

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1896.

MINING FOR DIAMONDS.

THE GEMS OF KIMBERLEY AND HOW THEY ARE FOUND.

Busy Hive of Industry in a Big Hole in the Ground—Precautions to Prevent Theft of the Stones—Relative Value of the Diamonds According to Color.

The first diamond in South Africa was found in 1867 by one of the children of a Dutch farmer who had it in his possession for months, in perfect ignorance of its value, until the accidental calling of a traveler, who sent it at once to an eminent geologist of Grahamstown, who discovered that indeed it was a diamond.

Natives and Europeans then began to search, and the result was that other diamonds were soon found, and the hopes of the Cape Colony, which at that time was in a bankrupt condition, began to revive.

The first diamonds were found in the bowlders and under the Vaal River. It was not until 1872 that the diggings at Dutoit's Pan and Kimberley attracted any attention, which very soon eclipsed the old diggings. For some time the claims were kept distinct from one another; but as they dug lower, it was found impossible to retain the roads separating the claims, so the whole was thrown into one big mine.

The diamondiferous soil is quarried out below by Kaffirs, and deposited in great iron buckets, which run on standing wire ropes, and are hauled up by steam to the receiving boxes on the brink of the mine. Everywhere are activity and bustle, and a loud hum comes up out of that vast hole from 3,000 or 4,000 human beings engaged at work below.

The men themselves look like so many flies as they dig away at the blue soil, and the thousands of wire ropes extending from every claim to the depositing boxes round the edge have the appearance of a huge spider's web, while the buckets perpetually descending empty and ascending full might well represent the giant spiders.

Most of the property in the mines is now owned by companies, individual claim-holders finding that it paid them better to consolidate than to struggle with the immense working expenses of a single claim, surrounded by blocks owned by wealthy companies. When the companies were first formed, there was some wild speculation with the stock, and several fortunes were made and lost in a few days by amateur stock speculators.

A careful inspection of the washing-ground of one of the large companies, is very interesting. The blue ground is taken as it comes up from the mine to a plot of ground rented for the purpose, called a depositing floor, and, after being dumped down in heaps, is spread out on the ground in large, coarse lumps, just as it leaves the pick and shovel of the miner. Water is then liberally poured over it, and it is left for two or three days to the action of the atmosphere; at the end of that time it loses its rock-like appearance and shows itself to be a conglomerate of pebbles, ironstone, and carbon.

It is then thrown against coarse sieves to separate the larger stones, which are slung aside, and is afterward taken to the washing-machine. This consists of a circular iron tub, rather shallow, and some ten or twelve feet in diameter, in which are fixed from the center six or eight rakes, with long teeth six inches apart, which are kept perpetually revolving by a small steam engine, or by a whim worked by horses or mules.

Water is kept flowing into the tub through one opening, as the diamondiferous soil is worked in through another. The revolution of the rakes causes a thorough disintegration of the soil, the lighter portion of which is forced over the upper edge, carried away by the engine, and thrown on the refuse heap. After sixty or eighty loads have been passed through the machine the rakes are lifted up and the contents of the box carefully taken out. It will be at once understood that only the heaviest portions of the precious soil, and therefore the diamonds, if there are any, have been left in the machine, the lighter parts having been washed over the upper edge of the box.

When taken out the residue, which consists of heavy ironstone and carbon in a pure state, and crystals of various hues, is carefully sifted through sieves of different degrees of fineness, sometimes placed one under the other in a cradle, and thoroughly rocked. Then, when every trace of foreign matter has been carefully removed, a dexterous turn of the hand, as the sieve with its contents is held in a tub of water, brings the diamonds, garnets, and the heavier lumps of ironstone into a little heap in the very centre, so that when the sieve is reversed on the common pine-sorting table they lie together. The white, alum-like appearance of the rough diamond contrasts strongly with the rich-hued garnets with which the surrounding blackness of carbon and ironstone is studded. It is only by practice that one is enabled to tell at first what is a diamond; the sieve appears to be full of them, but they are

only crystals, which can easily be detected from diamonds, by taking one between the teeth; the diamonds resists their action, but the crystal crumbles away. Thousands upon thousands of garnets most exquisite in color are found in every sieveful, but they are thrown aside contemptuously, being almost valueless.

Of course the expenses of a company owning a block of claims are enormous, and a large number of stones have to be found before a margin for a dividend arrives. The expense and difficulty of reaching the diamond fields in the early days kept away the rowdy element to be found in our Western mines.

