Diamond Cut Diamond

OR,

THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

But assuredly it was the "Parents and guardians" of the newly wedded pair to whom that marriage-day brought the chiefest and fullest measure of satisfaction.

Both Geoffrey's father and Angel's were radiant with delight, whilst to Matthew Dane the day was the realization and accomplishment of all his dreams and desires. He had never, perhaps, in the whole course of his life, been so sublimely happy, nor so completely satisfied. He had already loaded the young couple with gifts. To Geoffrey a brougham and a pair of horses and to Angel a diamond necklace, which glittered and shone around her white throat. And he had still a further gift in store for the highly favoured nephew who had done as he was told, and fallen obediently into his plans. This was nothing less than the title deeds of a small country residence which were even now securely resting in his breast coat pocket. It was about this that he was at this very moment whispering to his brother, the clergyman, in a corner.

"You see, I don't mean him to work hard yet. There is no occasion to. He can't sit in the clerk's office now he is a partner, and I don't want him perpetually in mine. Theres plenty of work in me yet, Bob, and when I begin to fail, then Geoffrey can come in and help me. Now, I mean him to have his fling. A young fellow ought to see life, and a bit of sport. He can be away for a month at a time if he likes. He doesn't want a country estate exactly, what he wants is a little box where he can run down for hunting or shooting, and where Angel can get a breath of country air to keep up her pretty looks. Now what do you say to this, Bob?" pulling a packet of long blue papers surreptitiously out of his pocket. "Look here, the purchase was just completed in time, only yesterday! I didn't think you would like the idea any the less for having them for your parishioners, brother, eh?"

"My dear Matt, you are, indeed, too good, too generous!" cried Parson Dane with a flush of surprise and pleasure on his face as he looked over the papers.

Matthew was pleased, his brother's evident gratitude and delight fed his love of power, which to-day ran in amiable and beneficent channels. He took his brother's arm confidentially, nodding and winking at him, as he pointed his forefinger along the lines.

"See, here, that's the purchase; this is the deed of gift, 'To the said Geoffrey Walter Dane and his heirs'— do you see that — heirs, brother Robert; that's the way he has got to pay me back again. As to to the place, it was your daughter Florence who put it first into my hand. Nice girl, Florence. Not at all pretty—plain, in fact, but most amusing."

The Reverend Robert looked surprised. He had not been won't to derive amusement out of the conversation and society of his elder daughter, very far from it. However, he remembered that a prophet hath no honour in his own country, and resolved to swallow the compliment in good part.

"You think so? You think her amusing?"

"Oh, very much so. Never laughed so much in all my life as the day she lunched with us in town. Your younger girls promise to be pretty, Bob. I am glad to have seen them."

"My dear brother, I do not know how I can ever thank you enough for your goodness to my boy"—here broke in the clergyman with real emotion. "You have simply done everything on earth for him, and now this marriage is so suitable, the girl is so beautiful, so sweet and charming; it will certainly be the making of him for life."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Robert, it is a merciful thing for him, for there was another little entanglement, as perhaps you know—a married woman, lived over in this very house by the way; however, it will all be altered before he goes there. Geoffrey behaved very well, quite like a gentleman. Gave it up directly I spoke to him about it. It's over now, so we can afford to laugh, ha, ha! Young men, you know, must have their fling, and he's very well out of that affair."

The Rev. Robert looked serious and slightly scandalised, as in duty bound, and trusted gravely that Geoffrey, although foolish, had not been led into actual sin. At which his wicked old brother, highly delighted at the moral sentiment, dug him in the ribs with his knuckles, and, with a playful chuckle, sauntered off to make himself agreeable to his new niece.

It was rather hard upon the great man that in this the very hour of his triumph two distinct sources of annoyance should have crossed his path in the very short space which he traversed between the drawing-room and the adjoining dining-room, where a stand-up luncheon was being done full justice to.

