

WHERE PLATINUM IS FOUND

Rare Metal in Small Quantities Usually is Associated With Gold in Gravel Beds.

Platinum is found associated with gold, principally in gravel beds. The primary source is accumulations of gravel which have been eroded from extensive area and gradually concentrated in one locality by the continued action of water.

Platinum is of a silver gray color which is rarely tarnished. Its development is similar to gold, except that where gold is usually associated with quartz and light colored rocks platinum will be found more commonly with dark colored rocks, and especially those of a greenish shading.

Of the rare metals associated with platinum, iridium, osmium, palladium and others, little need be said because of their rarity. If found they will be associated with platinum and will be known by the greater hardness, brighter surface and greater specific gravity.

THREAD DOES SLEUTH WORK

Milwaukee Merchant Devises a Clever Scheme to Get Rid of a Troublesome Shoplifter.

The manager of a local department store took an efficacious method of ridding himself of a troublesome petty shoplifter recently. The woman has been coming into the store and picking up a small remnant, spool of thread, thimble or other article that happened to be lying about, having little intrinsic value, but being nevertheless a source of annoyance to both the clerk and the management.

A few days ago the manager took a spool of silk from the case, fastened the loose end of the thread with a tack, and allowing a bit of slack, left it upon the counter. It was not long before his party arrived, and deftly dropping the spool into her shopping bag, started out. The manager detached the loose end and followed her up the street, a few yards in the rear.

"Madame, I'll trouble you for that spool of thread." What followed can be more easily imagined than described. He got the thread and has not been troubled with losses since, nor have the other stores, so far as may be learned.—Milwaukee Free Press.

Bearded "Ladies."

M. Brandt, a Danish professor, comes to the conclusion that bearded ladies in time to come will be the order of the day. Ladies with beards who are now to be seen may be regarded as the precursors of the future race, and the professor comes to the conclusion that the more masculine woman becomes in her habits so much the more will she be in appearance. He does not think that bearded ladies will become general until at least two centuries have elapsed. His investigations show that the number of women with traces of mustaches, although clearly visible, increases but slowly. The Paris contemporary from which we take the foregoing suggests that the professor has missed the great point which he might have made and that is that as the number of men who shave increases daily it would follow that women would endeavor to grow beards from sheer perversity.

"Aeropotamian."

Some months ago a learned professor at the Sorbonne wrote to the Parisian papers proposing that the word "potamian" be used as a term to designate the aviator, the word potamian being based, he explained, on the Greek root "pet," to fly. Another learned person says that the word harks back to the earliest days of aviation, and quotes from Der Deutsche Merkur (the German Mercury), published by Wieland at Weimar, in October, 1783, which speaks of "Aeropotamian," or the latest progress in flying.

The Ruling Passion.

"How is Mrs. Dumley? I understand the doctor gave her up?" "Yes, he did. But she's better. The other day she thought she was sinking and sent in a hurry for her women neighbors." "Well, in ten minutes they were all playing bridge."

WHY HE LIKES WATERMELONS

Colored Man Discourses Philosophically on Those Soothing, Cooling and Filling Fruits.

A well-known lawyer, who is spending his vacation at home doing nothing, or, as he says, "loafing with all his might," tells of a talk he had recently with his colored hired man.

Going to the stable he found John with his face buried in a big piece of watermelon.

"Why is it, John, that colored people are so fond of watermelons?" "I don't know," he replied, grinning. "Less is just because dey's people. I knows a heap o' white folks at like 'em, too. I likes 'em cause dey's soothing, an' coolin', an' fillin', an' I spose dey stimulates dat away wid white folks. I reckon dey ain' much different 'twixt white folks and cullud folks' inside."

"Perhaps not. Do you consider the watermelon a fruit or a vegetable?" "Well, now, it's jus' like this: Water-melons ain' no vegetable, cause dey won't stan' cookin' like cabbage nor cannin' like beans, nor dryin' like red peppers, an' dey ain' no fruit, 'cause dey doan grow on trees an' you can't put 'em in your pockets like apples and peaches. Looks to me like dey's jes' watermelons."

SEEMED TO FILL THE BILL

Young Suffragette Appeared to the Youth's Mother to Be Suitable as His Wife.

The young suffragette who had insisted on marrying the young man with whom she had fallen in love, approached the young man's mother in fear and trembling.

"Can you support my son," asked that lady sternly, "in the style to which he has been accustomed?" "I cannot, madam. He will have to supply all the cash."

"Um. Are you able, in spite of your advanced views, to keep him badly in debt?" "I am. That is my specialty."

