

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Judge (sternly, to Pat and Mike, who have been arrested for fighting)—Now, which one of you took the initiative? Prisoners (in unison)—Begorra, sir, not I; wan of the bystanders must have swiped it.

"Uncle James," said a city young lady who was spending a few days in the country, "is that chicken by the gate a Brahmin?" "No," replied Uncle James, "he's a Leghorn." "Why, certainly, to be sure!" said the young lady. "How stupid of me! I can see the horns on his ankles."

W. S. Gilbert was lurching once at a country hotel, when he found himself in company with three cycling clergymen by whom he was drawn into conversation. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such a grave and reverend company." "I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."

APPROPRIATE.

A clergyman went to have his teeth fixed by a dentist. When the work was done, the dentist declined to accept more than a nominal fee. The parson, in return for this favor, insisted later on the dentist accepting a volume of the reverend gentleman's own writing. It was a disquisition on the Psalms, and on the fly-leaf he had inscribed this appropriate inscription, "And my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

Darling Little Wife.—Little Willie was missed by his mother one day for some time, and when he reappeared she asked: "Where have you been, my pet?" "Playing postman," replied her "pet." "I gave a letter to all the houses in our road. Real letters, too." "Where on earth did you get them?" questioned his mother, in amusement. "They were those old ones in your wardrobe drawer, tied up with ribbon," was the innocent reply.

President Taft drove out one afternoon to see a Georgia planter. The planter's cook, a very old woman, takes no interest in public affairs, and she did not recognize the portly guest. "What did you think of that gentleman, Martha?" the planter asked, after Mr. Taft had driven off. "Well, sir," old Martha replied, "I can't say as I saw nothin' particular about him. He looked to me like the kind of man as would be pretty ragular to his meals."

THE "LUCKY MAN."

"We get some sad cases," said the attendant at the lunatic asylum to the visitor, and opened the door to the first cell.

Inside was a man sitting on a stool and gazing vacantly at the wall.

"Sad story," said the attendant; "he was in love with a girl, but she married another man, and he lost his reason from grief."

They stole out softly, closing the door behind them, and proceeded to the next inmate. This cell was thickly padded, and the man within was stark, staring mad.

"Who is this?" inquired the visitor. "This," repeated the attendant, "this is the other man."

One of the speakers at the dinner given in Cleveland by the National Educational Association was Booker T. Washington, the distinguished negro leader of the South. In the course of his remarks he told the following story about a Southern minister, who was evidently rather long winded.

"One Sunday morning, while the minister was in the midst of his sermon and had reached the point where he was shouting, 'And fourthly, dear brethren, a man poked his head through the door, and said in a low voice:

'Don't get too much excited, parson, but your church is on fire!'

"'All right, Brother Jones,' said the parson, 'will hasten out. But possibly you'd better wake the congregation, if you can't get the door open.'

How Hard Woods Decay.

Hardwood trees in the forest are attacked by many enemies. The mistletoe, the "witches' broom," and the southern mosses are all parasites that weaken and even destroy the trees. But by far the greater number of diseases of trees are caused by fungous growth. Some fungi destroy the leaves, some rot the roots, and some girdle the bark. Chestnut orchards have been destroyed in many places in the East by a kind of fungus which girdles the bark and kills the tree.

Then there are many kinds of fungi which rot the wood of standing trees, with no outward sign until after the value of the tree has been destroyed. The white heart-rot is the most common of these. It attacks the oak, walnut, hickory, beech, maples, and many other trees. The heartwood of the tree is changed by the action of the fungus into a light-colored, flaky sort of substance, which has no strength, and can no longer be called wood. Such a tree may live for many years, even though badly diseased, but it has no value for timber.

The outward sign, when it does appear, is a shelf-like growth upon the trunk. It is hoof-shaped, about as thick as wide, and may be anywhere from 1 to 2 inches wide to 12 inches or more. The upper surface runs from brown to black, the lower surface from gray to red-brown. Wherever such a tree is found it should be removed at once, for the longer it stands the less it is worth for timber, and it will surely spread the disease to other trees. Any sort of wound in a sound tree, such as a broken limb, gives an opening for the fungus to enter and establish itself, unnoticed until the heartwood is destroyed. Wherever such a wound can be promptly coated with hot coal-tar creosote, or some other good antiseptic substance, it may be saved from infection.

Timbers are also subject to attack from many kinds of fungus. Indeed, fungi are the principal cause of decay in structural timbers. They enter the timber by means of checks and live upon the wood, breaking it up until its strength is gone. Railroad ties in the roadbed often appear perfectly sound, although the whole center has crumbled.

