THE NEW DIAMOND FIELDS.

Stones Small But Plentiful in German South Africa.

From the methods used to locate the stones the new diamond fields in German South Africa might very well be called a Tom Tiddler's Ground, says the Wide World Magazine. The diamonds are very small, but are exceedingly plentiful.

They are found in the open desert, where nothing but sand, unrelieved by the slightest sign of brush or shrub, is to be seen for vast distances. The men who search for the stones—needless to say, they are all natives—have ten miles to go every morning from camp.

The searchers work on their hands and knees, apparently regardless of the blinding sunshine, sifting the surface sand through their fingers. Most of them are old Kimberley boys and they are very keen on discovering stones. The district is hardly a paradise for the white man, being notorious for its frequent dust storms and terrific heat.

A Disappointed Bird-Lover.

It is never hard to identify the bride and groom, and it is correspondingly difficult to refrain from a good natured smile at their expense. A writer in the London Chronicle illustrates these truths thus:

"We tried to keep the railway carriage to ourselves," said the girl who can appreciate a joke against herself, even when on her honeymoon. "At Birmingham the guard opened the door, and, in spite of Walter's scowls lifted a small girl into our compartment, making rather embarrassing apologies.

"She was a little girl of about seven, and she sat on the edge of the seat and stared about her.

"'What is the matter?' said Walter.

"'I don't see the birds,' said the small girl, plaintively.

"'Birds—what birds?' asked Walter.

"'When I came from the other train your guard said to my guard "Oh, shove her along with the love-birds."'"

Krakato's New Dress.

A unique opportunity to study nature's processes in restoring the vegetation of a land swept clean by a great disaster was afforded after the tremendous eruption of the volcano on the little island of Krakatoa in 1883. All living organisms were destroyed. In 1886 a number of plants had already established themselves on the devastated island, those in the interior being remarkably different from those on the coast, ferns especially preponderating. In 1897 further progress had been made, and in 1903 the forest trees had advanced so far as to make it evident that within short time the island will again be densely forested. It is believed that the first plants to establish themselves on the blasted soil—such as ferns, algæ, mosses, compositæ and grasses—were borne thither by winds, and that ocean currents were probably the agents concerned in the importation of seeds and fruits.—Youth's Companion.

An Elusive Menu.

The opossum is good to eat, but not being dealt in by any organized provision company, is sometimes hard to get. A tourist in Georgia, says a writer in the Washington Times, stayed overnight at the Palace Hotel in a little village and expressed a desire to taste Georgia opossum. The whole opossum, cooked in genuine Georgia style with potatoes on the side, was placed before him.

"Two dollars extra for the possum," said the landlord, when the guest came to settle.

"It's an outrage!" said the guest.

"It's according to the way you look at it, stranger," said the landlord, "but it took me six nights' swamp-wading to catch that possum, an' when I caught him I caught the rheumatism with him."

Fort Ancient.

One of the most interesting and disputed questions in American archeology is that of the origin and age of Fort Ancient, in Warren County, Ohio. The State of Ohio has recently purchased this site, which is to be turned into a public park. Mr. Warren K. Moorehead believes that Fort Ancient is 800 or 900 years old. He regards the more modern articles found in a grave in its vicinity as later intrusions. He does not, however, regard the question of the age of this most interesting structure as yet settled, and says that many years of study and exploration will be required to clear up the mystery.

Electric Surgery.

The electric surgical knife now being tested by Prof. Bier of Berlin, has for a handle a glass rod six inches long inclosing a conducting wire, and the blade is probe-shaped and without spark appears at the end of the probe when a high-frequency current is passing. This spark cuts soft tissues much as a hot knife sinks through butter, operating more quickly than the ordinary scalpel, while it is claimed that healing must follow more rapidly than usual. More profuse bleeding than in ordinary operations is a disadvantage.

Game Sport.

"Now that I have my monoplane running smoothly," remarked the aerial crank, "I'd like to build a factory and turn out individual wings by the hundred. Then I'd present them to every one free of charge."

"You are getting generous these days," continued his friend.

"Oh, no. I am pining for sport. It is no fun whizzing around in the air at a mile a minute when there is no one to run down."—Chicago News.

NEW INDUSTRY IN THE WEST.

Wyoming to Have First Asbestos Mills West of the Alleghanies.

Casper, Wyo., is in the midst of an asbestos boom. Accustomed for years to the sheep and wool industry, upon which the chief wealth of the community has rested, the town is now enthusiastically concerning itself with a different kind of wool—that peculiar sort of mineral fiber which nature has deposited at rare intervals in the seams of rocks called serpentine. Some of the wealthiest citizens of the town have caught on to the enthusiasm and are putting their money into the development of a resource which, in the mineral world, most nearly resembles the product of the sheep clip. What the wool of the sheep does for the human body, the wool of the serpentine rocks does for the steam pipe and the heat conduit of furnaces—it keeps the caloric from escaping. Asbestos, as its Greek name indicates, is indestructible except at very high heat, such as is never reached outside of a laboratory.

