

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW A NEWSBOY HELPED.

The other day a blind man came down Madison street walking with his cane thrust out before him and tapping the walk from time to time to see that he was not running into anything. At LaSalle street the crowd was dense and the cable cars and street traffic were clanging noisily by. For a moment the blind man stood there undecided, not knowing which way to turn. The throng parted and left him like an island in a swift stream without offering to help him. On the corner a newsboy was calling the afternoon papers. He caught a glimpse of the old man and ran up, took his arm and steered him safely across the street. Here he started him on his way again. Then he ran back to his place.

"Noos?" he shouted, as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world to help blind men across the street.

"GOOSE CUTTING."

Another game, that of "goose-cutting," has been added to the long list in vogue at social gatherings. The hostess provides a well-drawn outline of a goose, which is usually of red cloth, or, if made of paper, is colored red or black. This is merely for the purpose of distinctness. Two pairs of scissors are provided and a number of sheets of plain brown paper. Each gentleman invites a lady to cut goose with him, and in turn these couples are seated back to back in two chairs in the center of the room. When the model goose has been studied, the pair are blindfolded, and proceed to evolve with their scissors and sheet of paper copies of the fowl. Having finished, each paper is duly signed by its creator and laid aside. Great excitement is always aroused by the process of cutting, as the pair work in full view of the rest of the company. When finished, all the results are laid out on the parlor floor, names down, and two judges, who have not been present at the cutting, pass upon the merits of the geese submitted, and prizes reward the workers according to their merits.

CAPTURE OF A PIRATE.

Frank B. Stockton, in his sketches of "The Buccaneers of Our Coast," now running in St. Nicholas, tells of the capture of a huge Spanish merchantman by Bartholemey Portouez and his small crew. Mr. Stockton thus relates the misfortune that befell the victors:

They cast anchor at Cape St. Anthony, on the west end of Cuba. After a considerable delay at this place, they started out again to resume their voyage; but it was not long before they perceived, to their dismay, three Spanish vessels coming toward them. It was impossible for a very large ship, manned by an extremely small crew, to sail away from these fully equipped vessels; and as to an attempt to defend themselves against the overwhelming power of the antagonists, that was too absurd to be thought of even by such a reckless fellow as Bartholemey. So when the ship was hailed by the Spanish vessels he lay to, and waited until a boat's crew boarded him. With the eye of a nautical man, the Spanish captain of one of the ships perceived that something was the matter with this vessel; for its rigging and sails were terribly cut up in the long fight through which it had passed, and of course he waited to know what had happened. When he found that the great ship was in the possession of a very small body of pirates, Bartholemey and his men were immediately made prisoners, were taken on board the Spanish ship, were stripped of everything they possessed, even their clothes, and were shut up in the hold. A crew from the Spanish ships was sent to man the vessel which had been captured, and then the little fleet set sail for San Francisco in Campeachy. An hour had worked a very great change in the fortunes of Bartholemey and his men. In the fine cabin of their grand prize they had feasted and sung, and had gloried over their wonderful success; and now, in the vessel of their captor, they were shut up in the dark, to be enslaved, or perhaps executed!

THE LITTLE DRUMMER'S LAST CALL.

A pathetic story of the Civil War was related by the corporal of an Illinois regiment who was captured by the Confederates at the battle of Wilson's Creek, and is repeated in "Women of the War."

The day before this regiment was ordered by General Lyons to march toward Springfield, the drummer of the company fell ill. There was no one to take his place, and while the captain was wondering how he should supply the lack a pale, sorrow-stricken woman appeared at his tent door, begging an interview. She brought with her a little boy of twelve or thirteen years, whom she wished to place in the regiment as drummer-boy.

"Captain," she said, after the boy had been accepted, "he won't be in much danger, will he?"

"No, I think not," replied the officer. "We shall be disbanded in a few weeks, I am confident."

The new drummer soon became a favorite, and there was never a feast of fruit or other hardy procured dainties that "Eddie" did not get his share first. The soldiers were stirred by the child's enthusiastic devotion, and declared that his drumming was different from that of all the other drummers in the army!

