



### RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS.

"I am going to show you something," said my conductor, as he paused with his hand on the knob of the door leading out of the show-room of the immense jewellery establishment of which he was the proprietor, "that I keep a profound secret from the world in general; but I feel I can trust you, for you are a newspaper man, aren't you?"

"I am," I replied.

"A good solid journal, isn't it?"

"It is," I answered.

"Not one of those neutral and indecisive affairs that say anything?"

"No: nothing of the sort."

"It isn't run by Yankees, is it?"

"No: at least the Mitchell man has not so decided yet."

"Well then, come along; I pledge you to secrecy," and he opened the door and bade me follow him.

After traversing a long passage we came to a staircase leading down apparently into the bowels of the earth. This we descended and found ourselves in a vast chamber on the floor of which were immense heaps of diamonds which sparkled in the rays of a gas-jet here and there.

"Surely," I said, "this must be that cave or garden, or whatever it was, spoken of in the Arabian Nights, is it not?"

"No: Aladdin was never here," replied the jeweller, picking up a handful of the glittering gems, and flipping them carelessly about, as a boy would do with marbles, "Now what do you think those are?" asked my guide.

"Why diamonds," I answered.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene; How beautiful! how exquisite!"

"Yes, these are diamonds," was the reply, "and here," he continued, throwing open a door into another room where several workmen were engaged, "here is where they make them."

"Make them!" I cried in astonishment "what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say; these are what are known to the initiated as 'actresses diamonds.' An actress wishes a good advertisement; she comes to us and purchases a few quarts of these precious stones and has them stolen; dy'e see?"

"Quarts!" I said, "why what are they worth?"

"Well, they range from four seventy-five to seven dollars a quart; it is cheaper to buy them by the bushel."

"Verily, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. I am astonished."

"That's nothing; now look here," and he led the way into another large store-room, piled high on every side with silver watches; "look at those."

"I had no idea there were so many watches in the world," I exclaimed in astonishment, "why surely you must have several millions of dollars worth here."

"Scarcely," was the reply; "these are what are termed 'newspaper watches': they are given away with papers that are unsaleable on their own merits; we sell these by the cord; eighteen dollars a cord is the regular price."

"Heavens!" I cried, "but do they go?"

"Go! what dy'e take us for?" asked the other contemptuously.

"Well then, what's the use of them?" I enquired, mystified.

"Nou e—as watches: of great value, though, as a means of getting rid of the paper they are given away with."

"Oh!"

"See these chains," he continued, pointing through another opening which led into a smaller store, at the further end of which was a spout through the ceiling, and down which flowed a constant stream of gold watch-chains, "these are the articles so much worn by clerks on small salaries, dudes, and those lah-di-dah chaps who wear two chains outside their coats, and so forth: the factory is just above, they cost us about four cents a-piece, we sell them for \$2.50."

"Well, well; I had no idea of this."

"Now we come to the 'hotel-clerk's breast-pin' and 'bar-tender's solitaire' department," said my guide, as he preceded me into another room. "These goods are very expensive," and he opened drawer after drawer whose contents fairly dazzled my eyes.

"These then are genuine stones, I suppose," I remarked.

"Yes; as genuine as we make them; here is a pin, now," taking up an article fairly blazing with brilliants, "that is worth as much as two dollars: handsome, isn't it? Take a few if you care to."

He offered me a handful which I declined, however.

"That's all I have to show you to-day," he said, after a pause.

"Well, but haven't you any real bona fide jewels at all?" I asked.

"Yes, we have, let me see," and he hesitated, "you're a newspaper man, aren't you?"

"I am."

"Well then I hardly think it would be advisable to throw temptation in your way; not to-day; some other day; good day," and he mounted a staircase and opened a door leading out into the street, and, with his words ringing in my ears, I awoke.

### HE UNDERSTOOD FEMININE HUMAN NATURE.



LIRRYPIP was sub-editor of the *Trumpville Trombone*, the office of which paper was directly opposite a tailoring establishment where several pretty girls were employed, amongst whom was one whose good looks far surpassed those of her companions, and which made a deep impression on the too susceptible heart of the journalistic Lirrypip, whose desk was placed in the window of the *Trombone* office from which position he could see the fair tailoress every time he raised his eyes and looked across the street, for she worked in a front window of the sartorial establishment. That's a rather long and very exhaust-

ive sentence, but like the foot of a daughter of a neighboring town, it covers a deal of ground.

So Lirrypip made love to the fair girl across the way as best he could, with a space of about thirty-five yards between himself and the object of his affections, and she, though evidently a modest and respectable young woman, let him see, by an occasional smile, that she was not altogether proof against the arrows of love that were darted across the street from Lirrypip's eyes. But Lirrypip had never spoken to the young lady, though he had despatched several notes across the street to her, to which, however, she had never vouchsafed any reply, thus displaying her good-sense and modesty; for it was presumption, even in a sub-editor, to write love letters to a girl to whom he had never been introduced, wasn't it? Of course if Lirrypip had been a full-fledged editor-in-chief, it wouldn't have been so bad, because an editor-in-chief is a man above suspicion and one in whom guile cannot dwell, and Mary Anderson allows herself to be presented to editors-in-chief, though she says "no thank-you," to H. R. H. the P. of W. (sounds Masonic and mysterious to use initials.) But to get back to Lirrypip. The young woman would not reply to his notes and he determined to make her answer. This was an heroic resolve on Lirrypip's part, for he had read that couplet which says, concerning woman.

"If she will, she will, you may depend on't,  
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end o'nt."

But, nothing daunted, he tackled her on a weak point. Instead of writing her a note he sent her,—what? A newspaper from which he had clipped a three-inch paragraph. It turned out just as he had anticipated. In half an hour came a note from the beautiful tailoress, its contents as follows:

"Dear Sir,

The newspaper duly received, but please tell me what was on the peace you cut out?

Yours, etc.

JULIER."

Lirrypip had vanquished her. He had played upon her curiosity and—she fell; that is to say, she didn't fall far, but she broke through her maidenly reserve and wrote to a stranger.

But the affair never came to anything, for Lirrypip decided that a young woman, though fair as Cleopatra, who spelt "newspaper," with three p's, "received" with an s and ea and so on, would never do to associate with a sub-editor. And so the ocular flirtation ceased, and Julier married an alderman who couldn't tell whether her spelling was right or not.

Thus endeth this romance.

S.

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—Day's Business Colloge, 96 King St. W. Toronto.

### SNAKES IN THE STOMACH.

Two parties claim that such are the wonderful curative powers of the Notman Pad Co's remedies that they will drive snakes or any other reptile out of the stomach in two days. Whether this is true or not we are bound to say that these remedies are the best in the world for all troubles of the stomach, liver and bowels. Adv't.