The market for asbestos is said to be limitless—at least, far beyond the limits of the present supply.

Autos for the Very Young.

"It seems to me," said the man who likes automobiles, to a New York Sun reporter, "that the next generation ought to be automobile mad. The toys that children have all are such as would accustom them right from the start to machines. Every one knows the miniature automobiles that children have, which run with treadles they kick with their feet, but the other day I saw one that goes even further back toward babyhood.

"I saw a child being wheeled about in a sort of go-cart baby carriage a child that couldn't have been over 3 years old. Extending back from the front of the carriage was a sort of steering post with a wheel attached to which the child—it was a girl, too—clung in the most natural way.

"The wheel had nothing to do with the management of the carriage. It seems to me that getting children used to the automobile habit so early ought to develop car fiends later on."

Throwing the Stones.

Many unthinking chatterers have always said that Dr Samuel Johnson's life meant everything that is meant by gross, almost swinish, laziness and unkemptness. This same crowd has always thoughtlessly cackled about Poe's drinking and shiftless habits, calling him a "never-do-well." Indeed, these chatterers have said pretty much the same things about and have had a like scornfulness for other great men. And had they been as well as malicious, they had said that old man Darwin was a sit-around like an old sick rooster. But, as a matter of fact, this is all merely a higher variation of the ordinary country crossroads soapbox gossip.

Woman's Care of Genius.

Darwin had to be kept pretty much wrapped up in cotton all his life, like a precious cracked vase, to save him from breaking to pieces and had not his tender wife nursed and coddled him, even as an infant, he would probably had died in early middle life of chronic seasickness, for he never entirely recovered from the years spent on the Beagle. And this is a fine illustration of what a true woman really is for nature has so made her that she does not do such work as Darwin's but Darwin could never have lived and done his work without the woman so one is just as important as the other.

Why People Live Long.

Dr von Linheim, a German scientist, who has been making a study of longevity, publishes the results of his observations on a series of 700 persons of both sexes, who had reached the age of 80 years and upward. His observations lead to the conclusion that instances of longevity are most often met with among persons whose parents and grandparents have been healthy, and especially if they have been long-lived; who have studied regularity, punctuality and temperance all through life; and who have postponed their retirement from active occupation as long as possible.

A Widow's Discovery.

The Look on the Bright Side Society got down its ledger this afternoon and enrolled among the members the name of a newly made widow. "I missed John so much when I sat down to meals," she said, "that I began eating off the pantry shelf, and find in this way I do not have to clean my dining room more than once a week, and it makes my work So Much Lighter."

Analysis of Reason.

Reason is always a kind of brute force; those who appeal to the head rather than the heart, however pallid and polite, are necessarily men of violence. We speak of "touching" a man's heart, but we can do nothing to his head but hit it.—G. K. Chesterton.

A Modern Exotic.

"You speak of two kinds of news papers." "Yes; there's the old reliable newspaper that prints the current news; and there's the new-fangled newspaper that makes its own news."—Kansas City Journal.

Think It Over.

Any man can be thankful for what he gets, but few of us consider that we ought to be thankful for what we don't get.

Vast Area for Trees.

England has 17,000,000 acres of land available for forestation.

Milady's Mirror

It you would know your own natural posture when erect, stand up and without raising your heels from the floor make the effort of rising to look over some obstacle, allowing the shoulders to droop naturally and keeping the chin at any easy level. When you have risen to your full stature hold the position and notice what it is. You have not consciously posed the different parts of your body, yet your chest is finely rounded, your shoulders are thrown back, your abdomen is drawn in, and your back and neck are as straight as you can set them, all the parts of the body falling without effort into their proper positions now that the whole has been correctly poised.

You have a strange feeling of separation in every joint, while an astonishing distance has sprung up between your breastbone and your hips. To the eye you are at least an inch taller. If you have any doubt on this last point, stand before a mirror in your former posture and note how high the reflection of your head comes on the wall behind you or, if the mirror is low, at what point your image is cut off. Then take the upright position, as before, and notice the difference in the mirror.

To Get Rid of Double Chin.

Flabbiness about the cheeks is superfluous, expressionless animal fat, due to malnutrition, provoked by a disorganized nervous system. The bands or ribbons of fat can be tightened up into muscle by local exercise—i. e., bending the head in as many directions as the anatomy will allow.

To arrest further deposit of this disfiguring tissue the anti-fat treatment is prescribed, which excludes or reduces the supply of foods containing sugar and starch and includes gymnastic exercise, temperance in eating and drinking and shortening sleep. As the nerve force is small, the system needs nerve foods in the shape of fish, beefsteak and a dietary that yields nutrition, nourishment without overheating the blood or overtaxing the stomach.

