

THE COUNTRY MAID.

Her eyes the sun-kissed violets mate,
And fearless is their gaze;
She moves with graceful, careless gait
Along the country ways.

TIB'S BISCUITS.



O think that there should
have ever been a time
when I wished to say
'No' to Dorothy Knighton,

I had only known her a week, but
that had been more than long enough
for me to fall in love with her.

I had accepted an invitation to stay
with my godfather (he was also my
mother's cousin) instead of going to
my home, which was a long way from
Oxford.

She had just arrived from Australia
on a visit, and so was almost as much
a stranger to her uncle as I was, only
that she had a fortnight's start of me.

But in spite of her brightness I was
not at all sure that she was happy.
The very first morning I was there I
noticed a wistful look in her eyes at
breakfast; and on the third morning,

I had not; however, I couldn't say
so, or keep her waiting about, so I
turned homeward without another
word.

Presently the gong sounded. What
a gong it was! How it resounded and
reverberated through the house, pen-
etrating the thick oak doors and call-
ing up visions of good things.

"Mr. Lowndes, if you are going into
the town, may I come with you? I
want to go to some shops."

"Need you ask?" I replied; and in-

deed, in spite of my wish that she
would remain at home, a thrill of
triumph shot through me at the
thought that she had asked me of her
own accord; and the vision of my
rival, which was ever before me, grew
less.

"What a lovely old place this is,"
she remarked, as we went down the
long avenue of ancient elms which led
to the lodge gate.

"I did not know my way about the
place at all, but when driving through
from the station on my arrival I had
noticed some of the shops, among
them a tobacconist's and a confection-
er's.

"I've had three buns and a glass of
milk," she was saying; and then she
gave a tremendous start when she
heard my voice.

"I've still got some more shopping
to do," she said, and she walked off.
This was a little abrupt, I thought,
but my feelings were mixed, and so I
let her go and strolled off down a side
street.

"Yes, these will do, thank you.
Three pounds, please." And as she
said this she turned and saw me. It
was too late to draw back, and I was
glad I had not done so when I saw
how the pretty color flashed into her
face at the sight of me; yet I had a
feeling that she was not quite pleased.

"I'll carry them," I said, quite as
quickly, and the matter was settled
thus. "But are you going now?" I
asked. "It is only 11 o'clock. Haven't
you any more shopping to do?"

"No," she laughed, "I have got all
I want, thank you."

"I had not; however, I couldn't say
so, or keep her waiting about, so I
turned homeward without another
word. How merry she was. She
didn't seem to have a thought or care
in the world.

"But this is a long digression, and I
must go back to that September morn-
ing when she followed me out into the
out-pavement hall as soon as we had
risen from the breakfast table, and
said:

"There's a wonderful oak tree there
planted by Queen Elizabeth. They
make the chips into brooches set in
gold, and sell them for the benefit of
the Church Restoration Fund. You
must have one, Dorothy, my dear."

"Will you pass me the mustard,
please, Mr. Lowndes," broke in that

young lady, absolutely fixing me with
her eye, and so astonishing me that I
left my sentence, which was meant to
be a chaffing allusion to the weight of
the biscuits, unfinished. It was evi-
dent that she had interrupted me on
purpose, for she then took the con-
versation into her own hands, and be-
wildered the unfortunate curate with
questions about his parish. I watched,
rather sullenly, the preparations for
Tib's dinner, a process which went on
at intervals during the meal, and we
were sometimes asked to leave bits for
him. Our feelings at this request will
be better understood later on. I may
add that Tib was an ugly brute of a
dog, whom, however, at times, I en-
vied. Immediately after lunch the
visitor rose to depart, and we all fol-
lowed him out into the hall. He was
rather a dreamy individual, and I was
not surprised to hear that he could
not remember where he had put his
hat. It was eventually found on the
top of the biscuits, which Mr. Knighton
took up as well, asking:

"Does this belong to you also, Mr.
Jones?"

"That—oh, no!"

