

STORY OF A DIAMOND.

Pitt's Purchase of the Great Mogul and Its Sale to France.

In his "Feuilles d'Histoire" M. Bioves publishes a mass of correspondence that had not hitherto seen the light relative to the history of the diamond of the great Mogul. This correspondence consists of letters of Thomas Pitt, grandfather of the Earl of Chatham.

In 1701 Pitt was governor of Madras, and at the same time he represented an English company. One day a man came and offered to sell for £89,000 a diamond of an extraordinary size, evidently stolen from the mines of the great Mogul. In his position of governor Pitt should have denounced the theft; in his position of commercial agent he should have thought first of the interests of his company. He did neither, but used his authority to intimidate the man and beat down his price, and eventually the precious stone came into Pitt's possession for the sum of £20,000.

He committed it to the care of his son Robert, ordering him to take it to England and have it cut. When his son had started on his journey the father began to have qualms. He calculated the value of the diamond at £800,000, and the very idea of such a vast sum frightened him.

His wife was already a great spendthrift, and he feared his son would take after her. His fears were not groundless, for Robert hastened to marry a dowryless girl and began housekeeping on a ruinous scale.

The diamond when it came into the hands of the cutter, Cope, by no means fulfilled all the expectations founded upon its value. Impurities and fissures necessitated a wholesale cutting down, and from 426 carats it fell finally to 128.

To make matters worse, Thomas Pitt found himself in hot water. His political enemies made things warm for him, and his company talked of bringing an action against him to recover the value of the diamond. He judged it wise to return to Europe himself and get rid of the stone and wind up the whole affair.

His patriotism would have liked to see the diamond remain in England, but Queen Anne's funds were always at a low ebb and were not equal to the strain of buying the great Mogul's stone. George I. admired the stone wholeheartedly, but declined to buy it on the ground that it was parliament's duty to make him a present of it. So Pitt resolved to offer the jewel to the regent of France, who decided to purchase it for the sum of £100,000.—Paris Journal des Debats.

His Speaking Eyes.

Aunt Caroline and the partner of her woes evidently found connubial bliss a misnomer, for the sounds of war were often heard down in the little cabin in the hollow. Finally the pair were haled into court, and the dusky lady entered a charge of abusive language against her spouse. The judge, who had known them both all his life, endeavored to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"What did he say to you, Caroline?" he asked.

"Why, judge, I jes' can't tell you all dat man do say to me."

"Does he ever use hard language?"

"Does yo' mean cussin'? Yassah, mot wif his mouf, but he's always givin' me dem cussory glances."—Lippincott's.

Hill Climbing Steamboats.

Even a steamboat can climb a hill by going up one step at a time. This remarkable performance can be witnessed several times daily during the season of navigation beside the Vrang waterfall in the Bandak Nordsje canal, Norway. At this point falls in the river prevent the passage of boats up or down and a canal has been built round the rapids and falls. The ascent is made through a series of locks which accommodate one boat at a time, and in passing from the lower to the upper lock the boat is lifted about ninety feet.

The Effect of Green Apples.

The ardent swain was doing his best to "pop" the question. She repeatedly put him off by changing the subject and thus broke in upon his urgent plea: "Oh, listen to that apple tree! How it sighs and groans!"

He was cross by this time and replied, "Yes, and if you were as full of green apples as that tree is you'd groan and sigh too."

Same Thing.

Joakley—You're right; most people worry over what they haven't got, but I know certain people who worry because of what they have.

Coakley—That so? What have they?

Joakley—Nothing. — Catholic Standard and Times.

POPULAR SAYINGS.

Some That Have Come to Us From Judges and Lawyers.

It appears that judges and lawyers have contributed a liberal share to the stock of popular sayings.

It is Francis Bacon who speaks of matters that "come home to men's business and bosom," who lays down the axiom that "knowledge is power" and who utters that solemn warning to enamored benedicts, "He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune."

We have the high authority of Sir Edward Coke for declaring that "corporations have no souls" and that "a man's house is his castle."

The expression "an accident is an accident" is borrowed from Lord Thurlow. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number" occurs in Bentham, but as an acknowledged translation from the jurist Beccaria.