A cool, clean atmosphere, with abundant fresh air day and night, to cleanse and invigorate the lungs, and water in quantity for internal and external use to free the skin of its impurities, are indispensable. Besides head exercise, a little alum, alcohol or benzoline used in the water will tend to tighten the skin, and sea salt or epsom salts will neutralize some of the oil below it.

To Reduce the Hips.

Exercises that will reduce the hips must be performed regularly every day, night and morning, for at least ten minutes and preferably fifteen. They must also be done so that cords and muscles about the wrist are pulled and stretched; otherwise they will be useless.

After all tight garments have been removed one may sit astride a chair, facing the back and holding firmly by the hands. The body is then twisted, first one way and then the other, as far as it can be without moving in the seat at all. Any change in the seat will make the exercise worthless. After that one may lie flat on the back and raise first one foot and then the other as high as can be, doing it so that the pull is felt from the waist. Another movement is to stand on one foot and, clasping the other knee, try to lift it to the chest.

Correct sitting has more than any other one thing to do with having small hips. One must be away back in the chair, sitting on the tip of the spine, not several inches from the end. This balances the weight and prevents abdomen and hips from being pushed out of place.

The New Complexion Glove.

A new accessory has come to take its place on our toilet tables. This is the gant de cygne, or otherwise a deerskin glove, on which is sewed a piece of swansdown. After having passed the puff (and the powder) over your face a gentle rub around is given with the glove, which spreads the powder equally and gives smoothness and finish to the skin.

To Use Henna Tea.

Henna tea will darken auburn hair, though for that color a stronger application will be required. Two ounces of the leaves broken should be put to a scant pint of boiling water and steeped for three-quarters of an hour. When cold the liquid is strained off, squeezing the leaves. The hair is shampooed and thoroughly dried, when the tea is supplied evenly, drying in the sun.

To Select Partners.

Get a dime's worth of white candy hearts and paste on each one the appropriate name which must be matched for partners at the valentine party. There are Punch and Judy, Romeo and Juliet, Francesca and Paolo, Dante and Beatrice and any names that the hostess may choose.

The Vicar's Alms.

A crowd gathered on the street to watch a handsome fox terrier that was running about, mine in his white froth was rupping from the dog's mouth.

"He's mad!" yelled a fat man.

The fox terrier stood in the center of the group with wide open eyes, either too mad or too frightened to move.

At this juncture the policeman arrived. A dozen voices began to tell him that the dog was mad; that it must be killed; that it had been snapping at the children; that it began to froth when it passed a pool of water, and how best to shoot.

A tall, quiet looking woman pushed through the crowd and started toward the dog. A dozen men yelled at her. Two or three men grabbed at her.

She picked the dog up and started out of the crowd. The policeman stopped her with:

"Madam, that dog is mad. He must be shot. Look at the foam coming out of his mouth."

"Foam!" she said contemptuously. "That's a cream puff he was eating."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Printing a Coin on Linen.

The print of a silver coin or medal may be made on silk or linen by dipping the fabric in a solution of nitrate of silver and stretching it over the face of the coin until the image is imprinted. The linen is sensitized by dipping it into a solution of nitrate of silver, made by dissolving sixty or eighty grains of nitrate of silver in one ounce of water. Wet the portion of the cloth which is to receive the impression in the solution and while nearly dry draw it over the face of the coin and tie it at the back. Expose to a weak light, and in a few minutes the raised design of the coin will appear on the linen. As soon as the print is dark enough remove and wash in clear water. When nearly dry iron it smooth with a warm iron, placing a piece of tissue paper over the print in printing from the coin or medal it is advisable to paste a piece of paper on the reverse side, so that the silver will not come in contact with the sensitized fabric.

Student of Shakespeare.

The office boy sat in the corner busily engaged in reading a book. Strange to say, it was not "The Adventures of Buffalo Jim," "Daisy Dean, the Demon Detective," nor even a thrilling narrative of more or less correct life on the plains. He was reading Shakespeare.

An expression of peace and joy was on his face that caused those who knew him to wonder if he had at last experienced a change of heart. His eyes sparkled, and his whole expression was one of happiness. Finally he turned to a worker at another desk.

"Say, Jim," he said, "I've got a question for you. Did you ever read Shakespeare?"

"Yep," was the reply.

"And d'you know what he talks about?"

"Yep."

"Den maybe you can help me."

"What is it?"

"Well, I want to know which was de man, Romeo or Juliet?"—Youth's Companion.

Losing His Mind.

"Mother, guess you'd better send fer th' doctor," gasped Uncle Charlie Keezer as he sank into a chair and rocked back and forth, holding his gray head.

