

# DIAMONDS BY THE TON

## Monte Cristo Find in Australia.

The Story of a Miner Which, if True, Will Prove Him the Owner of the Richest Diggings on Earth—Report of a Commissioner.

Australia is a prodigious lucky bag, out of which somebody is always fishing up some surprise. There is scarcely a nomadic who has not a hoard of red and blue and green stones which he cannot make up his mind to sell for the trifle offered by the jeweler. He means to go home some day, and then he will get a price for them. Meanwhile he carries them about in a little gold dust bag, sometimes getting wheedled out of one or two by a barmaid, or "going on the tangle" and losing the lot. Occasionally one sees in a breastpin or a ring a fine sapphire, vouchered for as native; but the emeralds, rubies, spinels and almandines found are mostly of small size. All the world knows the magnificent opal from the White Cliffs and all the world will soon have an opportunity to admire the superb turquoise found at Herdi, in Victoria, says an Australian correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We have pearl fisheries; we have the biggest silver mine in the world and gold reefs so rich that a drive is sometimes described as a "jeweler's shop," but surely we have hit upon the gem's treasure-house when we talk coolly of a mine with "a ton of diamonds in sight!" There have been such sentimental rumors of late concerning the diamond fields of Bingara, on the Horton, in New South Wales, that we had grown callously incredulous, and are the more astonished to find from the report of a special commissioner just returned to Sydney that these rumors were less than the truth. The diamondiferous tract is some thousands of acres in extent, and the mine, the Monte Cristo, already opened up, belongs to one man. He has been working it by himself, determined to prove it before taking the public into his confidence, and that is why we have heard so little of what was going on there. Before describing the field some account of his career is due to this Australian Count of Monte Cristo.

WAITING PATIENTLY FOR HIS OPPORTUNITY. Mr. (Captain by mining courtesy) Rogers is a Cornishman, active and resolute, but now over 80 years of age. After opening up tin mines in Java, Penang and elsewhere, he came to Victoria in the first flush of his gold fever and gained his colonial shrewdness in several rushes. His practical shrewdness was early demonstrated. He argued that instead of following the alluvial gold should be traced to its matrix. Acting on this conviction in 1853 he opened in Wattle Gully, Forest Creek, the first quartz reef in Victoria, being jeered as a madman for expecting to find gold in a lode. His example was, however, quickly followed, and then came the difficulty of extracting the gold from the cruelly hard quartz. The captain claims to have erected the first quartz-crushing battery in Australia. By the by, home people can't imagine what a dazzling beautiful thing in the sun is pure white quartz crushed. The streets of Ballarat are metalled with it, and make one think of that little surprise the French king prepared for his mistress when he had his park avenues spread with salt.

Captain Rogers acted as manager to various mining companies, till in 1876 he was appointed expert to a Sydney syndicate. He was sent to report on Bingara as a gold field. It struck him the country was likely for gems, and he resolved to return at his leisure and prospect it. It was not for eight years that this "leisure" moment came, but he had not forgotten. He came all the way from Ballarat in the adjoining colony, and after two months' prospecting found a lead which averaged three carats to the load. Although at this time there was uncertainty as to the market value of Australian diamonds (so called), some speculators at once offered \$17,500 for his claim. It was probably this want of definite knowledge about the stone found here that induced Rogers to accept the offer—a proceeding he soon regretted, as the purchasers made a ring and took up every acre of diamondiferous country in the district.

Here again the Cornishman's innate shrewdness stood him in good stead. He alone knew the trend of the country and the dead work needed to develop it. He argued that some of these mining leases would inevitably be forfeited owing to non-compliance with labor conditions. So he waited. His foresight had not deceived him. As the leases fell through he lodged his application and secured them, always keeping his eye steadily on that big plumb, the Monte Cristo block. He waited five years before this last lease was obtained.

### FABULOUS RICHNESS OF THE FIND.

Then he went to work all alone, sometimes not seeing another human being for months. He sunk a shaft, timbered it, filled bags with the dirt below, climbed to the surface and hauled them up. He drove and cross-cut on two levels, and sunk again through about fifty feet of very hard oxidized cement. How a man of his age could have done this work unaided is a marvel; but of this drive he washed fifteen loads for a yield of 2,180 diamonds, and proved the drift to be the commencement of a deep lead. After this he sunk an air shaft, which was destroyed by flood, and before he could get another one completed he succumbed to bad air and was laid up for six months. As soon as he was able to work again he followed up this drive with a tunnel 206 feet to test the extent of the drift, sunk a third shaft, and from this one opened up a shallow level so rich that he christened it the Bonanza.

