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Illustration on left is full size of Ladies' style; on right, Gentlemen's style.

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THE JEWEL CASE.

The Graf von Blubberin (she was an Englishwoman who had once been on the music hall variety stage, and to her fatal beauty the Graf had fallen a too susceptible victim when a student of the Rev. Dr. Bagges of Notting Hill, he afterward espousing her in lawful wedlock) stood upon the platform of the Station du Midi at Brussels, waiting to enter the express to Paris. In the corridor train, now ready to depart, her seat had already been taken, her wraps were disposed above in the rack, her jewel case was on the seat and her maid Phoebe gazed down on her mistress out of the lowered window. That mistress, after casting a nervous glance up and down the platform, whispered now to Phoebe: "Not a sign of him; not a sign. Whatever can have become of him?" "He's in the train somewhere. I tell you I saw him taking his ticket," replied the maid, who, having once been a trapezist who had broken her legs, and was afterward only too glad to take the place of maid to her old friend and chum De Vere Mortimer, now the Graf von Blubberin, did not feel called upon to testify any very great respect to her except when in public. Then she added: "Where's the Graf?"

"In the buffet," her mistress replied; "he's gone to get a glass of beer."

"Peepy," a hard guttural voice said at this moment behind that nymph. The Graf had never quite mastered the pronunciation of our consonants in spite of the excellent teachings of Dr. Bagges, or the beautiful accent of his wife and her friends—like herself, ancient articles "Peepy, what are you looking out of the fluter vor? Do you want someone to steal the jewel case?"

"No one will steal the jewel case while I'm here," Hoek Geboren, Phoebe replied, getting out the respectful mouthful with difficulty. "Trust me."

"I could have stolen it," the Graf replied. Then pushing his hand out of the window by pushing "Peepy" aside—he said "Come into the drain, Yvonne; it's going to start."

Which the train did, and, being an express, flew along at twenty-five miles an hour on its way to Paris. It did not stop at any station—though it stopped between a good many—until it reached Mons an hour or so later as well as an hour behind time, so that the Graf had plenty of opportunity to go to the restaurant car, after having had two glasses of beer, one of Kummel, and then a coffee and brandy, to go to sleep. Meanwhile the Graf sat in her compartment looking at the Raphael Rosetti-Phil May pictures in the "Journal Amusant," and whispering behind its enlivening sheets to Phoebe, whom she always insisted on having in the same carriage with her.

"If he don't do it at Mons," she muttered, so that the old French lady accompanied by a seour de Charlie and an idiotic daughter should not hear, though hearing they would not have understood, "where will he do it?"

"Never fear. He'll do it right enough. There's ten minutes at Mons and twenty at the frontier place. What do they call it—Felnegs? My eye! what a name. I tell you he's here. I saw him throw a whisky bottle out of a second-class window, next carriage and it hit one of the men on the line on the chest. Don't you get nervous?"

"Just fancy if I'm found out! Oh! whatever shall I do?"

"Do! Fling it out yourself, or I will. We mustn't be found out."

Half an hour later the Graf, who had traveled this road before, said to Phoebe, who was also well acquainted with the route, owing to their frequent visits to Germany to the Graf's more or less dilapidated Schloss. "There's Mons. I do hope Bill's ready. Mind and be ready with the bag."

"You bet," said Phoebe.

Now at Mons the French lady and the seour de Charlie, and, of course, the imbecile, began shuffling about in the way which makes our fellow traveler so happy, since the performance in a sign we are going to leave them in full possession of a carriage to themselves; and at that ancient city out they went, being met by two priests on the platform.

Then Phoebe let the window down again, and sat with her arm on the jewel-case—which was poised on the mahogany frame of the lowered sash—in a watchful manner over it. "Here comes Bill," she said to her mistress. "Oh, I say he do look bad. I expect he's got another bottle of whisky in that compartment."

Then she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh brother!" or something that sounded very much like it. For just as a man, dressed more or less like a respectful traveling servant, approached the outside of the carriage, and you might have said, had you been there, was about to take the bag from Phoebe's hands—since, as we all know, neither maids nor servants may enter corridor carriages—the Graf's voice was heard at the door of the compartment, saying, "There now, Peepy. There's the pag on the fluter, just as if you wanted some one to steal it. Oh! you are a careless girl."

"It's all right, Hoek Geboren," Phoebe said. "No one will steal it from me."

"Put it in on the floor, and put your feet on it," the Graf said. "I wonder at you, Yvonne. I do, indeed; when you know it's got two thousand pounds of chowelry in it, too."

"I'm looking after it. You go and

have a little sleepy-by-by till we get to the Custom House."