The first of these was the sight of Dulcie and Miles Faulkner, comfortably ensconced in a window-seat together in the hall, with a plate of cold chicken upon the lady's lap, and a tumbler of champagne in the gentleman's hand, both of which articles were apparently common property between them. Old Dane went at least ten paces out of his direct route in order to interrupt these delinquents, who started guiltily at his sudden approach.

"You seem to be making yourself very much at home, Mr. Faulkner," said the great man to his clerk with a freezing politeness.

Miles blushed sheepishly, but Dulcie looked up defiantly at him.

"He is very much at home here, Mr. Dane. I should be sorry if he wasn't, considering how often he comes to see us," for Dulcie was ready to speak up for her love now that Angel was married indeed.

Mr. Dane uttered something between a grunt of rage and a snort of scorn, and turned his back upon them, only to come face to face with the scowling physiognomy of his other clerk.

"Do you see them?' whispered Albert Trichet in his ear. "Are you going to allow that sort of thing to go on, sir, and that beggarly fellow Faulkner to take the girl you promised to me from under my very nose?"

"My dear fellow, don't be melodramatic," replied his master coldly. "Do you own lovemaking, if you please, and, by the way, did you not tell me that it was our lovely bride, and not her sister, whom Miles admired? It seems to me you have made a mistake, my friend."

"Oh, it is only like his impudence to have transferred his attentions from one sister to the other! But you must take up my affairs now, sir, now that your dear Geoffrey is settled. You must see about making me a partner next, and you must square the Halliday into giving me the other daughtre."

Albert Trichet was a very small man, and Matthew Dane was a big broad-shouldered one. He looked down into his clerk's face with an ominous frown upon his heavy brow.

"Must, must indeed! A pretty word to address to me, sir! I must make you a partner, must I? Don't talk business to me out of the shop, please—and—and just get out of my road, will you!" and with that he took him by the shoulders and swung him roughly to one side, and strode away past him into the dining-room.

Albert Trichet looked after him for a minute or two, with an evil smile, and then he hitched up his shoulder with a little foreign way he had, and went and planted himself deliberately in front of Dulcie and Miles Faulkner, and there he went through a series of little bows and smiles, which he no doubt conceived to be of an ingratiating nature.

Dulcie looked at him with cold surprise.

"Allow me to compliment you, Miss Halliday, upon your charming dress. I never saw you look more lovely," he said mincingly.

"Thank you, Mr. Trichet; hadn't you better go and have some lunch? You will find it in the next room."

"I have had all I require, thank you, and if our good friend Miles will kindly get up—he has been absorbing your attention for some time now—I should like to take his place, and have a little chat with you."

"Isn't it a pity I didn't bring Trousers with me?' said Miles, looking at Dulcie, in a perfectly audible voice.

Dulcie looked up at Albert and laughed.

"Thank you, Mr. Trichet. I don't know that I can turn Mr. Faulkner out just now, but I will tell you what you can do for me, if you will be so kind?"

"Oh, anything of course, Miss Halliday!' cried the deluded youth eagerly, "pray tell me what it is?"

"How good you are! Then, please take my empty plate and glass, and put them into the dining-room for me," and she thrust them straight into his hands.

The wretched man had nothing for it, but to obey her; he bit his lip savagely and carried off the crockery.

"You had him that journey, Dulcie!" laughed Miles.

"Yes, but we must make a bolt of it now, and hide somewhere, for he will be back again in no time!"

At that moment two things of a very different nature were put into the bridegroom's hands. Mr. Dane had just given him the packet of blue papers.

"Don't look at it now," he whispered, "not till you are off in the carriage—it's only a little souvenir from your old uncle, my boy."

Geoffrey put the long envelope in his pocket as he was told, and pressed his uncle's hands. He felt certain that it was a roll of bank notes, and as he had plenty of money already for his trip to the Riviera he felt almost annoyed that Mr. Dane's liberality should take this practical form.