Such diggers as have remained on the fields since the "early days" seem never to be tired of talking of the life they then led as the happiest they have ever known. Then each would peg out his claim and go to work therein with pick and shovel, depending scarcely at all upon the uncertain help of the lazy Kaffir, and with his own strong arm attacked the hard pebbly soil in which the diamonds were imprisoned, and in a primitive way "washed" the soil for diamonds. They are not to be picked up walking through the streets or over the "floors" where the soil lies pulverized by sun and rain. It is illegal to own a diamond unless one is a claim holder or a licensed buyer. If a private individual wishes to purchase a stone or two for himself he must first obtain a permit from the authorities.

These precautions will be seen to be necessary, because the value of the diamond, its portability, the facility with which it can be concealed, and the uncertainty regarding its existence, make it a source of temptation to dishonesty among all classes. It is therefore against the law for any one, even if a licensed buyer, to purchase a diamond from any one not a claim holder, unless he can produce his permit.

The law has become so stringent, and the detective force so active, that error has stricken the I. D. Bs. (illicit diamond-buyers), for it is a matter of "fifteen years' hard" to be convicted of buying a stolen diamond. Before this stringent law was passed many went away rich in a few years who could not possibly have made "their pile" in any legitimate business in that length of time. Men who have been suspected for years, but who have managed to evade detection, have been pounced upon by detectives at most unexpected moments; but the temptation is so strong that despite the penalty, the practice still goes on, but to a smaller extent than before.

It was astonishing to find how often the culprit turned out to be a man in a good and responsible position, and often the very men who were the loudest in the denunciation of the crime were themselves practicing it. The writer was in a cafe one evening, when there was a sudden hush, followed by a startled buzz of conversation, and he heard the name of a well known man followed by the word "detectives." A man standing near, who was suspected of carrying on the same trade, became suddenly pale, and bit uneasily on his visor, and, with a careless laugh, said, "Serves him right," then continued in a scarcely audible tone, "What a fool not to be more careful!" Before the writer left the cafe the same man was working in convict dress.

Detectives themselves have been tempted to dabble in the trade, and have been trapped, and are now working in convict dress by the side of the men they helped to hunt down. This fascinating trade of gems offers great temptations to the weak-willed; and it takes a certain amount of diamond courage, combined with caution and patience, to continue in this dangerous business.

On mail days great envelopes of diamonds are sent to London. Some of these packages contain flawless diamonds; others contain smoky diamonds, used in machinery for polishing and cutting the stones; others, again, would contain stones of all colors, sizes, and purity. One package worth many thousands of pounds, contains yellow diamonds, selected stones in size, color and purity. Those of yellow tinge are bought and worn by the East Indians.

The pure white stone is of more value than the yellow, because not so plentiful. It is a strange fact that these diamond merchants seldom wear diamond jewelry; they prefer rubies or corals to the too common gem, the diamond.

The mines have now drifted into the hands of a few large companies, and the Transvaal is the El Dorado to which all eyes in Africa are turned.—St. Paul's.

Falastine Oranges.

California and Mexico, have a new competitor in the matter of supplying oranges to the rest of the world. The oranges grow near Jerusalem are light in color of oval shape, and the fruit is packed with more care than that from other countries. The first consignment, which reached this country recently, attracted much attention. The oranges were grown between Jerusalem and Jaffa, and are worth between \$4 and \$4.50 a case.

"JUMPING FRENCHMEN."

WELL KNOWN IN PARTS OF MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

A Strange Spell Cast Over Vigorous Men by a Sudden Noise—When It Once Happens They Are Jumpers for Life—How They Act when in This State.

An Orono, Me., correspondent of the N. Y. Sun writes:

A careful student may search all the books that have been published on pathology and find not a word about the jumping Frenchman so common in the down east lumber camps, and he may question the best doctors in private or hospital practice without learning why an otherwise sane and vigorous man will make a fool of himself and submit to indignities that would anger a dog and not have the ability to enter a protest against his tormentors. The obedience of the domestic animals comes from education, and every step in the process can be understood easily. With the jumping Frenchman it is different. He may be a powerful man and a stranger to his associates, yet in one minute the smallest lad in camp may jump him, and when he is once jumped he is usually a slave for life.