To Leviathan Hobbes we owe this maxim: "Words are wise men's counters, but the money of fools." It is John Selden who suggests that by throwing a straw into the air one may see the way of the wind, and to his cotemporary Oxenstiern is due the discovery "With how little wisdom is the world governed."

Mackintosh first used the phrase "a wise and masterly inactivity." "The schoolmaster is abroad" is from a speech by Lord Brougham.

In the familiar phrase "a delusion, a mockery and a snare" there is a certain Biblical ring, which has sometimes led to its being quoted as from one or other of the Hebrew prophets. The words are, in fact, an extract from the judgment of Lord Denman at the trial of O'Connell.—Green Bag.

Curious Almshouse.

The most curious almshouse in England is St. Mary's hospital at Chichester. There eight old ladies live actually in the church, which is a fine old building dating from 1680. It was originally a monastery, but when Queen Elizabeth came to visit there she turned it into an almshouse to endure as long as almshouses exist. The old ladies have two neat little rooms each down the sides of the main church, with windows looking out on the garden. They have each a coal supply, a kitchen range, water and gas. At one end of the church is the chapel, where daily services are held. The choir stalls are beautifully carved old oak, the original seats that the monks used. The church stands in a quiet little square.

The British Constitution.

The British have no written constitution. The so called "British constitution" is nothing more or less than the feeling and opinion of the British people, expressed from time to time in their action through parliament, on the battlefield and by judicial decision. It is the unwritten will of the people, none the less powerful and venerated for being unwritten, perhaps all the stronger and more durable on that account. Perhaps it is because England has had no written constitution that she has endured so long and come up all the stronger and better from every difficulty she has encountered through the long ages.—New York American.

Trees.

Trees have about them something beautiful and attractive even to the fancy, since they cannot change their places, are witnesses of all the changes that take place around them and as some reach a great age they become, as it were, historical monuments, and, like ourselves, they have a life, growing and passing away, not being inanimate and unvarying, like the fields and rivers. One sees them passing through various stages and at last, step by step, approaching death, which makes them look still more like ourselves.—Humboldt.

Putting it to Work.

When the train stopped at the little southern station the northern tourist sauntered out on the platform, says the Housekeeper. Under a scrub oak stood a lean animal with scraggy bristles. The tourist was interested. "What do you call that?" he inquired of a lanky native.

"Razorback hawg."

"Well, what is he doing rubbing against that tree?"

"He's stropping himself, mister; jest stropping himself."

Not to Be Cheated.

"They tell me Tinkleton is at work on a big canvas which he calls 'The Retreat of the Ten Thousand.'"

"What does he expect to do with it?"

"Sell it to old Bondclipper."

"Any chance of that?"

"No. Tinkleton has only 933 figures in the painting, and Bondclipper will insist upon the full 10,000."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WANTED AND FOR SALE

Newberg Lodge No. 104 A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month. Visiting brothers always welcome. By order W. M., G. A. Best. T. L. Cummings, Secretary.

FOR SALE—Oak wood.—Enos Ellis. tf.

Dr. Lowe Saturday to 4 o'clock.

For Sale—Two horses by Jerry O'Brien. tf.

A good fresh milk cow for sale.—J. T. Everest.

Go to Dodges for your choice fruits, he keeps the best.

I keep a thoroughbred Jersey bull, price \$1 cash.—Fred Werth.

MONEY TO LOAN—See Atty. B. A. Kliks, McMinnville, Oregon.

FOR SALE—House and lot.—Mrs. K. Motschenbacher, 211, 5th st. 35

Ice for sale at Palace Meat Market deliveries made in forenoon.

Try Dodges famous milk shakes.

Lost—Ladies' bracelet. Leave at telephone office and receive reward.

Buff Plymouth Rock eggs for hatching at \$1.50 for 15.—E. H. Woodward.

For Sale—Two large sows, due to farrow first of July. F. Neideberger, Dundee. 35 pd.

FOR SALE—Nice tomato plants at Glen Gardens, Wynookistreet. by Henry Clemmens. tf.

Mt. Hood ice cream, chocolate, strawberry and vanilla at Dodges, the house of quality.

