

general esteem to know that the emerald, ruby, sapphire and amethyst are almost the same chemically, or that the emerald and the aquamarine only differ in color, the former being absolutely priceless, while the latter has no determinate value. Pearls only are sold by the grain. All other precious stones are sold by the carat, which weighs four grains. Diamonds weighing less than a carat are more valuable than rubies, sapphires, or emeralds of the same weight. But all the colored stones exceeding a carat are more valuable than diamonds, and the difference in value increases very rapidly with increase of size. If a ruby is very perfect, and of a rich, dark color, it commands an extravagant price. A fine three-carat diamond might be worth from \$600 to \$1,000, according to quality, while a perfect three-carat ruby would find a purchaser at from \$8,000 to \$5,000. Rubies weighing four carats have been sold in Eastern cities for \$10,000. Scientific writers class sapphires and rubies simply as sapphires. The red sapphire is a ruby, and the blue ruby a sapphire. The present demand for fine rubies exceeds the supply. It is not exactly known where those came from which are now finding their way into the market, but it is presumed that many are taken from old ornaments in family collections. Sapphires are very rare and scarcely less valuable than rubies. They make an exquisite appearance, properly arranged, and having small diamonds as foils. They are apt to show a dull color at night, and those are consequently most sought after which sparkle by gaslight. Large and perfect stones are of fabulous value. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has a fine sapphire considered worth \$160,000. Sapphires and emeralds are rarely set alone, but with smaller stones, commonly diamonds, which throw their beauty into relief. Except jewelers are not agreed as to whether the sapphire or the emerald is the more valuable, but the last, perhaps, maintains a greater popularity. Its value increases rapidly with its size. The wife of a railroad king purchased a fine ten-carat emerald a dozen years ago for \$5,000, which is now worth probably \$20,000. It is worn in a ring as a solitaire, and needs no foil to enhance its extraordinary beauty. There are said to be many rubies and emeralds in the city worth from \$2,000 to \$5,000, or even more, which are in the possession of connoisseurs.—*Exchange.*

THE SPIRAL STUD.

Who has not been a martyr to its damned inquisitiveness?

We see that there is a new shirt stud invented, which goes through a gimlet hole in a shirt bosom, in sections, and snaps together, leaving the under side smooth, so that there is no raw selvage to stick into a man's vital parts, the way there is in the old spiral stud, and we look forward to the happy future when we can buy a set of the new "Favorite" studs, and give the old spiral studs to the poor, who have no feelings to be lacerated. We have thought for years, that the government ought to call in the old spiral shirt-stud and issue a new kind, with coupons that will go together with a snap, but nobody has seemed to think the government ought to take the responsibility. The man who has invented the new stud should be placed on the pension roll with the man who invented the telegraph and the India rubber baby clothes. For a hundred years the spiral shirt-stud that screws in has held the stomach of a man in its grasp, and has made sore spots on him, when all should be sunshine, and so forth. It is said that women share our joys and our sorrows. This may be so, to a certain extent, and they may suffer some, but they don't know anything about the horrors of the spiral shirt-stud. Many men go down to their graves and never complain, who have had their lives made miserable by spiral shirt-studs. No man can be cheerful, full of fun and frivolity, and keep a company in a roar of laughter, when he is constantly reminded that three golden corkscrews are gently but firmly entering his body from three different places, that three different shows are getting in their work under one canvass at one price of admission. It is asking too much to expect a man to be entertaining when three artesian wells are being sunk into his person at once. Women do not mean to be cruel, and to cause unnecessary pains to man, but if they knew how they send the quivering arrows to his very soul, in three places, they would be careful how they throw their heads on men's shirt-bosoms and root around to find an easy place to lay. No doubt many of our hearers have noticed that men shrink from them when they lay their darling little heads on his breast and have thought the man was shocked at their actions. It is not that. It is the spiral shirt-stud.

Of course, a man will stand a good deal, and not complain, under such circumstances, but if the woman in the case, or on the shirt-bosom rather, will look up into his fond eyes, she will find there, besides a look of satisfaction and don't-get-up-on-my-account expression, a far away penetrating look, as though his soul was on fire, or he had been eating cucumbers. Women can have no idea of the sacrifice man makes, in such cases, and they should not be surprised if he faints away. Other things in the world may cease, but the boring of the spiral stud never ceases. We have known a preacher to get a vacation of six months, with a trip abroad, because he looked sick, when all in the world that ailed him was spiral shirt-studs boring into him, though in this instance there was no female head acting as a screw driver to drive them in. He would preach a sermon on faith, and look sick, as the studs went into him, and the congregation would pity him, think it was his liver, and raise money enough to send him all over the world. Oh, the spiral stud has done much to demoralize the world and it should be suppressed.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

GOLD NUGGET SWINDLERS.

"Why, you've been swindled, man! That isn't gold quartz. You can't fool me on mineral; I've seen too much of the glittering truck to be caught on such a deal as that. Wouldn't have believed it of you, Charley!" and the speaker leaned up against the Windsor hotel counter with a look of painful disgust spreading over his features. You could have told he was a miner by the runcouth cut of his clothes, the looseness of his wide, soft hat, and the unkempt condition of his whiskers. The companion whom he addressed as Charley was an inoffensive-looking sort of a city chap, one of your young men who has seen a great deal of life, but not enough of its wiles, perhaps. He turned up the ends of his mustache ambitiously with one hand as he looked at the speaker in evident amazement. His other hand held a large piece of quartz, seemingly as rich as that which has given the Bowen mine its notoriety. "Don't say that, uncle," he said, nervously, rolling the quartz from side to side, "that specimen cost me \$50, and I thought I was getting a good bargain, then." "Well, you can bet that I'm right," replied the uncle, with a harsh