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AN EYE FOR BUSINESS.

The Way Disraeli "Put One Over" on

Publisher Colburn.

When the Hon. Mr. Ward wrote his novel "Tremaine" he was fearful of acknowledging himself the author until its fate should have been ascertained. He accordingly, the better to preserve his incognito, sent the manuscript copy by the wife of his attorney to Mr. Colburn. The work, although accepted, was not considered likely to pay extremely well, and consequently a trifling sum was given for it. Contrary, however, to Mr. Colburn's expectations, it ran to three editions.

The ingenious author of "Vivian Grey," then twenty-two years old, having heard of the circumstances, determined to use it to advantage, and accordingly, having arranged his work for publication, he proceeded to find out the honorable gentleman's fair messenger. This he quickly effected and upon a promise of giving her £20 induced her to be the bearer of his novel to the same publisher.

The woman was instantly recognized by Mr. Colburn as the same person who brought him "Tremaine," and, recollecting the great sale of that novel, he leaped at the manuscript presented to him with the utmost eagerness. It was quickly read and a handsome sum given for the copyright. A short time, however, enabled Mr. Colburn to find out his error, but too late to remedy himself. The work was not successful, and a considerable sum was lost by its publication.

TRAPPING AN ERMINE.

One of the Reasons Why the Prized Fur is So Costly.

"This stole of imperial ermine is worth \$1,000," said the dealer. "Dear? Nix. Just consider how the animals comprised in it were caught!"

"In the first place, they were caught in a winter of extreme cold, for it is only in such a winter that the weasel, or ermine, turns from tawny to snow white. In normal winters the ermine only turns to a greenish white, like this \$400 greenish white stole here.

"In the second place, the ermines were caught young, for when fully developed their coats are coarse and stiff, as in this \$250 stole, and to catch them young the tongue trap must be used. Any other trap would tear the delicate fur."

"The tongue trap is a knife, an ordinary hunting knife, smeared with grease, that the hunter lays in the snow. The little ermine sees the blade, which it mistakes for ice. Ice it loves to lick, and so it licks the knife blade and is caught fast, its tongue, in that zero weather, frozen to the steel.

"Yes, sir, when you see a stole like this don't begrudge a good price for it, for every ermine in it was tongue trapped in subzero weather—a mighty slow and painful hand process."—New York Tribune.

The Blanket Tree.

Blankets grow on trees in Ecuador, and, while the idea of an all wood fresh from the forest bed covering might give insomnia and a headache to the child of civilization who likes to snuggle comfortably under several layers of down and wool, the natives find it all right, as in fact it is.

When an Ecuador Indian wants a blanket he hunts up a demajagua tree and cuts from it a five or six foot section of the peculiarly soft, thick bark. This is dampened and beaten until the flexibility of the sheet is much increased. The rough gray exterior is next peeled off, and the sheet dried in the sun. The result is a blanket, soft, light and fairly warm, of an attractive cream color. It may be rolled into a compact bundle without hurt and with ordinary usage will last for several years.—Harper's.

Butterflies That Live on Fish.

The butterfly was blue and transparent. As through blue glass its tiny heart could be seen beating inside its body, and the professor read a newspaper article through its lovely blue wings. "This," he said, "is the pteropoda, a Mediterranean butterfly. It eats fish. On its tongue are rows of pointed hooks. They serve as teeth. This beautiful creature would turn up its nose at a garden of roses and lilies, but it would feast ecstatically upon a putrid eel. Now and then a pteropoda is found on the Florida or the California coast. It is only abundant, though, in the Mediterranean."

Ancient and Modern.

Mr. Choate, the well known American diplomatist, was being shown over a very old English parish church. Pointing out an oak screen, the rector informed his visitor that it was "centuries old." "And this paneling on the door?" inquired Mr. Choate, much interested. "Oh," replied the rector, "that is quite modern! It was put up only forty years before the discovery of America, you know!"—London Globe.

Buttons Barred.

"Our collection today, my dear brethren," said the rector, "is for the clothing fund. At the same time, may I earnestly impress upon you that, though the collection is for the clothing fund, it is not necessary to contribute buttons?"

