

gan to ask myself if I had been acting like a fool in letting my fancy run away with my reason, and was now buying in the casket for far more than its worth.

"Another moment and my feelings underwent a sudden revulsion, for after almost allowing the hammer to fall, the old Jew at length slowly half-closed his eyes, and with the auctioneer's 'Seventeen pound fifteen, thank you,' I felt the battle had begun. Bid by bid the casket advanced to twenty pounds, other bidders having taken courage from the old Jew's example. Then another pause, and then on and on until thirty pounds was reached. The auctioneer looked pleased, and tried hard to conceal his astonishment, while there was considerable animation amongst the assembled Hebrews.

"But, at thirty pounds, nurse, who had rebelled once or twice before, flatly refused to go on. 'I should be robbing you child,' she said, 'and I won't do it.'

"Again the hammer seemed about to descend, and I thought I could see a gleam of triumph in those ferret eyes. Summoning all my resolution I called out 'Thirty-two.' The sound of my voice frightened me. The old man gave a rapid glance around the room to see who was his new opponent, and then as if to choke off all opposition retorted with 'Well, then, forty.'

"The words with which he thought to frighten me gave me renewed courage. I could not be mistaken in the harsh grating tone. 'Forty-five,' I cried, and again the grating voice said, 'Fifty.'

"I should only weary you if I were to tell you how we bid on, (how from five we got to ten, and from ten to fifties.

I no longer felt afraid of the sound of my own voice, though by this time every eye in the room was fixed upon us two, all other bidding but ours having long ceased.

"The auctioneer no longer attempted to conceal his astonishment, but even in my excited state I could not help noticing that the casket was no longer permitted to be passed about the room as at first, and that the auctioneer's men, as it were casually, so placed themselves as to be able to keep a strict guard over it.

"Nurse meanwhile sat as if stupefied, evidently wondering whether she was not dreaming.

"You will wonder how I could go on; I, a girl of twenty: conscious as I was of the angry looks of the old Jew and his friends, and of the insolent stare of the bystanders.

"At first the old man capped my bids before they were fairly out of my mouth, but finding, I suppose, that he could not frighten me in that way, he changed his manner, and allowed the auctioneer, time after time, almost to let the hammer fall, as if in doubt whether he would bid again.

"So it went on, till from hundreds we got to thousands. By that time the Jew had lost his temper, and was again bringing out his bids like quick little snails close upon the heels of mine.

"I had bid £2,600—how well I remember the amount, and the awful moment of suspense that followed it—when, after waiting a moment for the Jew to bid, I turned instinctively towards him, and saw him deep in conversation with his companion, apparently quite regardless of the auctioneer's repeated 'Two thousand eight hundred—it's against you Mr. Isaac.'

"The pause did more to unhinge me than all the previous excitement. What if he should not bid again! What if he had at last discovered the stones to be worthless, and I by going on too long had lost all. Again and again came the auctioneer's appeal: the Jew had apparently made up his mind not to bid; and I felt almost ready to faint. I think I should have done so, but simultaneously with the fall of the hammer came the snarling voices of the old man with 'Three thousand'

"I felt like one reprieved as the auctioneer's 'Only just in time, Mr. Isaac,' told me that the bid was not too late.

"You will hardly believe it, but with that knowledge came the desire to go on; and before I knew what I was doing, the words 'Three thousand two hundred' passed my lips.

"Again there was a pause, and looking up I saw that the Jew's companion had elbowed his way through the crowd, and was in earnest conversation with the auctioneer.

"Presently I was aware that the auctioneer was speaking to me, and asking if I could give such a reference as would assure him that he would be justified in repeating further bids from me.

"I was struck dumb. Here then was the end of all my hope. In my utter bewilderment it never occurred to me that I had only to give my name and address, and call nurse to identify me as the actual owner of the casket, to bid as I liked, or even stop the sale if I desired it.

"You will hardly believe it, but it seems to me that I must have become so bewildered as actually to have forgotten that the price of the casket, to whomsoever sold, would still be mine; and that the fear lest the Jew should get it for less than its value had given place to a fear lest he should get it at all.

"The auctioneer spoke in a low voice any with nothing offensive in his manner, but the strain upon my faculties had been too great, and I burst into tears. Even as I did so, comfort returned. A pleasant voice sounded in my ears, and my tall friend of the night before was quietly taking matters out of my hands, satisfying the auctioneer as to his own and my respectability, and leisurely scrutinizing the casket with the air of one who thoroughly understood what he was about. In another moment he had followed up by a further bid with an offer which electrified the room, and made even the old Jew open his eyes in astonishment, and the casket was knocked down to me for the sum of £5,000.

"I can get you fully £5,000 for the stones, and you can keep the casket itself," he said, as we sat in the comfortable library at Hampstead some six weeks after. He had brought me there, completely worn out with excitement, the night of the sale, and while I was sent off to bed by the kind motherly soul in whose house I was never, after all, to be governess, he astonished her husband with an account of my unexpected good fortune. How near I was to never enjoying that good fortune, and other good fortunes that was in store for me, Heaven knows. For weeks after that night I lay on a bed of fever; and at times the hopes of my ever riding from it again were but small.

"Now, for the first time as a convalescent had I been allowed to see visitors, and to hear to what extent I was likely to be an heiress. Six thousand pounds—I, whose expectations, as I rode up to London, had looked upon one hundred and fifty pounds as the utmost my belongings might realize! And he had explained how he thought the jewels would be best realised, for real stones they proved to be almost, all of them.

"But I cannot let you take all this trouble for nothing, Mr. Marshall," I said.

"I don't intend to work for nothing, I can assure you," he replied.

