

# Woman, Mother and Queen.

LONDON, June 13.—Only those to whom the honor of personal contact with her majesty has been accorded can adequately realize how great in her goodness, how commanding in her intellect, and, with all her simplicity of heart and sweetness of manner, how immeasurably superior to our beloved queen. That she herself is the last to know this makes her power the more complete, for her majesty is the essence of an unaffected and natural warmth of feeling which reaches all hearts, and of which she herself is the least conscious. Many an eye has witnessed at the queen's kind words, when I am sure her majesty has felt surprised why those before her were so much touched. Those who are awaiting an interview "dignify" (as some are apt to call it) were over, but it needs a very few minutes only to dispel their nervousness, and there are few, if any, who have ever left the queen's presence without regret that the interview could not be prolonged, and also with a warm desire to be received again.

At the moment her majesty enters the room those who are awaiting her feel that, beyond the presence of a great sovereign, a true friend has come to them—in whom they can trust, and whose kindness and sense of justice will never fail them; and further and more intimate knowledge of the queen and of her life but intensifies and justifies their first impressions.

There is a natural dignity in her manner which probably has never been equalled, and it has nothing of that chilling influence too often diffused by those whose dignity is made public before, and not, as with our queen, an outward and visible sign of inward grace. She has a heart which never forgets; no matter how long the interval may be, she remembers an inquiry after all connected with those to whom she is speaking.

There is not a servant in her several households of whom she does not know something, and in whom she is, on occasion, quickly and sincerely interested. The sympathy of her majesty in all accidents, misfortunes, and personal griefs is too widely known to need remark here, but I may add that the solicitude of those whose dignity is made public before, and not, as with our queen, an outward and visible sign of inward grace. She has a heart which never forgets; no matter how long the interval may be, she remembers an inquiry after all connected with those to whom she is speaking.

By this train of thought I am brought to the queen as a mother and surely there cannot be a mother's heart amongst us that will not warm towards her who has so truly been a mother to her people, as she has indeed been a beloved and honored mother to her own children.

From the outset our queen recognized the immense factor for good of our English family life, and in the carrying out of this principle the prince consort and herself devoted themselves to the personal superintendence of their children, making their palace a simple "home" in many ways far simpler than those of numbers of their subjects, and spending in the nursery what spare moments they could steal from their royal duties, to

play with their children, sometimes like children themselves, and to show an interest, as real as it was helpful, in all the pursuits and occupations of the young princes and princesses.

More than one story has been told of Prince Albert being surprised on "ill-ridden" with one or two children on his back, for whom he was turning himself into a horse of the others running to the queen, as to the poorest and simplest of cottage mothers, indeed her "gravel" children and great-grandchildren do not

The published photographs of the queen, with the infant princes and princesses, speak for themselves to those who have eyes to see, for there is "mother" in every line of her face and figure as she sits or stands protectively near the little child.

No other person so helpful, so charitable, so suffering soul, where the aristocracy was a deserving one, ever appeared to the queen in vain.

In fact, they "ought always to give" and these opinions are repeated with many variations.

Verily, in this case do "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," for those who speak in this manner have no knowledge, and not the smallest conception, of the manifold difficulties which surround the throne and royal family in the giving of alms and the support of charitable institutions.

The exact contrary to these opinions is the truth, for, notwithstanding that there is no known fortune sufficiently large to satisfy the titles of the applications, which all those names are officially or

publicly known are inundated in these days, the queen has set the noblest example, not only in the large sums of money she annually expends in charity, but the far more efficacious assistance she causes personally to be rendered, where advice, superintendence, and good sense are far more needed than a mere monetary subscription.

Quickly and unobtrusively, she and her family have often saved, helped, and forwarded many a charity which would otherwise have had to close its doors; and, indeed, to the far-reaching policy of the queen as a noble husband in the matter of the government of charitable institutions is due their present condition of excellence, the increased facilities for helping all deserving cases, and the still wider and more generous charity in this country by all those able to do so.

Little children feel their mothers' influence without knowing it. It is we older children can recognize this royal influence now, and let us hope that on this great and glorious occasion every man and woman in Great Britain will say, "God bless the queen, who has so long nourished, cherished and watched over her people."