After timbers have been cut from the log, they should be dried as rapidly and evenly as possible so as to remove the moisture and prevent checks. Wood should not be placed in contact with the ground until it has been thoroughly dried. Otherwise some fungus will enter and cause rapid decay. Where large timbers are needed, they will be less liable to decay if built up of several pieces; for instance, instead of using a 12 by 12 piece, use four pieces of 3 by 12, bolted together. Timbers can be even more effectively preserved against decay by chemical treatment with creosote and other substances.

Bulletin 149, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, entitled "Diseases of Deciduous Forest Trees," recently issued, contains details concerning the fungi referred to, as well as many others.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

When a man marries, it is just as legal for him to take his wife's name as for her to take his. Thus, if Mr. Johnson marries Miss Robinson, they can legally call themselves Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, if they please, says the Chattanooga Times:

So Chief Justice Willigm B. Crew, of the Ohio Supreme Court, declared. The Chief Justice was discussing the case of the young woman of Irondale, Ohio, who refused to wed a man because she did not like his name, and the court would not let him change it. The young woman and the learned judge at Irondale had a colloquy something like this:

"His name is Beefsteak, and, although he is tender and true, I cannot wed a man by that name. How does Mrs. Beefsteak sound, your Honor?"

"Beefsteak is an honest and substantial name," said the judge. "I see no reason to change it. I suppose if his name was Lobster, or Truffles, or Pate-de-Foigras, you would consider that aristocratic and marry him. By-the-by, what is your name, miss?"

"Lamb."



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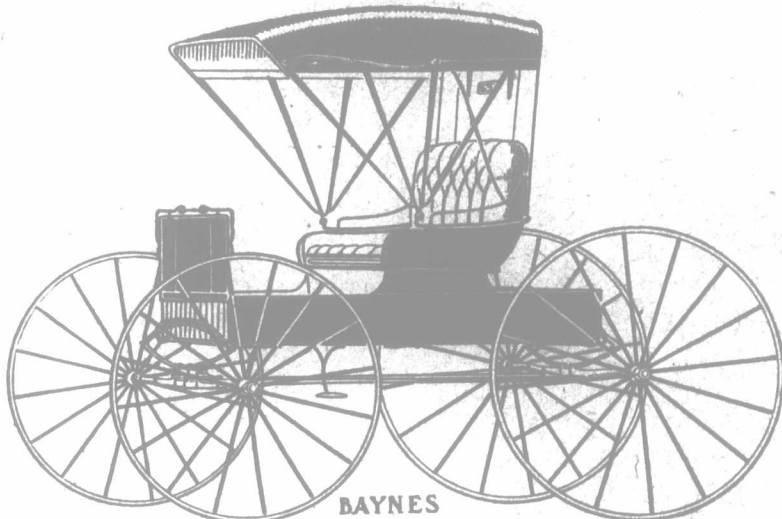
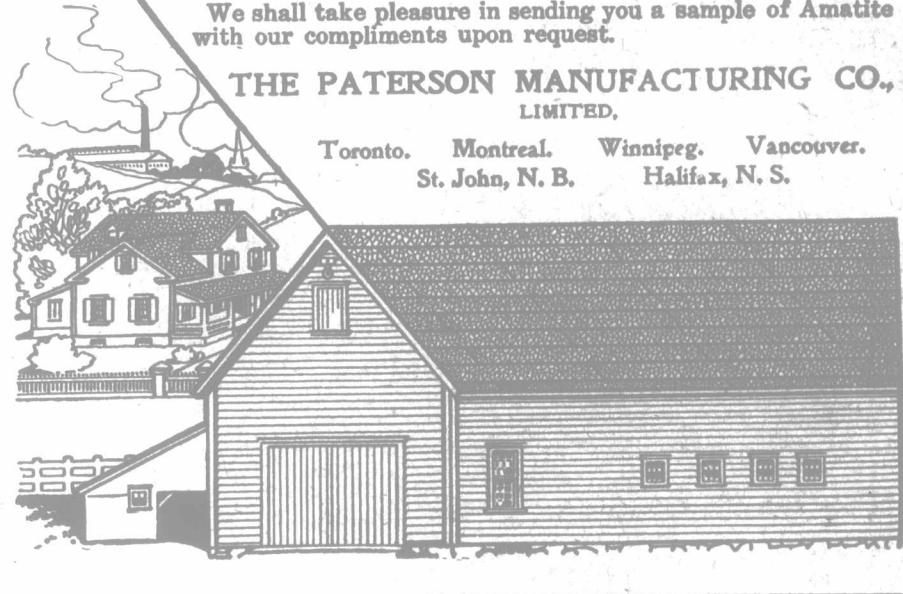
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