For sale—Royal Ann cherries, 2 cents a pound on tree when ripe. J. M. Snelling. 34-tf.

FOR SALE—Full blooded Jersey bull, 18 months old.—L. T. Finnigan, 8 miles north of Newberg. 34 pd.

Gooseberries for sale at 2 cents a pound to those who pick them. Huber Haworth, Springbrook.

FOR SALE.—15 stands of bees. Prices reasonable. Am not able to care for them. J. A. Kersey, Rt 2, box 50.

Pasture for stock at one dollar per head. Fine grass and good water.—H. A. Follett, 6 miles west of Newberg. tf.

WANTED—All kinds of sewing to do for ladies and children. Prices reasonable.—Mrs. Bankson, 515 S. Meridian St. 32 tf

FOR SALE—Chalks Jewel and Quarter Century tomato plants at Glen Gardens, Wynookistreet by Henry Clemmens.

City Transfer does all kinds of hauling, including piano moving.—T. H. Thorne. Residence phone White 46 or call Black 4.

Watch Lost—On last Sunday. The initials A. H. are on the case and my full name is in the fob. Finder please return. Aderista Hall. 1t pd.

FOR SALE—O. I. C. sow, one year old, with seven pigs. Two miles north and one east of Newberg. Phone 24a515. E. R. Garner. 33tf

I have so many calls for houses to rent that I wish to acquire a big list of such property. If interested, call on Donald M. Wall, 207 First street.

Strawberries at 1 cent per pound on the vines, one mile north of Chehalem Center church. 100 crates now ripe. Crates to sell but none to loan. M. G. Oakley. 1t pd.

Farmers will confer a favor on themselves and the dealers by getting their numbers on all extras needed for harvesting machinery. Order early.

Yours for prompt service, Christenson—Larkin Hdw. Co.

Farm Wanted—Equipped, stock crops, buildings, etc. Will take Portland income property as part first payment. Give price, location and particulars. Address R. A. Fleming, Box Bryant and Albina, 1409 Minnesota Ave., Portland. 1t.

Franks & Peterson Bros., who recently purchased the Fox wood yard, corner of First and Grant streets, have on hand at all times a complete stock of wood and will make deliveries promptly, sawed any length you may desire. We make prompt calls on anyone wanting sawing done.

For Sale—Fine strong tomato plants. I also have a fine stock of flowering plants, Geraniums, Salvias, Lobelia, Phlox, Stocks, Cosmos, Petunias, Dahlias, Carnations and many other plants.—John Gower, East Side Greenhouses.

TAKE NOTICE—To those who have produce to sell I wish to say that I shipped some nice dressed hogs to the Vogel Commission Co., Portland, for which I received 10½ cents per pound. The following day I shipped some of the same quality of hogs to M. J. Jones, Portland, and received 6 cents a pound. I have the proof.—Granville Everest.

For Sale—A modern built 6-room bungalow, with full basement, 28x42 ft., latest style finish in flat-grained fir, with built-in china cupboard, bookcase, drawers for table linens, 2 sinks, pantry cupboards, wood lift, well on back porch with force pump and hose to water lawn; barn, garden, some young fruit trees, strawberries, blackberries, etc. This home with two, three, five or more acres, which includes 2 acres of prunes with a fairly good crop this year, can be had at a bargain if taken soon. 3-4 of a mile from depot in Northwest Newberg, Subdivision on Rural Route No. 1. If you are looking for a home close in where you can keep a cow, chickens, etc., nice surroundings and a beautiful view, we think this will suit you.—W. P. Heacock, Owner. 34-36

For Sale.

About 60 hens and three roosters. Hens are laying about four dozen eggs per day. Also a few fine bred doves. Enquire of Mrs. A. Dickerman, 511 Howard St. phone Black 133.

Wood For Sale.

Good old dry fir and hard maple wood in small lots at \$3.50. Orders over five cords at \$3.25. Second growth fir, dry and all split at \$3 a cord. A reduction in price on large orders. Send your orders by postcard. Fred Werth.

Water Consumers Take Notice.