Side by side with the true womanliness of the queen is so justly loved is that intellectual power, almost masculine in its strength which has so often won not only her ministers' admiration and deference, but that of all the most learned and able men who have ever come in contact with her.

Whether we look on our queen as the young girl she was when she inherited the heavy responsibilities and immense power which are inseparable from the crown of England—whether as a young wife, mother, and, alas! now a widow—we cannot find no fault, not even an error in judgment, I may almost say, for, however high party feeling may have run, however difficult at various times both internal and foreign policy may have become, even those most opposed to the views of the queen and her ministers at the period have always known that Victoria, queen and empress, with all her goodness of feeling, had a stern sense of justice, an unswerving will to resist all wrong, and that, above all else, she was a constitutional monarch, and would, to the letter, adhere to her coronation oath, no matter how far her own personal feelings might unfavorably run in another direction.

Subsequent events have more than once proved how entirely the queen's judgment was the best when she had nevertheless felt it her duty to defer to the wishes of her ministers, and allow a contrary action to be taken.

At the last meeting of the American Society it was unanimously decided to appoint a committee which should have in view the queen's coronation, and will be signed by all the representative resident Americans in Great Britain, and presented on the day chosen to celebrate the jubilee. The body so constituted is composed of twenty-one members, prominent among whom are Mr. Benjamin Franklin Stevens, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, Mr. H. S. Weston, Col. J. B. Taylor, Mr. Newton Crane, Mr. J. Morgan Richardson, D. C. Haldeman and Mr. Frederic C. Van Guler. The ex-officio members of this committee are his excellency the American ambassador, the secretary of the United States embassy, the American military attaché, the American naval attaché, and the American consul-general.

listen to everything that is worth repetition. There is not a trace in her of that affectation of knowledge which is occasionally to be found in less gifted persons; her talent is so spontaneous as it is soft and exact. In the higher accomplishments of life she also excels; she is a good linguist, an able musician and artist, and many a "poor body's" heart has been gladdened by some warm "comfort" made by the queen's own deft fingers.

It has been said that "to the greatest minds the simplest things are great," and it may truthfully be added that nothing which is worthy is too small for the queen's appreciation; all that is great in life, in art, in literature, in science, has her most able and intelligent comprehension and praise.

In a more marked and detailed form than is at present possible, future historians will bring forcibly to light the directing influence of her purity of mind, her accurate learning, and her power for good have had on her country and people. One whose own loyalty to all that is right is so steadfast, inspires loyalty in others. It is a wonder, then, that our queen should be so universally beloved.

For her watchword through life has been "Duty." Through good and through ill she has performed it, and no sovereign in history has ever had so bright and unsullied a record. She has suffered deeply, but her people's love, as she herself has so pathetically told them, has comforted her. May we, her people, one and all, rise up now and again and assure her with all our hearts and minds how loyal we feel to her, how devotedly we reverence her, and how fervently we pray God to "bless and comfort the queen."

**AMERICANS AND THE JUBILEE.**  
**How Our Citizens Abroad Have Planned to Honor the Queen.**  
LONDON, June 13.—The most difficult problem that has been set the keen and energetic American citizens of London for a long time is how to properly celebrate the queen's diamond jubilee. All sorts of ingenious and tasteful projects have, therefore, been broached, among them the suggestion of a huge American subscription to the Prince of Wales' hospital.

Another scheme was to present a characteristic American contribution to the zoo or to the British Museum, or add to the statutory Hyde Park, or make her majesty some striking and original gift, and try to get an act of parliament passed for its acceptance. Not a single one of these proposals, however, was open to unfavorable criticism on the other side of the Atlantic, where some people are found who, lacking the expansion of views obtained by living abroad, cannot understand the extent to which our country does not cast out the love of one's own land.

After months of careful deliberation, the Americans in London, many of whom have lived here a long time and feel almost like loyal subjects, have decided on two methods of honoring the jubilee. The schemes are entirely separate, but many prominent Americans are co-workers in both. The principal effort originates with the American Society, and will take the shape of an illuminated address to the queen. The second project is the result of different opinions, and will probably effect the endowment of a number of beds in the principal hospitals, the idea being to give to visitors from across the Atlantic, who may be afflicted or injured while in England, a special haven of refuge.

