

Go, pluck a bunch of shamrocks, Thada, To send across the sea: The thickest, freshest, greenest one For our sweet Cecily.

From the green hills of Tipperary A hay seed I'll take, All covered o'er with shamrocks, Kate, 'Tis for old Ireland's sake.

In the far off Empire City, Stretched on a bed of pain, Poor blue eyed lass lay dying fast, Dreaming she saw again.

Death damps were in her golden hair When a voice was heard above: "Here's for Cecily, 'tis our love."

A Sermon Spoiled. "I'm afraid," said Mr. Mungles to his nephew, "that you are giving altogether too much attention to the doings of prize-fighters."

"Well," admitted the young man, "I do enjoy reading about them." "Prizefighting is brutish and degrading. In an age like this, when there are so many enormous problems of science and civilization to solve, it is wrong for any man to give his mental energies to the consideration of things like this, which are not only low in themselves, but demoralizing in their influences."

The old gentleman took a long breath and glared. "Still, one can't help being interested." "I am sorry to hear it. It's your business to help it."

"But I've had it forced on my attention," was the apologetic reply. "The bookkeeper at our store wants to bet that Mitchell will whip Corbett."

"Why, you took him up, didn't you? Why, look at Corbett's reach. He can pull the hairs out of Mitchell's eyebrows without getting touched. And if Mitchell tries to turn the fight into a sprinting match Corbett will be right with him and chase him lay for lay till he runs him down same as a dog would a rabbit. And that man wants to bet on Mitchell! How much did you take of it?"

"Why, I haven't bet anything as yet." "Haven't bet? Here, get your hat and coat and hunt him up. Bet him all you've got, and then if he's still game take \$20 worth for me. Don't lose a minute, because he might change his mind."—Washington Star.

Cap and Gown in English Universities. By the regulations of both Oxford and Cambridge universities, cap and gown are to be worn after dark, and a proctor walks about the streets in the evening, accompanied by four "bulldozers," to see the regulation is carried out. If he meets a man whom he thinks may be an undergraduate without a gown, the bulldozers are motioned to stop the wrongdoer, who is politely requested to give his name and college and fined five shillings next morning.

At Cambridge it is the custom almost invariably to wear cap and gown at night, and a very sensible custom it is. At Oxford it is not so; usually every one but the "timid freshman" despises the risk incurred and goes without, though sometimes for awhile the fashion turns, and it becomes "the thing" to be seen in them. Umbrellas, however, are at Oxford always permissible when in academic costume, as caps and gowns are described by the authorities, we here being decidedly more sensible than our sister "varsity," where they are rigidly debarred.—An Oxford Man in London Tit-Bits.

How He Found Out. There was quite a little crowd about a young man as he stood looking with fixed eye and deathly silence at the brick front of Independence Hall. At length the pre-occupied individual exclaimed, "I've got it," and quickly getting some figures down in his memorandum book was about starting off when an old man, who carried an umbrella that looked like a relic of the French revolution, called out, "Say, young man, who air you, and what hev you bin tryin' to get through you?"

The young man replied with a smile, "I wanted to get the exact height of the state house, and not finding any one about the premises that could give it to me I have secured it myself by counting every brick and line of mortar on the whole front of the building, and having carefully measured the thickness of a brick as well as a space of mortar, the rest is only simple addition and multiplication." "Well, do tell!" exclaimed the man, as the crowd laughed loud.—Philadelphia Press.

Valuable. Railroad Man (angrily)—I have just found out that that cow we had to pay for had not given any milk for five years. Farmer Smart—Yass. That's so. "It is, is it? Now, sir, what right had you to put such a high value on her? Tell me that."

"Waal, you see, I valued that cow as a curiosity."—Life.

She'll Reform Him. Minister—You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask who it is? Miss Beauty—It's young Mr. Bondclipper. "Indeed! I did not know he had any bad habits."

"Yes, his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly."—New York Weekly.

Beauty and the Beast. Vernon—You look very much as though you would like to take that dog's seat. Brandon—That's an old man, and he looks very much as though he'd like to take mine.—Truth.

TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL

Hints That May Prove of Benefit to Our Neighbors.

Articles of Undoubted Worth to the Farmer, Collected from Reliable Sources.

THE EFFECT OF LICHENS ON TREES.