And then a servant came up to him, and handed him a telegram on a tray. He opened it and read:

"God bless you, be happy," nothing else; there was no name, not even an initial, but he knew instinctively from whom the message came.

With a slight flush, which died away again suddenly leaving him very pale, he crushed up the paper and put that also with the other into his pocket, feeling a vague annoyance the next moment to find that his wife's eyes were fixed upon him somewhat wonderingly and enquiringly.

So there they lay together, Rose de Brefour's telegram, and the title deeds of the Hidden House, and it was only when Geoffrey was well away on his road to the station, with his bride, that he realized what they both were and the full significance of each.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Hidden House amongst the Chalk hills was so transmogrified that its former inhabitants would scarcely have recognized it. A whole army of men, builders, carpenters, plasterers, and painters, had been at work within it for two months, whilst another army of labourers and gardeners had been at work outside for the same period. The result was so astonishing a change, that it was no longer the same place.

Only the low picturesque centre portion of the house, with its grey walls and twisted chimneys, remained, and even that had been improved, or as some might think disfigured, by a solid comfortable modern stone porch over the doorway, once draped only by the Virginia creeper, whose tangled beauty had had to be sacrificed in order to make way for it. To the right a new wing had arisen, consisting of a drawing-room and dining-room, with bow windows and a row of bed-rooms above them. To the left there were sundry enlargements and improvements in the offices, whilst in the rear the old stables had been considerably extended and increased, whilst their internal fittings had been adapted to the requirements of small but compact hunting quarters. The alterations without were no less remarkable

The tangle of "brake and briar" which had been one of the chief charms of the mysteriously secluded house had been completely cut away, leaving only a few of the best of the trees and shrubs remaining, the cleared space being tastefully laid out in gardens and lawns, and not only that, but also the two projecting shoulders of the hill that had shut in the place from the outer world, had, by a clever piece of engineering, been shaved away so that from the windows of the house there could now be obtained that delightful and extensive view, which, in former days, could not be enjoyed without a toil up the steep face of the down at the back.

A smooth road now wound easily up from the valley below to the restored and remodelled gates in lieu of the old rough track worn into deep ridges by cart wheels and peppered over with flints, whilst the drive itself, regravelled and slightly altered in its course, landed the visitor unshaken and with no injury to his carriage springs at the handsome new portico.

In short Hidden House was now a compact and charmingly situated gentleman's house, replete with every modern comfort and convenience, with a grey old centre part to give it a flavour of romance and antiquity, and no trace remaining of a cause for the queer strange name that fitted it no longer, yet clung to it still, as names have a habit of clinging, like the "scent of the roses," which is said to remain long after the vase is shattered and broken.

Was Geoffrey Dane glad or sorry for these changes? At the first, when he came back to his new property, after his wanderings in the South, the sight of this house—this house, which was the very last on earth he would, of his free will, have chosen to live in—this house that was the same, yet no longer the same, struck him with a sense of pain and dismay, and he told himself that he was unfeignedly sorry. And now that a month had gone by and the first pang of the change, the first dreaded moments of a return to a place that had once held so much for him was over, he had come to the conclusion, that since by a strange fortune he was destined to live here, he was glad—very glad, that in almost all things it was altered well-nigh beyond recognition. For there was one room in the house that was not changed—the long, low library in which he had first come to see Rose de Brefour—and into this room he could never enter without pain.

It was now his own sitting-room, and his wife fortunately, perhaps, did not come into it much; she found it gloomy and cheerless—so he had it pretty well to himself. The dark panelled walls, the low, uneven ceiling with its heavy oaken beams, the three deep-set windows with their cushioned window-seats, were his constant companions on mornings when he sat writing letters or reading his paper. But in the evening he shrank from going into it; for memory played strange tricks with him in the twilight, when the ruddy fireglow lit it up with faint, uncertain gleams. Once, coming in to fetch a book, when there was no other light in the room, he could almost have sworn that he saw, in the shadowy chimney corner, a deep, low chair, and the faint outline of a female figure leaning back with one white hand uplifted against the blaze, and the flickering light playing fitfully upon the soft folds of a dark-hued velvet dress. He had started and drawn back, and then the delusion had faded away, and he saw that there was nothing—nothing but an empty chair and a portiere curtain drawn across a corner. He had laughed at himself, had even been angry at his own foolishness, but he avoided the room after that at that gloaming hour, which had so strange and vivid a power of reproducing the past in his imagination.