"Do you know how to nurse him if he should fall ill?" "Haven't the remotest idea. My childhood has been spent in attending caucuses."

"Ha! Will you guarantee to kiss him good-by every morning?" "If I happen to remember it—but I can't guarantee anything."

"What time do you expect to come in at night?" "O, anywhere from 12 to 3 in the morning."

"Do you rehearse your speeches at home?" "Yes, as a rule."

"The mother's face relaxed. "We must be cautious in these matters," she said sweetly. "But, on the whole, I think you will do."—Life.

Then and Now. Prior to the last 15 years, by the time people had attained their first quarter of a century, they considered themselves pretty much formed as to physical and mental characteristics.

Now everything is changed. We cannot settle down comfortably in the thought of anything in the regular routine of life which we may not be called upon to alter at a moment's notice. Most of us have found that, few of our established habits are right and that unless we are willing to be left hopelessly behind our associates we must learn over again all that we acquired in infancy, and that has since become a matter of automatic action.—The Atlantic.

Shine With Every Drink.

There have been in the history of barber shops such plans as "A shave and a shine all for a dime," "A haircut and a shine free," but it was left for a negro barber shop at 18 Ivy street to give a free shoe shine when a drink was paid for. That is, it was a Sunday blind tiger in which Will Strong, a bootblack, sold liquor and then gave his customer a free shine.

The police had suspected the barber, shop for some time and on last Sunday they made a raid and found a large lot of whisky in pint bottles. Will Strong was in charge and was running a bootblack stand. He claimed that another negro had brought the whisky in to the shop without his knowing it. The Recorder sent Will Strong to the chain gang for thirty days.—Atlanta Constitution.

Cooper's Piano.

W. N. Potter of Cooperstown, N. Y., has in his possession a piano which he values very highly and is fond of showing to his visitors. It was owned by James Fenimore Cooper.

C. D. Pease of Cooperstown made the piano and the great novelist bought it. Afterward he sold it to Judge Stewart, and after passing through the hands of B. F. Jacobs of Millford and his daughter, it came into those of Mr. Potter. It is of six octaves, and is in a solid mahogany frame of plain design.

DIET OF THE TEETOTALER

He Tells What He Ate and Drank During Day of Work and Business.

"I was just recanting what I had taken in the way of refreshment today," said a teetotaler to his wife when he came home to dinner on one of the hottest days, and it makes me astonished that there are not more cases of upset stomachs.

"You know I got up early and went up to play golf. Well, for breakfast I had a lamb chop, cereal, coffee, toast and a couple of bananas."

"After I'd played the six 'hill' holes I had a drink of ice water, and after playing the fifteenth hole we repaired to the shady of the taxman on the railroad and had one of his lemonades, which he makes for the thirsty golfers and through which trade he probably makes more than his wages amount to."

"After we'd finished I had a dish of ice cream and two large glasses of excellent milk. Then I took a shower bath, dressed and went down town, tarrying for a pineapple ice cream soda and a glass of ice water."

"For lunch at my usual downtown restaurant I took a lettuce and tomato sandwich, iced tea, a good sized section of watermelon and a piece of coconut pie. About fifteen minutes after four o'clock I took an egg chocolate at a soda fountain."

"And here I am, ready for dinner, and not aware of any ill effects from the variety of foods and drinks I've taken."

HE AROUSED HER INTEREST

Woman Didn't Want Books or Pictures, but Lotion for Wrinkles Was Different.

"Madame," said the gentlemanly agent, "I am selling a collection of the greatest poems ever written. The book is finely bound, containing 697 pages, and—"

"I don't care for poetry. You will have to excuse me."

"In that case, ma'am perhaps you would like to see a Bible that I am selling. It contains a handy index which will enable you to find any name or quotation without—"

"No, we have all the Bibles we want. Really, I am very busy."

"If you are interested in art I can furnish you with replicas of all the old masters, so cleverly done that no once would be able to—"

"We have all the art we want. I must ask you to step outside at once."

"Won't you let me show you a collection of the world's show masterpieces? It is the most handsome volume—"

"No, I don't care to be bothered any further. Good day."

"I am handling a lotion that is guaranteed to remove wrinkles in one night. It is recommended by—"

"Just step in and be seated, won't you, please? Do you carry a supply with you for immediate delivery?"

Squinting. I heard recently of a mother who smacked her small boy because he squinted. She remarked that if that would not cure the child she did not know what would.

She evidently had no idea that squinting is a nervous affection (unless it comes from a deformity of the eye, which generally can be cured by operation), and that sometimes it is a symptom of serious brain disorder.