No person is so puzzled by this strange manifestation as the one who exerts it. He simply cries "Boo!" or utters any kind of a yell over the Frenchman's shoulder from behind, the Frenchman jumps as far as he is able in the direction he is facing, yells "Boo!" in reply as loudly as he can, and from that moment the victim is unable to do anything which is opposed to the command of his master. A person can easily name the causes to which this habit is not due. It is not telepathy, for the very name implies that the impressions are gained from some source outside the five senses, while the only way to bring the jumper under the influence is to yell at him. He jumps because of the noise. It is not due to mesmerism, or hypnotism, or clairvoyance, because in all of these the subject is not brought under control until after a more or less extended period of time devoted to rubbing his head or to making mystica passes over him, as it the operator were charging up a storage battery. The jump is not only involuntary, but instantaneous. It comes to a Frenchman in a flash, similar, perhaps, to the shock given to criminals when they die in the electric chair. Again it is not due to using morphine, tobacco, alcohol, or to any of the excesses which are said to weaken the nervous system. The jumper is always a healthy, able man, who eats well, and sleeps well, who jumps most when he is most robust, and ceases to jump when approaching age impairs his powers. It is a disease that thrives in health, and vanishes at the first symptom of illness. To show what it is and how it afflicts those who have it the following recent cases are given:

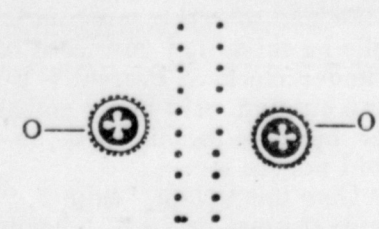
In December, 1895, John Ross of Bangor had thirty-two men in one of his camps on the west branch of the Penobscot. Among them were nine French-Canadians, of whom six were jumpers—jumpers who had for years been known as such. The other three had never shown any symptoms of the habit, though they had passed several seasons in the woods. The chief jumper in camp was a little dark-faced man named Hilare LeRoy, whose existence was made wretched by the jokes his companions played upon him. If he was eating his supper and had his tin dipper filled with hot tea half way from the table to his mouth, some one would cry "Drop it!" and the tin with its scalding contents would fall upon his legs. They would yell "Throw it!" when he was chopping, and his axe would go sailing off into the bushes, no matter whom or what it hit. A command to climb a tree, to jump through a hole in the ice or to sleep out in the hovel with the horses could not be disobeyed by him. No matter how foolish or dangerous the task or who told him to do it, LeRoy at once left all work to make the attempt. One cold night a bob-cat was heard scratching around on top of the cabin. "Get up there and drive him away," said Hilare's bed mate, and half clad as he was he went aloft while the cat hurried away to the woods. "Jump," ordered the foreman, as Hilare stood on the peak of the roof. Repeating the word of command, like a sailor, he pitched himself among the brush and snow twenty feet below. The crew came running out with lanterns, to find poor Hilare lying insensible. "Oh, that is too bad," growled an old teamster. "Oh, that is too bad," replied the five jumpers who stood by. "Ah, mon Dieu!" howled Hilare recovering his senses. "Ah, mon Dieu!" yelled the five old jumpers and the three Frenchmen who had never jumped before. "Ah, mon Dieu!" Ah, mon Dieu!" they cried, jumping, and leaping in every direction, like young frogs after a summer shower.

They hopped about from knoll to snow-drift and from snow-drift to stump, yelling at the top of their voices and jumping higher with every yell, slapping one another on the backs and howling like wolves, until

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Hilare was carried inside and made comfortable. It was an hour before they were quiet enough to go to bed, and during that night and for many nights after if a man cried "Mon Dieu!" at any time every Frenchman who had not been afflicted before were made jumpers by this event, and remained jumpers while they stayed in camp.

Early in October, 1895, Dr. Samuel Watson of Lincoln, in company with Dave Thibideau, his jumping French guide, went up near Mt. Katahdin after big game. The doctor left his rifle against a tree while he looked up some rare mushrooms that grew near by. As he went over to examine the plants he heard a cracking of brush, and saw a bull moose charging down upon him. Climbing a sapling without getting his rifle, the moose meanwhile breaking down bushes and pawing up the frozen ground in its anger. Dr. Watson called to his guide:

The doctor saw his rifle shake in Dave's hand: "Shoot," he cried, "shoot right between his eyes." "Shoot," whimpered Dave in terror. The rifle flashed, and Dave and the moose fell at the same time. Dr. Watson says he and Dave both owe their lives to the fact that Dave was a jumper and could not disobey the command.