"How very kind of you, my dear.
But such a quantity. What a naughty,
extravagant girl you are! He'll make
himself quite ill. I must tell the ser-
vants not to give him too many at a
time."

"Well, the week passed away with
many ups and downs; Tib was fed
religiously after every meal, but it
seemed to me that he did not appre-
ciate the biscuits; indeed, I thought it
was foolish to try him with them
when he had but just demolished a
plateful of 'everything' in the dining-
room. It needed a good deal of per-
suasion to get him to attempt them at
all. Dollie said the best way was to
keep nibbling at one all the time her-
self, it made him think it must be
something dainty. I offered to nibble
too, but she would only give me a
small piece; she said the biscuits
would go too fast, and that she
couldn't afford to make Tib another
present. I did not see why she need,
but I suppose she did it to please her
aunt.

I wish she cared as much whether I
was pleased or not. I began to fear
that my society was by no means suf-
ficient to make her happy, for towards
the end of the week her spirits flagged
perceptibly. Once more I was haunted
by visions of my rival; indeed, I be-
came convinced of his existence. I
had been out shooting one day with
Mr. Knighton. We had come in late,
and so lunched alone. The keen air
had given me an appetite which was
as new to me—which was unappreciated
when I rose from the table. In the
hall a happy thought struck me. I
would have one of Tib's biscuits. It
was the servants' dinner-hour, I
knew, so that I ran no risk of being
disturbed. With a last glance round,
therefore, at the closed doors, I raised
the lid of the canister, but it was
nearly empty. There were only three
biscuits left, and these I was rapidly
transferring to my pocket, when a
door opened close to me, and Dorothy
appeared.

"Why—I believe—you're hungry
too! Oh, let's shake hands. I'm so
glad. I shan't mind half as much
now. You poor hungry man, and
you're so big, too. Come and eat
them in here," dragging me into the
adjoining billiard room. "You know
they're nicer crisp," and she went off
into another peal of laughter.

"But the tin's empty, who's eaten
them?" I asked.

"Why I have! Did you think I
lived on an outlet a day, or uncle's
helping of ham at breakfast? Oh
dear!"

"A practical photographer, says the
Philadelphia Record, has used for
some time the following flashlight
lamp which might be useful to ama-
teurs who cannot or will not spend
from \$2 to \$3 for one of the modern
flashlight lamps. He takes an ordi-
nary clay pipe, attaches around the
bowl a piece of flannel with a string.
A rubber tube is pulled over the pipe-
stem. The bowl of the pipe is filled
with the magnesia powder, the piece
of flannel soaked in alcohol, and the
lamp is ready for use. Cost of pipe,
one cent; rubber tube, four cents;
the rest is supposed not to cost any-
thing at all. Total, five cents.

thing else. I couldn't imagine how
you could live on what you ate, but
you were so cheerful about it, I con-
cluded it was in the family—the ap-
petite I mean!"

After all she had had the worst of
it. Coming straight to them from a
long voyage, with a healthy sea ap-
petite, she literally could not get
enough to eat, and she was too much
overawed by the unusual grandeur of
her surroundings to ask for more.
However, all this was altered now.
We had many a good square meal at
the confectioner's, going to L— by
circuitous routes, so as to avoid being
questioned as to why we went there
so often. We had luxurious private
stores, too, and so watched with en-
thusiasm the last outlet departing in
solitary grandeur on its silver dish.
But our spirits were always at high-
water mark. Some months after-
ward, when my exam. was over
and I had come off with flying colors,
I asked Dorothy a question to which
she was pleased to answer "yes."

"I will spend my life in making
you happy," I assured her.

"I know you will," she replied.

"From experience I believe you will
always leave the old outlet for me."—
Black and White.