So far, although sending parcels of gems to London, Captain Rogers has kept his own counsel, but now, having proved his property, he invited experts to visit it, and very much astonished they were. They found that this dauntless octogenarian had with his own hand accomplished the work of opening up a great mine, displaying such consummate judgment that the upper level offered room for 200 men to start blocking; that the drift had been traced to within 150 feet of its matrix (which crops out on an adjacent hill), and sufficient of the forty feet laid bare to yield a ton of diamonds! The whole of this drift is diamond-bearing; it is found to average 200 stones to a one-horse load of twenty-seven cubic feet, and in one part yields 2,500 stones of the load. This one lease is for twenty acres.

The Monte Cristo mine itself is a veritable mountain of diamonds, pronounced by experts the richest mine ever known in

the world. The stones are declared in London, Amsterdam and New York equal to the best Brazilian gems, but of so adamantine a hardness that special machinery has had to be erected in London for cutting them. Its output must influence, if not govern the diamond market, which has already had to be nursed because of the influx of Cape stones. Should the matrix prove as rich as the surrounding country indicates, the mine will be worth a kingdom. The quite recent dispatch to England of twenty sample bags of wash dirt taken from all parts of the mine has strengthened the report that Captain Rogers has received overtures from a great house, believed to be the Rothschilds. His advanced age and partial blindness—which latter now compels him to have an assistant at the sorting table—are strong arguments in favor of realizing; but the plucky old fellow says if he were 20 years younger or had a son to take his place he would not accept \$10,000,000 for the property. In spite of this bit of bluff he will have to deal, and as money is still scarce here the Monte Cristo mine will probably become the property of capitalists.

### OTHER PRECIOUS STONES AND METALS.

The commissioner, from whose report we glean these particulars, says the wash, when seen underground, is of an uninteresting grayish color and all water-worn material. A dark green pebble, shaded like a kidney bean, runs through it like plums in pudding and wherever the pebbles are thick the diamonds are thick also. Like that in the diamond mines of India and Brazil, the wash dirt contains jaspers, quartz, agate, sandstone discolored by oxides, manganese, trimonite, conglomerate, quantities of small gems, rubies, garnets, sapphires, zircons, tourmaline and to pazes; also gold and platinum in sufficient quantities to contribute materially toward the working expenses. In passing through the drives the commissioner noticed in parts of the face of the lead disturbed "as if the rabbits had been scratching there."

"That's where the ladies have been," said the captain, who gallantly permits lady visitors (and you will not be surprised to hear he has a good many) to carry away souvenirs. The Bingara diamonds are white or yellow, but mostly white. Some red ones have been found, and one rare green one, which, unfortunately, some one took a fancy to. The largest as a rule, are about two carats, but one of eleven carats has been found. It is believed that large stones will be unearthed when the matrix is driven on. The price received up to the present is about \$7 per carat for white stones and about \$2 per carat for small and off-color diamonds. The excessive hardness of the Bingara stones, which increases the cost of cutting, affects their price. A curious characteristic of some of the diamonds is a cobweb formation in the stone, and twin diamonds have also been found. Warden Lawson, recently sent by the mines department to inspect the Monte Cristo, broke down sixty-five pounds of wash dirt, washed it in the presence of a party, and obtained from it sixty-five very nice stones. He broke down and sent unwashed a similar quantity of dirt to the Chicago exhibition, together with a number of diamonds. From the commissioner's account it is evident that Captain Rogers' methods of washing, sorting, etc., are primitive, and not adapted to deal economically with large bodies of the drift. He is just now inundated with visitors, and no doubt it is an interesting spot. A story is told of a learned professor who went to spend a day; on the ninth day he had to be dragged away.

