

### Hawk-Eyed.

There is one thing to be said in favor of the strawberry short cake; the berry department of the cake is never half so thin as the jokes that are made about it.

Doctor Dio Lewis declared, in an official paper, that the only trouble with women's shoes is that the soles are too narrow. There is one greater trouble than that. The price is too broad.

The bresches of the Southern States can't mend their own levees, nor build their own railroads, nor take care of their own sick; but they can build more confederate monuments in a month than we of the North could pay for in a year.

There is no need for us to despair of the reformation of Turkey. The Turks are learning to work. Five of them were thrown into the water by the capsize of a boat in the Bosphorus, the other day, and two of them worked like Trojans to get ashore.

Edward P. Ingersoll, D. D., is one of the contributing editors of the *Church Union*. He is not a brother of the famous Robert, and it worries him awfully have good people, who are introduced to him at socials, look shocked and hold up both hands in silent horror when they hear his name.

They say that profanity was not known in the world until one day, somewhere about five hundred years before the Christian era, when Ariates, chasing from his office in desperation hasted to catch the last street car, was stopped by Themistocles, who wanted to tell him how the rheumatism had been troubling him nearly all winter and how many things he had tried for it.

Some Indian mounds, supposed to be three or four thousand years old or so, were recently opened near Beloit, Wisconsin, and the first thing the excavators dug out, were a couple of railroad picks and an autograph album. Thus we see the early dawn of remote civilization mingling with the gray shadows of the womb—the womb—the gray shadows of the womb.

We think Canada is getting ready for annexation. Some of the papers over there talk about Lorne for all the world as American papers talk about the President, so uniformly respectful and supremely courteous, you know. One of our provincial exchanges gives the governor merry old lightning for half a column, just because he doesn't play cricket any better. Now, we consider it President Hayes' crowning glory that he never belonged to a base-ball club.

"The first Napoleon," remarked Mr. Middlerib, "introduced into France the manufacture of beet sugar, and it is to-day an important branch in our own country." "Yes," said Master Middle rib, in a subdued tone of countenance. "I tasted some of it to-day." "Tasted some of what?" inquired his father, sharply. "Beet sugar," said the boy, wearily, and then he drew closer to the table and sat more specifically on the edge of his chair. And silence fell on the family like a fog.

The king of Burnham is only twenty years old and has been on the throne but four months. He was one candidate among twenty, all of royal blood, and he was successfully "counted in." But all the same, no man in all Burnham dares call him a "frand," and the only members of the opposition who intimated that he held a seat that rightfully belonged to another, are wearing wrought-iron jewelry in a stable not far from the palace. When a man gets himself elected President of an Oriental kingdom there is no subsequent nonsense about going behind the returns. What is the use of being a President if you can't slab the incalculability out of the man who says you're not?

A young friend up in Marshall county sends us a funny paragraph, to which he affixes the *sous de plume* "Artemus Ward." Now, it may be that we are lacking in reverence. We have sometimes feared as much, and sometimes our friends have wept while they told us our boasting sin was irreverence. But we are not wholly irreverent. There are some things and some people and some memories that we do reverence, and if ever any man in free America publishes a joke wherein he brings in the "Pinheads" h. e. gag and the Artemus Ward's name to it, it won't be in this department of *The Hawk-Eye*. We return the young man his joke, and advise him to anchor it out in the river and let it soak over the next Presidential election, and as for himself, we suggest a less ambitious *sous de plume* until he has tarried long enough in Jerome to let his parapraphic beard grow. The second A. Ward isn't born yet, dear young friend. When he does come along, people will recognize his star, without having his name stenciled on it.

I own to a peculiar carelessness and forgetfulness in personal matters. I grieve and murmur over a chronic inability to remember names. I sometimes fear I would forget my brother's name, if it didn't sound so much like my own. I have, sometimes, when on the war path, forgotten my own, and been compelled to write home to my wife to ascertain what it was. I have sometimes been introduced to a gentleman, and then, before he could get through with the customary introductory remark about the weather, or how I liked the town, I have found myself wondering, wondering, wondering until my head ached, what under the sun was that man's name. Since my return to my own peaceful fire-side—I forget, this isn't the fire-side season; I mean, to my own protecting fly screens, I have, or rather, the members of my family have, in overhauling my effects in a frenzied search for loose nickels, discovered several autograph albums, evidently committed to me for the insertion of "a autograph." These albums possess the peculiarity of all autograph albums. They contain the names of all people, save those of their owners; and I, a wretched man that I am, I was not where I got them. If the confiding people who sent me their albums, trusting to my easy promise to leave them with the hotel clerk, will please send me their names and addresses, and a precise description of their respective albums, I will return them, if I do not forget about it. How heavily my guilt weighs upon me. If it doesn't feel any lighter in the morning, I will take it to the grocer and have it weighed, and sell it to some traveling doctor for the bone tumor.—Extract from the Diary of a Reformed Lawyer.