Familiar to some of the ancient
writers, and credited with supernat-
ural powers, the Asteria, or star gem,
was highly valued for the benefits
supposed to be conferred on the
wearer. Its bright six-rayed star,
ever changing and shifting with every
play of light, and especially shooting
out its flames in the direct sunlight,
would seem to be something more
than an ordinary crystal, and to the
superstitious mind it could readily be
believed to embody some tutelary spirit.
The particular virtue attributed to
this gem was the conferring upon the
wearer "health and good fortune,"
when worn as an amulet, and to those
so fortunate as to be born in the
month of April, with which that stone
was associated or represented, the
wearer was insured from all evil.

Of late years, since the magnificent
collection in the Ceylon court of the
Colonial Exhibition, this gem has
been better known, and fine speci-
mens collected for costly ornaments.
The native lapidary, with tools as rude
and simple as his forefathers used
1000 years before, with no training or
instruction except the unwritten mys-
teries of the craft handed down from
father to son, produces the most won-
derful results in cutting and polishing
gems, and in many instances rivals
the more educated lapidary in Europe
for judgment in cutting gems to the
greatest advantage.—London Graphic.

There is no doubt that the protec-
tion which used to be accorded to the
market place from the earliest bar-
barian times has played an important,
though not an exclusive, part in the
emanipation of the mediaeval city.
The early barbarians knew no trade
within their village communities;
they traded with strangers only, at
certain definite spots, on certain de-
termined days. And, in order that the
stranger might come to the barter
place without risk of being slain for
some feud which might be running
between two clans, the market was
always placed under the special protec-
tion of all kings. It was inviolable,
like the place of worship under the
shadow of which it was held.

With the Kabyles it is still, un-
naya, like the footpath along which women
carry water from the well; neither
must be trodden upon in arms, even
during inter-tribal wars. In mediaeval
times the market universally enjoyed
the same protection. No feud could
be prosecuted on the place where
people came to trade, nor within a
certain radius from it; and if a quar-
rel arose in the motley crowd of buy-
ers and sellers, it had to be brought
before those under whose protection
the market stood—the community's
tribunal, or the bishop's, the lord's,
or the King's judge.

A stranger who came to trade was a
guest, and he went on under this very
name. Even the lord who had no
scruples about robbing a merchant on
the high road, respected the Weich-
bills, that is, the pole which stood in
the market place and bore either the
King's arms, or a glove, or the image
of the local saint, or simply a cross,
according to whether the market was
under the protection of the King, the
lord, the local church, or the folkloose
—the vyeche.—The Nineteenth Cen-
tury.

The silver dealer in New York buys
foreign coins of all sorts. Suppose
that a merchant in the City of Mexico
owes a sum of money to a merchant in
New York. He pays the debt by a
shipment of Mexican dollars. The
New York merchant finds no use for
Mexican dollars in his business, and
so sells them to the dealer in silver.

The dealer forwards them to a broker
in London, and the latter ships them
to China and the Straits Settlements.
The dealer in New York also purchases
coins from immigrants. This seems
like a petty business, but in the ag-
gregate it amounts to something. In
the course of time the metal money
finds its way by exchange back to the
countries where it is the circulating
medium.

DEALERS IN SILVER.

LONDON THE WORLD'S MARKET
FOR THE WHITE METAL.

Sold in Bulk Like Any Other Mer-
chandise—Some of the Causes
Which Have Led to Fluctua-
tions in Price.

NOW that Uncle Sam has
ceased to purchase silver for
coining, that metal, says the
Washington Star, is being
shipped out of this country as mer-
chandise in enormous quantities. Dur-
ing 1894 we exported \$17,000,000
worth of it, and in the previous year
\$16,000,000. Nearly all of it goes
direct to London, which is the great
silver market of the world. There it
is dealt in just like wheat or cotton,
and is delivered from thence to buy-
ers in every civilized country on the
face of the globe. More than half of
our silver finds its way eventually to
Asia, the whole of which continent
employs this substance for money.