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The American Society in London, to give it its full name, is organized to keep up the patriotic spirit in Americans abroad, and to promote friendly feelings between the inhabitants of England and the United States. With very few exceptions, the organization has had a thoroughly representative body, but it has a membership roll made up of nearly all the most prominent Americans who make their home in the United Kingdom. The desire to appropriately celebrate the celebrations of the diamond jubilee is a general one, and the committee now appointed may be trusted to do its work not only to the satisfaction of the Americans, but to the manner of presentation, the most favored proposal is that the new ambassador, Mr. John Hay, should offer to the queen, on the part of the American people, a respectful affection and sincere congratulations.

**SIR WALTER AND THE POTATO.**  
**Historic Myrtle Grove and Its Literary Associations.**  
Even in this prosaic end of the nineteenth century it is difficult to arouse much enthusiasm over celebrations and anniversaries, says London Sketch, a good deal of attention was attracted to an announcement made some months ago that the tercentenary of the potato was about to be celebrated in Ireland, a country in whose history, particularly during the last century, this well known esculent had played an inconsiderable part.

The idea, which originated with the Irish Gardeners' Association, was admirably carried out in Dublin last week, when an exhibition of potatoes, with a conference, was opened by Sir Walter Powerscroft, was opened in the Rotunda, and attracted large crowds of visitors, who were not slow to express their amazement at the numerous and magnificent specimens which had been cultivated and developed from the original small, waxy, and, if history speaks truly, somewhat tasteless tuber which Sir Walter Raleigh brought from America and caused to be planted in the garden of Myrtle Grove just three hundred years ago. Tradition says that his servants gathered the apple of the plants, cooked them and presented them to a failure, and only discovered the vegetable in the terms when tilling the ground later on; but apparently Sir Walter was better acquainted with the vegetable, as a quaint old story in the new volume of Myrtle Grove says that he gave the potato to the Irish peasants, who were not slow to express their amazement at the numerous and magnificent specimens which had been cultivated and developed from the original small, waxy, and, if history speaks truly, somewhat tasteless tuber which Sir Walter Raleigh brought from America and caused to be planted in the garden of Myrtle Grove just three hundred years ago.

An passant, it may be mentioned that Myrtle Grove has other claims to recognition. The house, the most perfect example of Elizabethan architecture extant in Ireland, was erected by Sir Walter about 1585, close to the town of Youghal, on some property that had been confiscated from the celebrated Earl of Desmond, whom the English general defeated a few years previous.

Here it was that Edmund Spenser joined his friend, and in this peaceful, picturesque retreat wrote most of his masterpiece, "The Faery Queen," a description of which is preserved in the drawing room, where it lies, in company with one of Sir Walter's literary efforts, on his old carved table. Indeed, it is the desire of the present generation, says the new volume, to preserve as far as possible the historic associations of the house, in which he hopes to place an interesting collection of relics. Careful investigation has discovered that the house is lined with beautiful teak paneling, which for many years has been concealed beneath a coating of plaster and wallpaper, evidently an effort on the part of the present inhabitants to turn the mansion "up to date." Tobacco as well as potatoes found the soil and climate of the County Cork congenial, and the big yew tree still flourishes under whose branches Sir Walter used to sit and enjoy the fragrant weed which he cultivated so successfully.

**BORN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.**  
**Mrs. Wilcox Saw the Light There in Jackson's Time.**  
Mrs. Mary D. Wilcox, who enjoys the distinction of having been born in the White House during President Jackson's administration, is expected to resign at the treasury department Friday for the purpose of resigning her clerkship in the office of the auditor of the war department.

She is the widow of Representative Wilcox, of Mississippi. She entered the government service in September, 1882, as a 500 clerk and has gradually risen in grade until she now holds \$1,000 clerkship in the office of the auditor of the postoffice department. She was a great friend of the hero of New Orleans and proudly exhibits many relics of her childhood days in the White House when she was president. She is now over 80 years of age and in feeble health.

Her resignation was entirely voluntary and was due to her inability to work to her own satisfaction. Her husband's Secretary Gage received her cordially and listened to her story with great interest. He accepted her resignation to take effect August 1, and gave her leave of absence until the end of the year, the extreme limit allowed by law.