### A Glance Over the Heads of Our Grandmothers.

In the good old days of ignorance and honesty, many hundreds of years before the introduction of barbicanes and opera bonnets, the hair was looked upon in France with a kindly regard which amounted almost to reverence. Fair women prized their tresses as they did their honor, and brave men valued their looks as dearly as they loved life. The hair of the head commanded the same respect as the beard of the Prophet inspired in the hearts of the faithful. It was something to swear by. As an expression of politeness, it was the fashion to pluck a hair from the head—as we doff our hats or bow nowadays, and the Indians rub noses—in way of salute; and an uncomplimentary reference to the hair was considered an insult of an unbearable nature. Long and flowing hair was so much esteemed that the tonsure of the clergy was regarded as an act of mortification and self-denial. The most degrading punishment to which a criminal or a serf who had been wanting in respect to his lord was condemned consisted in shaving the head. A close crop was a token of subjection. Women who treated some of the commandments with contempt, too, were deprived of their ringlets. A king lost his crown when he lost his hair, and it was the custom among the ladies of the palace, when they wished to rid themselves of a *ronflement*, to cut off his majesty's hair and send him to a convent. If he objected to this, they cut off his head instead.

A great value was attached to a fine head of hair, and all the resources of ingenuity and art were exhausted by the women to set it off to advantage.

It was as much considered and cultivated as it was by the goddesses of Olympus; and, according to the poet, the painter, and the sculptor, the art of dressing the hair was not neglected by the mythological beauties. The hair, indeed, was accounted one of the most precious attributes of female loveliness by the gods, and mortals have always agreed with them in this opinion.

Poets still sing of woman's hair as they did of old, and no poet of antiquity has expressed himself more enthusiastically on the subject than Mr. Swinburne, who is blistered, as it were, with poetic fire, as soon as he touches this theme. The blood boils in his veins, and his eyes are lit up with a fine frenzy, when he stretches himself at the feet of one of his heroines and plays with the tangles of her hair. Clauzian does not become nearly so warm when he describes Venus surrounded by the graces, combing out her "long, glorious locks." It was to Venus, by the way, that the Roman ladies prayed when they were afflicted with an epidemic malady which carried off the hair of their heads; and when the plague ceased they erected a statue to the goddess in gratitude. Ariadne, abandoned at Naxos, wandered by the shore, so Catullus tells us, with her luxuriant golden hair floating over her naked shoulders; and thus Bacchus saw her, and became at once enamored of the love-born maid. And Bacchus was not obliged to be denied; he took her in his arms, carried her to his chariot, and drove away with her before the very eyes of the satyrs. If he had met Diana when she hunted in the forest,

He looks unbound waving in the wanton wind, he would have been fascinated, no doubt, in the same way. Juno, "by whose splendid hair," as the poet says, "all Olympus was perfumed," the god of wine dared not approach out of respect due to her as the wife of his father or the aversion due to her as the destroyer of his mother.—N. Y. *Herald Journal*.

**Meripatetic Professor.**

Writing of the University of Berlin in *Scribner* for June, and especially of Ernst Curtius, Mr. H. H. Boyesen thus describes his interesting method of teaching history:

Professor Curtius has a very agreeable manner and a clear and lucid manner of lecturing; he is frequently in the habit of conducting his auditors through the Greek division of the Royal Museum, and illustrating by the variable objects, many of which he has himself excavated at Olympia, the manner of life and thought among the ancients. It is needless to add that these peripatetic lectures are very popular, being really themselves a venerable tradition from the days of Plato and Socrates.

You seem to breathe the breath of Greece. These objects—some of them over a thousand years old—may have been touched by the heroes who came to participate in the Olympian games. Here, for instance, is an urn or pitcher of burnt clay, or terra cotta, the fragments of which Professor Curtius discovered in an Olympian tomb. It has now been carefully joined together, and no piece was found lacking.

The form is light and graceful, and the sides decorated with hasty-colored sketches, representing scenes of every-day life.

There is the picture of Prometheus bound and his iron finger ring prove the adamas of the early Greeks to have been nothing but hardened steel.

The Romans never obtained any diamonds above three carats, by reason of a stringent law in India against the exportation of any over that weight. All over ten carats reverted to the crown.

The diamond can be broken.

It is crystallized in thin layers, parallel to the faces of the octohedron, or in the sides of a berry used in the East Indies in the sale of diamonds, and was used for several thousand years as the unit of weight. The rule of lapidaries for determining the value of perfect diamonds is to square the weight in carats, and multiply the product by \$50, the price of one carat.