"Ja wohl! A little sleepy py-py. I will. Only do be careful, Friedrich der Grosse gave the chowels to my great grandmother, because, he said, she was such a good woman. Adieu till we get to the frontier," and he went off to the restaurant car again.

"Now we must get rid of it," Yvonne (christened Mary Ann) said to her old sister-in-laws and present maid, as once more the train rushed off on its wild career, "even though we throw it out of the window. Don't we cross a river somewhere about here, Phoebe?"

"It's no good if we do. If we drop it on the line, it will be found—there's the coronet and the name on it—and if you chuck it in the river it will float, as there's nothing in it. Leave it to Bill. He would eat it sooner than have it found."

"Ah! whatever shall I do if he ever knows? It must be lost or stolen and never found again, in spite of the reward Hildebrand will offer." Hildebrand was the baptismal name of the Graf.

Now listen to a tale of woe.

For months past the Graf von Blubberin, who moved in the very highest society of a well-known suburb of London, had been playing at bridge with a set of people who knew a great deal more of that and every other kind of game than she did. For an Italian nobleman, who was known as the Marquis de Stromboli, and a Greek gentleman from Levant, who was known as the Count d'Acropollist, and a few other choice selections from the foreign noblesse, had undertaken to teach her the fascinating game, and at last she found she owed them 1,875 pounds. Then they said they wouldn't mind having the money, and became threatening, so that finally she took the advice of a friend of hers who set up an advertising detective office.

And this worthy person's advice, for which he didn't charge anything from an old friend, though he said he could recommend a first class solicitor if she wanted one, was good, if laconic.

"Sell your jewels and pay the gentlemen," he advised. "Then, next time you go abroad take care to have the jewel-case stolen. Only be sure and take care not to have it ever found again. When you've done that I'll try and get the count and the Marquis to knock off a bit and will go halves in what we save. Tata, Yvonne!"

So this was the guilty plot which Yvonne and Phoebe were now trying to bring to a satisfactory conclusion, since the jewels themselves had been sold in Brussels on the return journey from the Schloss von Blubberin, and by the time the train reached Paris the jewel-case was gone. So too, was Bill Phoebe's brother who got out at the last station but one.

"The chowels! The chowels of my immaculate great-grandmother!" the Graf howled when he heard of the loss as the train ran into Paris. "Acht mein Gott! My sainted great-grandmother! What would Friedrich der Grosse say? Ach! Ach! Ach!"

Then he gave Phoebe into custody of the Chef de la Surete, and asked that functionary to have a glass of beer, and sat down on a bench and wept.

Phoebe was released because the police saw no signs of guilt, but only carelessness, in her conduct, and the Graf was consoled by Yvonne telling him that if he would only let her go back to the variety stage for three months under her aristocratic and lawful name, she would soon get the price of them back. But as the old romancers would have said, "Never more did the jewels return," and probably the spirit of Friedrich der Grosse was never troubled.—King

MEXICAN DOLLAR IN CHINA.

The Bankers Stamp it to Guarantee its Genuineness.

USED IN PHILIPPINES.

They Also Stamp the Peso and in Case a Stamped Coin is Found Not Genuine the Last Banker Who Stamped it Must Redeem it for Good Money.

As everybody knows, Mexican dollars circulate in large quantities in the far east, especially in China and the Philippines, where bankers send large quantities of Mexican silver dollars every year.

A year ago a reporter saw one of the Mexican pesos that had been in circulation in China for some time, and was surprised to find it covered with small Chinese characters, like as many seals. This dollar was shown recently to Liang Haun, Chinese minister, who explained the presence of the marks as follows:

"The bankers, of whom there are hundreds in China, who receive Mexican dollars, affix to them their seals to guarantee their legitimacy, and as pesos circulate and go from one bank to another they are being marked by all the banks who receive them. In case the peso proves to be illegal, the banker who sealed it last has to change it for good money and withdraw it from circulation.

"When the pesos are completely covered with seals they are sent back to Mexico to be recolored, the expense being paid by all the bankers whose seals are on the coin. It is in accordance with a recent agreement. But it often happens that dollars, although marked all over their two faces, continue in circulation and are highly esteemed, as the seals are so many guarantees that they are genuine. The decision to seal pesos was taken because illegal coins began to circulate in China."—Mexican Herald.

SQUIRES IN THE SOUTH.

Title, Once Acquired by a Citizen, is Carried to the Grave.

"The title of squire, which is rarely heard in the north, is still in vogue in the south. When a man is elected justice of the peace in Dixie he is a squire, and although he may have subsequent titles, his old friends and neighbors always refer to him as squire," said a southern lawyer who is attending the sittings of a New York court for the first time.