**RARE JUNE DAYS.**  
Earth gets its price for what earth gives. The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in. The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us. We bargain for the graves we lie in. At the level of the earth all things sold. Each ounce of dress costs its ounce of gold. For a cap and bells our lives we pay. Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's taking.

"This heaven only that is given away. The only good that is had for the sake. No price is set on the lavish summer. June may be had by the poorest common. And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if we look, come perfect days. The best of the month the earth if he be in tune. And over it softly let warm air be blown. We hear her murmur, or see it gladden. Every cloud feels a pain of might. June is the time that the roses are in towers. And groping blindly above it for light. Climbs to a roof in grass and flowers; The flush of life may well be seen. Thrilling back over hills and valleys; The buttercup catches the sun in its shield. And the daisy never a leaf nor blade to the queen. To some happy creature's palace: The little bird sits at his door in the sun. And like a blossom among the leaves. And his neighbor the sunny young. With the dew of summer it receives; His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings. And the heart in the dumb breast flutters and sings. He sings to the wide world, and she to him. In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best? Now is the high-tide of the year. And whatever of life hath ebbed away Comes back to the sunny young. Into every bare inlet and creek and bay; Now the heart is so full that a drop overflows. We are happy now because God wills it; No matter how barren the past may have been. 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green; We feel the warm shade and feel right well. How the sap creeps up, and the blossoms swell. We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing. The breeze comes clear and grass is growing; The breeze comes whispering in our ear. That dandelions are blossoming near. That the robin is plastering its house hard by. And if the breeze kept the good news back. For other folk the sunny young. We would guess it all by young heifers lowing— How clear bell chanticleer. Warned with the new wine of the year. Tells all in his lusty crowing! Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how; Everything is happy now. 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true As for grass to be green or skies to be blue. 'Tis the natural way of living; Who knows whether heaven be above? In the twinkling of heaven they leave no wake. And our eyes forget the tears they have shed. The heart forgets its sorrow and aches; And the suppurating rifts of passion and woe. Like burnt-out cinders pure and smooth. Like burnt-out cinders pure and smooth. —James Russell Lowell.

Only \$20 for round trip to Victoria for the queen's jubilee June 19, 20, 21 and 22. Take the magnificent steamer City of Kingston from Seattle.

# THE NIZAM DIAMOND.

**ROMANCE OF THE MISSING GEM FROM THE KIMBERLY MINES.**  
**Mysterious History of the Precious Stone Which Was Stolen From the Nizam of Hyderabad.**

By no means an enviable fate awaits the thief who purloined from the nizam of Hyderabad the "great white diamond" if ever he tries to dispose of the gem. Should he attempt to cut a swell in any East Indian town by walking down the avenues with the stone glittering from his shirt front he would be promptly seized and in all probability drawn and quartered. Should he fly to any foreign country and there attempt to dispose of the massive gem, he would be nabbed by the police beyond a doubt and hustled into a dungeon cell. No one who has the money would be foolish enough to buy the stone, and the price the thief would ask, because, forsooth, he would not dare let it be known that he had it in his possession, and what is the value of a diamond that cannot be shown?

About the only thing left for his thief-predator to do is to realize on the diamond soon to be to have it cut and then ready again for the market. It was at this point of its history that it may be said to have entered the field of fiction and romance. From the syndicate that had the diamond cut it was purchased by a Jew named Jacobs, who was the original of "Mr. Isaac's," the title character of the story that established the reputation of Marlon Crawford, the American novelist. It was this diamond, too, which is now presented in the story to Miss Weston after her engagement to his rival.

But the nizam diamond in reality had a different course than the nizam diamond in fiction. Jacobs didn't present it to any-

undertake such a job and who would not hand over to the police anybody who presented him such a diamond for such a purpose. The "great white diamond" is known to the ends of the earth by everybody in a position to buy it. It would truly seem, therefore, that the thief who plucked the nizam's gem is not one whit better off and probably a great deal worse off than he was before he committed the theft.