The following paper by Samuel J. Holmes of the University of California was recently read at a meeting of the State Horticultural Society. It relates to the growth on the bark of trees which is commonly termed "moss," and is thus of direct interest to orchardists, especially in regions near the coast where this growth is greatest. It has long been a question whether the moss was injurious or not, and Mr. Holmes' investigation shows that clean trees are the proper trees to grow:

A New Subject.—The effect of lichens on trees is a subject which, we believe, has never been thoroughly studied. We have not been able to find more than a passing remark on the subject in any of the literature to which we have had access. The attention of botanists has been devoted to the morphology and physiology of lichens themselves, without much reference to their relations to their hosts. They certainly have not regarded them in the light of serious enemies to the trees on which they live. They are generally held to be epiphytes, or air plants, the bark of the tree forming the substrate for their support.

Throughout the damper portions of California, where the fruit trees become thickly covered with lichens, they have been regarded by the fruit-growers as a serious pest. Much money and labor are expended to clean the trees of these foreign growths. It is certainly a fact that trees that are badly overgrown with lichens are apt to be lacking in vigor. This, however, is not conclusive evidence that the lichens are the cause of the phenomenon, although it strongly supports this conclusion. Dead trees are generally covered more thickly than live ones, thus showing that the lichens are not dependent for their support upon materials that the tree elaborates. On comparing the dead twigs with the live ones on the same tree, the lichens will be found to be the largest on the dead twigs. This may be because the lichens are parasitic and have killed the twigs or because they are saprophytic and thrive best on the bark which is most decayed. Entire parasitism is out of the question, for the parasite in that case would die when its host died, but there is nothing against the supposition that the lichens are partially parasitic. This would account for less vigor of the badly infested trees and the fact that the lichens continued to live after the death of their host. Another reason might be brought forward to account for the greater prevalence of lichens on sickly or dead trees. The bark of thrifty and vigorous trees is generally brighter and smoother than the bark of sickly ones, and the spores of lichens would find less chance of attachment. This is probably the reason why smooth-barked trees, like the cherry and apricot are almost entirely free from lichens, while the rough-barked oaks and soft maples are often thickly overgrown with them.

How Lichens Grow.—The character of the bark is an important element in determining what species of lichens will grow upon it. Our common lichens will not thrive well on the bark of pines and cedars, though there are some species of lichens which are peculiar to those trees. There are lichens which grow upon mosses, and there are others which are peculiar to other species of lichens. These facts point strongly to the conclusion that lichens derive their support, in part at least, from their substrate. A further argument in the same direction is the fact that lichens often contain a large percentage of mineral matter. The only other source of the mineral constituents beside the bark is the dust which always collects more or less around their base; it seems more probable that the minerals were derived from the bark than from this source.

The Method of Investigation.—The foregoing facts are not conclusive evidence of the injurious effect of lichens on trees. In order to gain further light upon the subject we began a study of the method of attachment of the lichen to the bark. The bark used was that of the soft maple, which was overgrown with a fuliginous lichen, *Ramalina Menziesii*. Sections were cut through the point of attachment of bark and lichen, and examined by the microscope for evidences of local injury. In order to trace the course of the mycelium of the lichen, we tried several methods of double staining. Decidedly the best results were obtained with the aniline colors. About the only other stain that we found of service was acetic acid carmine. Sections were left in a strong solution for 24 hours and then slightly decolorized. The mycelium was tinged red, the cork cells remaining unstained. The action of the cork toward the aniline stains was peculiar and quite decided. We found that several of the stains would color it quite strongly and leave the lichen almost uncolored; others again would stain the lichen and not tinge the cork cells; others, as Bismarck brown, would stain both bark and lichen uniformly. Picro-nigrosin stains the mycelium a very dark blue and the cork yellow. Aniline green colors the cork cells a bright green and the mycelium with brown. By combining different stains we were able to differentiate the cork and mycelium quite sharply. Aniline green (saturated solution in one per cent acetic acid solution in water) with an equal amount of picro-nigrosin, and aniline green and gentian violet, and gentian violet and saffranin, are combinations which give good results. Sections were left in these stains 24 hours and decolorized.

