

PAVED WITH GOLD.

There's Money in the Street Scrapings of an African Town.

Travelers declare, says Harper's Weekly, that at Axim, on the Gold Coast of Africa, gold may actually be picked up in the streets. When one visitor, an Englishman, took the statement as a mere figure of speech his host immediately bade a woman servant go out into the main street, gather a bucketful of road scrapings and work it for gold dust.

In ten minutes the servant returned with two galvanized iron buckets, one filled with road scrapings and the other with water. She also brought three or four wooden platters, varying in size from a large plate to a saucer.

Removing several handfuls of the road scrapings and placing them in the large platter, the woman picked out and threw aside the large stones, pebbles and bits of stick and then moistened the remainder with water from the other bucket. This enabled her to remove smaller refuse.

The residue she put into the next smaller platter, and she repeated the process until there was a quantity of sand and gravel ready for treatment. This she sprinkled freely with water and by a deft circular movement of the platter brought the small gravel to the outside, where it could be thrust over the edge. When she had repeated this operation three or four times she treated the material, which now looked more like mud than anything else, in a still smaller platter.

At last, in the smallest platter of all, she had the bucketful of sweepings reduced to a handful or two of black sand. This she carefully washed and sifted. At last with a dexterous twist she brought the sand into a crescent, the outer edge of which showed a thin rim of yellow. It was unmistakably gold dust. The whole operation had taken half an hour, and it had produced about a shilling's worth of gold.

PIGS AND FIGURES.

Porkers From the Standpoint of All Around Mathematics.

The educated pig of the old time sideshow, which gravely read figures on a blackboard, was only a type of a class. His modern prototype is quite his equal in devotion to the exact science. By both instinct and fate he is a mathematical animal. Subjectively and objectively he is great on figures. They are dealt out to him, and he deals in them himself. He desires his square meals to be regulated daily by the rule of three. In addition, he deals with his owner's indebtedness. He is able to reduce a mortgage to fractions with amazing rapidity. In measuring the available contents of a pig of slop he is a lightning calculator.

As a multiplier the pig has no equal, counting on six to the litter and two litters in the year. At this rate, barring accidents, the sow's progeny will amount to more than 1,000 in four years. A week old pig is up in geometry, finding the way home along the hypotenuse short cut. An old sow's quickness in boxing the compass in a potato patch is amazing. And when it comes to a troughful of skimmilk she is the least common divisor; she wants it all herself.

Objectively the porker finds himself stacked about with a bewildering array of figures—his gains every day on pasture, his gains every day on grain, his gains to the pound of grain, his gains on pasture plus a daily ration, his gains on vegetables and roots—these and a hundred other tabulations surround him. Profit or loss, so far as the pig is concerned, is almost purely a matter of feeds and feeding, and these are in their turn matters of all most pure mathematical measurements; hence have resulted the long listed calculations available to the farmer. —W. J. Harsha in Breeder's Gazette.

Boiling the Kettle.

Mrs. Campbell had engaged a new maid. "Martha," said the mistress on the first morning, "be careful always to boil the teakettle before making the tea."

Martha signed her willingness and, after an absence in the kitchen, returned to her mistress and said:

"Please, mum, there's nothin' big enough to boil the teakettle in, 'less 'tis the wash boiler, sure."—National Monthly.

War in the Air.

During the hottest fighting at the battle of Chickamauga an owl, alarmed by the unusual sounds, was frightened from its usual haunts. Two or three crows spied him and made pursuit, and a fight in the air followed. The contest was observed by a soldier. He dropped his gun to the ground and exclaimed:

"Whew! Even the very birds in the air are fighting!"

Variable Conditions.

"That man says he doesn't know whether he is married or unmarried, sane or insane."

"Yes. He has had a great deal of trouble with court complication. Those things all depend on what state he happens to be in."—Washington Star.

Wrangling Another.

No man in the world ever attempted to wrong another without being injured in return—some way, somehow, some time. The only weapon of offense that nature seems to recognize is the boomerang.

Where He Gets Off.

Bacon—He's doing on City street now, isn't he? Rabbit—No, he's doing on Get Up in the Morning and Light the Fire street.—Vaudeville Standard.

HIGHLY COLORED HILARITY.

Queer Kind of Fun That Goes With One Hindu Festival.

The "Holi Festival," as celebrated annually by the maharaja of Patiala, India, is described by Charles Bertram in his volume, "A Magician in Many Lands." Mr. Bertram writes:

"Early in the morning I went to the club, where I found many of the guests, who were taking part in the ceremony for the first time. We were provided with a complete new suit of Hindu garments, and our dressing was superintended by the maharaja's servants. We had camels, elephants and victorias provided for us. I was on an elephant in a kind of box, and we drove in procession to the palace of the native city.

"We were received with great acclaim by the natives, and I was led to believe that it was to be decidedly a dignified occasion, but I was woefully mistaken. The fun had not begun. Certain formalities had to be gone through before the signal was given.

"We took our seats in the courtyard of the palace at a long table that was loaded with large gilt dishes filled with different colored balls as large as oranges and filled with hot powder. At a signal the brother of the maharaja came to the front of the table and saluted the prince, who took one of the balls and threw it gently across the table, striking the officer on the breast.

