

MEERSCHAUM IN NEW MEXICO.

Sufficient in Quantity to Break Turkish Government Monopoly.

Because of the discovery of vast deposits of meerschaum in the mountains of New Mexico it is likely that the monopoly of that mineral heretofore held by the Turkish government will be broken and pipes of that material will be lessened in cost.

Until recently all the meerschaum used in the commerce of the world was produced from a mine in the plains of Eschbacher, Anatoly, Turkey in Asia.

There is a popular belief that meerschaum is petrified sea foam washed up ages ago and solidified by some strange process of nature. Meerschaum is a mineral known to scientists as "sepiolite". It is composed principally of silica and magnesium. It is found in fissures in the rock, where volcanic action has forced it up to the surface.

Meerschaum is used not only for smoking tobacco pipes, but because of its unique properties of resisting a high degree of heat and its ready absorption of water, it is put to various electrical and mechanical uses.

In the mines of New Mexico a solid block of meerschaum weighing 42 pounds was taken out. It was the largest block of meerschaum ever mined.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP STOP TRAIN.

Animals Are a Nuisance to Railroads in Colorado.

The law preventing the killing of mountain sheep is known to be agreeable to sportsmen, but it meets with anything but approval of trainmen.

The Florence and Cripple Creek train due here at nine o'clock Thursday morning was delayed 20 minutes by mountain sheep running along the tracks. The train was pulling into McCourt, a flag station, when the engineer discovered a bunch of 11 mountain sheep ahead. The whistle was blown, but the animals kept on the track. The train had to be stopped and the sheep driven off with rocks.

The train had no sooner started when several sheep again jumped in front of the engine and trotted ahead for a distance of almost a quarter of a mile. Several weeks ago Conductor Jack Brown stopped his train one mile below McCourt to release a large ram that was caught by the horns in a wire fence.—Cripple Creek Correspondence Denver News.

Nothing Left.

With a low cry of anguish, the joke writer buried his face in his thin hands.

"What's the matter now?" his wife asked anxiously.

"Look at this," the poor fellow answered, as he extended her a printed slip. "As if joke writing wasn't hard enough already. And here the syndicate prohibits from this time forth all jokes on Irishmen, March winds, Easter bonnets, mothers-in-law, automobile accidents, watered milk, umbrella stealing, talkative barbers and the wifely pilfering of the husband's pockets in the dead of night."

"We are indeed undone," the woman moaned.

Makes a Difference Whose House.

The hurricane plowed your neighbor's house down?"

"Yes, he ain't been livin' right for some time."

"An' the lightning killed all his children?"

"Yes; it was a judgment sent on him for his good."

"But I've jest hearn tell that every house on your plantation on the river was burned to the ground."

"Oh, the mysterious dispensations of Providence! Oh, how the righteous are made to suffer in this cold, hard world!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Subject to Revision.

"I cannot be your wife," she replied, and added: "This is final."

He paced swiftly to and fro several times, then halted abruptly in front of her.

"Play be candid with me," he said, but without the note of masculine impatience "About how final?"

"This was too much. She burst into tears."

"How do I know?" she sobbed.—Union Advertiser.

Bridget's Influence on Manners.

"The women of my acquaintance," writes Josephine Daskam Bacon in the American Magazine, "are more conservative in their manner to their servants than in their relatives and friends, and for the best of reasons—they are more likely to lose the first-mentioned through inadvertence than the last, and it is practically of far more importance to consult their idiosyncrasies."

New Name for It.

"That girl has made a scientific study of sentimental anatomy."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Doesn't she take pride in her skill for making a man lose his head, take his hand, and then break his heart?"

Constant Reminder.

Mrs. Kawler—"Don't you get lonesome when your husband has to go away on one of his long trips?"

Mrs. Crossway—"Yes, but it always seems as if he were here. I can smell his ears all over the house."

GOLD MINING NEAR HOME.

Mountains Near Washington All Have Some Precious Ores.