This they follow until the weight reaches thirty carats.

At that point the price is arbitrarily raised to \$400 per carat.

But if much under three carats, the price is rapidly lowered, and only commands \$10 per carat.

The uncrystallized diamonds used for pencils, for polishing, in timepieces and for engraving, are but seventy-five cents to one dollar per carat.

This is the diamond rule: A carat, for convenience, is allowed to be four grains.

If you have a first-rate diamond of ten carats it will be computed thus:  $10 \times 10 = 100 \times 50 = \$5000$ .

If a diamond of 800 carats it will be  $100 \times 100 = 10,000 \times 400 = \$4,000,000$ .

—*Washington Post*.

Coffees remain low.

A CARELESS DIET, A CHANGE OF WATER, or a COOL SWEATING IN BATHS, very often brings on a fever in the season of the year, an attack of Distress, or some other trouble; me.

Affection of the Stomach or Bowels.

If you would treat such complaints in a rational way, try at once Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, a new balsamic medicine for them, particularly effectual in all cases of Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint.

Shirt front is a thing to be studied.

### Concerning Diamonds.

It is not generally known that there is an immense ledge, half-dissolved in Georgia, which the matrix of the diamond. It is described by Mr. M. F. Stephenson, in his book, now almost out of print, on "The Mineralogy and Geology of Georgia." It extends for many miles. A few splendid diamonds were found there years ago by gold-washers, who were ignorant of what they found. Some of these were cut in England and set in jewelry, but most of them were lost. They were of weight from two to six carats, and three are remembered which were of large size. One of these was broken up by the miners to learn the cause of its luster. Another was used for years by the boys in playing marbles. By far the largest one was lost by a Dr. Loyd, who was employed to oversee the miners, and was one day working in the pit in the place of a sick hand. He says that about two hours before sunset, while employed in raising gravel, he picked up a stone, which was bright and shiny only on one side, the other sides being covered with a crust of brown stuff. It was about the size of a guinea egg. He laid it out on a bank under a gum tree, intending at night to show it to his wife and children, as the largest of the pretty stones which had been found. But he forgot all about it. Twelve years later he learned from experts who took his description that his "guinea egg" was a diamond, which, if pure, must have been worth about twenty-five millions of dollars.

The knob-nosed and the mogul are two of the most notable diamonds in the world. The first, as is well known, belongs to Queen Victoria, by the conquest of Panjab in India, and, has quite destroyed its historic value. It was found four thousand eight hundred and seventy-two years ago (this date is amply verified), and when cut by Indian lapidaries, weighed only one hundred eighty-six and a half carats. It honest cost it would have been worth thirty million dollars. But by taking off slabs from the facets of a hundred carats they reduced it to a value of three millions. Afterwards the queen, not being satisfied with the Indian cut of it, had the stone re-cut by Amsterdam jewelers, who reduced it to one hundred and ten and a half carats, and of course totally obliterated its historic shape. She still values it at three millions, when, by the laws of trade, it is not worth half that sum. A rough diamond generally loses one-half its weight by cutting. This depends upon its form of crystallization and its freedom from flaws, which are common. The "Mogul" diamond, the largest ever found, weighed 787 carats. It was cut down by dishonest workmen to weigh only 280 carats, and the stolen slab cut off were worth far more than the stone. The true worth of the stone, by the rules of trade, was \$93,000,000, but it was thus reduced to \$40,000,000.

It is only in the flexible sandstone that the diamond is found in any country, because the earth's temperature, when that rock receives its present form of crystallization, was necessary to crystalize carbon.

For five thousand years this rock was found only in Golconda. But in 1727, when these old mines were re-worked, after having been idle for seventy-five years, they yielded from one thousand to one thousand six hundred ounces per year. They are now scarce.

The mines of Brazil have produced in the last hundred and forty years two tons of diamonds, besides that number of agates. Agassiz thus explains the long mooted question of the origin of diamonds: This elastic sandstone, which is the matrix of the diamond, was one of the first sediments deposited in a quiet, deep-sea bed, long before the existence of animal or vegetable life on the globe. This formation, with the contemporaneous strata, was upheaved by volcanic force, and changed to its present highly crystallized condition; the carbon was liberated, and, by separation and affinity, crystallized into the diamond, being in greater or less size, according to the amount of carbon within reach of its affinities or power of attraction. Four-fifths of all the diamonds found in any country are less than half a carat. Rarely is all the yield of Brazil more than three or four very large diamonds, and never more than ten that weighed more than thirty carats. It is a vulgar error to suppose that to be pure the diamond must be found deep in the ground. The use of diamond dust for cutting and polishing was unknown till 1747. In this way the artists can now polish the natural facets, and also create new ones.

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