The Hero.

First Critic—I understand you saw Scribner's new comedy last night. Who played the hero? Second Critic—I did. I sat through the whole thing.—Philadelphia Record.

Neither walks, theaters, porches nor senseless equipage make states, but men who are able to rely upon themselves.—Aristides.

AN ACQUIRED TASTE.

Odd Compliment That Was Paid to an English Artist.

Richard Wilson, the English landscape painter, was not of a pliant disposition. Conscious of his own merits, he declined to humble himself to those who measure men by rank and value them by pounds. But Wilson's friends liked him no less for his brusque manner.

Goldsmith, Sterne, Wilson and Dr. Johnson were assembled at Garrick's house with a party of ladies for supper.

"We were very lively at your expense indeed, gentlemen," said Mrs. Garrick, rallying them for having arrived late. "To punish you for not obeying our summons the ladies likened you all to plants and fruits and flowers."

"Pray let us hear," said Wilson. "Doubtless I come in for a sprig of laurel."

"No, sir," said the pretty, lively lady; "you are wrong."

"For rue, perchance," said he. "No, sir; guess again."

"Why, I am dubbed bitter enough, perhaps a crab," said he, "for that man," pointing to Garrick, "has dubbed me Sour Dick."

"Guess again," said Mrs. Garrick, laughing. "Will you give it up?"

"Yes, madam."

"Why, then, sir, you are likened to olives. Now, will you dare to inquire further?"

"Let me see," said Wilson, with all eyes upon him. "Well, then, my dear, out with it! I dare."

"Then know, sir," said she, rising and courtesying most gravely. "Mr. Wilson is rough to the taste at first, tolerable by a little longer acquaintance and delightful at last."—Exchange.

CAUGHT THE BLUFFER.

De Wint's Clever Ruse That Sold One of His Paintings.

Peter De Wint, the English landscape painter, was accustomed each year to have a semi-private show of his pictures before sending them to the Water Color society's exhibition. On such occasions his friends frequently bought pictures, which, of course, appeared at the public exhibition marked "Sold."

Among the painter's friends was a wealthy man who wanted to appear a patron of art and at the same time keep his money. He managed this by loudly admiring the paintings already sold. He was always a bit late to buy the pictures that pleased him most, and having seen them, as he was wont to declare, he could never content himself with less beautiful works.

De Wint at last suspected the man's sincerity, and when the next show day came round he concluded to test him. After plenty of time had been allowed for De Wint's friends to make their purchases the rich man arrived. As usual, his eye soon fell on two "perfect gems" marked "Sold." Turning to the artist, he said: "Now, De Wint, those are exactly the things I should like to possess. What a pity they are not to be had."

"My dear sir," said the painter, slapping him on the back, "I knew you would like them, so I put the tickets on to keep them for you."

The awkwardness of the situation was only relieved when the enthusiastic admirer became the somewhat unwilling purchaser of the two "gem"—Youth's Companion.

Resistance to the Sun.

Animals whose capacity for thermal regulation is limited, such as rabbits and monkeys, rapidly succumb to exposure to the tropical sun. In the same circumstances the skin of a man rises some 3 or 4 degrees C. above the normal. Theoretically the black skin of negro races should absorb more heat than that of the white people. However, colored races are better able than the white to regulate their temperature under the influence of the tropical sun perhaps because perspiration is more abundant. The ape, although a native of the tropics, is less capable of resisting the sun than other animals and even the white man. This is no doubt attributable to the fact that its natural home is in the forests. For certain monkeys two hours of exposure to the tropical sun is fatal.

A Unique Laboratory.

Outside the harbor of Sfax, Tunisia, in the shallow water of the clear Mediterranean, is situated a biological laboratory for the study of sponges. It is one of the most unique in the world and affords opportunity for observing the development of the sponge from tiny larva, so small that it can only be studied under a microscope, until five years later it has developed into a perfect sponge.

Two Sides.

"There are two sides, you know, to every argument," said the ready made philosopher.

