half way up the sea a sandstorm of such violence was experienced that the greatest difficulty was found in making any headway at all. The sand sifted like fine snow through every crevice, filled every dish of food, and covered everything with a gritty coating. At the same time its clouds were so thick and impenetrable that one could not see two ship lengths ahead of the vessel. This state of things lasted for eight hours.

Royal Weights. The Queen Regent and her family were weighed recently at San Sebastian. King Alfonso weighs 35 pounds; his mother, the Queen Regent, 118; his eldest sister, the Princess of Asturias, 48; the Infanta Maria Theresa, 45. The whole family, therefore, weighs three pounds less than ex-Queen Isabella, who tips the scale at 349.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.

Fashion is, for the most part, nothing but the ostentation of riches.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

A man is never so much a master of himself as when he has given himself up.

Literature is the diet of the common mind, but genius feeds on unwritten things.

The age of chivalry is never passed, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short lived and apt to have ague fits.

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

To be successful in any enterprise, employ a messenger who is deaf, dumb, and blind; such a messenger is money.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase.

I have heard of men who knew more than they could tell, but I have never met one. If a man has a genuine idea he can make himself understood.

Our Lord God doth like a printer, who setteth the letters backward; we see and feel well the setting, but we shall read the print yonder in the life to come.

We are to know that we are never without a pilot. When we know not how to steer, and dare not list a sail, we can drift. The current knows the way though we do not. The ship of heaven guides itself and will not accept a wooden rudder.

It is hard for a haughty man ever to forgive one who has caught him in a fault, and whom he knows has reason to complain of him; his resentment never subsides until he has regained the advantage he has lost, and found means to make the other do him equal wrong.

While the due preparation for and organization of labor deserve all the careful and wise adjustment that they receive, the intervals of life should never be suffered to be filled up by chance. They too should be provided for and the necessity of employing them aright should be impressed on all.

Thou mayst be sure that he that will in private tell thee of thy faults is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike, and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self-praise—which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.

Even the ablest, most laborious, and most useful of men cannot afford to make enemies right and left of high and low. Virulent enemies are made by sharp words more than by any other means. If you allow yourself what is doubtless to some dispositions the luxury of an unbridled tongue, you will have to pay for it. Some day the enemies you make will have their innings, and may trip you up.

The most pugnacious "Stick-to-rights," though he certainly does give the public a great deal of trouble, is, upon the whole, a useful person. He makes other people very careful to observe the rights of their fellows. Indeed, our soft friends themselves could not get on at all but for the aid of those who will not be imposed upon. Yet it is "Stick-to-rights" who is called a hard man, an unfeeling savage, an incarnation of selfishness; while his soft neighbor is supposed to be the most amiable of men. "If you make a sheep of yourself," said old Dr. Franklin, "the wolves will devour you." No man has a right to give such encouragement to wolves. Wolves are the common enemy. To overcome such wolves a man must "show his teeth," and, if need be, use his teeth. Then the wolves will not be apt to molest him, and the opinion will spread among beasts of prey that it is better to let alone a class of creatures who can be lambs to one another, but bull-dogs to those who attack them.

Painted Diamonds. There is one pawnbroker in Washington who has lost all faith in human honesty. Several months ago a nicely dressed man entered his shop and displayed a pair of diamond earrings upon which he desired to secure a loan. The stones had that peculiar bluish-white color so highly prized among lovers of diamonds, and the pawnbroker readily advanced him \$250 on them. The stranger departed, and in due course of time the pawnbroker tried to dispose of them. He exhibited the diamonds to a well-known dealer, who said if they would stand a test they were easily worth \$1,500. The stones were removed from their settings and placed in a bottle of alcohol. Then they were shaken for about five minutes, taken out and carefully cleaned. From the beautiful bluish white they had become as yellow as the Chinese flag, and were not worth over \$75. The expert said afterwards: "These stones were painted. The process is a very simple one. A small piece of indelible pencil is dissolved in a teaspoonful of water. The yellow diamond is then painted with a fine camel's-hair brush, dipped in the preparation and allowed to dry. The paint will wear off in time, but nothing will remove it quickly but alcohol. No reputable dealer will have anything to do with such stones, but we have to keep a pretty sharp look-out for just such tricks as that one I exposed a few moments ago."