Gold is mined within sight of Washington monument. The heights around the capital are a part of the Appalachian system and before the outbreak of the gold fever in California all the gold produced in the United States came out of the Appalachian mines.

Only the ores that contained free milling gold could be worked with the crude processes then known. Then, because of the presence of subterranean streams, mining could not be done at any great depth.

Nevertheless, gold mines are in profitable operation today in Maryland and southwestern Virginia, and these gold veins, badly broken and disintegrated, are being worked down through the Carolinas and into Georgia and Alabama.

There is not a ravine or gulch in the environs of Washington city where, if a man dig down to the gravel and black sand that lie over bedrock, he cannot, by panning, get a color. It has not been found in sufficient quantities to make placer mining attractive, though many men have washed out enough gold to have a ring or charm made.

A few miles west of Washington a man may see several small mines, some in operation and some abandoned. Great areas of gold-bearing rock have been uncovered or blocked out. Gold is obtained, but in many instances it has cost more to extract than the gold was worth.

At present there is one mine in which extensive operations are being carried on, and though the operators do not talk for publication, the belief is general that they are making a good profit from the mine.—Technical World.

MAY BE GREAT BEGINNING.

Possibilities in Generous Gift of Mrs. Russell Sage.

In our great Appalachian chain there are many mountains that have a slow and steady slope on their north side, but break off into a precipice, giddy, sun-swept and glorious, toward the south. The vast fortune of Russell Sage is like one of those mountains. How many cold, patient, sunless years Sage spent in piling up that slowly climbing hoard! And now, if the benevolent hopes of Mrs. Sage are realized, it is to break suddenly away in a bewildering golden descent to the very doorways of the humble dwellers in the valley, bringing down its flood of light and betterment.

No one can doubt the essential benevolence of this gift, which is likely to become illustrious. It will depend a good deal on the way the trust or foundation is administered. If the money is frittered away in finding out new ways to theorize about the living conditions of the people it will simply prove a dignified way of throwing to the winds the income of \$10,000,000. But if it is used to apply the ax of keen, frank research and vital suggestion to the root of the evil of poverty, dullness, ignorance and vice, it may be the beginning of the end of the slum and whisky perversion of our civilization.

The Larger View.

"Up around the Connecticut coast," Mr. Hutzias will remark, with a bland, blue eye, "there are schooners in the business that are 150 years old and still staunch vessels."

You must not murmur at this. It is best not to gainsay sea-folk; they are temperamental and squalid, and besides, it would do no good. There is something about the salt sea air that makes hyperbole and the aggravated use of the multiplication table involuntary. The size of a fish, the view of a seaserpent, the length of a swim—all these things are known to expand and increase in the briny air as a flower develops in sunshine; it is something childlike, ingenious, natural. Neptune is the father of mendacity.—Broadway Magazine.

Pickings to Be Considered.

Andy Horn, who was once the proprietor of a large saloon on the New York East Side, was hiring as barkeeper a man who is now prominent in political life, and who tells the story with considerable glee. "I'll give you ten dollars a month," said Andy. "Ten dollars! A man can't live on that." "You forget the pickings," said Andy, in serious earnest. "The barkeepers down here tell each other that my till's the easiest one to work in New York." "I took the job without further argument," says the ex-barkeeper.

One Odor He Missed.

At a big public luncheon Beerbohm Tree sat next to the dean of Manchester. Said a guest: "Well, Mr. Tree, what have you been doing to-day?" "Oh," replied the actor-manager, "I went for a long motor ride this morning and I lost a bet." "Indeed!" remarked the dean. "May I ask what the bet was?" "Certainly," said Mr. Tree. "I made a bet that we would pass through 400 different odors and we only encountered 399." "Ah!" was the quick reply, "you missed the odor of sanctity!"

The Point.

"What we want in this domestic machinery," she exclaimed with flashing eyes, "is something to choke off needless discussion."

"Perhaps," he retorted, "but nothing would do that short of a throttling engine."

DISLIKE SMELL OF KEROSENE.

Cats Particularly Will Not Stay Where Oil Is Used.