"The ball broke and scattered the powder over his costume. Then there was a general scramble, and in less time than it takes to write hundreds of balls were flying about, their many colored contents scattered broadcast on the crowd. Next baskets of loose powder were thrown upon us in handfuls.

"It was no use to expectorate; the moment you opened your mouth somebody filled it with powder. The battle grew fast and furious, when suddenly an enormous stream of water from a fire engine drenched everybody. The colored powders became wet and, mingling together, dyed us all in brilliantly variegated hues.

"After this sort of thing had gone on for half an hour it ceased by mutual consent, and we returned to the private gardens of the maharaja, where we were most unceremoniously pitched into a tank of running water. I was dyed a deep scarlet all over my body, and it was fully a month before the color entirely disappeared from my face and hands."

Maddening Calmness.

A New Yorker who had planned a week end trip with his wife rumed and fretted without avail on the morning set for their departure because she made such slow progress in getting ready for the journey. At last he fairly dragged her from the house and into a waiting taxicab, although she kept protesting that there was no occasion for hurry, as they had plenty of time. Arrived at the station, the couple dashed for their train and were just in time to see it pulling out. "There," said the irate husband, "didn't I tell you that we'd never catch that train on account of you?"

"Yes," said his philosophic spouse calmly, "but we didn't miss it by much."—New York Tribune.

London's Kennel Club.

The London Kennel club has pedigree of 500,000 dogs on file. The club was organized in 1873. At the annual show of the Kennel club in London about 400,000 is awarded in prizes. A committee of the club meets twice a month, and the chairman and members of the committee sit as judges and jury in every disputed case passed up to them by the judges of shows. Witnesses are called in the ordinary way and sometimes the sentences are very severe. Not infrequently the owners of dogs are prohibited from ever taking part in a show afterward.

He Unburdens Himself.

"Can you hear it if I tell you something serious?" ventured the young husband.

"Yes. Don't keep anything from me," whispered the bride.

"Remember, this does not mean that my love for you is growing less."

"Don't break my heart. What is it?"

"Well, my dear, I'm getting tired of angel food every day for dinner. Would it be too much to ask you to have liver and onions?"—Kansas City Journal.

Ocean Derelicts.

Abandoned vessels have often floated for many months waterlogged, but carried far by winds and currents. There was the Fanny E. Weston, deserted on Oct. 15, 1891, which traveled about 4,000 miles before she was last reported in December, 1933. And the W. L. White was a derelict from 1888, when she was near New York, till she ran ashore on the Hebrides a year later. Forty vessels saw her, but could not sink her.

Cruel Hazing.

"Have you heard what Mabel's fraternity did to her?"

"They have terrible initiations. I understand."

"That's what. They ordered her to help her mother with the dishes for a month."—Washington Herald.

Relatives of Success.

Luck and industry put on the highway of life. "I understand we are related," remarked Luck.

"Yes, in a sort of a way," replied Industry. "I am the mother of Success, while you are a distant relative."—Philadelphia Record.

It is the legend of narrow minds for several ideas that fosters the march of progress.—Victor Hugo

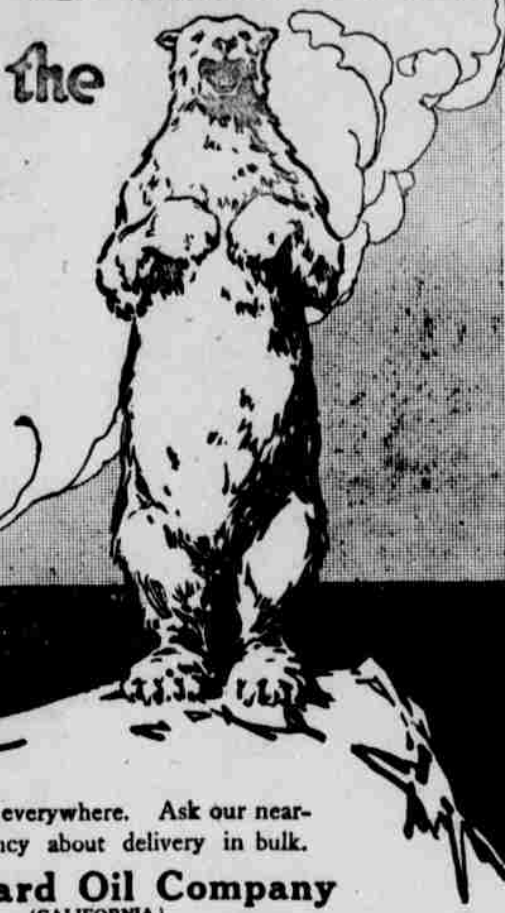
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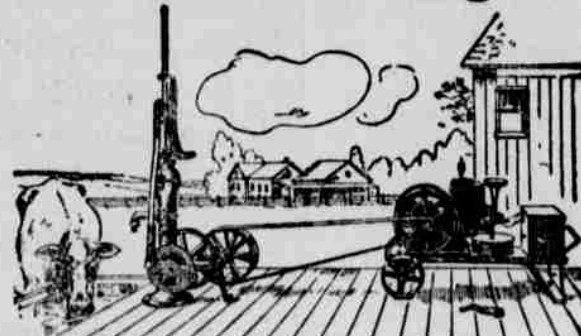
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