The hours for lawn sprinkling are from 7 to 8 o'clock in the evening. Irrigation for gardens prohibited. A fine of \$2.00 will be imposed for violating the rules.

Orange Elliott, Water Supt.

Will Decorate Graves

Next Sabbath, June 9th, the fraternal orders of I. O. O. F., Vesta No. 75, W. O. W. and Burr Oak, No. 13, will unite in carrying out the beautiful service of decorating the graves of deceased members. All members of these organizations are requested to meet at 2 o'clock in the new Odd Fellows Hall, corner of First and College streets. It is particularly desired that all flowers brought, be arranged ready for placing on the graves. Committees.

Teachers' Examination.

Examination for Teachers' Certificates will be held at the Court House June 19, 20, 21 and 22. Examination will begin at 6 o'clock A. M. June 19. S. S. Duncan, Co. Supt

Portland Grocery to Trade

I have a grocery store with building lot, stock and fixtures. It is located at Sellwood, Portland, and is one of the best locations in Portland for a clean business. There is no grocery within six blocks and a very high class trade. There are living rooms up stairs.

The parties who own this place are very anxious to get away as soon as possible on account of sickness. Will consider trade up to \$7000. Donald M. Wall, 207 First Street.

EATING POI.

It is Not a Dainty Operation, but the Hawaiians Enjoy It.

The national dish of the Hawaiians is poi, and a poi supper is their great institution. Poi is made from taro, a big, coarse, dark skinned vegetable, grown under water, the size and shape of a large sweet potato. The taro is pounded until it becomes a coarse, moist mass and then left to ferment.

When poi is served each guest bathes and dries the right hand and proceeds to dip the index finger of that hand into the poi. Strangers find it a queer sensation when, plunging their hands into a food of a consistency that generally demands the use of a spoon, the hand encounters that of a Hawaiian belle, who then glances at one in mild reproach. Likely as not the Hawaiian will explain that there is absolutely no need for one to move his whole body while eating poi—not even the shoulder or the arm, but simply the wrist.

Then one removes his fingers at the same time the lady does. On the end of hers there is a pear shaped ball of poi. The stranger's fingers are thinly veneered with poi. The stranger then inquires "what's wrong" with him. The lady answers that he held his finger too straight. "Crook your finger a little, like this," she will say as the stranger and she dab back into the poi, "and turn your hand, not too fast, with a wrist movement only."

The stranger will do as instructed, and soon the surface of the calabash is disturbed by the movement of two wheels of poi circling about the respective fingers. The stranger and the lady withdraw their fingers, and each is well supplied. They carry those fingers to their mouths, lick them clean and again dab into the calabash. It doesn't sound very nice; but, foreigners aver, when once one comes to try it old prejudices and the force of lifelong training rapidly disappear, for poi from a fork loses half its flavor and merit.—New York Press.

The Solan Goose.

Richard Bell in his book, "My Strange Pets," tells of the solan geese, which in Great Britain in bygone days used to be salted and dried for human food. "Many years ago these dried geese found their way to the lowlands of Scotland and were used as an appetizer. A small portion when eaten before meals was supposed to tickle the appetite. In this connection I have heard a good story: A worthy farmer in the neighborhood gave a dinner party, and when the dinner was in progress he asked one of his guests if he would have 'another portion,' upon which the guest remarked, 'I think I will, as I et a bit o' solan geese afore I left home and it has made me very hungry,' upon which his neighbor said, 'I dinna believe in these solan geese, for I et a hall yin afore I cam' awa' and I dinna feel a bit the hungrier.'"

A Nice Point of Law.

During Queen Victoria's reign one of the solicitors of the queen who had jurisdiction over capital cases chanced to be a man named Bacon. By a curious chance a man named Hogg was condemned to death under his jurisdiction. The day before the execution Hogg sent for his executioner, Bacon. The prisoner pleaded for interference in his case because of his claims of relationship to Bacon. The solicitor, always ready with a reply, answered: "I have no proof of our relationship. You are doubtless mistaken. At any rate, the execution must take place, for only in that way can matters be set right. Hogg is not Bacon until it is dead." It is said the prisoner laughed in spite of himself.

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