On the whole, then, he was glad, when seated in the pretty modern room in the new wing, or standing at the open door looking forth on to the pleasant slope of new turf towards the blue line of country beyond, that there was so little left to remind him of the Hidden House to which, as a poor, foolish young lover, he used to come down a year ago, week after week, with such a beating heart and with such eager and expectant gladness.

All that was over and done with now—Geoffrey Dane had put away his past; he had begun a new life, and was a new man altogether.

He was very quiet and grave now—the face that had always been a thoughtful one was perhaps a shade more serious in these days, and that bright, flashing smile that had redeemed it from sadness came and went less frequently than of old; but let it not be imagined that Geoffrey was unhappy. He possessed a lovely wife who was good to him; he was genuinely fond of her, and he became fonder of her as the days went by.

They were apparently an ideal couple. Angel always welcomed him with a smile, studied his fancies and obeyed his lightest wishes religiously. Her temper was sweetness itself. They never quarrelled or contradicted each other—there was no pouting on her side, no rough words on his—and they were never in the very least jealous of one another. But there was something else that was left out as well.

Often Geoffrey said to himself: "How cold she is!" At the first it had been a relief to him; but now he sometimes caught himself wishing she was not so. It irritated him, it almost angered him. Nothing ruffled her unbroken sweetness, nothing aroused in her even a momentary excitement, and, alas! nothing warmed in the very slightest degree the ice-like frigidity of her nature.

"It is my fault, no doubt," said Geoffrey to himself penitently. "How can I expect it, when I married her, poor girl, from duty and not from love!" And yet, at the very bottom of his heart, he began, almost unconsciously to himself, to crave for the passion he was powerless to awaken.

It had come upon him by degrees after his marriage, with a cold sense of disappointment, that she loved him no better than he loved her. He had not been prepared for this discovery; it disturbed him when he did discover it more than he would have cared to own. Vaguely he wondered why, if this was so, she had decided to marry him. Had the golden bait been held out to her too, by his scheming old uncle? Had her father over-persuaded her to give herself to him out of prudential and mercenary motives? Could this inducement, which to him had been so contemptible, have been with her all powerful and all convincing? Looking at his wife's pure spiritual face, learning to know a little of the refinement and grace of her character, he could not bring himself to believe it of her.

But if not that, then what was it? There was the difficulty.

(To Be Continued.)

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

What the Legislators of the Country are Doing at Ottawa.

DRUMMOND COUNTY RAILWAY.

Mr. Blair, the Minister of Railways, moved a resolution for the purchase of the Drummond County Railway. The motion to go into committee on the resolution was opposed for six hours, when a division finally settled the matter by a vote of 80 to 38.

Sir Charles Tupper asked whether the Minister of Railways had furnished to the House the specific statement regarding the amount of the expenditure, and receipts of what is called the railway extension from Chaudiere to Montreal of the Intercolonial Railway. Without this information it would be impossible to discuss the Drummond County Railway resolutions intelligently.

Mr. Blair said he had not furnished the House with the statement asked for by the leader of the Opposition, for the very good reason that no such statement could be procured which would be of the slightest value to the House. He had assurance of the Deputy Minister and the General Manager of the Government railway that it is impossible to furnish such a statement which would be of any value with respect to the running and operating of any section of the Intercolonial. The accounts are not kept in sections, but of the railway as a whole, and any statement which he might procure from the officers of the department would be a mere estimate, and, therefore, of little value.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Mr. Clarke, West Toronto, called attention to a statement in a Toronto evening newspaper, that 75 Italians had been brought over from Buffalo to Toronto to engage in labouring work.