On examining a section through the point of attachment of the lichen to the bark, it will be seen that the connection between the two is not superficial, but that the mycelium threads of the lichen ramify and intertwine themselves among the cells of the bark in the most intimate manner. The mycelium threads penetrate between the cells, loosen them from each other and gradually force them farther and farther apart. The cells thus come to be imbedded in the substance of the lichen, and as the lichen grows they are carried farther and farther away from their original positions. Having removed the superficial layers of cells of the bark, the lichen attacks those next beneath, and so on until it penetrates the entire thickness of the corky layer.

All the superficial cells are surrounded by the mycelium threads, which have separated them from each other and are carrying them out. Farther out can be seen cells which have been transported quite a distance from their original positions. Often large groups are surrounded by the lichen and drawn up under its substance. It is usual to find under a large lichen a hole through the entire corky layer, which has been excavated by this process. This is probably the cause of the gap in the layer of cork.

At a section a little to one side of the middle of the attachment of a lichen, it can be seen how several layers of cells are being carried outward. This stage shows the beginning of what subsequently would become one of the holes through the cork at the base of the lichen. All stages can be traced from this condition.

The mycelium acts as a kind of wedge, forcing the cells apart and growing deeper and deeper into the bark. The cells from the sides of the opening are being removed at the same time. In a short time a hole would be made here through the cork as deep as the live part. A hole having been thus excavated, it is continually enlarged by the same process or removing cells. The base is hollow—it being an old lichen—and the cells removed from the middle portion of the excavation do not appear. Cells are being carried away from the edges as well as the upper side of the bark. A large mass of cells on the left of the hole is being carried away entirely. Similar evidence of the removal of cells is to be seen in almost any section through the base of a lichen.

What is the Effect of This Removal of the Cells of the Bark?—An examination of the tissue below the point of removal shows us unmistakably that an additional production of cells occurs there to supply the place of the bark which has been removed. It also shows us what invariably occurs whenever the lichen has penetrated the center bark. We see, then, a hole that has been excavated through the regularly arranged cells of the cork and filled with the mycelium of the lichen. Immediately under this excavation we can see a trianular eminence of cork cells which have been produced there in great abundance to fill the gap and have caused the other layers to be tilted up. There are under the edges of the old cork layer, which, being torn away, masses of cells which are forming to take its place. The break in the bark is not healed, however, for the new formation of cells becomes stripped off as the old layer was taken away. The process of removing cells and the production of new ones goes on continuously.

This is a typical illustration of a quite common state of affairs under a lichen. It will be seen that the aggregate thickness of the disturbed layers of bark is much greater than the thickness of the bark on either side. The spaces between these layers are filled by the mycelium of the lichen, which as they grow push the layers of bark outward. The interpretation of this section is, I think, that successive cork layers have been produced and carried out, the new bark forming as the old is carried away. As a new layer of cork is formed the mycelium threads of the lichen work way through it, split it off and gradually push it farther and farther outward. A new layer forms under this and is carried out in the same manner.

How the Injury is Done.—The process by which a lichen injures a tree, then, is this: The mycelium threads pervade the corky layer of the bark, break it up and carry the cells outward. As a remedy for this, or, perhaps, as a result of the unnatural stimulation due to the presence of the mycelium threads, an extra growth of cork cells is produced at the point of injury. Now, the production of this additional amount of cork cells is plainly a tax upon the vitality of the tree. In the case of an exceedingly "mossy" specimen where the lichens are as thick as they can well grow, the effect upon the vigor of the tree must be great. It is common to find in situations where the air contains much moisture trees which are simply a mass of lichens as far as the new growth. The entire bark would be in that case in an unnatural and unhealthy condition, and it is no wonder, therefore, that such trees are often found to lack vigor.

Besides the mode of injury just described there are probably other modes by which lichens injure their hosts. The products of vegetable decomposition may accumulate under the lichens and may have an injurious effect. The retention of moisture forms decomposition, and any soluble materials thus produced and prevented by the lichens from being removed would work their way into the crevices in the bark along with the mycelium threads, and quite likely produce injurious effects upon the growing tissue.

