

privilege of commencing at the beginning. We were at once conducted up two flights of stairs and led into the cutting department.

Here sitting around a large, plain table were three of the cutters, each was provided with two sticks not unlike the handles of ordinary paint brushes, a small box (with various partitions, and used for the diamonds to be cut, and an alcohol lamp. The work seemed very simple. On the end of each stick is a kind of glue or paste, which, when heated is very pliable, but as soon as cooled, it becomes as rock. In the wax on one stick is imbedded a sharp diamond used as a knife, and on the other is the diamond to be cut. Now this requires a great deal of skill, not in the cutting process alone, but the knowing where and how to cut. You know many of the diamonds are found in a very impure state; in fact we were shown specimens, which resembled to a great extent the clear flint mottled with black which we find at home. As soon as a defective spot is thus found, it becomes the object of the cutter to so chip the stone that this will become the surface of one of the parts, this accomplished the polisher can remove the stain. Many stones are so impure that they are at once reduced to a powder and used for the polishing of others.

Now the diamond to be cut is taken from the box, the wax on the stick is held over the alcohol lamp until it becomes pliable and the stone is imbedded in the same, the side to be cut being left uppermost, the work now commences. The cutter takes his knife in one hand and the stick holding the rough diamond in the other, by a slow process of passing the sharp edge of the knife over the surface of the other a niche is made. Patience, perseverance and a good deal of elbow grease will gradually enlarge this opening until the edge of a steel chisel can be placed in the same, a blow from a small mallet will now split the diamond. The wax is again heated, the pieces taken out and work on another stone begins. To see those diamonds as they are tossed hither and thither by the workmen reminds one of a group of children playing with pebbles upon the ditch bank of one of our Western towns. A diamond in the rough isn't of any special attraction; it is the polishing that gives the high value to the stone. To witness this we passed through hall and into polishing room on the upper floor. There seated at long tables upon which were rapidly revolving cylinders, were the workmen each directing the polishing of three or four diamonds. The stones were fastened in frames and could be turned in the polishing process at any required slant. At intervals they would be removed from the rapidly revolving surface which has a velocity of 20,000 revolutions per minute, and upon them would be placed moistened diamond dust by means of a quill, then back to the wheel they would go and this process continues for hours and hours, days and days, until the required number of surfaces have been made. On many of the stones thirty-two surfaces are ground, on others sixty-four.

Great skill is required in this. One must know just how long to leave the stone upon the revolving disc, when to apply the diamond dust and exactly at what angle the stone must be held. Four pound weights are often made use of to secure greater rapidity in smoothing the gems. These are placed on the frames holding the stones and woe to he who is not attentive enough to see that the stone is not worn too deep or ground too long.

The wage of the polisher is governed by the skill shown in the work and by the number of diamonds polished; the average salary is about forty guilders per week, the cutters receive more. A

great improvement has been made in the mills the last three years, before this six men worked around one cylinder in the polishing departments, now each man has his own stand. Before leaving we feasted our eyes upon a beautiful collection of stones, and also saw the representation, in brilliants, of the most noted diamonds in the world.

This factory is not a very important or imposing looking structure. When we remember that Holland is below sea-level and depends for her safety upon the mighty dykes that her people have built, it is not to be wondered at that the soil is very unstable and that in most places the water is very near the surface. Therefore in order to overcome this difficulty it is necessary to build the houses on piles. These consist of large timbers of poles six or eight inches in diameter and sixteen to twenty feet in length. These are driven in where the foundation is to be laid, planks are placed upon the same and the brick is laid upon them. If the building to be erected is extraordinary large, after the foundation has been excavated, it being dug quite deep, water immediately takes the place, and it is a very common sight to see a man turning the large auger-like pump to remove the water so that the piles can be driven in. It often happens that buildings in this section cost more for the work below ground than for the part above.

It is stated that Erasmus of Rotterdam once upon a time visited the gem city, and noticed how the houses were constructed. On his return he told his friends that he knew a city where the inhabitants dwell on the tops of trees like rooks.

Yet with all the precaution used in the erection of edifices, it happens now and again that buildings must be torn down on account of the unstable condition of the foundations. In 1822 the great corn magazine built originally for the East India company literally sank into the mud, the piles not being sufficient to support the three thousand, four hundred tons of grain stored therein.