"He kept his word. A few months after, when I was quickly regaining strength under my aunt's care at Ipswich, I received a note from him to say that he had paid into the London agents of the Ipswich Bank the sum of six thousand three hundred pounds. But the matter had needed a great many journeys to Ipswich and back to arrange, so that when I expressed a fear to my aunt that Mr. Marshall had not repaid himself for his trouble, she only laughed, and said 'Tut, child don't pretend not to know how he wants you to repay him.'

"Well, he was so good, and nice, and kind, and everything that a man should be, that I felt bound to pay him in the way he wished.

"As to the jewels, as I have said, they were almost all real; but not all: there were a few sham stones here and there. Whether it was that the goldsmith to whom my ill-fated ancestor had offered the stones had from some dishonest reason declared them false, or whether my ancestor himself had happened, by almost incredible mischance (looking almost like the finger of fate), to pick out only false stones, must remain for ever a mystery."

A Manly Word to Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running. If there is a dull one, help him to learn his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fuss.

SOLEHNE CATECHISM.

THE FINANCIER.



What is this?
This, darling,
Is a financier.
What does a
financier do for a
living?
He finances.
What is it he
finances?
Finance.
Oh! that is
very funny, isn't
it?
Very.
But what is
really his busi-
ness?
Managing
other people's

money.
But does he never manage his own?
Oh, yes.
When?
When he has got through managing other people's.
Then whom do the poor neglected people get to manage their money?
Nobody.
Why?
Because they have no money left to manage.
Why! where did it all go?
That is what they would like to find out.
Do they never find out?
Hardly ever.
But how, if the poor financier spends all his time managing other people's money, can he make any money himself?

That is what he is trying to find out.
He? Who?
The District Attorney.
Will he have much trouble in finding out?
That depends.
On what?
The evidence.

Gracious! do they bring the poor financier to trial?
Sometimes.
What for?

For financiering.
But is it a crime to manage other people's money, even if it gradually gets managed into a hole?

Certainly not.
Then what is all the fuss about?
To try and manage some of it out of the hole.

But why didn't the poor financier manage his own money in the first place, and let other people's alone?

Because he had none of his own to manage.
But you said that after managing other people's, he managed his own?

Yes.
How then did he make it?
That is what they would like to know.

Who?
The other people.
But did the poor financier make much out of the management?

Yes, about that much.
About how much?
About as much as the other people put in.

My! financiering must be a very profitable profession?
It is.

Are there many financiers?
Lots.

What do they do after they have made their money?
They salt it.

Why do they salt it?
Because the people they made it out of were too fresh.

But I should think they would take little trips, and vacations and all that sort of thing?

They do, generally.
But you spoke of financiers being tried?

Yes.
Are they ever convicted?
That depends.

On what?
The amount of money they managed.
How if the amount be very, very large?

They are never tried.
How if it be moderately large?

They are tried.
And sentenced?
Oh, no!

But if the amount be only large?
They get six months.

Six months' what?
Vacation.
Where?
In Ludlow street.
But how if the amount be small?
They go up for twenty-five years.

Where?
Sing Sing.

This short-haired gentleman in the striped clothes?
His amount was very small.

Was he convicted of financiering?
Only in the sixth degree.

And what is financiering in the sixth degree?
Burglary.



PUTTING THE FALLS TO WORK.

A Scheme to Use the Power of Niagara to Run Mill Wheels.

As a burlesque upon Yankee ingenuity, it used to be said in the comic papers that Uncle Sam would some day put a wheel under Niagara Falls and run all the machinery in the country. Ridiculous as this seemed, Yankee ingenuity has devised something very like it, and a bill to put the scheme into practice has recently passed both Houses of the Legislature.

The bill says that the company is formed for the purpose of constructing, maintaining, and operating, in connection with the Niagara River, a hydraulic tunnel, or subterranean sewer, for the public use of sewerage and drainage and for furnishing hydraulic power for manufacturing purposes in the town of Niagara. The capital stock is to be \$200,000 at first, with the right of increase to \$3,000,000.

The plan is a simple one. A great pipe or shaft is to be cut through the rock close by and parallel with the Niagara River, 160 feet deep and running half a mile or more back from the falls. The open end of this little shaft or tunnel is to empty out of the rock at the falls a foot or two above the level of the water below the cascade.

Whenever a company wants water power it may sink a vertical shaft from the surface almost down to this horizontal shaft. In the bottom of this vertical shaft a turbine wheel is to be placed, and below this a smaller shaft, for a tall race, will carry the water from the wheel to the great horizontal shaft, which will then work as a waste pipe to carry off the water. In order to get the needed water to drive the wheel it will only be necessary to build out a short pier on the river shore to catch the edge of the swiftly flowing current and divert a little of it, by means of a ditch or pipe, into the vertical shaft, and so past the wheel and through the great subterranean shaft and back into the river again below the falls.

These vertical shafts are to be big enough to admit one or two of the workmen, who must place the turbine in position and afterward attend to it. It is said that a wheel as big as a man's hat will supply 200 horse power, though this was said carelessly by the reporter's informant, who acknowledged uncertainty as to the precise amount.

The plan is to sell to manufacturing corporations the right to sink shafts as close together as practicable along the line of the great waste shaft. A glorious success is prophesied for the company. It is said that cheap, steady, reliable power is to grow out of manufactures that a committee of Connecticut mill owners declared that it would pay them to remove their mills and factories to the town of Niagara. Fresh droughts, and too play mischief will begeth throughout New England, but no more, it is said, attends the power, and the death.

Dr. York, who lately been visiting leaving was present to the photograph.

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