**Mysterious History of the Diamond.**  
It is a mysterious history this gem has. It is the largest brilliant in the world, and is valued at \$1,500,000. It has never passed into anyone's ownership through entirely reputable means, and its recent theft from the cabinet of the East Indian rajah, the nizam of Hyderabad, was not the first time it had been stolen. This diamond has been variously known as the "imperial," the "Nizam," the "great white," and of late even as the Victoria diamond. This latter name has been attached to the stone since the recent discovery of the theft, since which

body. He sold it, though, and for a good round price. He knew when he bought it that the nizam of Hyderabad was fond of rare gems, and willing to spend money for them. So to him Jacobs repaired at once, offering the diamond for the modest sum of \$1,500,000. The nizam declined with thanks. He would give a million, he said, but no nizam refused to come down in his price, but through some hocus pocus managed to get the nizam to pay \$100,000 earnest money and keep the diamond "in call" for him.

It was some time afterward that Jacobs began to call, not for the diamond, but for the rest of the \$1,500,000.

**Nizam Tried to Steal It.**  
The nizam said he couldn't see it that way, and replied that when Jacobs returned the diamond at Jacobs' price and hand over the rest of the million and a half of dollars. That is how it came into his possession and that is how one of its numerous names happens to be Nizam. The discovery of the other day that it was missing from the rajah's cabinet, where a paste imitation was found in its place, was a startling piece of news to the rajah himself and to other people who are interested in rare gems.

While the Nizam is the largest diamond brilliant in the world, it is not the only large one. The Kohinoor, for instance, which now belongs to Queen Victoria, of which the Nizam might have been a rival had it not been stolen, is one of the most valuable in the world. The history of the Kohinoor is rather obscure. According to a Hindu legend, it was worn by one of the heroes of the Indian epic poem, the Mahabharata, and it would therefore have a history extending over 4,000 years. Coming down to later times, it was in possession of Vikramaditya, the rajah of Ujjain, B. C., from whom it passed to his successors, the rajahs of Malwa, and later to the sultans of Delhi, to favor.

The nizam diamond was found in the Kimberly mines in South Africa. When it was first plucked up by the naked Kaffir who stirred it out of the earth it weighed 450 carats, nearly one-fifth of a pound. After cutting its weight was reduced to 180 carats, but it was still about an inch deep, an inch and a half long and nearly that wide. It was the ransom of a king, almost the price of an empire in the space of a good sized bird's egg. Only two diamonds, the Orloff and the Jaogerfontein, are larger, and the Nizam is the finest large diamond known.

**Cause of Many Crimes.**  
From the very beginning of its career, however, the nizam diamond has had an ugly history. Some people will remember from as far back as the days when they studied geography in the grammar schools that great rewards and sometimes freedom was bestowed upon the negroes fortunate enough to find especially large diamonds in the South African mines. They will probably remember that the nizam diamond has had its share of such temptations. Many of the naked slaves used to attempt to smuggle diamonds under their eyelids, in their hair and elsewhere about their bodies past the watchful overseers.

The lowly Kaffir who found the Nizam diamond received no reward. It was too big to hide and too dangerous a thing to attempt to hide it. So he passed it on to the overseer employed to search him and

all the other Kaffirs. But there was no one employed to search the overseer. His chance for getting away with the diamond was better than that of the Kaffir, and his temptation consequently greater. It was too much for him, in fact, and he absconded.

There are men in the region of the Kimberly mines and fields, as there are in all the few places where such stones are found, who live by buying and selling gems stolen by the negroes. To them the overseer flew with the Nizam, and into their hands it fell for a price not known, but probably not one-fifth of what the Indian rajah paid. By the buyers of stolen stones the diamond was next disposed of to some one who suggested it, sawed in his breeches in Kameiland. It is said that the price paid in this transaction was \$85,000. That is not definitely known, however, as smugglers and fences for diamond thieves do not often quote their prices in the open market.

**Reduced in Size by Cutting.**  
In London the diamond was sold to a syndicate and this time taken to a lapidary in Amsterdam to be cut. The cutting separated 300 carats from the original 450 and left the stone of its present weight, 180 carats. The pieces were small, of course, and almost valueless as compared with the original stone, although our piece was chipped large enough to sell for \$20,000 to the king of Portugal. The Nizam came out of the cutting after a year of work in a condition which the experts call "mathematically perfect" and ready again for the market. It was at this point of its history that it may be said to have entered the field of fiction and romance. From the syndicate that had the diamond cut it was purchased by a Jew named Jacobs, who was the original of "Mr. Isaac's," the title character of the story that established the reputation of Marlon Crawford, the American novelist. It was this diamond, too, which is now presented in the story to Miss Weston after her engagement to his rival.