### Return of a Long-Lost Son.

An English paper records the romantic return of a long-lost son to his mother which has occurred in Newcastle-on-Tyne. About 12 years ago a boy named Ralph Swales, five years of age, strayed from his parents, people in humble circumstances, who, despite all their efforts, failed to recover him, and concluded that he had fallen into the river and been drowned. Years passed, the father died, and the mother moved to another part of the city. On Wednesday a strapping youth, in a uniform of the 5th Fusiliers, entered the house and stated that inquiries he had made led him to believe that she was his mother. The woman quickly and joyfully identified him by means of marks on his body. The man's account of his disappearance was that he had been found wandering by the police in a neighbouring borough, and sent to the workhouse, where he remained for some years. Subsequently he worked on a farm, then went to sea in a fishing smack, and finally enlisted. Hearing incidentally from a recruit that people bearing his own name had lost a son, he made inquiries, with the above result. To the mother's sorrow the son expects shortly to be sent to India. Mrs. Swales, however, has determined to petition the authorities, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, to allow her son to remain in the district.

### With the Dear Girl.

Maude—"We must confess that Mabel is a very pretty girl."  
Gladys—"Yes, very. But her complexion might be better."  
Maude—"And her nose is just a little too retroussee."  
Gladys—"Of course it is. Don't you think her hair's kind of streaky?"  
Maude—"A little. But I object more to her mouth. It's a bit too wide."  
Gladys—"Like her ears."  
Maude—"And her eyes are such a funny color."  
Gladys—"Green mixed with amber—I know."  
Maude—"It's a pity she dresses like a fright."  
Gladys—"Yes, it makes her look so dowdy."  
Maude (with a sigh)—"But she's a very pretty girl."  
Gladys—"Yes, a very pretty girl."

### She Knew Him Not.

"Oh, we had the loveliest arrangement at our church society last week. Every woman contributed to the missionary cause \$1 which she earned herself by hard work."  
"How did you get yours?"  
"From my husband."  
"I shouldn't call that earning it yourself by hard work."  
"You don't know my husband."

The British Museum has twenty-five miles of books, and the largest collection of curiosities in the world.

## THE VOYAGE OF A FEVER SHIP.

Officers Died Off Until There was None but an 18-Year-Old Boy to Navigate Her.

The other night, says the Melbourne Argus, the British bark *Trafalgar* arrived in Hobson's Bay from Batavia in charge of the third officer, a youth of 18 years of age. The record of her passage is sufficiently sensational and thrilling to be taken from one of Clark Russell's romances.

The *Trafalgar*, which is owned by Mr. Alfred Brown of Glasgow, is a four-masted bark of 1,696 tons burden. In the beginning of the year she was despatched from Cardiff to Rio de Janeiro with a cargo of coals, the passage being made in the smart time of thirty-one days. After discharging, she proceeded to New York in ballast, and, having loaded with kerosene, she started for Batavia, under the command of Capt. Francis Edgar, a native of Edinburgh. Batavia was reached in the latter part of September. Here her troubles began. Three of the crew deserted. One was arrested and brought back to the ship, the second could not be found, while the third

### EVASION CAPTURE

by denouncing himself to the Government as an absconder from a Dutch man-of-war lying in New York harbor at the time he signed articles. He was placed on the guard ship. Next, the second officer, who had joined the vessel at New York, thrashed one of the crew, and was compelled to lock himself in his cabin for safety till, fearful that the seamen would carry their threat into effect to "throw his carcass overboard to the sharks," he asked for and was reluctantly granted his discharge.

Orders were now issued that the crew were not to go on shore, for fear that they should be stricken down with the Java fever. Despite these precautions Capt. Edgar was the first to succumb to the fever, and his condition hourly becoming worse, the chief officer, Mr. Richard Roberts, rowed to the Dutch guard ship for medical assistance, but when he returned three hours later Capt. Edgar was dead. His remains were interred in the Batavia Cemetery on the following day, the steward and six of the crew taking part in the obsequies with, as it subsequently transpired, terribly deadly results. Most of the men soon after complained of being seriously ill, and as there was little hope of their complete recovery while inhaling the miasmatic vapors arising from the marshes in the vicinity of the city, it was determined that a start should be made for Australia. The command of the *Trafalgar* had now reverted to Mr. Richard Roberts, the chief officer. The journey was accordingly commenced under most discouraging circumstances on Oct. 20, the crew on the articles numbering twenty-three all told.