After the engagement at Wilson's Creek, where the Federals were defeated, Corporal B., who had been thrown from his horse, found himself lying on a log near a tree. As he lay there with his ear to the ground, he heard the

sound of a drum, distinct but rather faint. In a moment he recognized the stroke of Eddie, the boy drummer, and hastened toward the spot whence the sound proceeded. In a clump of bushes, propped against a tree, he found the boy. His drum was hanging from a shrub within reach, and his face was deadly pale.

"Oh, corporal," said he, "I am so glad you came! Won't you give me a drink of water, please?"

The corporal ran to a little stream close by, and brought the child a draught. Just at this moment there came an order for the retreat, and the corporal turned to go.

"Don't leave me," said the little drummer, "I can't walk. See!" and he pointed to his feet.

The corporal saw with horror that both feet had been shot off by a cannon ball.

"He said the doctors could cure them," continued the boy, pointing to the dead body of a Confederate soldier who lay beside him. "He was shot all to pieces, but he crawled over here and—tied—my legs up—so they would—wouldn't bleed so!" And Eddie closed his eyes wearily.

The corporal's eyes were blinded by a mist of tears as he looked down. The Confederate soldier, shot to death, and in the agonies of the last struggle, had managed to take off his suspenders and bind the boy's legs above the knees.

As the corporal bent down to raise the child, a body of Confederate troops came up and he was a prisoner. With a sob in his voice, he told the story, and a Southern soldier tenderly lifted the wounded drummer on to his own horse, swinging the drum before him. When the little cavalcade reached camp Eddie was dead, but the little drummer's last call had aroused the noblest feeling in the heart of one who was his foe, one whose last act was an effort to save and comfort the boy-enemy who was faithful to his duty.

The English Judges' Black Cap.

There is one particular part of the dress belonging to the order of the cof—the black cap—which the judges in England always put over their wigs when passing sentence of death. Little is known concerning this black cap, and many mistakes have been made about it. Sergeant Pulling, in his work, "The Order of the Cof," says: "The black cap, or sentence cap, of the judges and sergeants is certainly not the cof, as Lord Campbell repeatedly states. It is, on the contrary, the covering expressly assigned to veil the cof, on the only occasion when the cof is required to be hidden. By the ancient privileges of sergeants, the cof was not to be taken off even in the royal presence. The chief insignia of the order was the bench or pleading at the bar, but this rule seems always to have been departed from in passing sentence of death.

"The head of the administrator of justice was then covered, as a token of sorrow, by the black cap, or sentence cap, as it is sometimes termed, is a piece of limp black cloth, which is put on the top of the wig. The cap is rarely put on except when a prisoner has been convicted of murder, and then the judge places the cap on the top of his wig and passes sentence of death."

When the judges sit in the criminal courts and when attending church in state they always carry the black cap in their hands as a part of their judicial attire. The black cap is also worn by the judges on the day when the new Lord Mayor goes in state to the royal courts of justice to be sworn in.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Goat Hunting in Alaska.

"They have a queer way of hunting mountain goats up in the mountains back of Skaguay," said D. J. McKinney, the "Mayor of Skaguay," at the Hotel Northern. "The boys at one of my camps told me one day that they had seen some goats up in the hills and they asked me if I wanted to go along to hunt them. Of course I did, and we were soon climbing high up on the mountains, away above the altitude that I thought any living creature would live. Still up and up we went. The boys were trying to get above a place where they had seen the goats a few days before. When they had located the proper point they selected a huge bowlder and got me to help them tip it over. It took the combined strength of three of us to get it started. When it did get to going the havoc it caused on its way down to the valley was something fearful. Then the boys told me to get ready for a surprise. We all got our rifles ready and waited. It was only a short time until we saw emerging from the shrubby growth below us, three fine goats. They came towards us, bounding from crag to crag, and apparently heedless of the danger they were running into. They came to within sixty yards of us and we brought down all three.

"I learned then that the goat always tries to get above rolling rocks, and that that is a favorite way of hunting them."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Significant Advertisement.

A notice displayed in a Brisbane shop window throws some light on the mixed character of the unemployed in Queensland. It runs thus: "Wanted, some men for a township, accustomed to horses, who are not afraid of hard work. Good wages. No doctors, journalists, clerks, sons of English noblemen, or larrikins need apply."—Westminster Gazette.

There are about fifteen women in Chicago whose names are listed in the directory as druggists. One of them, a girl of limited means, helped herself through college by taking the position of night clerk for a year.

A QUEER MANIA.