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A CORONATION PICTURE.



AS A CHILD.



LATEST PORTRAIT.



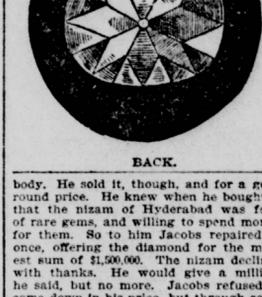
AS A YOUNG MOTHER.



NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.



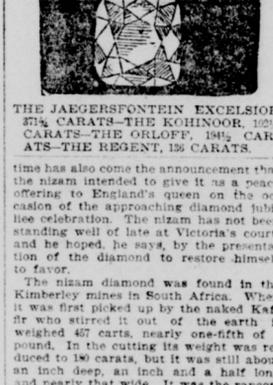
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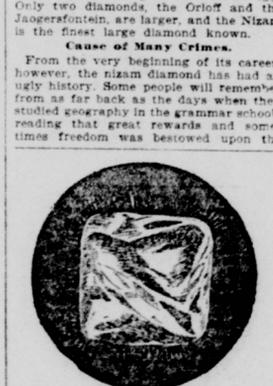
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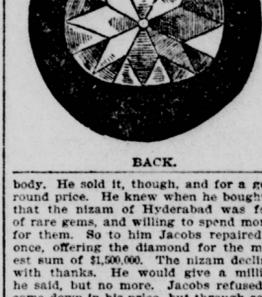
THE JAEGERFONTEIN EXCELSIOR 37 1/2 CARATS—THE KOHINOOR 12 1/2 CARATS—THE ORLOFF, 18 1/2 CARATS—THE REGENT, 136 CARATS.



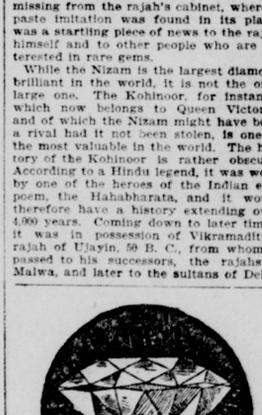
THE GREAT WHITE DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.



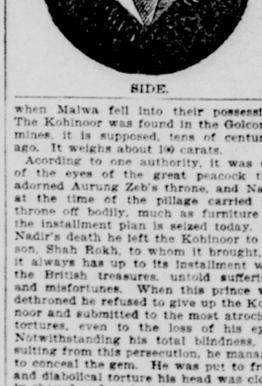
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THE GREAT WHITE DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.



THE GREAT WHITE DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

carats. It is one of the ornaments of the imperial scepter of this ruler, who is probably richest of all in diamonds. The stone originally came from India, where it is one of the famous idols of superstition, and of other diamond of about equal size from the other side.

The crown diamonds of Brazil are collected in the State of Minas Geraes, and were found about forty years ago by a negro, in the mines of Bopocara. The rough diamonds are weighed 20 carats, and are of rarest purity and taken by retraction of beautiful rose tint.

Another of the valuable diamonds of the world is the Pigott, which was taken to England from India in 1811 by Lord Pigott. Its weight in 1811 for the gem was sold by weight in 1811 for the gem was sold for a similar sum to the price of \$200,000.—Chicago Times-Herald.

**The Clock Would Not Go.**  
New York Tribune.  
One of the officials of the postoffice department is somewhat alarmed and surprised not to have a watch and an excited Frenchman. It is into his office with a clock under his arm and a broken Frenchman. It is into his office with a clock under his arm and a broken Frenchman. It is into his office with a clock under his arm and a broken Frenchman.

**Map of the United States.**  
The new wall map issued by the Burlington Route is three feet four inches wide by four feet long; is printed in colors; is mounted on rollers; shows state, county, important town and railroad in the United States; forms a valuable and useful adjunct to any household or business establishment.

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