Just after the *Trafalgar* had got well clear of the island James Kelly, A.B., aged 36, a native of Cork, was seized with the fever, and although the steward, John Lee, and the deck officers, tried, with the aid of the restricted means at their command, to relieve his sufferings,

### HE SANK RAPIDLY

and died on Nov. 9, in latitude 17° 56' north, and longitude 101° 20' east. His body was buried at sea. Capt. Roberts was the next victim, and as if to render the navigation of the ship still more difficult, Mr. Samuel Norwood, now first officer designate, was compelled to lay up about the same time. He was almost prostrated by the fever, and beyond making an occasional entry in the log book, he was unable either to take his watch or to assist in directing the ship on her course. At 11 a.m. on Nov. 15, Joseph Full, the ship's carpenter, died from the fever, and on the afternoon of the same day Capt. Roberts lost possession of his reason, and succumbed to the dreadful disease shortly before midnight. The ship was then in lat. 22° 35' S. and lon. 103° 40' E. Full was over 50 years of age, while Capt. Roberts was comparatively young man and had been married just before leaving Cardiff. He has, it is stated, a brother and several other near relations living in Victoria.

The position of the vessel was now extremely critical. The death of Capt. Roberts and the prostration of Mr. Norwood had thrown the whole responsibility of working the ship upon Mr. William Shotton, who had only quite recently completed his indenture term of service, and had been promoted to the position of third officer mainly because of his practical and theoretical knowledge of navigation. Mr. Shotton

### ASSUMED COMMAND

until Mr. Norwood's condition should improve, of which there were some prospects, but he weakened rapidly, and at last his reason gave away and he died on Nov. 21 in lat. 25° 38' S. and long 93° 35' E. Hugh Kennedy, the sailmaker, was now the only person, irrespective of Mr. Shotton, who had the remotest idea of the duties of a supernumerary officer or had sufficient confidence to undertake the guidance of the bark while Mr. Shotton snatched a few hours' rest from his long and weary duties. William Kavanagh, one of the seamen, was transferred to the poop deck merely for the purpose of taking watch occasionally. His knowledge of navigation was of the most rudimentary character, and the task of sailing the ship to Melbourne seemed hopeless, but Mr. Shotton never lost heart.

Fortunately the winds experienced were not of very considerable force, and while there were no prospects of a hard blow, Mr. Shotton clapped as much sail as he could induce his inert and somewhat refractorily inclined crew to spread to the favoring breezes. In the Indian Ocean Daniel Sheehan, the cook, took ill, and on Dec. 7 he died in lat. 40° 3' S. and lon. 119° 45' E. He was the sixth and last victim of the passage. Mr. Shotton then attempted to induce the crew to clean and overhaul the ship and get her in good condition by the time she reached her destination. All his efforts were of no avail. Beyond assisting to sail the ship they would not lend a hand to do more than was absolutely necessary to secure the safe passage of the vessel to port. Some of the men were willing to fall in with Mr. Shotton's views, but as they were in a minority and had to take their watches regularly, their services were not available.

Cape Leuwin was rounded with light to fresh variable winds and smooth sea, and as that dreadful headland had been doubled without the loss of any of the canvas or spars, Mr. Shotton entertained hopes that he would have a speedy run along the coast,

and fall in with some passing ship, which an officer might be obtained to assist in navigating the *Trafalgar*. No vessels, however, were sighted, and in order to verify his observations Mr. Shotton decided to make land and ascertain his position. Port Fairy was the first land seen, and the troubles of the crew, however, were not quite over yet. A day or two later the *Trafalgar* was overtaken by a fresh gale starting from the northwest and setting in the west. There was only one way, in Mr. Shotton's opinion, to weather the storm, and that was to run before it. Nearly all the hands were ordered on deck, sail was gradually shortened as the gale rose, and the ship

### SUCCED BEFORE THE STORM

for several hours under the two lower topsails and the foresail. Before sail could be shortened the topsail and the main lower topsail were blown clean out of the bolt ropes. As soon as the wind moderated and the sea fell the ship stood in toward the Victorian coast. Mr. Shotton picked up Split Point about 11 o'clock on Friday night. The red light was not shown on his chart, and as he was not certain of his position he put the ship about, and after sailing on the opposite tack for several hours he wore round again, and following up the coast line, he made the Heads on Saturday morning. Capt. Nicholson boarded the *Trafalgar* at about 1 o'clock, and under his directions she was safely piloted up the bay and anchored near the Gellibrand Lightship at 10 o'clock on Saturday night.