It Attacks the Man Who Looks Down From a Lofty Height.

Not long ago a Cleveland man was taken up on the roof of the New England building by some of the Century Club boys to enjoy the view. It was a clear day and the vista in every direction was beautiful. But the boys noticed that the visitor hung back from the parapet and declared he could see everything all right from the middle of the roof. Being pressed to go closer to the edge he flatly refused.

"The fact is," he said afterwards, "that I can't stand the sensation of being up at this tremendous height. No, I don't have the ordinary feeling that I must throw myself down. It isn't giddiness. In fact, I think—doctors have told me—that my case is somewhat original. You have noticed the sensation you get when standing on a bridge and having a vessel pass beneath. If you look down it isn't long before you think the bridge is moving and the boat was standing still. Of course, we have all experimented in this very thing lots of times in boyhood days. Well, that's about the same sensation it gives me when at a considerable height above the ground. If I look down and catch sight of a moving object I at once imagine the structure upon which I stand is moving rapidly through space and taking me with it. I somehow can't help looking down and the speed constantly increases. I feel as if I must be thrown off unless I can cling to something, and I really suffer tortures. The sense of moving is just as real to me as if I were on a cannon ball express, and the only relief is to get away from the edge of the roof or whatever it may be and look up at the sky instead of looking down. When I was in Europe a few years ago, we made several little trips outside of Rome, and on one of them visited a little place called Ischia—I think that was the name. There wasn't much beyond the local coloring to attract us, the only interesting piece of architecture being a quaint old tower. Of course, the party wanted to explore it, and we went up. I kept my eyes turned away from the earth as much as possible and reached the top all right. While I was studying the clouds and the far away blue hills, my companions, for a joke, stole down and left me there alone. I didn't miss them at first, and the one of the party who had reached the ground gave an unearthly shriek. A queer old cart was lumbering by, and I saw it and was lost. That tower and I instantly began a mad rush through the atmosphere. Instinctively I clung to the edge of the buttress. It was the only thing that prevented me from flying off into space. Instinctively I clung to the edge to worry over my absence. They came up in search of me. They found me with my fingers purple and numb from that awful death clutch. They actually had to pull me away from that parapet, and the strain affected me for weeks. Oh, I'm a mad man to leave alone on a housetop. No, I can't conquer the feeling—in fact, I never tried to conquer it. I do a much more sensible thing—I keep out of danger."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What is Triple Extract?

Flowers that are to be used in the manufacture of perfumes are always gathered at nightfall or quite early in the morning when the dew is upon them. Before they are gathered, however, receptacles are prepared for them in the shape of large frames, over which are stretched cotton cloths well saturated with olive oil or almond oil. The cut flowers are brought in and are thickly spread on a frame; then another frame is fitted over it, and that in turn is well spread with flowers, and thus the work goes on until a huge pile of flowers is prepared.

This flower heap is left for two days at the end of which time the flowers are removed from the frames and replaced by fresh ones. The frames are filled and emptied every two days until two weeks have passed. Then the cloths are detached from the frames and placed under great pressure, and all the oil is pressed out of them. The oil thus obtained is heavily charged with the fragrance of the flowers, and it is mixed with double its weight of very pure rectified spirit and put in a vessel called a "digestor," which is simply a porcelain or block-tin kettle that fits in another kettle. When in use the outer vessel is filled with boiling water.

In this vessel the mixture of oil and spirits "digest" for three or four days; then, after having cooled, the spirit is decanted into another vessel holding the same quantity of fragrant oil, and the digesting process is repeated. After being thus digested three times the spirit is found to have taken up enough of the perfume and it is then decanted from the oil for the third and last time through a tube, one end of which is filled with cotton wool to serve as a filter. The fluid thus prepared is called "triple extract."—Philadelphia Times.

Settled the Case.