The Premier replied that he was not aware whether the Government officer in Toronto had called attention to the statements made by the newspaper. The Government will expect information from its officer before it takes any action.

Sir Charles Tupper asked if the Government had any information in regard to the rumour from Washington that the Anglo-American Joint High Commission will not meet in August according to agreement.

The Premier—I have not yet heard anything in regard to the rumour to which the hon. gentleman alludes. So far as my information goes, there is no foundation for it.

Mr. Clarke Wallace asked whether the report published in the Montreal Witness that the old lists were to be used in the Winnipeg election was correct.

The Premier replied that an officer had been sent to Winnipeg to make a new list.

Mr. Wallace—Will he make it on the basis of the old lists?

The Premier—He will make it according to the law of Manitoba.

Mr. Bergeron asked for information in regard to the fisheries question as between the Dominion and the provinces.

Sir Louis Davies replied that under the Privy Council judgment the Dominion had sole power to make regulations concerning the fisheries, but so far as the inland fisheries were concerned, the Dominion had no authority whatever to license. Hence Ontario and Quebec were issuing licenses for fisheries entirely within the boundaries of those provinces. By agreement with the Governments of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the Dominion was administering the fisheries in those provinces this year pending the submission of a case to the Supreme Court to determine the relative powers of the provincial and Dominion authorities in the waters adjacent to the sea coasts.

Mr. Charlton's bill to amend the Criminal Code by raising the age of consent from 16 to 18 years was read the third time on a division of 68 to 29.

When the third reading of the Columbia and Western railway bill was reached, Mr. Oliver made an attempt to have it sent back to committee with a view to striking out the clause increasing the company's bonding powers. On a division the motion to send it back was voted down by 61 to 14, and the third reading was then agreed to.

Mr Davis was informed by Mr. Sifton that 234 miles of the Manitoba and North-Western railway have been built, of which 55 miles are in the North-West Territories. The company has earned as subsidy 1,501,376 acres of land, of which a part has been located and the patents taken out.

Sir Hibbert Tupper was told by Sir Wilfrid Laurier that it is not the intention of the Government this session to ask Parliament to provide for the representation of the Yukon territory in the House of Commons of Canada.

Sir Hibbert Tupper was told by Mr. Border that prior to the departure of the Government freight for Fort Selkirk from Seattle he was not advised that the Boston and Seattle Steamship Company, was bankrupt, that he did satisfy himself by careful enquiries that the company could perform its contract, that he took no security for such performance, and that no money was paid to the company on behalf of the Government on account of that contract.

Mr. Davin was told by Mr. Sifton that the Government had not yet made up its mind what legislation, if any, it would introduce this session with regard to the seed grain question in the West.

Mr. Morrison was told by Sir Wilfrid Laurier that no claim for damages has been made upon the Government by or on behalf of the British Yukon Mining Trading, and Transportation Company.

TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

The bill to incorporate the Canadian Inland Transportation Company, for the purpose of engaging in the grain trade between Lake Superior and Montreal, and to attempt to divert trade from Buffalo to the St. Lawrence route, was passed. The capital stock was reduced from $4,000,000 to $2,000,000.

POWER COMPANIES.

The Canadian Power Company's bill was considered by the Miscellaneous Bills Committee. The name was changed from the Dominion Power Company to the Ontario Niagara Falls Power Company. A clause was adopted prohibiting the works being constructed within the limits of Niagara Falls park without the consent of the Government of Ontario. The question of borrowing powers was postponed.

The Welland Power and Supply Company's bill was reported with an amended clause limiting the bond issue to 75 per cent. of the paid-up stock. The name was changed to the Welland-Niagara Power Co.

THE EARTH BANKRUPT.

The Nations Owe More Money Than They Can Pay.

The world is so heavily in debt that it can never pay up.