Dr. Maclean the port health officer, inspected the crew, and having satisfied himself that there was no danger of infection, he granted pratique conditionally that the water was thrown overboard, the tanks cleaned, and the sand ballast kept in the holds pending instructions from the Board of Health.

### Do Bees and Wasps Get Drunk?

I have just been reading something about this in a periodical, though it has taught me nothing I did not know before. The reply is "Of course they do." The fact is, they cannot well help it. Rotting fruit is the sweetest, and these they attack with great avidity; but many sweet, juicy fruits, while decaying, develop alcohol, and it is interesting and amusing to watch the scrambling and fighting of the wasps around these when thoroughly "boozed." Mr. Wasp has the good sense to crawl away into some quiet corner to sleep it off. But, like some human beings, when better he goes straight for the drink again. A sting from a drunken wasp is far more venomous than one from a sober wasp—a Good Templar, let us call him. Ordinary bees, I am convinced, get drunk with the juice of some flowers, notably thistles, and don't go home till morning. You may find them on these thistles early in the summer morning. If you put a finger near them they hold up a fore leg beseechingly, as much as to say, "Oh, do go away, and let a fellow sleep. I'll be all right in an hour or two." This is an example of the queer side of nature, but it is all as true as the Gospel. It proves, I think, that man is not the only animal whom the demon drink can lead by the nose. I have known drunken dogs, especially a Newfoundland and a bull-terrier, who were never sober when they could get beer or gin, who went to public-houses of their own accord, because they knew people would stand treat for the fun of the thing, and who went home needing all the breadth of the pavement, if not the street. The Newfoundland, when half-seas over, would exhibit great affection. She would sit down beside one and insist upon shaking hands about three times a minute. By-and-by she would go to sleep on her broad back, and snore. Very human, isn't it?

### Wolfe and Quebec.

A very interesting and carefully prepared article appeared recently in *The Week*, written by Mr. G. Sherwood of Huron College, London, Ont., on "How Wolfe took Quebec;" it is well worth perusal. Mr. Sherwood concludes as follows:—"The change from the old regime to the new was a blessing to an abused people. They were encouraged in every department of industry—their earnings were safe from official rapacity. The price of their produce was governed by the laws of supply and demand. Even the laws they preferred were granted them. Though vanquished, they were victors of the field. It may be wondered at that a people benefited so much by a change of government should ever show uneasiness under it of a desire to return to the old rule. But who dare state it is a sign of depravity in an individual or even anation to refuse to pay material prosperity the homage that is due only to the noblest historical associations. Great names and great deeds cast their glory over the history of New France. One of her warriors at least will never be forgotten. Her explorers penetrated mighty forests, disclosed great lakes and traced the course of lordly rivers. Over the broad continent their names everywhere mark their journeys. But it was in missionary enterprise New France attained her highest glory. There was no forest so dense that missionaries did not penetrate—no tribe so remote as to be uncared for. The field of their labours was a vast one. Their feet trod the bleak Labrador coast and the rich prairies of the West; they imperilled their lives by the lovely Lake of Onondaga and where the many winds ruffle the bright surface of the Conchiching. It is these associations that inflame the minds of French Canadians and make them forget the tyranny and misery of the Old Regime."

### Nothing New Under the Sun.

Ancient Egypt, writes a correspondent of the *St. James Gazette*, is "looking up" in every way. Some of its contrivances appear to have been up to date. Actually, they had already, more than 2,000 years ago, what we call "a penny in the slot" for the extraction of something useful, pleasant or otherwise desirable. Hereon, the philosopher of Alexandria describes an automatic machine which he asserts to have been in the Egyptian temples already for a long time past, even before his time. By throwing a piece of money in the slot the worshipers received some water through a valve. The stature, or stand, the two-armed lever with its closing valve and the other details of the machine are all correctly described.

The cost of a first-class battleship, carrying 600 men, is about £1,000,000.

## LOST IN THE CASCADES.

Harvey Smith's Terrible Experience.

A Poor Torontoian Has a Narrow Escape From a Death by Cold and Starvation.

A Toronto special says:—Word was received Monday morning of the harrowing experience of the eldest son of Hon. Frank Smith in the Cascade mountains near North Thompson River, B.C.