"I was called up in 1878 to defend a man who was charged with the most unusual misdemeanor I ever heard of, a child entering on a court calendar," said a lawyer friend from the mountains, Sunday. "A young farm hand came to me at the hotel, where I was stopping, my home being in another town, but my practice extended to the country seat I was then in. The swain told me he had been charged by a girl, to whom he had been paying attention, with giving her measles, she claiming that the disease, which had been epidemic in the neighborhood, had been communicated to her by kissing her repeatedly. The girl's surly father sued the badly frightened defendant for \$50 damages, claiming he had expend-

ed that sum in doctor's bills for the afflicted daughter. My client pleaded guilty to kissing the plaintiff, but said he couldn't 'a-hoped it' he'd ben a mind ter," and insisted that he had never had measles. I tried the case before a kind-hearted old squire, and after the court had heard the testimony he delivered a long opinion, in which he held that a girl as pretty as the plaintiff would make a boy risk measles and 'even dumb chills' to sip the sweets of her coral-like lips. The judge's 'jolly' put both sides in good humor, and the defendant two weeks later married the plaintiff and settled the cost of the suit to appease the wrath of her father."—Louisville Post.

MAKING ARTIFICIAL ICE.

Converting Cans of Water into Solid Blocks.

Artificial cold or ice may be most readily produced by the evaporation of a more or less volatile liquid. In the first machines constructed this liquid was water. One tenth of the amount of water used was converted into ice, but as it was necessary to maintain a vacuum in the apparatus, its perfect working was a difficult problem. A more readily volatile liquid, therefore, had to be substituted, such as liquified sulphurous acid and liquified ammonia. Being gaseous at ordinary temperatures, they are very suitable substances for the purpose. The ammonia ice machine is the one in most general use in fact, it finds exclusive application in this city. This liquified ammonia is allowed to expand in coils of pipe which are placed in tanks filled with brine. The temperature of the brine is thus reduced to a point below the freezing point of water, that is, to 14-18 degrees Fahr.

In this refrigerated brine are placed galvanized iron tanks having the shape of the large cakes of ice which are accustomed to see in the wagons that pass through our city streets. After a period of 48-50 hours this can of water is converted into solid ice. The can is hoisted out of the brine, warmed with hot water, which allows the cake to slip out upon a chute that runs into the storage rooms. The gaseous ammonia in the pipes can be used over and over again, a large compression engine being a part of the plant, which reduces the expense of the process. From this description it should be plain that there can be no taint of ammonia to give a taste to the ice.

The plants usually employ distilled or artesian water, so that the ice is of the best quality. All the impurities are collected in the white streak found in the centre of each cake. The pure water separates from the impure and freezes first. Even ten years ago the demand for ice was supplied from natural sources, the harvest from our own Pennsylvania rivers, which was stored every winter in great houses on the shores of the streams, being supplemented by shipments throughout the summer from Maine. There are now in Philadelphia sixteen ice-making plants, some of which yield over 100 tons per day each, and the artificial product for several years has been a serious competitor of the natural article.—The Manufacturer.

Snakes Do Not Bite.

The common error, which is almost universal, is that snakes bite. Snakes do not bite! Their jaws are connected only by a cartilage, are not hinged, and cannot be brought together with any force. The poisonous snake strikes from its coil, throws its head and body forward, and strikes or hooks its fangs into the object aimed at. The entire work is done with the upper jaw, the lower jaw having nothing to do with it. The serpent does not swallow its prey; but slowly draws itself over the creature it devours. It is enabled to do so by the elasticity of the skin and the extraordinarily loose condition of the teeth-bearing bones of its fangs. As for a snake depositing a thick slime all over its prey before swallowing it, it is a mistake. The tongue does not carry moisture enough to do this, but when once inside the animal there is an abundance of saliva. The tongue is looked upon as a sting, and the common expression is: "Look out for its sting!"

The tongue is a mobile, extensible organ of both touch and taste. So far from being a sting, the delicate implement is of the greatest use, and expresses fear, anger or pleasure; also when testing any objects of food. This we have often proved whenever a different kind of food was given. There is no doubt but that the tongue of a snake is very important to its owner, as the slightest injury, even to its tips, generally results in the snake's death.—Scientific American.

Buying By Sample.

A certain gentleman in this town is the proud possessor of a remarkably red nose. The term proud is used advisedly, as the owner is continually relating stories having a bearing on the brilliant hue of his nasal treasure. The following is one of them: He was in Exeter one afternoon, and having completed his business, was amusing himself by an inspection of the shop windows.

While admiring some ties in a certain window, and considering whether he should speculate or not, a little girl came out of the establishment, and finally caught him by the sleeve.

"Please will you come into the shop with me, only for a minute," she asked.