We are not in a position to decide whether or not the lichens draw water from the living tissue. It seems very certain that they draw moisture from the outer bark and I see no reason why the transference of moisture from the inner to the outer bark would not take place by osmosis to compensate for that

which is withdrawn by the lichen. If water be thus withdrawn the food materials which are dissolved in it must also be withdrawn and the tree must then suffer from a direct loss of nutritive material. In order to prove that a transfer of sap takes place we introduced coloring matter into the bark with the purpose of finding out whether or not it worked its way into the lichen. The coloring matter could get into the lichen only by being carried there by means of the water withdrawn from the growing tissue. Our experiments in this direction were inconclusive and their negative results should therefore be given little weight. We hope to test this matter more thoroughly in the future.

WHAT ROUP IS.

We may state that roup is a contagious disease, serofulous in its nature, and which permits of several stages. If a fowl is cured of roup the result is that an abscess is formed, or, if not apparent outwardly, some of the internal organs are affected. Like consumption, it may attack the throat, the lungs, and even the bowels. It nearly always attacks the bowels of little chicks, says the Poultry Keeper.

Canker is an evidence or indication of roup. It is really diphtheria in one form, and human beings are liable to contract the disease, as well as cats and other animals. The first stages are colds, which may be cured, but unless this is done the disease attacks the weakest portions of the body.

Scrofulous consumption, or tubercular consumption, is the principal form of roup, and pulmonary consumption is another. The terrible odor is always proof of the contagious form. We use the term serofulous consumption because it better applies as an explanation.

The hoarse breathing, or choking, occurs more with very fat fowls than with others, and it is somewhat like croup, though there is also a thickening of the larynx (the upper part of the windpipe). Scrofula is really a disease of the lymphatic glands of the neck but the term is now used to include those innumerable diseases that attack the body, as sores, etc. Canker is an attack by the disease of the membrane of the throat.

There are many forms of consumption, and roup is simply a name for the disease among fowls, though it may differ in many respects in comparison with humans. That it is hereditary (more susceptible), and that some fowls are more easily attacked than others is known to be true.

Roupy fowls are unfit for food, and those who sell such birds may unknowingly take the life of some human being by inducing the consumption of carcasses that affect dogs and cats, and which, though apparently in the best condition as food, are receptacles of death-dealing poison to all who use them.

SIZE IN THE DAIRY COW.

There has been a good deal of controversy about the proper size for a dairy cow. Some contend that she should be big, so that when she has done her work in the dairy, she can be fattened up for beef. Those men object to the Jersey because she is too small—she won't make beef enough. Ever since I began to study the matter, I have been a strong advocate of the special purpose cow. We want a certain kind of cow for a certain kind of work, and she must do that work better than any other kind of cow; she should be a cow for one kind of dairy business in order to be a good business dairy cow. It appears to me that the extra weight in a dairy cow, over and above what is necessary for her to do the best work, must be fed at a great loss, because it is fed for many years before it is sold. This proposition, it would seem, cannot be successfully controverted. The business cow must pay every year of her dairy life, and we cannot afford to wait till we kill her to get any part of our profit; each year should show a good balance to her credit. And how much profit could we expect from cow beef fed from 10 to 15 years? It is absurd to expect any.—A. L. Crosby in Farmers' Advocate.

TABLE SCRAPS.

The scraps from the table are quite an addition to the food, and greatly lessen the cost where but a small flock is kept, but they are of no consequence whatever when there are large numbers of fowls, as the proportion to each fowl is too small to be of assistance. There are, however, quite a number of families who delight in the keeping of a few hens, and as the scraps are then of value, and the labor insignificant, the flock is sure to give a profit. In fact, where there is a large quantity of scraps or other waste, we consider it wise to procure a lot of hens in order to consume such materials.—Farm and Fireside.

SANDY SOIL THE BEST.

The poorest and most unproductive of sandy soils are best for poultry, as the rains carry down the filth, and the soil, being light, can be easily spaded or turned over. The sandy soils are also dry, and therefore such diseases as cholera in fowls or gapes in chickens are rather unusual, compared with the damage from such diseases on heavy, stiff land. Cheap sandy lands can be put to excellent use in raising broilers, and if it is desired to grow crops on the land, the droppings will gradually bring it to a certain degree of fertility.

OUR REMEDY FOR LICE.

On washdays save the soapsuds, and to each tub of the suds add one or two quarts of kerosene emulsion. Stir the mixture well, dip each hen in the suds and apply to the poultry-houses and yards with a sprayer or garden watering-pot. This may be done on every washday for the premises, but the hens should be dipped only once, as they will keep themselves clean with the dust bath.