"Yes," replied the gloomy person, "but it makes a difference which side you choose. There two sides to a piece of my paper."—Washington Star.

An Exception.

"Money, after all, means nothing but trouble."

"Still, it is the only kind of trouble which it is hard to borrow."

He Swore.

She—Was he furious, dear, when you told him that we had been secretly married? He—Not really furious, only snifurions.—Judge.

None is to be deemed free who has not perfect self command.—Pythagoras.

A BIG GOLD BRICK

The Trap That Jernegan Baited With Salt Sea Water.

SCHEME OF A CLEVER ROGUE.

The Smooth Swindler and His Accomplice Showed How Easily They Could Extract Gold From the Ocean—Fleeced Their Dupes and Then Decamped.

Various inventors have been working for years on the theory that there is plenty of gold in sea water if only some process of extraction could be developed.

Some years ago the Rev. Prescott J. Jernegan was the salt water wizard of the hour. From the day his bubble burst and he left for Europe nobody seems to know what has become of him. Jernegan, who posed as a clergyman, and C. E. Fisher, once a floor-walker in a New York department store and before that a diver, got together in the fall of 1896 and for a whole year carefully considered the problem of extracting gold from salt water. It is true, their whole field of thought compassed the use of salt water as an accessory only, the real material from which the gold was to be extracted being the American people.

Very artistically Jernegan, to whom was left the matter of publicity, permitted some vague rumors to leak out. "A leading clergyman had a marvelous money making device. The world was soon to be stunned by a fact that would make the possessor of the original secret so rich that all the multi-millionaires would be paupers in comparison." When they had stirred up public curiosity Jernegan and Fisher went to New England and there set up some mysterious machinery.

On Narragansett bay was an old half dismantled wharf, and at the sea end of this the two erected a cheap frame squat about 8 by 10 in size, with a square hole cut through the floor and looking directly down into about fifteen feet of water. An electric wire from a small battery ran along the piling of the wharf and attached to a mysterious box, with heavy iron clamps and holes all through to permit of free passage of the water back and forth.

Finally the great secret was divulged. These two men had discovered a way of taking all the gold they wanted from the salt water at a cost so trifling that it was ridiculous to mention it. Two wealthy persons, one a Providence jeweler and the other a New York florist, were approached by Jernegan with what seemed to be such a trustful and childlike proposal that they both embraced it eagerly. It was that, all his apparatus being ready for experiment, they would come to the wharf on the wharf prepared to go through a night's vigil and witness the result, accompanied by any scientific friends they cared to bring along.

The idea, as outlined by Jernegan, was to send a current into a pan of mercury held within the box, the receptacle then being sent to the bottom of the sea and drawn up after several hours, when it would be found that the mercury had absorbed gold from the ocean.

When the night of the experiment came the box was prepared in the shanty, two chemists, friends of the capitalists, bringing their own mercury with them. The box was lowered to the bottom, and then the party of five began their wait. Soon after daylight Jernegan announced that it was time to draw the box up again. This was done, and the whole party eagerly set to work to find out whether any gold had been received. When the chemists announced that gold to the value of \$14 was found mixed with the quick-silver all were stunned by the discovery and realized at once the vast possibilities in more extensive operations, the original experiment having been practically made with a toy apparatus.

The story spread like wildfire, and the modest Jernegan was prevailed upon to organize a company. Stock was sold, and after getting possession of thousands of dollars the promoter sailed away to Europe. The success of the great experiment was explained afterward. Fisher, the diver, had gone out from the shore in his diving suit, opened the box and, taking out the mercury that had been brought by the chemists, substituted a vial of his own that had been strongly impregnated with gold.

Both before and since the Jernegan fraud many attempts have been made to extract gold from salt water, some of them fraudulent, some genuine and based on scientific grounds that have from time to time appealed even to deep students. But all so far have failed miserably. Though traces of gold are to be found in salt water, commercial application is practically impossible.—New York Press.

A Constant Sufferer.

"Is your mother a suffragette, Robert?"

"Yes, she's always suffering. If it ain't with her shoes or her corset it's because somebody that owes her an invitation had a party and didn't ask her to it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Root of All Evil.