"I never knew until this winter," said the superintendent of a dog and cat hospital, "how thoroughly most animals detest the smell of kerosene. Several times the steam heating apparatus in this place went on a strike and we tried to raise the temperature by means of an oil stove. The smell of the oil produced a regular mutiny among the animals. Cats are particularly sensitive to the odor of kerosene. Next door to my house is a stationery store which has been heated all winter long with an oil stove. In the beginning of the season the proprietor owned a fine cat that seemed well satisfied with his comfortable quarters. No sooner, however, was that stove lighted than the cat deserted the stationer and sought a home for the winter in a steam heated flat further down the street. He comes back once in a while on a visit, but the smell of the oil prevents his becoming a regular inhabitant of the store."

HAD REACHED THE LIMIT.

Could Not Afford to Take Gloves and Give Tip Required.

Mrs. Potter Palmer while entertaining the National Civic Federation told an amusing story about country house tipping.

"You know," she said, "how huge these tips are. How many servants must be remembered, how, indeed, some people are obliged to refuse to visit large country houses because they can't afford the expense. Well, there is a story in this line about the famous Jonas Hanway. As Hanway was leaving the country house of a duke a string of servants waylaid him.

"Sir," said one, "your overcoat." And Hanway put on the overcoat and gave the man a sovereign.

"Your umbrella, sir," said another. And taking the umbrella Hanway surrendered another sovereign.

"Your hat, sir. Another sovereign."

"Sir, your gloves."

"Why, friend," says Hanway, "you may keep the gloves. They are not worth a sovereign."

Anent the Billiard Cue.

Concerning the billiard cue and the old-fashioned "billiard mace," or "billiard mast," as Cowper wrote the word, it may be noted that the original French term for the instrument of the game was "masse" or "billiard." "Queue," according to Littré, was at first the name of the tapering "tail" or striking end of the less clumsy stick that subsequently rose into favor, and eventually came to mean that stick itself. "Queue," in the sense of the tail of a wig, used sometimes to be written "cue" in English, but we reserve the French spelling now for this and for the tail people at a theater door, giving the English to the billiard stick and to the actor's "cue"—if that also represents "tail" the tail of the preceding speech. But, as the actor's cue used to be written "q" or "qu," it has been thought to represent the Latin "quando" (when).

Needed the Noise.

A man who had lived 18 years on a corner in Kansas City where two double tracks of street car lines cross sold his property a few months ago. He was advancing in years and thought he needed a home away from the rumble, clatter and clang of the cars. A week after he had moved he met a friend. He told his friend he thought his health was falling rapidly. He did not know what was the cause, but he had not been able to sleep since he had moved.

"Get back to the trolley line," was his friend's advice. He took it.

"Never slept better in my life than I do now. I needed the noise," he said a few days later.

Reducing a Baritone.

Oscar Hammerstein has engaged Sig. Ancona, his stout little baritone, on a singular condition, according to the New York Sun. "He's got to get five inches at least off his waist measure," Oscar said, "before I ratify the contract. He's too fat to look any part but Falstaff and if he comes back here next winter without having taken off that extra girth there'll be nothing doing so far as the Manhattan Opera house is concerned. That's one of the definite conditions in his contract. Dalmores goes to a gymnasium every day, and there is no reason why they should not all do that when they're too fat."

The First Offense.

Tommy (who has been punished)—Mamma, did your mamma whip you when you were little?"

Mother—Yes, when I was naughty.

Tommy—And did her mamma whip her when she was little?"

Mother—Yes, Tommy.

Tommy—And was she whipped when she was little?"

Mother—Yes.

Tommy—Well, who started it, any way?—Lippincott's Magazine.

Studying Greek for a Purpose.

"Does your son study Greek in college?"

"Oh, yes. He's very enthusiastic over it."

"I thought he didn't care for languages?"

"He doesn't as a rule, but next year the football team is to have Greek signals and Harry is trying for the eleven."

NEGROES AFRAID OF COMET.

Report in Indian Territory Towns That Earth's End Is Near.