A FAMOUS BATTLE RECALLED.

Terrific Conflict Between the Monitor and the Merrimac.

Anniversary of a Great Sea Fight that Caused a Revolution in the Construction of Men-of-War.

With the aid of 1,200 pounds of tallow, 250 pounds of Albany grease, 300 pounds of soft soap and the force of gravity the 1,140 tons of steel slid down the ways and floated like a duck. All newly launched ships float like ducks, and in so doing the hull of the Raleigh singly fulfilled her destiny.

Thirty years ago to the month another warship left this navy yard, steamed slowly out of the Elizabeth into Hampton Roads and in twelve hours revolutionized the science of naval warfare. The Confederate Merrimac, with her roof of iron, crossed the Roads, moved right up to the United States sloop-of-war Cumberland, with thirty guns, crushed in her wooden hull as if it had been pasteboard and sank her. Then turning attention to the frigate Congress, with fifty guns, the Merrimac drove her aground, disabled her, forced her to surrender and burned her.

For an hour the Congress poured broadside after broadside upon the Merrimac, but the solid shot bounced off the armor as if they had been baseballs. Having destroyed two of the best ships in the United States navy the Merrimac drew back behind Sewell's point for the night. That day's work taught the world a lesson. It marked the end of the wooden warships. It showed in the era of ironclads. The long, symmetrical steel hull of the Raleigh, which slid down the ways into the Elizabeth, was the legitimate successor in naval science to the Merrimac.

The day following that on which she gained her double victory the Merrimac steamed out of the Roads to complete her work of annihilation. The Minnesota was there and several other wooden vessels of the United States navy. These disposed of the cities of Washington and Baltimore as if they had been baseballs. The Merrimac was the only ironclad in New York that was not destroyed. Confederate fortunes touched one of the high water marks when the Cumberland went down and the Congress was burned. But the surprise was on the other side when the Merrimac poured her iron into the Monitor for the second day's work. Out in front of the fleet of wooden warships lay a craft as queer and extraordinary as the Merrimac in naval architecture. The papers of that day said it looked like "a cheesebox on a raft."

During the night the Monitor, the first of Ericsson's creations, had arrived. It had been a terrible voyage down the Atlantic coast for this strange craft. The escape from shipwreck had been a narrow one. But the Monitor had come. And as the Merrimac poured her iron into the Monitor advanced. What a battle it was! In after years every detail of it was analyzed and studied as a science, and the navies of the world were rebuilt from the keel up to conform to the new conditions. It was armor against armor. Forward and backward, on a straight line, and then on curves, they moved, each seeking the other's vulnerable point. Solid shot struck the low sloping sides of the Merrimac, raking her from stem to stern. Solid shot made great dents in the turret of the Monitor and fell off the sides. There they pounded each other for hours, and men, shaken and damaged, they parted with mutual respect.

The moral effect of the battle of the Merrimac and the Monitor was great. The north took breath. Washington and Baltimore were safe. Monitor was at least a match for Merrimac. "Build ironclads" was the lesson of that day in Hampton Roads, March, 1862, and "build ironclads" was the order which went to every navy yard of all the nations of the world.

"A cheesebox on a raft" describes the monitor type of ironclad. Three of the monitors lay beside the dock of the navy yard on the Elizabeth the day the Raleigh was launched. At the time of the Chilian excitement these monitors, which had been resting peacefully at anchor for more than twenty years, were hauled up to the dock and put in motion. They were for active service was lastly undertaken. Rather strange to tell, they were found to be in good condition, and in a few days they could have taken up position at the mouths of Hampton Roads or Chesapeake Bay if the weather permitted to repel attack.

What did the Merrimac look like? "A citizen of Norfolk answered the question. He was old enough to be a courier to a Confederate general when the great naval battle occurred. He saw the Merrimac building. He saw her steam down the Elizabeth and into Hampton Roads. He saw the Cumberland get under way with her flag flying, and he saw the Congress forced to surrender. And he saw the next day's duel between the hope of the Confederacy and the dream of Ericsson.