"Certainly," answered the gentleman, following her at once. Arrived at the counter, the little one astonished everybody by remarking: "There, it is, muvver wants a ribbon the same color as this gentleman's nose."

It is intimated that one English person in every twenty-four has red hair.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

England is not so engrossed in holding on to her present possessions but that she can find the time to take an interest in the dismemberment of China.

An expert in the matter of inks and papers says that the books of the present period are printed with such poor ink on such perishable paper that future generations will not have an opportunity of reading them.

Somebody in Boston has been making fifteen \$5 bills by cutting fourteen bills to pieces and pasting the fragments together. They are very wise in Boston, but there are better ways than that to make money.

Contracts have been signed by which 150,000 acres of land near Chico, Marysville, and Red Bluff, Cal., have been secured for beet-sugar culture, and the work of erecting three immense sugar manufactories will be started at once. The syndicate has a capital of \$15,000,000.

Railroad men say that their passenger business is languishing. They have come to the conclusion that the long distance telephone is responsible. Business men are using it more and more, and the railroad officials say that the way it is cutting passenger business is a very serious matter.

Mrs. Ellitch, of Denver, is said to be the only woman in the world who owns a zoological garden. She has an ostrich trained to drive in harness, and she occasionally astonishes the natives by driving about the city with the big bird hitched to a light wagon. At least, that is the story told by a local paper.

Two thousand Christian Indians recently held a camp meeting in South Dakota. They discussed many topics of interest, among them were: How to increase the interest of believers in the study of the Bible; What can be done to increase the mortality of the Indian race; The education of children; The self-support of Indian churches. These Indians have organized two missionary societies to carry on the work among the more heathen of their own people in Montana and North Dakota.

The authorities in the government of Samara, Russia, have recently been actively engaged in the criminal pursuit of kidnapping children. In the Buzulyski district all parents known to belong to heterodox sects have had their children taken from them. The police usually make their visits in the middle of the night, take the children out of bed and carry them off in the cold night air in spite of the frantic entreaties of the parents. Many peasants have lost their whole family in this way. This practice of kidnapping children is increasing in all parts of Russia.

Teaching cooking to young men has been added to the activities of a Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago. This was undertaken for a broader reason than to inculcate patience, perseverance, and other Christian virtues in the carving of a fowl. The motives are to make young men of meagre means independent of boarding-houses, and to fit them for the time, in matrimony, when their helpmates might be indisposed. During the lecture course of ten weeks the bachelors will be taught how to care for their rooms, how to buy choice parts of good meats, how to cook, and how to carve. Probably the most popular part of the course will be that devoted to camp cooking, whether the pupils contemplate a trip to the Klondike or merely an economical and healthful outing next summer.

In view of the figures for recent years of births and deaths in France, showing that deaths have exceeded births in numbers, and that the population has been diminishing, the statistics for 1896, which have just been made public, have been awaited with great interest. The births in that year exceeded the deaths by the respectable figure of 94,000. The gain is accounted for not only in the decrease of deaths—that is, a prolongation of life—but principally by a considerable increase in the number of births. Nevertheless, the birth rate, 22.7 per 1,000, is the smallest in any civilized nation of Europe is 28 per 1,000. The situation in France is so alarming that as satisfactorily the same figures, about, that troubled them so much in 1891—that is, a total number of births of 865,586, compared with 869,377 in that year.

Steps are being taken at the National Museum in Washington to carry out an idea long contemplated of developing a hall of American history. Prof. Goode had long cherished the idea, and Prof. Holmes, who is in charge of the department of anthropology, is equally enthusiastic. It is the purpose to have the institution as nearly national in character as possible, and every effort will be made to have as many objects in it relating to early American history, that of the United States in particular, as can be obtained. The objects and relics will be presented chronologically, beginning with the period when Lief Ericsson, in his Viking ship, visited America. Then will follow, in order, Columbus, the Pilgrims, Capt. John Smith's party, the Dutch and other settlers, after which will come relics of the Revolutionary war, the war of 1812, and the war of the Rebellion. There will also be exhibits of the growth in facilities of navigation and of railroading, and of the remarkable advance in the use of electricity.

