

And Britain weeps sad, bitter tears whilst flush'd
with victory.

For on Matamneh's blood-red sand lies noble
Burnaby

Avenged! Behold what hecatombs around the
dead man lay.

(The royal paw is heaviest when the lion's
brought to bay)

And as the shades of even fall upon this day of
strife

That heap of slain exceedeth far the foes he
slew in life

And when a sneering alien tongue shall speak
of him with scorn

Or hint at our decaying might, the child as yet
unborn

Shall beard the dastard to his teeth, and tell
exultingly

How like the Israelite in death was "Samson"
Burnaby.

Intriguing Russia's prestige waned in far-off
Persia's State

When England's lonely horseman stood at
Khiva's guarded gate.

Aye! Drums of the Northern steppes, roll forth
thy fœtid breath.

Exult, since now that lion-heart is still'd for aye
in death,

And strut, and crow, thou Gallic cock, beyond
thy northern shore,

Perfidious Albion drapes her halls for one who
is no more.

Vale the last and brightest star of England's
chivalry,

'Neath Orient's skies thou sleepest well, O gal-
lant Burnaby!

—Hereward K. Cockin in *The Week*.

A DIAMOND DRUMMER.

MEN WHO CARRY BIG FORTUNES IN PRECIOUS
STONES IN THEIR VEST POCKETS.

"My life is anything but a life of ease and pleasure," said a veteran traveling salesman for one of the largest diamond houses in America, seated in an easy chair in an uptown club. "I have been on the road for over twelve years, and have traveled all over America and Europe," continued he. "It is sometimes a wonder to myself to think of what I have been through and lived. I spend ten months out of twelve on the road, and I live nearly always on the train or boat. I seldom stop at a city longer than two or three days. I must stop at the best hotels, on account of the valuable property I carry. I start out on my trips twice a year, from New York, in May and November, taking \$150,000 to \$200,000 worth of stones with me each trip. I have a regular route that I go over once a year. I take the West in on my May trip, and go South as far as Mexico in November. I am treated much more courteously than the ordinary jewel-

ry salesman by the people to whom I sell. In the first place my havin' such an enormous amount of property in my pockets commands a certain kind of respect. There is a curious fascination about diamonds that few men can resist. Nearly everybody loves to look at them and watch the different effects of light on them in various positions. When a diamond drummer enters a store and makes known his business he is generally invited back into a private room and asked to show his stock. If a stone suits a customer, instead of ordering so many by sample, he buys at once, gives his note and the transaction is complete."

"How do you carry your diamonds?"

"In cases like this," replied the salesman, taking out a Russian leather case shaped like a common envelope. It was about six inches long, by four broad, and sewed together with strong silk thread. It was lined with oiled silk, and fitted on the inner back with two compartments, also envelope shape. When folded up two heavy bands of elastic held the laps. It looked like an ordinary pocket-book. "that little book" continued he, "will carry about \$80,000 worth of diamonds. Nice pile, eh? I have my vests especially made to accommodate these cases. I have seven of them and pockets for each one. All the pockets are on the front of the vest and strongly protected from pickpockets. An effective protection against the knife of the pickpocket is a fine gauze of steel sewed next to the cloth of the vest. Very few can go through that in the short time they have to work. I never take my vest off, even while I am asleep. I have never lost a dollar's worth by robbery or otherwise."

"Of course you go armed?"

"Well, slightly," replied he, with a quiet smile, reaching back of him and bringing out an improved Colt's revolver, 38 calibre. "I carry two of these with me or two Colt's derringer pistols when on the road. I practice shooting regularly, and I think I can hit a five cent piece at fifty paces."

"I can tell you the life of a diamond broker is one that requires nerve and a great deal of sharpness. In the West last summer, on my way from Denver to Chicago, I discovered that I was followed by a man who had got wind of my vocation and the diamonds I carried with me. I had an alligator-skin traveling bag, which I had put up in the rack over my head in the railroad car. He evidently thought

I was fool enough to put my diamonds in that bag, by the way he eyed it. At a little way station, about 200 miles this side of Denver, we had 20 minutes for dinner. I went out with the rest, leaving the bag in the rack. Instead of going to the dinner-table I took up my stand by the window looking towards the cars. I saw the fellow walk up to the rack, take down the bag and throw the strap of it over his shoulders. With a satisfied smile he walked down the steps of the car, and started out through the station. A shot from my revolver caused him to stop and nearly frightened him to death. He gave up the bag, which only held some soiled linen and such things, and I let him go. I have some adventures every time I go out, and some day I suppose some one will kill me, and he laughed lightly and turned to other subjects.—"Exchange."

JEWELS OF THE ORIENT.

The history of gems in the East is the history of the governing princes, for so often has the course of history in the Orient been affected by intrigues about precious stones that they assume a State importance. The traditional diamond in the East is the Great Mogul. The original weight of this stone was 787 karats, but by cutting it was reduced to 297 karats. The stone disappeared at the last Tartar invasion, when treasures to the value of \$950,000,000 were captured by Nadir Shah. It is believed to be at present hidden away in some obscure fortress in Asia Minor, and it may be recovered at some future time.

Some idea of the abundance of precious stones in the East may be gained from the fact that when Mahmoud, in the eleventh century, captured Sumnat, an idol statue was broken open and found to contain three bushels of diamonds, rubies and emeralds. Ala-ud-deen obtained from the Rajah of Mahrattas fifty pounds of diamonds and rubies and 175 pounds of pearls. Shah Jehan, the greatest of the Mogul sovereigns, left a treasure of incalculable value at his death—a throne valued at \$80,000,000 and a crown worth \$12,000,000. The throne was the celebrated peacock throne, so called from the images of two peacocks which stood before it, each made of precious stones so matched in color and position as to resemble the natural color of the bird. The throne was six