He had been introduced to several attorneys as Squire Blank of Alabama, and he was asked by one what the title signified in his case. He said he was elected justice of the peace in his town in Alabama at the close of the civil war, and although he has been a state senator from his district several times, and is a major in a military organization, he is still squire.

"Our people," he continued, "are given to tacking a title to any citizen who is at all active in politics, but they have a sort of reverence for the old English esquire, which they abbreviate by eliminating the first letter.

"I know a man who refused to be a candidate for the office of justice of the peace simply because he would have had to give up his professional title if he had been elected. He was a retired physician. He said he preferred to live and die as a doctor.

"In some of the old graveyards in the south one may find the title squire carved on the headstones which mark the resting place of the man who in life was a justice of the peace.

"It becomes second nature to the man who has the title to introduce himself, where it becomes necessary, as Squire So-and-so. A man with any other title, except that of doctor, would not do so; but to say 'I am Squire Blank is not considered bad form in the best society.—New York Sun.

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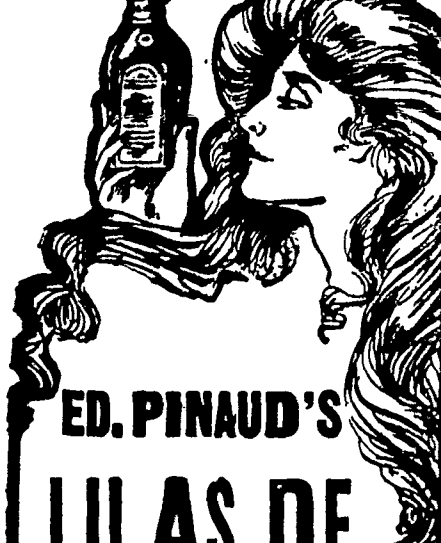
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Prof. Sharing and Wages.

It is an admitted fact that the profit sharing system has not proved so successful in practice as its early advocates predicted. Whatever advantages this plan appears to offer in the way of inciting the workers to greater industry, establishing identity of interest between employer and employee, and improving the general status of the working class, its practical working has been often disappointing.

According to the "Annual Abstract of Labor Statistics" the number of persons employed in profit-sharing concerns in Great Britain is decreasing. On June 30, 1901, it was 53,254, and on June 30, 1902, it had fallen to 47,271. During four years—1889 to 1892—the profit-sharing movement was at its height. Previously to 1889 the largest number of profit-sharing schemes started in any single year was seven. In 1890, twenty-two were put into operation; in 1891, thirty-two; in 1891, fifteen; in 1892, seventeen. It is a significant fact that of the eighty-four profit-sharing enterprises started during this four-year period forty-nine have come to grief.

The table giving the causes of the abandonment of profit-sharing is instructive. Twenty-six were abandoned owing to dissatisfaction of the employees to losses or want of success. Among the other causes are: Apathy of employees, disputes with employers and decrease of profits. Certainly this record of profit-sharing experience in Great Britain does not warrant any expectation that the plan will ever become a general substitute for the wage system.—Boston Transcript.

Enough of That.

Tell me a story, grandpa, About the long ago! About the old-time winters? O, goodness gracious, No! —New York Evening Sun.

Eastern Funeral Rites.

Some curious details have just reached Paris concerning the funeral ceremonies of Norodom, the late King of Cambodia. Immediately after death the body was placed on a bed of state, while cannon boomed to warn the populace to shave their heads. Next day the body was embalmed, according to ancient custom; the face was covered with a good mask studded with diamonds and other precious stones; on the head was placed the ancient crown, and even the slippers on the feet gilded with rare jewels. Then the body was placed in a kneeling posture, and encased in an upright sheath of gold, and was sealed up in a massive casket of solid gold. Thus it will remain in the throne room, with bronze praying night and day until the completion of the sanctuary in which the body will be cremated. Only after this ceremony will the new king be crowned.—London Globe.

Guinea-Pig Psychology.

"The Psychology of a Guinea Pig" is the name of a paper that represents three years of hard work and has earned the author, a University of Chicago girl, the highest degree offered by Dr. Harper's schools. Miss Jessie Allen, a student of neurology at the university, wrote the thesis about the guinea pig, and as a result of her efforts will receive the degree of doctor of philosophy at the coming university convocation, June 14th.

Growth of Electric Traction.

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Tariff on Autos in Paris.

Since 1896 automobile carriages have been allowed to stand in the streets of Paris under the same conditions as cabs and other vehicles plying for hire, but no official tariff has up to the present been fixed. The Project of the Seine has now appointed a commission which will undertake the work of arranging a special tariff to be applied to these vehicles.

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