If you could have seen the late demonstration on the streets of this city at the coronation of Holland's young queen you would not be surprised at its low altitude, indeed you would wonder that it had not been trampled to the very bottom of yon surging watery expanse by the million enthusiastic participants of the big jubilee.

On the day preceding the coronation the queen came direct from the Hague where she had been spending the time with her mother. The city was beautifully decorated to receive her, the national colors of Holland, red, white and blue, being interspersed with orange, in honor of the house of Orange to which the queen belongs, she being a descendant of William, prince of Orange.

From the station at which she arrived and along the line of march to the palace was one continual flower garden. Lovely festoons of red, white and blue tastefully decorated with myriads of flags floating in the breeze, all told how dearly the people loved their young ruler.

She rode with her mother in a dainty gold-bedecked carriage (a present from her mother on her eighteenth birthday) drawn by eight coal black steeds, attended by as many pages. The horse-gear was heavily mounted with silver.

Wilhelmina was arrayed in a plain white costume of silk, and was the essence of grace itself in showing her appreciation of the great homage and mighty cheering of the assembled thousands.

In order to appease the people the queen drove out into the city several times, the main parade taking place the day before and evening following the coronation.

Holland may well be proud of her young queen, for Wilhelmina has had a good training from a very considerate and not over indulgent mother. Many are the anecdotes related illustrating the unostentatious manner in which she has been reared. It is related that one day the child queen knocked at the door of her mother's room. On the mother asking who was there Wilhelmina replied "The future heiress to the throne." The answer came back, "If it is the future heiress to the throne I do not wish to see her, but if it is my little Wilma, come right in." It is needless to say that the child learned a lasting lesson.

The people of Amsterdam in order to show their appreciation to their young monarch have built a golden coach and presented it to her. It is said to be one of the finest possessed by any sovereign in the world and far outstrips the one presented to Wilhelmina by her mother. The queen expects to be busy for some time in inspecting and readjusting the affairs of her little kingdom. Success to her in all good efforts.  
J. COLLIE ROBINSON.

#### RUNAWAY FATALITY.

Frederick Lewis, formerly of Millville, Tooele county, but more recently of this city, was the victim of a runaway fatality on Saturday afternoon. About 4:30 o'clock Mr. Lewis and his wife drove in a two-seated wagon from 568 west First North street to the residence of their son William, who recently moved to Salt Lake and who is residing on Second North, between Third and Fourth West streets. The drive was made in safety; but when Mr. Lewis sprang from the vehicle at the end of his destination the horse became frightened and broke into a run. Mr. Lewis was caught between the shafts and the animal's shoulder and was dragged for a distance of nearly one hundred yards, when he fell to the ground and was trampled upon by the horse. Some distance further Mrs. Lewis succeeded in bringing the horse to a standstill, when she, too, fell from here seat in a faint in the bottom of the wagon. Persons who witnessed the runaway immediately went to the rescue of both husband and wife. Mr. Lewis was conveyed to his son's residence and Dr. Beer sent for. It took the doctor but a very short time to ascertain that Mr. Lewis was injured beyond the possibility of recovery. A number of his ribs on the left side had been crushed and forced into his lungs; he had also sustained internal injuries. However, the ambulance was sent for, and an effort made to remove him to the Holy Cross hospital, where better treatment could be given him. It was 6:30 o'clock when the ambulance arrived and the drive to the hospital commenced; but at that time the spark of life was becoming weaker and weaker, and Mr. Lewis died before reaching the hospital.

The body was taken to the undertaking parlors of Joseph W. Taylor and prepared for burial. Dr. Beer held consultation with County Attorney Van Cobl, and the latter decided that under the circumstances an inquest was unnecessary.

By an accidental dynamite explosion in a compartment shaft at the Trio mine, Jamestown, Cal., Monday evening, David Stewart and Frank Calkings were killed, and Edward Brophy and F. R. Beecher slightly injured. The escape from death of Brophy and Beecher was miraculous. They were only ten feet distant from the other two miners, but were sheltered by the cage. The explosion was caused by the drill striking a small quantity of dynamite.