The business of buying and selling
silver in bulk as merchandise is more
than ordinarily interesting. It is con-
trolled by a few dealers in New York
City, who have enormous capital and
practically unlimited credit. The
metal actually passes through their
hands, and is shipped by them to Lon-
don. To them the refiners are obliged
to look for advances of cash, of which
they are always in more or less urgent
need. The refiners must pay promptly
for the ores furnished to them from
the mines. A single firm will some-
times carry as much as 1,500,000
ounces of silver in the ore, which may
be gold-bearing also. This requires a
lot of money.

The refiner must pay the mine own-
er not only for the silver in the ores,
but also for whatever gold, copper or
lead they may contain. The silver is
made into large bricks, commercially
known as "bars," weighing ordinarily
from 1000 to 1200 ounces. Each brick
is stamped with figures indicating its
weight and fineness. These figures
are absolutely reliable; not the Govern-
ment itself could be more careful
to have them correct. The bars are
bought and sold, passing through
many hands, without any further test
for determining their value. If one
of them should prove to be not as
represented the credit and standing
of the refiner would suffer serious
damage.

The refiner forwards his bars by ex-
press to the dealer in New York. They
are delivered usually at the office of
the dealer, where several tons of them
may be stacked up at one time on the
floor, with no other protection than a
wire fence. No special guard is
necessary, because the big chunks of
white metal are too heavy to be car-
ried away easily. Robbers would
have to bring a truck with them. A
brick weighing eighty or one hundred
pounds is a pretty good lift for a
strong man. Sometimes the refiner,
at the dealer's order, sends the bars
direct to the ship, and they are put
down into the hold like any other
merchandise.

Ordinarily the silver bars are not
placed in the specie vault, even
though the ship may have such a con-
venience for safe deposit. No greater
care is taken of them than of other
merchandise in the cargo, because it
is practically impossible for anybody
to get away with them. On the ar-
rival of the ship at Liverpool the
bricks are sent by rail to London,
consigned to brokers in that city. In
due time they are sold and forwarded to
various parts of the world. Some of
them may go to the continent, while
others are shipped to Egypt, Bombay,
Madras, Penang, Manila, the Brazils
and New Zealand. Dealers in silver
everywhere look to London for their
supply.

The demand from India for silver
has been greatly diminished of late,
owing to the fact that the British
Government in that country has
stopped coining the metal. It is still
coined to a considerable extent, how-
ever, by the mints of the native
princes. A great deal of silver goes
to China, where the bricks are cut up
into pieces, which circulate and have
value as currency, according to their
weight. These pieces are called
"taels," and those employed in differ-
ent parts of the empire vary in weight,
so that the merchant in concluding a
bargain must be sure as to whether he
is to be paid in taels of Shanghai or
of Hankwan, or of Tien-Tsin, or of
Chefoo.

Our silver bars are known on the
London market as "snake" silver. The
latest quotation for snake silver is 50 1/2
cents per ounce. "Fine bar" silver
is worth fifty-six cents an ounce. The
quotation for fine bar silver contain-
ing five grains of gold to the ounce is
half a cent more. This kind of silver
is used almost wholly by refiners in
the processes of their business. Mexi-
can dollars are quoted at fifty cents
an ounce. These dollars are a favor-
ite circulating medium in China and
the Straits Settlements, and they are
regularly quoted on 'change in New
York as well as in London.

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foreign coins of all sorts. Suppose
that a merchant in the City of Mexico
owes a sum of money to a merchant in
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New York merchant finds no use for
Mexican dollars in his business, and
so sells them to the dealer in silver.

It seems rather odd to find on the
advertising lists of the London brok-
ers notes of regular exportations of
silver from Great Britain to the United
States. These, however, are in the
shape of American coins, sent back to
that country by a process similar to
that just described. The Bank of
England never melts its United States
coins, but holds them in its vaults un-
til a balance of trade in our favor
makes it convenient to ship them
across the Atlantic. We import quite
a good deal of silver from Mexico,
most of it in the ore, because it can
be returned more economically here.
Some of the metal, too, we get from
the Central American Republics, and
not a little of their coin floats into
the hands of the silver dealers in New
York.