Many interesting experiments have been made recently by the United States Bureau of Education with a view to finding out how much actual labor the brain at different ages and of different sexes can perform, and how long it can work without fatigue. Some

of our learned scientists are of the opinion that many nervous diseases are being developed in our schools, an opinion borne out by these recent investigations. Mental concentration is found to impoverish the blood. City children are found to be more nervous on the average than those who live in the country. This is ascribed to the bustle and excitement of city life, the hurry for street cars, the dodging of bicycles, the constant distraction of attention by new sights and the repeated association with new people. Nervousness must, however, be cured in youth, lest it result in loss of mind. Specialists suggest, in the case of school children, that a short recess be allowed between each half-hour or so of school work. The most practical treatment recommended for those whose minds are fatigued is the administration of improved nutrition for the stomach and of plenty of sleep for the brain. A music bath is also an excellent treatment for the tired mind.

Living in the Eastern Shore district of Maryland, is an old Huguenot family, the Le Comptes, whose members are the victims of a terrible affliction. Almost all of them become blind, for they inherit a tendency to develop at an early age the malady called "glaucoma," the symptoms of which are increased fluid pressure within the eyeball, a gradual diminution of its transparency, and the ultimate destruction of the optic nerve. There is a story that four generations ago one of the Le Comptes was cursed by a woman whom he had offended, but however, that may be, there is no question that the disease has been common in the family for many years, and still continues to manifest itself in many instances. At present there is a young woman of this fated blood in the Presbyterian Hospital at Baltimore, who is suffering from the ancestral malady, and several of her relatives have previously been admitted to the same institution. One of them was operated upon there successfully thirteen years ago, and at that time Dr. Herbert Harlan, the surgeon who performed the operation, and who has the present case in charge, said that he traced blindness in the family back through five generations. The Le Comptes all have black eyes.

Samuel L. Gracey, United States consul at Fuzhou, China, tells of several tricks in the trade of that country which are worthy the attention of American exporters. He says that many European merchants have built up a good business catering to the superstition of the natives, while others have prevented the sale of their own goods by unconsciously marking them with labels and trademarks, which in color or design are offensive to the Chinese or in some way suggest evil influences. He says, for example, that the ordinary tiger, as represented in modern pictures, does not meet with favor. Chinese art is peculiar, and they want a tiger of unreasonable length of body, bigness of head and curves of tail, that stands in impossible attitudes. The grotesque and the hideous always please the oriental mind, and a dragon is the most attractive trademark that can be adopted. But there are different kinds of dragons, and the Chinese dragon differs from the Japanese dragon in its shape and contortions. It must be remembered too, that a royal dragon has five claws, while the ordinary beast has only four. A box of merchandise bearing five-clawed dragons on its label will sell rapidly, while others with only four claws will rot upon the shelves. There are other peculiarities of the same sort which Mr. Gracey describes at length and he sends lists and specimens to the department of state that the Indians would call good medicine.

Cyclists See a Strange Sight.

"We Americans traveling abroad are apt to be very proud of our reputation for clever cycling," said a tourist who went bicycling in Europe last summer. "And no doubt we have reason to be. But I am going to tell you how I had some of the conceit taken out of me: "We were going through Switzerland and had reached the close of the first day's descent toward Geneva. The road had been too steep to coast without the aid of a brake, and, as we were afraid to use our brakes for fear our tires would not last us through our trip, we back-pedaled all the way. "As we were sitting after supper on the veranda of the lodge discussing the fatigue of our unusual exercise, and dreading the morrow, which meant more of the same sort, our attention was suddenly called to a cloud of dust descending the mountain side. Then we saw a cyclist, coasting as nice as you please, towing a good-sized sapling, which acted as an effective brake without injury to the tires. One of the boys ejaculated: 'Well! Why didn't we think of that?' The rest were simply dumb. That man was a German. I now take off my hat to our German brethren of the wheel."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Ice Cream on Fire.

At a children's party the other day the ice cream was served in a way to draw forth the most extravagant exclamations of delight from the young company. It was packed in little canisters cleverly made of pink paper and to add to the illusion in the hollow of the tube which formed the handle a short taper was inserted and lighted. Most children had seen burning plum pudding at Christmas time, but ice cream on fire was a paradox to which they were not accustomed.—Philadelphia Record.

A perfect ruby, which weighs four carats or more, commands a price ten times the value of a diamond of the same size. A ruby of six carats, without any defects, is worth \$5,000 a carat, or fifteen times the price of a flawless diamond of the same weight.