Most of the "ugly tricks" that children develop in childhood are simply the result of "nerves" and to attempt to cure them by nagging, scolding or smacking is about the worst possible way to set about it.

It is very important that they should be remedied, however, because sometimes these tricks have lasting impressions that endure even into adult life, and spoil the appearance of the manners—or perhaps both—and also may considerably injure the health.—Exchange.

West Steadily Advancing.

Beersheba is still an outpost of civilization against Bedouin tribes. Its commercial importance is increasing rapidly, owing to waterworks which draw their supply from seven wells mentioned in Genesis. That the historic East is gradually succumbing, however, to the progressive spirit of the West is indicated by the fact that a pumping plant has been erected over Abraham's well. When the railway system now under way has been completed, it will be possible to run trains from Paris to Damascus, Jerusalem, and Mecca itself.

Are Fishes Mirrors?

A scientist says he always fancied little fish were protected against the mouths of the big fish chiefly by their markings looking like the stones and reeds in the water, but he now concludes that all shining, silvery fish are mirrors, reflecting the dark bottom of the pond, and it is only when such fish come to the surface that the light shines on them, and they become visible to the big fish that they prey on little fish. So long as the little, silvery fish stay close to the bottom they look like mud and stones, only showing their shining silver when they come near the top and so are soon swallowed down.

Much the Same for Husband.

Mrs. Knicker—What is the chief difference between summer and winter? Mrs. Bocker—In winter you ask for more money, and in summer you write for it.—Puck.

COSTA RICAN IS DIGNIFIED

He Loves Pomp and Ceremony and His Formal Banquets Are Distressingly Solemn.

"The Costa Rican loves pomp and ceremony. He plays with diplomacy, and from force of habit strikes a threatening attitude toward the head of the government, whoever he may be, but never carries it so far as to provoke a revolution, as is done in the sister republics."

"He is a perfect picture of the posing hero in the comic opera, never yet having been conquered by his enemy, but always on guard," writes a woman correspondent of Health Culture. "The old Spanish hindooes who warred with the Central American states did not consider the country around San Jose treacherous than by a bridge path over the mountains) worth fighting for."

"So they left the natives in possession and the consequence is that the poor, or barefooted native, driving his yoke or diminutive oxen, is nobody's slave. He owns his mule and cart, his little patio of land and farmhouse. The tax gatherer has no place there, therefore when you meet him reincarnated as the dignified merchant he is a most self-respecting citizen."

"A dinner of fifty covers, with three kinds of wine, was tendered a foreign diplomat during our stay at the Hotel Imperial. When they were all seated and the dinner well on we gained a coin of vantage where we were not seen, and I aver that a woman's suffrage luncheon in New York city was a hilarious affair in comparison to it. Yet nearly every man present had been educated in Europe."

"At Christmas time, during the ten days of fete, they enter heartily into the spirit of the carnival, and then fold themselves away for the rest of the year."

SAVED BY TROUSER BUTTON

Alpine Guide Finds Tiny Article in Rock Cleft and Lost Climbers Are Rescued.

The Alpine guide has practically no knowledge of the use of map and compass. In fact, he is prone to despise their aid, yet how many dozens of lives would have been saved on Mont Blanc alone had such simple aid been appreciated. The professional prefers to rely on his powers of observation and that peculiar instinct sometimes aptly described as the bump of locality. He is alert to detect the slightest traces of predecessors. A party of us were once befogged and had lost all idea of our position on the complicated, westerly face of the Riffhorn.

A young guide was with us, and he became so dangerously disconsolate and helpless that one of the amateurs had to take the lead. For some hours we fought with severe difficulties, discouraged meanwhile by our companions' prophecy of certain disaster. His poor old mother was doomed to lose her only support! Things were altogether miserable. Suddenly we came to a ledge on a desperate corner with a steep chimney to the right. The young guide signaled his arrival by his side with a great and startling yodel, a joyous shout as of deliverance. His quick eye had espied a trouser button in the cleft of the chimney, and we knew that we had struck a regular route. That tiny relic of humanity put new life into the faltering one, and he then led us hand over hand to the summit.—Wide World.

Pit Brow Lassies.

How difficult it is to make laws to suit everybody is illustrated again in the tale which comes from England about the lassies of Lancashire. The poor lassies! They spend their young lives pushing heavy coal tubs to the pit brows of the mines. No decent civilization would permit its women to be so injured! So the philanthropists argued, and straightway a bill was passed forbidding the employment of women at the pit brows. But were the beneficiaries grateful? Not at all. They protested. A deputation of them traveled to London under the aegis of the mayor and mayor's wife of Wigan to urge the repeal of the law! "They all looked healthy," says the report, "and well dressed for their station." They are quite able to do the work, they protested, and do not want any benevolent Parliamentary intervention in their behalf.