As a general thing when a man and his wife fall out over money it is a sign that he has it and she wants it, or she has it and he wants it, or neither has it and both want it.—Galveston News.

Fortune gives many too much, but no one enough.—Liberius.

THE STREETS OF NAPLES.

They Are the Workshops of the People in the Poorer Quarters.

The ancient city of Naples has always been more celebrated for its beauty and interest of its surroundings than for its own attractiveness or scenic advantages.

The charm of Naples itself lies in its life—the careless, open air life of its people, with much of it passed almost wholly out of doors under the gaze of the passerby. The Neapolitan is the most buoyant, light hearted creature in the world and, it must be added, about the most indolent. The streets are bright and moving pictures. Many of the people, men, women and children—when these latter are not innocent of any clothing—are garbed in strange and somewhat gaudy costume, with bright colored kerchiefs on their heads.

In the poorer and more populous quarters all handicrafts and occupations are carried on out of doors, and the streets are as busy as beehives. Tailors are seen at their work, and carvers of lava, tortoise shell and coral articles, makers of statuary, women sewing, cooking and performing all their domestic duties, men, women and children eating, sleeping, chattering, playing, singing, all in the open. There is no cessation to the noise and bustle in the streets from early morning, when the tinkle of goat bells starts the day, until the evening, when countless mandolin players, wandering from house to house, from trattoria to cafe, "singing for their supper" of macaroni and red wine the famous old love songs of Naples and popular operatic airs.

All day long the rattle of wheels, the cracking of whips, the furious shouting of drivers, the jingle of the elaborately decorated street hawkers, the playing of military bands as regiments march through the streets, fill the air with a not unpleasant and thoroughly Neapolitan din.—American Travelers' Magazine.

BREVITY APPRECIATED.

Japanese Courtesy Was a Bore to Both Oriental and Englishman.

Oriental courtesy takes up a great deal of time and on that account is not always appreciated in Western lands. As is shown in the following extract from Yoshio Markino's book on Englishmen, "Miss John Bull," in which he says:

"I used to live in Greenwich, and thence I attended to the Japanese naval office in the morning, then to the night school of the Goldsmith Institute. It was nearly 11 o'clock every night when I arrived at my diggings. I was dead tired. The landlord asked me every evening:

"How were you getting on with your work today?" "I always answered him every small detail of my work at the office and the school. One day I said to my landlady:

"Why is your husband giving me such a troublesome question? You see, I often feel too tired to answer."

"She patted me and said: "My poor boy, you need not give him all information of your work. It is our custom to say "How are you getting on?" and if you simply say "All right" that will be quite enough."

"The next evening the old man put the same question to me. At first I rather hesitated because I thought such an abrupt answer might offend him, but I got courage at last when I saw his wife giving me some sign in her eyes. I shouted loudly, "All right!" To my surprise, the old man seemed more satisfied than to hear the details.

"Since this event I began to incline to have more friendship with John Bullness than John Bull."

Chilling Prospect.

It was in Lincolnshire, and the guard of the train at the preceding junction had been attentive to a gentleman whose luggage he noticed was labeled to an out of the way little station a few miles beyond. On reaching the traveler's destination the guard, having carefully deposited the gentleman's traps on the platform in acknowledgment of a generous tip, solemnly grasped the donor's hand and feelingly shook it. This unusual move raised the curiosity of the passenger, who asked the meaning of it. The guard answered significantly:

"Well, sir, you never can tell. I have left several gentlemen such as you at this forsaken hole, but never picked one up. Goodness only knows what becomes of them. I don't."—London Telegraph.

Fixing the Guilt.

Following Tim, who was following a pair of horses, the owner of the farm noticed that the drills Tim had been running out for potatoes were strangely irregular.

"Tim," he said, "these drills are very crooked."

"Faith, they are now," assented Tim, "but you should have seen them this mornin' before th' sun warped them."

Stupid.

"I wish I was half as beautiful as Miss Brown," remarked the fair Edith to Mr. Green.