There is not enough gold in the world to pay the debts of the nations.

There is probably only about two thousand millions' worth of gold money in the world.

But the debts of the nations—aside from private, municipal and local debts—amount to thirty thousand millions.

This amounts to $100 per family of five, the world over, or more than double that proportion for the civilized nations.

The following table shows the national debt for each inhabitant:

France,	$160.00
Portugal.	155.00
Holland.	90.00
Italy.	80.00
Great Britain.	72.50
Spain.	70.00
Egypt.	65.00
Belguim.	55.00
Roumania.	45.00
Russia.	30.00
Austria.	30.00
Turkey.	22.50
Sweden.	15.00
United States,	15.00
Germany.	10.00

The burden of debt is, of course, not in proportion to its size, but to ability to pay. France, Holland and Great Britain are not nearly so debt-ridden as Italy, Spain, Russia and Turkey, while Belgium, with what might be called a medium debt, is very prosperous

SOME QUEER FAMILIES.

There is a family living in a remote northern town in which the curious custom exists of each member addressing the other with the prefix "Mr." or "Miss." It seems rather absurd to think of a sister addressing her brother in all seriousness as "Mr. So-and-so," whilst the action of the brother in calling his sister "Miss" would appear equally ridiculous. The custom was originated by the head of the house, and is strictly observed.

More attractive is the custom which exists, so the writer is credibly informed, in a family numbering some fourteen children, in a London suburb. Every evening after dinner a theatrical performance is given by some members of the family, and if no guests are present, the other members themselves constitute the audience. The servants are always permitted to join in the revels, and some very cheerful evenings are often spent witnessing family plays.

But perhaps one of the strangest customs of all is that which is in vogue in a Quaker's family. At meal-time he does not permit a word to be spoken by any of his children, his wife and himself reserving the right of speech to themselves. The youngsters, therefore, have to write their questions on slates provided for the purpose, which slates are duly handed by the servants to the mother, who executes the written orders as they reach her side. The worthy Friend states that his plan works admirably, and the children like it themselves, as they consider that the writing of their wishes confers on them a sort of dignified importance.

A well-known grammarian initiates his offspring into the way of grammatical rectitude by fining each one who makes a mistake in this respect, the fine going to the one who discovers the blunder. Naturally, there is much competition to "spot" the errors in question, and no bad feeling is aroused because the "spotter" of to-day may be the "spotted one" of to-morrow, and thus the balance is kept even.

THE MAREORAMA.

This is a French invention to be exhibited at the Paris Exposition next year. A model of an ocean steamer is mounted on a pivot, and moved by machinery so as to imitate all the motions of a vessel at sea. Steam will issue from smoke-stacks, real water will foam around the vessel, and marine odors will fill the air. On each side of the ship will be immense moving canvasses, painted after the manner of the scenes in a cyclorama, and as these steadily unroll they will produce the illusion that the vessel is really moving forward. Starting from Marseilles, the imaginary travellers will be transported to Constantinople, and there will be no guarantee against seasickness.

SALT LAKE;

The water of Salt Lake in Utah is six times as salty as that of the ocean. It is estimated that it contains 8,700,000,000 tons of salt.

A LONG JOURNEY.

The East Greenlanders journey round to West Greenland to get snuff, and will consume four years in a single excursion there and back, often according to Nansen, remaining no longer than an hour at the trading station before taking up their homeward march.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Few Paragraphs Which Will Be Found Well Worth Reading.

Horse meat is sold in 193 meat shops in Paris. The prime cuts sell for about 20 cents a pound.

Huge snakes, from twelve to fourteen feet long, are domestic pets in the residences of Manila. They are petted for their skill in catching and devouring rats.

Henry Labouchere considers the House of Lords a useless body. He divides the members into three classes—the "mentals," the "ornamentals" and the "detrimentals."

Pyrotechnic birds are made in Nagasaki, Japan. When a light is applied to them they sail through the air, fluttering their wings and performing other bird-like antics.