Shifting Ministers.

One of Wesley's reasons for shifting his preachers every three years was avowedly that they might be able to preach the same sermon over again to different congregations. He knew by experience the difficulty of sermon making. After a few weeks, he said, a preacher cannot find matter for preaching every morning and evening, "nor will the people come to hear him, whereas if he never stays more than a fortnight in one place he will find plenty of matter, and the people will hear him gladly. I know that were I to preach one whole year in one place I should preach both myself and my congregation to sleep."

Live Litterateur Resented.

"You don't seem to care for any authors except those of a previous generation." "Well," replied Mr. Cumrox, "I am kind of prejudiced in their favor. You see, there's no chance that mother an' the girls will invite 'em to parties to act supercilious and superior."

TO PROTECT WATER BUCKETS

Stable Boys Bore Holes in Their Bottoms and Carry Corks in Their Pockets.

"Anybody who has occasion to use a water bucket," said a man acquainted with their various uses, "is likely to pick up the first one he comes to, then he may put it back where he found it or he may not."

"It was to prevent their being carried off in this way and left around where they didn't belong that fire buckets came to be made with round bottoms, so that they wouldn't stand on their own bottom. Such buckets, as you know, are kept filled with water and standing around in barns, supported in holders having rounded out spaces in which the buckets rest. These buckets are likely to be left where they belong."

"A man who doesn't know their peculiarity may come along some day and pick up one of them and carry it off, but he is likely to leave the fire buckets alone after one experience of seeing the bucket he has carried off roll over when he set it down and spill out all the water."

"Perhaps you don't know what stable boys do to keep their buckets where they can find them. The stable boy protects his particular bucket by boring a hole in its bottom, so that it won't hold water; nobody wants a bucket that won't hold water. Then he carries in his pocket a cork that will fit the hole in the bucket, and when he has use for it he simply plugs the hole, and there's the bucket ready for use."

"To be sure other boys around a stable may carry corks in their pockets, but the run of people don't, and so the boy who has bored the bottom of his bucket is at least a little more likely to find it when he wants it than he would be if it had no hole in it."

TOO REMARKABLE TO FALL

Ruined Old Barn Set Mose an Example and He Proceeded to Get Well.

In their first walk of the season at Wobrook-in-the-Hills the judge and his wife stopped at the Bartons' to inquire for Mose, who was reported to have been "more'n common allin' long back." They found Mrs. Barton in the garden, weeding.

"Yes, he was awful bad all last winter," she said, gradually rising, and straightening up. "First he had gripe, an' that left his heart weak, an' long toward March his liver kind o' got out o' whack. Then Mose went for doctor, an' he called it 'complication o' diseases.'"

"You're a sick man," says doctor. "I know that," says Mose, "but you're tellin' me!" You know his way? "But this complication, I guess I'd better get well—an' he did!"

"Suthin' in that, eh, squire?" said Mose, suddenly appearing from behind the house. "Much!" asserted the judge. "Didn't find my argument in a book, same as you would, squire." Mose continued, "Got it up on the hills, from the old Collins' barn—member it?"

"I should say I did!" said the judge, smiling reminiscently. "Roofsides, practically and open on all sides!" "But kep' a-standin' for nigh thirty year 'cause it was so ramshackle it didn't know which way to fall. My case exactly!" declared Mose. Barton, with a twinkle.—Youth's Companion.

Dismal Swamp Water.

Many interesting observations were made during a recent excursion into the Dismal Swamp of Virginia, sent out by the Washington Academy of Sciences. The swamp is divided into two parts, as far as the character of the vegetation is concerned—the "black gum" and the "juniper" areas. The juniper area is of particular interest. Juniper is the local name for the Southern white cedar. Swamp blueberry, white cedar, inkberry, fetter bush and other species of the heather family are intermingled with the juniper trees. The water of the juniper swamp contains a remarkably small quantity of mineral matter and has the color of tea. It is antiseptic, and before the days of distilled sea water it furnished the favorite supply of drinking water for ships starting on long voyages from Norfolk. The sailors called it "juniper water," and were very fond of it.—Youth's Companion.

Selling Perfume in Mexico.