It took considerable diplomacy to avoid a lawsuit in Old Town last summer, and the whole trouble grew out of making a Frenchman jump at a time he wanted to be on his good behavior. Joe Kyah went to church one Sunday for the purpose of having his first born christened. After the ceremony the whole party moved out of the church, Joe walking ahead proudly and carrying the baby. "Throw it!" cried a young man behind who knew Joe's failing. "Throw it!" echoed Joe, and the baby was landed among a clump of gooseberry bushes in a yard near by. Several who were in the party resented the trick so much that the child's mother made complaint to a local justice. The joker who had caused the trouble finally had the proceedings quashed by buying the baby a silver mug and paying costs of court.

As a rule the courting period of the French Canadian resident is not of long duration. As soon as a young man finds he is able to care for two persons he selects a girl and proposes. If she accepts they are married at once. One that he asks other girls until he finds one that is willing. Tom St. Peters of Vezzie did not follow the rule. Though everybody knew he was well to do, and that he had been engaged to Lucy Le Bel for two years, he was still unwed. He took her to dances, and was very attentive, but nobody could get him to fix the day. One evening as he and Lucy were walking home, arm in arm, after an entertainment, a young fellow cried "Let go." "Let go," said Tom, freeing himself from Lucy's arm, much to her disgust. As soon as they attempted to shake arms again the cry was repeated, and the joke was kept up for half a mile. What Lucy said to Tom or what Tom said to Lucy when they were safe in her home nobody but Tom and Lucy knows, they must have arrived at some understanding, for inside of a month Miss Le Bel became Mrs. St. Peters.

In the middle of last August's drought Paul Voyo of Orington hired Joe and Alex. Souci to help clean out a well. Paul was down below filling the bucket while his men hauled it up. George Wiswell, a neighbor, came along when they had a pail at the top. "Spill it," cried Wiswell, and with both yelling "Spill it," they dumped twenty quarts of water and mud over the head of their employer. Ben Doane was foreman of Lang's brickyard in the summer of 1895, and had a crew of Frenchmen at work for him. Along toward fall he discharged Bill Le Charity for drunkenness and general incompetence, and told him to get out of town. That evening as Doane was going home Le Charity with a gang of followers met him in a field near the brickyard and proceeded to roll down the dandelions with his carcass. Le Charity was decorating Doane's face with bruises when the foreman yelled, "Look out." The words were repeated by all the

Frenchmen. "Now run," said Doane, and run they did, crying "Now run." "Get into the tread," he ordered, and two of them stripped off and began to shovel the wet clay. After this a horse was attached to the sweep, and the crew went to striking brick and racing to see who could do the most work. While they were busy Doane found his way to a doctor's office and had a court plaster cast made of his features. In addition to the above, scores of other and similar cases come to light every year, some of which are humorous, others are pathetic, and many are simply coarse jokes that are neither funny nor original. Dr. Albert Leticq of Bangor is a French-Canadian, but not a jumper. When asked to give an opinion regarding the jumping habit, Dr. Leticq said:

"The medical books give me no light on the subject, and I have studied them all. The jumper is a native of the region east of Montreal, and he may be a Frenchman, a New Brunswick Orangeman, or a Nova Scotia Scotchman. The habit seems to run in families, and is no doubt some obscure disease of the mind that has not yet been studied or defined. It is allied to epilepsy, though not nearly so dangerous. It may be that the ancestral French settlers were so bitterly persecuted by the Indians that for years they jumped at every sound until the practice was transmitted to the offspring. Then these intermarrying with the immigrants from the British Isles have produced the jumpers of today. My observation of the habit convinces me that it is increasing every year, and I fear it may result in a race of maniacs."

PROSTRATED FOR WANT OF BREATH.

Extreme Case of Heart Disease Cured by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

There is comfort in the thought, that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, is seldom unsuccessful. One of the many illustrations is found in the case of James Allen, of St. Stephen, N. B., who says: "In 1894 I was troubled very much with severe palpitation of the heart, and with pain in my side. My breath was very short, and with the least extra exertion, I became fully prostrated from want of breath. I was attended by a physician for a long time. When in considerable distress I visited the local drug store, and my attention was drawn to Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I obtained a bottle and before I took half of it I felt ever so much better, and today I am a sound man, owing to the use only of this remedy." Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Singular Aversions.