"Sakes alive! Ye haven't been and got the misery in yer head, have ye, Silas?" gasped his astonished wife, dropping a pie tin.

"I dunno what's the matter, but I've always had a hunch my mind 'd go some time. It's cum, I guess. I noticed th' trouble first last week when I plumb forget to go up an' swear off th' $100 assessment till it was too late. Then I neglected to go to th' school meetin' last night to fight again the new commissioner. But, wuss and wuss, I didn't guess within eleven pound seven ounces of th' weight of Wal Weaver's big hog killed today. I guess my mind has gone all right. I'm about all in."—Puck.

Tuning Forks.

The tuning fork was the invention of John Shore, royal trumpeter, in 1711. Though the pitch of forks varies slightly with changes of the temperature or by rust, they are the most accurate means of determining pitch. Tuning forks are capable of being made of any pitch within certain limits, but those commonly used are the notes A and C, giving the sounds represented by the second and third spaces in the treble stave.

An Incentive.

"Won't you try to love me?" he sighed.

"I have tried," she replied kindly, but firmly.

"My rich aunt has just died," he went on.

"In that case, dear, I will try again."—Puck.

A Blunt Answer.

Mother (to her daughter)—You'd better accept Peter, my dear. He is a nice boy, though he may not be handsome. After all, good looks fade, don't they, papa? Father—Rather!—Fliegende Blatter.

The Ways of Men.

Many a man who would be unable to find the family Bible if he hunted all day would have no difficulty in putting his hand on the corkscrew, even in the dark.—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Empty Dream.

Bobby—Say, ma, what's a "empty dream?" Dotty—One you have when you've been sent to bed without any supper.—Cleveland Leader.

Won by His Wit.

A story is told of an English clergyman who owed his appointment to a rich living to a lucky pun. He was tutor to the son of a nobleman and had not long taken orders when he attended the funeral of the rector of the parish in which the nobleman's seat was situated. The father of his pupil was patron of the living and was also present at the funeral of the deceased rector. There was a young clergyman present also whose grief was so demonstrative that the noble patron was much affected by the sight and asked if the young man was a son of the deceased gentleman.

"Oh, dear, no, my lord—no relation at all," said the tutor.

"No relation!" exclaimed the nobleman in a surprised tone.

"None, my lord. He is the curate, and I think he is not weeping for the dead, but for the living."

His lordship, who was something of a wit and a cynic himself, was so delighted with the bonmot that he conferred the living upon the ready punster.

Through a Big Telescope.

The first look through a great telescope is disappointing, but the novice soon sees that the first appearance which the heavens present to the naked eye is replaced by a splendid spectacle; the moon and stars seem to be hung in space in their natural order on a flat surface. For a moment one feels as the universe like a child watching the great moving balls kept in the air by a jugglar and expecting to see one of them strike, bright bodies fall. Then comes the thought, What [illegible] Astronomy [illegible] the learned astronomer among the [illegible] perhaps in the [illegible] time, as a child gathering pebbles on the great shores of the sea of knowledge or as "an infant in the midst, an infant crying for the light, and with no language but a cry."—National Magazine.

The New Idea.

Of the late Atherton Blight, one of the founders of fashionable Newport, a Philadelphian said:

"Mr. Blight was annoyed by the antics of the militant suffragettes. At a luncheon at the Bellevue he once sat next to a lady with suffragette notions. Plovers' eggs, hard boiled, formed one course, and the lady called Mr. Blight's attention to the high cost of plovers' eggs that year.

"'Even though,' she said, 'they have to be shipped from Scotland, I don't see why their price should have nearly doubled, do you?'

"'Well—er—not exactly,' murmured Mr. Blight, 'though they do say the hen plovers have taken to acting very oddly of late—scrutinizing streams and growing footnotes and spurs, and even trying to learn to crow.'"—Exchange.

Court Dress of Laureate.

Tennyson's court dress when he received the laureateship did not suit his means, for it was the same court dress worn by Wordsworth. When in turn had it from the old poet. Rogers and it is still in the Wordsworth family. It is a wonder how Tennyson and Wordsworth got into it, for Rogers was a little fellow. Tennyson had no passion for courts, and so he went in second hand to save cost.—New York Press.

Hot Air Rates.

Benham—I wish you wouldn't use the telephone so much for out of town calls.

Mrs. Benham—I like to talk to mother.

Benham—That's what I object to. I'm tired of paying gas bills.—New York Press.

A Careless Man.

Father—Why have you quarreled with Harry? Daughter—Because he proposed to me last night. Father—Well, there was no harm in that, was there? Daughter—But I had accepted him the night before.—Illustrated Bits.

Perseverance.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.

Strict Obedience.

Salesman—Shirt, sir. Will you have a negligee or a stiff bosom? Customer—Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starchy things.—Boston Transcript.