Muskogee, I. T.—The ignorant negroes throughout Indian territory are greatly excited by the reported approach of a destructive comet. In many places they have quit work and are assembling nightly in churches and holding religious services.

It is reported at Fort Gibson and at many other points along the Arkansas river where there are large negro settlements that the comet is the only thing talked about, and the negroes believe that the world is coming to an end. This condition has reached such proportions that the Times-Democrat, a local newspaper, telegraphed Prof. P. J. J. Sec. of Mare Island, asking his opinion about the comet. His reply was:

"The comet is a ghost of the air. It is going from the earth instead of toward it. There is no danger of contact."

A great many Indians have also become alarmed over the agitation, but they are not demonstrative about it, as are the negroes. At Westville it is reported that meetings are being held nightly and prayer offered. These reports come from the smaller towns and rural communities. There is not much excitement among the negroes of the larger town, although it is understood that in nearly every church service Sunday reference was made to it.

FINED FOR USING TYPEWRITER.

Man Haled into Court for Working His Machine During Night.

Paris.—A few days ago, according to a report from Balz, Switzerland, a journalist who manipulated his typewriter in his room at night was summoned in legal action for disturbing the other tenants. He was fined 50 cents or four days in jail with warning that a second offense would be dearer.

Similar cases crop out occasionally in Paris, where freak cases abound. Pianists are the most frequent offenders. The law says that pianos must not be banged after ten o'clock in the evening. Phonographs are rapidly becoming close competitors of pianos, but an instance has recently been recorded in which a phonograph played a role more useful than annoying.

The landlord of a residential house let his ground floor to a coppersmith, the noise from whose workshop greatly disturbed the other tenants. One of them, instead of resorting to the complicated procedure of calling in experts, simply had the noise registered by a phonograph and brought action for damages against the landlord and coppersmith. By means of the machine he gave the court a correct idea of the nuisance complained of and judgment was given in his favor.

UNCLE SAM HUNTS FOR HEROES.

Naval Department Has Medals for Many Modest Sailors.

Washington.—Uncle Sam is to run opposition to Andrew Carnegie in "hero medal" distributing. Beneficiaries are to be those who fought with the American navy or marines in the Spanish-American war. It is not required that "heroes" Uncle Sam is hunting for saved the lives of anyone. If a veteran can prove he was especially active in the war he will get a medal.

The navy is looking for every man who helped whip the Spaniards, as it has several hundred medals on its hands of which it wishes to dispose. The instructions received here read, "Heroes who risked their lives in the service of their country are being advertised for, but still the most of them have failed to answer the honor roll call."

By a legislative resolution on March 3, 1901, the secretary of the navy was authorized to issue bronze medals commemorative of naval engagements in the waters of the West Indies and on the shores of Cuba in the Spanish-American war. A board of awards submitted a list of engagements, but the secretary has enlarged the list so as to include all officers and men who were under fire.

MAKES HIMSELF AT HOME.

Burglar Breaks Into House, Bathes, Sleeps and Then Robs.

Stamford, Conn.—After breaking into the home of two wealthy maiden sisters, the Misses Frances and Cornelia Smith and finding it untenanted, a burglar calmly took a sleep in one of their rooms before selecting the articles which he wished to steal.

He set the alarm clock for five o'clock. When he awoke he took a bath, ate a hearty breakfast and then commenced a leisurely inspection of the valuable articles in the house.

The Smith sisters are in the south, and when the caretaker found the broken window in the kitchen he ran to summon the police. While an officer was climbing through the broken window the burglar walked out of the front door with several hundred dollars' worth of booty and escaped in the direction of Greenwich unseen by the officer.

\$10 Clerk Elected Mayor.

New Haven, Conn.—William C. Gilbert, a shoe clerk, was elected mayor of Danbury by a majority of 425. He is president of the Danbury Republican club. He earns ten dollars a week. His opponent, William A. Braun, was elected last year by a majority of two votes.

ALCOHOL OF GARBAGE.

ROCKFORD PHYSICIAN CLAIMS IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Milwaukee to Take Charge of Plant—Says He Can Effect Great Saving.