What did the Merrimac look like? "Henry Goodrich, who has returned from Japan, had a funny experience at Chikago. "The governor's wife," said he, "was one of my special friends, and once, when the emperor and empress were expected to visit the city a ball was arranged in their honor. They were not expected to be present, but many of their guests were. The governor was anxious that his wife should be able to lead in the opening quadrille and begged me to teach her. So I undertook the task and formed a little class. They learned the square dances easily and could even hop through a polka, but they could never, never lead. They turned their toes in in such a funny way that watching, I fear, will always be second them.—Exchange.

Hops and Marbles Forbidden at Oxford. Some of the regulations were called on to keep on first, presenting ourselves at the Oxford herb "nicotina" is strictly forbidden; clothes of a black or "stiffish" hue are recommended; and marbles are prohibited on the steps of the Bodleian, as are also hoops in the High. Most people have heard of the "stiff" rule. Though very few believe they are true, yet they are so, and indeed, although written in Latin.—Cor. London Tit-Bits.

Ramee Fiber. Now that ramee culture has begun seriously to attract the attention of planters in the tropics, it is interesting to learn on the authority of a foreign journal that ramee fiber, under great hydraulic pressure, may be made to assume the compactness of steel. It is asserted that when so prepared it will be particularly serviceable for steam pipes, as it will not be subject to contraction or expansion and will not rust.—New York Times.

Food Alters Animals. It is surprising how circumstances alter animals. The savages of the Amazon region feed the common green parrot for generations with the fat of certain fishes, thus causing it to become beautifully variegated with red and yellow feathers. In like manner the natives of the Malay Archipelago, by a process of feeding, change the talkative lory into the gorgeous king lory.

The talk had drifted to mental phenomena when suddenly the maiden shyly asked: "Are you a—manager, Horace?" "I am, Susie," he said. "So am I!" And she held out her finger for the ring. She had seen its bulging outlines in his vest pocket.—Chicago Tribune.

HIGHLY AMUSING.

A Too Conscientious Wife Spills a Husband's Practical Joke.

Practical jokes are never quite so thoroughly satisfactory as when they react on the perpetrator. A gentleman who is noted for his fondness for pleasantly amusing the other day to have a little amusement at the expense of his wife. He was passing along the street when a toy in a window attracted his attention. The more he examined it the more he became convinced that it possessed great possibilities in the way of mystifying his friends and thus entertaining himself. He purchased one and started for home in great glee.

The toy was a little contrivance with two rollers and a crank like a clothes wringer. It was very appropriately called a magic put-between-the-rollers and the crank turned there would come out on the other side a new crisp bill—one dollar, five dollars, ten dollars, in short a bill of any denomination within the limit of the operator's financial condition.

The secret was not so good as enough. Both rollers were hollow, and into one several bills were carefully rolled. The turning of the crank rolled the piece of paper into one cylinder and at the same time one of the inclosed bills was rolled out of the other. The secret was supposed to be known only to the operator.

To insert a plain piece of white or brown paper between the rollers and to take out of the other side a ten dollar bill was of course a mysterious and interesting performance, and the gentleman promised himself considerable amusement. He secured several new ten dollar bills, and after practicing the trick once or twice went home.

"What have you got there?" asked his wife. "Oh," he explained, raising his hand mysteriously. "Don't say a word; I'll tell you all about it after awhile. It's a new invention I've got hold of, and our fortune is made."

He put the little machine carefully on the table and asked her to cut him a piece of paper of the size of a dollar bill, which she did. "Now," he said, "I suppose you would like a nice, crisp ten dollar bill, wouldn't you?" "Why," she replied, touched by such spontaneous and unusual generosity, "I dare say I could be plenty of uses for a new \$10 bill, or even an old one."

"Very well, my dear, you shall have one." And starting between the rollers the piece of paper she had cut him he turned the crank, and out from the other side rolled a beautiful crisp greenback, which he passed to her, saying, "I think you will concede, my dear, that this is the quickest way of making money you ever saw."

She stood for a moment speechless with astonishment. Then she exclaimed: "Why, what in the world are you doing? Don't you know you'll be arrested for counterfeiting? Stop it, and throw that thing right away!" "I dare say," continued her husband, outwardly calm, but inwardly shaken with laughter, "you could use another ten. You can have it just as well as not. It only takes a minute. And besides, if you're other piece from the newspaper he rolled it out, and rolled out a second bill.