Some of the clergymen in Melbourne advertise their readiness to perform the marriage ceremony for the low fee of 2s, 6d. For 7s, 6d, the ring and a wedding breakfast are supplied.

There is in Paris a drinking saloon called "The Cafe of Death." The guests drink their wine and beer while seated at coffins, on which lighted candles rest, and cast a ghostly glare around the tomb-like place.

In the Whitechapel district of London, where roughs are numerous, nine per cent. of the police who patrol that quarter are constantly registered on the sick list, the result of personal assaults by the vicious.

Two Chicago footpads attacked Charles McConnell, an humble pedestrian, dragged him into an alley, and robbed him of all the money he had—fifteen cents. To prevent pursuit, they cut off one of his legs, which was of wood.

Glass tubes for water, gas and sewage are about to be introduced. A Pennsylvania company, which is manufacturing these pipes, expects that they will displace iron pipes, as the glass ones will not corrode, and are more durable than iron.

An immense growth of hair ornamented the head of Miss Mabelle Ettelind Wallace, of Battle Creek, Mich. When unbound it reached almost to her feet. Its great weight caused her frequent headaches, but she would not have it cut. Finally it caused an attack of brain fever, which resulted fatally

Ten years ago Charles Burrell, of Thonkakee, Ill., lost his reason by being struck on the head with a brick. Recently the X-rays disclosed a particle of bone pressing on his brain. The pressure was removed, and the man is now thoroughly recovered. His first words, on regaining his senses, were: "Why did you hit me?"

A WONDERFUL NECKLACE.

What is considered by jewellers to be perhaps the most remarkable diamond necklace in the world, and a triumph of the diamond setters' art, has just been completed in New York. It is asserted that there is not only not such another in the world, but that if an attempt were made to duplicate its perfection it would require fifteen or twenty years' time in which to do so. It is not the abnormal size, weight or number of the stones that constitute this necklace's peculiar value and beauty, for there are many necklaces which excel it in each of these particulars, but it is the fact that every stone is a gem of the choicest quality and absolutely matches every other one. The necklace, as it rests in its case, encircles closely a centre piece, six inches in diameter, and the diameter of the necklace itself, at the centre line of the stones, is about 6 3-4 inches. It contains forty-seven stones, which vary in size from front to back in perfect graduation, from diameters of 7-16 inch, with weights of 7 carats, to diameters of 5-16 inch and weights of 2 1-2 carats. The necklace is worth at retail between $125,000 and $150,000.

About twelve years ago the largest handler in the world of diamonds in the rough was instructed to begin the collection of stones for this necklace. This dealer is in London, and nowhere else could anyone be found through whose hands enough diamonds would pass in a generation from which to make such a collection. The instructions to the dealer were that every stone must be of the grade known as a gem, that the color must be blue-white and each one capable of being cut into the perfect form to develop brilliancy and fire. The collection of the stones was begun at once and it was not until six months ago that the last stone of the lot was picked out in the rough. Then the whole lot were sent to New York where they were cut and mounted. Although there was no requirement that this should be so, every stone, as it happens, came from the same African mine, and this, no doubt, helps to give them the evenness of effect which is one of the most remarkable traits of the necklace. This is assured also by the cutting of the stones, for in each the same angles are found, with the same number of facets, the same comparative sizes of girdle, and table and heights from girdle to table and point.

One of the chief expenses in producing the circlet lay in the cutting of the gems to the exact sizes required. The larger stones were, of course, all cut to the largest size that they would afford, but as the required size graded down it was not uncommon for a stone that if used separately might have cut to 5 1-2 or 6 carats, to be cut down to 5 carats. It is estimated that while the dealer was gathering the stones in the rough he handled from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000 worth of diamonds from the same mine and that he handled altogether about $33,000,000 of diamonds, all of which were scanned for stones for this one necklace.

Some of the ancients were pretty swift, but Samson was the first to get a gait on him.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO