

she had a right to be there too, and to have her 'word in' as well. Acting upon that, she became suddenly stupid as to the meaning of his signs, and nods, and jerking of his elbows, and so on; in fact, all his coughs and sneezings and signs were thrown away upon her, and for that matter he might as well have made them to the Sphinx of the great Pyramid. But there were times occasionally when even the silversmith felt that he was the head of the family, and acted upon it. At length the stranger hastily drew his Tom-pion out of his sob, and rubbing the thumb of his left hand across the glass as he scanned the dial breathed, as it were, into the smith's ear, 'Had I not better call in some other day?' That whisper electrified the smith, and he jumped up and motioned his by far stronger half to the door. 'Wife,' he exclaimed, in tones that she could not mistake, 'wife, hadst thou not better go into Smithfield and take the air along with the children? Dolly, the maid, will stay at home for thee: *I mean thee to do it.*' The little lady knew by the tone of his expressed voice that he did mean it. Experience had taught her that much; furthermore, experience had also taught her that it would have been an easy matter for him to have whipped her up in his arms and landed her with all gentleness upon the doorstep, Dolly following with her hat and cloak. None knew better than she when the limit had been reached, and when the time came to beat a 'masterly retreat.' So she gave the soft answer that turneth away wrath, went into the kitchen, left a few directions with Dolly, and reappearing in her hat and cloak before her husband and his strange visitor, told them whereto she was going, and that Dolly should gladly attend to all their wants, and courtseyed herself out of the room. A significant 'Hem, hem!' caused her husband to follow her, and when he got upon the landing, she pulled the room door to a close, and, springing upon her little tiptoes, flung her arms round his neck and kissed him several times. She hoped that he would look over it, and she would never do so again. It was very stupid of her, so it was, not to leave the room when he first wanted her to go; but it shall not happen any more, &c., &c., &c. Ah, the little storyteller! Why, they had been married some dozen years or so; she generally managed to have 'tiffs' of one kind or another about once a month, and this was

how they ended. 'She would never, never, do so again; it should not happen any more'; and all the rest of it.

"When they were alone, the stranger unfolded some drawings that a man-servant had carefully carried, and he asked the silversmith if he could work from them, the latter replied, 'that he could,' but he was unable to name a price. The stranger answered, 'We shall not fall out about the price, if you will only do what I tell you. But that has been my difficulty all along. Workmen will insist in thinking for me, and in making the models as they please; so that I have been nearly driven to despair. You work according to my plans and orders, and it shall fare you well. As you see by the drawings, I am interested in ships of various kinds, and I want to find out which form of model will sail fastest. I am having them now made of copper, because if I went to a regular model-maker, down by Wapping or Redriff, he would be curious to know my business; and that I would not allow. On the other hand, should I be seen coming in to you, nobody would suspect my errand, and, as I have said, if you follow my advice and keep my secret, it shall fare you well.'

"And having thus delivered himself, the stranger took his departure. But he had only been gone 'time enough' to enable the drawings to be locked away, when in rushed the silversmith's wife, quite out of breath. "Oh, Jacob, Jacob," she exclaimed in gasps, that stranger is a man of quality, I am sure; for I saw him get into a hackney coach, and his man-servant get up beside the driver.' Did he see you?" asked Jacob, nervously. 'No, that he didn't,' said she, for when I saw him get into one of the best hackney coaches, and have a man-servant, my heart told me he is one of the higher gentry; maybe from the Queen's court. When I placed my eyes upon him, I drew the hood of my cloak over my head, and got behind a Fleet Porter, so that there was no chance of him seeing me.'

"Thou art a dear, thoughtful, good wife—worth thy weight thrice over of gold from the mint. Let me kiss thee for a brave wench.

"There is something, in this, I tell thee, Jacob; and if any of our neighbor-folk should seek to know who he is when he comes again, tell them that he is an uncle of mine from Hampshire, who is a hog-breeder; and that, having to come to London about the lease of his farm, he

has called upon thee to get a copper to boil pigs' feet in.'

"And so that was settled. The stranger came about twice a week, and he expressed great satisfaction with the silversmith's work, and with the admirable way in which the instructions had been carried out.

"At length the settling day arrived, the last model having been delivered. The stranger, having had another 'dish of tea,' shook the little lady warmly by the hand she never giving the least sign of what she thought him to be. As he was leaving, he carelessly threw a small bag-full of gold upon the table saying, 'I hope thou will find enough to pay thy husband for what he has done for me. I now know that thou keepest the purse, and so I hand it over to thy care;' and away he went.

"'Jacob, Jacob!' she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, which were shared with the corners of her apron, as she tumbled the glittering guineas out of the bag upon the tea-board, 'I think now, Jacob, that there will be some hope of 'getting one of the boys into the Bluecoat School.'

"A great deal passed in the way of public events, and in less than two years the silversmith, by the aid of the mysterious stranger, made a large fortune at a stroke, in taking the contract for the silver services of the numerous messes of the Officers of the Royal Navy.

"The stranger was a member of the Board of Admiralty, and the silversmith was Jacob Arugross, sometime an alderman of the city of London—AND MY ANCESTOR."

C. STUART MURRAY in the *Metalworker*.

## CAMEO SHELLS AND CAMEO CUTTING.

The word *cameo* is derived from the Arabic, and is equivalent in signification to bass-relief. It was originally restricted to hard stones, such as onyx, sardonyx, etc., engraved in relief, but the term has since been extended to include gems cut on shell, lava, and other substances. Certain descriptions of univalve shells are well adapted for cameo cutting, from their substance being made up of different colored layers, and also from a difference of hardness and texture and the various layers, some approaching more nearly to the nature of a nacreous than of a porcelaneous material. The good workman always carefully puts his work