"I tell you, George," exclaimed the now thoroughly excited woman, "you shall not do this. Somebody'll certainly find it out, and you'll be arrested. I'll destroy these counterfeits myself. And besides, you've made them." And before her humorous husband knew what she was doing, she caught up the two bills and tore them into twenty pieces.

The unfortunate joker spent his leisure time for the next week in pasting the fragments together.—Youth's Companion.

A Natural Query.

A bright little boy, whose home is in a neighboring city, numbers among his adult friends a Grand Army veteran, whose name, for story telling purposes, may be called Tom. He had listened eagerly and with absorbing interest to Mr. Rose's descriptions of the battles that he had helped to fight during the war of the rebellion. The story telling, although not a brag, had the true story telling instinct, and he did not forget to mention the conspicuous parts of the war. He had read the various books, and he had seen the various battle fields. The conflict which he had read of best to talk was the battle of Gettysburg. It was in that conflict that his own prowess shone to the greatest advantage. As his own recollections ran, he took such an important part in that fight that in the imagination of his impressionable young listener, his personality dominated the historic scene.

Not long ago the boy's father took him to see a realistic panorama of Gettysburg. The boy was all eyes and enthusiasm. He scarcely heard the terse description that his father uttered. He was all ears for the famous battle, but after finishing his eyes upon the scene he turned to his parent and inquired, "Pa, is this the place where Mr. Rose worked?"—New York Times.

Japanese Cannot Wait.

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PERILS AT NIAGARA.

Some of the Fatalities and Narrow Escapes at Niagara since Very Strange Ones are Recorded.

One lady stooped for a cup of water, lost her balance and was out of reach and over the falls almost before her amazed husband knew what happened.

Another lady stooped to pick a flower on the brink of the Table Rock. She was taken up dead from the rocks below.

Perhaps the most dramatic accident was the following: A playful young man caught up a charming child who was watching the tumbling waves. Now, Lizzie, I am going to throw you into the water," he said, and swung her back and forth.

She screamed, struggled and slipped from his hands. He gazed after her, realized what he had done and leaped. Rescue was hopeless. Perhaps he did not deserve death, and at least censure may die with him.

Of escapes, there are one or two narrow ones almost beyond belief, and which involves skill and bravery well worth telling. No many years ago a painter was at work on Second Sister's island, when he fell into the water.

He was cold and weak, and while his position was not very dangerous at first, he soon floated down and toward midstream, when, just as he seemed hovering on the brink and exactly forty feet from it, if contemporary records are to be believed, he caught on a rock.

How long would his muscles endure the strain? And who would rescue him, and how? The crowd was helpless until a guide appeared with a coil of rope. One end he left in trusty hands, and with the other he plunged into the boiling tide.

When he reached the pool, the old man still held in his hand the putty knife with which he was working. He snuffed the knife in his pocket, tied the painter to the rope, and they reached the shore safely.

In another case a boatman was crossing the river above the falls, when a fog suddenly came on. He lost his bearings, and knew he was drifting to death.

His cries alarmed the village, and bells were rung for him to run toward them. Then an our broke. His only hope then lay in a paltry little anchor and a common rope, which was very thin and, moreover, much worn.

He examined every foot, nay, every inch of it; he tugged at the knots at each end. Time was precious, but he could not afford to make a mistake. Then he threw it over.

It bumped along the stones, and his heart beat each time it failed to catch a grip. At last it caught and brought the boat up standing, while the tense string throbbled like the bass gut of a harp as the water rushed by it.

For the moment it held. How soon would it part? He shrank from feeling along the strands. He could not afford to let go, lest he should read his fate in the twine, tense and twanging under the current.

Inch by inch his fingers traveled to his arm's length. So long as it held there he was safe. Time and time again through the long tangle of his nerves, he never said, without a heart like lead and hands quivering like a leaf. When morning dawned, as at last it did, he was easily saved.

In another case the danger to life, though considerable, was not imminent. A tug was towing the Aquatic across the river and drift. With admirable promptness and address the captain of the tug cut loose the rest of his tow and steamed ahead of the drifting barge.

There he held it by steam power and when the others came along a line was passed, the Aquatic was thrown overboard and it was sought to make way up stream. But they had drifted fairly within the grasp of the spirit of the waters, and for a time it seemed as if he would not let go his own. Finally a tow was gained, and in a few seconds another, and then the tug of war was virtually over.