Milwaukee, Wis.—That denatured alcohol can be made from garbage and that an important industry is about to be created is the contention of Dr. W. A. Boyd of Rockford, Ill., who has made a proposition to Milwaukee to take charge of its garbage and to save the city \$50,000 a year if it uses his method instead of the municipal plant that it now operates.

The city is paying at the rate of \$1.89 a ton for burning the garbage and its plant is nearly a wreck. Dr. Boyd has offered to do the work at 70 cents a ton, a saving of \$1.19 a ton, and at the end of ten years to turn the plant over to the city free of charge. He says that experiments that he has carried on in Chicago convince him that even at his low figures he can make a good profit.

A number of cities in the country are now investigating Dr. Boyd's system, among them Milwaukee, Lancaster, Pa., and Long Branch, N. J.

Milwaukee has had no end of trouble. The authorities originally estimated that its city plant would cost \$50,000, but it cost over \$100,000 before it was finished.

Then it was discovered that the plant had been built on a quicksand foundation and that it was in danger of sliding into the river. Then it was found that it could not be operated with as small a force as had been estimated. A much larger force had to be engaged and as a result the expense increased.

Then the machinery gave out and finally graft was discovered. Politics had crept into the plant and politicians used it as an easy berth for their friends.

One case was discovered in which a politician sold the garbage collectors old horses and wagons at exorbitant prices in consideration for getting them the positions. The collectors in turn went outside the city, collected garbage as so much a barrel, pocketed the fee and brought the stuff into the city to be burned at the city plant at city expense.

An investigation also showed that the coal bills at the plant were enormous and inquiry developed that the city was footing the fuel bills of a neighborhood that was using city coal to heat the homes. Finally the machinery gave out and the plant was closed. Just now the city is burying its garbage.

The proposition of the Rockford physician, who was formerly health commissioner there, seems to be a good way out of the dilemma and it is probable that his offer will be accepted.

The council has written to a number of eastern cities and most of them favor reduction over incineration. Dr. Bading, the health commissioner, is opposed to reduction and for that reason the council has sent out a number of letters to eastern cities to secure information as to the best methods.

Dr. Boyd says that the possibilities from garbage are much more than most people believe. He says that fertilizer and grease alone make garbage profitable to handle, but under the new government law the manufacture of denatured alcohol will greatly reduce the cost of the disposal of refuse.

WILL AUCTION HER BRAIN.

Woman Offers to Sell Gray Matter to Colleges for Science.

Richmond, Va.—Mrs. M. L. Francis, who has offered to sell her brain to universities and colleges in this city, Philadelphia, Chicago and New York, and her body with it after her death, to the highest bidder in order that she may have the material comforts of life during her remaining years, said:

"Yes, I do want to sell my brain, and I don't see why the colleges don't want to buy it. I need money and I need it badly. We are not in actual want, but we need money. I have heard of people selling their bodies and brains, and I thought, I would offer mine for sale. I don't care what they do with me when I am dead."

The woman is 40 years of age and broken in health. She is the fourth wife of her husband, who was several years ago incapacitated for work by reason of an accident which deprived him of the use of one of his hands.

Mrs. Francis said that she had heard that the students of medicine had access only to the brains and bodies of criminals and paupers and that they had no idea what the gray matter of an intelligent person looked like. Hence her belief that her proposition to sell would meet with instant acceptance.

Cats on Railroad's Pay Roll.

Cleveland, O.—The Euclid avenue station cat of the Pennsylvania railroad is to receive official recognition. Mr. Cat is to go on the pay roll and receive a monthly appropriation large enough to pay for his milk, and perhaps fish now and then. Then if he doesn't keep rate out of the baggage room he will be discharged and another cat will be employed to do rat catching about the station. A general order issued by President McCrea requires a cat to be kept at every station on the system to kill the rats that rear baggage in transit. The Euclid avenue station cat has been on the job more than a year, and has given satisfaction.

WHY MARK DIDN'T TALK.