"Well, you are, you know," replied Green thoughtlessly.

Then he wondered why she suddenly rose and left him.

She Could Spend.

He—I am a millionaire. Haven't I money enough for both of us? She—Yes, if you are moderate in your tastes.—New York Sun.

Mind is the partial side of man. The heart is everything.—Miram.

AT SEA IN AN OPEN BOAT.

An Anxious Experience Off the Rock Bound Coast of Korea.

The perils of the small boat at sea are told by Jack London in an article on "Small Boat Sailing" in the Yachting Monthly.

"About the liveliest eight days of my life were spent in a small boat on the west coast of Korea," he writes. "I was in an open boat, a sampan, on a rocky coast where there were no light-houses and where the tides ran from thirty to sixty feet. My crew were Japanese fishermen. We did not speak each other's language. Yet there was nothing monotonous about that life. Never shall I forget one particular cold, bitter dawn, when in the thick of driving snow we took in sail and dropped our small anchor.

"The Japanese crawled under a communal rice mat and went to sleep. I joined them, and for several hours we dozed fitfully. Then a sea deluged us with icy water and we found several inches of snow on top of the mat.

"It soon became a case of swamping at our anchor. Seas were splashing on board in growing volume, and we bailed constantly. And still my fishermen crew eyed the surf battered shore and did nothing.

"At last, after many narrow escapes from complete swamping, the fishermen got into action. All hands tailed on to the anchor and hove it up. For'ard, as the boat's head paid off, we set a patch of sail about the size of a four sack. And we headed straight for the rocky shore. I unlaced my shoes, unbuttoned my greatcoat and coat and was ready to make a quick partial strip a minute or so before we struck. But we didn't strike, and as we rushed in I saw the beauty of the situation. Before us opened a narrow channel, flirled at its mouth with breaking seas. Yet long before, when I had scanned the shore closely, there had been no such channel. I had forgotten the thirty foot tide. And it was for this time that the Japanese had so precariously waited."

"SCRATCHED ROCKS."

They Mark the Course of Glaciers Adown Our Continent.

Throughout the northern United States, from the Atlantic ocean to the far northwest and as far south as Kentucky, huge boulders are found scattered at haphazard. The rocks and ledges are smoothed and marked with scratches varying from faint lines to broad grooves two feet deep. Some of these boulders, weighing many tons, are so balanced on a ledge that a slight touch will rock them. The Indians seed them as "alarm bells."

The grooves or scratches on these rocks are as a rule parallel and extend north and south. South of the above mentioned area neither boulders nor scratched rocks can be found.

How came the boulders in their position? What scratched the rocks? Agassiz, familiar with the glaciers of the Alps, probably gave the true answer. He showed that a similar state of things is produced today by the glaciers of Switzerland. These streams of ice creep slowly down from the lofty summits of the Alps through the valleys to the plains. They bear on their surface huge rocks fallen from surrounding cliffs. The stones from the bottom of the glacier, pressed down by the enormous weight of ice above them, scratch and groove the rocks beneath, as the tool of a carpenter gouges out a piece of wood.

What was the condition of America when similar effects were produced? Instead of local glaciers scattered in the valleys, the whole surface now covered with boulders must have been hidden by an immense sheet of ice. Judging from the marks on the rocks, the sheet moved from the north toward the south, carrying with it masses of rock.—Harper's Weekly.

Expectancy of Life.

All insurance is calculated upon the probable length of time a person can be expected to live. This is called the average expectancy. Many eminent tables have been made up by the insurance companies, some based upon one set of data, some upon another, and consequently they vary slightly. The British life annuity tables, a fair calculation, show that a man of fifty has a natural expectancy of living 21.2 years; a woman of the same age 25.5 years; at sixty his expectancy is 14.8 years, hers is 17 years; at seventy his is 9.9 years, hers 10.9 years.

She Saw.

"Why is Mrs. Wombat wearing such dowdy clothes lately? She spends half her husband's income on dress. But why is she wearing such mean looking clothes just now?" "Her husband's mother is visiting her just now. See?" "The other woman saw.—Pittsburgh Post.