All classes in Mexico buy perfumes, even the Yaquis. There is a large mail-order business done from this section of Mexico. Sample packages if very small come in free, but many salable-sized packages, even if marked "sample," would be dutiable. If perfume is sent by mail the duty is collected by the postoffice before delivery of the goods; if sent by express the company advances the duty at the frontier and collects on delivering the goods. If a package is sent by mail, for actual sale, the sender should mark the value thereon; if by express, send the bill along.—United States Consular Reports.

A Perilous Duty.

"My position," remarked the eminent physician, "is one requiring the greatest tact and diplomacy." "What is the trouble?" "I feel conscientiously obliged to tell several of my most wealthy and influential patients that they overeat."

GAMBLERS OF HIGH POSITION

Great Ladies of England Formerly Played Continually and for the Highest Stakes.

A little over a century ago there were hundreds of great ladies in England who made their drawing rooms regular gambling dens, and many in the most exalted social positions lost, or won, as the case might be, thousands of dollars in a single night's play. The royal princesses did not hesitate to play for the highest stakes, and a faro bank was a portion of the paraphernalia of fame fashion.

Queen Elizabeth was fond of cards, but she was inclined to be somewhat peevish and lost her temper at the game. Mary, Queen of the Scots, carried her infatuation to the extent of wearing her personal attire on a game. She would play continually from Saturday to Monday, and sacrifice her wardrobe, if necessary, to do so. Queen Ann of Austria was fairly pursued by ill luck, we are told, but she is said to have played without passion or greed.

Anne Boleyn was an inveterate gambler, as were all the wives of Henry VIII, with one exception—Catherine of Aragon did not gamble, as she had no love for the card table. Nell Gwyn lost 400 guineas one night to the muse of a notorious gambler, Mazarin, who afterward died insolvent, having lost at cards an enormous fortune left to her by her cardinal uncle. Cards are still popular among the hostesses of many of the English drawing rooms, but not to the extent they were a century ago.

HUMOR IN HIS EXAGGERATION

Jabish Furlong's Recital Illustrates the Characteristic That Makes Maine Stories So Amusing.

Novel and exaggerated smiles and comparisons characterize Maine speech. Instead of such commonplace as "As light as a feather" and "As dark as a pocket," the comparisons are likely to be "Furry pounds lighter than a straw hat" and "As dark as the inside of a cow."

And it is in this same exaggeration that makes his story so likeable. Jabish worked for old man McKinnon's time, had it.

"I had the greatest luck the other day," said Jabish, walking a log across a deep spruce on the furred bank. "I stepped and fished, and I fetched the squirrel and a partridge. That was settin' in the spruce but the old gun kicked me into the brook. Well, I foundered around, catchin' hold of everything within reach, and when I found myself up on the bank, I had a stick in one hand, a muskquash in t'other and the seat o' mer pants was full o' trout."

Where Wesley Wrote Hymns.

The Rev. J. H. Wicksteed, vicar of Bexley, Kent, England, has presented to the Wesleyan Methodists of Gravesend and Dartford circuit a tree from the vicarage garden, a sapling of the old oak under whose branches John and Charles Wesley, with George Whitefield, often met in friendly conference.

It is believed that Charles Wesley composed some of his hymns under its shadow, and John, in his diary of September 22, 1740, writes: "I went to Mr. Piers, the vicar of Bexley, where in the mornings and evenings I expounded the sermon on the mount and had leisure during the rest of the day for business of 'other kinds.'" He was there again Saturday, December 2, 1749, "and preached about it."

Blue Devils.

When you find yourself in the possession of sundry blue devils, proceed to out-devil them. If they would have you go a mile or two miles. Put your will into it and see how blue you can be. "Pretend" you are a blue blooded aristocrat than any of those that have come to visit. Be polite to them and let them entertain you. Do anything they bid you do. Sit down and mourn and wail to their heart's content. Be rate everything and everybody. Just try it. Blue devils are such contrary lumps that they never stay long where they are well treated. Their good mission is to torment. A hearty welcome sends them flying.—Elizabeth Towne in Nautilus.

New Russian Oil Region.

While Baku is known as the great oil producing province of Russia, and its wells have produced immense quantities, its reputation bids fair to be overshadowed by the new region, the Sallany Steppe. Sallany is about 125 miles distant from the city of Baku, on the shore of the Caspian sea, at the mouth of the Kura, the largest river in the Caucasus. Its position is a commanding one, both for supplying the European and eastern market. The petroleum deposits in the Sallany steppe have been known for years, but only recently has attention been attracted thereto. The possibilities are very great.

Forced to It.

"Did you ask father if you might have me?" "Yes, darling." "What did he say?" "He said he would rather see you borne to your grave." "Oh, pawaw, then we'll have to take it up with mother personally."—Chicago Record-Herald.