The smell of pickles always sent Cardinal Wolsey into hysterical fits. He called upon Henry VIII. once while the monarch was lunching off some cold meat, and Wolsey fell down under the table as soon as he smelt there was pickled cabbage in the room. Henry, thinking the Cardinal was intoxicated, had him locked up in the Tower immediately.

Old Parr would turn pale if he touched a piece of soap; this is the reason he never shaved. Cicero had such an antipathy to Wednesday that he used to remain in bed all that day; and Anne Boleyn could not hear the word "potato" pronounced without turning violently red, and feeling low-spirited for weeks afterward.

AN INDESCRIBABLE SENSATION.

To be easily described a thing must have clear outlines and unmixed colours. In other words it must be simple. A rent in one's clothing, a bcl on one's body, a tumble while walking, the shape of a box, &c., are easily set forth in words. On the contrary the complex and comprehensive things puzzle the mind and take the meaning from language.

It was for this reason that Miss Sabina Mitchell, alluding to an experience of illness, says: "At this time there came upon me an indescribable sensation. It was as if the powers of life were going to fail me, and I should sink down, without help, as a stone sinks in water. Yet in saying this I convey no adequate idea of the nature of that feeling. I hope I shall never have it again."

"The illness which led to it began in the spring of 1892. My health appeared to give way all at once. I found myself tired, heavy, and feeble. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had much distress at the stomach and pain at the chest and sides. My strength gradually declined and I

became very low, weak, and nervous; and it was when in this condition that I felt the indescribable sensation I have spoken of."

"I soon became so depressed in body and mind that it was with great labour and strain that I attended to my business. I was extremely downhearted and feeble, and none of the many medicines I tried did me any real good. In December, 1892, Mother Seigel's Syrup was commended to me, and I began using it with, I confess, small confidence. But after taking it for a few days I felt wonderful relief. My appetite improved, and eating no longer gave me pain. A short time afterwards the Syrup proved its value in the matter of my disordered nerves. The nervousness disappeared with my increasing strength. Nowadays, whenever I need any medicine, a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup quickly sets me right. Having had so convincing an experience of what it can do, I recommend it to all my friends and customers. You can make such use as you like of this letter. (Signed), (Miss) Sabina Mitchell, Marcham-is-Fen, Boston, Lines, May 17th, 1895."

"In March, 1892," writes another lady, "my health began to give way. I had lost my energy, and was languid and heavy in feeling. I had a sense of faintness and dizziness that was almost constant, and occasional spells of sinking which I cannot describe. Hot and cold flushes came over me my mouth tasted badly, and after eating I had a feeling at the chest like the pressure of an actual load upon it. I never seemed rested, and awoke in the morning more tired than when I went to bed. I was also much troubled with wind or gas from the stomach, and a raised sour, biting fluid."

"In this manner I continued to suffer for nearly two years, no medicine that I took giving me any relief. In January, 1894, I got a small book and read in it of cases like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I immediately procured the medicine from Boots' Drug Stores, and after taking it about ten days felt much better. I could eat something nourishing without any pain following. I kept on with the Syrup and was soon in my former good health once more. You have my permission to make this statement public. (Signed) (Mrs.) Ann Shaw, 174, Barnsey Road, Batemoor, Sheffield, March 8th, 1895."

"Touching the 'indescribable sensation' alluded to by both ladies, an eminent medical author says: 'It is syncope without the loss of consciousness. The sufferer has the keenest realisation of the bitterness of dissolution. I have seen stalwart men unnerved and shaken by such experiences till they trembled like aspen leaves.'"

The cause is an acid poison in the blood produced by indigestion or dyspepsia. The remedy is to purify the blood with Mother Seigel's Syrup, and to tone the stomach in the same way. Use the Syrup on the approach of the earliest signs of weakness.

Fashions for Dogs.

The Paris dog-tailors issue at this season of the year their fashion plates for the coming months. "On the occasion of the marriage of an ambassador's daughter," says one of these artists, "I make for his excellency's dogs brilliant gala costumes to match the liveries of the servants."

It is a Mistake

For you to experiment in trying to dye your own clothes. For a very small amount UNGAR will do them and give good satisfaction. It is also a mistake for any person to throw away garments because they are faded or dirty; because UNGAR can make them look as good as new, and the cost is small.

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