The great chain of mountains which
forms the backbone of the new world,
extending from Cape Horn northward
through Central America and continued
by the wall of the mighty Rockies, is
full of silver. In South America its
wonderful deposits, though wholly
undeveloped, are being pecked at to
some extent by primitive methods of
mining, and some of the white metal
thus obtained is imported into the
United States. Though suggesting
the idea of carrying coals to Newcastle,
the product naturally seeks this coun-
try for a market. A minor fraction
of our own silver goes direct to China
through brokers in San Francisco.
One fact suggestive of reflection is
that in 1891 our exports of silver ex-
ceeded our imports by only \$9,500,000.
The United States Government was
then buying, under the law of
July, 1890, 4,500,000 ounces of silver
per month. Since then the mine own-
ers have been obliged to find a sale
for their silver abroad, and thus, as
has been said, the exportation has al-
ready risen to nearly \$50,000,000 per
annum. To-day the treasury has on
hand \$137,000,000 worth of silver
bricks, the bulk of them stored at the
mint in Philadelphia.

The advertising lists of the London
brokers for the information of specu-
lators make incidental mention of some
of the causes which have brought
about fluctuations in the price of sil-
ver during the last twenty years.
Among these is noted the death of the
German Emperors in quick succession,
which disturbed the market consid-
erably. A great famine in India and
it necessary for the country to issue
large quantities of breadstuffs. This
had to be paid for in silver, the avail-
able supply of which was thus in-
creased, so that quotations for the
metal fell. The repeal of the Sherman
law was a blow to silver, of course.
On the other hand, the war between
China and Japan has raised the price
of silver somewhat, because the
countries will need more money with
which to carry on hostilities. If a
huge indemnity in which China is
to be mulched should be made payable
in silver, the metal would go up.

Regal crowns are an expensive
necessity for the people of those lucky
countries which still prefer to be
Kings to Presidents. One of the
costly crowns in existence is that of
the King of Portugal. The crown
which ornament it are valued at
\$100,000. The crown which the
Emperor of Russia wears on special oc-
casions is also one of the most price-
ly in the world. The crown which
mounts the crown is composed of
magnificent diamonds, resting on
large uncut but polished rubies. The
small crown of the Czarina is com-
posed, according to authorities, of
stones ever strung.

The crown of the Queen of
Siam, which is valued at \$1,000,000,
contains a great ruby, a large
sapphire, sixteen small sapphires,
emeralds, four small rubies,
brilliant, 1272 rose diamonds,
pear formed pearls, and 263
diamonds. In his state clothes, the
Sultan of Persia wears diamonds worth
\$12,000. His collar, his epaulettes, his
hat and cuffs sparkle with the
stones. His bracelets are of
gold, and his fingers are covered
with rings which are almost priceless
handful and the blade of his sword
covered with precious stones.

The most costly insignia of
royal dignity, however, are those
of the Sultan of Maharajah of
Rajahmundry, India. The chief ornament is
a necklace of five strings, containing
diamonds, some of which are
as large as hazel nuts. The upper
strings consist of emeralds of
various sizes.—Detroit Free Press.

An Electrical Girl.
The latest electrical girl talk
from lives near Sedalia, Mo.
her many alleged wonderful
powers of illuminating a room
in the presence. This she can do
just as she pleases. The most
curious thing, however, about the
girl is that human eyes have not
yet been able to see where the light
comes from. On entering a dark room
at once as light as day, it is
extinguished. When produced
phenomena nobody dares to
touch on penalty of death. She
charges with all the electrical
apparatus a live wire. The personal
attendant that surrounds her at such
times, and thus has saved her
from injury. So, at least, the
story in the local papers.—New York
Patch.

Claimed the Earth.
The Kings of Sardinia for-
mally subscribed themselves as "By
the Grace of God, King of Sardinia,
of Spain and England, of Italy,
of Jerusalem, of Greece and
of Sicily, of the Kingdom of
Hamburg and Sicily, of the
Midway Sea, Master of the
East of the Earth, Protector of
the Land!"—Chicago Herald.