August Personage at the Table Had a Monopoly of It.

A couple of days ago a gentleman called upon me with a message from the German emperor. The wording of the message was:

"Convey to Mr. Clemens my kindest regards. Ask him if he remembers that dinner, and ask him why he didn't do any talking."

Why, how could I talk when he was talking? He "held the ace," as the poker-club say, and two can't talk at the same time with good effect. It reminds me of the man who was reproaching a friend, who said:

"I think it a shame that you have not spoken to your wife for 15 years. How do you justify it?"

"I didn't want to interrupt her."

If the emperor had been at my table he would not have suffered from my silence, he would only have suffered from the sorrow of his own solitude. If I were not too old to travel I would go to Berlin and introduce the etiquette of my own table, which tallies with the etiquette observable at other royal tables. I would say: "Invite me again, your majesty, and give me a chance," then I would courageously waive rank and do all the talking myself. I thank his majesty for his kind message, and am proud to have it and glad to express my sincere reciprocation of its sentiments.—From Mark Twain's Autobiography in the North American Review.

THE SUNFLOWER AND QUININE.

Discovery Made That Plant Yields a Splendid Febrifuge.

An eminent Spanish professor has made the discovery that the sunflower yields a splendid febrifuge that can be used as a substitute for quinine. More than ten years ago Monrovo reported to the Therapeutical society of Paris with reference to the same subject. Accordingly the sunflower should not only by its growing exert great fever-dissipating effect, but also yield a product which is used advantageously in all fevers.

The common sunflower is an American plant. Its original home is stated by eminent botanists to be Peru and Mexico.

The Russian peasantry seem to be convinced that the plant possesses properties against fever, and fever patients sleep upon a bed made of sunflower leaves and also cover themselves with them. This use has recently induced a Russian physician to experiment with a coloring matter prepared from sunflower leaves, and it is stated that he has had good results with the coloring matter and with alcoholic extracts from the flower and leaves. With 100 children from one month to 12 years old he has, in the majority of cases, effected as speedy a cure as otherwise with quinine.

A Cruel Religion.

"It is all very well," said the lecturer, "to say that other religions are as good as ours. Take Mohammedanism, for instance, that cruel creed. Take the Lord's prayer of Mohammedanism, the prayer that is repeated daily in every Mohammedan household and mosque. This is it:

"I seek refuge with Allah from Satan, the accursed. In the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful. Oh, Lord of all Creatures, Oh, Allah, destroy the infidels and polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of the religion! Oh, Allah, make their children orphans and defile their abodes, households, and their women, and their children, and their possessions, and their race, and their wealth, and their lands, as booty to the Moslems. Oh, Lord of all Creatures!"

In a Manner of Speaking.

A Scotch witness was being examined as to the sobriety of the defendant, and, in his anxiety not to express an unfavorable opinion, had made so many evasive answers that both judge and counsel became exasperated.

"Now, sir," cried the judge, "answer the question. Was he or was he not intoxicated?"

"Aweel," said Sandy, "I waldna deny that he was intoxicated in a manner of speakin'."

"And pray, sir, what do you mean by that?" roared the justice.

"I mean," Sandy replied, very calmly, "that he could walk straight, but he could na talk straight."—Harper's Weekly.

Just a Boy.

"Hold on!" said the learned chemist. "Didn't I give you a bottle of my wonderful tonic that would make you look 20 years younger?"

"You did," replied the patient, "and I took it all. I was then 39 and now I am only 19."

"Well, then will you please settle this little bill you owe for the treatment?"

"Oh, no. As I am only 19 now, I am a minor and minors are not held responsible for the bills they incur. Good-day, sir."

Calling the Turn.

"I suppose," said the city girl who was passing a week in the country, "that you know all the different flowers."

"I reckon mebbe I do," replied the old farmer.

"What does a forget-me-not look like?" queried the girl.

"Oh," replied the horny-handed son of toil, "it's jist a ordinary knot in a string 'ole woman lies around my finger when I go 'trown an' she wants me 't git sunthin' for her."