Mr. Smith, who was in the employ of the C.P.R. in British Columbia, and a party of gentlemen, one by name of Potter and two named Doherty, a son of Potter and went out deer shooting from Toronto, mountains ten days ago. The Cascade the 23rd inst., the party set out Tuesday, Smith going northward some 100 miles. The Cascades are a branch of the Sierra Nevada and are thickly wooded. A storm in the middle of the afternoon a heavy snowstorm started, which grew more fierce and blinding as the evening came on.

### THE THREE FRIENDS,

Potter and the two Doherties, were together and they commenced to search for Smith with shouts and cries. They tried to signal him with rifle shots, and twice the report of the lost man's gun came reverberating through the lonely woods in reply. But the search was in vain till Friday.

The mountains are at that point quite unsettled by human beings, and there was but the remotest chance that Mr. Smith could have met with succor from human hands. The provisions he had with him were very light—a few mouthfuls of camp fare and a hunter's flask.

Ever since the loss of Mr. Smith on Tuesday last large searching parties were out looking for him, without hope of success. In the opinion of the Indian hunters he had died and was buried in the snow, and it was thought that his body would never be recovered.

### THE LOST FOUND.

Early Sunday afternoon, however, word was brought into Vancouver that the lost man had been found, famished and weak but still alive.

The news was immediately telegraphed to his relatives, and was glad tidings, indeed, for them, for a telegram earlier in the day had been received announcing the probable death of the young man.

Mr. Harvey Smith is now about 35 years of age, and was in his father's office for some years. He managed the Toronto Street Railway Company for a time after Superintendent Franklin resigned. A few years ago he went to British Columbia in the service of the C.P.R. His sisters are Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mrs. John Foy and Mrs. Major Harrison. His brother, Austin Smith, is also in the North-west Territory.

### African Pigmies.

Herr Stuhlmann, who has been with Emin Pasha, has given an account of the African pigmies, which contains some scientific details not well known. Their average height is about 4 feet, their heads round, noses flat, face very pragnathous, hair spiral, woolly, and brown; skin, light brown, with an indication of yellow; beard scanty, and body covered with a light down. Mentally, they are cruel and cunning, with keen senses and thieving propensities. Their language has numerals, and is related to that of the Wabuba tribes. They wear no ornaments, do not tattoo the skin, but occasionally bore two holes in the upper lip. They seem to have some religious notions, as they bury the dead in a particular position. They have also a form of marriage, and cannibalism is not general. Herr Stuhlmann thinks those dwarfs are the remains of a peculiar people who once extended over all Africa, and even into Asia. They have childish characteristics, their skeletons are undeveloped, and, apparently, they are a case of arrested development. [London Globe.]

### Knew When and What to Pray.

At the weekly prayer meeting in the Methodist Episcopal church at Elwood, Ind., the other night the third person to offer up his tribute was a stranger who was seated near the door and whose petition to the throne of grace nearly paralyzed the good people who were present. He prayed as follows:

"Lord, thou knowest I am a stranger here. Thou knowest I do not live here, but reside in a neighboring town. Thou knowest I have relatives in another town whom I am on my way to see. Lord, thou knowest why I am here instead of there. Thou knowest why I can't get there. Lord, thou knowest just what I want. I want 40 cents. Amen."

As the last words were ended there was a commotion in the church. They all rose up and went down in their pocket-books, and the man soon had 40 cents and several more. His name could not be learned, but he lives at Lynn and was on his way to Center. His funds gave out when he reached there, and so he went to prayer meeting and startled the Christian brethren by asking the Lord for what he wanted.

### Where all Religions Figured.

The polyglot character of the Austrian army was abundantly shown the other day when the ancient custom of solemnly swearing in the recruits in the presence of the troops was revived, after having been discontinued since 1858. In Vienna alone the formula of oath to the colors had to be administered and read out in nine languages, to-wit, German, Hungarian, Croatian, Bohemian, Polish, Ruthenian, Roumanian, Servian and Turkish, while the religious part of the ceremony was conducted by Roman Catholic and Greek orthodox priests, Protestant pastors, Jewish rabbis and Mohammedan ulema.

### Irish Courts.

A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and a lively Irishman dropping his hod of bricks caught the parachute.

"Faith, ma'am," said he, "if you were as strong as you are handsome it would not have got away from you."

"Which shall I thank you for first—the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smilingly.

"Troth, ma'am," said Pat, again touching the place where stood the brim of what once was a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."